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The household. Vol. 15, No. 8 August 1882

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, August 1882

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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 15.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1882.

No. 8.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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

\$1 10 per year. Single copy, 10 cents.

The Heranda.

A VEGETABLE CONVENTION.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Once where our city farmers sat
And listened to a long debate,
In their own club room, this and that
Discussion kept them up so late,
They left their samples in the hall,
In heaps upon the dusty floor,
In packages against the wall,
In bundles down behind the door;

When a potato rubbed its eyes—
It must have been an Early Rose,
For it was first of all to rise—
And said, "Permit me to propose
A friendly meeting now and here,
We can be social until morn."
A stalk of maize then bowed its ear,
And a cucumber curled in scorn.

"I second that," a parsnip said,
The timid thing turned deadly pale;
The jealous carrot, round and red,
Objected, for "his friend, so frail,
Though classical, could not endure
An argument that reached the root;
And should they quarrel he was sure
They had things all prepared to shoot."

But he was overruled, and they
Put the potato in the chair,
And then debated until day
Dawned in its glory on them there.
A ripe tomato, bright and red,
Wondered what city farmers knew
Of country crops, which nature fed
With sunshine and with rain and dew.

They only plow with wheels the street,
And greenbacks are the only greens
That grow where corporations meet
In rings, to raise the "ways and means."
Oh, how the last remark did please
Some beans which loudly cried encore;
While in wild ecstasy, the peas
In raptures rolled upon the floor.

"This is no place for mirth, instead
Of jollity we should be wise,"
Cried out in wrath a cabbage head,
And the potato winked his eyes,
"And that is so; in word and deed
We must be sober and sedate."
Exclaimed a turnip run to seed,
"Have dignity or stop debate!"
A squash now thought that he should speak,
And soften with his language soft
The quarrel; but his accents weak
Were lost in crashes from aloft.

A box of grapes came tumbling down
From shelves no hand was there to touch,
With noise enough to wake the town;
It must have had a drop too much.
The grapes rolled out in merry glee,
And reeled in fun across the floor.
The crashing box awakened me,
Just as the last man left the door.

I have regretted—so have you—
That I was not in sounder sleep.
I wished to hear the speeches through,
Hear something about plowing deep—
A task that's seldom done in speech.
When men or vegetables wise,
In solemn dignity, would teach
How the Early Rose was first to rise.

HOME SURROUNDINGS.

WE WISH to impress upon our readers the idea that out-door surroundings have much to do with the education of our children, and, hence, with the good or bad traits of character, which again add to or take from the sum total of what man is capable of enjoying. The love of the beautiful is planted in every soul. If the things which minister to its happiness are withheld, there is a lack of enjoyment, a hollow unfilled, ten thousand points of nerve life untouched by the mesmeric currents of hopes fulfilled, of joys consummated. Tumble-down fences, limbs torn from fruit and ornamental trees by the sportive horns of cattle out of their places, a sow and seven pigs mining for potatoes in the garden, and a dry, treeless, grassless door yard, jar on the æsthetic capabilities of a soul which yearns for objects of beauty, for sympathy, and that sociability which reciprocates the outpourings from the full fountain of cognate souls.

The natural clothing of the earth in the merry month of June—the green grass and plants and trees, the eye delights to look upon, and the soothing influence reaches other organs, and a silent prayer is wafted on the waves of divine magnetism to their divine Author. Go to those door yards and other surroundings where the yard is carpeted with lively green, where long-armed shade trees shut out the rays of the sun, where the gentle breeze sighs through the needle-shaped leaves of the evergreens, where the fountain yet sprinkles and cools, and the marble statue smiles from a sylvan nook, the representative of a nation once glorious in the annals of the world. There, amid the sylvan glories of this artificial arrangement of trees, flowers, fruits, and fountains, sweet songsters bathe in the clear water, and sing in joyousness among the cool, leafy branches overhead, as if rendering thanks to the provident hand of man, and the creative power that spake into existence such glorious sources of enjoyment. And will not children thus fed the unequalled pabulum of nature in childhood's rosy days imbibe the God-given principles taught through the smiling avenues of nature, and impinged upon the soul exactly adapted to appreciate the immeasurable blessings everywhere profusely scattered for the use and enjoyment of finite man? It is here that the youthful soul drinks from the golden goblet of nature, the ambrosia of the gods, and learns to love and lean upon the loving Father of the universe. It is here the heart is melted in love to God, and sympathy for his fellow man embraces all tongues, nations and colors.

Thus do surroundings affect the soul, and teach it lessons that otherwise it never would learn—teach it the source of enjoyment, the true relations of life, and the duties incumbent on all. It is the green-clad yard with attractive flowers, trees laden with fruit, and a garden of small fruits and thriving vegetables that make the sons and daughters cling to

home and parents, and eschew the painted temptations so artfully set before them by those discontented spirits whose naked yards, gardens of weeds, and dilapidated fences and buildings, show the need of timely care. And there stands at the kitchen door the old mare, stamping and switching flies, while a dozen ducks are playing in a very dirty pond of water near the well. Look at the corn poorly tended and nearly swamped in weeds. And besides these discouraging looks and prospects, the father and mother are sour and crabbed, all of which makes the children discontented and anxious to leave the parental roof. Is it any wonder that, under these dark and repellent circumstances, inexperienced youths break from such homes, to brave the realities of a future strewn with flowers, or set with dangerous thorns? Oftener than otherwise, when they leave home, they plunge into the whirling vortex of city life, where a thousand imps of Satan tempt them from the line of duty, and the violation of law racks the body with pain, or conscience, true to her duties, lashes the soul to the full extent of the departure from duty.—*Western Rural.*

TRANSPLANTING.

When transplanting trees, shrubs, etc., it is important to severely prune or head back the top and limbs, and thoroughly mulch the ground around with straw or leaves. The good effect that mulching has on young trees is, that it wards off the intense heat of the sun from the tender roots, and also has a tendency to hold moisture, and the necessity of heading back a tree when it is transplanted, will be seen when we consider that the foliage carries off the water which the roots supply, and if the roots are bruised or at all damaged or lessened in number by transplanting, then they cannot furnish all the moisture that would be demanded of them, if the top with all its foliage were also allowed to remain. If one-third of the top, should be cut back, the foliage would be lessened one-third, and the demand for moisture upon the roots would be reduced one-third.

—Weeds, as well as all other plants, are now making a vigorous growth, and the annual job of destroying them has been commenced. Some farmers appear to do this with but little trouble, while others fail every time, and come to the conclusion that they have the weediest farms in town. The only way to get rid of them is not to allow one to go to seed anywhere on the premises. Most of them are annual plants depending on the seeds for their continued growth, and when this supply is cut off, they will be very materially reduced in a few years. One of the worst nurseries for the pests is among the rubbish that is allowed by some farmers to accumulate around their buildings, or where the wash from the barnyard or other sources has killed the grasses. These must be destroyed as well as those in the cultivated ground.

The Drawing Room.

LOST ART OF CONVERSATION.

THE commonest errors in spoiling the art of conversation are the talking too little or too much. On the one hand there are the people—for whom, in comparison, I entertain a greater degree of sympathy and respect—who talk very little. This is occasionally the case to an extent which is ludicrously exaggerated. They apparently confine themselves to monosyllables. They seem to think with the misanthrope that conversation is the bane of society. Turning into the byways of anecdote, I may mention a curious instance that is recorded of a man who wished to be hermit and misanthrope by duty. This was the Hon. Charles Hamilton, who, in the time of George I., laid out at Cobham the famous grounds celebrated by Gray and Horace Walpole. Among other pretty things which he erected on his grounds was a hermitage; and he took it into his head that he would like to have a real live hermit to inhabit it. He accordingly advertised for a hermit, and offered seven hundred a year to any one who would lead a true hermit's life, sleeping on a mat, never suffering scissors to touch his beard or his nails, and never speaking a syllable to the servant who brought his food. A man was found for the place, but after three weeks he had enough of it and retired. It is hard to see what good his seven hundred a year could have done him under such conditions. Still there are people whose tone of mind is essentially of a hermit-like condition. Keble says of all of us: "Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart."

One meets with people whose social powers have died out from sheer disuse. They sometimes become sardonic in their monosyllables. Apparently they regard us poor trivial talkers as being extremely shallow, and perhaps remind us of the saying that "Speech is human and silence is divine." For myself, I like the silvery sound of really human speech. It is just possible that these sublime beings do not talk for the simple reason that they have nothing to say. One remembers Coleridge's story of the man in the coach whose dignified reserve, thoughtful face and massive brow he regarded with mute admiration. The great being said nothing until they went in to dine at a hotel ordinary, when he plunged his fork into some potatoes and exclaimed, "Them's the jockeys for me!" Unquestionably one often meets with people who are painfully shy and reserved, with feelings which are quickened by their own knowledge of their defects. Addison was a notoriously poor talker. He himself knew it; but he also knew how much he had to set on against this deficiency. "I haven't got nimpence in my pocket," he said, "but I can write you a check for a thousand pounds." Goldsmith "wrote like an ai-

Black Fisher Family

gel, but talked like poor Poll." I know people who possess an astonishing genius for repartee. But, unfortunately, it takes them a good many hours to prepare their repartee, and their answer is only ready when it is literally a day too late.

A very good story is told of an eminent Oxford professor, who at one time had very considerable influence over the minds of many of the young men of the University, and was supposed to pursue a Socratic method in eliciting the dormant powers of young men. The professor knew how to be silent, and also how to talk, especially in the *salons* of the great and wealthy. One day he invited a promising undergraduate of the great intellectual college to take a walk with him. The young gentleman was slightly flustered with the honor of the invitation, and was prepared to pick up any golden grains of truth which might be let fall on his account. They walked out as far as Ifley, but to his great surprise a stolid silence was consistently maintained by the mighty being whom he was prepared to accept as his guide, philosopher and friend. At last, as they turned back from Ifley Lock, the undergraduate ventured to observe, "A fine day, Professor." The professor vouchsafed no reply, but strode back silent into Quod, and the young fellow did not have strength of mind to renew his attempt. As they entered beneath the archway the professor fixed his keen, philosophic glance upon him, and mildly said: "I did not think much of that remark of yours."

Let us now take the converse case. Conversation is the social salad, and there are frequently people who mar it by putting in too much of a single ingredient. The secret of the proper combination thus becomes almost lost; the overdone item is with these people their own personal talk. They love the music of their own voices. No social oratory is so perfect as their own. And it is wonderful how they talk. The limpid stream flows on like some freshet in a gutter. These voluble talkers are generally those who have the least to say. Their talk to a great extent consists of frivolities and personalities. People talk of the scandal-mongering of small towns and villages, and think that this, at least, is an evil from which the great communities of London and Paris are exempt. But the case is nothing of the sort. The evil is not of locality, but is radical to human nature. They do not gossip in the same street, but they gossip in the same set. Monologue has always a most unfavorable effect on conversation. Sometimes it is intensely interesting, but oftener still it is immensely the reverse. Any one ought to forgive the monologues of Coleridge or Macaulay. But even those who have listened to Coleridge have described his conversation as being exceedingly prolix and tiresome, an impression which Carlyle, in his "Reminiscences," abundantly shared; and Sydney Smith congratulated his friends that Macaulay, after his return from India, had displayed some brilliant flashes of silence. "He overflows with learning," said Smith on another occasion, "and stands in the slop." Once Sydney called him a "book in breeches."

Sometimes we listen with the greatest interest to the monologue of the lion of a dinner party. It is some traveler who gives us choice matter which he has omitted to print in his book or which he thought it judicious to withhold from the public eye. It is the biographer who has represented his hero as an angel upon earth, but who will interest his friends in confidential talk by detailing the weaknesses and eccentricities of the man, and so giving a life-like description of him. But even here "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." While the grand talk

goes on, some insipid nonentity will make some obvious remark, that death is extremely certain, or interrupt to quote some item of news from the papers which every one is acquainted with. The monologue of very great people may be pardoned, but even in their case it is often a mistake. There is the well-known story against Madame de Stael, who was delighted with the conversation of a gentleman who had been introduced to her. It was simply her own conversation with which she was so delighted, for the gentleman to whom she had been introduced was both deaf and dumb. Very famous talkers might be mentioned who have found their listeners fast asleep, or they had ceased to listen and had stolen out of the room. These people have got their opinions cut and dried on every conceivable subject. Like Mrs. Witterly, they express an immense variety of opinions on an immense variety of subjects.

I have got an idea that very few people are entitled to more than half a dozen opinions; by which I mean that they can hardly have half a dozen opinions really worth having, the result, that is to say, of their own independent judgment established on reasonable grounds. But there is no subject on which these flip-pant talkers will hesitate to pronounce authoritative verdict. If they talk to a lawyer, they will kindly explain law to him; to a doctor, they will know more about medicine than he does; and they will kindly enlighten the parson about theology. They remind us of Merlin and Vivien:

"And smiling as the master smiles on one
Who is not of his school, or any school,
Save that where blind and naked ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
On all things all day long."

One reason for the comparative decline of conversation is, that good talk is at a decided discount at the present time. It is an art that is falling out of existence, because there is comparatively very little demand for it. It has ceased to be a social necessity. There was once a man who used to let himself out as a gentlemanly walking stick to maiden ladies. They did not like to take their walks abroad without the protection of one of the baser sex, who was expected to offer mild and appropriate remarks in a subdued tone. There was also the man at Paris, who, when there were thirteen at a dinner party, on the shortest notice was expected to make himself number fourteen, and exhibit all the social qualities of a valuable guest. This was also carried on in London, and was known to the initiated by the name of the Hiram Jones system.

These humble, useful vocations are gone, and with them the Yorick of the feast, whose jests and gambols "set the table in a roar." People don't go to dinner in order to talk. They are perfectly indifferent to the table being set in a roar, and can find better uses for it. They go in order to dine. Their criticism and observations are lavished on the *menu*. Their talk is about game and wine, politics and commerce, according to the nature of the "shop" element, and scandal. A good murder case is something that everybody can talk about. It was the theory of Mandeville that private vices are public benefits. A man doesn't want information. He considers it an impertinence. He does not come to be instructed, but to eat and to drink. Anything that offensively interferes with the benignant processes of eating and drinking he avoids. The feast of reason and the flow of soul are a mere drug compared to the feast of venison and the flow of champagne. These are the reasons of the banquet. And even when the banquet is nothing particular, the intellectual habits of our time are hardly such as to lead people to appreciate a higher

mental plane of talk. Society seeks its own level as surely as water, and the level is a watery one. It will not admit a severe mental strain, especially at hours of reflection. It dislikes men who, like Edmund Burke—

"Went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of
dining."

I had a curious instance of this some time ago. I went to dine with a great man *en famille*. He was a man whose wit and learning must have been often appreciated by my present readers in some of the best contemporary literature of our day. What a pleasure it was to listen to the man! Anecdote, aphorism, criticism, flowed in a constant stream. How he exposed the fallacy of the last speech, the errors of the last reader, the misquotations of the last review, and out of his own abundant stores shed a flood of illumination on some anxious subject greatly occupying the minds of men! But the prophet, in the meantime, was without honor in his own country. The members of the family, the ladies especially, were simply bored and tired. They began and carried on their own conversation, without the slightest reference to the host and master of the family. His voice was nothing more than the summer wind breathing through the room. His remarks fell totally unheeded, and did not evoke a single response.—*Ec.*

The Conservatory.

POND LILIES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In early morning, when the air
Is full of tender prophecy,
And rose-hue faint, and pearl-mist fair,
Are hints of splendor, yet to be,

The lilies open. Gleaming white,
Their fluted cups like onyx shine,
And golden-hearted in the light,
They hold the summer's rarest wine.

Ah, love, what mornings thou and I
Once idly drifted through afloat
Among the lilies, with the sky
Cloud-curtained o'er our tiny boat!

Noon climbed apace with ardent feet;
The goblets shut whose honey-dew
Was overbrimmed with subtle sweet
While yet the silver dawn was new.

The pomp of royal crowning lay
On daisied field and dimpling dell,
And on the blue hills far away
In dazzling waves the glory fell.

And flashing to our measured stroke,
The waters seemed a path of gems,
Beneath whose clear refraction broke
A grove with mirrored fronds and stems.

In music on the sparkling shore
The plashing ripples fell asleep;
We laid aside the dripping oar,
For one delight we could not keep.

In all the splendor farther on
We missed the morning's maiden blush;
The soft expectancy was gone,
The brooding haze, the trembling flush.

A SMALL CONSERVATORY.

BY MRS. OLIN D. BARKER.

I WONDER a greater number of our flower-loving American women do not have, each, a warm conservatory for their plants. Plants are much more easily cared for in one, than they are scattered over the house, and toted weekly—with what an expenditure of strength and patience we are all aware—to the kitchen or bath-room, to be showered. I know, for both methods have come within the range of my experience. I have always had a passion for growing plants, and kept them looking pretty well under all manner of adverse circumstances, until one day a few years ago, my kind and thoughtful husband, appearing at an unusual hour, and unwittingly into the midst of a weekly cleaning-up time, suggested, "If we must have so many plants,

and our wax plants would run all over everything, we had better build on a place for them, where they could be more easily managed." I told him I did not like the conventional long, narrow conservatory, filled up with plants on steps, without room to turn around in, much less sit down, and enjoy them as we did in a room, comfortably. Indeed, I cannot endure such a place."

The last sentence came because I was tired. The rest was true enough. My husband, fortunately, never feels bound to answer a remark the moment he hears it. He carried the rhododendron that I was laboring with to the kitchen, where I wished to trim off the flowers that were getting old, and sponge the leaves.

"Well," said he, after all the heavy plants were out, "I would not have such a conservatory as that. Make it a pleasant little room, wide enough for comfort. Put easy chairs into it, and a table or two. One of your rugs would not come amiss. Have cosy corners in it, but don't let the plants crowd. Call it, if necessary, by some other name until the plants learn to stay around the edges; a play room, a work room, or a smoking room. Make it just a pleasant place to be in, whatever we are doing."

The idea was charming and new to me. It was such a conservatory as I would like, and we had—yes—a very good place for it, facing the south. The brick wall of the front parlor could be its north wall already built. It could open into the back parlor by a ground glass door, where its one front window stands, and that window should be moved directly across to the east side, giving us the down stairs east window we have always wanted. The back parlor, with its pretty south bay window, and its wide double doors into both front parlor and dining room, would lose none of its attractions by the addition of an east window in this corner, and an open door into such a conservatory opposite. The conservatory should extend out beyond the house far enough to admit of one east window. There should be four south and three west windows, each of two panes only, like the other windows. It would be warmed from the furnace and ventilated through the chimney on its north wall. It would be high, light, roomy, cheerful, delightful through our long, cold Wisconsin winters; capital for the little, sweet girl with her innumerable dollies. Then there would be room over the ceiling for all the hoyas, jasmines, allemandas; room for the pots of amaryllis, the crinums, eucharis, all the choice bulbs, on bronze brackets between the windows in two tiers against the glass, where they like to be. The agaves, cacti and echeverias, should bask in the hot sunshine of the west windows. The orange, and lemon trees, the justitias, malvaviscus, abutilons, begonias, sauchesia, buymansia, paudanus, all the larger plants, will go on the one shelf below the windows. The scillas, cyclamens, anemones, the host of little gems, can stand on small single brackets around the windows and on the sills. Oxalis, achimenes, and gloxinias can hang near the windows. The banana may keep its table. The oleander, rubber tree and imatophyllum boxes may be rolled around wherever they look best, against the north wall perhaps, where also some of the running things can go. Still there is all the middle of the room left to sit down in, to work or play in, or for a smoking room on occasions.

I saw it plainly, finished and furnished, even to much of its present coziness in detail; to the beauty of the hoyas running rampant over the ceiling, hanging in festoons, interlaced so as to make it difficult to trace any individual branch to its home, and every where covered with

its exquisite buds and blossoms for fully ten months in the year. All the hoyas do best in the greatest heat and light they can have, but are more accommodating in that respect than many other less charming plants. They will live for a long time in any spot above freezing, waiting for warmth to awaken them into activity and growth; and the flowers always stand waiting for the heat and sunshine to bring them out. The warm conservatory will furnish all the requisites to their perfect development.

"You like it?"

"Yes."

"Through this window?"

"Yes."

"Let us go out and drive in the stakes."

The next day we had the carpenter's and mason's estimates, and a month later arranged the plants in their new home. There is no disagreeable array of shelves, but merely one low black walnut shelf on strong iron brackets below the windows. Bronze brackets holding four plants each swing out between the windows in two tiers. There are other swinging brackets on the north wall, small brackets on the casings at the sides of the windows, and large single ones in the corners for the hoyas, that literally cover the ceiling. There are a few plant boxes on casters, and a small round table or two for particularly honored plants that seem to require them. The glass door into the back parlor by the side of the east window, stands open except for a short time sweeping days. The north wall is the brick wall of the house painted the cream color of the natural brick. The inside woodwork is zinc white, varnished, for greater ease in keeping clean. The floor, a double one, is of two inch hard wood, oiled. It has a stone foundation. Double windows of two panes each, like the others, except being in one piece, are buttoned on the outside in November, and removed in April or May. It is warmed by a register from the steam furnace, and a steam pipe runs around under the shelf near the floor, which can be used through cold snaps if desirable to do so. By opening a valve slightly and closing the room the plants can enjoy the luxury of a steam bath, to the certain destruction or prevention of red spiders.

The plants, having each a permanent place, warm, sunny and airy, soon felt very much at home, and repaid us by growing rapidly, and blooming more freely than ever before, while taking care of them is only a pleasure. Now we only wonder why we ever lived so long without the conservatory. My husband's idea of making it a pleasant place to be in, whatever we are doing, is fully carried out, and that at a cost of a little less than three hundred dollars, while the improvement in the appearance of the house on the outside is not less than that within.

A WALK AROUND MY GARDEN.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

The article, "My Garden," which appeared in the April HOUSEHOLD for last year, has called forth so many appreciative notes, and so many requests that we write more, we are induced to report on our garden as it now is. The weather has been very unfavorable this season on account of the cold and frequent storms. Two heavy frosts after the plants were bedded out in June greatly retarded their growth.

This is the most attractive period of the summer, for the garden, although June and July are the months of roses, hardy carnations and lovely pansies. The hybrid perpetuals bore profusely for six weeks, and the large bed where they were, was bordered heavily with white carnations, which, during a period of two weeks, had more than a thousand in

bloom at once, and the combined fragrance of the roses and the pinks was perceived a long way off. Abel Carriere, referred to in my previous article, surpassed my expectations. This year it has borne eight blossoms, very large, full and sweet, and another bud is revealed, while new shoots give promise of others. It is emphatically the handsomest hybrid rose I ever saw. Color of outside petals, crimson scarlet, inner petals, brilliant red. I said in a former article that I had been more unfortunate with canary yellow tea roses than any other color. This summer they have predominated, and they are very lovely. I have not been without them for two months. It is a Marechal Niel that is now unfolding its loveliness, the largest of the teas, and continues nearly a week in beauty. I have two of the new hybrid tea roses first offered to the public this year. Each had an immense bud, and I watched the unfolding of these novelties with great interest, but they did not open fully, perhaps for lack of strength, as the plants were very tiny.

The novelty petunia, President Garfield, has attracted marked attention, and many exclamations of surprise, for who ever saw before a green, double-flowered petunia? Single ones with green edges are quite common, but a large, very double petunia, with a deep margin of pea-green, is a great curiosity. When fully opened, it reveals a center of light purple veined with deep purple magenta. This novelty originated with Mr. C. E. Allen, of Brattleboro, Vt., last year. It is of strong habit, and a profuse bloomer.

My fuchsias are very beautiful. Not long since a lady wrote in a paper of her ill luck with this class of plants. Her method was to give them little water and let them alone. She asked our advice, "Is my method right?"

We replied emphatically, "No, it is all wrong. We do not wonder that few survive, and none bloom."

We then gave her our method. Place in rich soil, in a somewhat sheltered position of the border, and water liberally and frequently in dry weather. Result, abundance of flowers on vigorous plants, and even wee plants, only three inches in height, have been blooming several weeks. Our finest single fuchsia has an immense bell-shaped corolla. It ought to be widely known, but I can find nothing noted in catalogues answering to the description.

Elm City has an immense double corolla, dark purple striped with scarlet, sepals scarlet crimson. It is the finest dark double fuchsia I have ever seen. Mrs. H. Cannell, Lucy Finnis, and Snow White, are all very lovely double white. I see little to choose between the two latter. Both have very large corollas. Snow White is the most vigorous in growth. Striped Bland and Wave of Life are very beautiful. All of these except our nameless single, we received of C. E. Allen, and deem them a great acquisition to our collection. I easily propagate cuttings by rooting them in sand kept constantly wet, and in the sun except at noonday.

A new plant to me is *Torenia Fournieri*, and so satisfactory is it that I will describe it, hoping to induce others to send for it. It has pansy-like flowers with the exception of being throated. Flowers, a lovely shade of blue with orange throat. Each petal has an indigo-blue spot. Although only five inches in height when received, it soon budded, and for about two months has been full of buds and blossoms. It is very easily raised from seed. *Torenia Asiatica* is quite similar, but not a plant of so pretty form, nor so free a bloomer. *Torenia Bailloni* is a gem; yellow with brownish tube. The seeds are very difficult to germinate, requiring nearly three months. Plants can be obtained for twenty-five cents.

Of rare plants received from Washington I have a few choice shrubs, which have grown rapidly and are beautiful in foliage. *Hypericum patulum*, a magnificent, hardy evergreen, bears in profusion pale yellow flowers of great substance from June to November. *Dimorphanthus Manchuricus* is a noble deciduous shrub introduced from Manchuricus, and, therefore, perfectly hardy. Its handsome multifid leaves are about a yard in length, and as much in breadth, producing a grand effect. *Desmodium Japonicum* is a pretty Japanese shrub which is quite hardy. Its drooping branches are entirely hidden by millions of white flowers, which are freely produced from August to the beginning of winter.

I cannot omit the geraniums, of which I make a specialty. Every year increases my interest in this excellent class of bedding plants. I have more than fifty varieties now in bloom, and can, therefore, judge well respecting their merits. Not a shade but has representation. I like the semi-double best, but I have single pips of great size. Wellington, Wonderful, Dictator, Niobe, and Atala, are of wonderful beauty. Dr. John Denny is exquisite, and so are Marmion and Zuleike. Fairy is a beautiful striped variety. Gullion Margille is a double geranium of crimson scarlet, with the differences between the upper and lower petals very marked. Guinea has an immense pip, yellow, single, and very beautiful. J. H. Klippert is very distinct. The flowers are semi-double, and of a dazzling vermilion scarlet, shaded with mahogany at the base of the petals. The trusses are very large and of a globular form. It is a very free bloomer. President Garfield is another semi-double of great beauty, so also is Fanny Catlin. But this will do for this time, for description of some of the rare beauties among many.

Several have wished me to write more about my window garden, how the collection in my box succeeded, and how about watering, as some plants do not require as much water as others. I find no difficulty in this respect, as I can water more frequently such as need it. My best collection in the zinc box, were greatly injured by a frost one night in December, and several choice plants died. The largest collection were chiefly small plants for bedding out in the spring, and being greatly shaded by larger plants on the shelf above them, did not grow very much, but have been fine bloomers in the border. It is much better where one can do so, to have each plant potted in as small a pot as will do, and these sunk in the soil, then they are very easily re-potted in the spring. Nearly all my house plants are bedded out in pots.

—When we pour water into a tumbler, the sound grows more acute as the water rises and the height of the wall of free glass above its surface is shortened. The principle is the same as that by which the intensity of all notes is raised as the vibrating column that produces them is shortened. An orchestra of singing glasses may be made by filling a number of goblets to different heights, and playing upon them with sticks. By properly adjusting the quantity of water in the different glasses, a regular scale may be produced, permitting the execution of simple pieces of music.

—If flowers do not mature well, they may be made to, by placing half an inch of powdered charcoal on the earth in the pot. Another authority asserts that a solution or suspension of white hellebore in water may be used with great advantage in destroying the insects that infest so many flowering plants.

—The hardy, perpetual roses will bloom luxuriantly in the summer, and also in the autumn if their branches are

well cut back and the ground is made very rich. The noisette roses will also bloom summer and autumn, and the Bengal roses will flower continually for months.

—The living rooms of a house should be exposed to the full rays of the sun, and don't sacrifice your sunlight exclusively to the welfare of your plants; your own health is of the most consequence.

—According to A. Vogel, camphor is found to have a marked effect in stimulating the germination of seeds, both by shortening the period of germination and causing more seeds to sprout.

—Heliotropes need moisture and heat to strike root, but potted in a sandy soil, with a glass tumbler placed over them, they will root quickly in May or any summer month.

—Drenching rose bushes with strong quassia tea is a good curative of bugs and other destructive insects.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—What treatment should a cactus receive that has been burned by standing out in the direct rays of the sun? Also, what care do pelargoniums require after flowering, or through the winter? Also, what will kill the lice on them, or prevent their becoming lousy? Mine seem very much inclined to become so.

INQUIRER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to cultivate basket plants? I have seen several kinds advertised, among them were the *grammanthes gentianoides* and *minulus hybridus tigrinus*. I did not send for them as I did not know the kind of treatment they required. I wish some one who has had experience with them would give me some information. NETTIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would be very glad to obtain some of the trailing fern of F. R. S. if she would give me her address and instructions how to get it.

MRS. J. A. DYER.
Creston, Wayne Co., Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me how to keep the worms off from my honeysuckle? I'm tired of picking them off every few days.

MRS. E. T. BANKS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to treat hyacinth bulbs after winter blooming?

ANGIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to say to the Two Subscribers who inquire about the wax plant, that mine blossomed at the age of two years, and the fourth year bore a great many clusters, remaining in blossom all summer. It is now five years old and very large; stands on the upper shelf in my bay window, avoiding the direct rays of the sun, and reaching overhead covers more than one-half of the ceiling. Some of the longest branches have grown beyond the window and reach the entire length of the room. I gave it a soil composed of about one-half leaf mould and one-half the very richest I could find near the barn, and a very little sand. Water with warm water freely.

I think if E. A. B. will furnish a nest for her canaries, they will be all right, and discontinue picking the paper.

If any of the sisters wish me to work on their crazy pillow, I will do so if they will send it to MINNIE C. DEAN.

North Bergen, Genesee Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Lou Lyle wishes to know how she shall treat her calla. Give it rest this summer, let it get dry, it will not hurt it, re-pot in September in a light rich soil, and when it commences growing, give plenty of warm water and weak soot tea once a week and you will succeed. Mine has had four beautiful blooms since last fall with this treatment. CYNTHIA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask if any sister will inform me how to bleach ferns. M. F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Some one asks how to care for gold fish, and I believe if she will follow my advice, her fish will do well, as mine are a real comfort and delight to all who see them. I have two fish and a frog in a globe that will hold eight quarts of water. Every day in warm weather, and every other day in cool weather, I take them all out of the water into a basin, cleanse all very well, fill with fresh well water, and return fish and frog to the globe. To feed them—every other day is often enough—take a piece of fresh beef steak, cut in small particles, and hold just in the edge of the water till they reach for it. They will take it in their mouth if hungry.

MRS. VAN.

The Nursery.

"A BOY OF HIS WORD."

You may sing of heroes of yore,
You may speak of the deeds they have done,
Of the foes they have slain by the score,
Of the glorious battles they've won;
You may seek to eternize their fame,
And it may be with goodly success;
But it is not the warrior's name
That my heart and my spirit would bless.
Though oft at the mention my soul has been stir'd,
Yet dearer to me is the boy of his word!

You may speak of the great ones of earth,
Of prelates, of princes, and kings;
I doubt not there's something of worth
In the bosom of all human things;
But dearer to me than the whole
Pageantry, splendor, and pride,
Is the boy with a frank, honest soul,
Who never his word hath belied.
Yes, prized above all this earth can afford,
Though lowly and poor, is the boy of his word.

BITS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

ONE September morning while walking on the sea shore, peering under rocks and in the low pools, tossing aside the seaweeds in search of curiosities, I picked up something I had never seen before, and examined it with great interest. It lies before me on my desk now, just taken from a box of shells, sponges and other things, reminders of happy seaside days, and I will describe it.

Its shape is very much like a leaf of the small, pink-flowered begonia, unequal-sided, as all begonia leaves are, only this has a smooth outline, and is rounded at the tip. It is concave, thin, and somewhat horn-like in texture. Inside it is dull and whitish, while the outside is dark amber color, polished, and prettily marked with tiny waves curving upward toward the edge. It did not appear to be a shell, but I could not understand what it was, nor did I that day find out. Not long afterward, in one of the many little rocky pools left as the tide goes out, I spied a large whelk out for an airing, and, of course, he had brought his house along with him, for a whelk has a shell resembling a snail's, but is larger and thicker. As I gently tapped the shell with the point of my umbrella, he slowly drew himself in, until a horn-like substance attached to him, just like that which I had found on the beach, fitted exactly into the opening, and he was secure. Now I had found out its use; it was the whelk's front door. Once shut and barred within his castle, no doubt, he felt perfectly safe from all attacks, even from his inveterate foes, the star-fishes, and he wisely, though rather inhospitably, refrained from coming out when I politely tapped at his front door. If you ever read of the *operculum* of a whelk or other mollusk, you may know it is the little door I have been describing.

Some of the young people of THE HOUSEHOLD will be at the seaside this month, I hope, and will find endless delight in rambling over the beach, watching the long olive and brown seaweeds tossing to and fro in the waves, or gathering the more delicate mosses for pressing. A lovely bouquet may be made of *chondrus crispus*, or Iceland moss, which is thrown ashore in great quantities in some places, and is of most beautiful colors, olive brown, dark green, pink and purple. But in the many thousand homes which this paper enters, are many who will not be so fortunate, many who live far inland, and cannot easily go, and perhaps these would enjoy a little talk about a few of the curious things which live in the sea.

As we stand on a small bridge crossing an arm of the harbor, what do we see floating about in the clear water, with the wavelets gently moving to and fro,

are they flowers? Though they look so much like delicate, transparent blossoms that they are called sea-anemones, they are really animals of the genus *actinia*. They are attached by the base to rocks and stones, but the rough waves often tear them from their support, and they float about as we see them now. The mouth lies in the center, surrounded by a row of tentacles, which, when expanded, look much like a circle of blossoms. I have seen them lying on the beach, their beautiful petals torn, mangled, and half-buried in the sand.

Some species of *actinia* live to a good old age, if preserved from enemies and the fierce storms of ocean. I have lately read of one taken from the coast of Scotland in 1823, which was living in 1878, a veritable grandmother anemone, with as many children and grandchildren as the old woman who lived in a shoe.

Let us sit down on the rocks, and watch the little minnows swimming around the pools. Scores, hundreds of them are gracefully darting through the still water or hiding under the shadow of the rock which bounds their narrow world, narrow for only a little while, however; soon the tide will come in, and this long point of weedy rocks be entirely hidden.

Here a stout crab with a prettily spotted, purplish shell crawls slowly on the pebbly bottom, and in another pool a whole family of baby crabs are venturing out into the world in search of knowledge. I fear they will never learn how to walk gracefully.

Clustered on the rock beside us, are large patches of shell-like creatures, now hard and firm as the boulder to which they are fastened. Barnacles they are called, a kind of shell-fish which clings in great numbers to rocks at low tide, to floating timbers, wrecks, and to the bottoms of ships. But these are too far away to be washed often by the tide, and, exposed to the blazing sun as they are, I think there will be no sign of life when the waves dash over them.

We may find handfuls of periwinkles, pretty pointed and whorled shells, an inch or less in length, often shaded and colored in a pleasing manner. Limpets, or boat shells, as the children call them, are strewn over the beach, or hidden under the fringe of seaweed left by the ebb tide. Some of the muscle shells are beautifully polished by the waves and sand, their dainty linings tinted like mother-of-pearl.

But what is going on in this little pool at our feet, a battle? It makes very little noise in the world, but it is the old question of might *versus* right. True we are not informed as to the facts in this precise case, but we strongly suspect the larger crab cannot plead the claim of right. It is a soldier crab, a regular free-booter, who, when he becomes dissatisfied with one house selects another which suits him, attacks the owner without even a quibble of law, and might settle the question of occupancy.

The hermit crab pursues a very different course. Having no shell of its own, it wanders about house-prospecting, looking only at empty tenements, however, and finding one suited to his needs, joins himself to it and walks off. He pays no rent, and has a new house whenever he finds a vacant one that pleases him better.

I remember finding a great deal of pleasure at the seaside some years ago, with a small aquarium which I made in a glass can. Covering the bottom with stones, under which some of the little creatures could hide, I put in crabs of different kinds, periwinkles, whelks, and other small animals. Sprays of seaweed were attached to some of the stones, and one long tuft growing on the back of a

crab waved like a plume as he paced the aquarium with dignified step.

We may be so fortunate as to meet with the curious sea urchins, or *echinoids*, members of the radiate family. They are one or two inches in diameter, flattened on the under side, with an opening about one-third the length of the diameter. From the tiny opening on the top radiate in all directions rows of little knobs or dots of three or four different sizes, each row being entirely of one kind, and a row of each size occurring at regular intervals. Wonderful workmanship in that little dwelling!

A delightful book to take to the seaside is Charles Kingsley's "Glaucus, or Wonders of the Shore." Though it describes animal life on the English coast, it will be pleasant to study it on our own, and I am sure those interested in natural history will enjoy it, even if they cannot see the creatures about which Kingsley so charmingly writes.

But we must not forget to look for star-fishes as we stroll along the beach. If we care only for dried ones, we may come across them anywhere above high water mark, and we may not. I have walked the shore for a mile, not finding even a broken limb of one, and again, in the same range, have seen bushels of them. The number of varieties of star-fish is very great. I have three different kinds, two of them taken from our New England coast, and one from North Carolina. The latter was the first star-fish I ever saw, and to me was a very wonderful thing. It was sent from Newberne long years ago, by a soldier brother who little dreamed as he so carefully packed that box of shells for the home friends that before they should open it his hands would have ceased their work, and lie folded and still.

This star-fish is very much smoother on both sides than those found on our own coast. Each ray is bordered above and below, with a close rank of short, horizontal bands of a lighter color than the back, which was doubtless purplish. Here is a tiny one, scarcely an inch across the rays, yet just as perfect in form as the huge fellow on my desk whose arms stretch out far more than I can cover with my outspread hand.

But a star-fish alive is far more interesting than a dried one. With their feelers—tentacles, if you wish to be wise—they cling to the rocks so firmly that a strong pull is sometimes needed to gain possession. Very pretty they are, brightening the gray rocks with pinkish purple or red, unmoved by the fiercest waves dashing over them. These tentacles, which are placed in rows on the under side of the rays, are in constant motion, moving back and forth like tiny fingers when they are torn from their support. But where is the mouth? people often ask. In the center on the under side, opening directly into the stomach, a very important organ to a star-fish, whose chief end and aim in life seems to be to eat. They devour fishermen's bait, and make great havoc in the oyster beds, folding their arms closely around the poor bivalve, which is thus powerless to defend itself.

Maybe you have heard people say they were so nervous, terrified, worried, or something else, it seemed as if they should fly to pieces. Well, one species of star-fish, brittle stars, really does that. When alarmed they throw off ray after ray, actually breaking in pieces, so that it is difficult to obtain perfect specimens. Yet that is not the most curious thing about them. Anybody can cut off a finger or toe, it is a very easy thing to break an arm or a leg, but I know of no other living creature which has the power to put forth a new limb in place of a lost one. If a star-fish loses all but a single

ray, in time, provided he is not harmed, he will have fine, strong arms again. It is quite common to find them with one ray an inch in length, while the others are four or five times as long.

These are but a few of the wonders of the deep, so marvellous that the Psalmist's words take on a new meaning—"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

CHARLIE MEREDITH'S CRUISE.

BY CONSTANCE.

A very happy boy was Charlie Meredith, one bright, September morning, so happy that he could not walk quietly, but ran, hopped and skipped, as if his feet were bewitched, and really could not be still.

All this apparent delight was not lost upon Fred Dwight, who, coming around the corner just then, hailed him with, "Halloo, Charlie, what makes you so gay this morning? Vacation is almost over, so you need not be so frisky."

"Oh, Fred," cried Charlie, "I am going on a real cruise, with Aunt Agnes and Uncle Ralph, we are to start this afternoon, and will be gone a week or more, won't it be fun? I wish you could go too."

This last was said in real earnestness, for Fred and Charlie were as devoted friends as two nine-year-old boys can be.

Then followed questions and answers, leaving Fred possessor of the facts, that Mr. and Mrs. Duncan had invited Charlie to take a journey with them, going around the lake in a row boat, and making some short visits with friends on the shore.

The weather was all that could be wished, and as Mr. Meredith took the party to the landing, with as many more of the family as could find room in the wagon, all expressed a wish to be of the party.

There was not much luggage—a rubber bag of clothing, another of provisions in case of a ship-wreck, a shawl or two, an umbrella, and two or three books comprised the whole of it.

The lake was one of those lovely sheets of water for which New York state is noted, and as Mr. Duncan took the oars, and Mr. Meredith pushed the boat off, one who was at all fond of the water might well envy the cruisers.

The water was as smooth as glass, and the light boat glided swiftly along.

Charlie shouted a merry good-by to those on shore, and then devoted himself to the pleasures of the water.

There was enough to attract his attention. How deliciously soft was the ripple of the water over his fingers, as he let his hand drift by the side of the boat. Off at the right were many ripples which Uncle Ralph said were caused by the movements of the fish. Then there was a look under the seat to see if the fishing tackle placed there in the morning was all safe.

They had rather a long pull for the afternoon, so there was to be no fishing, but there was to be some in the morning, before the journey was resumed.

"Uncle Ralph, I believe I'll be a sailor," said Charlie, "it is grand, I think, to be on the water all the time."

Mr. Duncan laughed as he said, "You know very little, my boy, of what a sailor's life must be, and the ocean too, is quite a different affair from this placid lake."

"You will find whatever you do, Charlie," said his aunt, "that it is more hard work than play, but make up your mind firmly, as to what you will make your work in life, and then let no hardship turn you from it."

Just then, Charlie's eager eyes scanning the water before him, spied the afternoon steamer coming up, only a mere speck as yet, but rapidly growing larger.

They had taken the west shore of the lake, as their first visit was to be on that side, and the hills, too, gave them some protection from the sun.

The steamer would come up on that side too, so they would have a close view of her.

Charlie was all excitement, and was ready with his handkerchief for a salute.

They kept near enough to have a good view, and yet be out of the reach of danger from the swell caused by the wheels. "Ship ahoy," called some one from the deck, as they came alongside, and Charlie, prompted by his uncle, replied in true nautical fashion, "The Nautilus, from Seaton, bound 'round the world."

This made quite a laugh on the steamer and brought many more to the rail to see the dainty little boat.

Mrs. Duncan took the oars now, promising to give Charlie a chance next day, and he, to his great delight, was put in charge of the tiller.

Rounding a point in the lake a pretty boat house came in sight, with two boats just leaving it, Mr. Duncan called out gaily to the first boat, and it came rapidly towards them. It contained two gentlemen, a boy of Charlie's size, and a shaggy dog, which sat very contentedly at the feet of the boy.

The crew of the Nautilus received hearty greetings, and were escorted to the landing by the other boat, the second boat which held only ladies also returned.

All the parties repaired to the house, which was just above the shore, and after the travelers had made their toilets, supper was served, and the evening passed away in social talk.

Charlie and Maurice Vail, the owner of the dog, had some merry games on the lawn, in which Carlo assisted, and at nine o'clock went to bed, to dream of the day's pleasures.

The next morning, the boys were up early, needing no second call. After breakfast was over the fishing party was made up, and they set out in two boats. Maurice and Charlie with Mr. Ross, a visitor at the "Maples," as Maurice's home was called, in one boat, and Mr. Duncan and Mr. Vail in the other.

The sun shone very warmly at first, but soon friendly clouds veiled the sky.

There was great excitement when Charlie pulled out the first fish, it seemed very large and heavy as it reached the surface of the water, and though it lost some in size when landed in the boat, still it was a fish to be proud of. He caught several after that, but then the novelty wore off, and they were pulled in more quietly.

When dinner time came, the two boats showed a fine string of fish, and if Charlie lives to be an old man, it is doubtful if any fish ever taste so sweetly as did those.

The afternoon was spent on shore playing with Maurice and Carlo.

The next morning an early start was made, and without any adventure, except meeting a sail boat, they reached their next stopping place, a small town on the shore. Two days were spent here, the second one being rainy.

Charlie was obliged to find amusement in the house and barn; and though there were no young play fellows for him, the day passed swiftly away.

The next day dawned bright and clear, and the little boat with its merry crew was soon moving swiftly over the water.

No more stops were to be made until the foot of the lake was reached. Charlie had several turns at the oars, and soon learned to pull an even stroke, the boat being very light, not very much strength was needed.

About eleven o'clock they ran into a pretty cove, and ate lunch under the trees, and after a little rest were again under way.

It was nearly four o'clock when the pret-

ty town at the foot of the lake came in view, and they were soon ashore, the boat being put in care of a man who had boats for rent. A short walk brought them to the house of their friend, and all received a hearty welcome.

The next day was spent in looking about the town, and riding about the country, and as Charlie was allowed to hold the reins he was more than happy.

The next day was Sunday, and all went to church, and in the afternoon visited a mission Sunday school, and heard the children sing very sweetly.

Monday morning the homeward journey was begun, this time they followed the eastern shore, having one visit to make on that side.

To-day, both morning and evening steamers passed near them, and they met several fishing boats, the usual stop was made for lunch, and they reached their destination before sunset.

Only the night was spent here for school would begin on Wednesday, so Tuesday morning saw them again on the way, and at five o'clock that evening the Nautilus was drawn into the boat house at home, and the tired but happy trio walked home, leaving the baggage for the wagon to bring up.

Wednesday morning found Charlie at school, where he was quite the hero, and after hearing his story, all the boys laid plans for a cruise next summer.

A BIT OF ASTRONOMY.

I suspect that not one child in fifty, under twelve years of age, could tell me exactly how any one knows that the moon is really larger than a soup plate, or whether it is as far or farther away than Boston.

Now don't shrug your pretty shoulders, and laugh, and say I must be crazy to think you don't know that. It is not so easy a matter to know many things just right; and I hope you will not say one boastful word about your knowledge of the subject, until you have thought it over carefully, and see how much you really know certainly. Wise men are very cautious indeed, and know what they say, and the reason for it.

No one ever comes from the moon country, to give us descriptions of it, and one has a great deal of trouble in studying it, since he cannot go there. The "man in the moon" is not at all social, either, in his ways, as you know, and I never heard of any one getting any sort of information out of his ugly mouth. We have to learn things the best way we can, all by ourselves, one thing at a time, and that often a very long time.

I will tell you to-day about the size of the moon, and how men are able to find out exactly what its size is.

The moon is a globe, whose diameter is two thousand miles; about one-fourth of that of the earth.

"Now, how," do you ask, "can one know that?"

There is a method something like this: Let us take, for example, a cent piece, which measures about an inch in diameter, and let it be placed between the eye and the moon, at any distance from the eye. It will be found, on the first trial, that the coin will appear larger than the moon; it will, in fact, completely conceal the moon from the eye, and produce what we may call a total eclipse of the moon. Let the coin be moved farther from the eye; it will then appear smaller, and will seem to grow less in size as its distance from the eye is increased. Let it be removed until it seems exactly to cover the moon, and neither more nor less.

If the distance from the coin to the eye be measured, it will be found to be about ten feet, or one hundred and twen-

ty inches, or, what is the same, two hundred and forty half-inches. But it is known, that the distance from the moon to the earth is about two hundred and forty thousand miles; so that it follows in this case that one thousand miles in the moon's distance is exactly what half an inch is in the coin's distance.

Now you all understand, I suppose, how, in geography, you measure a country on the map, when you know the scale of the map; if, for instance, you have the map of Illinois before you, made on a scale of fifty miles to an inch, and find, by measuring, that there are about two inches of the map from Chicago westward to the limits of the state, you would at once be able to say that the real distance between those points must be about two times fifty, or about one hundred miles.

Now, in the case of measuring the distance across the moon's disk with the coin, we have found the scale to be half an inch to one thousand miles; since, then, the coin measures two half-inches in diameter, the moon must measure two times one thousand miles, or two thousand miles in diameter.—*Little Corporal.*

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

HOW DO OTHER PEOPLE DO?

Do the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD ever ask themselves this question, as I frequently do when perplexities cross my path? Years ago, when a little child at school, we played one game amongst others at noon time, which I have been trying to play ever since, with all the fun left out. We called the game, "Do as I Do." Seated in a long row, the child at the head turned to his right hand neighbor, saying, "The master sent me to you." Number two inquires, "What to do?" Number one answers, "Do as I do," and commences to pound her knees vigorously with her right fist, which number two likewise does, as she turns to interrogate number three, who on receiving the message also commences to pound and so the commands of the master are kept passing down the class, until every child is pounding with both fists, stamping with both feet, body swaying, head bobbing, tongue clucking, and teeth snapping, and dear HOUSEHOLD sister, if you think this did not require skill, just sit down and try it, the motions not to cease or waver as you repeat, "The master sent me to you," "What to do?" "Do as I do."

I wish I knew how other people do who have little boys that want to play in the snow and wear knee pants which are too short to tie down, so the snow crowds in over the top of the boot, and melting inside, the little feet must go wet. When the snow first came last winter, for two days I changed stockings, dried feet and boots, and bothered with leggings. The second evening, after the little fellow was asleep, I found pieces of the same cloth, and lengthened those knee pants ten inches, so they reach the instep, "like papa's."

It was fun to see him dress the next morning. He poked his feet through the long legs, and tugged in vain to have his pants come as usual, but they wouldn't. He finished buttoning them on to his waist, and stretched up on tiptoe, but still those pants covered his ankles, then, half crying, he turned to me, saying, "Mamma, I grew little last night."

Warmly clad, and with pants snugly tied around his thick, long-legged boots, he plunged gleefully into the deepest drifts, and never got damp or took cold.

How do other mothers get their little ones to sleep at night? Our boy I always rocked to sleep in his cradle, and with a foot on the rocker, I was able to accomplish much sewing and knitting. When our little girl came, I thought I would

not indulge her so much, and she never was rocked to sleep in her life, and now she won't be, and half my evenings are spent trying to get her to sleep. I read of mothers who put their infants in bed at night, and let them cry or sing themselves to sleep as they choose, but I wonder how they keep them in the bed or crib. My baby will creep out from under the clothes as fast as I can tuck her in, and surely a ten months old babe is too young to whip and be made to stay there. Since she was five months old, it has not been safe to leave her in crib or bed alone, for she would roll or creep off.

She has but a short day nap, wakes me by five in the morning, is loth to go to sleep for the night before eight, and I sometimes think she grudges her long unbroken sleep through the night. Mornings I barricade the bed with pillows while dressing, and thus manage to keep her from springing off the bed for a few moments. Mothers of accommodating babies who sleep right through breakfast getting and clearing away know nothing of my trials.

How very many times have I thought of that mother who wrote of her four months old boy who was never tended, but slept, eat, sat up, played, and then lay down and slept again in his crib! Sometimes I cannot believe a bright, active child could be trained to be so quiet and so little trouble. Mother of that little boy, I do want to hear from you again. Is he still in his crib, cutting his teeth without a wail of remonstrance? Has the colic, or earache, or canker, no claim on his fat, comfortable person? By and by, I should think he would be trying to stand up, and might fall from his crib, or does he always balance himself just right, so you can serenely go about your day's work, while he gently pushes his bedding about, getting it ready for its daily sunning.

Mr. Crowell "sent me to you."

"What to do?"

"Do as I do."

Oh dear! I can't.

CLARISSA POTTER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Like Clarissa Potter, we are blessed with one little boy, who is a source of great comfort to us as well as of some anxiety. Did not we feel sure of help from our Heavenly Father, we should sometimes shrink from the great responsibility of training this little immortal soul for eternity.

Let us improve our time, mothers, while our children are small, and are so easily pleased and made happy, and give them all the pleasure possible, having patience with all their fun and mischief-loving ways, that when the cares of manhood and of womanhood press upon them, perhaps very heavily, they may have the memory of a happy childhood, and a patient, forgiving mother, to cheer them.

These little verses from St. Nicholas, entitled "Baby's Skies," have been very suggestive to me:

"Would you know the baby's skies?"

Baby's skies are mamma's eyes,

Mamma's eyes and smile together

Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mamma, keep your eyes from tears,

Keep your heart from foolish fears,

Keep your lips from dull complaining,

Lest the baby think 'tis raining."

God pity the poor children who "think 'tis raining" every day. If our families contain any such, let us try to make a sudden change of weather, for our little ones, which shall be permanent.

QUEER ONE.

—Works on etiquet are countless, and some of them contain really wholesome truths, but the best guide for behaviour will be found in the dictates of good nature, and the promptings of a generous disposition.

The Library.

WHEN THE SONG'S GONE OUT OF YOUR LIFE.

"When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a-ringing in your ears, but it's best to have a bit of silence, and out o' that may be a psalm'll come by-and-by."—*Edward Garrett.*

When the song's gone out of your life
That you thought would last to the end—
That first sweet song of the heart
That no after days can lend—
The song of the birds to the trees,
The song of the wind to the flowers,
The song that the heart sings low to itself
When it wakes in life's morning hours:

You can start no other song.
Not even a tremulous note
Will falter forth on the empty air;
It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you try,
For the spirit of song has fled—
The nightingale sings no more to the rose
When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall
On the bruised heart's quivering strings;
Perhaps from the loss of all you may learn
The song that the seraph sings:
A grand and glorious psalm
That will tremble, and rise, and thrill,
And fill your breast with its grateful rest,
And its lonely yearnings still.

OUR SCRAP-BOOK.

Part I.

BY REBA L. RAYMOND.

SCRAP-BOOKS are valuable as repositories of fragments of interest that are continually accumulating, and also as books of reference. Here are gems of thought from the leading literary men and women of the day, bits of history of persons, places, and things, inventions, discoveries, statistics, etc.

It has always been a great pleasure to us to gather together scraps; from early childhood, we have delighted in it. There was quite a mania in our home for this work. Even Ernest, our "Toddie," had his book filled with pictures, a goodly number of Indians, bears, animals, and firearms found a place in his book, until it presented quite a warlike appearance. These were put in at random, as he came across them. What does it matter now that some of them are upside down, and the leaves are daubed with paste, and sometimes fastened together? The book afforded him hours of amusement, collecting the pictures, cutting them out, and filling up his book, making much litter with it all, but having a good time all the same.

Now, there are so many books of the kind for children, to be filled with the pretty advertising cards seen everywhere, or the pretty wood cuts from the specimen pages of books, and from papers, so life-like that the little ones find much pleasure in them. One of the prettiest of these scrap-books for children we have seen, was that of a bright-eyed little cousin, one of Mark Twain's, a smaller size. This was filled with steel engravings from the different magazines of fashion that had been gathering for several years, every one representing child life in some form. These her mamma contributed, promising her all that were suited to her book. As it was a Christmas present the first one was a beautiful Christmas title—a group of happy children singing, "Hark the herald angels sing." It is a good way to preserve the engravings in the magazines which one does not care to have bound, and will prove a great pleasure to Effie and her little friends.

Our first scrap-books were made from old patent office reports, cutting out the alternate leaves to keep them from getting too bulky. These answered nicely for awhile. The first selections were not always creditable to our judgment, but we find some good things among them

after all. If all the poetry is not the best, still there are some beautiful poems that have individual charms for us. The work of filling in the scraps is not always neatly done as we would wish it.

We laugh now to see how many stories we crowded into that first book. We read them over again, and remember the impression made upon us by each one. Here is one that filled our childish heart with sympathy, and it touches us yet. Among them we notice a few—"Angel Children," by Anna Cora Ritchie, "First Marriage in the Family," always an interesting occasion, two or three stories of the war, the terror and sorrow that came with it, the broken circle and desolate home, so real, and so truthfully portrayed, "My Loss," and that touching story, "The Vermont Puritan," describing the great, tender heart of our noble president, who always leaned on the side of mercy, it is only one of many like it, given in the lecture, Abraham Lincoln, by an ex-vice-president.

The first book has few illustrations. A picture of the progressive and retrogressive farmer made a lasting impression on our minds. Here is a picture of gold coins of the United States. Here, too, are the deaf and dumb alphabet, which we used to practice at school to keep from answering imperfect at roll call in the evening, keeping the law in the letter, if not in spirit, and "Two Paths in Life," clearly depicting the evils of intemperance from youth to age.

Our second book is filled principally with articles taken from our family paper, The Rural, that came to our home from the great metropolis. To this charming paper we owe our love for pure, good reading. Nothing but the best found a place in its columns. Coming to our home in the first year of its publication, and for many years after, the files had accumulated, until that old attic, after we learned to read, was a real treasure house, and the many different contributors, came to be household words among us, and the paper one of our household gods.

We remember, too, that the day it was expected from the office our walk home from school often ended in a race and a scramble to see who should get the paper first. Blessings on such editors! we say, they are the real benefactors of mankind. Such journals are a well-spring of joy in any home.

Turning through our book we find many choice selections arranged under the different ornamental headings, as Social Topics, and Choice Miscellany. Here are some rare gems of poetry and prose, the crystallized thoughts of the authors. Sweet memories and pleasant associations are mingled together with these pages of our old scrap-book, and they each possess individual charms for us. They carry us back to the hours spent in the attic among the boxes and barrels of papers. Here, half buried by the accumulations of years, with our heads near the rafters, the scissors and a tin of paste at hand, we cut and filled our book, while the gentle showers made music on the shingles above us so sweet that we do not wonder it has been immortalized in song. One of the most exquisite poems in our book is "The Music of the Rain." Filled with gentle memories, the music of the past has rare melody if it is made up of clouds and sunshine, vain regrets and calm resignation.

There is no day like a rainy day for such work as this. They seem made for just such fascinating employment when there is no danger of interruption from the outside world. The rain comes down in torrents, and we are happy at our work.

This book served us during our school days at our literary entertainments, every selection so used possessing a particular interest to us. Here is a touching one of

the war, "Claribel's Prayers," full of pathos. The crowded house and the sweet-faced teacher are all before us, and the beautiful rendering of it by a dear friend who brought out the full beauty of it. Here are two other child poems, equally sweet, listened to under different circumstances, "Daisy's Faith," and "Papa's Letter," and a number of Will Carleton's popular ballads that have now found a place in the school readers.

The book abounds in illustrations and portraits of eminent persons in the different departments of life, with sketches of their lives. Here are Geo. Peabody, the great philanthropist, Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, Charles Dickens, and N. P. Willis, with a view of Idlewild. Royalty is here represented by the Empress Eugenie and the princess of Prussia. The advocates of the sex are also represented. Here are Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, her face framed in white curls, and her plain-faced sister, Susan B. Anthony.

The literary guild have a number of representatives, Catherine M. Sedgwick, and Emma Willard, the distinguished teacher and author, who occupies the first place in the gallery of American teachers, she having founded the first scientific female seminary. As an author her books have reached a circulation of more than a million copies. Among the best known of her poems is the hymn "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." These items we glean from an article in Frank Leslie's paper.

Here is the sweet face of Alice Cary, and near by is her sister Phoebe, with a loving tribute to their memory in a long article from Harper's Bazar, including some of their sweetest songs. One of Alice Cary's poems called "The Best Picture," commencing,

"Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,"

has been pronounced one of the finest written by an American author, and the exquisite one written a few months before her death, "The Flight of the Birds" is very touching. She did not live to see them come back. Of Phoebe Cary's poems, perhaps the best is the one called "A Woman's Conclusions." This is also said to be her favorite among them all. Surely none are more highly cherished than the hymn "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," published in 1852. There is a touching story often told in connection with it, how one soul was rescued from ruin. There are tributes to the memories of Mrs. Sigourney, Fanny Fern, Horace Greeley, and others less renowned.

A few pages are given to precious friends who have passed on before us into the land of light and love, and the list is always increasing. Every little while a loved one enters the beyond.

A page is also devoted to marriage notices. We look them over and find enough material for a book in the history of those we have entered here, some bright, happy and congenial lives, mis-mated ones, freed by divorce, others separated by death.

Under the title of Various Topics, we find "History of the American Flag," "Seven Wonders of the World," and "Cities Extraordinary."

The book that we thought would surely hold all our scraps, is filled and running over, and many scraps on hand. We decide that the next one must be a real scrap-book, one made for that purpose alone, and of a large size. The book-stores have them at reasonable prices, nicely bound. A large one is purchased nearly the size of this paper, and one good thing we notice about it is strips where we can insert leaves from magazines, containing some choice articles we wish to preserve. A great part of some magazines may not be worth binding, and the cream of these we keep for our book.

This book is arranged more systematically, and we make a speciality of good engravings and portraits, buying extra copies of our best illustrated papers that contain anything of interest on any particular subject on which we are collecting. It is surprising how much there is on one subject, giving only the very best thoughts of the leading editors. One only needs to begin a book of this kind to find it out, in sorting and re-sorting to be sure that nothing commonplace goes in.

The first pages are devoted to thoughts on the New Year. There is a beautiful title-page design, with one of the most expressive prose poems, written by a favorite contributor to the magazines. Near by is a notice of her sudden death, stricken down suddenly in her work. The words she has written so near the close of life, are a precious memento. Among the clippings for the New Year, we insert a nicely illustrated copy of "The Hanging of the Crane," for is it not the New Year of the new home represented in the poem? The pages are the size of our book, beautifully tinted, and are a valuable addition to it.

Farther on in our book are a few pages devoted to Valentine day, then comes Easter-tide with the cross and passion flowers, chosen emblems of the death of the Saviour.

Near the close of the book is a double-page illustration of a New England Thanksgiving. The lives of the Puritans are truthfully portrayed, their devotions, snow storms, customs, and quaint costumes. The closing picture of the family reunion around the loaded board is near by a modern Thanksgiving, but that of "ye olden time" does not suffer in contrast with it, far from it. Thanksgiving meant much to the sturdy New Englander.

"IDAMORE."

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Many of THE HOUSEHOLD who have long been acquainted with Anna Holyoke Howard through these columns, will feel an interest in knowing something about her late relative whose poems had a previous mention.

The lady was an aunt of Mrs. Howard, of whose family she had been a member since the year 1879, her death occurring May twentieth of this year.

Miss Mary Cutts, (Idamore,) was a beautiful person even at the advanced age of eighty. She was one of those aged ones towards whom a younger person inclines with feelings of deepest admiration and pure reverence; in presence dignified, though courteous, her countenance revealing that she had kept herself "unspotted from the world." Although possessing a naturally fine constitution, her strength had gradually yielded in the last few years, until sickness closed a short season of suffering, and she passed on to the land where is promised "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Her life can best be summed by a cited sketch from the pen of Gen. Phelps, of Brattleboro, Vermont, in a paper of Portsmouth, N. H., the birthplace of the lady:

"Miss Mary Cutts was born in Portsmouth, on the 4th of April, 1801, in the old Gov. Wentworth house. She was the daughter of Edward Cutts (at one time a shipping merchant engaged in the East India trade, and at his death president of First National Bank) and great-granddaughter of President Holyoke of Harvard College. In 1832 she left Portsmouth with her brother, the late Hon. Hampden Cutts, who, with his wife, a daughter of Consul Jarvis, went to North Hartland, Vt., to reside. In 1860 she went to Brattleboro, Vt., with her brother's family,

and remained there until 1879, when she went to Brooklyn, N. Y., to reside with her niece Mrs. Howard. Her remains were taken to North Hartland, where they were given a resting place beside her mother and brother in the old burying ground of that town.

Miss Cutts was a lady of the old school, of high intellectual endowments and rare accomplishments. A sunnier or brighter nature never existed. She was an authoress, and issued two volumes of verse. The first was a sprightly, miscellaneous collection called "The Autobiography of a Clock;" the second, a larger work, entitled "Grondalla." The latter was a romance in verse, and founded on incidents in the history of her own family in Portsmouth. It is in the style of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." Her recollections of her native place were fresh until the last. She was the latest survivor of the generation of Cuttses born in Portsmouth.

Mrs. Howard and her eldest son, Cecil Hampden Howard, attended the remains to their final resting place, while in their home, at Brooklyn, N. Y., the lovely aunt is now missed and tenderly remembered.

[We append to the above tribute the last poem written by Miss Cutts, which was kindly furnished us by Mrs. Howard.]

A SOLILOQUY UPON A STORMY DAY.

BY A LADY OF EIGHTY YEARS.

I cannot see to-day, 'tis very dark;
The clouds have closely gathered o'er the sun;
Nature's sweet tones are hushed—I hear them not—
They've faded as my life's joys, one by one.

'Tis gloom around—'tis gloom within my heart!
Oh, where the golden days of ancient time?
These sad vicissitudes, these stormy gales
Do not with spirit such as mine is, chime.

Where nature's radiant smiles that soothe the heart
Like as the thrill benign of tender words?
I long for joyous sunlight, laughing streams,
Soft grassy meads, the melody of birds.

I long to hear the mighty river rush:
To see 'mid dark recess the violet peep;
To stray o'er leafy pathway, lone, obscure,
Where sunlight trembles as the shadows sleep.

As thus alone I muse, methinks around
Faint echoes come from region far away;
I hear the purling brook, the gushing note,
And 'mid majestic pines the wild breeze play.

Av, there is beauty in the dashing wave!
There's glory on the lofty mountain height!
I see, I hear it all! O nearer come,
Ye visions and ye tones of radiance bright!

Ah, why regret that here 'tis dark and drear?
Earth's somber hues and cares will soon be o'er;
And glowing beauty burst, and music peal
Where sorrow, sin and care can vex no more.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one furnish me the song, one verse of which is:

"I had a dream, a happy, happy dream,
I dreamed that I was free,
And in that land, that happy, happy land
I saw sweet 'Eva Lee,'"

and the author's name?

Also the author of the instrumental piece called "Ringing Rocks," and where I can get the words of "Old Folks at Home?"

Tell Ada L. that I will furnish her "Schneider's Ride."
MRS. L. L. RANDALL.
Box 494, Appleton, Wisconsin.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD furnish me with the music to the song entitled, "The Marriage Rite." I have the words, and would like to get notes. I will return the favor.
MAUD L. MASON.
Corinth, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If some of the sisters having the verses of which this is the first:

"One God, one Father pious Christians own,
One sun in heaven, round the earth one moon,
One life to live, one death to die on earth,
One heaven to gain by the Redeemer's birth,"

will send a copy I will return stamp for postage and will recompense for the trouble in some way, as I am very desirous of obtaining them.
Coldstream, Ont. MARY E. ZAVITZ.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers send me the poem,

"Bright star of hope,
Shed thy beams on me,
And send a loving message
From far across the sea?"

I will send a song entitled "The Old Homestead," or "Gypsy's Warning," in return.
Ural, Ohio. ELLA M. BREWSTER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want to ask some of THE HOUSEHOLD readers if they will please furnish me a copy of each of the following selections:

"Death of Little Jim," "Asleep at the Switch," or "Uncle Daniel's Apparition." I will repay them in some way.
DAN RIPLEY.
Bringham, Ind.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be kind enough to send me the song entitled "Arthur Lee?" Also, "Sunny Hours of Childhood?"
Omaha, Neb. MRS. C. L. HALL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the sisters send me the first verse of the song "Nellie Grey?"
Box 558, Fitchburg, Mass. GOLDIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In answer to a request in your paper I send the names of presidents in rhyme.

"Washington first to the White House came,
Next on the list is John Adams' name.
Jefferson then filled the honored place;
The name of James Madison next we trace.
The fifth in succession was James Monroe;
And John Quincy Adams the next below.
Then Andrew Jackson was placed in the chair,
And next we find Martin Van Buren there.
Then William H. Harrison's name we meet,
Whose death gave John Tyler the coveted seat.
Then James K. Polk was the nation's choice;
Next for Zachary Taylor she gave her voice,
Whose premature death brought in Millard Fillmore,
And next Franklin Pierce the distinction wore.
The fifteenth was James Buchanan, they say,
Who for Abraham Lincoln prepared the way,
Whose death gave Andrew Johnson a chance.
The eighteenth name was Ulysses S. Grant's.
By means of various and sundry ways
The nineteenth name was R. B. Hayes.
And James A. Garfield, the twentieth, sir,
Dying, brought forward Chester A. Arthur.

NANNETTE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of your readers give the words of the hymn commencing,

"We read of the realms of the blest,"

together with the chorus,

"What must it be to be there?"

ELIAS WITMER.

Suspension Bridge, Niagara Co., N. Y.

THE REVIEWER.

THE DESMOND HUNDRED, the latest of the Round Robin series, is one of the best summer stories of the season. The scene is laid in New England, although there is little chance that the fact would be guessed by the reader. The heroine, a charming mixture of Irish and Spanish, is a very lovely girl, while the hero, an almost impossible creation of saintly perfection, very properly steps down to give place to his more flesh-and-blood brother. The country doctor, one of the best and most life-like characters in the book, and his puritan little wife, add much to the general interest. The sketch of life at Nassau is bright and pleasantly told, being, in spite of some over-drawn incidents, one of the most entertaining parts of the story. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

IN THE HARBOR. ULTIMA THULE. PART II. is a little volume of poems collected from the later writings of Mr. Longfellow, together with some which have not been published in earlier volumes. The interest with which the public will welcome these last words of the loved poet whose every line was pure, needs no awakening by word of praise. There is but a universal welcome, tinged with a sadness which makes it all the stronger, for works like this. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.00.

AFTERMATH: FROM CITY AND COUNTRY, BERG AND THAL, gathered and garnered by Mrs. M. B. Buckhout, is a pleasant record of travel, somewhat removed from the beaten track of most writers, giving a series of sketches of the less prominent places visited during a tour in Europe. The rather unfortunate selection of a title, which no one after once reading the book could term a plagiarism, will be found satisfactorily explained in a note of preface by the author. Price, \$1.00. W. B. Smith & Co., N. Y.

THE VILLA BOHEMIA, by Marie Le Baron, is a light and humorous story of several young girls, who with a sentimental elderly aunt retired to a country house, with the determination to hold no com-

munication whatever with a man. Of their subsequent exploits we leave the reader to judge. It is written after the manner of the summer stories which have of late been so popular. Published by Kockendoefer & Urie, New York.

The July HARPER'S has also for a frontispiece a portrait of Emerson, engraved from a crayon drawing by Rowse. The opening article by Henry W. Luey, giving a graphic sketch of the most eminent members of the British parliament, is entitled "Glimpses of Great Britons." A paper on the recent discoveries of the Theban mummies, by Miss A. B. Edwards, is of much interest. Octavia Hensel tells us in a readable paper, of the great musician Liszt. There is an entertaining article on "The Old Ship-builders of New York," by G. W. Sheldon, and Mr. Lathrop's third installment of "Spanish Vistas," sustains the interest of the preceding numbers, and is beautifully illustrated. Mr. Black's serial, "Shandon Bells," is, of course, one of the chief attractions of the number. Mr. Woodberry's second paper on "The History of Wood engraving," is very interesting both in matter and illustrations, and Julian Hawthorne contributes an able article on Emerson. There are several excellent short stories, and poems by Miss Phelps, A. T. L., Paul Hayne, and Tracy Robinson. Mr. George William Curtis, in "The Easy Chair," gives one of his inimitable papers on Emerson, and the other editorial departments are full of interest.

THE ATLANTIC for July is full of good reading. The three serials now being published add not a little to the general excellence. Mr. Hardy's has reached a crisis which will be enjoyed by his admirers, while we predicted some months since that "Doctor Zay" would be one of Miss Phelps' best works, and Mr. Bishop's "House of a Merchant Prince" sustains the interest it has held from the beginning. O. B. Frothingham contributes an able paper on "Care for the People Under Despotism," and Henry D. Lloyd has an able and timely political paper on the "Political Economy of Seventy-three Million Dollars." "Shall Members of the Cabinet Sit in Congress?" by Willard Brown, is also a timely political paper. Number five of "Studies in the South," fully sustains the interest of the preceding papers. Miss Jewett contributes one of her always excellent short stories, and the last poem written by Longfellow is given in this number. There are also poems by H. C. Bunner, Susan Coolidge and Annie R. Anna. "Recent American Fiction" contains able reviews of Miss Woolson's "Anne," and Mr. Lathrop's "Echo of Passion" and "In the Distance," while the Contributors' Club and other editorial departments add much to the general interest. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE is one of the best, as it is the oldest of eclectic magazines. The ablest writers of the day are represented in its pages, and the care with which the articles are selected make it a pleasing source of entertainment and instruction. It preserves in convenient form the best of the current literature of the day. History, art, criticism, fiction, science, poetry and travel are all represented, and always at their best. The contents of the last two numbers embrace an article on Jonathan Swift, "The Arcady of our Grandfathers," "Marcus Aurelius Antonius," "Charles Lamb and his Friends," "Dr. John Brown," installments of "The Ladies Lindores," "Aunt Mona" and "Cicely," two capital short stories, and many other fine articles, and the usual amount of good poetry. \$8.00 a year. Published weekly. Littell & Co., Boston.

THE CENTURY for July maintains the high standard the reader has learned to expect from this popular monthly. The opening article, "Among the Thinkers in Alaska," by C. E. S. Wood, gives an entertaining sketch of this still new country. Ernest Ingersoll contributes another local sketch of much interest entitled "A Colorado Cavern." The boatmen of the country will be deeply interested in Mr. Benjamin's paper on "The Evolution of the American Yacht." There is a timely paper on "Thoreau" with portrait. G. E. Waring, Jr., contributes a curiously illustrated sketch of "The Horse in Motion." Part second of "Bee Pastures in California" is as readable as its predecessor. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" are concluded in this number. "A Great Charity Reform," by E. V. Smalley, treats of the insane asylums, work-houses, etc., of Blackwell's Island. There are excellent short stories by Mrs. Horton and Joaquin Miller, and generous installments of the serials by Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Howells. There are poems by "G," H. C. Bunner, "M," A. D. T. Whitney, and Edgar Fawcett. Topics of the Times, and other editorial departments are of usual excellence and interest. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

In the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July, the leading article is a profound and sympathetic study of "Emerson as a poet," by Edwin P. Whipple. In "Hydraulic Pressure in Wall Street," the writer exposes many of the tricks and devices by means of which fictitious values are created, and the unwary lured daily to ruin. Desire Charnay contributes the eleventh article in the series on "The Ruins of Central America,"

and records the crowning triumph of his exploring expedition, namely, the discovery of a great ruined city in the hitherto unexplored country of the Lacandones, Guatemala. There are two papers on the civil service question: one, "The Things Which Remain," by Gail Hamilton, who labors to relieve the civil service from the aspersions cast upon it on account of Guiteau's crime; the other, "The Business of Office-Seeking," by Richard Grant White, who forcibly portrays the moral ills that come from the perennial struggle for place. Finally, Francis Marion Crawford, son of the eminent American sculptor, writes of "False Taste in Art," and indicates certain directions in which art culture might be developed under the conditions of life existing in the United States.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for July is a veritable summer number. The opening article, "Black Bass Fishing in Sunganeetuk," by Rowland E. Robinson, carries in words and illustration a clear picture of Adirondack streams. "An Afternoon in a French Hamlet," by Anna Bowman Blake, gives a pleasing description of French peasant life. C. F. Holder contributes a shark sketch off the coast of Florida, entitled, "The Tiger of the Sea." "In the Heart of the Alleghanies," by M. G. Van Rensselaer is the first of two papers treating of the scenery and early history of the surrounding country. "Walks with Bryant," by H. N. Powers, gives a pleasant sketch of the poet's habits and daily life amid the rural scenes to which he was so strongly attached. "The Coal Mines of the State of Dade," by Ernest Ingersoll, gives an account of convict labor in Georgia. The new serial "Fairy Gold," opens well, and there are several excellent short stories. There are poems by Frances L. Mace, and Carlotta Perry, and the "Monthly Gossip" contains much readable and timely matter. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for July is rich in reading matter and illustrations. In the opening article, Charlotte J. Weeks gives a very interesting sketch of "The Pictures at Aston Rowant," with several beautiful engravings. Mason Jackson contributes another interesting paper on wood engraving, and Basil Champney also gives another of his able articles on "Wren and St. Paul's." "Summer Time," by H. E. Ward, is a charming sketch beautifully illustrated. Cosmo Monkhouse contributes a fine paper on Prof. Legros, with portrait and three engravings. There is a beautiful engraving of "The Mountain Sprite," from a picture by Conrad Dietz. Austin Dobson gives a half-humorous poem. The eleven engravings of Albert Durer in Mr. Colvin's sketch are of great interest to the art student. The notes on the exhibitions are full of interest, as are the Art Notes, both foreign and American, the latter being unusually interesting. \$3.50 a year. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

ST. NICHOLAS for July will be especially interesting to its young readers who aspire to literary pursuits for its article on "Amateur Newspapers" by Harlan H. Ballard. The younger ones will like the amusing little story of "The Boy who lost the Fourth of July." There is an interesting account of "An Early American Rebellion," and a spirited sketch of the famous sea-fight between the Essex and the Phoebe in the war of 1812. Mrs. Dodge's story, "Donald and Dorothy," is continued. There is a capital selection of pleasing stories and rhymes beautifully illustrated, the usual interest sustained in the several departments, and the Letter Box contains a report of the children's Garfield fund. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

LASELL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN. This school seeks to combine the culture of the schools with the rarer arts of home making. While its pupils have been fitted to enter the best colleges open to women, or graduate from its own thorough and complete course, it has also unfolded successfully a plan of culture in useful and domestic art. The teachers in this as in other departments have been most able. Cooking, dress-fitting, millinery, mending, etc., are established as regular branches of study. For beautifully illustrated catalogues apply to C. C. Bragdon, principal, Auburndale, Mass.

We have received a copy of the SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR and DIXIE FARMER for April, a representative southern agricultural journal containing an immense amount of instructive matter on all points of interest to the farmer. The different departments are well filled, and space given to other than agricultural news as the Household, and Home Circle, and Children's Corner, will testify. \$1.50 a year. Published by Jas. P. Harrison & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

The July WIDE AWAKE is a brilliant number, beautifully illustrated. "The Fairy Flag of Skye," a folk-lore story, is one of the prettiest illustrated ballads ever prepared for young readers. It contains, for the benefit of its summer readers, a program for an evening's entertainment, comprising pantomimes, representations of statuary, pictures, etc., giving a carpenter's plan for building a portable stage. There is also in its Chataqua Reading Course, a very valuable and original Health and Strength Paper from Miss Allen, of the Boston Ladies' Gymnasium.

Words by Dr. MACKAY.

O YE TEARS! O YE TEARS!

Music by FRANZ ABT.

*Andantino.**mf*

1. O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long refus'd to
 2. O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thank-ful that ye
 3. O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my
 4. O ye tears! O ye tears! ye re-lieve me of my
 5. There is light upon my path; there is sun-shine in my

con express.

flow, Ye are wel - come to my heart, thawing, thaw - ing like the snow; The ice-bound clod has
 run, Tho' ye come from cold and dark, ye shall glit - ter in the sun; The rain-bow can not
 cheek, I was self - ish in my sor - row, I was stub - born, I was weak; Ye have giv'n me strength to
 pain; The bar - ren rock of pride has been strick - en once a - gain; Like the rock that Mo - ses
 heart; And the leaf and fruit of life shall not ut - ter - ly de - part. Ye re - store to me the

yield - ed, and the ear - ly snow-drops spring, And the heal - ing fountains gush, and the wil-derness shall
 cannot cheer us if the show'rs refuse to fall, And the eyes that can - not weep are the sad-dest eyes of
 con - quer, and I stand e - rect and free, And know that I am hu - man, by the light of sym - pa -
 smote, smote a - mid Ho - reb's burn - ing sand, It yields the flow - ing wa - ter to make gladness in the
 fresh - ness and the bloom of long a - go; O ye tears, ye hap - py tears! I am thank-ful that ye

sing.
 all.
 thy.
 land.
 flow.

O ye tears!
 O ye tears!
 O ye tears!
 O ye tears!
 O ye tears!

O ye tears!
 O ye tears!
 O ye tears!
 O ye tears!
 O ye tears!

happy tears!

The Dispensary.

THE MICROSCOPE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY ANNIS WAYNE BOWEN.

THE microscope, in the opinion of most people, even among the educated, outside of a narrow circle of scientists, is merely a wonderful little instrument, by means of which inquiring minds are able to make visible certain curious, and in some cases uncomfortable-looking minute animal and vegetable forms that would be otherwise invisible, and therefore unknown.

We have all laughed at the huge dimensions of a slender hair plucked from the ringlets of some pretty girl, who shrugs her shoulders at our merriment, and jests while she views with dismay the revelations of that horrid lens.

We have expressed our amazement at the wonderful mechanism of the fly, or have searched Rover for one of the fugacious pests that render life a burden to him, that we may bring our captive under the magnifying glass, though in bodily fear lest a catastrophe happen, such as Oliver Wendell Holmes so humorously describes under similar circumstances,

"The bug, who was a flea,
At once exploded and commenced experiments on me."

Waggish amateurs all over the land continue to frighten nervous old ladies from the use of vinegar, and into the use of very carefully filtered water. The filtered water is a good thing and manufactured vinegar is bad. And it may not be amiss to warn the fastidious sisterhood of THE HOUSEHOLD that the accumulations at the roots of the bristles of an ill-kept hair brush are productive of a low form of vegetable life.

With all these things intelligent housekeepers are familiar. But it has been reserved for the wonderful year of 1881, in which the world did not come to an end, to show our learned men many things for which they have long been searching, and not the least of this new knowledge have been the revelations of the microscope, in regard to many diseases to which flesh is heir. And these discoveries concern, scarcely less than the doctors themselves, the householders and mothers. The householders, who must come before the doctors in the work of prevention, and the mothers, upon whom rests the burden of the cure.

Within comparatively few years the researches of eminent physicians and scientists have done much to elucidate the apparently mysterious causes of malignant and malarial diseases.

Man is no freer from microscopical parasites than the lower animals are, and these tiny pests work dire disaster when conditions are favorable. An American has been astonished to find that in his saliva a fungus existed in such quantities, that a drop injected into the veins of a rabbit caused death, with all the signs of violent blood poisoning. The blood of that rabbit would kill another, and so on in endless succession. Almost simultaneously a French doctor found in the saliva of a child who died of hydrophobia, what seems to be the same plant. And it has been thought that hydrophobia may be caused by the presence of this fungus in the blood; conveyed there by the teeth of dog, or cat, or rat, or even in some rare instances of man. It has long been known that hydrophobia was blood-poisoning. This little plant, of the lowest and most minute form of vegetable life, has been named micrococcus, and is found in the mouth in all cases of furred tongue or sore throat.

During the past two years Drs. Wood

and Formad have been engaged, under the auspices of the National Board of Health, in investigating the cause of diphtheria, that terrible scourge that shows itself here and there over the land in epidemics, or in comparatively isolated cases, a disease more to be dreaded than hydrophobia, and yet intelligent householders, who are prompt enough to shoot a strange dog, or their own, for that matter, or will drive round half a mile to avoid passing a house where there is a case of varioloid, will, through ignorance or carelessness, live cheek by jowl, in their own houses, with the causes that call into existence the grimmest monster that stalks to and fro over the earth, a monster that "out-herods Herod," for whose child victims throughout the land.

"The voice of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted."

Not only are the causes of diphtheria tolerated, but the plumber is paid good round sums to place them in the houses of the well-to-do, in the shape of waste-pipes without traps, or what is even worse, defective traps, while the well for waste matter is dug close to the house, or where the liquid contents can penetrate through the loose soil into their own or a neighbor's well.

An article in a late number of the Pennsylvania Monthly, by Dr. Wood, gives the results of the investigations of himself and colleague.

It had been known that a peculiar fungus, named micrococcus, had been found in the blood of persons very ill with diphtheria. They found the membrane from the throats of children who had died of this disease, swarming with micrococci, and by inoculating rabbits with this membrane, they produced in the victims all the symptoms of blood poisoning, such as are to be seen in diphtheria, and death ensued. The doctors then, by means of "culture liquids," grew the plant entirely outside of an animal body, and tried the effect of those plants upon more unfortunate rabbits, and they also caused diphtheria. After patient and careful examination they came to the conclusion that the micrococci are the cause of malignant diphtheria.

The conditions outside of the human body for its growth seem to be, in plain terms, any kind of filth. It will there develop, and the surrounding air be filled with the floating micrococci, which coming in contact with the tender membrane of the throat, especially of children, will produce the disease. From such causes come general epidemics of malignant diphtheria. It is only in certain stages of its growth that the fungus is harmful, for it is often present in a more or less degree in the mouth, in an inactive state, and does no harm. But the irritation from a common sore throat, with the warmth and catarrhal mucus present, will give the needed stimulus for its growth, and diphtheretic sore throat, or even a self-generated case of diphtheria is the result. A case of contagion is when the floating micrococcus from the throat of a patient comes in contact with the throat of another, or getting into a cut or scratch will produce a most violent form.

It is supposed that typhoid and scarlet fevers and measles are also caused by some similar low form of life, grown under similar conditions.

So it seems that we cannot look after the sanitary conditions of our houses and surroundings with too much care. For every case of such diseases, there is blame to be placed somewhere. It may not be on you, or on the much libeled plumber, or on the health board of the city, but somewhere, at some time, some one has been careless, and that carelessness has brought forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold.

LAY A FAINTING PERSON DOWN.

It is surprising how everybody rushes at a fainting person, and strives to raise him up, and especially to keep his head erect. There must be an instinctive apprehension that if a person seized with a fainting or other fit fall into the recumbent position, death is more imminent. I must have driven a mile to-day while a lady fainting was held upright. I found her pulseless, white, and apparently dying, and I believe that if I had delayed ten minutes longer that she would really have died. I laid her head down on a lower level than her body, and immediately color returned to her lips and cheeks, and she became conscious. To the excited group of friends I said: Always remember this fact, namely: fainting is caused by a want of blood in the brain; the heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain, and hence the person loses consciousness because the function of the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain, and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet it is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain is diminished, as compared with the recumbent position, the heart's pulsation being equal. If, then, you place a person sitting whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fail to receive blood, while if you lay him down, with the head lower than the heart, blood will run into the brain by the mere force of gravity; and in fainting, in sufficient quantity to restore consciousness. Indeed, nature teaches us how to manage the fainting persons, for they always fall, and frequently are at once restored by the recumbent position into which they are thrown.—Exchange.

HOW TO STOP BLEEDING.

If a man is wounded so that blood flows, that flow is either regular, or by jets or spurts. If it flows regularly, a vein has been wounded, and a string should be bound tightly around below the wounded part, that is, beyond it from the heart. If the blood comes out by leaps or jets, an artery has been severed, and the person may bleed to death in a few minutes; to prevent which apply the cord above the wound, that is, between the wound and the heart. In case a string or cord is not at hand, tie the two opposite corners of a handkerchief around the limb, put a stick between and turn it round until the handkerchief is twisted sufficiently tight to stop the bleeding, and keep it so until a physician can be had.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

Elecampane is a plant well known to most persons, and is to be found in many of our gardens. Immediately after being bitten, take one ounce of the root of the plant, the green root is perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer, and may be found in our drug stores, slice or bruise, put in a pint of fresh milk, boil down to half a pint, strain, and when cold drink it, fasting at least six hours afterward. The next morning repeat the dose prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended that after each dose nothing be eaten for at least six hours.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MRS. M. RICHARDSON I must confess that I do not know what "will give temporary relief in neuralgia of the heart." This is a peculiar disease—"untamed and untamable." As these "friendly twinges" are intended as premonitory, or as "warnings," they are not easily silenced

till they have had "their say." We may smother them, it may be, by very harsh means, but not safely, any more than you can "gag" a man who is giving the alarm of fire, when that fire is in his own house. Preventive measures are the only ones to be relied upon as "sure." If one drinks strong tea and coffee instead of cocoa, shells, "cereal coffee," and the like, or uses a great deal of tobacco, or sits up late, has only half as much sleep as is needed, and in various ways disobeys all the laws of health, being much excited, I cannot give him or her much hope or comfort. Could I know the habits and peculiar symptoms in this case, I could advise with more definiteness. Neuralgia never comes without definite causes, and will come and remain, if those causes remain; that may be regarded as "sure."

MRS. BLANK. As a general principle, it is best for the babe to nurse, if there is not too much "humor." This is natural, and it is a question, often, whether the child suffers more from the mother's imperfections, or from the unnatural bottle. It is best if the mother has "humors" to get rid of them, or to adopt a good diet, and then nurse her child, like a true mother. I would not give the unreddened milk, till the child is ten months old certainly, if plump and healthy. (Very fat babies are not healthy.) There are cases in which some of the prepared foods, as Mellin's, or infant's food of the Health Food Co., are better than the cow's milk. That babe should not be weaned at six months of age, especially in hot weather, or have bread and milk substituted for the bottle. (See my book, "Mother and Child.") It will not have teeth at that time, and should not take solid food till there are teeth with which to chew. Just notice the young of the domestic animals, for they continue to suckle till nearly half grown. They are true to nature, and we may learn a lesson of wisdom from them. The average babe may nurse till from twelve to twenty-four months old—no harm to the child. They need not do so simply because of an accident, but at reasonable times. My daughter was weaned when two years of age.

MRS. SIMPSON. Those "scrofulous sore eyes" of which you speak, are very troublesome, as you may have learned. To understand how this affection is induced, remember that the tendency of the use of grease, as butter—in excess—gravy, lard in particular, the sweets, with fine flour, is to affect the mucous surfaces, such as those of the throat, nose, ear, and eyes. These are the "heaters," or the constituents needed to support the heat of the body, and when used to a greater extent than is needful, these membranes seem to be the affected parts. To prevent or remove this soreness, therefore, change the diet, living on plain and simple food, using these only in great moderation. The kinds of food that will keep the bowels in good condition, as the unbolted grains and fruits, will be favorable. If the eyes are hot and tearless, a mucilage may be made of the pith of the sassafras root, steeped in warm water, gently, a few drops applied at the outer angle of the eye, several times a day, supplying artificial tears.

GLADDYS WAYNE. The litharge of which you speak, combined with harmless glycerine, is a glassy oxide of lead, and lead is a poison always. I have not tested this, but think that the acids used in cooking, those in our fruits, especially the unripe, would soon decompose the cement, and produce poison. Let me just whisper in your ear that Mrs. H. uses the noted and valuable "granite" wares, never breaking, cooking as well on the top of the stove as most wares do nearer the fire, light, neat, tasty, durable (according to our experience), not affected by the acids used in cooking, if even the very strongest. Mrs. H. is enthusiastic in her estimate of these wares, and feels with me that their general use would prove of great advantage.

FOREST AND FANNY, AND MRS. C. H. H. I wish to commend you for starting housekeeping right, by subscribing for THE HOUSEHOLD, the paper for the family. I have had it, and written for it, for about fifteen years, and I hope to receive it for thirty more, at least, though now sixty-three. I enjoy it very much, and do not feel that it has its equal, all things considered, in the country. Its contributors seem different from those of any other paper with which I am acquainted, as I judge from an extensive private correspondence, which is a source of much pleasure and encouragement. And for the encouragement of others, let me say that I will send my book, "Mother and Child" for seventy-five cents to you and all others who will subscribe for the paper in the future—those to whom Mr. Crowell has so kindly sent it as a wedding present, though I have no pecuniary interest in it, and if others of my books are wished by them, in addition to "Mother and Child," at half price. Now, let me see how many have been pleased with the paper and their new homes. This offer may extend back to those who have subscribed for 1882.

—The man that possesses good health is always rich.

The Dressing Room.

ECONOMY.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON gave very good advice to Boswell, when he said "Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness, it certainly destroys liberty and makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult."

Another time, the same great brain brings forth commonplace, practical truths, as he continues, "Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Let it be remembered that he who has money to spare, has it always in his power to benefit others, and of such power a good man must always be desirous."

If we follow this excellent counsel, we must needs practice economy, and for the definition of the term, let us go to Ruskin, who gives it in its truest sense. "Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means the administration of a house, spending or saving, whether money, or time, or anything else to the best possible advantage."

It is then, according to this definition, true economy in making a purchase to buy a good article, even though it may cost more money. An all wool dress will outlast two or three of cotton mixed with wool, and will bear making over, and will look well as long as it holds together. It is the same with silk velvets and all silk ribbons. It is poor economy to buy cheap goods as a general thing, for a good article commands a good price, and will be found to be a profitable investment, as it will save the same outlay of money over and over again. True economy then in shopping is to buy the best. Of course, a good article at a low price is not to be overlooked on account of its cheapness, but an article should never be purchased simply because it is cheap, without regard to its quality or to the necessity of the buyer.

An article that combines a low price with durability and worth, may always be considered an economical purchase, as in the case of Hill's electro-magnetic brush advertised in this paper. Other magnetic brushes which sell for much higher prices, I have heard condemned as worthless, which no doubt is on account of the bristles, which are non-conductors, but in Hill's brush, in place of bristles, which word I see that I have used in a former article, are the pure metal wires used for conducting the electric current. The points of these wires are so smoothly rounded that there is nothing rough or scratching in the contact of the brush with the skin, as in the case of stiff bristles. The pocket companion to be used as a flesh brush, is bringing wonderful relief to a dear friend who has been a confirmed rheumatic sufferer for years.

Silver ware also should be purchased with the forethought of durability, and it will be found poor economy to buy single or double plate. Triple plate is always cheaper in the end. A good quality and handsome design of forks of medium size, and also of tablespoons, can be bought for fourteen dollars and a half a dozen, while teaspoons sell at half that price. Butter knives with twisted or reversed handles, of Persian, *princesse*, or Saratoga pattern, also sell for fourteen dollars and a half per dozen, and tea knives of triple plate, with solid or flat handles, are thirteen dollars per dozen. Of course,

inferior quality of plate can be found much cheaper, that is, for less money, but it is in reality dearer, for the silver wears off, and the goods require re-plating very often, which in the end amounts to a greater outlay of money than a good quality would require in the beginning.

It is also economy to buy dress goods out of season. A good black silk can be bought with advantage in the summer, and laid away for the fall suit, for when the season is pretty far advanced, goods may be bought at reduced prices. In buying out of season striking fashions must be avoided, but it is always safe to invest in black silk, ladies' cloth, and flannel dress goods. In buying hats or bonnets, it is well not to be in too great a hurry, for prices are always higher at the beginning of the season. Two or three weeks make a great difference in the price of a bonnet.

It is not true economy to buy cheap kid gloves, for if they do not tear or split at the most inopportune moment, they look shabby and stretch out of shape after being worn but a few times. A good, elastic kid of three buttons can be bought for one dollar and thirty-five cents, four buttons for one dollar and sixty cents, and six buttons for one dollar and eighty-five cents.

There is a certain amount of skill required in the art of shopping, for not only the value of an article should be known, but taste, judgment, and discretion should be possessed by the would-be buyer. Besides the many opportunities which are afforded to me for the constant education of my taste, I have arranged to supplement it by correspondence from abroad, and as I have entered into intimate relation with the largest and best business houses in Philadelphia, I can aid all those who live at a distance to buy goods at as low prices as if they lived in the midst of city life. And it will be of greater advantage to send to me for goods than to send directly to any firm, for those who send to one business house, will have to abide by the line of goods which that house will have on hand, while I who have the opportunity of selecting the choice goods from different stores, am often enabled to purchase cheaper for my customers than they could do by sending directly to the firms, for prices of goods vary at the different stores.

Sometimes a reduction is made in one line by a firm, and in all other stores the prices remain as usual, and a good article can often be bought in that way at two-thirds of its real value. One business house has bought a lot of fine kid gloves from a manufacturer who is retiring from trade, and they can afford by doing so to sell five-hooked gloves for a dollar and thirty-five cents which are bringing two dollars elsewhere, and seven hooks for a dollar and sixty-five cents that sold for two and one-half dollars. Another firm reduces a lot of dollar dress goods to fifty cents a yard, while another sells off its millinery stock, preparatory to moving into another store. It is not for the interest of storekeepers to send samples of marked-down goods, for two reasons, they may all be sold by the time the order is given, and they are mostly reduced to draw city custom, for those who find a bargain in a certain store, are apt to return again and again and buy other goods which are not reduced.

In every branch of trade I can supply the wants of all who may send to me, and from the marked success which has attended my efforts in this business, feel confident of pleasing. Dress-making in all its branches is under my supervision. In sending for samples and information, please always enclose a postage stamp.

Not only wealthy people, but those in moderate circumstances, will find it practicable to do their shopping by mail, and

can enjoy the same facilities for getting the latest style, and the advantage of low prices, as those who take the fatiguing journey, spring and fall, to the city, to attend to their own purchasing, without the likelihood they incur of choosing the dearest places to buy, or of being imposed upon in some stores, even with showy front windows and a display of beautiful goods, but which the experienced shopper knows well how to avoid. Without leaving their homes, the quickest, easiest, and most economical way of following the fashions is brought to them.

TUFTED EMBROIDERY.

Make a strong, light frame, about eight by fourteen inches in size. Take a long strip of calico one-half finger wide, fold it together, and wrap the frame all around with it, wrapping it very tightly, so that when in use it will not slip about, but will hold the work firmly. Select your pattern and trace over all its outlines with black ink. Now lay a piece of fine embroidery canvas over your pattern, (the canvas must be an inch wider all around than the pattern,) and place both against a window pane, or over a large smooth bottle or glass fruit jar, held in your lap, then with a pencil trace the pattern upon your canvas, or use impression paper if you have it. Baste the canvas upon the material that you wish to embroider, (which in no case must be lighter than broadcloth.) Now having your canvas in right position, pin your cloth firmly to the frame, pinning the part to be first worked close to lower left-hand corner of the frame. You will not only have to hold the frame in you left hand, (unless you are so fortunate as to have a frame attached to a standard,) but must hold back the loops or stitches of zephyr with the left thumb. The main stem of a flower is always to be worked first, then the lower leaves, and afterward the flowers and buds. Every stem, be it ever so slender, every leaf, be it ever so small, every petal and stamen, be it ever so tiny, must be fully finished ere the next one is commenced. Always begin at the bottom and work upward. Unpin the work and re-pin it from time to time, in order at all times to be able to reach the loop of zephyr with the left thumb.

Thread a zephyr needle with a long thread of zephyr, and draw the zephyr through the needle's eye until both ends are of equal length. Begin to work your design by putting the needle down through the first mesh in the canvas inside of the penciled lines. Now draw the needle through on the wrong or under side, leaving an end of zephyr from one-half to one inch in length on the right side, according to the size of the stem, leaf or petal you are working. Now put the needle up through the next mesh and down through the next, leaving on the right side a loop of zephyr the same length as the end of zephyr you left before. Put needle down and up, down and up continually, always drawing zephyr tightly on the wrong side and leaving a loop on the right side, which must be held back out of the way with the left thumb. You must not only work in every mesh, but frequently put in extra stitches to make the work firm and solid when done.

We will suppose that you are working the main stem of a flower. You must work it, its entire length, unless a leaf or flower growing upon a side branch falls across the main stem, in that case stop when you get to the leaf or flower and finish up the part of stem you have worked. Take the work off the frame, and with a pair of sharp scissors clip every loop. Next, with a perfectly clean, fine comb, comb the zephyr until every

fiber of wool is separated from its fellows, and when you begin to think that it is combed about enough, go over it again, for it must be thoroughly combed in order to present the smooth, firm, velvety look of first-class embroidery. After it is combed, smooth the zephyr back to its original position, then trim to its desired form. A stem must be highest in the center and gradually rounded toward the edges. A long leaf-like lily or tulip must be trimmed in the same way. The extreme point of all leaves to be lower than any other part of it. The petals of large flowers must be formed one-half to five-eighths of an inch high in the center when done. It will depend entirely upon what kind of flowers you are working for the remainder of the trimming. If it is a lily, the petals are gradually rounded toward the edges, and sloped toward the point. If a tulip, it is rounded off in all directions, being lowest next to the stem. If a pansy or single rose, round outer edges and slope toward inner point. You must use your own judgment many times, as there are but a few rules that may be applied in common to all kinds of flowers, so much depends on size and kind of flower being embroidered. Pansies and flowers of that size must be about one-fourth of an inch high in center when done, but the buds of such flowers may be trimmed a little lower.

Nothing injures this styles of embroidery more than want of thorough combing and being trimmed too closely. After each part is trimmed, brush off the trimmings with a small, soft brush, and when the design is completed, draw out the canvas thread by thread, leaving the flower looking much as if freshly plucked and laid upon the cloth. This embroidery will last a life-time. Should it get soiled, it may be slightly re-trimmed and be almost as nice, and quite as fresh looking as at first. MRS. JANE E. WELLS.

Monroe, Wis.

A PRETTY BAG-BAG.

To the sister who sighs for a model sewing room, where she can have all the articles required for her work within easy reach, I venture to commend my piece-bag as a partial remedy for her troubles. It is made like a shoe-bag, but of larger size, and tacked to the upper half of the inside of a closet door, in the room where most of the sewing is done. Mine has a back piece twenty-four by thirty inches, to this is stitched four rows of bags, each row made of one strip of the material forty-eight by nine inches, hemmed down one inch at the top, with a welt at the bottom of the hem, into which is run rubber cord. Each of these strips is gathered at the bottom to the width of the back, and stitched on to the back one above another, forming four rows of bags; the lower divided, by stitching, into three compartments, the next into four, and the two upper rows into five each. Gray silesia is the best material from which to make it. The entire thing is bound with scarlet dress braid, and smoothly tacked to the door. With ink write on each compartment in plain letters the name of its intended contents, as for instance, full cloth, wool dress goods, flannel, cotton cloth, print, cambric, linen, dress braid, silk pieces, cord, tape, thread, buttons, whalebones, and so on as you may fancy. Keep in each a roll of the article named, and though you will still, of course, have to refer to other receptacles for larger quantities of even these articles, yet I think you will find no small portion of time, steps and patience saved by such an arrangement. Try the plan, my busy sisters, and see how you like it.

Do all the young housekeepers know that a stiff brush broom, with plenty of

soft soap, is the best possible thing to use in scrubbing the kitchen sink, and that waste bits of Brussel's carpet which can be had for nothing at baby carriage factories, and many other similar places, make very nice and durable holders for use about the stove? For laundry purposes those made of white cotton are preferable.

If you want something pretty to protect the top of the commode, cut a piece of white marbled oil-cloth to fit it, pink the edges all around, and place underneath them strips of scarlet flannel, also pinked, so it will show a little under the scallops of the oil-cloth. Make smaller mats for the shelves in the same way.

One lady asked some time since how to make a sofa pillow. If she wishes one for common use, and easily made, perhaps this will please her: Piece together three strips of Java canvass seven and one-fourth inches wide and twenty-one inches long to form a square, the middle strip being scarlet, the two outer ones gray, embroider each strip with a vine or scroll pattern, conceal the seam by a strip of black velvet, cat stitched down with gold colored silk. Make the bottom cover of your pillow of scarlet or gray cloth, and edge it with cord to match.

ALICE M. W.

WIDE TUNISIAN LACE.

Cast on thirty-one stitches.

1. Knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit six.

2. Knit six, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, throw over slipped stitch, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit five, over, knit six.

4. Cast off four, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

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

6. Knit three, over, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

TUNISIAN INSERTION.—Cast on thirty-three stitches.

1. Knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one.

2. * Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, repeat from * twice, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, narrow, * over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, repeat from *, over, knit five, over, narrow, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

4. Knit three, over, narrow, over, * narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, repeat from *, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, * knit one, narrow, over,

knit three, over, narrow, repeat from * twice, knit one.

6. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, * slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit five, over, repeat from *, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

ARVILLA.

WIDE LACE.

Cast on thirty stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, slip four stitches over first stitch on left hand needle, over four times, knit four, over, narrow, slip four stitches over first stitch on left hand needle, over four, knit four, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

2. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit eight.

4. Slip one, knit eight, over, narrow, slip four stitches over first stitch on left hand needle, over four, knit four, over, narrow, slip four on left hand needle, over four, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

6. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, slip four on left hand needle, over four, knit four, over, narrow, slip four on left hand needle, over four, knit four, over, narrow, knit eleven.

8. Slip one, knit eleven, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

9. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit four, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit three.

10. Slip one, knit four, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit five, over, narrow, slip four on left hand needle, over four, knit four, over, narrow, slip four on left hand needle, over four, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

11. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, knit thirteen.

12. Bind off seven, knit six, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit one.

ARVILLA.

BROAD KNIT LACE, WITH INSERTION TO MATCH.

Cast on twenty-four stitches.

1. Knit two plain, narrow, thread over, two plain, thread over, narrow, five plain, narrow, thread over, three plain, thread over twice, narrow, four plain.

2. Knit six plain, one seam, one plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, seven plain, seam loop, narrow, thread over, loop plain, three plain.

3. Knit two plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, two plain, thread over, narrow, four plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, nine plain.

4. Knit eight plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, six plain, seam loop, one plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, three plain.

5. Knit two plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, three plain, thread over, narrow, three plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, two plain, thread over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, three plain.

6. Knit five plain, one seam, two plain, one seam, one plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, five plain, one seam, two plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, three plain.

7. Knit two plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, four plain, over, narrow, two plain, narrow, over, loop plain, eleven plain.

8. Knit ten plain, narrow, over, loop plain, four plain, one seam, three plain, narrow, over, loop plain, three plain.

9. Knit two plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, five plain, over, narrow, one plain, narrow, over, loop plain, two plain, over twice and narrow, repeat, repeat, three plain.

10. Knit five plain, one seam, two plain, one seam, two plain, one seam, one plain, narrow, over, loop plain, three plain, one seam, four plain, narrow, over, loop plain, three plain.

11. Knit two plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, six plain, over, narrow, narrow, over, loop plain, fourteen plain.

Cast off six stitches, twenty-four remain. Knit six plain, narrow, thread over, loop plain, two plain, one seam, five plain, narrow, over, loop plain, three plain.

NARROW INSERTION.—Cast on ten stitches.

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

Every row the same.

The first pattern is edging and insertion combined.

COM.

KNITTED ROUND MATS, WITH TWO COLORS.

Use two knitting needles, and upon one cast twenty-three stitches.

1. Knit one, bring thread forward, slip one seamways, knit two together; continue to bring thread forward, slip one and knit two together, until only four remain, then knit one, put thread around the needle twice, knit two together, knit one.

2. * Knit two, knit first loop, seam the second, knit one, thread forward, slip one, knit two together, seam one, then turn the work, slip one, thread forward, slip one, knit two together, knit five plain.

3. Knit five, thread forward, slip one and knit two together twice, seam one, turn the work, slip one, thread forward, slip one and knit two together twice, knit one, thread over needle twice, knit two together, thread over twice, knit two.

4. Knit two, knit and seam the loops, knit one, knit and seam the loops, knit one, thread forward, slip one and knit two together three times, seam one, turn the work, slip one, thread forward, slip one and knit two together three times, knit eight plain.

5. Knit eight, thread forward, slip one and knit two together four times, seam one, turn the work, and repeat the pattern four times, knit one, thread over twice and knit two together, thread over twice and knit two together, thread over twice and knit two together, knit one.

6. Knit stitches and three sets of loops as before, knit one, thread forward, slip one and knit two together five times, seam one, turn and repeat the pattern five times, knit eleven plain.

7. Bind off seven, knit three, slip and knit to the end of the needle, then take another color, and begin as directed for the first row.

There is a call from some one for mats, and perhaps this will be liked. For a larger mat, cut a paper the size wanted, and cast on stitches enough to reach half

way across to the center, of course knitting more times across. Two contrasting colors, or one color, or white cotton, can be used. The two prominent colors of the tablecloth look well. Knit until the gores meet easily, and the work lies perfectly flat, then sew together, and press with a warm iron, not hot, as it might turn the color. This pattern knits the border as it goes, but that could be left off, and sew on a knitted edge, or crochet one on if desired, but that is optional with the knitter.

NELLIE MAY.

CROCHETED EDGING.

1. Make sixteen chain and turn work.
2. In the sixth chain from needle make a double crochet, two chain, skip one chain and make a double crochet in next, skip one and make three double crochet in next, two chain, three more double crochet in same chain, six chain, fasten in the first chain stitch of the work, turn.

3. * One chain, twelve double crochet in loop formed by six chain, three double crochet in next hole, formed by two chain, then two chain and three more double crochet in same hole, and double crochet in next hole, two chain, one double in next hole, two chain, one double in next hole, then turn work.

4. Four chain, one double crochet in first hole of last row, two chain, one double in next hole, three double in next hole formed by two chain, then two chain, and three more double in same hole, one double crochet in hole at beginning of twelve double crochet, two chain, one double crochet between second and third double crochet of preceding scallop, two chain, one double crochet between fourth and fifth, and so on all around the scallop; then there will be six holes. Turn.

5. One single crochet and three double in each of the six holes, three double in next hole formed by two chain, then two chain and three more double crochet in same hole, one double crochet in next hole, two chain, one double crochet in next hole, two chain, one double crochet in next hole, turn.

6. Make four chain, one double crochet in first hole, two chain, one double crochet in next hole, three double crochet in next hole formed by two chain, then two chain, three more double crochet in same hole, one double crochet at each of the three double crochets in last row, six chain and fasten between the first and second of the little scallops with a single crochet; turn and repeat from *.

This edge is over an inch wide and very pretty and easy to do.

Many thanks to Keziah Butterworth for the pretty little trimming in the June HOUSEHOLD. I wish she could send some other patterns.

NELLIE A.

NARROW POINTED EDGING.

Cast on eight stitches. Knit across once plain.

1. Knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, knit two.

2. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit two, over, narrow, knit six.

4. Slip one, knit six, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow.

6. Slip one, knit one, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

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

8. Slip one, knit eight, over, narrow, knit one.

9. Knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow.

10. Slip one, knit one, purl one, knit

two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

11. Knit two, over, narrow, knit eleven.

12. Bind off seven, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

Commence again with number one.

Penfield, Ohio. J. A. CUSHMAN.

RAG CARPETS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would gratefully acknowledge to the sisters the benefit I have received from their wisdom and instruction, and I thought perhaps it might be a duty as well as pleasure to contribute my mite for THE HOUSEHOLD Band.

I read something in THE HOUSEHOLD about rag carpets, and information asked in regard to the amount of warp required, and as I made one last winter, I am prepared to tell what I know about rag carpets. In the first place, I had my rags as fine as possible and have them hold to weave. The finer the rags the nicer the carpet looks. Mine was made entirely of cotton. The warp I bought all ready for use, and I had one pound to five yards. This makes what is called one-fourth sleid carpet, and many people, myself included, prefer one-fourth to one-half sleid, which takes just as much again warp, and it is reasonable to suppose a carpet will last longer one-fourth sleid, as the wear comes more on the rags than the warp. Of course it looks better to weave it in stripes, which I did, and every one who has seen my carpet calls it a very pretty rag carpet. Enough about rags for the present.

Although my family is large, and I have plenty to do, I am interested in fancy work and try most of the knit lace. The double rose leaf is very handsome. I knit a collar with that for insertion, and the edge palm leaf pattern, which was pronounced by my friends to be the prettiest knit collar they had seen.

I want to say a word about stocking rugs, which a sister tells about making. Now I want to tell my way of making them. I take my old stockings and mittens after they are past mending and cut them up in strips about two inches wide and as long pieces as will be free from darns. Then I ravel out every thread to about four stitches on the other side, which makes a fringe, you see. After I get my pieces all cut and raveled I take a piece of thick cloth, a piece of old blanket or quilt is suitable, and cut my rug the size I want it and line it with burlap, and sew my fringe on one strip after another, having each strip lap over where the other was sewed on. I hope I have written my directions plain enough so any one can follow them, and if any one should make one, they would have a pretty and durable rug. I have one which has been in constant use for as much as eight or ten years, and it has not begun to wear out, and it is much less work than to ravel out the yarn and knit it in as the other sister tells us about.

Upton, Me. MRS. H. A. DOUGLASS.

LEAF EDGING.

Cast on twenty-six stitches; knit back plain.

1. Knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, knit two, over, knit two, over, narrow, over twice, knit two. There are now twenty-eight stitches.

2. Knit three, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, purl seventeen, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, knit one, over, knit three, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, slip stitch over, knit one, over, knit three,

over, narrow, knit four. There are twenty-eight stitches.

4. Knit five, over, narrow, purl seventeen, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit two, over, narrow, knit three, over, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, throw slipped one over, over, knit four, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, knit two.

6. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, purl seventeen, knit one, over, narrow, knit one. Thirty-one stitches.

7. Knit two, over, narrow, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, slip one, knit one, slip stitch over, knit one, over, narrow, knit seven.

8. Knit eight, over, narrow, purl seventeen, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

9. Knit two, over, narrow, narrow, knit one, over, knit three, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, slipped stitch over, knit one, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one. Thirty-four stitches remain.

10. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, purl seventeen, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

11. Knit two, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, slip stitch over, over, knit five, over, slip one, knit one, slip stitch over, knit one, over, narrow, knit ten.

12. Cast off eight stitches, knit two, over, narrow, purl seventeen, knit one, over, narrow, knit one. This finishes one scallop.

JENNIE M. C.

KNITTED GLOVES.

C. M. C. wants to know how to knit gentlemen's yarn gloves. I will try and tell her how I knit them. I cast on eighteen stitches on two needles, and nineteen on the third needle.

1. Knit one, put the yarn back, take off one stitch, knit one, put the yarn back, take off one and knit the next one, and so on all round.

2. Put the yarn back, take off the single stitch, knit the stitch and loop as one stitch, and so on all round, (putting the yarn back and taking off the single stitch and knitting the double stitch every time,) until you have knit it four inches and a half long, then take off fifteen stitches on to a thread for the thumb, cast on fifteen stitches on a needle to take the place of those taken off, and then knit round as before until you have knit two and one-fourth inches, then drop off thirteen stitches on a thread for the little finger, then cast on three stitches on a needle to take the place of those taken off, then knit round four times the same as before. For the next finger drop off on to a thread seventeen stitches, then cast on five stitches to take the place of those taken off, knit round once, then take off on to a thread nineteen stitches for the middle finger, and cast six stitches to take the place of those taken off, then knit till the finger is long enough, and then narrow off as you would a stocking.

If you have any trouble in knitting it, let me know and I will try to make it plainer. I also knit gentlemen's driving mittens with the thumb and fore finger.

MARTHA A. T. NICHOLS.
Palmer, Hampden Co., Mass.

CHILD'S KNITTED COLLAR.

Use forty, fifty, or sixty cotton, with corresponding needles. Cast on twenty-eight stitches.

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

knit two, over, knit one, over, narrow, over, knit one.

The second, fourth, and other even rows are purled.

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

5. Knit one, narrow, knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, narrow twice, knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, knit one.

7. Knit six, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit one, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow.

9. Knit five, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow.

11. Knit four, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit two, narrow twice, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow.

Earlham, Iowa. MRS. A. DIGGS.

MILKWEED PODS.

In answer to Long Island, I would say that she must gather the pods of the milkweed when it begins to ripen. Watch it carefully to see that it does not burst and the seeds all fly away. Take each seed in your fingers and draw it lightly between your lips, you having moistened them a very, very little. Have a small splint, or a match chipped off quite fine, and the finest wire that you can procure, lay the moistened seed against the match and wind the wire around it, letting the seed be at the top. Continue this until you have a ball sufficiently large, which will soon dry thoroughly and be the light, fluffy, downy white fuzz that you so much admire. Cut off the match, or whatever stick you may have used, close up to the seeds and join a bit of coarse wire to it to act as a stem. This will be found a good help in bunching them. They are so lovely arranged with dried grasses in vases, or in wire frames in the form of a cross, an anchor, or wreath, and are beautiful to decorate the church or home on festival occasions. These and the thistle blows are alike admirable, and I would advise the sisters of this, our HOUSEHOLD Band, to have plenty of them on hand, if for nothing else but to assist in dressing their Christmas trees next December. This may be "a long look ahead," but it will pay, I can assure you.

AUNT ADDIE.

ROUND WATCH CHAIN.

Four ounces of small black beads, four skeins of purse twist, beads to be strung on twist, then crochet a chain of seven stitches, unite with a single stitch into a ring, work around ring in double stitches, taking up a bead each time, thus: Insert hook in a loop, push a bead close to the work, pull silk through the loop; in this way the bead is kept tight. Go on with these rounds until chain is long enough. Attach a black swivel at the end where chain is joined together. Pretty chains for mourning instead of jet and vulcanite.

ESSEO.

NARROW EDGE.

Cast on eight stitches; knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over twice, knit one, thread over once, knit one.

2. Knit four, purl one, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, the rest plain.

4. Bind off three, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two. Begin again.

AUNT CALISTA.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Lisette please give a broader pattern of torchon lace? Vainly I tried to broaden from the one given in the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD. It is so lovely I wish to make some wide enough for neck and sleeves. The pattern was accurate.

CONSTANT READER.

Will some one please be kind enough to give directions for making feather flowers?

C. L. R.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In our April number of THE HOUSEHOLD some one inquired to know how to clean and polish horns for ornaments. Select a nice horn and boil five or six hours, then scrape with a piece of glass until quite thin, then with sandpaper polish until smooth. Bind the large end with gilt paper, and put embossed pictures over it. Bore a small hole in each end and hang with a gilt chain. Fill with crystallized grasses. They are pretty ornaments. Then make a foundation of pasteboard, any design you like, a cross or a basket, and sew the shavings from the horn on to them, inside and out, in small clumps, thickly. They are beautiful for card-baskets.

CYNTHIA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters tell me where I can get materials for making French artificial flowers? MRS. A. R. STARR.

Marshall, Texas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell One of the Household Band that, if she will send me her address, I will send her the star pattern.

KATIE HARKIN.

West Newton, Nicollet Co., Minn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give directions for making mats of sea green zephyr to resemble sea moss? I saw a beautiful one a few years ago, but have no idea how they are made. Also give directions for making and stocking an aquarium? Also will some one please tell me how the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD use the advertising cards asked for so often?

AUNT ETTIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to send thanks for the pattern of infant's sacque, given by Alida C., in November HOUSEHOLD. I found the directions plain, and the sacque a little beauty.

S. M. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of your readers oblige me by giving directions for making a pretty carriage afghan? Would like any stitch except the afghan stitch.

MRS. S. F. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some lady have the kindness to inform me how to knit a bead purse, using two needles only?

MRS. CARRIE AUSTIN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one of the sisters tell me how to paint with oils on ribbon?

GOLDIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters tell me how to knit Smyrna lace? I would like to knit a wide edge to match the rose leaf insertion. Also can any one tell me how the spider lace pattern is knit, lace, edge and insertion? Would also like to know how to make a barrel chair, and home-made lounge.

IDA MAT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like very much to know how to make a hanging bead basket, and hope some one of the many readers may send directions.

MRS. L. C. GARDNER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band inform me if double faced cotton flannel, used for curtains, can be cleaned, and how?

A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters of the Band please send me directions for Tom Thumb edging?

M. K.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask if some one will explain herring bone stitch, cross stitch and feather stitch, and can any one tell me how I can make a stain for my furniture before I varnish it? I prefer walnut stain.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one be kind enough to tell me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to make a baby's crib from a clothes basket? also a recipe for gilding and ebonizing?

MRS. M.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Twenty-Four.

WHEN there are so many things to make, from the great variety of material which mid-summer brings, it is difficult to choose which to tell you about, as the taste of each one of us differs so much. But almost every one has berries and fruits of some kind, and although they are seldom quite so nice as when eaten fresh with sugar, still, there are many nice dishes with which to vary the "breakfast, dinner, and supper question" a little.

Currants make nice pies, and puddings, and tarts, they also are very nice "frosted" for dessert or tea. Select large berries, pick them carefully from the stems without breaking, and spread on a platter. For a quart, beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, and stir in a tablespoonful of sugar. Drop slowly over the currants, that all may be wet, and let them stand ten minutes. Sift sugar over them, and in an hour, if they seem dry on top, shake the platter sufficiently to turn the fruit. If there is not sugar enough on the platter sift on more. Dry another hour, and shake gently into a colander in order to let the loose sugar shake through. Put the berries carefully into a glass dish, and keep cold till ready to serve.

Large bunches of currants are very handsome dipped first in the frosting and then in sugar, dried and dipped again, until sufficiently coated. These make a handsome dessert with snow pudding, or cream of some kind.

Currant puddings are nice with a crust made the same as baking powder biscuit, or the "roly-poly" in July "Notes." Divide the crust, a quart of flour will make sufficient for a good sized pudding, and roll large enough to line a three-pint basin or pudding pan. Butter the pan and put the crust in, letting it come well up to the top of the pan. Put in a pint of currants, roll out a third of the dough and cover the berries. Add another pint of fruit and cover with a top crust. Steam an hour, taking care that the water in the kettle does not boil away, and if it is necessary to add more, to be careful and have boiling water for that purpose. Serve with braided or liquid sauce.

A nice currant pie is made as follows: Beat one egg, add half a cup of sugar, and a teaspoonful of flour. Stir this carefully with a pint of currants, and pour into the pie plate, which should be lined with a thin crust. Add another half cup of sugar, grate over it a very little nutmeg, or add a pinch of clove or cinnamon, as you prefer. Put on the top crust and bake. The under crust should be rolled large enough to leave an inch all around the plate, which should be turned up over the fruit after the pie is filled. Wet slightly with cold water or white of egg, and press the top down closely, and you will not be troubled by the juice running out. There should be two or three slits cut in the center of the top crust. Sometimes we allow a tablespoonful of flour to each pie, instead of using the egg, stirring it carefully with the fruit that it may be evenly distributed. Then put half the currants in the plate, add half the sugar, then the rest of the currants with the sugar on top. We sometimes lay narrow, thin strips of crust over the top, making diamonds, instead of a plain upper crust, in which case the crust is not rolled over at the edge, but cut rather closely; or the upper crust may be entirely omitted, and after

the pie is cold, finish with a meringue top. This, however, is too rich for many tastes.

Blueberry puddings are very nice made in the same manner as the currant. They are also very nice made as follows: One cup of milk, two even cups of flour, one egg, a heaping teaspoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda, or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir in a pint of blueberries, taking care not to break them. Pour into a buttered pudding dish and steam three-quarters of an hour. Serve with any sauce preferred. Blackberries are very nice in these puddings, so are peaches, which should be cut in small pieces.

We are very fond of blueberry cake or muffins, which are a standard breakfast dish with us during blueberry season, and they frequently do duty as dessert, too. Take one-third of a cup of sugar, an even tablespoonful of butter, one egg, a scant half-cup of milk, a cup rounding full of flour, a pinch of salt, and a heaping teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking powder. Beat the butter and sugar together, add the egg and beat well. Stir in the milk and salt and add the flour, stirring rapidly, the baking powder, of course, being thoroughly mixed with the flour. When well mixed, stir in carefully a cup of blueberries. Bake in a tin plate, or in roll or gem pans, which should be warmed and very slightly buttered. Bake in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes. Baked in a plate and cut in squares, serving with a clear sauce, this makes a very nice pudding.

Both blueberry and blackberry pies are better for the addition of a very little spice. Each requires, also, the addition of a little flour, a scant tablespoonful perhaps to a good sized pie.

Peach pies need nothing but sugar and flour, unless one puts tiny bits of butter over the top before all the sugar is added.

The fruit puddings with sago or tapioca, for which I gave recipes last summer, are delicious in this hot weather.

For sauces we like the braided sauce, which is simply butter and sugar,—a heaping tablespoonful of butter to a cup of sugar,—beaten to a cream. Coffee sugar is better than granulated. Make into a pyramid on a pretty plate and sift nutmeg over it, or flavor the sauce with vanilla or lemon, beating it well in.

A simple liquid sauce is very nice made as follows: Boil a cup of sugar and two cups of water two or three minutes, and add a tablespoonful of corn starch mixed smooth with a little cold water. Stir till it thickens, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of butter, and remove from the fire. Flavor with lemon, vanilla or nutmeg, and serve hot.

The egg sauce, for which I gave a recipe in the November, and the cream sauce in the June "Notes," are both very nice for all fruit puddings.

I always dislike to combat the opinions of other HOUSEHOLD writers, but I have been sorry to see that some of them advocate the use of tin pans in making jelly or preserves, some even utilizing old tin cans as jelly tumblers, etc. Now every one knows that the poisonous elements of tin are readily absorbed by fruit acids. If the tins are old there is a strong, tinny flavor, very disagreeable, and a decided lack of brilliance in the color of jelly or preserves. New tin will give little or no taste or discoloration, but always sufficient poison to render it unwholesome. Nothing but porcelain, or perhaps the best granite or agate ware, should be used in making jellies, preserves or pickles. Ask Dr. Hanaford if I am not right.

The increasing prevalence of paralysis has been attributed by prominent

physicians to the frequent use of fruits, especially tomatoes, put up in tin cans, causing lead poisoning. Let us in our care for our own and others' health, shun these slow but sure poisons. Much of the best fruit is now offered for sale in glass jars, and now that these jars are so plenty and at low prices, there is really no economy in buying others for home use. If care is taken the jars will last for years, and with the trifling expense of new rubbers every season, be as good as new. I never broke a jar while canning fruit, and I take only the simple precaution of putting them in a pan of hot, not boiling, water, before using.

I rinse jelly tumblers in the same way, though I much prefer bowls to tumblers for jellies, as when turned out they are in prettier shape, and much easier to serve than the rather awkward, upright pillar of jelly turned from a glass. I buy the cheap white ware in pint and half-pint sizes, and I like it very much. As I always paste paper over the top in preference to any covers which come with glasses, the bowls are not less convenient.

Now that no one else has sent Ruth Pinch a recipe for the oat flour blane mange which gave her so much trouble, I will offer mine, which I am sure she will like. Put one and one-half pints of boiling water into a double boiler, and add an even teaspoonful of salt. Mix a cup and a half of sifted oat flour with half a pint of cold water to a smooth paste, and stir it into the hot water; when well mixed cover and let it cook two hours and a half. Dip moulds or cups into cold water, pour in the blane mange, and set away to cool. It is very nice eaten slightly warm, and perhaps a little more delicate, if for an invalid. Cream and sugar should be served with it, and after one trial you will make it often.

We make a very nice pudding from the oat flour, which is also very suitable for delicate people and children, who are usually debarred from desserts. Put two cups of milk into a double boiler, or in a pail placed in a kettle of boiling water. Into this when hot, stir four tablespoonfuls of oat flour mixed to a smooth paste with half a cupful of cold milk. Cook half an hour, and remove from the fire. When cool add the yolks of two eggs beaten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Stir well together, and pour into a buttered baking dish. Bake half an hour, and serve either warm or cold as preferred. Serve this with the cream sauce given in June "Notes," or with cream and sugar, though it is not so nice as the sauce, and you have the whites of the eggs all ready to make it.

Those who have not given this delicious product of the Health Food Co. a trial, will, I hope, do so. If not near one of their agencies, it can easily be procured by sending to their address, 74 Fourth Avenue, New York, as you will see by their advertisement in every issue of THE HOUSEHOLD. Please, Ruth, and I hope many others, try these recipes and report success, and don't think that the fine oat meals sold at groceries for oat flour are the same thing. You would find out the difference very quickly, as it "wouldn't cook." I should have answered Ruth's request earlier, but hoped that others had used this delicate and delicious flour, and would send their answers.

And now that I'm making one apology, may I also apologize to Drusilla May for so long neglecting her request? If she will send her address to me in care of Mr. Crowell, I shall be glad to be of any service to her.

I want just here to say a word in favor of the oil stoves, for those housekeepers who have much work to do in these long

summer days, in hot kitchens. With one of these helpers all the work for a good-sized family may be done, even to the washing, with not one-half the work of keeping a stove running. No wood to bring in, no ashes to carry out, no heat at all in comparison, and with the best makes neither smoke or odor, even though the stove is exposed to drafts of air. No trouble from the fire going down; the heat may be regulated to just the desired point and left for hours. The ovens bake well, better than many stoves, and one may bake and boil at the same time, the ovens being large enough to accommodate a good baking, and placed on one side or at the back, giving room for kettle or steamer. On ironing days these stoves are invaluable. There is no waiting for the irons to heat, no trouble with the fire getting low and the irons cooling accordingly; while with the stove in a back kitchen or shed, one may iron in comparative comfort in her fireless kitchen, and this too, at less expense than the usual wood or coal fires.

EMILY HAYES.

THE DESSERT.

—Aesthetic editors have their paste made from sunflower now.

—The man who feels certain that he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

—There is little dessert on a man's table when he can't pay his current expenses.

—"I know where the dark goes when morning comes," said little Clara. "It goes down cellar; it's dark there all day."

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it plaze the court, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

—"What is love?" asks everybody, and somebody replies: "It is a feeling that you don't want another fellow fooling around her."

—"How sensibly your little boy talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown; "he hasn't been among company yet."

—"Will the coming man shut the door behind him? is the latest inquiry. It is to be hoped that he will; for the going man seldom does."

—"Unhappy Thought. Tommy—" "I mean to be an astronomer when I grow up!" Effie—"What on earth will you do with yourself all day long?"

—"Why did not you send for me sooner?" asked a doctor of a patient. "Well, you see, doctor, I couldn't make up my mind to do anything desperate."

When Adam was in his bachelorhood he found his nights lonely, and always welcomed the morn with gladness. Still, for all that, he was happier when Eve came.

—"Pat" Junior (in answer to inquiry by Saxon tourist)—"There's five of us, yer honor, an' the baby." Saxon—"And are you the eldest?" "Pat" Junior—"I am, yer honor—at present!"

—An exchange says: "A man lives in this vicinity who states that he first met his wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question in a storm, and has lived in a storm ever since."

—"Tommy," said a mother to her seven-year-old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk." "But you never stop," retorted the boy.

—"What is the meaning of the word 'tantalizing?'" asked a teacher. "Please, marm," spoke up little Johnny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession passing the school house, and the scholars not allowed to look out."

The Kitchen.

THE VEXED QUESTION.

BY ANNIS WAYNE BOWEN.

THE other morning, as I was shaking my duster out of the parlor window, I saw my brother-in-law come racing down the street, evidently endeavoring to catch the train that was just whistling for the station. I felt surprised, for John is one of the few punctual business men, every-day passengers to the city, who walk to the station each morning in a dignified manner, at least five minutes before the rest of the business men come scurrying along at the top of their speed, buttoning their overcoats and dropping parcels as they run, with all the irrepressible little curs barking at their heels, while their wives lean over the gates watching to see if they do make the train. So that morning, knowing John's aversion to being caught in such a scrape, I could not forbear leaning out of the window and shaking the duster teasingly at him, but instead of ignoring my attentions, as I had expected, he shouted out as he sped by, "Jessie wants you."

Thinking some domestic calamity had delayed him, I soon doffed my sweeping cap and hurried to my sister's house, where I found her in the kitchen washing the breakfast dishes.

"What's the matter? How's baby? Where's Nora?" I asked in one breath.

"Baby is well. Nora is the matter," answered Jessie. "After I rang her bell this morning I heard no noise. I waited, then rang again. At last investigation disclosed the fact that she had gone without giving warning, bag and baggage. She must have slipped out by the front door very early and taken the five o'clock train to town. So I had to get John's breakfast, and as the fire was low he was late."

There seemed no remedy for the unfortunate situation, and as we expected company at home, the kitchen was soon in order, the baby dressed, and Jessie came home for the day. The company, two elderly cousins of mother's, had already arrived, and the old ladies were sitting around the parlor stove, while the clicking needles told of busy hands. Jessie felt almost comforted by the sympathetic indignation expressed by the interested audience to whom she related her grievances, ending with, "and she promised to stay with me till the end of August."

"Well, it's my opinion," exclaimed cousin Jane, "that the need of the age is a society for the promoting of ethics among servants. You needn't laugh. If such a society had been in existence Jessie would not have suffered this morning. It is time people were taught to consider it a matter of conscience to keep their word when they have made engagements. Why, there's my Delia, been with me five years; if she tells me she'll be back by a certain time, do you suppose I believe her? I've learned better by experience. The last time she spent the day at her mother's she begged to be allowed to stay all night. 'As sure as I stand here,' she said, impressively, 'if I'm alive, I'll be back in time to get breakfast.' She marched in at ten o'clock the next morning."

"Yes," rejoined Cousin Elizabeth, "who ever feels sure that a new girl, or the woman engaged to wash or clean house, will make her appearance? I don't till I see her."

"I don't care much when they do stay away," said Jessie, in a tone of resignation, "for they don't know anything

when they come. If it wasn't for Teddy I'd never have another girl in my house. John and I have proved that when we have a girl we add not only the three dollars for wages to the week's expenditures, but almost an equal amount to cover the waste."

"If it is economy you are aiming at," spoke up mother, "here are some pertinent hints in a little pamphlet issued by the New Century Cooking School. 'If you want economy in your kitchen, if you want to sit in smiling ease when strangers come to your table, if you want your husband to like to come home to his meals, there is only one way to compass it. You must know practically how your work should be done. The woman who cannot instruct her own servants is at a humiliating disadvantage in her kitchen and before her family. In short, an ignorant woman in the house is a well-spring of displeasure.'"

"Why mother," said Jessie, with an injured look, "you certainly don't mean to say that I don't know practically how my work should be done?"

Though mother secretly holds the belief that her daughters do not know as much as she did at their age, of course she would not say so, so she turned again to the book and read:

"To know how yourself is then the first essential; the next is to insist on capacity in your help. As soon as the race of househelp is made to understand that it will be paid according to proficiency, as soon as every intelligence of office is able to advertise 'Raw help, fifty cents; third class, one dollar; second class, two dollars; first class, three dollars and upwards,' so soon, and not earlier, women will look about for schools in which to learn their trade."

"You should all read this," added mother, holding up the little green pamphlet, "it tells how the lady managers of the Cooking School had a dinner prepared for twenty-five guests, at a cost of just nine cents for each guest."

"I don't believe it," said out-spoken Cousin Jane.

"They did it," exclaimed mother, "but of course as it was done to illustrate economical cooking, the cheaper grades of meat and the lowest priced vegetables were used and nothing wasted."

"How can you get up a dinner without a roast?" asked Cousin Elizabeth, dubiously.

Cousin E., is one of the lavish housekeepers, and always boasts that she "never has anything but the best on her table." She never knows where the scraps go to. I could tell her, part are thrown into the slop-pail, part given to beggars, and the best the cook carries off when she goes home each week, and nearly all might be re-cooked in palatable ways and re-served.

"Soups and stews are good," replied mother. "Even hash is palatable if properly prepared. And now that meat is so high, I think it is a duty to learn not only to cook the cheaper and tougher grades, but to like them also. Now beeves' liver, for instance, has as much nutriment"

"As sole-leather," interrupted Cousin Jane. "Can't get my men folks to touch it."

And I don't wonder, for one day I was in Cousin Jane's kitchen and saw the whole operation. Delia placed a frying pan on the hot part of the stove, slapped in a huge quantity of lard, and before it was half melted laid the liver, just as it came from the butchers, slice by slice in the pan. That was more than half an hour before meal time. While she was attending to other things the fat gradually became hot, giving notice thereof at first by a gentle sizzle, then by loud sputtering, but Delia gave no heed till a pun-

gent odor of burnt meat filled the room. As she turned it she remembered that she had forgotten the seasoning. That went in. By the way, did you ever notice that some people only remember after forgetting? Delia pushed the liver aside to make room for something else, and there it simmered in the fat and grew tough till all was ready. When it was dished, the greasy, half-burnt gravy poured over it, Delia called it truthfully "a poor folksy dish."

And I remembered mother's way. First, be sure the liver is good. Dark colored, tough liver is never good. Have everything else, as nearly as possible, ready before you begin. See that the slices are not too thick, wash and dry them, season, and place gently with a fork in hot fat. Stand over the pan, turning, to prevent the slightest suspicion of burning. A good way to tell when it is done, is to make a small incision in a slice. As soon as the redness has disappeared all through lift it out on a hot dish, make a milk gravy thickened with flour, return the liver to the pan when the gravy is made, let it give one bubble to be sure it is all hot and serve immediately. Try it and see the difference.

But while I was adding notes of my own I lost the drift of the conversation, and when I again gave attention to it, Jessie had returned to the vexed question, and was asking about a young American girl who was supposed to be willing to assist at housework.

"The trouble with that class of help," said Cousin Jane, "is that they are afraid of doing too much. They have an absurd idea that they are degrading themselves, and will not stoop to do the more menial work. They must be asked into the parlor and introduced whenever one has company, or they feel slighted. Being equals they must sit with you at the table and at all leisure times, so your every-day domestic affairs, your ways and opinions are well known and just as well ventilated through the neighborhood. You might as well live in a glass house as to bring Maria Jones into your family."

"I wonder why respectable young American women will not go out to service in families?" queried cousin Elizabeth, thoughtfully. "It is really easier work than much they do engage in. There is no harder drudgery than many school-teachers, shop-girls and sewing women have to perform. And house-service is well paid."

"Many of them would from choice," answered mother, "if they were only independent enough to disregard public opinion and the custom, which seems to have given housework over to the most ignorant class of foreigners."

"And to poor men's wives!" interposed Cousin Jane.

"Yes, that is true. Many a girl, who before marriage would rather starve than go into another woman's kitchen for wages, will, after marriage, settle down to a life of drudgery, and slave her life out in her own or her husband's kitchen, whichever you choose to consider it, for food and clothes."

"And dress shabbily enough at that."

"There is another consideration," added mother. "A dark, hot hole, cluttered with grease and the debris left by her predecessor, and a hot, ill-ventilated, infested garret room are not an attractive sphere for the average young American to work out her mission in."

"A little kindness and consideration on the part of the mistress would obviate that difficulty," said Cousin Elizabeth.

"Well, I shall try Maria Jones," announced Jessie, as she rose to carry Teddy up stairs for his nap.

"You'll be sorry if you do," prophesied Cousin Jane.

But she did, and was not sorry.

I was across the way last evening, and Maria Jones, in her light print dress and clean, white apron, was a pleasant addition to the supper table. John had only a lunch in town so there was a cooked supper.

"How did you manage without being hot, Maria?" I asked in a pause of the talk.

"Oh! John has bought an oil stove," said Jessie. "I was always afraid to trust Nora with one, but now it is different; we have fine art in the kitchen."

So it proved. The kitchen was newly papered, clean white curtains and touches of fresh paint, where Nora had banged the woodwork, and mosquito netting doors and window frames gave a different look to the room. A rocking chair and light work-stand by the window, and a hanging shelf with Maria's small library on it, carefully covered with netting from the few flies that unavoidably found their way in through the door-ways in spite of Maria's care, told of a different occupant, and of a mistress who acknowledged the difference.

"And Maria has the little north room," said my sister. "We have made a store-room of the attic."

"You may tell Cousin Jane when you see her," said Jessie as she bade me good-night, "that I wouldn't go back to the old way for anything. It is delightful to have some one you can trust, and Maria has been used to much harder work at her father's. My work is play to her after that great farm kitchen, and hired men to provide for. She picks up my ways quickly, and we are both contented."

I had just been out in the kitchen talking with Maria, and she gave her experience.

"You see," she said, "Jennie was through school and old enough to take hold at home, so I started out to earn my living. I tried for a school and failed. Of course, you know, I must jump at the top round of the ladder! Then I got a position in a dress-making establishment in the city, and, Miss Annis, I drove a machine for two years for four dollars a week. I boarded, I herded, you'd say, with a lot of other girls, six of us in an attic. The house was none too clean and the table was dreadful. I paid three dollars and a half a week for board, so you see what I had left for washing and clothes, and to send home. Then my health gave out. I had such a pain in my back and continual headaches, that I gave up my place, and if you'd believe it, there were ten girls waiting to step into that slave's life that I was so glad to escape from. I went home and took in sewing or went out till the doctor forbade it. I was thin as a rail and had a terrible cough. The next fall I was much better, and having the chance of a situation as saleslady in a large store, I went in on three dollars a week, which was gradually raised to five. You never tried that life. From half past seven in the morning till half past six at night, ten on Saturday evening, at the beck and call of everybody, bothered by folks who didn't know their own minds, scolded by cross people, and ordered about till you didn't know whether it was your own tired feet or some one else's you were standing on. And you always must be smiling and pleasant or dismissal was sure. Then you must dress well, and it was pinch and screw, with no escape but marriage to most of them. Fortunately I had a home where I was welcome any time, and in a year's time I was glad enough to find myself at home again, though in as poor health as before. I was six months getting strong again. I can tell you this is paradise to anything I've tried before. I know how to work, and have leisure time every day, and what is better, three dol-

lars a week clear. Though I don't say that it would be as pleasant if Mrs. Fisher wasn't so kind and considerate. She don't drive, nor hunt up work for me to do, but when I am done, I am done, and can sit down for hours, often, in the afternoon, and sew or read. Wash days are tiresome, of course, still this is the best thing I have tried."

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Number Five.

BY THERESA.

I am not in the habit of giving recipes we have not tried, but one for coloring red on cotton has often been called for, and as one has been in my possession a long time, I will give it for what it is worth, and just as copied from some paper.

Recipe for Dyeing Red on Cotton.—For four pounds of cotton take two pounds of redwood, and four ounces of muriate of tin. Boil the wood an hour, pour off the dye into a tub, add the tin, put in the cotton, and let it stay five minutes.

Should any one try this I hope the report will be written for THE HOUSEHOLD, whether good or bad, so all may know. If it proves good it will be a great help in these days of rag carpet making, when the filling is often mostly of cotton.

Can any one tell how turkey red and red cotton handkerchiefs are colored? The question has been asked before, but no response as yet. I have seen nice red on silk and woolen goods, with the Diamond Dyes.

In the April number there are directions for making an old stocking rug. A lady recently told me that she saw another lady knitting one the same way, but used carpet rags instead of yarn, and that it looked real pretty. It must be an economical way of disposing of short bits of bright, new cloth, if not wanted for hit or miss, which looks nicely in a carpet, and helps fill out when colors are scarce.

I read a request for a cure for warts in some paper, and think it was in this. They are very troublesome, as I know, and I often laugh to myself when I think of the time a piece of meat was stolen from the pork barrel, rubbed over the warts, then hidden, years ago, as I had been told to do, and they would go off. Perhaps faith was lacking; at all events, instead of going off they grew larger continually. Grandmother said to me after this, "Why don't you cure those warts?" After asking how, she said, "Why, just as I did mine once, with milkweed, if they are seed warts. When you get your dishes washed at night they will be soaked up just right; then go out and break off stalks of milkweed, and apply the milk to each wart, being careful not to wash or soak it off till morning. Do this a few times, and they will certainly disappear, though you may think not. Now you try it." I did try her remedy faithfully, and since then I have recommended it, knowing it a sure cure for seed warts, for mine disappeared after three or four applications only, and I never had any more. The only discomfort was an intolerable itching at the roots of the warts for a few moments after using the milk.

It may not be well known to young housekeepers, that milkweed is excellent for greens, besides being so easily picked, looked over and washed; and then it is spoken of as being healthful. With an old sharp knife cut the stalks down as far as tender, until enough is obtained. In a short time the old stalks will branch out with new shoots, for another picking.

For summer eating, when less fat is needed, we use for our pie crust a few spoonfuls of buttermilk, (sour milk will do; but not as good,) and a little soda in

the water for wetting. It will be tender with less shortening, which, if it is rancid or strong, as grocery lard sometimes is, the soda will also help correct. We sometimes use half each of butter and lard.

A few dried blackberries are an improvement used with dried apple for pies. Wash and soak each in separate dishes over night, and when the apples are stewed, add the berries without stewing, by stirring all up together with the sugar. If the apples are too tart, thin the sauce and stir in powdered cracker, same as for rhubarb pies, and it will be found to agree with weak stomachs better. For dried blackberry or elderberry pies use a large spoonful or more of boiled cider to each pie, to make them tart. I never tried vinegar, but if used it might take less than of the cider.

At our house we don't have any more stewing out of the filling of fresh raspberry, or any juicy berry pie, for we stir berries, sugar, and powdered cracker, (one or more large ones to a pie,) together before filling.

Ever since a teacher of writing told me last winter that a piece of chamois leather makes the best pen-wiper, I have used it, and found it so. It is so soft it will not injure the nicest of pens, and no fuzz to adhere to the points, as from cloth pen-wipers.

If any one has colored black with the Diamond Dye packages, will she please report success?

While speaking of old cotton flannel as being good for dishcloths, I might have added for dish-wipers as well. We find them the best we have tried for wiping dishes out of cold or tepid water, as we often do at night in extreme warm weather. The cool water is very agreeable to the hot, tired hands, and the labor thereby seems more of a pleasure than a drudge, besides there is no heating up of the house. Sometimes we set out a pail of water where the afternoon sun will shine upon it, for that purpose, and it will be quite warm. Any pans or dishes that need scalding are dried and scalded in the morning. Tea can be made at noon, and will be warm if kept on the stove. Biscuits, also, can be baked then, and will be all the more healthful for being cool. If these cold teas (we use cold water often,) are a new idea, try the plan, and you will be surprised at the saving of work, and comfort experienced every way. Remember I am speaking of extreme warm weather, and it is supposed you have a hot dinner. Of course there are circumstances that will not admit of this in every family, but may occasionally in some.

Some one gave advice not to wring the woolen clothes with the wringer. We think it is needed for them, as much as for any clothes, if not more, to save one's hands and back, being so heavy to wring. I know the idea was they would not be so fleecy and warm, but we have always used one for that since we had it, and know no difference in the warmth. They are a great blessing, and we use ours whenever we can.

I think it was Pipsey Potts, in Arthur's magazine, that said do not iron woolen stockings, (no offense, Rosella,) as they would not be so warm. Formerly we did not, but of late we have smoothed them over with a warm iron, not hot, and consider them just as much nicer to wear for ironing as any garment, besides easier to darn.

CARE OF KITCHEN FLOORS.

I paint my kitchen floor each spring, and occasionally in the fall. I apply two coats, as follows: In the first place we keep on hand a can of boiled linseed oil, a can of japan, and a bottle of spirits of turpentine. I prefer the boiled oil, as it

dries better, and also gives the paint a gloss that is not attained in the use of raw oil. I take two quarts of this oil, a pint of japan, and one-half teacupful of spirits of turpentine, and stir in three or four pounds of French yellow ochre, making it just thick enough to spread with the brush. A sixty-cent brush is good enough. After the work is done in the afternoon, the floor is mopped with weak soap suds, in which is put a trifle of washing soda. After it dries for half an hour or so, it is ready for the paint. The first coat is then spread on, and in the morning it will be quite hard. But I have a few strips of boards laid down, so as not to walk on it too much, and the children must be kept out for three or four days. The second afternoon another coat is spread on in like manner, and in less than a week, the paint will be firmly set. Sometimes I have added a pound or two of white lead, but I have not been able to see much, if any, advantage in it. One year I used all white lead, and made it a dark slate color, by adding a little lampblack, but the floor never looked clean, and had a dingy appearance.

Painting the floor saves a large amount of work, for then if you spill grease on it, all you have to do is to wash it off with warm, weak soap suds, when it will look clean and neat. In case one does not use a carpet on the dining room floor, it should be painted in the same manner. A kitchen floor kept well painted will last at least twenty years, if not more, while the same floor would not survive more than a half dozen under the ordinary scrubbing process.

With a floor thus painted, and the house grained and varnished, the labor of keeping it clean is but a trifle compared to the old plan of an unpainted kitchen. In the cleaning of grained work, pure, tepid water is the best. And here is where the wife is to have charge, to order and direct when and how the kitchen is to be kept in order. If she is able to look after it, it is her duty to do so—not that she is compelled to do the work, but to know how it is to be done, and to order and superintend the doing. The farmer's wife or the mechanic's wife, cannot shirk this duty, even if she have six children to look after. The lady, in city or country, who is to be waited upon by a score of servants, and who hires her thinking and planning done for her, does not come within my list, for she has other skeletons in the closet more portentous than the care of six children, her husband's neatness, or the management of the household.

To the farmer's wife the kitchen is a small kingdom, over which she rules as does the husband on the farm, or the workman at his bench. With a good, smooth, nicely painted floor, white ceiling, grained wood work, handy closets, shelves and drawers, a large stove or range, on which is a hot water tank, holding fifteen to twenty gallons, etc., she will be enabled to do her work, and at all times have warm water for a bath. Should she need help, her husband can fill up the water tank each morning, fill the coal or wood box, and carry out the slops. Married life on the farm is a co-operative association, in which husband and wife have a joint interest, and must mutually aid each other.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE USES OF AMMONIA.

S. O. J., in the Country Gentleman, says: "Spirits of ammonia is nearly as useful in housekeeping as soap, and its cheapness brings it within the reach of all. For many household purposes it is invaluable; yet its manifold uses are not as generally known as they should be. It is a most refreshing agent at the toilet

table; a few drops in a basin of water will make a better bath than pure water, and if the skin is oily, it will remove all glossiness, and also disagreeable odors. Added to a foot bath, it entirely absorbs all the noxious smell so often arising from the feet in warm weather, and nothing is better for cleansing the hair from dandruff and dust. For the headache it is also a desirable stimulant, and frequent inhaling of its pungent odors will often entirely remove a catarrh cold. For cleansing paint it is very useful. Put a tablespoonful of ammonia to a quart of warm soapsuds, dip in a flannel cloth and wipe off the dirt and fly-specks, grime and smoke, and see for yourselves how much labor it will save you. No scrubbing will be needed. It will cleanse and brighten silver wonderfully; to a pint of hot suds mix a teaspoonful of the spirits, dip in your silver spoons, forks, etc., rub with a brush, and then polish with chamois skin. For washing mirrors and windows it is also very desirable; put a few drops of ammonia upon a piece of newspaper, and you will readily take off every spot or finger mark on the glass. It will take out grease spots from any fabric; put on the ammonia nearly clear, lay blotting paper over the place, and press a hot flat-iron on it for a few moments. A few drops in water will clean laces, and whiten them finely; also muslins. For cleaning hair and nail brushes it is equally good. Put a teaspoonful of ammonia into a pint of warm or cold water, and shake the brushes through the water; when the bristles look white, rinse them in cold water, and put into the sunshine, or in a warm place to dry. The dirtiest brushes will come out from this bath white and clean. There is no better remedy for heartburn and dyspepsia, and the aromatic spirits of ammonia is especially prepared for these troubles. Ten drops of it in a wineglass of water are often a great relief. The spirits of ammonia can be taken in the same way, but it is not nearly so palatable a dose. Farmers and chemists are well aware of the beneficial effects of ammonia on all kinds of vegetation; and if you desire your roses, geraniums, fuchsias, etc., to become more flourishing, you can try it upon them, by adding five or six drops of it to every pint of warm water that you give them, but don't repeat the dose oftener than once in every five or six days, lest you stimulate them too highly. Rain water is impregnated with ammonia, and thus it refreshes and vivifies all vegetable life. So be sure and keep a large bottle of it in the house, and have a glass stopper for it, as it is very evanescent, and also injurious to corks, eating them away."

CANE-SEATED CHAIRS.

When these chairs begin to wear out, the canes split apart, and their appearance is anything but ornamental, while the comfort of the chair is also destroyed. Now if we live where they can be re-seated at the cabinet maker's, and have the money to pay for the work, we can soon have the chairs again as "good as new." But all do not live in such localities, and all have not the money to replace these seats, yet a little time and ingenuity will set the matter right, and make the chairs, in my opinion, better than new, for I do not take much fancy to cane-seated chairs in general.

Take any pieces of bagging or burlaps—no matter how coarse—and fit them to the chairs, cutting them large enough to wrap about the rounds that hold the splints or canes. Now sew it on with a darning needle and twine twice doubled, and turn up a hem, as you sew, on the burlaps. When half fitted, stuff it with "excelsior" shavings of poplar wood; or

if you have them, cut off layers from old quilts, and spread them smoothly over the chairs, under the burlaps. The layers of cotton can be tacked together before they are put in, and then they can be laid more smoothly upon the old canes. Fine hay will also answer for stuffing when nothing better can be procured.

Now sew down the other two sides, and take pieces of carpeting, or of enameled cloth, or colored rep, or all wool dress goods, and tack them closely down with large silvered or brass-headed nails, which come for the purpose, and behold! your chairs are far handsomer and more comfortable than before. The materials have, possibly, cost you but little, for many an attic would furnish them all, but the nails, which must be procured at the upholsterer's. Gimp to match the ground color of the cushion, or even worsted braid, is desirable to place along the edges of the covering, and drive the nails directly through it. This makes a handsomer finish to the cushion.

Many a woman possesses as much ingenuity as a carpenter or cabinet-maker, and a little practice will teach her the upholsterer's trade, so that with nails, hammer, and the needful material, she will not only make as good a chair cushion as he, but will be able to cover a lounge respectably, and also an arm-chair. Rocking-chairs have often been made far more comfortable than when first purchased, by the exercise of this art. In many families there are disabled chairs which have been thrown aside as useless, and yet with but little expenditure they could be made not only useful but ornamental, and their presence would be a great addition to the sitting room.—*Ex.*

TIDINGS FROM MISSISSIPPI.

Aurora has extinguished the twinkling lights of night, the faint glimmer of early dawn has brightened into rosy light, the god of day is emerging from the azure curtains of the east, and his beams kiss myriads of dew drops from the flowers.

Sunrise is an inappropriate hour for making calls, but I shall be too busy teaching my nieces, nephews, and a young cousin to call later, so I waive ceremony, and stand "tapping, tapping" at the door which admits new contributors.

By way of introduction, I state that I am the daughter of a cotton planter, and reside upon Oak Grove plantation, six miles from Fayette, Mississippi. Fayette, the county seat of Jefferson county, is a small town situated upon the Natchez, Jackson, and Columbus railroad, and is twenty-six miles from Natchez, with which it has daily communication by rail.

Our formerly prosperous community is still noted for hospitality and refinement. Many of its prominent sons and daughters rank high in the intellectual scale. All of them take pride in their unsullied lineage, and some of them glory in tracing their genealogy to the F. F. V. Poverty entailed by the disastrous crops of successive years, has not robbed them of their heritage of noble impulses, hence they are still rich in generous feelings, though poor in finances. Economy is the indispensable attendant of poverty, and our people have reduced retrenchment to a science. Sumptuous dinners, and tea tables filled with tempting viands, have grown to be a thing of the past, and housekeepers who formerly took pride in tables "groaning under their weight of luxuries," now study domestic economy most assiduously. In many instances planters are reduced to such straits that it is absolutely necessary for the female members of a family to do their housework, which being literally interpreted means cooking, washing, milking, etc.

One striking instance looms up before

me. An ex-senator, a gentleman of genial manners, and high intellectual attainments, was considered wealthy eleven years ago. He owned more than three thousand acres of productive land, and the neat tenement houses upon it resembled a village. His retinue of household servants consisted of twelve, to all of whom he paid liberal wages. The failure of crops, and the inability of his tenants to repay what he advanced to them, impoverished him to such an extent that his lovely wife now performs many household services. She is a noble Christian woman, and a veritable sunbeam in spite of poverty and deprivation. Her cheerfulness seems to be contagious, and my heart is always lighter after an interview with her.

Ladies in this portion of the south, who perform the various duties which are incumbent upon housekeepers contend with serious drawbacks. Our southern homes were built in *ante bellum* times, when every homestead was supplied with well-trained servants, who performed all laborious tasks, consequently, our houses lack conveniences. To add force to the latter phrase, I will describe our home. Our kitchen is a short distance from our dwelling, and stands isolated from other buildings. The store room is in one place, the milk house in another, and the wood house in another. The cistern which affords us pure drinking water, is near the house, the cistern which furnishes water for culinary and laundry purposes, stands a few yards from the kitchen. The flower garden is in front of the house, the vegetable garden is in its rear, and the fowl house, stable, etc., appear in the background.

We employ two house servants, and no drudgery devolves upon us. I take much interest in housekeeping, and when I begin the round of duties which must be performed three times daily, I compare myself to a person making short, formal calls in different houses. I am so happy in my home, and so grateful for its manifold blessings that I feel disposed to offer humble thanks to the gracious Giver. I pity all who are homeless, and cannot conceive of a woman being callous to local attachment.

In the domestic department the dairy is my favorite, and I take pride in my delicious, golden butter. To insure firm butter this warm weather, I churn very early in the morning, and in the absence of a refrigerator, place the plates of butter upon wet cloths. I dampen the bottom and sides of the dairy, and wet the ground beneath it. Before sending butter to market, I sink the well-filled butter bucket in the cistern, taking care not to allow the water to cover the bucket. When removed the butter is as solid as it is in December.

Before sending to market I always pack eggs in the gray moss which hangs in weird-like festoons from our forest trees. It is a cheap preservative against breakage, and in packing eggs by the dozen score I have rarely lost one.

For two months our table has been filled with all kinds of vegetables. Cereals and Pomona have added their donation to our bill of fare, and we have eaten "roasting ears," and plum and blackberry pies, until our appetites are quite satiated with the luxuries.

During the past ten days, my spare moments have been devoted exclusively to making plum jelly, plum marmalade, and blackberry jam. As usual, I succeeded well with all. My yellow plum jelly is transparent, and of light amber color, while the red plum jelly is a delicate shade of pink. In making jelly I select a sub-acid and to each pint of juice add a pint of white sugar. After straining carefully I clarify with soda, and boil the syrup rapidly until it jellies. If

I wish to make light jelly, I never boil more than a pint of syrup at one time. My jelly, jam, marmalade and preserves, keep well for years in ordinary glass jars sealed by pasting paper carefully across the mouth of each jar. I keep them in a large wooden box well protected from the raids of mice, or if exposed take the precaution to tie waxed cloths across the paper covers.

I am not a proficient in cooking, because I do not understand baking thick cakes. Indeed, I have attained only such mediocrity in cake baking, that I seldom venture beyond jelly cakes, in which mediocres are sure to succeed. I succeed admirably with light bread which I make according to a simple recipe. I make a thick batter of flour, salt, lard, and tepid water, or sour milk diluted with tepid water. When the batter rises, I add a pinch of soda, and sufficient flour to make the dough of the proper consistency to mould into loaves. I place them in the sun or near the fire to rise, and bake them less rapidly than I bake biscuit. To make rusk, I prepare a thick batter of ingredients similar to the above-mentioned, and add a certain number of eggs, and a proper quantity of sugar and flour, when the batter is well risen. I like to make bread, buns, etc., and am fond of experimenting upon desserts. A new recipe is sure to find favor in my eyes.

Housekeeping often becomes onerous, because other duties devolve upon me. A thorough housekeeper is by no means a sinecure, as all will be convinced who preside over southern homes now or have presided over them during the past decade.

I am not a novice in domestic matters, and experience has taught me to utilize scraps of bread, meat, and pastry, which I should once have regarded worthless. I am qualified to write a dissertation upon domestic economy, but candor compels me to avow my preference for a well-filled larder. Give me that, and grant me *carte blanche* to consume its contents, and I have no fear of being branded an inefficient southern housekeeper. I emphasize southern because the female denizens of the sunny south cannot hope to attain the perfection in household matters which is attained by their northern sisters.

Not wishing to remain *incognito*, I subscribe the *nom de plume* with which my friends are familiar, knowing full well they will be interested in the phrases penned by,

LINDA WALTON.
Fayette, Miss.

HOW TO MAKE NEW ROPE PLIABLE.

Considerable difficulty is sometimes experienced in handling new rope on account of its stiffness. This is especially the case when it is wanted for halters and cattle ties. Every farmer is aware how inconvenient a new, stiff rope halter is to put on and tie up a horse with. And new ropes for tying cattle are frequently unsafe, for the reason that they are not pliable enough to knot securely. All this can be remedied, and new rope made as limber and soft at once as after a year's constant use, by simply boiling it for two hours in water. Then hang it in a warm room, and let it dry out thoroughly. It retains its stiffness until dry, when it becomes perfectly pliable.—*Ohio Farmer.*

REPOLISHING FURNITURE.

Oiled furniture that has been scratched or marred may be restored to its original beauty simply by rubbing boiled linseed oil, used by painters, on the surface, with a wad of woolen rags. Varnished furniture, dulled, may be similarly restored by the use of a varnish composed of shellac

dissolved in alcohol, applied in a similar manner. Common beeswax rubbed over furniture and heated by the friction of a woolen wad briskly used, is also an excellent furniture polish.

—Preserves and jellies should be put in glass, stone, or china, and kept in a cool place. Jellies should be put in moulds or tumblers. Strawberries, pine-apples, and all delicate preserves may be kept in a box, with sand or sawdust filled around them, and they will keep longer.

—A housekeeper says that none of the contrivances for preserving eggs is equal to the method of simply wrapping them separately in paper, in which manner they will keep fresh all winter. They should not, however, be allowed to remain constantly in one position.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a subscriber to our valuable paper for many years, and consider myself one of your number. Hitherto I have been contented to look on, and follow afar off, but my husband, who smiles at my enthusiasm over "our paper," likes to read it as well as myself, and often says, "Mother, why don't you write too? You can write just as well as the rest." I insist I cannot write anything acceptable to the Band or to our good editor, and though I do not agree with him, I confess it is a little flattering. (We all like a word of praise from our lords, don't we, sisters?)

I read with great pleasure the experiences of our sisters, and their success with their nice bread, and wonder if it is better, or they are any happier than I, when in my prime I used to take from the old fashioned brick oven a goodly number of large, light loaves, both white and brown, leaving in the renowned Indian loaf in the "iron basin" to bring smoking to the breakfast table the following morning, which of course was the Sabbath.

In early life I became the wife of a thrifty young farmer, and had a consuming ambition to be a model housekeeper in the fullest sense of that term. However well I succeeded in meriting that reputation, it was at the expense of health and strength, as I am now not able to do the work of three in a family, having long ago given up farm life. Ours was a happy family; our children numbered seven. Sickness and death were no strangers in our household, and the spoilers came and robbed us of our daughters, two of whom returned to us widowed, like doves to the ark, one laid down her life in the bloom of youth and followed her spirit babe to the better land, two noble sons died in infancy, and our last, our baby boy, has assumed the title of husband, in a distant land, is diligent in business, and we think serving the Lord. After all, dear sisters "is life worth the living?" Who will answer? GRANDMA.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—M. C. K. asks for a recipe for sweet cucumber pickle that won't shrivel. I will send mine that I have used for years, and my mother used years before I ever tried to make them. Every one calls them splendid, and I never knew them to shrivel if the cucumbers were good.

Take the seed cucumbers as soon as they are fully ripe, pare and slice, cutting out the inside enough to leave it perfectly smooth. To one-half peck of prepared fruit, put one tablespoonful of fine salt, and water enough to cover them when pressed down. Soak over night. In the morning drain off all the water and add as many quarts of vinegar as you had quarts of water, and as many pounds of brown sugar as there are quarts of vinegar, add a heaping tablespoonful of cin-

namon, (put the cinnamon in a muslin bag,) put all in a kettle and boil till you can stick the tines of a silver fork through them easily. I use maple sugar, as I like the taste better. White sugar gives them a dirty color, and some say they will not keep as well as with brown. The thicker your cucumbers are the less apt they will be to grow soft or shrivel. If your vinegar is as sharp as ours, you will do well to leave out a gill from each quart and add that much water. DEEVEY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please widen the circle enough to let me in just this once?

Some one asks for a recipe for grape wine. I wish she would try mine, and feel sure she will not fail to have some nice wine. Take twenty pounds of ripe, freshly picked cultivated grapes, put them into a stone jar, and pour over them six quarts of boiling soft water; when cool enough to do so squeeze them thoroughly with the hand, after that throw a cloth over the jar and let it be undisturbed for three days, then strain out the juice and add ten pounds of white sugar, and let it remain in the jar a week longer; then skim, strain, and bottle, leaving a vent until done fermenting, then strain again and bottle tight. Lay the bottles on the side in a cool cellar.

Another sister asks for a rule for oyster stew. I will give one that I have found good. Put one quart of oysters and one-half pint of water into a tin pail and set it into a kettle of boiling water, let it boil till the oysters are cooked enough, then strain, put the oysters into a soup tureen and the liquor back into the pail and add to it one pint of new milk, set the pail into the boiling water again and heat it scalding hot. Season with salt and pepper. Add to the oysters a piece of butter the size of an egg, and pour the liquor over it hot. I think she will find this good enough for a king, or what is better, good enough for John.

Now that the rag carpet question is agitated again, will some one who has tried it please tell me about using coarse spool cotton for carpet warp. Does it wear well, and how much is required to warp a yard?

Will Emily Hayes please furnish me with a recipe for lemon jelly made with gelatine? I always find her recipes excellent.

I have in my kitchen a white ash floor, oiled. It is very smooth and pretty, but so hard that the oil does not penetrate so as to be lasting. I do not wish to be obliged to oil it every few weeks, neither am I willing to have it painted. Can any one tell me any way out of my difficulty? Is there anything can be applied to make the oil strike in deeper?

Will some one who has pretty patterns of letters and designs for a wax motto, please send it to me, and state what is desired in return? MRS. WINSLOW.

E. Harrisville, N. H.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been very much interested in your paper ever since I received the first copy, and now I come to testify as to the worth of some of its recipes and directions for fancy work. I have just commenced housekeeping, and whenever I am at a loss how to do anything, (it matters not what it is,) I go to THE HOUSEHOLD, and am sure to find just what I want to help me out of my difficulty.

I tried Rosamond E.'s recipe for sponge cake the other day, and though entirely different from any sponge cake I had ever made, I was charmed with the result. It made so much I followed her plan and made a large jelly cake and chocolate cake, making a frosting for the top from recipe given in a previous number. The great secret in making sponge

cake so it will not be tough, is to stir the flour in lightly (not beat it) the last thing.

The best doughnuts I have ever eaten are made by the recipe given by Mrs. W. in an old number.

Many think Rosamond E. a myth, but I do not. There is no telling how much one can do until one tries. The old proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention," though not exactly applicable, is quite true, and it is necessity that makes us accomplish things that we once thought impossible. It almost makes us contrive little ways and means, and so this interchange of ideas through the medium of THE HOUSEHOLD is very profitable to young housekeepers.

I agree with Mrs. C. H. H. that we should lighten our toil as much as possible, and there is nothing like sitting to relieve a woman who has to spend several hours every morning in housework. Sit whenever you can (for instance in washing and drying the dishes), and you will be surprised how much it will keep you from feeling tired.

"A woman's work is never done,"

and so they ought to economize their strength.

I have some trouble about finding what I want in old numbers, and think I shall try Julia's plan, keep a blank book with the month and number of page on which any article I am likely to want may be found. GENELLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I knock very humbly at the kitchen door, would you please let me in to "speak my little piece?" I am an entire stranger to you all, never having seen or heard of your paper until last winter, and I want to say how much I like THE HOUSEHOLD. Why, I have learned a great many things just out of three numbers, and I was not brought up in the woods either. I like all those original ideas emanating from the good HOUSEHOLD women, helping one another from far and near.

I am doing my own housework at present, because I am tired of the insolence and waste of servants. Now, dear friends, do not think I keep half a dozen of those interesting ladies for me to wait upon. One is usually enough for me at a time, but I find that we can exist without any.

This morning, while I was busy over the wash tub I conceived the wonderful thought (for me) of writing to THE HOUSEHOLD strangers, for, of course, I would not presume to count myself one of the Band.

I presume a vast number of THE HOUSEHOLD Band boil their milk in the morning coffee, and for the benefit of those that do not, I will say just here, that milk boiled in the coffee is just as good as cream. But it will boil over after you put the milk in, if you do not watch it, and sometimes it will be so very exasperating as to boil over when one is watching it with all the eyes one has. And when over it goes you will be sure to have a soiled, sticky stove. The milk sticks to the stove, and I always scrape it off with a knife, but the other day, I went for my sand paper, which I always keep for cleaning my flat irons, and I used it over the top of the stove where anything had soiled it or stuck to it, and lo! the result. In half a minute it was cleaner than twenty knives scraping for ten minutes could have made it. Then I wiped it off with a wet rag, and then with a dry one, and it looked as though it had been freshly blacked, and saved a great deal of labor on a busy day.

Speaking of stoves makes me want to tell what I know about them, I mean about polishing them. If the sisters who have to perform that dirty work, will save all their old gloves and those of their husbands, and put them upon their hands

when they clean their stoves or silver, they will keep their hands nicer for sewing. For I think, a nice, smooth hand is very essential for nice sewing. But to return to the stove business, when the stove polisher adds the water to moisten the polish, if he or she will add a few drops of spirits of turpentine, or mix the polish with soap suds instead of clear water, they will be paid for the trouble, with such a shine as they never saw before.

Now, I must add one more word, and then I am through for this time, and perhaps forever, for if Mr. Crowell thinks me not even competent to fill the position of kitchen girl, I shall never have courage to talk again with THE HOUSEHOLD Band, no matter how many good things may be hidden within my head and heart, and I do find out new things sometimes, even if Solomon did try to make us believe to the contrary.

What I want to tell now, is how to make a Welsh rarebit. Take one-half pound of good, rich cheese, poor cheese will be stringy. Cut it in small, thin pieces, add a dust of pepper and salt, or not, as you prefer, there is usually enough salt in the cheese, then pour over the cheese one-half or two-thirds of a cup of milk, I never measure it, and let the cheese slowly melt until it comes to a boil. Have an egg beaten up light, and when the cheese is all melted and boiling, take it off the fire, and immediately add the beaten egg. You will find your rarebit crumbly and delicious, never stringy as it always is without the egg. Then have slices of bread nicely browned before the fire, and buttered or not as you prefer, cover each slice with the mixture, and send to the table hot. It is delicious and makes a hearty meal. We usually have it for breakfast. If you try it once with the egg, you will never make it without, but be sure your cheese is nice and rich.

I want to tell you all something about working off a headache, but I guess this is enough to "try on," as the children say. POLLIE PARSIMMON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I recently had occasion to carry a little motherless baby, my first grandchild, a long distance in the cars, and in a wagon to my own home. I would like to tell THE HOUSEHOLD Band how I managed to do it without fatigue to myself or her, for she was only five weeks old.

After she was dressed in her little cloak and hood, I laid her on a firm, full feather pillow, and then wrapped a wool shawl around both baby and pillow, pinning it so she was snug and easy, and then laid her on the seat of the car, where she slept as comfortably as if in her cradle. In the wagon I took her on my lap, just the same way, and felt no anxiety lest the jar of the wagon would tire her, but held her just enough so she would not roll off. And now she is a fat, quiet little darling, thriving splendidly on milk and water in equal proportions, with a little sugar, and is the one delight of our sad home.

A young housekeeper asked me not long since, how she should keep the moths from her woolen stockings and garments in the summer time. My answer is, simply to keep them out. I have kept furs, wings, and woolens fifteen years, without any snuff, camphor, or any of those disagreeable smelling things, often recommended for that purpose, by carefully wrapping each article, or only as many as can be perfectly done, in whole newspapers, so that no moth or bug can, in any possible way, penetrate or get to them. If this is done so early in the spring that none are already in possession, there will be no trouble from moths.

I have read THE HOUSEHOLD a good many years, and do not intend ever to do

without it. I have tried several recipes given for making bread, and found them all good. I think the great secret of good bread is to mould the sponge when just light enough, and not let it stand a bit too long. This can only be learned by experience.

I will tell you how I use bread that has become dry, and we think it quite as good as toast or new bread. Dip the slices in cold water, drain, and fry to a light brown on the griddle with plenty of sweet, new butter. MRS. A. B. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I rise to say that I think our sister, Lucy Palmer, is capable of defending the "bread question," against one and all of the attacks of the Band, also, to say that long before I read her recipe for bread, I had been making it without kneading it, and always had good luck, far better than when I kneaded it. For eight weeks, I made into raised bread alone, one barrel of flour every week, and never kneaded a single loaf, and it was splendid. However, let each sister have her own way, and don't let us forget that "charity suffereth long and is kind," and if we find fault with one another, let us do so in a spirit of kindness.

I guess Rosamond E. will be glad we have changed the subject from carpets to bread. I do wish I knew whether she is a real flesh and blood woman or not. Please, Rosamond, give us your "truly" name, and tell us where you live.

What has become of the Mother's Chair, Mr. Crowell? Where are you, mothers? Have you grown "weary in well doing," or are you in sorrow, and none to comfort you? Come back to your old place in the Band, and you will find sisters that can sympathize with you, both in your joys and sorrows, who will "laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep." Am I not right, you 54,000 sisters?

I wonder if any of you tried Lottie Lincoln's way of having a beautiful array of plants that freezing could not harm? I read her article in the September number, 1881, and thought I would try it. It has been a "thing of beauty" all through the winter, and the partridge vine with its bright red berries, and the rock ferns, were as fresh in April as when I gathered them last fall. I had some trailing arbutus vines in the same dish, and in March, I was delighted to see peeping out among the moss, a cluster of the fragrant pink and white blossoms. My home is close by the edge of some beautiful pine woods, where the partridge vines, rock ferns, and arbutus grow in profusion, and I do love them very much.

C. N. W., your knit edging in the March number is beautiful. It is a comfort to find a pattern correct. I have tried nearly all the edging patterns that have been in THE HOUSEHOLD for the last two years, but have not found them all correct. Mrs. C. E. A., please try your pattern of shell work edging, in the March number, and see if you do not find a mistake. LOU.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read with great interest the letters which you, one and all, have written from month to month, telling your various trials and difficulties, your experiments and experiences, and your practical and skillful methods by which you have performed your household duties. I have seen many things in THE HOUSEHOLD that I would like to talk about, and also many questions I would like to answer.

I have been very much interested in Odds and Ends, by Allie E. Whitaker, especially number four, and I cannot refrain from saying a few words about the ventilation of bed-rooms, as well as all other rooms. The time of year is approaching when contagious diseases will

surround us, and the manner in which we live and breathe should be looked after. I am afraid, if the truth was known, that more sickness is produced by impure air, and a lack of cleanliness in and about the house, than from any other cause. In winter it is a custom with many people to keep the windows and doors closed tight, that there may not be a crevice for the outside air to enter. It is a wonder how such people can live, and breathe the same air over again. Ventilation is a subject which has been, and continues to be, greatly discussed. I think the best way to ventilate a room is to open the window or windows at the top and bottom, leaving the space open at the top one-half as wide as at the bottom. This gives a chance for pure air to come in below, while the hot, impure air at the top of the room is driven out above. One of the windows in my bed-room is never closed from one year's end to another, except when rain or snow comes into the room, when I shut it with reluctance.

Some one asked for information in regard to making delicacies for an invalid, and as I have not seen any answer I will endeavor to give a few.

Rice Pudding.—Take two tablespoonfuls of rice, sugar to taste, one egg, butter size of a walnut, and one pint of milk. Mix and bake.

Blanc Manger.—Add a cup of cold water to a very small quantity of Irish moss and soak half an hour. Then boil in a pint of milk, sweeten to taste, flavor and strain. When cold it should be thick enough to cut in slices. Serve with cream and sugar.

Milk Toast.—Toast a slice of bread on both sides; lay it on a plate and pour over boiling milk to soak it. Then butter and sprinkle with a little salt.

Apple Relish.—Take some good, sound apples, leave the skins on, and place in a stew pan with water and sugar. When done, take the apples out carefully, then boil the juice a little more and pour over the apples.

This is far superior to any other way I know of for preparing apples.

ADELIA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to say to Com. that I have used the Stanyan bread mixer since last Christmas, when Santa Claus brought it to me in the shape of an expressman, (Santa Claus, not the box,) who set a big box inside the door and called for one dollar. I paid him the money and carried the heavy box to the kitchen, joyfully, for I had been watching all the week for it, and had given up in despair when Christmas day came and no bread mixer, but in the afternoon it arrived, and surprised me almost as much as if I had not known it was coming. I was alone, and could not wait till John came, so with his hatchet I managed to pry the cover off the box. At first I saw nothing but sawdust and fine shavings, but poked around, and fished out a murderous looking weapon, shining like silver. I felt much relieved to find that it was not sharp enough to cut anything but dough, and finally found all the parts, (including a flat, wooden stick,) and after trying several different ways, put it together. I could not find any place to put the flat stick in, so I concluded it was to poke the dough with. After clearing up the shavings and carrying them away in the box, I took a little exercise by way of turning the handle of the bread mixer around for an hour, more or less, with intervals of rest between, during which I examined it inside and out. I am now ready to say with Emily Hayes that I would not be without it for twice its cost. It needs practice to get entirely used to it, and the longer one uses it the better they like it, at least I do.

Mine is number two, working best with

three or four quarts of flour, but I knead two quarts only, in it easily, and could less, though it would be more difficult. While I have kneaded five quarts, the only trouble I found with a larger quantity was that the dry flour filled the mixing pan so nearly full that it was apt to spill over, and of course it turned a little harder.

I wish Anise Strange, or some other kind sister, would tell me how to curl a feather nicely.

NELLIE A.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Assuredly you will hasten to offer my sympathy to Grass Widower who writes me for a suggestion to relieve him in a dilemma which I must lay before the assembled sisters, offering at the same time a bit of my own experience, confessing, perhaps they may think, my own "various" ways. Now, G. W.'s (Is he B. R. M.?) dilemma lies in the skirt of his Sunday overcoat, the result of a habit of backing up to an over-heated stove, he confesses, and he wishes to repair it, but objects to a patch of another color or material, has no pieces like it, and owing to the late cool weather must wear the coat.

The only remedy I can suggest, would be to forget all about it, and when kind friends remark, "You have burned your coat," regard it with surprise, and say, "Why, so I have!"

This can be carried out with success for a considerable time, as my own experience has proved. Soon after my marriage I had a new *barege* dress, and in getting out of a carriage I tore it sadly, a frayed tear, several inches long in the plain skirt. Some one called my attention to it, and I said, "Oh! my!" and proceeded to pin it neatly together. When I went home I hung my dress away, and never thought of the tear again till Ichabod called my attention to it in the carriage as we were going visiting again one day. "Never mind," said I, "I forgot to mend it," but I took out the pins and stuck them in my belt, placidly removed my hat, and when my friend exclaimed, "You have torn your dress," I remarked, as I advise G. W. to, "Why, so I have!" and pinned it together with those same pins. Going home, Ichabod remarked that he thought it was "a little thin," and I laughingly made a wager with him that I would wear it to the rest of the season, and so I did. It was always an accident of a day, and we had several laughs over it, but the next season I darned it neatly, and I really think the darn looked much worse than the neatly pinned tear. Now, G. W. cannot pin up his coat. He might start a new style, and wear buttons, or ribbons, or passementerie to cover it, if he was a lady. Can any sister suggest some better way, than my little, innocent deception? I can scarcely call it even deception, for most of my friends appreciated the joke.

This confession, with Ann's assurance of the existence of a "house unswept," "children untidy," and "meals a little rough" in her immediate neighborhood, will finish up the illusion, and R. E. will be mere mortal, not more than she professes to be. Yes, dear friends, many times we have all things in good order, children clean, and meals good enough for Ichabod or for any lord of creation, but then not one of the neighbors knows it, we have the satisfaction all to ourselves, but just let things be unusually out of fix, a muddy day, or some especially busy day, and the neighbors will be sure to come and appreciate every minutia of the situation, and most of all, my seeming unconsciousness, for I seldom apologize, no matter how badly nonplussed I am inside, I prefer not to make another person as uncomfortable as I am, so I proceed to enjoy the visit from my friend at all risks, so it may atone to me for the first discomfort. Ann, I trust you will come oftener. Perhaps you will find things better next time, and you may find in the end that you can live through it and leave undone some things as your neighbor and friend does.

To the friends who wish my patterns for tree trimmings for Christmas, I would like to say, I find it requires too much time for me to cut out so many, and I have made an exchange with Maggie, Candor, Pennsylvania, who will cut them out for any one for a small sum. Marjorie told us of Maggie who is one of the shut-in ones, an invalid, and we can each do something to help her pass away the time when she is able to be employed. She has many nice patterns, and she will send a list of them with prices for a three-cent stamp. Her paper dolls are the very prettiest I ever saw, dressed in the styles of the present day, just as she sees children about her. They are well worth the price she asks, and one of them, with materials to make more, would be a very nice present for any girl under twelve years old. I enjoy such work myself. Maggie has patterns for infant's wardrobe. I find the demand for these, too, more than I have leisure to attend to, so I refer my young friends to her. I shall be glad to write them any comforting words, however, as I have already written to many.

Sunnyside, and all others who worked on my crazy pillow, shall have an account of its travels, and the designs upon it, as I intend to write each one a letter when it finally returns to me. It has now been a year on its journey, and turned about and around enough to set any one crazy, though I sometimes long for the ability to travel a little, and I should be glad to accept the many invitations I receive to call on HOUSEHOLD sisters on my way.

Riverside seems to be fortunate in seeing many of our number. I shall not be surprised if she yet pays me the visit long promised.

Pearl Van Horn has not yet accepted the invitation she craved. I hope Ann's experience will not deter her.

Marjorie and I have formed a mutual society, and intend to observe strict rules. I owe her an apology for my reference to her fondness for pets, but she is at liberty to retaliate as she chooses, our "society" rules will permit.

I must promise a leaf from the baby book again soon, as the last new one is giving some fresh experiences that may be useful to those who are just beginning their mother life, and who have the earnest sympathy of,

ROSAMOND E.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—It is a dark, gloomy night, and the wind has arisen, and keeps a mournful accompaniment to the swift gusts of rain that beat against the window panes as if they were splints of ice, or stinging, sharp needles, and the wind wails through the trees as if it were chill November, instead of mid-summer. Since two this afternoon the rain has been falling, and although there may be music in "the patter of the rain drops overhead," still this music is so melancholy and doleful, the tears will start to the eyes in spite of all brave resolutions to be happy, when even the elements conspire against one's peace of mind.

How addicted our poor, frail human nature is to moods, and what an influence nature exerts upon our moods! When the thunder peals and the lightning flashes, and the storm is majestic and terrible, we are lost in the grandeur of the scene, and we lose thought of the little "I" as we think of Him who "plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm," and then we wonder with the psalmist, "what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?"

But when the rain falls pitilessly on a new-made grave, or the snows are drifting above the mound which contains a form not less pure and spotless than the driven snow flakes, and the sob of the wind arouses the ghost of some dead hope, which stares us in the face, and mocks us with the memory of its once bright promises and fair dreams, then, indeed, does nature remind us of our pain, and the suffering, aching wound is opened afresh, and the wail of the moaning wind sounds like a fitting requiem of our buried and lost hopes.

But then in her brightest moods, our pain, too, lies sleeping, and the little flowers spring up all around us, and help us bear the sorrows that are closing around our path, for suffering is the common fate of all humanity. To some it comes sooner in the day and for some it may be deferred, but sooner or later it lies across the path of every life.

And now let the wind sweep around the house, and the rain fall in torrents, and I will have a little talk with you, dear HOUSEHOLD, and forget the bleak world without, while I sketch for you a few of the peculiar characters one meets with in a boarding house.

The "suspicioned" doctor has taken his diploma under his arm, and started for the "perararies," sublimely unconscious of his need of instruction in the use of good English, and profoundly conscious of his newly acquired dignities.

And Claude Lorraine, with his sweet manners, his effusive speech, and ready wit, holds in his hand the key to unlock the flood gates, and make either smiles or tears come at his bidding. He is a man who delights to stir the deepest chords of human nature, and who, alas! might accomplish much in life, but whose depth could be gauged by a sheet of paper. Claude found his popularity on the wane, and was soon denounced as "soft" by the lady boarders. What a gift of intuition a woman possesses who lives up to her truest instincts, and no woman of high moral tone and lofty aspirations, if she relies upon her instincts, is apt to be deceived in a man's true nature. He may be gentlemanly, courteous, and fascinating, but if he is not to be trusted, a woman will feel it intuitively, even though she may not know it.

"I do not like you Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell."

And so to Claude's utter astonishment his fascinations fell flat, because we analyzed him too clearly, and found his gifts were all on the surface, and that there was no depth of character, no strength nor manliness to him, only vapid talk, sentiment, and an emptiness which was very suggestive of "pease in a bladder."

A very important member of our large family, is Mrs. DeCotis, who rides her hobby into the dining room three times a day. Her hobby has four feet extended towards the four points of

the compass to trip everybody, and it keeps up such a neighing that no other person's hobby gets half a chance to be heard. Mrs. DeCotis is a lady of power and intellect, and great force of character. She sweeps down upon her neighbor, and questions him in regard to woman's rights, and then talks so well and rapidly that the poor man is silenced at once. She has even appeared on the platform and lectured, and always says to me confidentially the evening of the lecture, "Now, Marjorie, come and criticize me!" which means, "Come and praise me," for as she is middle-aged, I always feel a diffidence about offering any suggestions, which no matter how delicately they may be made, are "just what she has always done, except this once."

Next to her sits an elderly lady who rides her hobby noisily all around the table, and begs a contribution from each one. She is treasurer of one society, and secretary for another. The orphans, the destitute, the blind, and the halt come under her care. Her special gift is collecting, and the amount she collects is wonderful, but not so wonderful either, if one considers the sarcasm she brings into play, when her pet hobby does not receive due consideration, for Miss Sarah Cauliflower has two distinct and opposite sides to her face, and two to her character. One side of her face is pleasing, fresh, honest, and candid, the other is sly and sinister and the eyelid droops. The right side of her character is polished, smooth, benevolent and refined, but turn the material to the wrong side, and there is a twist in the warp, and a roughness on the surface, and a moral twist in the nature. Miss Sarah Cauliflower accomplishes much good by her public charities, but not so much by her personal example, for religion consists in being, and not in doing only.

Then there is Mr. Slider, a gentleman full of noble impulses which he generally allows to cool before he acts, and then finds it utterly impossible to hurry his movements, and so he always wants time. Poor Mr. Slider has a private grief which we all deeply respect, and it has so worked upon our sympathies that we have a little more charity for him than we otherwise should have. It seems when his wedding day was set, and all was in readiness, the groom was missing. He arrived, however, just three days later, for he only wanted time. His intentions were excellent, and he really meant to have been there, but we all blame the lady, of course, for she ought to have known the wedding could not possibly come off the day he said. She should have consulted her calendar, and given him three days of grace, but woman-like she never forgave him.

Her confidence was shaken
And Mr. Slider was not taken.

Now, we all understand him better. If he says, "When you are down town to-day, call at my office, please, I have something very important to show you," we go the next day, and he is ready for us. There is nothing like understanding people. He jokes about his delinquencies in the sunniest way, and apologizes for his defects in the most graceful manner, and so we find it impossible to retain the annoyance his aggravating conduct causes us.

Mrs. Patty Gonla has come into the world a century too late, and there is another mistake about it too, for she should have been a man. By nature she is warlike, and would have made an admirable Scottish border rider, for figuratively she always stands with her hand upon the hilt of her sword, which is sheathed beneath the lady-like manner and silvery laugh, which culture has obtained for her. "Warlike defense" is her motto, and her husband is a professor who wears blue glasses. We suppose he is scientific, for he says nothing, and looks unutterable things, notwithstanding Mrs. Patty never can agree with him on any subject. It has often been a matter of speculation with me, how they ever agreed to get married. I am sure he could not have wanted to marry her, for she would never have yielded her will. He must have been opposed and she fought down all resistance.

But it is now after midnight, the rain has ceased, and the moon is struggling to cast a pale light through a rift of silvery clouds, the echo of the last footstep that has passed the house has died away in the distance. We doubt not Mrs. DeCotis is delivering the finest lecture ever heard in the land of Nod; Mrs. Patty Gonla has sheathed her sword, and is resting from her labors, and Mr. Slider is riding Pegasus to make up for lost time, and I have talked the dreariness and sadness away, for with the passing storm the mood has passed, and so after the passing storms of this life, may the quiet and the peace be ours.

MARJORIE MARCH.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the language of the immortal Sam Weller, "I feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you," for not sooner acknowledging, through these columns, the receipt of the yeast cakes which Persis so kindly sent me all the way from South Carolina. And I would respectfully suggest to the honorable sisters now in this HOUSEHOLD congress assembled, that we take a portion of the monthly meed of praise which is showered so lavishly upon Rosamond E., and give to Persis, for I think that (barring the ten children) a woman who can perform all the duties popularly

supposed to devolve upon a minister's wife, look well to the ways of her own household, and yet find time to write for the papers, and make yeast cakes in quantities to sell and give away, must be quite as remarkable as even that most remarkable of women. Poor Rosamond deserves a rest any way. She has been the subject of as much criticism and controversy during the past twelve months as was ever the author of the celebrated Junius letters, and must doubt at times whether she is really herself or some one else. I am sorry to say I did not succeed in making very good bread with the yeast cakes, but do not attribute my failure altogether to them, for several reasons. First, it was very cold weather at the time, during which almost any kind of bread would flatly refuse to rise. Second, miserable flour. Third, I was obliged to guess at the quantity of yeast, as the cakes during their long journey had evidently fallen into the hands of the baggage smashers, and were reduced to atoms. But I should think they would be invaluable in hot weather, and if I am under the stern necessity of making my own bread this summer, I shall most certainly give them a fair trial.

Bread making is uncertain business at best, and after long years of experience and observation I have come to the conclusion that men and Chinamen are more adept at that art than are we. I want it distinctly understood that I am a strong woman's rights woman, and a firm believer in the superiority of our sex in general; so that it goes terribly against the grain to make such an admission, but I must own that I think Bartle Massey, the old bachelor schoolmaster in "Adam Bede," was about right when he said: "A woman 'ul make your porridge every day for twenty years and never think of measuring the proportion of meal to the water; to be sure the porridge will be awkward now and then, but if it is its summat in the milk or summat in the water. Now I make my own bread, and there's never any difference in it from one year's end to the other, but if I had a woman in the house I should have to pray to the Lord every baking to give me patience if the bread turned out heavy." Alas! I fear we are too much inclined to guess work, and skipping about from one recipe to another. It consoles me to think, however, that it takes so long to hammer anything into a man's head that when once he learns a rule or method, he never dares depart from it a hair's breadth.

I gave Lucy Palmer's method of bread making a trial, but as I dislike to harrow up any one's feelings needlessly, I will not dilate upon the results, merely remarking that if the Rev. Mr. Palmer's daily bread is anything like what mine was, he must be fond of solid food. But probably it was all due to my stupidity and the lack of Haxall flour.

MRS. McNOLTY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—There are two subjects which have occupied my thoughts considerably, and having recently had my attention called to them quite forcibly, I have concluded to ask room in your columns to express my own opinions and to ask for those of other members of the great HOUSEHOLD family.

First, is the custom of wearing mourning, as it is practiced in this country. Now do not misunderstand me. I would not wound the heart of any sorrowing one, but it seems to me that fashion has gained too great control of what should be sacred to feeling. Black has always been the badge of mourning in this country, though in some foreign lands, other, and to us, gayer colors, bear the same meaning, and so it seems very natural to us to wear this somber hue when bereaved by death, but when fashion steps in, and decrees the depth of the folds of crape, the length of the veil, and the way it shall be worn, it seems to me to be going too far. When the mind is full of sorrow and wishes to rest upon the memory of the lost, it must be occupied in planning with the dress-maker, and if means are limited, this is a double burden. Physicians too, pronounce the use of crape over the face as very unwholesome.

Let me give a recent case, which came under my own observation. A man was suddenly stricken down, leaving a large family in only moderate circumstances, the mother and daughters at considerable expense were each arrayed in the prescribed suit of mourning, the expenditure could be illly afforded, but the father was very dear to them, and no outward expression of regard should be lacking. Another of fashion's decrees says that the mourning veil must not be lifted from the face in public until a year has passed, so the mother was obliged to give up church going, as the air was so stifling through the crape that fainting was the result. Nearly every woman, nowadays, has in her wardrobe a black dress, and black hats and bonnets are very common. Why could not feeling and even fashion be satisfied with the wearing of a suit of black, laying gayer colors aside, and so leaving the mind free for more congenial work than studying fashions?

Now my good friends, let us have your ideas, and those who are strong enough to battle against custom, may be a help to those who would like to break the bonds but cannot do so.

The other theme is a plea for the more general study of physiology. Not only is it a proper study for the boy and girl yet in school, but it might be pursued with great advantage in the

family. Let the father and mother, (I would not leave it all to the latter,) provide themselves with a good text book on the subject, and make it a practical benefit to themselves and their children. Any family physician would be glad to add to the information, even at the risk of injuring his practice. There can surely be no indelicacy in a thorough knowledge of one's body, and I think much after sorrow and suffering might be averted if a child were free to consult his parents on physical subjects. That there is great need of such study, one may soon know, by asking a person of ordinary intelligence to point out the location of different organs, when you are told as I was not long ago, that the heart lay under the lower ribs on the right side, and the kidneys in the upper part of the chest, you will agree with me on the importance of the matter. Let me appeal to the young men and women, who must be numbered among this circle of readers, make physiology a careful study, and we will hear less of tight lacing, high heeled boots, cigarette smoking, and many other foolish and hurtful practices.

CONSTANCE.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BLACK FRUIT CAKE.—*Ed. Household:*—Seeing that one of the sisters wished for a recipe of black fruit cake measured by cupfuls instead of pounds, I have one which I will send. Three eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, all kinds of spice, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half cups of currants, and one and one-half cups of raisins. Stir very stiff.

MRS. A. T. H.

Brockton, Mass.

WAFERS.—One-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, three cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavoring to taste. A little thicker batter makes nice drop cakes. Both are to be dropped on buttered paper with a teaspoon.

SWEET ALYSSUM.

Small bits of wooden toys may be readily and securely mended with gum arabic, by inserting a little paper (of the kind newspapers are printed on) between the parts. Gum both sides of the paper, and also both parts of the wood to be joined. Tie together tightly and set aside to dry. This will be found very convenient when a glue-pot is not at hand.

E. S. B.

Rutherford, N. J.

BOILED COOKIES.—Take one cup of sweet milk, two cups of sugar, and three cups of flour, put all together in a pan and set in a kettle of boiling water, and cook fifteen minutes, stirring often; when it is cool add the yolks of three eggs, a teaspoonful of soda, and flavoring and flour enough to roll out thin. Bake in a quick oven.

MRS. W. L. KETCHAM.

TO PRESERVE SWEET CORN.—As it is the season for sweet corn, I want to tell you how you can have it nice next winter. Cut the corn from the cob, be sure and scrape it thoroughly, as the best of it lies there, spread half an inch thick upon bright tins, and set in a hot oven and scald, (or it may sour,) then dry in a warm oven; it will dry very quick; put into paper bags and it is ready for use. Soak over night before using.

MRS. S. M.

LEMON TARTS.—Two lemons, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, three eggs; grate the rinds of the lemons and mix with the sugar and butter, take the juice and mix with the yolks of the eggs, take the whites of the eggs, beat to a stiff froth, and stir in two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; make pie paste, mix the ingredients (all but whites and sugar), fill the tarts half full and bake until nearly done, then fill up with the whites and sugar, and bake a light brown.

COM.

PEARL CAKE.—One cup of butter and two cups of sugar rubbed to a cream, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, one cup of corn-starch, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and the whites of five eggs beaten to a froth. If you wish to make a rich cake, bake in layers, putting cooked frosting between each layer, sprinkling chopped blanched almonds and seeded and chopped raisins on the frosting. On the top layer put whole almonds over the frosting. Blanch them by pouring hot water over them. It will take off the skins.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLE.—Take large yellow cucumbers, pare them thin, take out the cores, and soak in salt water two days, then pour over them boiling water, and let them stand over night. Prepare the pickle thus: For each quart of sharp vinegar take one pint of hot water, two coffee cups of sugar, one tablespoonful of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg tied in a bag, and add a handful of ripe grapes or raisins.

PICKLED CITRON.—Cut in strips, lay in cold water over night, in the morning set them

over the fire in the same water and scald till tender, then wipe them dry, put in a jar and cover with boiling hot vinegar. Add spices enclosed in a bag, a cupful of sugar to a quart of vinegar, cover closely, and they will be ready for use in a few days.

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of shortening, fill the cup with hot water and a heaping teaspoonful of soda, ginger, mix soft, roll and mark in squares with a fluting iron, cut the squares, and bake.

CHILI SAUCE.—Eighteen large ripe tomatoes, six onions, six red peppers, twelve tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of salt, and five cups of vinegar. Chop fine and cook one hour.

JENNIE.

COLORING RECIPES.—As a general thing, sisters, I advise you to live and not dye. If too proud to wear a faded garment, give it to a poorer person. But there are a few exceptions. To those that are making rag carpets and rugs, dye to your heart's content; if it is spotted, not much matter. These are cheap dyes that can be had anywhere in the country.

Orange.—Sumach wood, bottled in tin, strong enough to get the desired color. Add alum to set the color.

Yellow.—Walnut bark, or yellow oak bark, in tin, with alum.

Brown—Light or Dark.—Oilnut bark, boiled in iron.

Slate.—Witch-hazel or hemlock bark, boiled in tin. If the tin is off it will change the color entirely.

Green.—One pound of fustic, one and one-half ounces of blue chemic, two ounces of alum, boiled in tin. Enough to color one pound. I have tried this and find it makes a beautiful green.

A. M. BURPEE.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—Two crackers, two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of boiling water, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg, cloves, and cinnamon. This will make three pies.

SUGAR PIE.—Line a plate with crust, laying a strip around the edge, fill the plate with dry maple sugar, pour on this two-thirds cup of sweet cream, put on a few pieces of butter, grate on nutmeg, and finish the top by laying on strips of crust as you like.

B. D. B.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Break two eggs in a cup, beat well, fill the cup with sweet cream; have ready in a pan one cup of sugar and one cup of flour, and one large teaspoonful of baking powder.

JOHNNYCAKE.—Beat two eggs, add one pint of sour milk, cream, salt, sugar, soda, and one pint of corn meal.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One egg, one teacup of sour milk, one teacup of graham flour, one teaspoonful each of soda, salt and sugar.

MOLLIE.

RHUBARB PIE.—*Dear Household:*—Noticing in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD several recipes for making rhubarb pies, I will send mine, which I think superior to any I ever used, and which I hope the sisters will try, and report. Beat one egg with one tablespoonful of flour and two-thirds cup of sugar, add three tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, one cup of stewed rhubarb, and one teaspoonful of extract of lemon. Sufficient for one pie. Bake between two crusts. Build up the lower crust a little around the edge to prevent juice escaping.

MRS. M. A. THAYER.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—One pint of thick sour milk, two and one-half cups of Indian meal, one heaping teaspoonful of salt, one even teaspoonful of soda, and add sweetening if you like. I prefer sugar and cream for the sauce.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Three cups of sour milk, three cups of graham meal, two cups of flour, one-half cup of molasses, three small teaspoonfuls of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Bake in two loaves.

MRS. F. A. WAY.

SUET PUDDING.—Chop fine one cup of suet, two cups of bread crumbs, one cup of raisins, add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, and allspice, one egg, mix all together and steam two hours. Eat with sweet sauce.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Three cups of sweet milk, two-thirds cup of yeast, two-thirds cup of shortening, (part butter and part lard is best), a pinch of salt, about one-quarter teaspoonful of soda; mix all together and knead hard as for bread for about one hour; let stand in a warm place over night, in the morning mix into rolls, then let stand three-quarters of an hour and bake. Do not add any flour in the morning. If a yeast cake is used, stir in a sponge first and let it get light. These are excellent if made right.

E. E. W.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If A Reader, in a late number, will try the following recipe for a perpetual paste for scrap books, I think she will like it: Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water, when cold, add as much flour as will make it of the consistency of cream, then stir into it half a teaspoonful of powdered rosin, and two or three cloves, and boil it down, stirring all the time. It is said to keep twelve months, and when it becomes dry, it may be softened with water.

MRS. E. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will any one who has been successful in making rhubarb jelly, give me her method? The flavor is delicious, but I have had some difficulty in making it of the right consistency.

Can some sister inform me about the cultivation of the sweet potato as a house ornament?

BLANCHE.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask the sisters how to cook, or use in any way, egg plant, cauliflower, and salsify, or vegetable oysters, also how to make pretty rugs.

TIBBIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask, through THE HOUSEHOLD for a good method of packing butter, one that has been tried, and can be depended upon, and also what month to pack butter for summer use.

F. B. MAUVILLE.

Can any one tell me what will restore the whiteness to a porcelain-lined kettle which has become stained by fruit and boiling water in it?

CONSTANCE GREGORY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me how to make good bread from dried yeast cakes?

IDA CURTIS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—One of your contributors, in a late number, wants some of the ladies to inform her what will prevent her hair from coming out. If she will take woodland balm, and make a decoction and wet her head three or four times a day, it will stop her hair from coming out, and cause a new growth. This balm grows wild in out-of-the-way places, one stalk in a place, with a red tubular flower on the end of each stalk. We know this to be good from experience in using it.

MRS. D. M. U.

North Brookfield, N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send us recipes for orange pie and chocolate cake?

C. NORRIS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your many readers give me a remedy for permanently removing superfluous hair?

AFFLICTED.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell Jennie L. B. that a good copying ink can be made by mixing thirty grains of extract of logwood, seven grains of crystal soda, and one-half ounce of water. Boil till dissolved, and while stirring add thirty grains of glycerine, one grain of chromate of potash dissolved, and four grains of powdered gum arabic.

Mrs. A. E. Bickford, to make good grape wine, add two quarts of water to one gallon of juice, and then add two pounds of sugar to one gallon of the mixture.

Can any one tell me how to remove white spots caused by heat from black paint?

Also can any of the Band tell me how to make pretty card cases and scrap baskets?

E. E. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I send Juanita a recipe for calf's-foot jelly. Cut two feet in small pieces after they have been well cleaned, and the hair taken off. Stew them very gently in two quarts of water till it is reduced to one quart. When cold, take off the fat and remove the jelly from the sediment. Put it into a saucepan with one-half pound of loaf sugar, four lemons with the peel rubbed on the sugar, the whites of four eggs well beaten, and their shells broken. Let it boil a quarter of an hour after it rises to a head, then cover it closely and let it stand about half an hour, after which pour it through a jelly bag, first dipping the bag in hot water to prevent waste, and squeezing it quite dry. Pour the jelly through and through until clear, then put it into the mould.

Young Housekeeper will do well to send to Mr. Crowell for THE HOUSEHOLD, of August, 1881, in which she will find Dining Room Notes on her perplexities.

Lucy wishes a recipe for roly-poly pudding. Make a light suet crust, and roll it out rather thin, spread any jam over it, leaving a small margin of paste where the pudding joins. Roll it round, and tie it in a floured cloth, put it into boiling water, and in two hours it will be ready to serve.

Will some sister give a recipe for English muffins or crumpets? I think they have no eggs as they are very white.

Can any one tell me a way of cooking wild cherries?

SWEET ALYSSUM.

The Parlor.

THE BLESSING OF TO-DAY.

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced birds have flown;
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day.
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of the day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way. —Churchman.

AT HIS WITS' END.

A STORY OF INVENTION.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT.

"THOU'LL have to do the same as trest on us. What call hast thou to set thyself up, a man wi' only his day's wage to look till? To look at the folk would think thou could pocket-out t' national debt at five minutes' notice."

"Nay, none so, mate. Times has been pretty slack with most on us of late."

"Then what a fool thou must be when a bit o' extra work turns up not to take it."

"Ah!" interjected another dust-be-grimed mechanic, who, with bare and folded arms, was leaning, half-sitting, half-standing, against his anvil; "and there's another mouth to fill at your place, old chap, since yesterday, I hear tell."

"Yes—a little lass; the marrer of her mother!" said the man addressed, his teeth gleaming whitely as he smiled. He was a fine-looking fellow—tall, strong, and powerful, with good-humored blue-grey eyes shining under a broad forehead, and relieving by their brightness the plainness of the other features and the weight of the square-cut jaw. He was eating his breakfast of bread and bacon in a primitive fashion, cutting pieces off the very thick sandwich with his pocket-knife, and then, transfixing them on the blade, he speared them into his mouth, and every now and then refreshed himself likewise with a drink from a tin bottle, which was standing on the forge to keep the tea it contained hot.

"Come thou in to-night, Aaron," he continued, looking up at his mate who had last addressed him, "and thou shalt see her. I was thinking happen thou'd stand for her when the missus gets about."

"Well, lad, I've none again' being sponsor to t' little lass. I reckon I shan't have so many sins to answer for her but what they may go along wi' my own without making much differ."

"Thou knows thou's nobbut joking. Thou doesn't think that."

"I do though, old chap," answered his friend, nodding his large head covered with red hair vigorously, and then winking aside to their companion, the first speaker.

A shrill whistle rang through the vast place, and in another moment the men had pocketed their pipes, Aaron and Stephen took up their hammers, Jerry turned to the forge. The thunder of blows, the resounding clang of the struck metal, and the rush and roar of the machinery made the very air of the workshop pulsate and throb with sound. For

hours it went on, the sweat poured from Aaron's face, and the muscles rose and fell in great bands across Stephen's shoulders, showing their quick working through his damp shirt. There was no time for speaking now. They worked with a will.

"Though I say it what shouldn't," said Aaron in a short pause, as he straightened himself for a rest, "there's no two chaps in Hanworth's can beat you and me, mate, at a spell of piece-work. Well, half-work is what I can't abide, nor thee neither, mate."

"Right there, Aaron; so here goes."

And again the regular rhythm of the blows rang out. Once more the whistle sounded. The hum of labor ceased, and the workmen crowded toward the pay-window of the office.

"Now don't be a fool, lad!" whispered Aaron, as his turn and his friend's came. "Thou can't afford scruples just now."

"Can't afford—ay, that's where the shoe pinches," whispered Stephen back.

As each man had his little pile of money pushed towards him and passed on, some were spoken a few words to, and answered, "All right," or giving a short nod of acquiescence, passed on. Aaron's turn had arrived, and Stephen was close behind him. The clerk hardly raised his head as he said:

"The anvils must work to-morrow. You'll be here?"

Aaron gave a grunt which might be taken for "yes," and then Stephen was there.

"You would hear what I said?" asked the cashier.

"Yes. But could not we three work a night instead, till nigh twelve to-night and again from half past twelve on, sir? We'd prefer that."

The clerk turned questioning towards a gentleman who, sitting in the office with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out, was poising his chair on its back legs, and gazing into the fire.

"What am I to say, sir?" asked the cashier.

"Eh! what!" cried the master, letting his chair come down suddenly on the floor and fixing his keen eyes on Stephen.

"What does he want?"

"To work over-night, sir, instead of on Sunday. He says his two mates, he thinks, will be willing to join him, too, and he'll make full time."

Not condescending to notice the clerk's explanation, the master, springing to his feet, cried:

"Come in here, Steve."

And Stephen entered the counting-house, cap in hand.

"Now, my lad, what nonsense is this?" demanded Mr. Hanworth. "You know well enough how slack trade has been, and I think you ought to be glad Hanworth's has got the order. It's good for you as well as me."

"So I am, sir, I'm sure."

"And you know it has to be executed to time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then do you mean to tell me you won't work on Sunday?"

"I'll make it up fully, sir. I know my two mates will come, and we'll give you full satisfaction; but I cannot break the Sabbath. I never have, sir, and I hope you won't ask it now."

"Shut up!" cried Mr. Hanworth angrily. "Do you think I'm going to be preached at by any hand here? Are you going to accommodate me or are you not?"

Stephen stood silent, and then he raised his eyes and looked full in his master's angry face.

That silent look was enough. White to his lips, Mr. Hanworth said slowly:

"If you won't accommodate me you may go," and then turned his back.

Stephen waited a moment or two and

then slowly left the office and passed out into the now empty foundry yard.

In the street he found Aaron lingering.

"Well, lad?"

"I've got the sack!"

Aaron would have said some word of consolation, but, glancing at the sorrow-stricken face beside him, he forbore and left Stephen to walk home alone. As he did so, he did not feel much like a hero! A man may do the right thing, but those know nothing of such struggles who represent that, therefore, peace—nay, joy—will flood his soul. Nothing of the kind. There is only one way into the kingdom, and that way is strewn with thorns, and the thorns pierce the feet which press them; yes, sometimes they wound so deeply that they even lame, and it is with hesitating and bleeding footsteps that the traveler presses sorrowfully—it may be regretfully—onward. Visions of victory fade away, and all that the worn and wearied soul dares to hope for is strength to struggle forward, and, maimed and broken-hearted, to reach some day the goal, and then rest.

Stephen, miserable and sad, grew more low-spirited as he neared his home. He did not fear having to listen to reproaches, but he trembled as he thought of the look he would receive. It was with a slow footstep that he entered the cottage and ascended the stairs to the neat room above where wife and child awaited him.

With a bright countenance and shining eyes Mary looked up into her husband's face, and then before he spoke a word she stretched out her white hand and took his fondly.

"Dear lad, sit down and tell me what is the matter."

"A great deal, wife! I've got the sack."

Certainly as he spoke the face he loved so well became downcast. Mary cast a frightened glance towards the little bundle by her side, but the next instant she regained her confidence and said cheerfully:

"Never mind, you are sure to get on somewhere else. Thou art a first-class hand, Steve, there are plenty more works in this big town beside Hanworth's. Have any more got turned off? Is work slacker?"

"No; it's better, and I'm the only one out."

"Thou the only one; tell me all about it, dear Steve."

And then he related his story, and as he spoke his wife's face grew as quiet and as settled as his own, and when he concluded with the remark, "It's very hard on you and the little lass, Mary, but what could I do?" she answered, "Nothing but what thou hast done. My Steve would have to grow a different man from what he is, afore he'd put us above his duty to God. Never fear for us, a way will be made; kneel down and pray a bit, lad!"

And when in a few low-murmured, heart-felt sentences her husband had done so, she fell quietly asleep holding his hand in hers. Afraid to disturb her, he sat still, thinking of many things, and his thoughts were not sad, for, now the first shock of losing his work at such a critical time was past, he felt convinced he should have little difficulty in getting another place. He knew himself to be a first-rate workman, and that his character as a steady and reliable man stood high and was pretty well known amongst those to whom on Monday he must apply for employment, and he thought with some satisfaction on the fact that from his apprenticeship he had always remained at Hanworth's. "Yes, I never was a chap for running about. I've never worked anywhere else, and though it's hard to be turned out of the old place, being so long

there will help me to a new one." So he sat quietly resting till the gathering twilight rendered all things indistinct, and the fitful glow of the fire threw long, fantastic shadows on the ceiling of the little chamber.

A quiet, restful Sabbath followed, and on Monday morning very early, with a hopeful, cheerful heart, Stephen sallied forth to seek new employment.

Mr. Hanworth usually—as a respectable custom—attended church on Sunday morning. There was a feeling of satisfaction in accompanying his elegant wife and well-dressed children there. He did not think much why he did go, nor when he arrived at church did he think at all about worship or praise. He stood up and sat down in the right places—he did not kneel, of course; so far as the neighbors saw he was sufficiently devout, but if some unknown power had obliged Mr. Hanworth to reveal himself to public gaze, his human fellow worshippers as well as the "cloud of witnesses" would have known that church time was a time of busy business, a quiet time for speculation, investment, invention, calculation, and plans, anything but devotion to this seemingly correctly religious man.

Mr. Hanworth was "put out" more than he liked to own by Stephen's resolute bearing, and the little incident in his counting-house and the steadfast look in his workman's eyes kept recurring with disagreeable distinctness to his mental vision. Coming out of church he met, as he frequently did, another iron-master; living in the same direction, they usually walked home together, talking various little business matters over. To-day Mr. Hanworth mentioned Stephen's obstinacy.

"Just shows how disoblighing those fellows can be; man and boy he's worked about the place for twenty years. Detestable impudence! he's only one of a class. Combination is our only remedy. Are you coming to the masters' meeting to-morrow? yes, of course. You'll mention this little circumstance?"

"No, I think not; I don't want to injure the fellow."

"Then I shall. Fine day, isn't it? Good-by."

The next day the "little circumstance" was mentioned, and called forth many indignant and contemptuous comments. Nearly all the gentlemen present were self-made men. And yet amongst no set of aristocratic landowners could more determined counsels of class (their class, that is,) supremacy be heard. One benevolent old man did dare certainly to remark that this did not seem to him a case of insubordination, but of conscience, and that every man had a right to his Sabbath, but this gentleman was treated with scant attention.

And there the matter was dropped; but not ended, as Stephen found to his cost next day.

All Monday Stephen went from foundry to foundry, but trade had been dull and was just beginning to revive, no new workmen were required, and he met with refusals at all save one place; there he was told a foreman who understood his own particular branch was wanted, but the master was engaged out at a meeting, and he might call next day. When he did call he found he was not wanted.

So a bitter time of trial began; for three long weeks Stephen wandered about constantly asking for work. When he had penetrated into every workshop and foundry-yard in the vast town where he had been born and always had lived, and met invariably with disappointment, he began by his wife's advice to travel to the neighboring smaller towns.

Frequently he walked very long distances on vague rumors of employment, which always turned out to be false, for the iron trade, which was beginning to

revive in the great town, was still stagnant in the outlying districts. Constant refusals crushed even his brave and trustful spirit, and he went now, at the end of a fortnight, on his daily search with so despondent an air that misfortune seemed to accompany him and cling naturally to his side.

Stephen tried each evening as he neared his house to put on the cheerful air he did not feel, and enter his home briskly, but one look at Mary's anxious face and large, questioning eyes, and all his sham brightness vanished.

The couple had only been able, on account of the long bad times, to make but a very small provision against a rainy day. A sick sister, a widow, had needed and received help to the utmost of their power, and many unusual expenses had come to be paid during the last month, so the little savings had dwindled rapidly away, and it was with a feeling akin to despair that Stephen, on the Monday in this the third week, was obliged to go to the savings bank and withdraw their last pound.

Through all the years which have passed since then Stephen looks back upon that week as the most miserable of his life, and sometimes even now he wonders how he got through it, and owns with humble gratitude that nothing short of the sustaining hand of his God and the patient, uncomplaining, cheerful love of his wife prevented him from utterly despairing.

He had been everywhere! He knew the uselessness of applying where he had been already refused, and yet it was intolerable to remain in the house doing nothing but watch, as he could not help watching, his pale, feeble wife and the helpless little baby. Out in the streets there seemed more room to move. He avoided the hours when he should meet his fellow-workmen returning from that employment, to gain a share in which would have been the greatest earthly happiness to himself. He wandered about fighting a sore battle. Few persons passing the man in the street in his unused working-dress, and with that look of misfortune hanging like a mist about him, would have given him credit for being a hero, and little did he feel like one himself. And yet each night as he knelt and prayed for that daily bread which seemed so long in coming, he also offered a thanksgiving for having passed one more day without having yielded to sin, for every waking hour of the day had been passed in fighting temptation. A voice had been constantly urging him, with sometimes such terrible vehemence that it seemed as though no denial was possible:

"Go to Mr. Hanworth, say you are sorry and you will work on Sunday when he finds it needful. He will take you back. The wages are good, and Mary and the child will be provided for. Go at once; here you are just passing the gates."

"No, no! not even for them. Lord, help me to be true to thee, and to do what I'm sure is right," he would cry in his heart; and then with hurrying feet would hasten past the well-known walls.

Saturday night came. There was a question Stephen must ask, and he tried twice or thrice to say the words before they would form the very simple sentence.

"Have we any money left, Mary? I know you've had coals to get."

"A shilling, dear lad; but don't be low-hearted; we've three big loaves and a bit of cheese and some tea and sugar—enough to put us over Monday. Keep up thy heart, Stephen; our Lord's sure to make a way for us."

Stephen groaned as he buried his face in his hands.

So the third week ended.

Another Sabbath had come round, and perhaps, of all the sorrow-laden souls in the great congregation assembled in the time and smoke blackened old parish church, none carried a heavier heart than the working man who knelt with bowed head and passionately clasped hands in the shadow of the farthest pillar.

Stephen was sitting silently by the fire that afternoon, and Mary, singing a hymn, was trying to quiet the child to sleep as she rocked it to and fro in her arms, when the door opened and Aaron came in.

"Well, old chap, are you getting on middling?"

"No, not at all; I can't get a chance to go to work."

"Ay, but that's bad! You see, Steve, it's gotten out why Hanworth sacked thee. Have you tried old Mr. Wilson? He's of thy own way of thinking."

"Ay, and I should have got a job, maybe; but they've not work for their own old hands."

"I'm sorry for you, Steve. I've wished many a time since I'd been man enough to do t' same. All these three Sundays I've been fair miserable, and I've thought such a sight of thee. I thought to mysen to-day, directly I've got washed I'll go on and see Steve."

"Have you been working every Sunday sin'?"

"Ay, that we hev; and now, whenever it suits Hanworth, we shall have to do it again. He comes down for an hour in t' afternoon, looking so clean, and with a flower in his coat. It fair rouses me. But what is a chap to do?"

"Obey God, rather than man." Stephen said the words sadly, and as though speaking to himself.

"Ah, it's well enough for thee," Aaron began, and then he stopped suddenly, for he caught sight of Mary's face, and her eyes were full of tears. She rose hastily, and began nervously moving about. Stephen looked up also.

"You'll stop, Aaron, and have a cup of tea with us? We can yet afford to give a friend that."

"Yes, do, Aaron," echoed Mary. "Here, Steve, hold baby, will you? while I get it ready."

Stephen took the little creature carefully—he was not much used to holding babies—in his arms; but he had hardly received his little daughter when she set up a pitiful cry. He rocked himself backwards and forwards, holding the baby closely to him, and trying to hush it; but in vain; the more he rocked the more she cried.

Mary, who had gone into the cellar to fetch the bread, ran hastily up.

"What ever's the matter?" said Stephen, turning helplessly toward his wife. "I never heard it go on like this afore."

"You've run a pin into it! Here, give me hold of her; I'll soon put it straight."

The baby ceased to cry, and remained quite happy on her father's knees till the poor meal was spread. Then, though Mary and Aaron talked cheerfully together, Stephen became quite silent, and when tea was over, and they drew their chairs around the hearth, his thoughtful gaze turned to his little child, peacefully slumbering in her wooden cradle, and he became absorbed apparently in contemplating her small face. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Yes, that's how it could be done."

"What done?"

"Why, I know how I could make a pin that wouldn't hurt."

"Then do it, lad," cried Aaron. "Lots of t' women folk would buy them; ay! and men, too, for naught drives a man out of himsen like a crying bairn."

"But I can't do it."

"For why?"

"Because our money's done, and we've naught even to buy pin-wire."

"Here, I lend thee it. Will ten shillings fit thee?"

"Ay, five shillings will, and plenty too; and thank you, mate."

"Nay, take ten shillings; you're kindly welcome."

After that a cloud seemed lifted from the party, and when Aaron left at nine o'clock, after again partaking of bread and cheese, he thought, as he strolled home, he had seldom spent so happy an evening, and found himself wishing he had a wife too, and home of his own.

The early dawn was hardly flushing the sky above the crowded roofs when Stephen the next day awoke, and he was the earliest customer the wire-seller had that morning.

Very diligently and happily he worked. Mary even heard him whistling and singing at intervals; and before dinner-time he called her.

"Wife, come hither; here are some pins finished. You must have the first, my joy."

And he held out towards her half a handful of the now universally known "safety pins."

"Will they do?" Stephen added rather anxiously.

She looked at them, this first judge of his invention, examining them minutely, and then cried:

"Do? Yes, grandly!" She hastily laid them down and turned to the cradle, and without any apparent reason picked up therefrom the baby, covering its tiny face with kisses. "My little bairn, my lamb! I sadly feared for thee; but father can keep us both now." And the mother burst into tears.

"Why, Mary, what hast thou been thinking of?"

"That I must get mother to take the little one, and go back to service till times mended."

"I thought, wife, we promised for better or worse. We must always stick together."

She looked pitifully up into his kind face.

"But, Steve, soon there would have been no other way, though it would have been the very worst that could have come. We are bound to be honest thou knows, lad."

"Thank God!" reverently responded her husband, "he has not let us be tried above what we could stand. As long as he spares thee everything else I can bide to lose."

But henceforward it was no tale of loss that their lives told. Two days later, with a workbox of his wife's filled with various sizes of the new pin, Stephen sallied forth and visited some of the largest drapers' shops in the town. He returned in two hours with a handful of silver and an empty box, and set to work at making more; and, although Aaron joined him the following week, the demand could not be met.

Safety pins became the rage, and Stephen soon had no difficulty in obtaining money to patent his invention, nor in opening a small manufactory, which presently grew to such large dimensions that Aaron finds the salary he receives as manager a very comfortable provision indeed for the wife and little children he has now the honor of supporting.

Stephen is able to surround his Mary with every indulgence even his warm love can wish to supply her with, and perhaps the reason why he remains so unassuming and humble a man, though now a rich one, is found in the fact that he acutely feels all his prosperity has come to him—a most unexpected gift—from following resolutely the will of God. It was because he was at his wits' end for bread that he was lead to think out and find what proved to be a blessing both to himself and family, and to tens of thousands

of mothers and their babes. God's ways are sometimes rough, but they always lead to what is bright and good.

We need hardly add Sunday labor is unknown at the "Safety-pin Works."—*Sunday Magazine.*

A SUMMER JAUNT.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

As many of my friends as delight in healthful recreation and release from cares, in pleasant scenery and companionship with nature, I invite to jaunt with me from place to place, starting from the Elm City, and to visit New York state. Of course, we shall not exhaust the state, but will desire, like true travelers, to make good use of opportunities offered, observing to remember every point of interest. It matters not that I have previously enjoyed this same tour. The repetition will be scarcely less delightful, particularly as I shall have such agreeable companions in the passage over land and water. I will not leave any of you to seek board and lodging by the way, but just take the liberty of introducing you to my friends who have bidden me welcome, and who, I know, will be charmed with such a lovely company as I shall bring with me to their homes.

You may take all sorts of wearing apparel, (you will need variety) from the plainest and warmest to the finest and coolest. Before securing the locks to your trunks, please put in Wood's or Gray's manual, as I have set my heart upon having you make some botanical acquaintances with me, as no doubt we shall meet some, if few, upon our way. The daintiest ones have passed with the early months, yet some dear ones are waiting to bestow their smiles upon us as we approach their haunts. It will be one way of retaining memories sweetly recurring, as in our admired Leslie Raynor's experiences, which she so exquisitely recounted to us, in her reveries over her herbarium. For myself, I enjoy few things in which one or more dear ones cannot join with me. I not only want those to whom I can exclaim "How delightful is all this!" but I also like to indulge in surreptitious glances into the faces of my friends, and behold the expression of mingled admiration, wonder and praise. The rapturous countenance of a friend! what sight more soul-inspiring?

But it is time we were starting. And what an auspicious morning for a sail upon the sound! How fair and fresh the city appears under the light of the summer sun! I would like to keep you here awhile, but here is the boat in waiting at the dock. Our luggage is despatched, and we have no further concern until arriving at the metropolis. Let us go right up on deck. How pleasurable will be the music of the band accompanying us on our way. That is a fine air now greeting us. How well it sounds from the distance! How the blue waters gleam and sparkle! Now we move slowly, slowly, now more swiftly along. And how delicious the whiffs of salt air! See! there are East and West Rocks, lying off some distance apart, and you also observe the glistening spires of the city now receding. Beautiful city! if we go where there are grander scenes, we shall find none more elegant. This fact is acknowledged by many wider tourists. There are some who deem a sail upon the sound tedious after the first time. Not so, the lovers of such beauties as it presents on either hand. Let us take pleasure in them while we may, for we shall find other and more wonderful pictures of nature in our voyage up the river Hudson on a later day. So let us reserve some of our choicest exclamations for use in that event.

The better part of the day we sail, from ten until three o'clock. Yes, it is within a half-hour of the time of landing. You feel refreshed from your late meal and that good cup of tea. Whatever may be said of tea drinkers, it is the beverage to resuscitate weary nature, is it not? It is well not to abuse any blessing. We are now near the landing. You have noted places of interest—Blackwell's Island, (the prisoners men and women you described,) and the lunatic asylum, among the number. Doubtless, you are glad you are not destined to either resort. You have seen some attractive residences on the shore. And here you have a foretaste of New York life and can already hear some of its din. It will take but a short time to attend to our luggage. We shall need only the hand portion of it, while spending a few days in the city of Brooklyn. Here we land. Now come right through Fulton market to the ferry of the same name. How bustling everything and everybody appear. The fruit looks tempting. See those oranges and bananas, and the berries! What variety! But we must not stop for it. The ferry ride will be short, and if we were not a little tired, quite pleasant would it be this warm afternoon.

Perhaps my love of some very dear friends in this City of Churches may give me a manifest partiality for its beauty. But you must judge of its worthiness of admiration for yourselves. We will take one of these excursion cars leading from the ferry landing to our temporary destination, which is upon a very pleasant street, where the views and salubrious breezes are both excellent, for it is a little out of the dense portions of the city. My friends will hospitably treat you. They are genuine New Yorkers, who, until recently, resided in the metropolis, but came over to Brooklyn, fancying a somewhat more retired mode of life. Ah! they see us approaching, as we walk from the avenue around to their block, and they come to the door to meet us, which shows their gladness as well as expectation of our arrival.

And now, I am glad you like my friends here, I observed how readily you became acquainted. Is it so late? Well, we must retire, to be in readiness for to-morrow's visit to Prospect Park, of which you know the good people of this city are proud.

What a bright day! We will take a horse car, (shall we fill it?) to the park, and we shall find the ride agreeable, too, for the avenues of the city are cooled by the salt breezes, and you will see many very fine residences along on either side. It is a long ride, and how many people are flocking the same way! Prospect Park! here we are, and we can either walk or ride around it. We will do some walking any way, that we may linger where we will in ecstasy. "Surely, it is beautiful?" you say. The inhabitants of Brooklyn are right. What crowds are here in all ranks of humanity. The babies! the babies! some in arms, some in carriages, and others toddling or running around upon the greensward at sweet will. They enjoy the use of limbs and lungs apparently, more than fine scenes.

And here let us sit under one of these overshadowing trees to rest awhile. And let us use our eyes. This is a button ball tree. What a large one! Take off a piece of bark to remember the day. We can take no other botanical specimen without fear of the law. Which the more readily attracts, the scenes of nature, or the nature of our race so variously exemplified here? See that group over on the opposite rustic sofa. That small child causes some anxiety with its willful ways. The two elderly ladies appear to be the grandmothers of the wee specimen, and the younger one its mam-

ma. She looks more willful than the child. Notice how her young husband expostulates with her. Now he takes hold of one arm, as if to entreat her charge of the runaway. He has chased wherever it careered, appearing almost breathless and exhausted. I am sorry for him. And how unlike many men who allow the wife the whole charge, while they are free—in selfishness!

Now he takes on a coaxing mood, "Do go!"

"I will not," the pettish reply.

In despair, he turns to the chatty grand-mamma, (at least, grand in style,) and says, "I am willing you should take a turn at this, if you choose, I am tired."

There is a note of sarcasm in his words, but the oblivious ones chat on, and the child runs and laughs, and throws out its pretty arms in sheer glee. How daintily dressed! She knows her power, and enjoys it. And everybody around is watching and admiring her, or stopping to pet her. She is "the star" of the baby world you can plainly see. At last, the mother describes her child's danger, and makes a languid start towards her. And what a small bundle of fashion she is herself, though far from beautiful.

We must hasten to see more of the park. I think you must agree with the citizens in according it a worthy naming with Central Park of New York city. It has more of natural charm, and we should need to come here many times to see it all. Now we must return. It will be dinner hour at six o'clock.

Another night's rest, and still another glorious morning, and we are to sail up the elegant Hudson to-day. We will take the Brooklyn Annex Steamer, from which we step to the Vibbard due at Albany. The band which is playing on this great steamer is far superior to the one which we heard upon the sound. What a magnificent steamer the Vibbard is! We shall have plenty of company aboard, too. Most of the passengers, you see, have the guide book, and will need it to discover all the places of interest. The river has borne many names, among them the Manhattan, Mohegan, and Noordt Montaigne. And it was called North river that it might be distinguished from the Delaware called South river. By the Spaniards it was named the River of the Mountains. After the Englishman Henry Hudson (although he sailed from a Dutch port, with a Dutch crew, in a Dutch vessel) it received its present name. In your book you will find a good sketch of its history. You see how anxious every one is to obtain the most eligible position for seeing, although our stranger companions appear to be of the better class of travelers, polite, considerate, and refined in manner. The Hudson is acknowledged by most tourists to present the finest natural scenery of any river in the world.

It has, as you will discover, a great variety of views, and a rare combination of the picturesque, weird and grand. Those who have sailed on the Rhine, and have seen the views along the Danube, bestow a more excellent meed of praise upon the Hudson. Thackeray has given unreserved tribute to the charms of the American river, while our own George William Curtis proclaims it as superior in grandeur to the Rhine.

Ah! what a lively piece the band gives now, and with the floating flags, and the pleasant commotion about us, is it not very exhilarating to the senses? It seems as if we were already started. But, no, we have quite a time yet (and it is well to be in season) to look round on the scenes at hand. How fair the bay appears! What miles of shipping are to be seen. To the south you see Staten Island. There are the spires of Trinity, St. Paul's and St. John's, Trinity to the south, and St. John's to the north. You have

more time now to consult the guide book than you will have later, because when the steamer glides swiftly along, you will then lose many interesting points, if you take your eyes away for a moment. You can see some prominent buildings, too, near Trinity church spire. Lying on the opposite shore is Jersey City, a short distance above it Hoboken, and above that Castle Hill, a rocky promontory. The Elysian Fields are above Castle Hill, and Bergen Heights rise in the background at the west of Hoboken.

You find, although the morning was so warm in Brooklyn, that you already need heavy wraps here on deck, where the winds blow in so strongly. As we have a few moments to spare let us go about the steamer and notice her handsome furnishings. The Vibbard is a very swift steamer, but the pilots of the Albany, built later, assured me that the latter is the swiftest in the world. These pilots have been upon the river a great many years, and, as the most experienced, were transferred to the Albany as soon as she was in readiness for her first voyage. I would like to have you get the views from the pilot house, but there are too many of us for that. In my previous trips many hours were spent there, both on the Vibbard and on the Albany, and the pilots were very kind and communicative. Not many are allowed an entrance, however. Those who are favored, find an unbroken view, in a complete circuit, and know what is breaking upon sight as well as tenderly lingering upon the trail of the past. The pilots have a big book, in which the names of many people who have visited their quarters, are registered. I found in looking over its leaves, the names of some friends and acquaintances who had sailed up or down the river in previous years. I found very little fine chirography, therein, however, at which I wondered not as soon as I began to try my own best powers at writing.

My note book is a feature of amusement to me besides, and in my first voyage over the river, it remained almost wholly blank, albeit I had made a great point of having it in convenient nearness at starting, desiring to make fast all things worthy of remembrance, for I found eyes were my only pencil, and the mind and heart my only tablets, at that time, and my lips were closed upon speech, for the most part, although I had the dearest and best of companions, whose only annoyance to me was the frequent queries and exclamations, when I was well nigh breathless in admiration, and inwardly impatient of any distraction. I was not alone in my silence, however. Many were the eager, mute ones. And I particularly recall two, one young lady remarkably interesting in looks and manner. She seemed to be traveling alone, and to be sufficient unto herself, (not selfishly, but in a sense of reliance,) and there she stood on deck, intently scanning every new revelation, her thoughts written in pleasant characters upon her countenance. She seemed not to weary either in body or mind. The other person noticed was a married lady, whose little daughter pressed to her side, asking for something in a low voice, whereupon the parent responded "Do not speak a word now, darling. We are upon the most beautiful part of the river, and I want you to see it all."

We will make a visit to the hurricane deck in spite of winds and cold. I remember the covetous glances cast into the pilot house, where we composedly sat, safe from draughts, while others walked up and down and around, in imminent danger of parting with loose wraps, veils and hats. Indeed, several articles were hopelessly consigned to the waters, one child seeing her pretty hat soaring far away from her reach forever,

wept as if her heart would break, the relentless winds frantically bearing the refrain of her impetuous grief.

Observe the splendor of the dining hall. You will be glad to sit and dine here a few hours hence, if you can spend the time from sight-seeing, and, I ought to add, if you can obtain a place inside, for you will find that many hungry ones will submit to physical demands, as well as enjoy higher occupations, and the room will be crowded and the chances small, if one is at all behind. Look well around. How large, how grand and convenient the steamer and its appointments! There are plenty of easy reclining places, but if you are like me, you will nearly faint with fatigue ere forsaking rare opportunities, although such a course be unphilosophical, perhaps. In fact, there is so much in a voyage up and down the Hudson to entice one, a feeling of regret assails one that all parts of it cannot be simultaneously experienced. In the fleeting opportunities of beholding nature at her sweetest and sublimest, even the more important study of human nature must be ignored, save as it may be pursued in casual glimpses and attentions. One can obtain a great deal of information in such glimpses, however, and let us improve them. Those young men who were smoking on deck, little thought what discomfort the ashes of their pleasure caused the passengers into whose eyes they floated. And, on the other hand, how kind and considerate were the ladies who, because one of our party reached over for the refuse of the fruit they had been eating, to cast it on the waters for them, in return, reached out a handful of luscious peaches—for thanks! They were so closely stowed in the center of the deck that they could not easily use their arms.

We will return to the forward deck now, as we shall soon sail. Let us keep together if possible without incommoding others.

LOOK OUT AND UP.

BY MRS. N. T. WATERMAN.

Miss Eliza Ann Jones awoke one fine May morning with a decided impression of the importance of the Christian duty that one should aim to help those around one rather than to please one's self. She did not know why this should be impressed on her mind so decidedly on this particular morning, yet recognized it as being one of the things brought to her remembrance by the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to stir up the Christian to duty. She soliloquized thus as she combed back her hair in its usual knot, and pinned the crocheted collar round the neck of her brown gingham wrapper.

"I've got just enough to live on 'thout pinchin'; I don't owe nobody; I've got hands to work 'n help somebody, 'n I do with knittin' 'n sewin'; but I 'spose I might do more. I might use my tongue more. Other old maids wag theirs enough, dear knows, so I don't say nothin', but mebbe I'd oughter say somethin' to kinder cheer somebody up if they needed it."

She pulled back her curtain and opened her window to let in the balmy air of the morning, which had been stealing fragrance from the pink and white apple blossoms in the field. Her line of vision went straight to Mrs. Gaston's cottage over yonder, near the blossoming trees.

"Certain this is a prime mornin'. I wonder if Mis' Gaston ever looks out at them apple trees, or up at that blue sky. Praps it's my duty to tell her to look out 'n up, for she's everlastin' lookin' in and down." Then the text "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," came into Miss Jones' mind, and she knelt reverently to

ask her Father in heaven to give her wisdom to work for Him in whatever way he should direct, and to say a helpful word to somebody.

Mrs. Gaston was rather astonished when Miss Jones knocked at her door two or three hours later. She was cleaning the dining room stove, and caught a glimpse through the window of her caller's bonnet—gray, with blue flowers, which every one in Brayton knew—and said to herself, "Miss Jones! What can she want here? Something must be the matter!" for she had only lived a short time in Brayton, and was not particularly acquainted with the bright little spinster.

Miss Eliza Ann saw the surprise in the heavy, tired eyes of her neighbor when she answered her rap, and said pleasantly, "Good mornin', Mis' Gaston. I had two or three jars o' pickles more'n I'd want till pickles come agin, so I'm a goin' to treat my neighbors. You've got a large family, 'n they won't come amiss. I'll come in 'n rest a minit," she said, placing the jar on the table and seating herself at Mrs. Gaston's request, in the big rocker by the window. "Ben clear over to Hiram Freeman's. Ain't this a beautiful mornin', Mis' Gaston?"

"I don't hardly know. I suppose it is," said Mrs. Gaston. "I don't have time to notice things out of doors much, I've so much inside to see to. Please excuse me, and I'll keep right on with my work and talk at the same time," and she gave the hearth a vigorous rubbing.

"But don't you think 'twould make your work go easier to stop once in a while 'n look out? Just see them lovely pink 'n white blossoms out there, 'n down by the stone wall the grass is gittin' green. An' them grape vines crawlin' over that old fence. If you was just to look out a minit, Mis' Gaston, you'd feel so kinder light 'n lifted up, that you couldn't help lookin' up to thank the Lord for his blessed earth, an' shinin' sky, 'n singin' birds, 'n that'd make you go back to your work with a lighter heart, 'n twould help you get through twice as quick 'n easy."

"And maybe the dinner pot would be boiling over on the stove while I was idling at the window. It's very well for people who have no family to care for, and hardly any housework to do, to talk the way you do, but I feel it my duty to look faithfully after my house and children, and I tell you I have to work sharp to keep things in any kind of order. There's some work to be done where there's five children, and the head of the family getting moderate wages. Here's my room must be cleared up to-day, and some starched clothes ironed, and a pudding baked, and socks darned, and the stairs scrubbed, besides the things that a body has to do every day over and over, and a big basket of sewing cut out beside. Where's my time for looking out I'd like to know? Nancy Gray leaves her things every way, and any how, and has her face forever at her window, gawking out at people to see what they have on. I don't intend to imitate her."

"But you look down too much. You look in too much. Leave some o' them things outer your work to-day, can't ye?" "I don't see what, I'm sure!" said Mrs. Gaston, pausing in her polishing, and looking around the room.

"Why this here carpet don't want sich an everlastin' sweepin'. Just pick up them shreds 'n threads, and dust a bit, 'n then sit down 'n rest, 'n look out."

"But I see the dust in the corners, and the finger marks on the doors, and the dust on the stairs, if I am looking out."

"Well, let 'em be till another time; till you've got some brightness 'n lightness into your soul. Don't be forever lookin' down to find dust, 'n dirt, 'n finger marks. You put me in mind o' the man with the

muck-rake in Pilgrim's Progress, always rakin' up the straws, 'n small sticks, 'n dust o' the floor. Now I'll tell ye how I've done afore now. Aren't praisin' myself, I need preachin' to 's much. 's anybody. I'll git my work done, that is, 's much 's I feel my strength 'll allow for that day, 'thout making me unfit for readin' somethin' profitable, or doin' somethin' for my fellow bein's, or I set down to sew a bit, mebbe, or look round me, or rest a minit or two, 'n I happen to see some ashes spilt outside the stove, or some dust gathered on the edge o' my rug, or I think o' some clo'es in my basket not ironed, or somethin' or other, 'n I fetch a sigh, 'n go to git up to do 'em all. Then I put my foot right down 'n say, Lizy Ann Jones! do have some sense! You can't do everything in one day, 'n do what you will, you'll always see somethin' to be done. Quit lookin' down for dust, 'n look out 'n up. So I leave 'em till next day, or whenever I can do 'em, 'n I git along much better, 'n feel twenty times happier."

"But every day brings its own work, and if I leave my work to-day for to-morrow, there's my bread and my scouring to do then, and I'd get behindhand, a thing I never mean to do."

Mrs. Gaston gave a determined bow towards the shining stove. She seemed a worshipper at the shrine of cleanliness there on her knees.

"It's this way, Mis' Gaston. Have your work put down for each day, not too much, though. Leave time for lookin' out, either out o' doors, or into the world through some o' them study books they have nowadays; 'n if you do see anything you could do if you hurried 'n slaved all day, leave it be; leave it till the day comes round agin to do it. If your stove looks dirty agin by day after to-morrow, brush it a bit 'n let it be till cleanin' day comes round. And don't be lookin' down to find somethin' that nobody knows is there but yerself."

"The baby makes a deal o' work," said Mrs. Gaston, as a cry was heard from the adjoining room. "I have to wash three times a week to keep her dresses clean. She's waking now, so I must leave off and take her."

"Bless the poety little dear!" said Miss Jones, as the baby, all rosy from its morning nap, entered in the arms of her mamma. "I was just a thinkin' you'll have to look out 'n up for her, too. Don't just look at her frocks and tiers, but look ahead at her future days, when she's got to be either a curse or a blessin' to you. So the more your own heart's full o' God's love, got by lookin' out 'n up to Him, the better it'll be for her bimeby."

"Mother!" just then cried a child's voice from the kitchen, "I can't find my shoes."

"Well, I'll come and look for them," said the mother, preparing to lay down the baby. "That child never can find anything. I have to hunt up her shoes, and her mittens, and her hat and her playthings every day of my life."

"You just sit still, Mis' Gaston," said Miss Jones. "It's Matildy, ain't it? Matilda dear, come in here a minute," she called cheerily, and Matilda came wonderingly in, minus her shoes, and stood by the door.

"Now, dear, yer mother's a sittin' down restin' a while, 'n I know you oughter be as good a hand to find things 's your mother is; your eyes look as bright as two buttons. Just you run 'n see if you can't fish them shoes out o' some corner in a jiffy."

The little girl's face brightened, and off she ran to search for the shoes, which she soon found, and Miss Jones saw her running down the field in a few minutes.

"You've got to look out for Matildy's future too, Miss Gaston, if you don't

want her to grow up always dependin' on somebody else, instead o' workin' out things herself. I hate to hear young ones bawlin' out for their mothers to find this, that 'n t'other for 'em all the time. Where's your boys, Miss Gaston?"

"Off fishing. And oh! the mud they'll bring into the house. It's likely I'll have to change every rag on their backs. You'll never know, Miss Jones, what plagues boys are. They go to the swamp after pussy willows, and litter up the whole house, and track muddy water every where. There's bundles of switches under the lounge, and dirty pebbles on the window sill; and I can't walk across the room without stumbling over horse chestnuts. It isn't a bit of good to try to keep them in-doors, for they nearly drive me wild, building railroads on the floor, and tying strings to the door knobs and swinging on them. They're like wild animals, I declare. Tommy actually asked me one day to let him go up garret and butt his head in the box of beans."

"Poor little creeter!" laughed Miss Jones. "Don't keep 'em in unless it's rainin', or you want 'em to help you or do somethin' useful. Let 'em look out 'n be out, 'n learn to find out the beautiful things in God's world. Switches, 'n pussy willows, 'n pebbles, 'n horse chestnuts can teach 'em lots if you show 'em how to learn from 'em. Don't look always at their dirty boots 'n trowsis; look out 'n ahead at what you'd like 'em to be when they've growed to be men. They oughter love everything the Lord's made. Bless me! the clock's strikin' ten. I didn't mean to preach so long. I meant to go clear to Nathan Potter's this forenoon. You must excuse me if I've talked too much, but I do wish you'd come out 'n sit awhile in the mornin' sun."

"I can't to-day," said Mrs. Gaston, wearily, as she carried her baby to the door to bid her friend good morning, "but I thank you for your call and will try to do as you suggest some time."

"Don't wait till you're gray with your care 'n worry. Take the pleasant things as they come along, Mis' Gaston. Good mornin'. I'll git the jar some other day."

"I declare brother, Zekel would say I'd ben a preachin'," she said to herself as she trotted briskly along the road to Deacon Potter's.

AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

Down deep in the earth where no ray of sun can penetrate, where no sound of the busy upper world can reach, and extending many miles in every direction, is one of the greatest wonders ever opened to the eye of man. This immense palace, more delicate and wonderful than any ever pictured in fairy tale, is situated in the southern part of Kentucky, near a branch of Green river. The fame of this cave has spread over all the world, and thousands explore it each year.

The circuit of the cave can be made by two different routes, one occupying six hours time, the other twelve. There are more than a hundred miles of avenues, and its entire length from the opening as far as it has been explored, is twelve miles.

In order that the journey may be made as comfortably as possible, all who undertake it, must be clothed in stout woolen garments, and provided with a kind of lantern made specially for this purpose. Torches were formerly used, but these lanterns are much more convenient. A trusty guide must accompany each party, for were a person unacquainted with the place to be left here alone, his exit would be as impossible as was that of the victims thrown by King Theseus into the Cretan Labyrinth.

The names of all the party must be registered in a book kept for the purpose, so that when they emerge a glance at the list will tell if any have been left behind. Many persons have, at different times, been separated from their friends and lost in the thick darkness. A person so lost becomes at once bewildered, and unless possessed of unusual nerve and self-control, loses his reason in a short time. Not many years ago a woman was thus lost. The sensation of being alone, underground, and in the dark, with, as she thought, no hope of escape, rendered her insane, not only for the time, but permanently, and she is now an inmate of an asylum. A man who was lost here, had after a while the misfortune to extinguish his torch, and after marching up and down for the right path, wandering here and there, and frantically calling for aid, became crazed, and hid himself behind a projecting rock. The guides, in their search for him, passed and re-passed him many times, and it was only by the merest chance that he was discovered, but it was all they could do to induce him to accompany them. His reason was, however, restored upon their return to the outer world.

If we go in on a very hot day in summer, we shall find a strong current of cold air blowing out of the cave. If we go in in winter when the outside atmosphere is colder than that of the cave, the air will be sucking into the cave with tremendous force. The temperature of the cave is uniform all the year, being 59°. You will never find it 58° or 60°. The air inside the cave is much purer and more bracing than that outside. People can walk farther here, and feel less fatigue than they would on the earth.

In the auditorium, one of the first rooms to claim our attention, are to be seen the remains of stone houses, built long ago for people who were suffering diverse diseases, and who came here to live, hoping that the purity of the air would tend to prolong their lives. But though a few hours underground has a beneficial effect on the lungs, a long stay is productive of a pallor and general decline soon terminating in death.

In this room the manufacture of saltpeter was carried on during what is now known as the war of 1812. Saltpeter is an indispensable ingredient of gunpowder, and while this war continued, it could not, of course, be brought from England, so all means were resorted to, to obtain it, and from forty to fifty thousand dollars worth was manufactured annually till its close. The earth in this place was leached, the liquor boiled down, and then submitted to a chemical process which produced saltpeter.

The air here is very dry, and has great preservative qualities. Pieces of wood are there perfectly preserved, even after such a lapse of time, and grains of corn may be seen imbedded in the floor. In those days this floor was of earth, but is now changed into stone, in which the ruts made by the cart wheels, and the prints of the oxen's feet, are distinctly visible.

The mummy room is so called from the fact that when the cave was first explored there were found in this room, in a sort of chair formed by the rocks, and since called the mummy's seat, an Indian woman and child, in a mummified condition. They were surrounded by the implements of the chase, pipes and tobacco, and jars of Indian corn or maize. These mummies are said to be now in some one of our museums, but for this I cannot vouch.

Relative to another apartment called bowl room, and which bears a striking resemblance to an inverted bowl of immense size, is the legend that, on its discovery, a wooden bowl was found there, which had been made ages and ages be-

fore, and preserved by the wonderful purity of the air.

Upon the walls of many of the chambers are representations of different objects, as perfect in outline as though drawn by an experienced artist. A giant and giantess are finely delineated. Their huge proportions and life-like attitudes made us feel as though we had come upon the real owners and inhabitants of the cave. They are engaged in tossing and catching a giant baby, and just beside them is an Indian fully equipped for war, while all around are bears, wolves, dogs, foxes, and other animals. Here one sees flocks of birds, there fish innumerable, while the very life-like figure of a panther, just overhead, crouched ready for the fatal spring, gives one a feeling that in retreat only lies safety. Passing along is seen what is known as the giant's coffin. This is, to all appearances, an immense burial case, fifty feet long.

Many of the passages are only large enough to accommodate one person at a time, while others are so tortuous that one must lie down and wriggle like a snake to get through. One such passage is called fat man's misery, and no one weighing over three hundred pounds could possibly pass, but up to the present time no one of more than that weight has attempted it.

One immense chamber is called the Methodist chapel, and here for a long time services were held. One can see now the remains of seats, and the niches in the walls where torches were placed. The entire walls of this, as well as all the other passages, are covered with the most beautiful stalactites. These are more generally white, though in some places they are of all colors. These are made by the action of the water which drips down, and forms them much as icicles are formed on the roofs in winter. They are of all lengths and shapes. Oftentimes a similar formation springs up from the floor of the cave. These are called stalagmites. These unite with those from above, and form immense columns, far more beautiful and imposing than any ever carved from marble. They are covered with millions of points and indentations, each one of which surpasses the diamond in brilliancy, and when one of these passages is illumined by a strong light the effect is grand beyond the expression of words.

The grape room is completely covered, top and sides, with bunches of the most delicious-looking grapes. In color they are a beautiful light purple, and the bloom is on them exactly as we see it on our finest grapes, when first plucked. The ceiling of another room has suspended from it what seem to be countless smoked hams. They are perfect in form and color, and have given this the name of the bacon room.

In some places one sees formations delicate as frost work, and much resembling it. They represent in profusion every flower known to the botanist. Here one sees a bush laden with perfect roses, there a bunch of violets hide their modest heads, while close by tulips, lilies, dahlias, petunias, asters, fuchsias, and japonicas, vie with each other in beauty, and tons of these fragile creations lie, broken and crushed, on the floor beneath the feet. These are all of the most delicate white. They are a kind of efflorescence, and are being constantly renewed by the chemical process going on at the base.

Some narrow and dangerous passages are crossed by bridges, as are also some streams of water. Other streams are crossed by means of boats. Oftentimes one has to lie down in the boats to avoid a bump or a broken head from the overhanging rock. The river Jordan is passed in this way. This stream is about three-

fourths of a mile long, and twenty-five feet wide. Sometimes the dome rises to a height of twenty-five or thirty feet, and then again one can but just escape as he lies flat in the boat.

Fish abound in this river. They are sluggish, white, and nearly translucent. They are about six inches in length, and have no eyes nor sockets for them. They much resemble the common cat-fish of New England.

In some of the caves crickets are found. In form they are like the insect of that name we see above ground. They are one and one-half inches long, and are yellow, spotted with black. But, strange to tell, they are unlike other crickets in one respect, they never sing. The eternal silence, the darkness, black and never changing, that hangs like a pall over the entire cave, the lack of the cheering and life-giving rays of the sun, endured as they have been by these creatures for ages, have brought them to a silence and inactivity in keeping with their abode.

Here, too, are lizards of the same colors as the crickets. These are very slow in their motions, having hardly sufficient life to escape from under the foot that is about to crush them. Occasionally a curious animal is seen, called the cave rat. These creatures partake of the forms of the rabbit, gray squirrel, and common rat. In the spring, when Green river overflows its banks, that division of it which flows through the cave is also very turbulent. Fish are then found in it which have been brought from the outer world. Whether these go on and on in the stream till it again reaches daylight, or whether they die here from the effects of the change, is unknown. Pieces of stick and leaves are also found floating down which proves conclusively that this stream of water runs in from the top of the land.

Lake Lethe is dark, dull, and sluggish, like the fabled body of water from which it takes its name, but whether it possesses the properties ascribed to that, I much doubt. Hebe's spring is a gushing body of water, clear and sparkling. The water in it is of two kinds. If we take a glass full from the top, without disturbing it, it tastes strongly of lime, while if we dip a few inches deeper, bringing up the cup with a sideways motion, we shall find it unpleasantly impregnated with sulphur.

Many are the wonders of Mammoth cave. If we tell all we can remember, and draw upon our imagination to an unlimited extent, the half will not have been told, for truth is ever stranger than fiction.

But the star chamber, once seen, will ever be remembered, whatever else may be forgotten. The dome is dark in color, and studded with millions of white stars, which gleam and sparkle as nothing else can, while the sides and floor are one bewildering, dazzling, blaze of stalactite and stalagmite. When the full effulgence of a Bengal light is thrown upon it, the effect is almost too much for mortal eye, and one can hardly believe that one is not in the city whose foundation stones are of jasper, topaz, emerald, chalcedony, sardonyx, amethyst, and sapphire, whose gates are each of one huge pearl, whose streets are of pure gold, transparent as glass, and that one is not enveloped by that Presence.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD HOME.

Number Five.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

Some one has said:

"He goes a long and weary way,
Who wanders thro' the yesterdays."

Not so do I find it, as the light of other days beams o'er me. The way seems very

short, and memories close at hand, nearer than events of the passing hour. Unmoved, the swift, relentless years roll on, but they do not bury the past. "Beauteous youth, rich in summer years," holds to the mirror her illumined scroll, and I see what a delight it was to me to visit the old place, outside as well as in. The paths all around were well-swept and well-trodden. The barn was some distance from the house, and to its well-filled haymows I often retreated. Oh! how sweet was the June scented clover. A seat in that hay, with a book of my choice, was the nicest thing imaginable. Talk of summer parlors. Mine was superb. I have often wondered people of wealth and culture did not oftener invite their friends and themselves to such a reception room as this, in glorious summer weather.

Below are the big oxen, with their large, patient eyes, rolling this way and that, always from side to side, never up and down, just here, I would like to ask the little folks, if any should read this, the reason? their quiet, studious munching, their bodies large, high and stout, their long, tufted tails switching to brush the flies, and their horns. I never ventured near enough to place my hand upon them, to know if they were as smooth as they looked. By and by the heavy yoke is brought out and placed upon them, and in the ox-cart, away they go to hard labor.

"Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless toil."

seems to express their life quite nearly. But the use of oxen in this region is now becoming a thing of the past, retreating before the wheels of progress and invention. Much farm work that was once done this way, is now done by means of modern improvements, but they have performed their part faithfully and well in turning the furrow, and leading the plow.

The twitter of birds as they darted in, describing circles and semi-circles, as they swept around my head, was pleasant; sometimes gathering courage to glide near me, then away to the farthest corner. They built their nests under the eaves, also in the orchard trees near, and came here for seeds and bits found in the hay.

No small object was the hunting of hens' nests. Into every nook and cranny would I peer, but they were a wary tribe, and generally eluded me, although I followed their clear call as nearly as possible. Their animated conversations always amused me. I don't think I felt the overpowering desire to annihilate the race that some express, although had I seen my flower-beds ruthlessly destroyed by them, I might.

As the big barn doors were thrown open, the soft, summer breeze swept in, and the summer sounds were borne to my ears, I think I was rested and refreshed in a way I could then hardly understand or express. Looking back, after the experience of years, and somewhat wearied with the conflict of life, I realize more fully what I then enjoyed.

The love for the beautiful and sense to appreciate it is a quality we should strongly cultivate, and inculcate in those around us. Plant trees and flowers around our homes; make our surroundings, however humble, pleasant and attractive; and above all, our life and life work so complete with beautiful acts, that wayside flowers shall bloom all round. The seed scattered, because love and duty points the way, shall, mayhap, bloom in fairest fruitage.

It may be the younger son, who might have wandered to lands afar, but for the home influence and example of those therein, is now, in the declining years of his parents, their shield and stay. Instead of pressing to the crowded city, he stays on the farm, and the neighbors

marvel and shake their heads, and say, "It's all luck! All chance he does so!" Oh no, friends, it is not luck. He has been trained in the the way he should go.

"It chanced, eternal God that chance did guide." There is more meaning in this quotation than I can express. Nothing chances but is the out-come of cause; effect follows cause as day, night, and over and above all is the great Guide.

Not far away did the sons and daughters of the old home roam. If duty or business called, they ever returned to dwell under, or near the family roof-tree. Pilgrims and strangers from the place of their birth they cared not long to be. As a result, the ties of affections were stronger, and home-gatherings more frequent, than if widely scattered.

"Happy he, whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead."

OUR DAILY BREAD.

Heavy and sour bread or biscuit have a vast influence through the digestive organs upon the measure of health we enjoy. How important to our present happiness and future usefulness the blessing of good health and a sound constitution is, we can only realize when we have lost them, and when it is too late to repair the damage. And yet, notwithstanding these facts, thousands of persons in our own city daily jeopardize not only their health, but their lives, and the healths and lives of others, by using articles in the preparation of their food, of the purity and healthfulness of which they know nothing. Perhaps a few cents may have been saved, or it may have been more convenient to obtain the articles used, and the housekeeper takes the responsibility, and possibly will never know the mischief that has been wrought. *Paterfamilias* may have spells of headache, Johnny may lose his appetite, Susie may look pale; if so, the true cause is rarely suspected. The weather, the lack of out-door air, or some other cause, is given, and the unwholesome, poisonous system of adulterated food goes on. Next to the flour, which should be made of good, sound wheat, and not ground too fine, the yeast or baking powder, which furnishes the rising properties, is of the greatest importance, and of the two we prefer baking powder, and *always use the Royal*, as we thereby retain the original properties of the wheat, no fermentation taking place. The action of the Royal Baking Powder upon the dough is simply to swell it, and form little cells through every part. These cells are filled with carbonic acid gas, which passes off during the process of baking.

The Royal is made from pure grape acid, and it is the action of this acid upon highly carbonized bi-carbonate of soda that generates the gas alluded to; and these ingredients are so pure and so perfectly fitted, tested and adapted to each other, that the action is mild and permanent, and is continued during the whole time of baking, and no residue of poisonous ingredients remains to undermine the health, no heavy biscuits, no sour bread, but if directions are followed, every article prepared with the Royal Baking Powder will be found sweet and wholesome.

—Be determined, if possible, never to injure the feelings or tastes of any one, and cultivate earnestly the most graceful way of expressing kind actions.

—Make not an enemy of your friend by returning evil for good; but make a friend of your enemy by returning him good for evil.

—The truest proof of a man's religion is the quality of his companions.

A NEW CHAPTER IN GENESIS

ACCORDING TO TYNDALL, HUXLEY, AND DARWIN.

1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.
2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all things in potential energy; and a spirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.
3. And the Unknowable said, Let atoms attract; and their contact begat light, heat, and electricity.
4. And the Unconditioned differentiated the atoms, each after its kind; and their combinations begat rock, air, and water.
5. And there went out a spirit of evolution from the Unconditioned, and working in protoplasm, by accretion and absorption produced the organic cell.
6. And the cell by nutrition evolved primordial germ, and the germ developed protogene; and protogene begat coozon, and coozon begat monad, and monad begat animalcule.
7. And animalcule begat ephemera; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.
8. And earthy atom in vegetable protoplasm begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.
9. And animalcules in the water evolved fins, tails, claws, and scales; and in the air wings and beaks; and on the land, they sprouted such organs as were necessary, as played upon by the environment.
10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca, and the mollusca begat articulata, and articulata begat vertebrata.
11. Now these are the generations of the higher vertebrata, in the cosmic period that the Unknowable evolved the bipedal mammalia.
12. And yet every man of the earth while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hipparion, and the hipparion before he was an oredon.
13. Out of the ascidian came the amphibian and begat the pentadactyle; and the pentadactyle by inheritance and selection produced the hylobate, from which are the simiadae in all their tribes.
14. And out of the simiadae the lemur prevailed above his fellows and produced the platyrhine monkey.
15. And the platyrhine begat the catarrhine, and the monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evolved the what-is-it.
16. And the what-is-it went into the land of Nod and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.
17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthropomorphic primordial types.
18. The homunculus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, the autochthon, the terrangen—these are the generations of primeval man.
19. And primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence, and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.
20. And by inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the stable and homogeneous to the complex and heterogeneous—for the weakest died and the strongest grew and multiplied.
21. And a man grew a thumb for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.
22. For, behold, the swiftest men caught the most animals, and the swiftest animals got away from the most men; wherefore the slow animals were eaten and the slow men starved to death.
23. And as types were differentiated, the weaker types continually disappeared.

24. And the earth was filled with violence; for man strove with man and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish and secured the survival of the fittest.

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.

Let every subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD send full name and address to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and get one of their cook books free of charge.

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

—OF—

FIRST-CLASS SHEET MUSIC FREE.

Buy fifteen bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer; cut from each wrapper the picture of Mrs. Foggy and Mrs. Enterprise, and mail the fifteen pictures to us, with your full name and address, and we will mail you, free of all expense, your own selection, from the following list of Sheet Music, to the value of One Dollar.

We absolutely guarantee that the music is unabridged, and is sold by all first-class music houses, at the following prices:

INSTRUMENTAL.

Artists' Life, (Kunster Leben,) waltzes, Price	
op. 316, Strauss, 75	
Ever or Never, (Toujours ou Jamais,) Waltzes, 75	
Chasse Infernale, Grand Galop, Brilliant, 75	
op. 23, Kolling, 75	
Turkish Patrol Reveille, 35	
Pirates of Penzance, (Lancers,) D'Albert, 50	
Siren's Waltzes, 75	
Fatinizta, Suppe, Potpourri, 1 00	
Mascotte, Andran, Potpourri, 1 00	
Il Trovatore, Verdi, Potpourri, 75	
Night on the Water, Idyl, op. 33, Wilson, 60	
Rustling Leaves, op. 68, Lange, 60	

VOCAL.

Patience, (The Magnet and the Churn,) Price	
Sullivan, 35	
Olivette, (Torpedo and the Whale,) Audran, 40	
When I am Near Thee, English and German words, 40	
Who's at my Window, Osborne, 35	
Lost Chord, Sullivan, 40	
My Dearest Heart, Sullivan, 35	
Life's Best Hopes, Meininger, 40	
Requited Love, (4 part Song,) Archer, 35	
Sleep while the Soft Evening Breezes, (4 part Song,) Bishop, 35	
In the Gloaming, Harrison, 30	
Only be True, Vickers, 35	
Under the Eaves, Winner, 35	
Free Lunch Cadets, Sousa, 35	

If the music selected amounts to just \$1.00, nothing need be sent us but the fifteen pictures, your name, address, and selection of music. If the music selected comes to over \$1.00, the excess can be enclosed in postage stamps.

We make this liberal offer because we desire to give a present sufficiently large to induce every one to give Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial long enough to know just how good it is. If, after such trial, they continue to use the Soap for years, we shall be repaid. If they only use the fifteen bars, getting the dollar's worth of music gratis, we shall lose money. This shows our confidence. The Soap can be bought of all grocers. The music can only be got of us. See that our name is on each wrapper.

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foggy, can select music to the amount of \$4.50. This soap improves with age, and you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one you can use every week.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,

116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

This is one of the most generous offers ever made by any reliable firm for the introduction of their goods, when one considers that in addition to the above

choice selection of music, Messrs. Cragin & Co. send the full money's worth of their Electric Soap, which thousands of the best housekeepers in the land insist is the best soap manufactured, the combined offer appears truly wonderful. Nevertheless, they will do as they agree.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

Mrs. R. N. Ballinger, P. O. box 307, Alexandria, Virginia, has a very nice down cover to exchange for an invalid reclining, adjustable chair. Please write first.

Ida Rogers, Cullowhee, Jack, Co., N. C., has dried grasses, straw flowers, pressed ferns and autumn leaves to exchange for ruffles, collars, cuffs, ribbons, laces, or almost any thing useful.

Mrs. E. B. Dickinson, Chelsea, Vt., will exchange prints, samples of knitted lace, patterns for fancy work and infant's wardrobe, for handsome advertising cards.

Mrs. George Bemis, Green Cove Springs, Fla., will exchange Florida Spanish gray moss and tropical leaves for any kind of choice cabinet specimens.

Miss Cora K. Davis, Cullowhee, N. C., will exchange beautiful mica photo and chromo frames and bulbs for 325 skeins of either white, pink, or blue, Shetland yarn. Pink preferred.

Mrs. L. S. Olmsted, box 77, Muir, Mich., will exchange cactus, pressed ferns, autumn leaves, etc., for bulbs or nice specimens for cabinet. For choice specimens I will pay the postage.

Mrs. E. L. Wilcox, Berlin, Green Lake Co., Wis., has books to exchange for window plants, also a stuffed bird and large tidy for flower seeds and Florida moss. Write first.

Mrs. Wm. Banfill, Bennington, N. H., has last year's "Guide to Holliness" to exchange for a dollar's worth of nice advertising cards. Write first.

Mrs. E. Estep, Carpentersville, Kane Co., Ill., will exchange a package of verbenas, fire ball, tree cypress, pink, etc., for a moss lamp mat, or tidy for sitting room chair.

W. P. Nobles, East Franklin, Franklin Co., Vt., will exchange gladioli and tuberose bulbs for a dwarf calla bulb, gloxinia and a hoyo root.

M. Thomas, box 304, Los Angeles, Cal., will exchange polished abalone or ear shells and sharks' eggs for named shells. Write first.

Mrs. A. W. Lossing, Hesperia, Mich., has slips of night-blooming cereus and other kinds of cactus, fuchsias, geraniums, etc., to exchange for cabinet curiosities or Florida moss.

Mrs. Cassie A. Folsom, Dell Rapids, Dakota, will exchange Dakota cactus for plants, bulbs, etc.

Miss E. G. Heckart, Pentz, Butte Co., Cal., will exchange chrysanthemums, all colors, myrtle, double sweet violets, dahlias, etc., for deutzia, lily of the valley, and other plants. Write first.

Mrs. M. E. Packard, South Barnston, Prov. of Que., Canada, has music to exchange.

Miss Libbie Edwards, Mendota, Ill., will exchange sheet music, samples of darned net, pieces of print and cretonne for fancy work, cabinet specimens, or curiosities of any kind.

Mrs. W. G. Earle, DeKalb, Ill., has Wood's Household Magazine for 1872 and 1873 to exchange for fossils, minerals, ores, or any thing suitable for a cabinet.

Mrs. E. S. Scott, Mattoon, Ill., will exchange darned net patterns for point lace, or stamped patterns for shams, also other music for "Lottie Lee" or "Are we Forgotten when we are Gone." Write first.

Mrs. O. D. Hill, Chicopee, Mass., has magazines, music, ad. cards, cushion covers, hair crimpers, kid curlers, or will make up switches in exchange for new songs, fancy cards, etc. Write first.

Minnie H. Powell, Jamestown, Dakota, has samples and directions for wax work, macrame lace, etc., or specimens, to exchange for house plants, and roots of wild ferns and pansies.

Mrs. James Shaw, Mt. Carroll, Carroll Co., Ill., will exchange tulips, tuberose, gladioli, etc., for amaryllis, azaleas, lily of the valley, pink camellias, and other choice plants.

Mrs. M. B. Metcalf, New Portland, Maine, will exchange one dozen white tea napkins for one dozen colored ones, also Demorest's charts for cutting dresses for something useful.

Mrs. Mary F. Horne, box 64, Union, N. H., has 26 numbers of the Saturday Evening Post to exchange for equal number of The Boston Home Circle, or N. Y. Ledger, or Waverly Magazine.

Mrs. R. W. Bryant, Enfield Center, N. H., has ad. cards, books, prints, patterns for toilet set, letter and thimble case, etc., to exchange for pretty pieces of silk, satin or velvet. Write first.

Mrs. J. B. Garland, 174 Chandler St., Worcester, Mass., has eight books of German instrumental music, each containing from 9 to 12 pieces, to exchange for any thing of equal value. Write first.

Allie L. Nay, South Windham, Maine, has recipes for German grape and berry wines, also patterns for ladies' garments and fancy work, to exchange for minerals, shells, etc.

Miss A. Dodge, 42 Carleton St., Dorchester, Mass., will exchange three yards of handsome feather edge trimming, or new music, for twenty-five new advertising cards, no two alike.

Mrs. C. E. Anthony, 736 Welton St., Denver, Col., has stuffed birds of Colorado to exchange for something useful or ornamental. Write first.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

A VERY SINGULAR AND EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

The following details of a case, made by the patient under his own signature, is one of the exceptional cases which we meet with in our dispensation of Compound Oxygen, and one that illustrates in a very striking manner the subtle and deeply-searching and active power of this new agent. In a letter inclosing the statement, a daughter of the gentleman who makes it, says:

"Father now considers himself well, and has been nearly so for some time. He has prepared a statement to send. I can only say this is a wonderful change from intense suffering to perfect ease, and I thank God for it."

"St. Cloud, Wis., January 16th, 1882.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: Dear Sirs:—I believe it to be a duty I owe to sufferers from blood and skin diseases to make a brief statement of my case, and the great benefit derived from the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment for some two months. About ten years ago, I had several inflamed, dark spots come on both of my ankles. These spots, when they first appeared, were of a dark copper color, and much inflamed and rigid. They gradually grew larger and more troublesome, with always a sensation of numbness, and sometimes paroxysms of most intolerable itching.

I had for several years previous to the appearance of these spots on my ankles been troubled with inflammatory rheumatism. My joints would be sometimes badly swollen and inflamed. I used gum guaiacum and brandy for about six weeks, and have had no attack of rheumatism since, but those dark spots made their appearance at the end of the gum guaiacum treatment, and gradually increased in size, until both feet were covered with this dark or copper-colored appearance. It also extended up both legs about six inches above the ankle joints, attended with much inflammation and numbness. My left ankle was always much worse than the right one. I have used hydropathic treatment for a number of years, and the Cuticura treatment of Weeks & Potter, of Boston, Mass., for the past year prior to the Compound Oxygen Treatment, but with very little benefit.

My left ankle grew much worse, while my right one was soon better. I had much trouble and pain with my left ankle for the three or four months before commencing to use Compound Oxygen. The whole of the outside of my left foot and ankle resembled in appearance and color a large piece of liver. It was much swollen and as rigid as an iceberg, with nine or ten very painful dry sores. The central one was about one inch in diameter, and most excruciatingly painful. I showed it to several knowing ones, who pronounced it a cancer. Whatever it might be called, it was painful enough.

The effects of the Compound Oxygen were truly wonderful. It worked like a charm. In a few days after commencing its use, my feet began to bleach out; the lumps all dissolved; the skin and flesh of my feet soon became soft and white; the sores became less painful and soon began to heal with the aid of Hamburg Salve, which they had refused to do before the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

The sores are all now well, and my feet and ankles are as good as new. In fact, I have got a new pair of legs; for all of which I am indebted to Compound Oxygen. Respectfully yours, H. SPARKS."

The effect of Compound Oxygen in this case gives a striking proof of the law governing its action. It had no specific relation to the disease from which the patient was suffering, and did not act directly upon the afflicted parts, but, instead, infused new vigor into the nervous centers, quickened all the life forces, and restored to healthier activity every organic form in the body, and the result came as a natural and orderly sequence. The case is exceptional only in the character of the disease, not in its cure by Compound Oxygen.

A Treatise on COMPOUND OXYGEN, giving its history and mode of action, and containing the record of a large number of cases and cures, will be sent free to any one addressing Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 & 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A Refreshing Drink.

DR. A. L. HALL, Fairhaven, N. Y., says: "It forms an excellent substitute for lemon juice, and will furnish a refreshing drink for the sick."

—A correspondent at Denver assures us that a sewing-machine agent, on entering the grounds of a private residence, was met by the pet watchdog of the landlady, and compelled to skip out at a lively rate. Nothing daunted, the agent started down-town and borrowed a Colt's navy pistol from a friend, returned, put five bullets in the pet dog, and then went in and sold the landlady a sixty-dollar machine.

Overworked men and women, persons of sedentary habits, and others whose system needs recuperation, nerves toned, and muscles strengthened, should use Brown's Iron Bitters.

—The two Sheridans were supping with Michael Kelly one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into parliament. "I think, father," said he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be Let.'" "And under that, Tom," said his father, "write—'Unfurnished.'"

If the mother is feeble it is impossible that her children should be strong. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a perfect specific in all chronic diseases of the sexual system of women. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

—The air was permeated with a snow chill, the sky was overhung with leaden clouds, and a breeze carrying icicles in its onward sweep played with her long brown locks. But she hesitated not. She pressed forward, driven by a restless impulse, and one glance at her determined face plainly showed that she was resolved, firmly resolved—to get five yards of velvet trimming cut bias to match, if she overhauled every dry-goods store in town, and we presume she did.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.25. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

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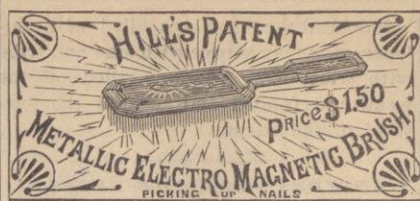
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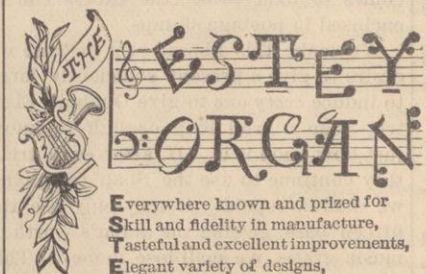
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BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1882.

DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

WE CAN no longer supply January numbers to our subscribers. Agents and others forwarding subscriptions will please bear this in mind.

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

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS 1's and 3's—will be received in payment for THE HOUSEHOLD from those who are unable to send subscriptions in any other form. Do not send any larger ones.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons desiring to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OUR FRIENDS are desired upon any and all subjects within the province of THE HOUSEHOLD. We particularly desire short, practical articles and suggestions from experienced housekeepers, everywhere, who have passed through the trials and perplexities which to a greater or less degree, are the lot of every new pupil in the school of domestic life. Ladies, write for your paper.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, every one, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 3's, and put them into the letters loosely. Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post-office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned they have

given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remitting it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on 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.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1882. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to any body—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

E. R. KELSEY of Everett, is sole agent for THE HOUSEHOLD for Suffolk County, Mass., to whom all persons wishing agencies in that county should apply.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges, as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Has any HOUSEHOLD sister a pretty dialogue for a class of little girls, or recitations, or can she tell me where such articles can be found? MRS. E. L. ARMSBY.
Council Grove, Kan.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister of THE HOUSEHOLD Band who can furnish me with Florida moss, send me directly her address? and I will correspond with her. MRS. ELLIE B. YOUNG.
Orient, Suffolk Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask a favor of some of the Band. Will some sister living in Oregon, no matter what part, correspond with me? Please send post office address on postal card. I will return postage on all letters sent. Villisca, Iowa. MRS. J. S. PATTERSON.

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE BAND.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I wish to join the circle and have a little chat with you all, to-night. To some of you I am not a stranger; we have met in other days, so we will not be very formal, please let me in, and see if I am so changed you will not recognize me. I would like to take you all by the hand and invite you to visit me in my home, but not all at once, my house is not large enough, there are so many that I have learned to love through THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hans Dorcomb, we are much pleased with the plan you and Riverside have been so successful in carrying out.

Charity Snow, Emily Hayes, Penelope Pepper, Mrs. Flanders, Mrs. Wellcome, Nellie May, Mary E. Ireland, Rosella Rice, Hazel Wyld, Marian Gray, Hope Harvey, H. Maria George, Reba L. Raymond, Maude Meredith, Sunnyside, Marjorie March, Rosamond E., and many others, you have, one and all, gained a very warm place in my heart.

Marjorie, I know something of your work, having spent ten years of my life as a teacher.

Dear Rosamond E., some of the sisters have written as if they thought your children must all be babies at once, and do

not realize that, with such a force of helpers as you have, you can do a great deal of work, but they seem to think of them as all little ones like the one or two, they may have, who are just large enough to get into mischief and have no older brothers or sisters to keep them out, or look after them. I am glad we have you among us.

There is one among the band of sisters whom I have long known and loved. It was in the mountain home of Gladdys Wayne, that I first saw THE HOUSEHOLD. Years ago, when tired and worn down with work in the school-room, I went there to rest, and a welcome rest it was. There were pure air, shaded walks, and quiet nooks by singing streams, where trout darted about, heedless of my efforts to catch them, but gladly taking the bait when Gladdys' father cast it in their direction, and such quantities of the "speckled beauties," as he did bring home! I am glad you once told how they are cooked in that home, for I am sure there is no place where the art is nearer perfection. Best of all, there was the reunion with friends of other days, whose hearts were the same as of old. Say you that school-girl friendships cannot last! 'Tis false. The memory of that summer cheers me, even yet, when distance divides us, and we can only hope that the coming years may favor us with another reunion.

While there I learned to prize THE HOUSEHOLD, and said to myself, "When I become a housekeeper, I will have that paper." And so when settled in a home of my own, before the days Mr. Crowell gave it to brides, I sent for it, and found it as good as ever, and I think better.

I have one little boy and am often reminded of what Clarissa Potter wrote of hers. He is three years old, and prays on going to bed at night, and in the absence of his papa, asks a blessing at the table. He teaches me many a lesson of faith.

I like the way of making up an autograph album of postal cards, as spoken of in Reba L. Raymond's letter in May HOUSEHOLD. Will she please tell us where we can send to get a book for inserting them?

I am sure that many of the sisters will feel that in the death of James Vick they have met with a personal loss, I do. So many of my choicest plants and flowers have been sent by him, for many a year, that they are very closely associated with his name. Did I want something which I could rely on, and be sure of getting it true and pure, it must come from Vick's, not but there are other reliable houses, but each one of us have our preferences.

When I hear his name it brings to mind an array of beauty. As I read that, in his boyhood, he was an associate of Charles Dickens, that after coming to this country he set type side by side with Horace Greeley, and that as long as they lived there was a warm friendship existing in both cases, I thought that in his way, he had served his day and generation, equally well with England's great novelist and America's great journalist, living a consistent Christian life, honest, noble, and generous, always, and sending into many thousand homes all over our land, and into other lands, also his much loved flowers, making homes cheerful and happy, and cheering many sad hearts, until his name is a household word in nearly all our homes. He has gone to his reward, and his life's work is not lost.

I would like to exchange house plants with some of you, but I fear if I get into the exchange column more will send than I can supply, as my stock is limited.

With love and best wishes to all, I am,

ONE OF THE BAND.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

Unrivalled Among Books.

MISS COLBRATH'S
WHAT TO GET FOR BREAKFAST
Miss Colbrath has successfully kept in view the influence of this meal on the entire day, in her plans, multitude of complete breakfasts, with full directions, recipes, etc. No recent book will bring such relief to the housewife and delight to the morning meal.
* Beautiful binding, interleaved, \$1.
JAMES H. EARLE, Publisher, Boston.

Symptoms are moisture, stinging, itching, worse at night. "Suffered with Itching Piles: used many remedies, but no permanent cure until I used Swayne's Ointment. GEO. SIMPSON, New Haven, Conn." As a pleasant, economical and positive cure, SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists, or send 50 cts. in 3-ct. Stamps. 3 Boxes, \$1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, \$90. Pianos \$297.50. Factory running day and night. Catalogue free. Address D. F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

The Great Industries OF THE United States,

An Historical Summary of the origin, growth and perfection of

The Chief Industrial Arts of this Country, With Over 500 Illustrations.

One of the most interesting and readable volumes upon Arts and Manufactures ever given to the American public.

OVER 1300 OCTAVO PAGES.

We have a few copies of this work which we will send by express, to any address, on receipt of \$2.50—less than one-half its retail price. If to be sent by mail add 30 cts. for postage. Address,

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

FREE! If you will send us the addresses of five persons of your acquaintance who are in the habit of reading novels, and would be likely to purchase such, we will send you, free, a copy of a charming story entitled "THE SHADOW OF A SIX," by the author of "Dora Thorne." Issued complete in neat pamphlet form. Let the addresses be from as many different post-offices as possible, and do not send more than five and your own. Address, F. M. LUTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

HOW TO SHINE.

Perhaps no question of domestic economy is so often asked, and so seldom answered satisfactorily, as how to give linen that beautiful finish peculiar to fine laundry work, the secret of which laundrymen are so careful in keeping. To meet this want many brands of so-called Starch Polish have, from time to time, made their appearance with a flourish of trumpets, but all in turn have gone down, because the manufacturer, aiming to get them cheap, used materials at trifling cost, not adapted to the purpose; hence customers found them to possess little or no merit, and very naturally discarded them. But the Dobbins' Electric Starch Polish, manufactured by Mr. J. B. Dobbins, of Philadelphia, is an article that fills the bill. Have tried it and find it most excellent.

How to mitigate the toil of wash-day during these hot summer months is worth knowing. We are assured that James Pyle's Pearline does it effectually, without the slightest danger to the finest fabrics.

Rheumatism, disordered blood, general debility, and many chronic diseases pronounced incurable, are often cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Dobbins' Starch Polish.**HOW DASHINE**

An important discovery by which every family may give their linen that beautiful finish peculiar to fine laundry work.

Ask your Grocer.

J. B. DOBBINS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DOMESTIC REVOLUTION!**IRONING A PLEASURE.**

Light-hearted Women Singing the
High Praises of

Dobbins' Starch Polish.**HOW DASHINE**

An important discovery by which every family may give their linen that beautiful finish peculiar to fine laundry work.

Ask your Grocer.

J. B. DOBBINS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

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ELECTRIC**STARCH POLISH****The Delight of Nice Housekeepers!**

It more than doubles the stiffening qualities of STARCH, Ironing is done with half the labor, Linen made proof against dampness, and with a good Polishing Iron any amount of shine you like.

Beware of cheap and worthless compounds miscalled STARCH POLISH.

ASK FOR DOBBINS'.

—BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!—

THE GENUINE HAS THE SIGNATURE ON THE LABEL,
J. B. DOBBINS.

Special to Grocers.

Those who have nice trade will find DOBBINS' STARCH POLISH just the thing to please a good class of customers; but for grocers whose customers are satisfied with black molasses and dark brown sugar the other brands will answer. Nor do we recommend anybody to use DOBBINS' POLISH unless they are nice housekeepers, and know how to do things nicely. Ladies of that stamp are always delighted with the Dobbins' Starch Polish. We don't want any slovenly, careless people to buy it. They are no good.

Dobbins' Starch Polish.**HOW DASHINE**

An important discovery, by which every family may give their linen that beautiful finish peculiar to fine laundry work.

Ask your Grocer.

J. B. DOBBINS,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Hon. Solomon Applegate, D. X. Q.,

says that his lovely and amiable wife used to get a little cross Ironing Days until he took home a supply of the genuine

Dobbins' Starch Polish,

and now he finds that even on Ironing Days the smiles on her face chase each other like sunbeams over a clover field.

Other men should imitate this wisdom of Solomon and thoughtfulness of Applegate.

HOW TO GET THE GENUINE**DOBBINS' ELECTRIC STARCH POLISH.**

As a rule simply by asking any good class Grocer for it; but in some cases there are Grocers who will try to push off their stock of inferior makes before purchasing the DOBBINS' POLISH, because the other would be DEAD STOCK on their hands when they buy the DOBBINS' POLISH.

In such cases send 25 cents--in money or postage stamps--and state that you saw the advertisement in THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, and the POLISH will be sent by return mail.

Address all letters to office of **DOBBINS' ELECTRIC STARCH POLISH.**

Nos. 132 and 134 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of anything of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

HUNDREDS

OF THESE

SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited

Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. Mrs. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir:—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it.
Yours very respectfully, Mrs. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFESBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. Mrs. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.
Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFT.

REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

The HOUSEHOLD

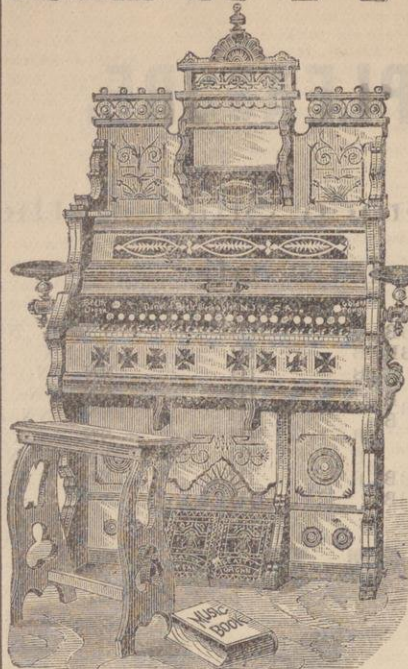
for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufactory at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each, and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD,
Brattleboro, Vt.

BEATTY



—Front View—
THE BEETHOVEN ORGAN.
Height, 75 ins., Length, 46 ins., Depth, 24 ins.
New Style No. 9000, Handsome Solid Black Walnut Case with Organ Bench and Music Book.
27 STOPS, 10 FULL SETS GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS.

SPECIAL TEN DAY OFFER TO THE READERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

I desire the Beethoven Organ introduced among the readers of this newspaper WITHIN THE NEXT TEN DAYS, so that all can see and appreciate its wonderful merits and stop combination effects. Now, if you will REMIT ME seventy-five (\$75 00) dollars, I will ship you this Organ immediately, and send you a receipted bill in full for ninety dollars (\$90), which is the regular and only price at which this Organ is sold. The price will soon be advanced to \$125.00, on account of the increase in the price of labor and materials used in its construction.

I desire this instrument introduced without delay, and make this special offer so you may order one now. I look to future sales for my profit, as the Beethoven makes me thousands of friends. I regard this manner of introducing it better than spending hundreds of dollars in newspaper

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

CHICAGO SCALE CO.,

147, 149 & 151 Jefferson St., Chicago.
MANUFACTURE MORE THAN
300 Different Varieties.
Buy the Best Quality at Lowest Prices.



2-Ton Wagon Scales (Platform 6x12) --- \$10
3-Ton, 7x13, --- \$50 | 4-Ton, 8x14, --- \$60
All other sizes in proportion. All Scales perfect.
Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Beam, Beam-Box and building directions with each Scale.
The "Little Detective," for Family or Office, \$3.
Sold by dealers everywhere. Send for price-list.

HEALTH FOODS.

Send your address on postal card, and we will send you valuable pamphlets. Our products are known and enjoyed by many of the regular writers for THE HOUSEHOLD. Good Mr. Crowell, the editor, is one of our best customers. Dr. Hamard, Emily Hayes, and others, say that they find strength, health and comfort in our Foods. Professor R. H. Thurston of the Stevens Institute of Technology, who has been greatly benefited by them, has taken the trouble to secure analyses of all the wheat-products, from his colleague, Prof. Leeds, State Analyst for New Jersey, and the result is given below.

STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, HOBOKEN, N. J., May 23, 1882.
At the request of my colleague, Prof. Robert H. Thurston, I have thoroughly examined the various food substances prepared from wheat by the Health Food Co. The examination was both microscopic and chemical. Finding, after the most careful trial, that no trustworthy determinations of the relative percentages of the starch, gluten, etc., could be made by the aid of the microscope, I submitted all these food substances to chemical analysis as the only accurate test. The result has been to show that the relative percentage of the albuminoids (gluten, albumen, etc.) as compared with the starch, is greater in these food-substances, than it is in ordinary commercial wheat flour. In some of them the relative percentage of albuminoids is very much greater than in ordinary flour, whether European or American.

ALBERT R. LEEDS, PH. D.,
Prof. of Chemistry in the Stevens Inst. of Technology.
HEALTH FOOD CO.,
74 & 76 4th Ave. & 69, 71 & 73 E 10th St., New York City.

Tilden Ladies' Seminary.

Have you daughters to educate? Send for our new tri-annual catalogue and report of the late 25th anniversary, to
HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M., Principal,
West Lebanon, N. H., July 15, 1880.

THE FAMOUS 27 STOP BEETHOVEN ORGANS.

Suitable for the Parlor, Chapel, Lodge, Church or Sabbath School.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION.
PRICE Boxed with Organ Bench, Book and Music, ONLY \$90.00

CASE.—Handsome Solid Black Walnut, manufactured so as not to take the dirt or dust. Thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried, so that it will stand the test of any climate, handsome rubbed Varnish finish and polish; carved and ornamented with arabesque designs in gold, fret music desk, pocket, handles and lamp stands. It is built to last, not for show.

ACTION.—Containing 27 Stops, with a great variety of stop combinations, enabling the performer to imitate (by following the simple instructions sent) a French Horn, Violin, Piccolo, Saxophone, Full Orchestra, Cello, Church Pipe Organ, and many other beautiful effects. In addition you have the regular ordinary Organ at your command.

27 STOPS as follows:
1—Cello, 8 foot tone. 14—Echo, 8 foot tone.
2—Melodia. 15—Dulciana, 8 foot tone.
3—Clarabella. 16—Clarinet, 8 foot tone.
4—Manual Sub-Bass, 15 foot tone. 17—Voix Celeste, 8 foot tone.
5—Bourdon, 16 foot tone. 18—Viola, 4 foot tone.
6—Saxophone, 8 foot tone. 19—Vox Jubilante, 8 and 4 foot tone.
7—Violin Gamba, 8 foot tone. 20—Piccolo, 3 foot tone.
8—Dianason, 8 foot tone. 21—Coupler Harmonique.
9—Viola Dolce, 4 foot tone. 22—Orchestral Forte.
10—Grand Expression, 8 foot tone. 23—Grand Organ Knee Stop.
11—French Horn, 8 foot tone. 24—Right Knee Stop.
12—Harp Zelian. 25—Automatic Valve Stop.
13—Vox Humana, Tremulant. 26—Left Duplex Damper.
27—Right Duplex Damper.

With grand and thrilling accessory and combination effects.

BELLOWS.—Finest Treble Rubber, Upright pattern, three bellows combined, with four Steel Springs, with Automatic Valve Stop, an ingenious arrangement for preventing an over-supply of air.

REEDS.—10 full Sets Reeds. Are of the Celebrated Golden Tongue (patented), the tongue of which are secured to the block by dovetailing instead of ordinary rivet, which soon breaks or rattles. The Golden Tongue never breaks or wears out, holds its tone perfectly. No tuning is ever required after leaving factory.

TOE.—Superb, Thrillingly Sweet and Pure. I challenge comparison with any instrument ever manufactured at four times the price. An Organ like the above containing the same variety of music would cost through high-priced organ manufacturer

advertising. The Organ speaks for itself. Only 20 sales have been traced from the first sold in a new neighborhood.

This offer is positively good for only ten days from date. PLEASE BEAR THIS IN MIND. This newspaper must be returned to secure this special price. If mailed from your post office within ten days from this date, it will be received, not otherwise, or you may accept by telegraph on the last day, and remit by mail on that day. I shall POSITIVELY refuse all orders under \$90, unless accompanied with this newspaper, and payment must be mailed within ten days as specified.

DATED, WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, AUGUST 1, 1882.

N. B.—As this special offer is limited and will not be repeated, if you have not all the money in hand, it will pay you to borrow a part from your friends, and thus secure the best organ that can be offered, at a less price than an ordinary organ by other makers is usually sold at.

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

Boston University Law School

OPENS OCT. 4. ADDRESS THE DEAN,
EDMUND H. BENNETT, LL. D., BOSTON, MASS.

World's ONLY Manufacturer of WHEEL CHAIRS

Exclusively.—ALL Styles and Sizes
for use of

Invalids and Cripples.

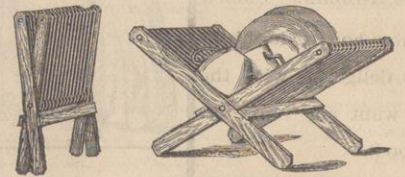
Self and secondary hand propulsion, in-doors and out. Comfort, durability, and ease of movement unequalled. Patentee and Maker of the "Rolling Chairs" pushed about at the Centennial. For Illustrated Catalogue send stamp and mention THE HOUSEHOLD. SMITH WHEEL CHAIR CONCERN, 162 William St., New York.

Wood Dish Drainers.

PAT. DEC. 9, 1879.

CLOSED.

IN USE.



Length 15 inches. Width, spread, 14 inches.
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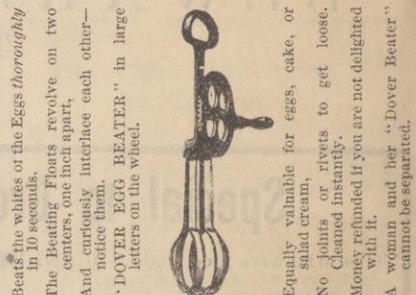
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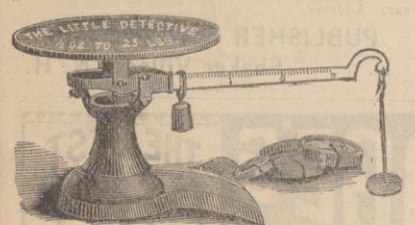
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Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$8.75	\$11.50	\$16.50	\$30.00
One "	6.00	11.50	16.50	21.50	30.00	50.00
Two "	11.50	21.50	30.00	37.50	50.00	90.00
Three "	16.50	30.00	41.00	50.00	71.50	130.00
Four "	21.50	37.50	50.00	64.50	90.00	170.00
Six "	30.00	50.00	71.50	90.00	130.00	235.00
Eight "	37.50	64.50	90.00	118.00	170.00	300.00
One column,	50.00	90.00	130.00	170.00	235.00	400.00

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A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

Cleveland's SUPERIOR

Baking Powder

IS MADE OF THE

Purest Grape Cream of Tartar,

AND DOES NOT CONTAIN

Any Alum,
Acid Phosphates,
Or Ammonia,

AND IT IS

Absolutely Free from Adulterations.

Unequalled for making delicious, light, white, sweet and wholesome Biscuits, Cakes, Pastry, Puddings, etc., which can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the distress caused by the use of heavy indigestible food.

Recommended for purity and healthfulness by the eminent chemists:
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Sold only in 1/4, 1/2 and 1 pound cans, by all Grocers.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS,
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On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.



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BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

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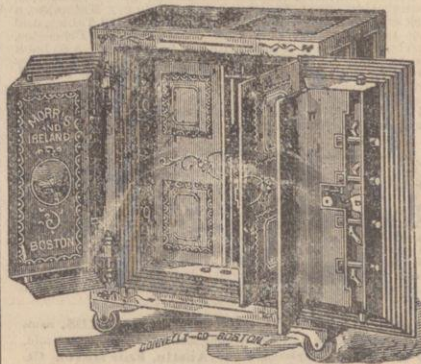
Morris & Ireland's NEW IMPROVED EIGHT FLANGE FIRE-PROOF SAFE.

CHAMPION RECORD IN THE
Great Boston Fire, 1872;

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THE ONLY EIGHT FLANGE SAFE MADE IN THE WORLD,

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Four-Wheel Locks,
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LOOK! 10 choice ICE CREAM receipts, full directions; 12 cake receipts, "Angel Cake," etc., postpaid, 15c. in stamps. TRINITY M. E. CHURCH, West Medford, Mass.

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These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that nothing but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

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Saved his Child.

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md.
Feb. 12, 1880.

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ADORAM PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

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C. C. WEEKS & Co., Boston, Mass.

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by superior strength & flavor are preferable to all others.
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NORMAL SCHOOL.
SUMMER SESSION
Begins AUG. 15TH. Tuition for a course of 5 weeks—32 lessons—\$30.00. Excellent board, \$4.50 per week. AUTUMN SESSION begins SEPT. 20TH. This is the oldest and best Kindergarten Training School in America. Its numerous graduates occupy splendid positions.
EMILY M. COE, Prin., Room 70, Bible House, N. Y.
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The Man who Told the Doctor that "he felt as if he didn't want to do anything" was accused of laziness. Yet thousands experience this feeling—especially in summer—in consequence of a disordered condition of the stomach, which a few refreshing draughts of TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT would be sure to remedy.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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