



## The household. Vol. 15, No. 3 March 1882

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these I secured a large spray of a very odd specimen of sea moss, of which a captain of an Australian steamer made me a present. The rough roots I covered with a few autumn leaves. To each side of the other window I fastened to the wall a small bracket, placing on each a flower vase filled with a bouquet of dried grasses. Above each vase I hung, with cord, a small frame, and each side of these a smaller frame with its cord concealed back of it. Then, on the opposite wall, two more corresponding brackets, whereon I placed the busts of Lord Byron and the bard of Avon.

Now came the prettiest and most effective part of all my work, that of arranging various colored autumn leaves about the room. I had a very nice collection of them, and there are many pretty styles of arranging them. In each corner of the room, about a foot down from the ceiling, I secured, with small tacks, a row of rich hued leaves, fastened together with pins. The pins will not show, being up so high. Between the cords of the most prominent small pictures, about a foot above the frame, I placed a small collection of my brightest colored leaves, and some delicate sprays of ferns, securing them also under each of the four brackets. Here and there at odd intervals over the tops of the curtains, I slipped the stem of a branch or leaf through the little apertures in the lace work. It did not look at all improbable that the window had been open and a sudden gust of wind had scattered them there.

The sofa I placed in the largest space at the side of the room. Three plain easy chairs upholstered in brown rep, and a large arm chair of cane work, completed our little parlor, which, if not costly and showy, was at least cosey and comfortable.

#### BLINDNESS AND DEAFNESS.

BY CONSTANCE.

Some one says, "Be to my faults a little blind," and it seems to me it would be well for all to keep that little line in mind. How many unpleasant things in daily life might be passed over more smoothly, if one were a "little blind" to them. And if the old saying is true, that "none are so blind as those who won't see," by setting ourselves steadily to see none of the imperfections in our surroundings, we might glide along very smoothly.

Then, too, there is the effect upon others, for who has not known the discomfort of having an acquaintance who seems always to be looking for defects, and if there are any to be seen, never fails to find them, and remark upon them, a slight wrinkle in your dress, a crack in a favorite vase, a geranium which is fading without perceptible cause, or the fact that an anxiously expected letter has not arrived? In fact, I think such people are doubly afflicted, first in having the sight to observe all these things, and again, in being blind to the evident annoyance of their victims.

One may consider her room in the best of order, yet let one of these comforters enter it, and in five minutes the whole appearance of the room is changed. Nothing escapes, and when the call is ended, it leaves one full of dissatisfaction. But, on the other hand, how great the comfort of a call from a friend, who, no matter what confusion may necessarily surround you, after being assured of a welcome, sits down for a quiet chat, apparently oblivious to all about her, except your own person, and carries on a conversation grave or gay, with eyes upon your face, instead of wandering about the room in search of any deficiency!

So I consider blindness in a certain

sense a blessing, and one to be cultivated, for if existing imperfections are always noted and enlarged upon, they seem to attain greater proportions, and if one is continually criticised, it puts a bitterness in the heart, which it is difficult, if not impossible to remove.

In the same way one may think of deafness, that which enables one to pass over the unkind word of a neighbor or friend as though it had never been uttered, that by which you do not hear the sad story of this one's faults and of that one's misdoings. You may say one cannot help hearing, for you must treat a person politely, even if he is talking scandal, you cannot tell him to "hush." No, perhaps not in so many words, but a person of ordinary intelligence will soon learn that such conversation is not to your taste, and a few words of excuse for the victim, a hope expressed that there are palliating circumstances, which the first report has not given, and the conversation may be easily turned into another channel.

So I say, let us all cultivate blindness and deafness, such as are the outgrowth of true charity, and we shall not only smooth the way of others, but our own path will be more pleasant to our feet.

#### FATE.

"This is a world of fate!" exclaimed a young man, whose life seemed to be a succession of disappointments. All his ambitious schemes had been frustrated. How many there are like that young man, who are ready to sink beneath the waves of outward circumstances! If this may not be called fate, by what other name shall we call it?

We hear the eloquent divine exclaim from the sacred desk, "It is the providence of God to those who live in believing faith!" If to the believer is awarded God's providences, what shall we call that which happeneth to the great multitude of unbelievers? We hear another divine say, "God does the very best He can for all men." The jarring discord of these two opinions, yields to the soul's action, fitful, irregular, discordant music. If the latter be true we seem to limit the omnipotence of God.

There are so many haggard faces, whose looks betray a struggling pride after the higher ends of life. The number is almost legion who, through the force of circumstances, would rather die than live, some from disappointed love, some from ungrateful friends, some from the arrogance of the rich, and some from poverty and want.

Man is more or less the creature of habit, circumstances and education. Alike the learned and the illiterate are sometimes swayed by words and actions over which they have no control. There are times when no amount of determination or self-control can obliterate the influence of a look or a word. Since then we hold the fate of others in our keeping, how carefully, indeed, should we direct our words and actions!

It seems that the only release we may have from the cruel stings of fate's relentless decisions, is by obtaining religion, that pure, inviolable gem, which shines brightest in adversity, whose joy we must experience, to fully understand its magic influence. It is the only state in life, wherein we may anchor all our hopes. It serves as a consolation when our friends desert us, and the cheerless hand of sorrow is laid upon us. K. C.

"I have noticed that a well-bred woman never bears an impudent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from insult, from much blame, and from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation."

—To be in company with those we love, satisfies us; it does not signify whether we speak to them or not, whether we think on them or indifferent things, to be near them is all.

—A man is more faithful and true to another person's secret than his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own secret better than another's.

—Every adjuration of love, every oath of fondness, always contains this mental reservation: "As long as you are what you now are."

## The Conservatory.

#### THE STUDY OF BOTANY CONSIDERED.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

IF ANY desire a pleasurable mode of acquiring health, knowledge, and skillfulness in beautiful handiwork, let them attentively pursue a course of botanical study and research, and signal will be the benefits derived, and not particularly slow the progress either.

It is not necessary to choose the flowering season for commencing the science of botany, although it is certainly desirable, as nature is a great assistant in such learning, and an invaluable teacher; and considerable out of door life augments health, mental and moral. A devoted botanist does not wholly resign his favorite science even in mid-winter, but improves every month in the year to pleasurable ends. But it is always advisable to the beginner to select spring or summer days, as the delight of searching, and also of casually finding specimens for analytical purposes, creates an enthusiasm that is of no small importance to the individual who would not only have profit, but happiness, in the study. In fact, any work or study is generally better accomplished if undertaken and pursued with interested motives, than are those done merely from a sense of duty, although it is not the lot of every one to be able to follow best loved employments. To those who cannot, it is doubtless well to say that culture of the heart towards making the most and the best of duty, whatever it may be, compensates in a great measure for disagreeable labor.

Autumn is not a practical season for beginners in botany, because the specimens at that season are mostly compound, and thus beyond the sphere of an amateur, who would very likely despair at the outset. Winter, with only illustrations of species, is preferable to nature's supply in autumn. Spring is the best time to commence, because her offerings are generally simple, and lovable, coming as they do immediately after the desolate days of a long winter. Who has not sometime given enthusiastic welcome to a tiny bunch of hepatica, (liverwort,) or made the early visit to the haunts of the lowly but exquisite epigaea repens, (trailing arbutus,) bearing away its clustered pink and white blossoms as the rarest trophies? What a brave, though delicate flower the fair anemone, one of its species unfolding its petals only in the wind. How the wee children hunt in the first April days, through woods and meadows, for the several species of viola, and the star-like flowers, houstonia cerulea, (innocence.) Sweet and bonny messengers of spring time! With what touching, tender grace were they once brought to the bedside of the writer, when sick, by a sun-browned pair of children, the elder of whom exclaimed: "You can not go to pick them, so we will bring them in to stay with you. There's a whole lot of them in the meadows!"

When comes June, innumerable are her floral supplies; the pink azalea nudiflora, (sweet honeysuckle,) and kalmia latifolia, (laurel,) are among the first and best known, and from then until November the flower lover or botanist has abundant variety from which to choose for album or herbarium. But how much more satisfactory is the latter collection! The culture of plants is commendable, both as a means of health and of garden ornamentation. Yet far more interesting is it to learn and know the habits, uses, form and structure of each genus; and far more instructive is it to seek botanical information, than to rely alone upon the contents of the published annuals of florists, because, from the one is gotten original and well-earned knowledge, while, from the other, all must come at second hand. The florist himself may have real and thorough knowledge of the vegetable kingdom, (it is rather necessary to his occupation,) but he only gives of it in part to his reader.

To be a thorough botanist implies an ability to grow plants successfully, but to grow them successfully does not necessarily imply botanical knowledge. A lady recently remarked: "I don't care anything about the properties or peculiar features of plants. If only I can make them live and blossom, that is all I care for them." "That is all the interest I have in them," said another. So seem to think many, (as also of dress,) of the beauty rather than of the utility or providence of plants, and see not the wonderful arrangement of the floral world, and discover not the almost human characteristics that many of its members reveal. The natural love of flowers in an individual is a source of pure pleasure, yet how greatly is that pleasure enhanced by intimate companionship with them in their various homes!

The study of botany seems peculiarly adapted to the gentler sex, although its members are not all able to climb the mountains for specimens, neither to descend steep places and enter bogs and marshes with impunity, for the same, in their eager research. But it is a science that is developing to the finest part of nature, elevating to the emotions, and strengthening to the faculties of heart and mind. Acquaintance with its elementary principles repays one, and to be able to analyze merely the simplest plants with which one meets, is worth one's while to learn thus much. Still, if undertaking it, the study is so enticing, that one, if fond of flowers and of nature, is nearly sure faithfully to pursue a thorough and extended course.

In a city where is located one of our most famous colleges, resides a lady to whom, it is said, even the collegial professors repair when they have secured a plant which baffles even their superior skill, so unlimited have been the observations and research of the gentle scientist. In any department of science the facts continually gleaned afford deep gratification, but there can hardly be another that can furnish to the fair sex such eloquent invitations to "seek further," both for pleasure and instruction, as the one here considered. A housewife understanding botany, necessarily understands something of medicine, which may save her from many mistakes in "dosing" her family. She also has a fund of interest with which to attract the impressible minds of her little ones. Who that has ever been accompanied by children in expeditions to the fields and woodlands, has not observed their eager willingness to engage in the searches, and their speedy and delighted obtaining of each new and curious blossom, be it never so hidden from the watchful explorer? Children indeed are of an inquiring turn of mind, and oftener bestow attention to the works of nature than do many older

folks, and they ought to be encouraged and stimulated in such a worthy cause, thus instinctively chosen. The writer enumerated no less than twenty children, (girls and boys,) who, no sooner were they aware of her anxiety for choice and uncommon specimens, than they interested themselves in the project, and rendered appreciable aid in a well filled herbarium.

Let an adult, (one unacquainted with the science,) bring you a specimen for analyzing, and you will, generally, find it devoid of leaves, radical or caudate, without which, if the plant bears them, it is extremely difficult to specify the genus. Let a child bring the same, or another plant, and you may count, if not upon the possession of its leaves, of ascertaining, very helpfully, just how and where the plant grew, its general appearance, the aspect of its blossoms upon the stipe or peduncles, with a still more accurate description at a future presenting.

A pity it is that so many children should lose their intelligent curiosity in later years, when frivolity and fashion usurp their minds, and parents are not judicious enough to assist them in retaining, and gathering unto, useful learning. It is well, if a child has marked musical talent, to give it cultivation, but to children generally, a knowledge of botany would serve far more practical purposes, and lend a charm to their life and companionship. How much more promotive of health for either boy or girl, (particularly in warm seasons,) to wander after floral specimens, learning, meantime, how to analyze them, than to be confined in the house at the piano, mechanically thumping at its keys. Music is to be upheld and loved, but not such music (?) as many produce, and neither is it a common necessity that children should be taught it. But instructions such as botany and some other branches can give, are practicable by all, and there are few children in whom a love of flowers cannot be inculcated. City children or young people would be repaid by a summer's course, when spending leisurely hours in the country. This would heighten their delight in the rambles by wayside or brook, in field, or glen, or woodland.

Botanical knowledge has close connection with natural science in its other branches. The first record of plants has been traced back to the creation of the world, as is accounted in Genesis, when the "earth brought forth grass, herbs, and fruit trees." "Adam," it is said, "gave names to the beasts of the field and to the fowls of the air." The poet Milton fancied that Eve, therefore, had the delight of numbering and naming plants and flowers, as, when condemned to leave Eden, where they had spent such happy hours, in these words Eve sorrowfully meditates upon her love for the blossoms of the beautiful garden:

"Must I thus leave thee, Paradise;  
\* \* \* \* Oh flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
\* \* \* Which I bred up with tender hand,  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,  
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes?"

It is said that "the bible and the poems of Homer afford the only vestiges of botanical knowledge of the earliest ages." Also it is thought that the Jews must have had great advantages for acquiring a knowledge of plants in their extended wanderings over the earth, before their settlement in Judea. The science of botany has been very much perfected since the reign of the false systems in early days. After the "dark ages," in which botany suffered the fate of all other sciences, it had at last an awakening, and, in the revival of letters and fine arts in Italy, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the voyagers in their accounts spoke of the vegetable productions in countries

which they visited, interesting to a great degree the European nations. It is supposed that the collection of specimens for preservation, (herbariums,) were first made at this time, which was an important improvement, as nature is a true teacher, while illustrations and descriptions are liable to cause incorrect impressions. It is said that more was accomplished for the science of botany in the sixteenth century than during any former period. The invention of the microscope greatly facilitated this department of natural science, unveiling the mysteries that, without its aid, would have ever remained obscure.

In regard to self-instruction in this charming field of science, there can perhaps be no more clear and simple, at the same time extremely interesting guide, than Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, in her second edition of a botanical work published in 1851. It gives a series of lectures, practical, elementary, and physiological, with a full description of the plants of the United States, and cultivated exotics. She teaches by the system of Linnaeus, but also furnishes information of the natural methods of Jussieu and others. Another good work is the "Class Book of Botany," by Alphonso Wood, but this is better suited to the advanced student. The beginner can easier analyze a plant by the artificial system (Linnaeus), but would be greatly assisted in progress by observing both the artificial and natural methods together.

In the way of ingenuity, young women practice too little individuality, following a time-honored custom, rather than personal contrivance, in producing admirable works of art. How have they been too universally given to valueless or passing styles of handiwork. It is better to collect an album full of the art of others, or a scrap book of the brilliant and helpful thoughts of other minds, than to idle away one's time, although more credit is reflected upon the original collector, and deeper pleasure comes to such a one as reward of diligence in personal culture.

And it is indisputably more advantageous to develop one's own faculties of heart and mind, than to seek and follow the common leader, custom. It would give more variety to the world if many were more original in producing, and lessen weary and vexatious rivalry, which weakens and narrows any nature. If it be not botany, therefore, it is requisite to individual interest and worth that a specialty be made of something differing from a common custom. The taste or inclination of the person should decide what it will be.

#### MY HERBARIUM.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

It is a somber winter's day. Steadily through the night fell the snow, and though it has ceased now, the morning broke gray and cheerless. Snow, everywhere. A carpet of snow on the orchard, blankets of snow on the roofs. The robin's nest in the maple is topped with a little cone of whiteness. The clothes line posts, like those in "Snow Bound," look in "like tall and sheeted ghosts." The grindstone stands motionless, the wheel bound with a rim of snow, deftly wrought in the night, by a noiseless and cunning artisan. The long crank and handle are fringed with white, and looking at it brings to mind a picture often seen in summer days, a tall form with snowy hair, turning the wheel, while some one younger and stronger sharpened the scythe. It is a picture I shall never see again; for when early winter came, those hands ceased their work, and clasping a handful of wheat sprays, ripened wheat, fit emblem of his life, the venerable form with its silvery hair was laid away under the snow.

In the garden, the brown, withered flower-stalks lift their heads above the snow, sorrowful reminders of the beds in their gay summer robes. But what if nature does withhold the sunshine and brightness we would have liked to-day, we need not be gloomy or cheerless within doors. I will look over my herbarium, and lo! as I turn the leaves, snow bound earth and winter winds vanish, and before me hang bright pictures of summer days and green fields.

Here is a lavender colored blossom, tiny and delicate, growing close to the ground, spurrey sandwort, which I gathered on my way to an old fort overlooking Gloucester harbor. I often wondered if it were the same one alluded to by Whittier in his "Garrison of Cape Ann." Here is a scarlet pimpernel, the theme of one of Celia Thaxter's songs, and I recall a sunny September day in East Gloucester when I gathered it. More than the pimpernel I see, too. I almost breathe the fragrance of those wild roses, the sweetest I ever saw, those September roses, growing very near to the harbor's edge.

I sit upon the porphyry ledge and gaze far out beyond the harbor's mouth, out where a black rock rises, grim and bare, Black Bess, the half-way rock between Gloucester and Boston. Over on my right, a fringe of foam marks "the reef of Norman's woe." As I sit there watching the waves and marvelous sunlight, from a cottage built upon a portion of this very ledge, a little lady with broad leghorn hat, and accompanied by a small black terrier, trips lightly over the beach, out toward the light-house. It is the author of "Gates Ajar."

I turn another leaf. A pretty purple flower, with wings and a crest, one of my childhood's friends greets me. Dove pinks, we used to call them, from our fancy that they resembled doves; fringed polygala, it is named here. I see a troop of school children eagerly gathering them from a grassy knoll in spring time. There is the little white school house, neat without, but rude within, standing in a yard almost as bare of vegetation as if it were a strip of Sahara. What vain efforts we made to raise flowers there! Only one flower ever grew in that sand heap, and that would grow in spite of our efforts to uproot it. I have come now to respect that plant, "butter and eggs," for its good nature in clothing the waste places of earth.

I can see those rough benches bearing marks of many a knife, the "Strive to Improve," in evergreen letters above the blackboard, even the hole under the teacher's desk, where a white breasted mouse reared her family. What wise little mice they must have been! The school house stands there now, but when I look for the children of those days—ah! I do not see them.

A plain little blossom next. "Rabbit clover, Lowell island." It is a glorious morning in August. The waves sparkle in the sunlight as the boat glides swiftly over them. How clear and green the water beneath us! We are four teachers off on a play day, and our genial boatman, skipper M. We row out to Lowell island, leave the boat, and walk about. Resting in the summer house, one of us asks our skipper, if he knew anything of skipper Ireson.

"Why, yes," was the reply, "I knew skipper Ireson well," and sitting there, with the sunlight beaming upon land and sea, upon rocky coast and quaint old Marblehead, our boatman gave us his version of the story of "Skipper Ireson's Ride," differing somewhat from that of the good Quaker poet. Moonlight on Marblehead harbor! Shall I ever again behold such a sea of molten gold?

I turn the leaf, and a group of ivy leaves lies before me. It is a March

morning, sunny and bright, with song of blue birds, and air full of spring's sweet promises. As the day wore on, the sky was overcast, and, at night, as if nature sympathized with a sorrowing state, rain fell softly upon a new made grave in Mount Auburn. I see a long funeral train slowly passing from a great city, out through the streets of another, past drooping flags, and houses draped in black, and the sound of tolling bells rises and falls over the cities and the river, the "winding Charles," which flows between. Streets are thronged, but there is no confusion. Groups of colored people look sadly on the cortege as it passes, and well may they grieve, for a noble man, and a faithful friend of their race has been taken away. Underneath the ivy leaves I read, "From the grave of Charles Sumner, Mount Auburn, April, 1874."

I turn many leaves, each bringing some pleasant scene fresh before me, and come to a group of plants, my "foreign department." I have never seen the pictures which these suggest, except as the pens and pencils of those more highly favored have presented them to me, but away I go in fancy over the seas, and stand in the valleys of Switzerland, gathering the pink heather which lies on the page before me. By its side is a curious blossom, outer petals white and woolly, in the center a silvery, shining star—I must climb the Alps to find that—my beautiful edelweiss.

Here is a pink flower, I do not know its name, a beautiful pink with brown center, from the Eternal City. Did it grow there, I wonder, and did the little Roman children pick its pretty pink blossoms when the children of Greece gathered the starry Parnassus grass, on Mount Parnassus, eighteen hundred years ago?

Here is a white vinca plucked on New Year's day at Nice, three years ago. "A bright and beautiful day," wrote the friend who sent it, "we sat by open windows." I well remember that day here, gray, sunless, with bitter, piercing winds.

Back to England, with its forget-me-nots and primroses, we are brought by this spray of sweet briar, as I turn the last leaf. It is not difficult to believe that he who sang the "Brook," should love sweet briar roses, and below the spray is this record. "From the home of Tennyson, Faringford Park, Isle of Wight."

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me what to do for my canaries? They pick and eat the paper that I put on the bottom of the cage. What do they need? E. A. B.

Belchertown, Mass.

Will Clyde Wayne please tell me where I can get the red flowering Woodbine? J. B.

I will say to Wych Hazel that her Chinese primrose should not be divided through the center, but she can take off the small shoots that start outside, and propagate from them. I allow mine to bloom all winter, but pinch off all buds for three or four months through the summer. They thrive with rather moist soil, and not very strong sunlight. An east window is the best place for them.

CRITTY SISM.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters kindly tell us how old a wax plant should be before it will bloom, and what is the proper treatment for it? and oblige,

TWO SUBSCRIBERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me in regard to a fernery, how to start one, how much sun and light will it require, what plants are best for one, and do they need any extra watering? Mine which was such a comfort during last winter, is all dead. I kept it sitting in front of an east window. It did not get much sunlight as I kept the curtain down a good deal. I would occasionally give it a little drink. I had ferns, lycopodiums and begonias. I now wish to start another. Will some one that knows, give me directions for starting and keeping it started?

MISS MUFFIT.

## The Nursery.

TO BABY HELEN.

BY H. C. P.

One little head  
To press the loving breast,  
Two bright eyes closed  
When baby is at rest.

One little face  
With sunshine covered o'er,  
Bringing joy to dear ones  
More than e'er before.

Two little lips  
For kisses—give and take—  
One little tongue  
To speak for Jesus' sake.

Ten wee fingers  
Cuddling mamma's face,  
Two little arms  
To clasp in fond embrace.

Dear little one,  
Whence comest thou, and why?  
Can you tell me,  
From yonder deep blue sky?

The baby came—  
A gift from heaven to earth.  
Of joy and pain,  
A blessing from her birth.

Would every home  
Had joy like this, indeed.  
A little life to guide,  
And little hands to lead.

## THE LADDER OF SUCCESS.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

"WHERE there's a will, there's a way," runs an old adage, the truth of which few will question. The ladder of success is not mounted by those who wait at the bottom for some one to push them up. But he who pushes his own way with courage and confidence, need not despair of reaching the last rung. The large capitalists of our country, and the most prominent men, both in the business and political world, were not born with silver spoons in their mouths. Their success is due to their own exertions. They were industrious, persevering, and ambitious, and they worked their own way, with little or no help from any one. There are some young men who never seem to believe themselves capable of anything. They look on with envious eyes, but in despondent inactivity, while others attempt and achieve. They have no faith in themselves, therefore they attempt nothing and effect nothing. Their lives pass away in uselessness, their faculties are not developed, their abilities are wasted, and they shrink into insignificance just for the want of a little confidence and courage. There are certain obstacles in every path that can be overcome only by courage and perseverance. Life is not a rose-strewed path for carpet knights to tread. Its ways are rugged, and it is only the steadfast and brave, and those who fearlessly accept its challenges, and do battle as they move along, who win the goal. He who sets out with fear and trembling, who doubts his ability to work his own way, almost invariably succumbs ere he has well begun his journey, or even seen in the distance the ladder which leads to success.

Some people appear to have an idea that it is only from the wise and mature that we must expect great things, that little or nothing wonderful or grand, can emanate from the minds of very young men; but let us look at the history of the past, and from the long list of heroes and statesmen who have nobly distinguished themselves, we shall find that they were young men who performed those acts which made their names famous, and placed them on the pages of history.

Alexander, the conqueror of Greece, Egypt and Asia, died at the age of thirty-three. Pitt, the younger brother, was but twenty-two years of age, when made chancellor of the exchequer, and but thirty-three, when in Britain's parliament

he boldly advocated the cause of the American colonies. Bonaparte was crowned emperor of France when only thirty-three years of age. Edmund Burke at the age of twenty-five was the first lord of the treasury. Our own Washington was but twenty-five when he covered the retreat of the British at Braddock's defeat, and was appointed commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces. Alexander Hamilton, when only twenty, was a lieutenant-colonel and aid to Washington. At twenty-five he was a member of congress, and at thirty-two, secretary of the treasury. Thomas Jefferson was only twenty-three when he drafted the Declaration of Independence. Sir Isaac Newton at the age of thirty occupied the mechanical chair at Cambridge college, England, having made himself famous by his great and varied scientific discoveries.

And to mere boys the world owes some of its most important discoveries. It is said that we are indebted for the important invention in the steam engine termed hand gear, by which its valves or cocks are worked by the machine itself, to an idle boy by the name of Humphrey Potter, who being employed to stop and open a valve, saw that he could save himself that trouble, by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at proper times, in consequence of the general movement. This ingenious contrivance was not the result of mere accident, but of considerable observation and experiment.

Small beginnings often make great endings. It is related of Chantry, the celebrated sculptor, that when a boy he was observed by a gentleman at Sheffield, very earnestly engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing, and with great simplicity Chantry replied that he was "cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the village schoolmaster. The gentleman pronounced the likeness perfect, and rewarded the lad for his skill with a silver sixpence.

Little did the aunt of James Watt imagine, when she reproved him for wasting his time in taking off the lid of the tea-kettle and holding first a cup and then a spoon over the steam, that her nephew was investigating a problem which was to lead to the greatest of all human inventions.

When young West first began to display skill in drawing, and learned from his Indian friends how to prepare colors, he was at a loss to conceive how to lay these colors skillfully on. He was at length informed by a neighbor that this was done with brushes formed of camel's hair. Since he could not beg of the camel, the young artist had recourse to the family cat, from whose back and tail he supplied his needs. The cat's strange appearance, and the scant condition of her fur was imputed by the family to disease, until Benjamin confessed what he had done.

It is said that Copley when barely eight years of age, was observed to absent himself from the family for several hours at a time, and was at length found in a lonely room, engaged in drawing on a bare wall a group of martial figures engaged in a scouting adventure.

These are but a few of the boys, who, having natural talents of great importance, made them the means, by which, with courage, industry and perseverance, they mounted the ladder of success, and worked their way to the top round, there writing their names upon the rock of fame.

## HARRY'S RIDE TO THE WOODS.

With a face from which the sunshine was all gone, Harry Warner stood looking from a window in the pleasant sitting room. There really seemed to be no good reason for such a clouded face. Mamma

was close by his side with her work basket, ready and willing to talk with him, his blocks were piled up in a corner, and picture-books lay scattered about the room.

It was the first day of roistering, fitful March. Spots of brown earth might be seen here and there in the snow, probably suggesting to Harry the possibility of seeing the green earth once more, though drifts were still piled beside the fences. Poor Harry! He had exhausted his stock of amusements, didn't like old things, and, like many another, wanted something new. Turning to mamma, he said, "I do wish this old snow would go off. When will the birds come? Annie says it is sprung now, and I want to see them, haven't seen one for ever so long, 'cept one old crow, an' I don't like crows."

"You forgot, my dear, the pretty blue jay you saw only yesterday."

"I don't like jays either, they don't sing, only scold, an' I know 'most that one was scolding yesterday 'cause the snow didn't go off faster."

"That is just what my dear little boy is doing, and we could not expect a bird to know how to behave better than a little boy six years old. The little singing birds will come in a few weeks, first the blue birds, then robins and swallows, and others will soon follow, till the woods and fields are gay with their songs. There are some birds, however, and other pretty little creatures that stay here through the winter, though they are too shy to come out of the woods. If we should visit their haunts, we might see them on a mild day, frisking or flying about, called out by the pleasant sunshine. Squirrels and birds, as well as little boys like the sunshine."

Harry listened eagerly. Clouds disappeared and sunshine came back to his face as he said "O mamma, may I go into the woods with Sam? he goes now every day."

Sam was one of the farm hands, a jolly, clever personage, in the eyes of Harry, to whose requests for sled riding and egg hunting, he always lent a willing ear. As there seemed to be no objection, Harry had the promise of a ride to the woods with Sam on the morrow, if it should be pleasant.

Where was Annie? He must find her and tell the good news. That young lady was in the kitchen ironing dolly's aprons, when Harry burst in, tumbling over the dust pan and brush, in his hurry to tell her all about it. He had a vivid imagination, and rehearsed for her benefit what mamma had told him of the beautiful inhabitants of the woods, with additions drawn from a fairy story that uncle George had read to him a short time before. He was quite sure he should see them all.

"But they may not come out of their nests, or places where they stay nights," said matter-of-fact Annie.

"Oh, yes, they will, every one."

"Strange," said Annie musingly, "I don't believe they do come out always, for I didn't see them when I went into the woods with papa."

"O dear, I wish it was to-morrow now! Come, Annie, and coast with me down the long drift behind the barn. I know it will bear us up, for I tried it this morning."

Dolly's things were quickly put away, and the children started off with their sleds to the great satisfaction of Bridget.

The big barn doors were wide open, temptingly suggestive of hide and seek, but they kept on round to the other side, where Annie stepped in, instead of upon, the drift. "O Harry, it slumps."

"I don't care, we'll play in the barn."

What fun it was, playing hide and seek, tumbling about on the low hay mow, racing to and fro over the long floor, while

the cows, quietly chewing their cuds in their stalls, followed with their great, mild eyes, as if they said, "Run as much as you please, little boy and girl, we don't care."

In present enjoyment, Harry forgot all about to-morrow, till it began to grow dark, and they went in to mamma and supper, and soon after Harry was tired enough to go to bed, and the next sound he heard was the bell ringing for breakfast. Out of bed in a moment, the little feet pattered across the floor to the window, the curtain is drawn aside, and Harry sees the sun just peeping through the pines on the hill, "Oh, what a pleasant day, I can go to the woods with Sam!"

It was truly a beautiful day, with a tint of purple and violet on the hills, hinting of south winds and warmer weather.

Harry's eyes sparkled with pleasure as he looked over the broad fields so still and bright in the sunshine, he laughed at the great oxen moving leisurely along, as if time was not of the least consequence in the world to them; however, they reached the woods in good time, thus proving the old adage "slow and sure." Harry wondered how the oxen could get into such thick woods, but he did not have to wonder long, for Sam soon turned them into a narrow cart path between the tall pines. Harry had his eyes and ears open for whatever was to be seen or heard, and fortune did, indeed, favor him. The first sound was the short, sweet note of the chickadee, then two more joined in. This he thought was quite an improvement on the notes of crow and jay. Then he saw a red squirrel scamper over the snow so fast that his little feet seemed scarcely to touch it, then running to the top of a tree, and out on a limb high up over Harry's head, stand still with his bushy tail curled up over his back, looking down so cunningly, chattering all the while, saying to Harry's ears as plainly as possible, "You can't come up here, little boy." This was truly something to tell Annie about.

They had now come to a small clearing where Sam was to cut down some old trees which had been left standing here and there. The oxen were taken from the sled and tied to a tree, and with coat off Sam was soon busy. The wood was fairy land to Harry, he had peopled it with beautiful creatures from his own active brain, so he wandered away in search of adventure, not far, however, for, to tell the truth, he was just a little bit afraid to be alone in the thick wood, though he would not have owned it, but the cheerful ringing of Sam's ax, gave him courage to look about him for the pleasant things he confidently expected to see. He found the little tracks on the snow which mamma had told him about, and some beautiful moss, where the snow had melted away from the rocks, and laurel bushes, with dark, green, glossy leaves, and some scarlet berries, which he thought would make a pretty necklace for Annie, so he gathered his pockets full and ran back to show Sam his treasures.

As he stood watching the strong arm swing the ax so easily, every stroke telling in the large chips flying about, he thought it seemed too bad to cut down such a big tree, so tall and stately. He looked up, when, wonderful to behold! out came six little sheets of fur and sailed noiselessly down to the foot of the nearest tree, to the top of which they ran, looking as they went exactly like little squirrels, then transforming themselves again into little furry squares, and down as before, to the foot of the next tree, and so on till they were out of sight.

Fairies, indeed! He had surely seen them! With eyes big with wonder, he turned to Sam, "Did you see them, the fairies?"

Sam, much amused at the idea of fairies taking such a form, and dressing in striped fur, explained, "Sure enough, they are funny looking little things, but they aren't fairies, they are flying squirrels."

"But, Sam, squirrels don't have wings."

"Well, they call this kind so, though they haven't wings like birds, they are more like bats, not quite like bats either, they can't fly as well."

Harry was somewhat disappointed to learn that they were not fairies after all, but they were wonderful, at any rate. He had now quite a long story to tell mamma and Annie, and, on the whole, it had been a splendid time, and he was ready to go home. ANNIE WESTON.

A PLEA FOR THE BOYS.

I want to say a few words for the boys. Not the boy who comes quietly into the house, hangs up his hat and sits down to read "like a little gentleman," but the "truly boy," who rushes into the house like a small whirlwind, and upsets half the things in the room while crossing it; who is always fearfully hungry; who can never sit still for five minutes; who is very likely to turn a somersault over your foot-stool and stand on his head beside you in the midst of your lecture on behaviour; who is sometimes rude, but rarely untruthful or mean; who is sent out of doors to be "got rid of," when mamma has company or wants to be quiet; who can ask more questions in ten minutes than one could answer in an hour. This is the sort of boy I want to say a good word for.

The best men I have ever known generally say of such a boy, "I was just like him." That fact alone ought to be full of comfort to the mothers. One great cause of the trouble with these boys is in the style of reading which they devour so greedily, and which is written by people who—well, at least ought to know better. Where is the average boy who will not invariably select the story with the most frightful mixture of tomahawks, scalping knives, fearful encounters and escapes, for mamma or auntie to read to him for a "bedtime story," afterwards falling asleep with a serenity which would be impossible to the reader of the frightful story.

I have often been surprised at the love of beautiful things which such boys have sometimes in a marked degree, and it should be cultivated to its greatest extent. Give them a little corner of the garden for their own, and see their delight over the largest pink or the first morning glory.

I know boys are generally considered little more than animate depravity, but give them a chance. Put a boy upon his honor, trust him, and he will be trusty. It is the boy, and girl too for that matter, who is always suspected of doing wrong, who does it. Show them that they are not unmitigated nuisances, and do not send them out into the street to learn wickedness, with the idea that "mamma doesn't care" if they are only out of her sight and hearing. Give them, also, good books, there are such, though they may be few, books without the adventures and profanity and brutality of the greater part of the present stories for boys, boys having, at best, sufficient of the savage instinct without a special literature to cultivate it. EMILY HAYES.

DON'T DEPEND ON FATHER.

Stand up here, boys, and let us talk to you. You have trusted alone to the contents of your father's purse, or his fair fame for your influence or success in business. Think you that "father" has

attained eminence in his profession but by unwearied industry? or that he has amassed a fortune honestly without energy and activity? You should know that the faculty requisite for the acquiring of fame or fortune is essential to, nay, inseparable from the attaining of either of these. Suppose "father" has the "rocks" in abundance, if you never earned anything for him you have no more business with these rocks than the gosling has with a tortoise! Sooner or later you must learn to rely on your own resources, or you will not be anybody.—Exchange.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

ADVENTURES OF WHITTIER.

It is not of the illustrious poet, but of a wee, quaker color and white kitten that this story is to relate. I do not know that Mr. Whittier would be pleased to have a feline namesake, however, he cannot help it, as the pussy answers too readily to the name to render it practicable to change it to another. Indeed, such remarkably handsome and intelligent creatures were all the members of his ancestry, that they were all honored by distinguished names.

Katrina is the grandmother of Whittier, and Aisie, her daughter, his mamma. Katrina is a wonderfully sleek animal, her coat of pure maltese, with the exception of a bit of white at her throat, that gives her a very well dressed appearance. She has reared several families of kittens, and never the smallest point in their training was neglected, so that when they were taken to new homes they should be nice and capable pussies, and do credit to the teaching of their parent.

In giving a sketch of the family history, the mention of Boz, the brother of Aisie, must not be omitted. He was an elegant great cat, with a white coat intermingled with the color that is at present "so fashionable" among the feline race, his sister's of the same color, but somewhat darker, and of very much finer texture. Dear Boz! although he had always been a healthy cat, he died a short spell ago, after a brief illness, pronounced by a good physician as jaundice, his mouth, ears, nose, and even his toes turning a bright yellow when the disease attacked him. Very likely some of you young readers know that cats and some other animals are subject to certain diseases that afflict the human family. Boz might have eaten something that disturbed his digestive organs. His mother and sister greatly mourned his loss for some time. If asked "Where is Boz?" Aisie would look up with her large, questioning eyes, and then go round and round the house, both inside and out, in quest of him. I think Boz and Aisie were the handsomest cats that I have ever seen. Aisie is a wonder to all who behold her, the beauty of her eyes is so unusual in the feline race. About this time last year she had a sweet pair of twins, with glossy black coats. One of them fell through the balustrade at the top of a long flight of stairs, and died of the injuries, but Pansy survived, and is now in the hands of a devoted young mistress.

Whittier is his mamma's only darling, and his grandma is not less fond of him, often performing the duties of the mother when her daughter goes for a ramble among the shrubs and flowers.

It was a sudden adventure of Whittier's, however, that led me into this feline family history. The mistress was preparing her bread for moulding. She had sifted a large bowlful of flour, pouring into it

the yeast sponge, when Whittier clambered up the side of her dress skirt, and, in his frolic, set his fore-paws directly into the middle of the bowl, the moist

sponge closing over his fur in the form

of a pair of mitts, reaching to his shoulders. He was taken out immediately, the mistress, however, in such a paroxysm of laughter that she could scarcely make known her need of assistance. Presently one of the household members arrived, and Whittier was plunged into the bathing bowl, and emerged therefrom wetter than before, and exceedingly shame-faced, but relieved of the yeast sponge mitts. Then he was turned over to his mamma for a second process of cleaning and dressing, his grandma, discovering his mishap, also appearing upon the scene, and lending immediate aid in drying and smoothing his coat with her rough tongue. It would have afforded you, dear young friends, a deal of amusement, to have seen Whittier, submissively, yes, gladly, enduring the treatment, his mamma on one side, the grandma on the other, both diligently at work. And oh! how lovely he issued from their hands, no, tongues, I mean, after which he took a quiet nap, waking again as frisky as before, but getting into no more mischief that day.

Once he jumped from a high place in the kitchen right upon the hot range, burning all his feet, but he was quickly snatched away and the toes all bathed with cool milk and dusted with flour, which prevented any serious trouble. Another time he slyly ran under a rocking chair, and, by his loud cries, it was known he was badly hurt. Besides his frolics with his mamma and grandma, pulling and biting their ears, and hugging them tightly around the neck, when they wish to indulge in undisturbed slumbers, he also delights to play with his master's watch-chain and coat buttons, and perch himself upon any one's shoulder, and bo-peep around into their eyes.

Every intelligent kitten has some peculiar ways of its own, but Whittier has, besides, some of his mamma's cunning tricks, one of these being to pull at ladies' hair pins and ear-rings. Aisie once took an ear-ring from her mistress' ear, and she appeared very well satisfied with the accomplishment, blinking sancily, and moving her head from side to side in attempts at procuring the other.

Like little children, kittens are very dear and interesting, but often they run into mischief and danger, causing no small trouble in the household. It is well for both, after such experiences, if they avoid similar ones in future, as I hope all my little readers do.

HAZEL WYLDE.

CHARLIE'S PRESENT.

Charlie's father had been gone a whole week, and Charlie had tried very hard to be good, and do all his chores well and promptly. Living on a farm many things had to be done which required a great deal of patience, and as Charlie's father said before leaving, "Boys at ten years of age were not always faithful in doing chores," Charlie had tried harder than ever to succeed this time, and his mother had told him, the day before his father came home, that everything had been done properly and in order, which made Charlie happy.

Little Max, his youngest brother, was a constant care to his mother. He was three years old, and just the right age to be up to all kinds of mischief. Charlie was very patient with Max, and tried hard to do all he could to amuse him, and in the evening Charlie would take him on his knee, and make funny shadows on the wall, until Max would laugh in high glee, and try his own chubby little fingers at making shadows.

One evening Charlie made the shadow of a rabbit, and Max wanted to take it in his hand. Charlie tried to explain why he could not, but it did not seem to sat-

isfy Max, and the last words he said before going to bed were, "I can take him in the morning, can't I, Charlie?"

In the evening, Charlie's father came home, and was quite pleased to hear how well Charlie had done all things intrusted to his care, besides being helpful to his mother in taking so much care of little Max.

"I have brought you a present, Charlie," said his father, "and if you will go out to the wagon, you will find a large basket which you may bring in."

Charlie started at a quick pace, but before he got half way to the wagon, he thought he heard a scratching noise. Yes, there it was again. When he lifted the basket out of the wagon, thump against the cover of the basket went something which made Charlie come very near dropping the basket. Charlie wondered what it could be, it was so heavy. When he reached the house his mother opened the door, and as he set his basket on the floor, his father untied the cover of the basket, and out jumped a beautiful white rabbit.

Charlie was delighted, he had wished so many, many times for a rabbit. Charlie found a box, and made a nice bed for Bunny, and after seeing him safely tucked away for the night, Charlie went to bed to dream of the nice times they would have together. In the morning Charlie's first thought was of Bunny. Quickly dressing himself, he came down stairs and looking into the box, found Bunny gone. Charlie hunted high and low, but without success. At last, little Max came down stairs, and after hearing the story of Bunny's flight, tried to help in the hunt for him.

"Spouse him on the wall, Charlie, I go see," said Max, and off he toddled, which made them all laugh, and Max, not liking to be laughed at, slipped into the corner where hung his father's overcoat, and in trying to pull a part of it over his face, the coat fell to the floor, when out jumped Bunny from one of the pockets, which caused Max to laugh heartily, and when Charlie caught Bunny and gave him to Max, his joy knew no bounds, and with a satisfied look at Charlie, he said, "I can take him now, Charlie, 'cause he is so tired staying on the wall," and as Charlie always shared his little pet with Max, they enjoyed many happy hours together.

IRENE LUNT.

LOU'S HAT.

You little midgets, sit still just a minute, while I tell you what happened to Lou's hat last summer, while she was visiting her aunt in the country.

The hat was a pretty little straw turban, with old gold ribbons on it, and Lou thought it was very pretty, and so it was.

One day cousin Harrie had taken Lou to the meadow to see the hay-makers at work, which she greatly enjoyed. No one noticed, however, that Lou came back bare-headed, but next morning, when aunt and mamma were going for a ride, Lou's hat could not be found. There was a hasty search then, and a thorough one when they returned, but no hat was to be found, and during the rest of her visit, she had to wear her old hat, which was quite a trial.

The day before she went home, she and Harrie had a search for hens' nests, and in a corner of the meadow, found one full of eggs. When they had taken out the eggs, Harrie thought he saw a cord in it, and giving it a little pull, out came nest and all, and there was Lou's long lost hat, entirely ruined by the rains since the day of the hay-making, but they carried it to the house to show to mamma, and Lou felt well punished for her carelessness, and wondered if the old hen pride of her fancy nest.

CONSTANCE.

## The Library.

### THE SILENT RIVER.

Somewhere, where the tide of our years ebbs out,  
And hushed is the lingering breath,  
Where the known and the unknown so strangely meet,  
Flows the mystic river of death.  
Through the shadowy vale so dark and chill,  
Where the eyes grow dim and the pulses still,  
Deep floweth the silent river.  
  
The years pass out from our feverish grasp  
Unheeding each bitter regret;  
Some darkened with sorrow and grieving, and some  
In a halo of sunshine set.  
And each in its passing has borne us on  
Yet nearer the shores of the vast unknown,  
And nearer the silent river.  
  
Sometimes we dream of the beautiful land,  
So free from all sorrows and tears,  
And with weary hands folded we earnestly long  
To rest from our doubts and fears;  
And yet, between us and the longed-for goal  
The shadows lie dark, while unceasingly roll  
The waves of the silent river.  
  
Watching while loved ones pass over the tide,  
Slow drifting far out from our sight,  
We whisper "Good by" through our tears, while we  
place  
Sweet roses o'er brows still and white;  
We list for some sound from the farther strand,  
But no echo floats back from the unknown land  
Across the silent river.  
  
Yet I think sometimes, in the shadowy land  
The angels will lovingly wait,  
And over the river so dark and still,  
And up to the beautiful gate  
Of the city where night ne'er darkens the day,  
They will lead them safe through the lonely way  
Across the silent river.  
  
And when, to pass over the river so cold,  
For my soul the summons shall be,  
May the angels of light from the other shore,  
In the shadows be waiting for me,  
To safely guide o'er the unknown strand  
Through the untried way to the better land  
Beyond the silent river.

### LESSONS IN MUSIC.

#### Number Three.

TIRED of scales? I hope not yet, for there is much to learn in that direction, we having made only a beginning, and scale practice is the foundation of fine piano playing, and organ playing too, although it may not be so important in the latter, yet a clumsy rendering of a scale passage in organ music is by no means to be desired.

By this time the scales in the preceding lessons should be pretty well learned, smoothly played, and the correct fingering firmly fixed in the mind. Once thoroughly learned, remember, it will never be forgotten, any more than the alphabet or multiplication table. We will vary the practice a little now and try a few octave scales.

Strike C with the first finger of the right hand, then with the fifth strike the next C above; now play them together several times, until you can do it smoothly and with a very clean touch. Now play the scale (in octaves,) for one octave and back, very slowly and carefully at first, then, as you can do it easily, increase in rapidity until you can play the scale as smoothly as when trying it more slowly. Then try the notes with the left hand; when that is done try both hands. It will be somewhat more difficult to play the octaves with the left hand than with the right, so do not be discouraged if you are not successful with the first attempt. It will also be a tiresome exercise, and should not be played more than a few minutes at a time at first, taking up some of the preceding scales to rest the hands.

Next, with the right hand, try the octave scale in this manner: play C, then D, then C again, then E, back to C, then F, back to C again, then up to G, and so proceed until you reach C. When correct, try with the left hand, then with both together.

Do not be discouraged at the blunders you may make, perfect octave playing or any other in fact, was never yet accomplished in one lesson, and if by next month you can play these exercises with

a clean, clear touch and moderate rapidity, I shall be agreeably surprised. Patience and perseverance need to be added to a real love for music to enable one to work up from the drudgery of first lessons, which all have to pass through. Music cannot be learned in an hour or a day, as many of the worse than useless methods for "playing the piano perfectly in one lesson," which are so largely advertised, promise, any more than any other grand study can be mastered within such a time. As to the Mason's charts so often asked about, they teach merely the chords embraced in the first lessons in harmony, which assist one in playing accompaniments, but no further.

There are some prettier studies than the octave scales which are excellent practice for the fingers, giving rapid and smooth execution. Play the common scale of C, with the right hand, up one octave, then, instead of coming back, strike D with the first finger and play up to D, then strike E and play that scale. Proceed in this way for two octaves, taking care that when the fifth finger strikes the last note of each octave scale, the first is ready to strike the first note of the next. When you have finished, return in this manner; the fifth finger having struck the upper note of the last octave, strike B, (an octave and one note below,) play up to B, bring the first finger down to A, etc., striking with the first fingers each time a note below the preceding scale. This can soon be played with great rapidity and smoothness.

Another, similar to this but still prettier, is played by striking C with the first finger of the right hand, E with the second, then each note up to A, then back, striking each note which will bring the first finger on D, strike F with the second, and run up to B, back as before, ending on E. This should be continued for two or three octaves. Return in this manner: As you come from the fifth finger to the first when you have played the exercise two or three octaves, play down to the note struck with the second finger, instead of playing the next note with the first finger, skip one, then run up five notes, back four, skip the next one and strike the one below, and proceed in this way till you have reached the starting point. Do not be afraid of practicing such "five finger" exercises too much. You will find, in a very little while, that it is of much benefit, giving smoothness to the usual scale practice, and elasticity to the fingers.

The necessity for studies for practice, beyond what is possible for me to give in these lessons, will soon be apparent. Koehler's and most of Czerny's are both excellent. Do not think a large "instruction book" a necessity, they are for the greater part worthless. Get, as needed, some of the "studies" in use by all our best teachers, and which are published in sheet music form and at reasonable prices. I would advise those in need of such studies, or desiring new music of any kind, to send to Mr. C. J. Dorn, of Boston, whose advertisement I am very glad to see in THE HOUSEHOLD, for a catalogue of music. Knowing something of Mr. Dorn's cultivated taste and excellent judgment in musical matters, I can safely say that his stock of music will be of the best, embracing also the celebrated Litolff edition, which gives the finest classical music at an extremely low price. Think of Mendelsson's "Songs Without Words" complete for a dollar!

As soon as the scales in sharps and flats are mastered I shall try to help you in harmony. This is mentioned merely as an incentive to do your best with these humdrum lessons, harmony being one of the most delightful studies known, and particularly needed by the organist.

EMILY HAYES.

### HOW BURNS WROTE.

"I compose hastily," said Burns, chattering about his poems with Crome, "but correct laboriously;" and that sentence condenses all that we know of the poet's habits of thought. A trifle set him off, as it did Byron and Wordsworth - a broken daisy lying in the furrow of his plough, a mouse turned out of its "wee bit housie, all in ruin," the picture of a man asking for work, the recollection of an old ballad, a line in Ramsay or Ferguson, or the contemplation of a scene of family worship in the cottage of a peasant. And when the idea had once sunk in his mind, he brooded over it till it took form and shape in a poetic creation. This generally is the history of his poems. His "Address to the Devil," for instance, was suggested, Gilbert tells us, "by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have from various quarters of this august personage." Reading Ferguson's "Farmer Ingle," and contemplating the scenes of domestic worship which constitute the most characteristic incidents of the cottage life of Scotland, suggested the "Cotter's Saturday Night." Robert had frequently remarked to him, says Gilbert, that he thought "there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent, sober head of a family, introducing family worship." And one Saturday afternoon, when they happened to be walking together, Robert electrified his brother by his recitation of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." Those exquisitely beautiful idylls upon the mountain daisy and the field mouse are the inspiration of the moment. The dew is still upon them. His gaudsman had, sixty years afterward, a distinct recollection of the poet turning up the mouse. The plough-boy ran after the creature to kill it, but was checked and recalled by his master, who, he observed, thereafter became thoughtful and abstracted. Burns, like the poet of Rydal Mount, held that no poet ever found the muse

"Till by himself he learned to wander  
Adown some trotting burn's meander,  
And no think lang—"

Burns rarely committed his verses to paper till they had been thoroughly conned over in his own mind. "Holding the plough," Gilbert says, "was a favorite situation with Robert for poetic composition, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise." But we know, too, from his own confession, how sweet he thought it in the gloaming

"To stray and pensive ponder  
A heartfelt song."

He composed generally, like Wordsworth, without any regular plan. A thought struck him, and if in turning over his thoughts, he hit on two or three stanzas that pleased him, he then cast about for proper introductory, connecting and concluding stanzas; hence the middle of a poem was often the part to be first produced. But knowing what we do of his conversational powers, and of the terseness, fluency, and felicity of his poetic diction, we should assume for ourselves without the authority of his "Epistle to Davie," that Burns was rarely at a loss for apt and picturesque expressions to clothe his thoughts, when his muse was "once fairly het." He frequently had half a dozen or more pieces of one sort and another on hand: a satire, a song, or a pastoral poem, which he took up in turn according to the momentary impulse of his mind, dismissing the work when it bordered on fatigue.—Selected.

—Every book we read, if we read attentively, opens more or less of communication with the spirit of its author.

### BOOKLESS HOUSES.

We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owner perhaps never thinks. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbors, and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If, on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means, we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets, and very plain furniture, in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever cover, is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved *etagere* or sideboard.

Give us a house furnished with books rather than costly furniture. Both, if you can, but books at any rate. To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.

Let us pity these poor rich men, who live barrenly in great, bookless houses. Let us congratulate the poor that in our day books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and his beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and, indeed, among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owning, and constantly adding to, a library of good books. A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history.

It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.—*Episcopalian*.

### CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the poem containing the lines,

"Only white lace, soft and dainty,  
As a tracery of the frost,  
Only a white, simple kerchief,  
O'er a quiet bosom crossed;  
They were all the helm and buckler,  
That the saintly woman wore,  
Who had looked on giants, face to face,  
And slain them at her door?"

I do not know who is the author, but I am anxious to obtain it.

M. W. COOK.

Glenville, Maryland.

Can any one give me the title of a song, the chorus of which is as follows:

"Roll on silver moon, guide the traveler on his way,  
While the nightingale's song is in tune,  
For I never, never more, with my true love will stray,  
By the sweet, silver light of the moon?"

Box 49, Gonic, N. H. MRS. N. M. VARNEY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Amabel will send me her address, I will send her a copy of "Little Golden-Hair." MRS. F. S. PEABODY.

Box 195, New London, Conn.

To Winetta J. W. Snow, I would say that my scrap book informs me that "Curfew shall not Ring to-night," was written in April, 1867, by Miss Rosa Hartwick, now Mrs. Edmund C. Thorpe. She now resides in Litchfield Mich., and was in her seventeenth year when she wrote the poem. She has written some other poems, but none so fine or so famous as this. It is founded on an authentic incident in English his-

tory. Basil Underwood was a young soldier in the time of the protectorate, and his only crime seems to have been unswerving loyalty to the king. The maiden pleaded in vain for a reprieve from the judges. They would not delay the execution, even until Cromwell should have time to arrive. After her fruitless efforts with the judges, she turns to the old sexton, and it is at this point that the poem takes up the story.

LUCY PALMER.

Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me where I can get the words of a song of the war, called "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh?" commencing,

"On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground,  
The dead and wounded lay;  
Among them was a drummer boy,  
Who beat the drum that day."

MRS. DELIA NEWELL.  
Correctionville, Woodbury Co., Iowa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send me the words of a song, beginning thus:

"Close thy little eyelids, drooping  
With their weight of weariness;  
All day long they have been beaming,  
Full of light and loveliness?"

I will return the favor.  
Washington, N. H. MRS. L. V. ROBINSON.

MR. CROWELL:—Emma A. Homer will find the line,

"We scarce believe he's older for his years,"  
in Young's "Night Thoughts," Night the Second.  
J. B.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you please ask the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD where I can get a book of instructions in callisthenics for children?

MRS. SALLIE B. MCALLISTER.  
Macksville, Harrison Co., Texas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like the words of the song, "Rosalie the Prairie Flower." I should be very much pleased to get them, as my mother used to sing the song, but she has now forgotten it.

LUCY Q. PATTERSON.  
Vilisca, Iowa.

Will some one please send me the poem entitled "To A. C. A. on his fiftieth Birthday," and state what is wished in return?

St. Helena, Ca'. MRS. E. H. KING.

If F. C. A. H. will send her address to me, I will send her some beautiful selections for an autograph album.

LIDA NEELY.  
Latrop, Clinton Co., Mo.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Miss Lizzie will send me her address, I will send her the piece entitled, "Father's Growing Old."

Gilmur, N. H. MRS. L. W. F. MARK.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD furnish us with the words of that old yet beautiful song, entitled, "Some one to Love?" If so, I will be glad to reciprocate when in my power.

MRS. REBECCA S. HUTTON.  
Richmond, Wayne Co., Ind.

In one of the late numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD, a subscriber inquires for a history of the mutineers of the ship Bounty. The most complete history that I have ever read, can be found in Scribner's magazine, for May, 1881, written by one of the natives, and a descendant of the mutineers.

D. SNOW.  
Chicopee, Mass.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band if they can furnish me with the piece entitled the "Plagues of Egypt," also the song entitled the "Lone Indian."

LURENA.  
Box 70, West Branch, Cedar Co., Iowa.

THE REVIEWER.

One of the most elegant and attractive books of the season, is THE HEART OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, by Samuel Adams Drake, just published by the Harpers. Written in the same entertaining vein which made his "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast" such pleasant reading, it is rendered still more attractive by the exquisite illustrations, by Wm. Hamilton Gibson, which, real as they are beautiful, bring near to us the paths through which he wanders. Full of the quaint legends of the hills, the story of the three journeys, taking in the places on the way most popular with the tourist, is delightfully told, with none of the guide-book stiffness and monotony which marks and mars so many books of this order. Those who have enjoyed from

month to month the appearance of these sketches in Harper's magazine, will find they have lost nothing of the old charm in their new dress. It is a difficult thing to sit down for a half hour's look at this handsome volume, and not forget ourselves long before the end of that time. We are far up among the hills. Summer shade and summer sunshine around us, and before us lie the White Hills in all their majesty. We are among the merry company that look from the stage top upon the changing scene. We seek shelter under overhanging rocks from the storm which rises in sudden fury. We sit on mossy crag and look far over the wonderful picture of cloud capped hill and peaceful valley, and go on turning page after page of the book, so identified with the writer that with a shock, like awaking from a pleasant dream, we turn the last. Hill and valley and summer skies recede, and we close the book, stopping before laying it aside to note the beauty of paper and print and binding, all perfect in their way.

THE FIRST FRENCH BOOK, after the natural or Pestalozzian method, for Schools and Home Instruction, by Jas. H. Wor-

man, A. M., is one of the most sensible, practical and comprehensive assistants to the beginner in the study of French, we have ever seen. Touching upon all necessary points, it teaches by an entirely new method, easily understood, basing instruction upon illustration, after the manner of a child's primer, thus impressing upon the mind the objects mentioned in the lesson. All grammatical as well as lexical details required for a thorough understanding of the text, are given, unlike many of the "first books" of languages, which generally ignore many such very important points. A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 Williams Street, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for 1882. This standard periodical has been published for nearly forty years with uninterrupted success. It is a weekly magazine, and gives over three and a quarter thousand well-filled pages of reading matter yearly, forming four large volumes. Its frequent issue and ample space enable it to present, with a freshness and completeness attempted by no other publication, the ablest essays and reviews, the choicest serial and short stories, the most interesting sketches of travel and discovery, the best poetry, and the most valuable biographical, historical, scientific and political information from the entire body of foreign current literature, and from the pens of the ablest writers of the day. As periodicals become more numerous, this one becomes the more valuable, as it continues to be the most thorough and satisfactory compilation of the best periodical literature of the world. It fills the place of many quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies; and its readers can through its pages easily and economically keep pace with the work of the foremost writers and thinkers in all departments of literature, science, politics and art. Its importance to American readers is evident; in fact it is well-nigh indispensable to those who would keep well informed in the best literature of the day; and hence its continued success. The subscription price (\$8 a year) is cheap for the amount of reading furnished, while the publishers make a still cheaper offer, viz: to send THE LIVING AGE and any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies, a year, both postpaid, for \$10.50; thus furnishing to the subscriber at small cost the cream of both home and foreign literature. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February is an extremely fine number of this always popular monthly. The opening article, an interesting description of Philadelphia, by G. P. Lathrop, is finely illustrated, and the following article on "Mexico," is of much interest. Mrs. Woolson's long serial reaches an exciting climax, and Mrs. Little gives us the opening chapters of her new "aesthetic" story, "Prudence." There are two short stories of decided merit, and several fine poems, and the editorial departments are, as usual, full of good reading.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for February is one of the finest art publications we have ever reviewed. The articles are of great interest and well treated, and the illustrations are not only numerous but exceedingly fine. With the January number, noticed last month, the magazine commenced a department of American art, adding much to the popularity already gained among its readers. Price, \$3.50 a year. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL is full of interest to the student of archaeology, mythology and other branches of scientific study, treating of ancient customs, and recent valuable results of explorations and research.

The children may well be delighted with the February number of ST. NICHOLAS. The con-

tents embrace stories and poems by the best writers for children's books, and the illustrations are many and charming. The Letter Box and Puzzle department are full of interest, and give opportunity for thought in new and pleasing ways. \$4.00 a year. The Century Co., New York.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY is a delightful little book for the children, who will enjoy the pretty illustrations as well as the stories. \$1.50 a year. Boston: Russell Publishing Co., 149 A, Tremont Street.

F. Leyboldt, 13 Park Row, New York, is the publisher of two little books, which will win their way at once into the favor of all readers. THE BOOKS OF ALL TIME, a guide for the purchase of books, gives the works, with sizes and prices, of the most popular English and American writers, with notes descriptive of authors and works. Price, 10 cents. A READING DIARY OF MODERN FICTION contains a list of the novels of the nineteenth century, preceded by suggestive remarks. It gives a list of over a thousand books with blank pages for additions, ideas of books read, etc. Price, 25 cents.

THE LITERARY NEWS comes to us, full of interesting and entertaining gossip of the world of books and literary people. The Prize Question department is still a marked feature of the little magazine, which deserves a place on every book table. 60 cents a year. F. Leyboldt, 13 Park Row, New York.

IN THE RIVULET AND CLOVER BLOOMS, a little book of poems, the author, though modestly publishing anonymously, will be recognized by many of THE HOUSEHOLD readers to whom the name of Maude Meredith has been long familiar. Many of the graceful little verses have been published in our columns, but there are others which will be read with pleasure by the writer's many friends. American News Co., New York. Western News Co., Chicago.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. MARK contains the King James version and the English version, on one page, and on the other, the American revised version, so that all may be readily compared. In addition, it contains a full list of Sabbath school lessons for the year, chronological index, golden texts, etc. The triple comparison will commend itself at once to the Sunday school teacher as well as to all interested in the new version of the New Testament. Price, 15 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

Bright, chatty and pleasing as ever, the January FOLIO comes to us, bearing on its opening page the portrait of Adelina Patti. The contents embrace much useful and entertaining reading on various musical matters. There are some pleasing selections of music, and the current musical gossip is well sustained and pleasant to read.

THE MUSICAL HERALD for January promises well for the new year. Its editorial and special contributors are among the ablest writers upon musical subjects. The music is of a higher order than is generally found in such publications, and the reviews of concerts, new music, and foreign and home notes render THE HERALD a necessity to student and amateur.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD for January commences the nineteenth yearly volume of this popular musical monthly. The contents embrace much that is interesting to the reader. An article on the use of organ stops being particularly valuable to the organ student. There are several selections of popular music, and the usual amount of information on musical matters.

VICK'S MAGAZINE for January is full of interesting matter for the flower grower. The correspondence and foreign notes are good and the "gossip" full of useful suggestions. \$1.25 a year. Rochester, N. Y. James Vick.

THE CATALOGUE OF FIELD, GARDEN, AND FLOWER SEEDS, from Joseph Harris, Rochester, N. Y., gives some interesting methods of seed growing at Morton farm. There is a special department devoted to children's gardening, and Mr. Harris gives the little people a generous discount on seeds purchased.

D. M. Ferry & Co.'s NEW SEED ANNUAL is full as usual of illustrations and interesting matter relative to flower and vegetable culture, and a large assortment of seeds and plants offered to the public.

The editor's thanks are due for package of seeds sent.

Hiram Sibley's NEW SEED AND PLANT CATALOGUE, for 1882, is well worth a perusal. The profuse illustrations of new specialties, and large list of seeds and plants, will prove the desire to meet all the requirements of the trade. Rochester, N. Y.

Cole & Brothers' ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND GUIDE gives much valuable information for both the flower and vegetable gardener. The firm offer desirable premiums to buyers of seeds in packets. Pella, Iowa.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1882 contains much valuable information for the flower and kitchen gardener. It gives a full list of the various seeds, bulbs, etc., and is profusely illustrated, a great assistance in the choice of seeds. Price, 10 cents. Free to all customers. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

## LIED OHNE WORTE.

SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

MENDELSSOHN.

Piano.

*Adagio non troppo.*

*Ped.*

*cres* *cen* *do.*

*tranquillo.*

## The Dispensary.

### THE SICK ROOM. HINTS AND REMEDIES.

Number Two.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

WE SHOULD all know how to treat the more common forms of diseases, and not run to the doctor or apothecary for some drug. Indeed our kitchens contain many effective remedies if we only know how to administer them. Pure air, exercise, bathing and proper food are great foes of disease, and we should ward off its approaches by use of them. A cold is one of the most common ways by which we become aware that some of nature's laws have been violated, and we are apt to make more light of it as being "only a cold" when in fact it is a serious thing and we should guard against its recurrence. Every cold, no matter where it makes itself felt, causes a decrease of vital force and is the precursor of other forms of disease.

We should not keep our rooms so warm in winter as to make a salamander faint, nor so cold as to cause a polar bear to sigh for an additional overcoat, but try to strike a medium temperature where human beings can be comfortable. Flannels should be worn by all during the cold months, and those who are delicate should never discard them.

In case of colds give hot lemonade, pennyroyal or catmint teas, in sufficient quantity to cause perspiration. This will often be all that is required if done in season, and care is exercised next day. A gargle of salt and water is excellent for sore throat. I know a family where all make use of this before breakfast every day in the year, and they are singularly free from all throat and lung difficulties. If diphtheria is feared use a gargle of sulphur and water, or have a little of the dry powder blown into the throat through a quill. Sweet oil and mustard or goose oil applied to the outside, mustard paste on the chest and back, and onions or drafts on the feet are always to be depended on.

Barberry water, made by pouring a cupful of boiling water on a large spoonful of barberry preserves, makes an excellent drink to use in case of fevers and cold, and is said to be an almost sure cure for scarlet fever if used early and freely. I know of many cases in which it has proved beneficial.

For fever give cooling drinks, bathe often under a sheet, keep the bowels open and the head cool by the application of cloths wet in cold water, and drafts on the soles of the feet. Give a simple diet of milk, gruel, rice water, tapioca, beef tea, and broth when the patient can bear it. For indigestion find out what caused the trouble and avoid it in the future. Live simply, exercise regularly and you will be well before you know it. Headache is usually caused by some derangement of that great center, the stomach, or of the nervous system. For the first a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal taken in cold water will often give relief, while for the latter rest and quiet are the only remedies which can be applied at the time, and then the system should be regulated so as to bring the refractory nerves into subjection.

Ear ache is a pain from which children often suffer severely. It may be relieved by putting in the ear a bit of cotton dipped in sweet oil in which is done up a pinch of black pepper; the core of a roasted onion is also good. Great care should be used when doctoring this delicate organ, as it is easily injured. Leg ache is another of childhood's trials.

When one of the little ones is thus afflicted wring a crash towel out of cold water, wrap closely about the limb, cover with several thicknesses of flannel, and before you would think it possible the child will be asleep, for this pain usually comes on in the night. Cramp in the limbs may often be cured by tying a bandage tightly around between the spot where the pain is located and the body. Friction and heat will accelerate the cure.

Borax is almost a certain cure for the bites of all insects, and a strong solution should be kept on hand and applied freely whenever occasion requires. Bee stings may be removed by the application of half a raw onion; wet clay and harts-horn are also good. Common baking soda is one of the best remedies for burns, and possesses the merit of always being at hand in the place where burns are most likely to occur. Pulverized charcoal is a convenient and effective remedy, and if kept on for several hours will prevent a scar. In case the burn is so bad as to take off the skin, creosote water is the best thing to use; if this cannot be obtained, wood soot, (not coal,) pounded, sifted and mixed with lard will do nearly as well, as such soot contains creosote. If you can get hold of nothing else put on plenty of wheat flour and let it remain, kept in place by a bandage.

Continued vomiting is often relieved by immersing the hands and wrists in as hot water as can be borne; meanwhile give the sufferer clear, cold coffee or cream of tartar water. When hoarse avoid using the voice as far as possible, meanwhile taking the following mixture: Beat well the whites of two eggs, then add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, stir this into a pint of luke warm water, grate in half a nutmeg and mix thoroughly. Drink often. This usually acts like a charm in banishing this troublesome affliction.

We should bear with all the fortitude at our command, such pain as cannot be removed, and not make the lives of those with whom we associate as miserable as our own, yet we should not forget that pain is always a signal of danger, a sign that we have transgressed some of nature's laws, and we should rigidly examine ourselves and see wherein we have erred, and then profit by experience.

Many times difficulty is experienced in changing the bed linen with a person in bed, though nothing is easier when one understands how to proceed.

Have everything that is required thoroughly aired. Move the patient as far as possible to one side of the bed, and remove all but one pillow. Untuck the lower sheet and cross sheet and push them towards the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the wrong way, and lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared as described before, and roll it also, laying it over the under one and tucking it in, keeping the unused portions of both still rolled.

Move the patient over to the side thus prepared for him, the soiled sheets can thus be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bed and wrapped around the patient. To change the upper sheet take off the spread and lay the clean sheet over the blankets, securing the upper edge to the bed with a couple of pins; standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled sheets, replace the former and put on the spread. Lastly, change the pillow cases.

We should value affliction as we do physic; not by its taste, but by its effect.

### LUXURY OF EASY DRESS.

The following, clipped from "Laws of Life," is especially commended to the careful perusal of ladies who indulge in tight lacing:

Very few ladies know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a man or boy put into one would gasp for breath, and feel incapable of putting forth any effort except to break the bands. Ladies are so accustomed to the tight fits of the dressmakers, that they "fall to pieces" when relieved of them. They associate the loose dress with the bed or lounge. To be up, they must be stayed up, and to recommend a comfortable dress to them is not to meet a conscious want of theirs.

It is a great pity none the less. If they could once know what a luxury it is to breath deep and full at each respiration, to feel the refreshment which the system takes in by having the blood enlivened and sent bounding through the veins, to have the aids to digestion which such process gives, to have their own strong, elastic muscles keep every organ in place, and themselves erect; if they could for a good long time know this luxury, and then be sent back into the old stiff straight-jackets, they would fume, and fret, and rave in very desperation if they could not get rid of them.

As it is, they prefer to languish, and suffer dreadfully, and die young, and leave all their friends, and their husbands, and their little children—and I do not see any other way but to let them be sick and die till they are satisfied. If only the sinner were the sufferer there would not be occasion to make a great ado about it, but the blighting of future innocent lives, which must follow, renders the false habits of our women in the highest degree criminal.

To AVOID A COLD.—Change the stockings as often as they become wet from perspiration. Avoid cold draughts of air upon any part of the body; or unequal temperature from any cause, such as evaporation of moisture from wet clothes on a portion of the person. The clothing wet all over is less productive of colds than when partly wet. Unequal temperature upon different parts of the body disturbs the circulation of the blood and produces a cold. The best precaution, however, is to keep the system vigorous by temperance, a generous diet of digestible food, and plenty of sleep.

—Some people think they must eat, whether they have an appetite or not, because the regular meal time has come around. Irregularity in meals is a dangerous habit, but to force food into a reluctant stomach for the sake of regularity is not much, if any safer. This is the case at all times, and particularly at this season of the year, when the system can least afford any needless waste of power.

### OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Knowing the prevalence of chilblains, I send a simple, inexpensive remedy. Rub on the parts affected oil of tar, heating it in by the fire, each evening for a few days.

I notice in THE HOUSEHOLD for November a remedy for dyspepsia. As a former sufferer, I will give the remedy that cured me. Pulverized golden seal, of which take the amount of a good sized pea, (instead of one-half a teaspoonful,) to be taken in the mouth dry, five to ten minutes before eating. If faithfully followed, it will effect a cure of bad cases.

REV. J. N. WILSON.  
Perry, Lake Co., Ohio.

RHEUMATISM LINIMENT.—One quart of alcohol, two ounces of spirits of ammonia, two ounces of number 6, one and one-half ounces of chloroform, one-fourth ounce oil of origanum, one-fourth ounce oil of cedar, one-fourth ounce oil of anise, one-fourth ounce oil of hemlock, one-fourth ounce oil of sassafras. Use freely for bathing the affected parts.

M. G. F.

### DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

E. H. B. In reference to the use of the "electric battery," I decidedly prefer a very gentle use of it, avoiding all shock, all harshness. I would not make the applications to the head, but to some convenient part of the body. Gentle applications to the spine will be valuable. I think that harm has been done by the unpleasant shocks received from the full force of the battery. Nothing uncomfortable should be submitted to this, as the shocks to the nerves will counterbalance the good. To such applications, I would prefer the action of the warm sun on the back, and yet a mild application can be used. I have known decided improvement to follow the use of so mild a magnet as "Hill's electric hair brush." The same may follow the use of other simple means of evolving electricity. Those teachers will do well to use the brain less and the muscles more, walking, or doing some labor, one hour for every three of confinement, as the minimum—more would be still better. Then, they would do well to live plainly, using a fair share of food for the brain, as fish, lean meats, sparingly, honest bread, that made of wheat, not starch, and use the fruits freely, with the meals. In the case referred to, it is plain that the brain has robbed the stomach of its power, the dyspepsia resulting from the combined influence of a want of exercise, and a diversion of the vital forces from the brain, practical robbery. All of the symptoms of which you speak will be modified by a reasonable amount of physical exercise. Yes, I encourage the use of the Horsford "Acid Phosphate," as a means of stimulating the liver, evidently inactive, regulating the stomach and bowels, and, in general terms, removing those special symptoms. Since it is both food and medicine, you need not fear a reasonable use of it, taken when it is indicated. Teachers especially need an article of this kind, something to invigorate, "tone up" the nervous system, and nourish the brain, so generally overtaxed. A fourth of a teaspoonful at the close of each meal, reduced in water, (a little more for males,) and a third at bedtime, will do much to secure good sleep—without which no teacher can long survive—and afford the brain its proper nutrition. This is food-stimulus, I may almost say infinitely superior to alcoholic stimulation, which would uniformly prove disastrous in a case like yours. No, I do not know of the "compound oxygen," but do know of this acid, after having used it for twenty-five years, and also that the oxygen of the air is perfectly reliable and safe.

C. F. C. The "salt rheum" of which you speak, on your girl, results, I think, from a bad diet, a free use of pastry, oily food, and salt, more especially. Your experience in the use of "cosmolite" is the same as in all cases, healing, then reappearing, as it should, since no cause is removed, no disease cured, but simply checked, retained in the system, soon to outcrop elsewhere. Indeed, this is nature's method of removing the disease, purifying the system by allowing it to escape through the skin, in the form of corrupt discharges. It is fortunate, indeed, that nature will not allow her efforts to be thus frustrated, but that she perseveres, seeking a new outlet when one is unwisely closed. (It is safe to follow her leadings in all cases.) The child needs a good diet more than medicine. My "Health Rules" will aid you much in the diet, though, in general terms, I advise a plain diet, as free from grease as possible, eaten at regular times, instead of being taken when the child has time to eat, or has nothing else to do, as sometimes expressed. (My pamphlet "Good Digestion" will help you.) I do not approve of "flannel night-dresses" ordinarily, if one can be kept warm without them, as they so often irritate the surface. No clothing worn by day, if one is neat, should be worn at night. It is safe to keep a child comfortable, not too warm, particularly at night.

SUBSCRIBER. The change in your hair may be the result of various causes. Care, grief and even worry, may be among them. I fear that many, if not most of our delicate women in some way stimulate, which may be one of the causes of nervousness, which has some connection with this whitening of the hair. Let me explain. An excitable female may use very strong tea, particularly at night, by which she is deprived of sleep. This must induce nervousness, if not irritability, exciting the brain, and producing more or less headache. This, with the consequent heat of the head, may result in disease of the scalp, attended by the change of the color of the hair. To say the least, this is unnatural and must have an adequate cause. "Keep the head cool and the feet warm" is as sensible an adage as it is old. But what can be done? I answer, in addition to avoiding the causes it is needful to take special care of the head. One of the most important considerations is keeping the head cool. This cannot be done while one is in a constant excitement, as I have said, so often caused by stimulants, and then, in addition to wetting the head with cool water, it is well to dip the tips of the fingers in salt and water, rubbing the scalp thoroughly several times a day. This may be varied by the use of ammonia, occasionally using glycerine.

## The Dressing Room.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

BY AUNT RACHEL.

"FOR my part I don't see how she does it."

"It's awfully extravagant."

"I can't really call Fan extravagant, even if she has a new dress, and I can't afford one, but as I said before, I don't see how she does it."

"Nor I, but I suppose it is management."

"To tell the truth she looks better than either of us, yet claims to be so very economical."

"There is where the shoe pinches, yet she is not stingy, as she often gives when I think I cannot afford to."

"Her husband has always had the same wages as ours, yet their home is paid for while ours is not. The children look better, yet they have one more than we. It's a mystery to me."

"And me too. But here she comes and we will ask her."

"Good afternoon. Nell is here, and we were just talking about you, and your extravagance in getting a new dress."

"Talking about me and my new plaid?"

"Yes. Come in and defend yourself."

"Extravagant! Don't, I beg of you, ever apply the word to me, for surely I do not deserve it, I who study the closest economy."

"Well, it is a fact that you have a new dress, and it is becoming too. If you will only tell us the secret we will agree not to apply the word to you again, that is, if you will only convince us that it is wrongly applied."

"There is no secret about it. I went to the store, bought what I needed, paid for it, and cut and made my dress myself, and intend to wear it as a home dress all winter."

"You know very well that is not what we meant. The idea is to know how you manage to look so well when you have so little to do with."

"If I am to have the floor I may treat you to a lecture longer than you wish."

"We can sew while you talk, and really, we are in earnest about this. Nell and I have often discussed the subject."

"I do not want to be egotistical. I do not want to have management or economy hobbies, but I have always endeavored to give thought, earnest thought, to the subject. When George and I were first married, we agreed to go without even what we considered necessities, till we could pay for them. That is the foundation of our prosperity, but that, you will think, has nothing to do with my dress, but it is such a comfortable feeling to know you are not in debt. I presume, should I tell you that my dress only cost me two dollars, you would not call me extravagant."

"It really seems impossible, but prove it to us, and we will take back the odious word."

"The old adage, 'A penny saved is a penny earned,' is as good a rule for us to go by, as it was for our mothers and grandmothers. With the present style much can be used, that could not have been, in days gone by, thanks to Dame Fashion, who kindly sanctions sham skirts, and suits of two or three different colors and materials. A discarded merino cape, which had two rows of narrow plaiting around, I used for the skirt, and only purchased six yards of common width plaid, which was two shillings per yard. I will tell you just how I managed, for I had but very little cloth to make the skirt out of. The foundation was an old cambric which had been used.

It was not convenient for me to get a braid at the minute I wanted it, so I took a biasing piece of merino about two inches wide, folded it in the center and ironed it down, placed the fold on the bottom of the skirt, sewed it around, and felled up one edge on to the wrong side. This left the upper part for a facing to run up under the plaiting. This was easily done, and the result so satisfactory that I shall discard dress braids hereafter, especially on colors, as there is danger of their not fading like the goods, then, how they look. 'Necessity is the mother of invention.' If all inventions, however, only proved as satisfactory as this, there would be some use in racking one's brains, still, I shall not claim a patent, as the idea was simply hit or wit, born of necessity. But to return to my dress. I pressed out the plaiting, (which you see is not over two inches wide,) then box plaited enough to go once around the skirt, scrimping the plaits as much as I could, then took enough for two rows of puffing, and run them together on the wrong side and sewed it on above the plaiting. Then pieced up the skirt with the rest of the merino, saving enough for cuffs and collar. Do you like the way I draped the skirt?"

"Yes, and hope you will lend me the pattern."

"Oh, I don't spend much for patterns, but keep my eyes open, but this I had to put on as best I could to conceal the cambric, a point in front and one at the side, half handkerchief style, which you see brings it biasing at the top, but makes it all the prettier. Then there is just a width in the back. I caught all of these pieces down firmly to the skirt with a loose thread. If I had been making a nice dress I should not have used different colors of drilling for waist lining, or washed cambric for sleeves, but I thought it would answer for this. By the way, I put on a thin layer of cotton on the upper part of the sleeves, which makes them fit better as well as gives additional warmth. To be sure my buttons are not in style, but they will answer. Now, you have all I expended in full, are you ready to take back the applied odious word, extravagance?"

"Indeed we will, most heartily, won't we, Nell?"

"I assure you hereafter I shall be very cautious how I call any one extravagant."

"Thank you. I shall think that some good has resulted from my talk then, but I have a while longer to stay, and if you will bring out your piece bag I will help you plan."

"Most willingly. That is what I wanted to ask you to do. Here it is. The bag is large enough."

Judging from the looks outside I think we shall find some odds and ends to do with. Here is a roll of drilling, and here another, quite large pieces. You had best use these for the lining to Susie's dress, and perhaps there will be enough for Ida's too. So much saved, yes, earned. Here is a roll of plaid. Even if there is but little it will brighten up a dress, and all the cambric you will want to use this fall. Here is a half-worn drab flannel skirt, have you got to get the little one a dress?"

"Yes, and I should be so glad if that will answer."

"It will, and lined with cambric and lengthened with the plaid, it will be pretty, so now for the button box. There, these will answer. Now baby's dress is planned."

"It will be pretty, too. Susie and Ida have both got to have warm school dresses, but they are so large that I know I shall have to buy for them."

"Don't be too sure. Think if you haven't some sack, cape or shawl, even a coat hung away."

"To be sure. I got so discouraged when I was cleaning out the closets, taking down and hanging up. What a genius you are. Here is a sack which belonged to my brown dress, but that was worn out long ago. I do really believe that this will do for Ida. This old shawl, too, won't this make Susie a dress? I can use the border for ruffles, with plaid put on between to cover up the cambric."

"Really, Nell, you are getting enthusiastic. You have planned those two dresses yourself. There is no need of my helping any more."

"Why, so I have, but the credit of it all belongs to you, and I can think of ever so many more garments hung away. I am so glad. Husband and I were talking about the children's wardrobes only the other night, and he did not know how to spare the money for them."

"I am glad to have been of benefit to you, but I would not have you think that the main idea is to go through life saving, but I always think that my children will better appreciate nicer clothes as they grow older, but they cannot have them if so much is expended for them now. Then, there is another point to be gained. You do not have as many things around the house, filling chests and boxes so full that there is no room for more, taxing time and patience during house-cleaning. So use up the odds and ends of the piece bag, as well as the bits and pieces on the pantry shelf. But I must be going, as the children will be home from school, and will feel lonesome without mamma, and if I can be of any service in the future I shall only be too glad."

### EXPLANATION OF TERMS USED IN KNITTING OR CROCHET.

These explanations are so plain and clear, and as I have derived considerable help from them in knitting new patterns, where they were used, I copy them from a paper and send them, thinking they may simplify the directions in the different borders, and insertions given in this paper, to the many subscribers who may be interested in this work.

"In knitting the different patterns careful attention should be given to the meaning of the terms used. 'Knit one' means knit one plain, ordinary stitch. 'Knit two' means knit two plain stitches, one at a time. In 'knit two together,'

the right needle is put through two of the loops on the left, which are knit as one stitch. This is one of the usual ways of narrowing. Another method is to knit two plain stitches, one at a time, and then with the left needle cast the first over the second. 'Slip one,' is to take a stitch off the left needle and slip it on the right without knitting. In 'casting off,' knit two plain stitches, throw (with the left needle) the first over the second, knit a third, throw the second over the third, knit a fourth, throw the third over the fourth, and so on until the last stitch is reached. 'Make one,' 'over,' 'throw the cotton (or wool) forward,' all mean the same thing. In ordinary knitting the cotton is below, or on the side of the work farthest from the knitter. To 'make one' is to bring the cotton forward round the end of the right needle to the front or near side of the work. This causes a loop on the right needle when the next stitch is knitted, and this extra loop is the 'made' stitch.

Making one, followed by knitting two together, with the next row all plain, forms the pretty open stitch known as point de riz, (rice stitch,) a very pretty pattern of which was given in the *HOUSEHOLD* for 1879.

To 'make two,' the cotton is brought to the front as in 'making one,' and is then carried once round the right needle. The effect of this is to make two loops

or stitches, hence the name. 'Purling' is making a reverse or back stitch, and is the same as seaming in plain knitting. The cotton is brought to the front as in making one, and the right needle is passed through the next loop from the right to the left, instead of as in a plain stitch. Remember, always bring the cotton forward before purling, and always pass it back to the under side of the work after the purl stitches are made, and before the next plain stitches are knit. 'Twist' stitch is made by knitting from the back part of the loop. The right needle is put in behind the left needle, and passes through the loop from right to left, much the same as in purling, except that in purling the needle is passed through the front part of the loop. 'Stars' (\*) in knitting are used to prevent useless repetitions. Thus: Suppose the directions ran, knit two, \* over, knit two together, repeat from \* twice, purl one. Written out in full this would be: Knit two, over, knit two together, over, knit two together, purl one. The 'stars' save the repetition of the words over, knit two together.

The standard terms in crochet are very simple and easily understood. We give below the different stitches. 'Single stitch,' or s. c.; put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring the cotton through in a loop, and also through the loop on the needle. 'Double crochet,' or d. c.; put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring the cotton through; take up the cotton again and bring it through the two loops. 'Treble stitch,' turn the cotton round the needle, put it in a stitch, bring the cotton through; then take it up and bring it through two loops twice. 'Long stitch,' or long treble; turn the cotton twice round the needle, work as the treble stitch, bringing the cotton through two loops three times. Extra long stitch; turn the cotton three times around the needle, work as treble stitch, bringing the cotton through two loops four times. It is probably not necessary to explain 'chain,' as it is the foundation of all crochet, and is simply a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the preceding one."

REBA L. RAYMOND.

### PRETTY WRISTERS.

Cast on forty-nine or fifty-six stitches, (increase or decrease by seven.)

1. Seam two, knit five plain, seam two, etc.

2. Seam two, knit one, thread in front of needle, knit one four times, seam two, etc. Throwing the thread forward makes the open work.

3. Seam two, knit nine plain, seam two, etc.

4. Seam two, narrow by knitting two stitches together, knit five plain, narrow, seam two, etc.

5. Seam two, narrow, knit three plain, narrow, seam two, etc.

Repeat the five rows until the wrist is deep enough. Make a dainty finish for the edge by crocheting a chain of three stitches, put the hook through a stitch in the edge, bring up, there are now two stitches, draw one through the other, and continue this in each edge stitch. If it makes it too full, omit a stitch occasionally. This is a neat finish. Use Saxony yarn for this pattern.

SECOND PATTERN.—Cast on fifty-four or sixty-three stitches, (increase or decrease by nine.)

1. Seam two, knit seven plain, seam two, etc.

2. Seam two, knit one, thread in front of needle, knit one six times, seam two, etc.

3. Seam two, knit thirteen plain, seam

two, etc. There are six stitches made by throwing the thread forward.

4. Seam two, narrow by knitting two together, knit nine plain, narrow, seam two, etc.

5. Seam two, knit nine plain, seam two, etc.

6. Seam two, narrow, knit seven plain, narrow, seam two, etc.

7. Seam two, knit nine plain, seam two, etc.

8. Seam two, narrow, knit five plain, narrow, seam two, etc.

9. Seam two, knit seven plain, seam two, etc.

Repeat the pattern from the first and finish with scallops.

REBA L. RAYMOND.

**INFANTS' KNITTED SHIRTS.**

Materials, one ounce of single white zephyr, and two common sized needles. Cast ninety-three stitches on one needle.

1. Knit two stitches plain, narrow one, knit two, put thread over the needle, knit one stitch, repeat, then two plain, narrow two, knit two plain, put thread over for two stitches, and so on to the end of the needle, where there will be only one stitch to narrow instead of two.

2. Knit plain.

3. Seam across same as on heel of stocking, which completes one row of shells.

It requires twenty rows of the same after which seam two and two across till it will measure from shells one-half finger length. To finish at neck, knit across plain, and make one row of holes by putting thread over every stitch and narrowing, bind off. This completes one-half of the body. Knit a duplicate, and sew the sides together, to within two inches of the top.

For sleeves, cast on seventy-three stitches, and proceed the same as on the body for eight rows of shells, then seam two and two one inch, and finish the same as before. Sew sleeves together and sew them into the body.

For neck finish, crochet plain edge, run ribbon in the row of holes, and draw up.

COM.

**ANOTHER PATTERN.**

Cast on seventy-four stitches for one half of body. Knit across plain. Take off the first stitch, knit the next, put up the thread and knit three, \* narrow, knit one, then slip the narrowed stitch over this, knit three, put up the thread, knit one, put up the thread, and knit three, repeat from \* until all are knit off. Knit back plain. Knit twelve times across for the border, then knit two and seam two, until you have the length of body desired, about eight inches, then at the end where the thread is, knit twelve stitches six times across for the shoulder. Use a third needle if more convenient. Bind off, then bind off the stitches on the body part excepting the last twelve stitches for the other shoulder, knit these six times across, and bind off.

For the sleeve, cast on thirty stitches, make as directed for border of body one inch deep, then knit two and seam two to make the desired length. When completed sew them up, as also the body, over and over, using the same yarn they were knit of. Sew them to the body. Crochet or knit a narrow edge for the neck, and run a narrow ribbon through. They should be knit of split worsted or Saxony yarn. If you have any difficulty in following these directions address as below, and I will gladly explain.

MRS. GILBERT SMALL.

Amherst, New Hampshire.

ANOTHER.—Materials, one ounce of single zephyr or fine Saxony, and two coarse steel needles. Cast on ninety stitches. Knit three seam and three plain alternate-

ly for each row, until seven inches long. Knit twenty stitches at one end of the needle, till one and one-half inches long, for the shoulder. Bind off all but twenty stitches, and knit the other shoulder similarly. This is half the shirt. Duplicate. Sew the halves at the shoulder. Take up thirty-eight stitches each side of the shoulder seam. Knit three seam and three plain alternately for each row, narrowing at each end of the needle to sixty-two stitches. Continue at that width till the sleeve is one and one-half inches long. Sew up the sides and sleeves. Trim to taste.

SWEET ALYSSUM.

**PALM LEAF LACE.**

Cast on ten stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over three times, narrow, over twice, purl two together.

2. Over twice, purl two together, knit two, purl one, in the next loop knit one and purl one, (that is after drawing the thread through in knitting, and before slipping off the stitch, bring the thread forward and purl a stitch in the same loop) knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, over twice, purl two together.

4. Over twice, purl two together, knit five, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit three, over twice, purl two together.

6. Over twice, purl two together, knit four, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, purl two together.

8. Over twice, purl two together, knit three, purl one, knit four, purl one, knit two.

9. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, purl two together.

10. Over twice, purl two together, knit two, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit two.

11. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over twice, purl two together.

12. Bind off three, then take the stitch on the right hand needle and put it on the left hand, over twice, purl two together, knit five, purl one, knit two.

MILLIE.

**SHELL-WORK EDGING.**

In knitting the loops, knit the first one and seam the second. On the first scallop you have twenty stitches at the beginning and twenty-five when you finish.

Cast on twenty stitches.

1. Knit four, over and narrow, knit plain to the last two stitches, over twice, and seam two together.

2. Put the thread over the needle and seam two together, knit the rest plain.

3. Knit eight, over twice and narrow, knit plain to the last two stitches, over twice and seam two together.

4. Like second row.

5. Like first row.

6. Knit eight, over twice and narrow, over twice and narrow, knit plain to the last two stitches, over twice and seam two together.

7. Like second row.

8. Like first row.

9. Knit eight, over twice and narrow, over twice and narrow, over twice and narrow, knit plain to the last two stitches, over twice and seam two together.

10. Like second row.

11. Like first row.

12. Knit eight, over twice and narrow, over twice and narrow, over twice and narrow, knit

plain to the last two stitches, over twice and seam two together.

13. Like second row.

14. Like first row.

15. Knit eight, over twice and narrow, over twice and narrow, over twice and narrow, over twice and narrow, knit one and slip it on to the left needle, and pull all the stitches over it but one. Put the thread over twice and seam two together.

16. Like second row.

MRS. C. E. A.

**KNITTED MITTENS.**

I will reply to the request in THE HOUSEHOLD for directions for knitting gentlemen's mittens. The number of stitches should be in accordance with the size of the yarn. Stout yarn, four-threaded, will require twenty-three stitches on a needle. I seam the wrist nearly half a finger, knit three, seam two, as long as you wish. Commence the gore for the thumb by continuing a seam each side of one of the three stitches or the rib, and then widen each side once in three times around, or oftener if you like. The gore you can make nearly half a finger. Widen inside the seam as above, until you have twenty-six stitches, and

slip on to a piece of thread or yarn, and tie so that they may not get off nor lose. Make seven stitches to come where the others were taken off, and knit plain until you have it to the end of the little finger, and then commence to narrow it off round, not pointed. When you leave this take the thumb stitches on the needles in equal number, and narrow every other time around on the side of the hand, until you have ten stitches on each needle, and you can judge by the looks how long it should be, and then narrow off. If no wrist is wanted, you can have the same number of stitches as in the first directions, and knit half an inch plain, and commence the thumb, and if fringe is preferred, cut the yarn twice the length you desire the fringe, and take two threads, and double and draw through the edge with a crochet needle. I hope these directions are plain and can be understood.

AUNT CALISTA.

**KNIT EDGING.**

Cast on eighteen stitches; knit across plain.

1. [Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two,] thread over twice, knit two together, knit six.

2. Same as first inside brackets, then rest plain.

4. Slip one, knit eight, then the part of second row inside the brackets.

5. Same as first inside brackets, then thread over twice, knit two together, thread over twice, knit two together, knit five.

6. Slip one, knit six, seam loop, knit two, seam loop, like second row inside brackets.

7. Like first row inside brackets, knit rest plain.

8. Slip one, knit ten, now like second row inside brackets.

9. Like first row inside brackets, thread over twice, knit two together, do this three times, knit five plain.

10. Slip one, knit six, seam the loop, knit two, seam loop, knit two, seam loop, like second row inside brackets.

11. Like first row inside brackets, rest plain.

12. Slip one, bind off six, knit seven, like second row inside brackets.

SUNNYSIDE.

**KNIT EDGING.**

Use fine steel knitting needles, and number eighty linen thread. Cast on fifteen stitches, and knit across plain.

1. Slip first stitch, knit two, thread over, knit two together, three plain, thread over, knit two together, thread over three times, knit two together, knit one plain.

2. Slip one, knit one, knit first loop, seam second loop, knit third loop, knit two plain, thread over, knit two together, two plain, thread over, knit two together, knit one plain.

3. Slip one, knit two plain, thread over, knit two together, one plain, thread over, knit two together, two plain, thread over, two together, five plain.

4. Slip one, six plain, thread over, two together, five plain, thread over, two together, one plain.

5. Slip one, two plain, thread over, knit two together, two plain, thread over, knit two together, one plain.

6. Slip and bind two, knit four plain, thread over, knit two together, five plain, thread over, knit two together, one plain.

You now have fifteen stitches to commence with again. Commence at number one.

C. N. W.

**NARROW EDGING.**

Cast on twelve stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice and narrow, knit the rest plain.

2. Slip one, knit eight, knit one loop, purl one, knit two plain.

3. Slip one, knit the rest plain.

4. Slip one, knit the rest plain.

5. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice and narrow, thread over twice and narrow, knit three, thread over twice and narrow, knit two.

6. Slip one, knit two, knit one loop, purl one, knit four, knit one loop, purl one, knit one, knit one loop, purl one, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit the rest plain.

8. Slip one, knit the rest plain.

9. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice and narrow, thread over twice and narrow, knit the rest plain.

10. Slip one, knit eight, knit one loop, purl one, knit one, knit one loop, purl one, knit two.

11. Slip one, knit the rest plain.

12. Slip and bind off seven, knit the rest plain.

Repeat, commencing with first row.

MRS. W. COLE.

Blacks, Yolo Co., Cal.

**KNITTED HOOD.**

I will try to give something in the way of knitting a hood for Kittie, as she asks for directions. I use zephyr worsted doubled, knit on wooden needles measuring five-eighths of an inch around.

Cast on one hundred and fifty stitches loose, knit back and forth three times, garter stitch, now knit two stitches at the commencement of every needle together, continue so until you narrow it down to sixty, now put thread over and narrow every alternate two stitches to form a row of holes. Now to form the cape, widen one stitch at the beginning of each needle, until you have the cape as wide as you wish, bind off, and crochet a simple edge of bright worsted.

I should have added above, sew the ends of the cape to the hood. Make four tassels, one for each end of tabs, and finish by running a cord made of the worsted in the holes above the cape. Put a tassel on each end of the cord to draw it up with. I think these directions are plain.

Can any sister give me directions for netting a head and shoulder net for a horse? I want it to cover the ears and go back to the shoulders. SUNFLOWER.

## KNITTED MITTENS.

I have found this the prettiest and easiest way to knit mittens. Four fine knitting needles. Cast twenty-one stitches on two needles, and twenty-four stitches on the other. Knit three and seam three until you have a wrist two inches long. Now commence the thumb. In the middle of the needle, where three stitches are knit plain, make a stitch on each side of the center stitch, making five instead of three. Widen in this manner every seventh time round, until you have twenty-one stitches for the thumb. Slip these twenty-one stitches off on a strong thread, make or cast in three stitches, join the work, and finish the hand, knitting three and seaming three until of the right length, then narrow off quickly, every three stitches. Pick up the twenty-one stitches with seven other stitches taken up where the thumb joins the hand, and knit the thumb plain, narrowing it off as in plain mittens. Crochet a border on the wrist in accordance with your own taste.

MOLLIE MILLER.

## CRAZY STITCH.

Crochet a row of chains, counting the last three as one double crochet, work two more double chains in the fourth stitch, counting backwards from the needle. To make a double chain I throw the thread over the needle once before inserting in a stitch, throw over again, draw the thread through the stitch taken up, throw over again, draw through the first loop, throw over again and draw through the next two, leaving one on the needle. After working three double chains in the stitch taken up, work two chains, one single crochet (which is the first half of a double chain,) in the same stitch, pass over three chains, work three double chains, two chains and one half-stitch in the next chain stitch, and so on until the end is reached, then turn your work, and in the loop formed by the two chains work the same, three double chains, two chains, one half-stitch, and so on to the end.

COM.

## KNITTED LACE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I send directions for knitting lace which I have not seen printed. It is very easily knitted, and very pretty for neck and sleeves, knit with one hundred and ten linen thread. Cast on twenty-four stitches.

1. Knit four stitches, put thread over, narrow, and continue putting over thread and narrowing till the last stitch, which knit.

2. Plain.

3. Knit five stitches, put over the thread and narrow through the needle same as first row.

4. Plain.

5. Knit six stitches, put over thread and narrow through same as first row.

6, 7, 8, and 9. Plain.

10. Narrow twice, then slip first stitch over the second, and knit the rest plain.

11 and 12. Knit plain. J. A. P.

## SPATTER WORK.

I discovered a pretty way of doing spatter work suitable for mottoes or other work to be covered with glass. It is superior to ink, as it gives the leaves, vines, etc., their natural color and appearance. Use dark green, oiled paper, the same as we use for curtains, and spatter with cold starch like that made for starching collars, cuffs, etc. I made a motto using ferns, leaves, and the words "Rock of Ages" cut from thick paper, using brush and wire, and when the starch was dry removed them, and removed some of the larger spots with the point of a pin, taking care not to touch it with my fin-

gers, as the starch rubs off easily. The starch finely spattered over the dark green paper makes it a lovely tint, and I am certain any one who tries it will think it pretty.

MARIAN HALCOMBE.

## CROSSED STITCH.

Cast on forty-three stitches. Knit once across plain.

1. Knit one plain, then knit six putting the thread around the needle four times, one plain, and so to the end, the last stitch being plain, and one plain between each group of six.

2. One plain, take off the next six stitches, letting them out to full length, with the left hand needle lift the first three over the last three, slip the last three also on the left hand needle, knitting them off plain.

Knit across three times plain, and repeat from the first row.

I hope this will be plain, for it is a pretty stitch. I think you will have no trouble. Remember the last three are knit first.

CONSTANCE.

## KNITTED SKIRT.

MR. CROWELL:—As one of the sisters wants to know how to knit a petticoat, suspender stitch, I will try to make it as plain as I can.

Cast the stitches on one needle, knit one plain, put the thread forward and slip the stitch as if to seam, but don't knit it, knit the next plain, then put the thread forward and slip the stitch as before, and so alternate. The next time across you slip the plain stitch, and knit the loop and stitch together. This is very elastic, and care should be taken not to get your garment too large. I made one of stocking yarn and like it much better than the Germantown yarn. I didn't use quite a pound. I got the red Agawam yarn.

MARY W.

## NARROW LACE.

Cast on seven stitches.

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

2. Slip one, knit two, seam one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit four.

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

5. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, knit two.

6. Slip one, knit two, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit seven.

Bind off five stitches, knit three, over, narrow, knit one. MRS. J. W. ECKEE.

## CLOVER LEAF EDGE.

Cast on ten stitches.

1. Knit across plain.

2. \* Knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit three.

3. Knit five, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

4. Knit two, over, narrow, knit seven.

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

6. Knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit two.

7. Knit four, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

8. Knit two, over, narrow, knit nine.

9. Bind off three, knit six, over, narrow, knit one. Repeat from \*.

AUNT KATE.

## A PRETTY EDGE FOR FEATHER BRAID.

Put your hook through a loop and chain three stitches, put the thread over the needle twice, put the hook in the next

loop and draw it through, then through two, then through two; this makes a double bar. Leave the two stitches on the hook, and make nine double bars. Now there will be ten stitches on the hook, put thread over the hook, and draw it through them all, put your hook in the top of the last bar, and draw it up, and you have a perfect shell. Then chain eight, and make another shell. This makes a pretty edge for children's clothes.

LETA LEE.

## STRIPE FOR LOUNGE AFGHAN.

Cast on twenty-seven stitches.

1. Make a stitch at each end of the needle, knit the rest plain, in the middle slip off one, narrow, then slip one not knit over the one just narrowed.

The odd rows, as 3, 5, 7, etc., are to be like the first row. The even numbers, as 2, 4, 6, etc., are to be knit plain.

Knit each stripe eleven blocks long, each block to be twenty-four ribs long. It will need fifteen stripes. They will be pointed. The afghan is made of two colors of Germantown, one and one-half pounds of each. Crochet the stripes together with black. SUNNYSIDE.

## LAMBREQUINS.

Cut out of dark brown canton flannel the shape you desire your lambrequin to be. Whip the edges over and over, then crochet a chain of scarlet Germantown yarn, and sew around the edge, and then into this chain crochet any pretty edge or scallop you desire. Out of cretonne with a red ground, cut some of the many beautiful flowers and figures we find there, and buttonhole stitch these on your lambrequin, arranging them to suit your own artistic taste. Do not forget when cutting out your figures to leave sufficient of the red groundwork to stitch on.

MRS. B.

## A TOILET SET.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Jessie M., asks in the October number how to make a toilet set which can be washed. Take plain or dotted Swiss, and cut splash and mats the size required, then cut strips of Swiss about two inches in width, pink both edges, gather in the middle and sew around the edges of the mats and splash. Line these with blue silesia or paper cambric. These are pretty, and when soiled the Swiss can be washed and basted on the blue again.

BESSIE SIMONSON.

## FRINGE.

Cast on seventeen stitches.

1. Knit two, make one, narrow, knit one, make one, narrow, knit seven.

2. Knit eight, make one, narrow, knit one, make one, narrow, knit one. When of the required length, bind off the first eight and ravel the remaining six for fringe.

M. S.

## THE WORK TABLE.

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

Will some of the sisters please give me the arrangement of colors in the Roman stripe? and oblige.

M. E. GROVE.

If Ella, in January work table, will send me her address, I will send her samples of braid trimmings, serpentine and feather edged.

Gilroy, Cal.

MRS. M. E. MARSTON.

MR. CROWELL:—Please say to Addie Marshall that I have shells polished by my husband, done in this way: Take powdered pumice stone, mix it with water, lay it on the shell and rub it with

a stiff brush until the shell is perfectly smooth and clean.

MRS. C. A. FARNHAM.

26 Violet St., Providence, R. I.

I wish to inquire if any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters paint photographs on convex glass.

If Maude Meredith will send me her address, I will gladly send her the song, "Ever of Thee I'm fondly Dreaming."

KITTY S. BRIGGS.

West Macedon, N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I will stamp K. S. a beautiful pillow sham for braiding, if she will send me her address.

Also, if Mrs. Junia will send her address, I will send her several patterns of animals. I would send direct to the writers had they given their addresses.

MRS. S. A. BEAMAN.

Keosauqua, Iowa.

Will L. C. S. please send me a sample of the rose tidy she speaks of in the July paper? I will return stamps for her trouble.

Also, if K. S. will crochet me a sample of the star tidy she spoke of in the same paper, I will return stamps.

S. E. MARVEL.

Hazlettville, Kent Co., Del.

Please tell Mrs. B. C., Worcester, Mass., that a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD thanks her very much for her rule for knitting silk mittens. I have made four pair and like them very much.

COM.

I wonder if any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band were ever so unfortunate as to burn holes in their rag carpets; if so, I hope they will try my way of mending them: Take some of the warp and thread a large darning needle, and replace it as nearly as it was before as you can, running back three or four threads of rags, so they will not ravel any more, then take carpet rags of the same color as those burned out, and weave over and under the warp you have darned in. When it is done trim the ends of the rags and burnt warp off smooth, and, you can scarcely see the mending.

MRS. W. L. KETCHAM.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—In looking over the directions for counterpane I see some one has made a few mistakes. Was it me? If so, please let me correct them. Instead of seam eighteen in the sixth row, it should read, seam eight. In the seventeenth row, instead of seam twenty-seven, it is seam seven. In the twenty-fifth row, it should read, knit sixteen, seam five, knit four, etc. In the twenty-ninth row, it is seam twenty-three instead of twenty-nine. As I have now received two letters from the sisters, I thought I would send corrections to THE HOUSEHOLD, and perhaps save others the trouble of writing.

St. Johns, Mich.

MRS. G. W. STIMSON.

Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band inform me, through its columns, how those round bead watch chains are made? A SUBSCRIBER.

Many thanks to Katie H., for her pattern of baby's boots in the January number. I have knit one and it is beautiful. Will she please give her directions for star tidy, as she proposed? and oblige, ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD BAND.

Do any of the lady readers know how, or know of any one who can knit men's woolen gloves double, and to be worn on either hand? If so, please correspond in regard to it with

Easton, Mass.

EDITH M. KEITH.

I wish the ladies would tell the number of the thread used in the directions for knitting edging. Will some one please send to me or THE HOUSEHOLD, directions for the apple leaf tidy? Is it to be knit with cotton or wool?

It seems to me it would be a good idea for the contributors to give their true names and post-office addresses, then, if any one wished, they could write to them.

MRS. DELIA B. CRIPPEN.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please tell my daughter what to make for a fair? Something that will be useful as well as ornamental.

MRS. N. C. PECK.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If K. S. will send me her address, I will send her one block of the rose tidy, which she called for in the September number of THE HOUSEHOLD. NELLIE M. LOWE.

Canon City, Col.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Alma will send me a pair of her knit wristers in black, I will return the kindness by some fancy napkin rings. I am unable to make them from her description.

I wish some ingenious sister would tell me how to use up pieces of heavy cloth left from boys' suits. I think they would make a good rug but I cannot do it.

I enjoy every column of our paper, and I often wish I could put my thoughts on paper as others can, but I must be content to be a "silent partner."

MRS. ETHELWYN WEAVER.

Brighton, N. Y.

## The Dining Room.

### DINNER-TABLE HYGIENE.

THE question of dinner-table hygiene practically divides itself into two. First, how are we to secure that each day's dinner, whether taken at home or abroad, shall do us no injury? and, secondly, how are we to derive from each dinner the greatest possible amount of good? The ideal dinner is not that which simply supplies a man's tissue-waste, but that which places him altogether in a happier and better frame of mind. Regarded in this light a dinner may be made the means not only of bodily but of mental edification. To this end the body of the diner must be placed under such conditions that the function of digestion can be carried on with the least possible strain on the general nervous force, while his whole environment must be such as to conduce to a cheerful and contented frame of mind. Much might be written as to the preparations and antecedents necessary to a healthy meal, but it will suffice here to say that all forms of appetite-coaxers, such as alcohol in its various forms and bitters, are likely to do more harm than good, and should be rigidly eschewed by the philosophical diner. The two most important preparations are a moderately long fast, and a period of complete mental and bodily rest before dinner. Afternoon tea is utterly antagonistic to a successful meal, and any worry of mind or flutter of body is equally to be avoided for at least half an hour before the dinner hour.

The fixing of this dinner hour, is, perhaps, one of the most important points in the whole question. The desideratum is that a sufficient interval be secured before dinner for perfect appetite, and a sufficient interval after it for perfect digestion. The great fault of modern dinners is that they are too late. The diners go to bed, as a rule, with their stomachs half full of undigested food, and as a consequence they derive the full benefit neither of their meal nor of their sleep, but rise after a troubled rest with a headache and a feeling of weariness, which do not wear off until the next day is half over. In other cases this error has been known to give rise to nocturnal flatulence and acidity, and even to obstinate diarrhoea. These troubles are easily remedied when once the cause is found, but in the opposite event the tissues may in the end suffer most serious damage. To be on the safe side, one should interpose an interval of four hours between the end of dinner and the commencement of sleep, and any arrangement which only allows for an interval of less than three hours stands self-condemned. The hour being fixed, the next thing to be considered is the food. Here the first requisite is that every article of diet should be perfectly good. It is economical in the end to provide the best of everything. Next in importance to purity comes good cookery, which is, perhaps, the most difficult to obtain of all the requisites of a healthy dinner. Variety is the next important matter. We think that, on the whole, the appetite should be satisfied on one article of food, the preference being given to a cut from a joint, plainly cooked. But this should be partaken of only in moderation, and the adjuncts to it in the way of vegetables should be strictly limited both in number and quantity. It is better, if possible, to make separate courses of the different kinds of vegetables, so that the stomach is filled gradually; and it is as well, for the same reason, to interpose a short interval between each course. Of *entrees*, the cautious diner will take only one, choosing that which is most simply

prepared. Soup and fish should be taken only in moderation.

In conclusion we must add a few words on the general surroundings of a dinner. What is required is to secure that the main supply of nerve-force shall be concentrated on the digestive organs, while, at the same time, the mind is pleasantly stimulated. The dining room should be kept cool and well ventilated; otherwise the blood is drawn away from the stomach to the surface capillaries, while an extra strain is put upon the lungs by the respiration of vitiated air. The light should not be so brilliant as to over-excite the nervous system. A subdued light of a reddish shade is, perhaps, the most pleasant to dine in, red being believed to have the most enlivening effect on the sensorium. Flowers and scents, and even the splash of water, or the sound of distant music, are important accessories to the ideal dinner, but are not absolutely necessary to a healthy meal. Lastly, pleasant converse is, perhaps, the most important condition for securing the requisite mental altitude. We would venture to say that no solitary dinner can be a perfectly healthy one, but even that is, perhaps, better than forced and uncongenial conversation. Many an indigestion, we fancy, has owed its origin to an unresponsive neighbor. Hence the importance of carefully sorting dinner-guests, and of avoiding the general monotony of home-dinners by a frequent addition of external elements. When we think how many factors are necessary to make up a successful dinner, we must almost despair of ever being able to obtain them all together. In this, as in other matters, man is the slave of circumstances: but by thought and care he may approach near to the ideal, and all who have succeeded in doing this will admit that the result has been worth all the trouble spent upon it.

### BOSTON FISH-BALLS.

When the professor, celebrated in college, desired bread with his "one fish-ball," he little thought that the toothsome viand that composed his frugal meal would in a few years become an article of commerce that would be found on the breakfast table of the rigid Presbyterian of Scotland, and at the festive board of the "heathen Chinee." But this luxury, that has been so long considered as an exclusively Yankee production, has been, within the past nine months, exported to nearly every quarter of the habitable globe. For several years past a firm in this city have sought to discover a method by which minced fish, or fish balls, could be canned so as to retain its original freshness and that peculiar flavor that is supposed to be one of the secrets of the cook's art. After months of trials they at length succeeded in producing an article composed of butter, fish and potatoes, that had the flavor of the old-fashioned New England fish-balls, and that would bear transshipment around the world and retain its virtues in any climate.

The fish are killed by being stuck in the neck, and are hung up until every drop of blood is removed, and the napes are carefully scraped and cleaned. When salted and dried it is equal to the best Philips' Beach fish. The best Nova Scotia potatoes are used, and, instead of pork fat, the best Vermont and New York butter is contracted for at the dairy. The fish-balls are packed solid in tin cans and hermetically sealed, after which they are put up in cases of ten dozen each, when they are ready for the market. The first sale was made in New York last May, and to such an extent has the business grown in nine months that the firm employ a force of two hundred and fifty men and

women in preparing and packing the fish-balls, and sixty tanners in making the cans. Since the first of September twenty thousand bushels of potatoes have been used, and the codfish comprises several hundred quintals. The goods are shipped by the carload to Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Pittsburg and other Western points. A case of the goods was on exhibition at the Paris Exposition, for which a medal was awarded, and orders have been filled for France, England, Scotland and South America. A few weeks ago an order was received from Turkey, and last Saturday the firm received one from China. The business has outgrown the most sanguine expectations of the proprietors, and it will soon require additional room, and a larger force to fill them. This article of food has only been offered to the public for a few months, and in every case orders have been duplicated, and a steadily increasing demand is reported by the grocers who have retailed it. It is as popular in England, France and South America as it is on Cape Cod, and seems likely to become quite as famous abroad as American cheese.—*Boston Advertiser*.

### DINING ROOM FASHIONS.

In changing tablecloths during the week, contrive to let the fresh one be for the dinner table.

In clearing the table at dinner for a new course, the plates of host and hostess should be removed last, so that no guest will feel hurried.

It is the part of the hostess to serve cold meats. A very convenient way is to remove a few slices from the platter to a plate, place on it a silver fork and send it around the table.

It is always well to set the table for daily use with as much neatness as if guests were to be present, and to accustom servants or members of the family to wait upon the table properly, by daily practice. In this way all awkwardness is worn away, and a dinner becomes an unalloyed pleasure.

### THE MISTAKE OF EATING QUICKLY.

Mastication performed in haste must be imperfect, even with the best of teeth, and due admixture of the salivary secretion with the food cannot take place. When a crude mass of inadequately crushed muscular fibre, or undivided solid material of any description, is thrown into the stomach, it acts as a mechanical irritant, and sets up a condition in the mucous membrane lining that organ which greatly impedes, if it does not altogether prevent, the process of digestion. When the practice of eating quickly and filling the stomach with unprepared food is habitual, the digestive organ is rendered incapable of performing its proper functions. Either a much larger quantity of food than would be necessary under natural conditions, is required, or the system suffers for lack of nourishment.

Those animals which were intended to feed hurriedly were either gifted with the power of rumination, or provided with gizzards. Man is not so furnished, and it is fair to assume that he was intended to eat slowly. We must apologize for reminding our readers of facts so familiar; but we do this in the hope that any who may chance to have influence with the managers of large hotels where dinners *a la table d'hôte* are in vogue will take

measures to bring about a much needed reform in the manner in which these entertainments are conducted. At the best and most frequented establishments in places of fashionable resort, where, at this season, multitudes of health-seekers are wont to congregate, the hurried diners are not only causes of annoyance,

but actually go far to prevent the benefit which should be derived from a change. No sooner is one course served than another is introduced, without giving the guest time to digest or even swallow the first. The eagerness to secure good dividends takes a particularly mischievous form, when it piles food on the plate of a customer and compels him to consume it breathlessly. The matter may seem a small one, but it is not so. Just as a man may go on for years, with defective teeth, imperfectly masticating his food, and wondering why he suffers from indigestion, so a man may habitually live under an infliction of hurried dinners, and endure the consequent loss of health, without knowing why he is not well, or how easily the cause of his illness might be remedied.—*London Lancet*.

—Those who drink tea will find the nose, one of the best judges for distinguishing good tea, and how to prepare tea properly, art teaches us. To obtain a beverage very aromatic, and only in a small degree astringent, you must infuse the tea for half an hour in a very small quantity of cold water, and then add the boiling water, pouring the tea, before it is very brown, into the cup. The cold water saturates the whole texture of the leaves, and produces the same advantage as when we wish to obtain good broth from butchers' meat; and the boiling water, separates the tannin from the caffeine, which is precipitated when the infusion begins to grow cold. The addition of a few drops of lemon juice makes the tea more exciting. This custom prevails among the Russians.

### THE DESSERT.

—The crying baby at the public meeting, is like a good suggestion; it ought to be carried out.

—The milkmen are human, for an Hibernian assures us, that "they have their weak p'ints."

—The man who was "rocked in the cradle of the deep," must have slept between sheets of water.

—A farmer out toward the Ridge, who bought a kicking cow three weeks ago, already talks of withdrawing from the church.

—Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them till they have been for a short time in hot water.

—"When my grocer poisons me," says a French journalist, "they simply fine him; but when I poison my grocer they send me to the guillotine."

—A young lady who didn't admire the custom in vogue among her sisters of writing a letter and then cross-writing it to illegibility, said she would prefer her epistles "without an overskirt." Sensible.

—Comforting: "Mr. Boatman," said a timid woman to the ferryman who was rowing her across the river, "are people ever lost in this river?" "Oh, no, ma'am," he replied, "we always find 'em again in a day or so."

—At the Jeypore gas works in India, illuminating gas is made from castor beans. It is a generally accepted fact that the enlightenment obtaining among Boston's population is due to a bean diet. Therefore we doubt not that the beans in India will castor light of unwonted brilliancy.

—A college professor once tried to convince Horace Greeley of the value of classic languages. The professor said: "These languages are the conduits of the literary treasures of antiquity." Mr. Greeley replied, "I like Croton water very well, but it doesn't follow that I should eat a yard or two of lead pipe."

## The Kitchen.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

BY ANNIS WAYNE BOWEN.

I RAN across the street last Thursday afternoon to my sister's.

"Has Norah gone?" I asked, coming into the cosy little sitting-room.

Jessie looked up. "Not yet. But you are not too early. I was hoping you would come in time to read this article aloud while I finish my buttonholes."

Comfortably fixed in an easy chair I read how one wise woman trained her baby in the way it should go, or rather sleep. Just as I finished the article, slam, bang! went the front door. The concussion shook the house and rattled every window, the baby at our feet caught at his mother's dress in alarm.

"That is Norah's parting salute," explained Jessie in a much enduring tone.

But, I sprang up, "Now for liberty! are you ready Jessie?"

"Not till I finish this buttonhole."

"Come Teddie, we won't wait," and snatching up the child I made my way to the kitchen.

When Jessie entered, baby was contentedly sitting in his high chair beating an energetic tattoo on the table with an iron spoon and a clothes-pin.

"Well, what do you find?" asked Jessie, coming to the pantry door.

"A jarful of broken bread for one thing," I answered from the far corner.

"Bring it out and we will take counsel over it."

So out I came carrying a wide mouthed jar, and laid on the table, from that capacious receptacle, a sorry array of dry crusts and broken slices, and there was one good sized piece of a loaf.

"O, the wastefulness of that girl! What can we do with it all?" sighed Jessie.

The bell over head gave a very unmusical jingle.

"Do you suppose that's company?" I cried in dismay as my sister disappeared through the doorway. Soon I heard footsteps and she returned bringing a neighbor, Mrs. Ray. I welcomed Mrs. Ray cordially, she was an old classmate of mine.

"This is Norah's afternoon out," explained Jessie. "Annis comes over then and we do as we please in the kitchen for a few hours."

"Do you often see such a sight, Sardie?" and I pointed tragically at the heap on the table.

"Oh yes!" she answered; "Bridget threw a whole basinful to the chickens yesterday."

"We'll find a better use for this."

"Now, Jessie, this pile of slices will do to toast, and these broken pieces of baker's bread will make griddle cakes tomorrow morning, and —"

"Yes, but"—interrupted my sister.

"But what?"

"Only that John is tired of toast, dry toast, butter toast, and milk toast, we have it so often; for I can't keep the pieces of bread eaten up."

"Then we will have eggs on toast tonight," I replied unabashed.

"Well," assented Jessie.

Mrs. Ray commenced to look interested. "What's that for?" she asked, as I was crumbing bread into a bowl.

"For brown-betty;" I answered, "for dinner to-morrow. Grease a pudding dish and place first a layer of crumbs, then one of apple sliced or chopped very fine, strew brown sugar, cinnamon, with a very little butter, over the apple, and alternate apple and crumbs, topping off with crumbs. When it has browned cover it closely to confine the steam. Add a

little water before putting in the oven which should be hot, it will require from an hour to an hour and a half. The pudding may be served with any plain sauce."

"We often experiment," added Jessie, "and we found that pie-plant, or rhubarb, made an excellent substitute for apple, we even tried gooseberries, they were good but required too much sugar."

"I never dare to experiment," said Mrs. Ray.

"It's wonderful what good things we invent," replied Jessie, who was placing broken pieces of baker's bread in a deep bowl. "For griddle-cakes," she explained. "I will pour enough milk in to cover the bread. Do that just before bedtime and set in a cool place; in the morning mash it fine, add two large spoonfuls of melted lard, an egg beaten, salt, enough wheat flour to make a very thin batter; two tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda, (or use baking powder.) Made of homemade bread they are inclined to be tough, but these will melt in your mouth if you do not use too much flour. If you had rather make a loaf cake, use bran flour instead of wheat, molasses or brown sugar enough to sweeten it slightly, make the batter as thick as you can, so thick it will not pour but must be taken out with a spoon, the other ingredients the same as for griddle cakes. Bake in a turk's head in a hot oven for an hour."

"Do you think buckwheat cakes are wholesome?" asked Mrs. Ray.

"We have them nearly every day for breakfast during the winter. Would you like my mother's recipe, she makes the best I ever tasted. She uses the best buckwheat flour, and when mixing the cakes puts in one-fifth part fine white corn meal. A good way is to have your dealer sift one pound of the corn with each five pounds of buckwheat. That would be about the right proportion. The corn meal is called "pearl Indian" and we have to send to the city for it. It makes the cakes brown easier, though I suppose a little of coarser meal would do. To a quart of luke-warm water, add a heaping tablespoonful of lard, salt, stir the meal in, beating it till smooth, put the yeast in last. In the morning a little soda dissolved in warm water and stirred gently in, will correct any acidity there may be. Do not beat the batter or your cakes will be heavy. You will have to use your judgment as to the quantity of soda, be sure not to get too much in. Have a hot griddle, bake in small round cakes, and carry each griddleful to the table on a hot plate. Never butter the cakes. I remember one table where they are always served in piles of semi-cold, sodden cakes saturated with poor butter."

John came up from the evening train just then, and Mrs. Ray left, and we soon after sat down to a dainty supper. Our principal dish was poached eggs served on toast. This is the way I prepared the toast. A large piece of butter melted in a little water and salted was poured over the slices, that is more economical than buttered toast. John is always glad of Thursday evenings for he finds a better supper waiting for him.

While we sat at the table Jessie asked her husband to buy her a wooden bread platter and a sharp knife. "Then I will cut the bread as it is needed at the table and we need not have a jarful of pieces to clear out every Thursday."

"Girls, I have something to read to you;" said John, pulling from his pocket the weekly paper, (I wish THE HOUSEHOLD was a "weekly.") He read an extract from a letter written many years ago by Mrs. Garfield to her husband, and it seemed to fit in so well with our afternoon's occupation that I copied it,

Here it is: "I am glad to tell that out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory; that silence of thought since you have been away has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself, 'Here I am compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves, and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before; and this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine—that I need not be the shrinking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield me its best fruits. You have been king of your work so long that may be you will laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown, but I am too glad to have found it at all, to be entirely disconcerted even by your merriment. Now I wonder if right here does not lie the 'terrible wrong,' or at least some of it, of which the woman suffragists complain. The wrongly educated woman thinks her duties a disgrace, and frets under them or shirks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks that it is the kind of work that makes him grand and regnant; whereas it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which and the spirit with which he does it."

An essay from Mrs. Garfield on bread carries some force when we know she has added to her housewifely abilities an extended literary education. Does not this letter point a moral to many weary workers who aspire to higher duties?

### ROSAMOND E'S DIARY.

JAN. 3. I have been vacationizing long enough. Now that the house is in order once more, I must bestir myself to get my sheets and pillow and bolster cases in order, as I like to overlook them once every year. I find it, for me, a better plan to mark my sheets in trios instead of pairs as my mother did, then these three sheets to each bed are enough to keep them changed. We only take off the under sheets every week, then put the upper one below, and a clean upper one on. Thus one number one is off, and two number ones are on the bed all the time. We use blankets for some of the children, but have sheets too usually, as I think the blankets are soiled and unfit for use sooner than sheets, and are much harder to dry in freezing weather. When sheets begin to wear out in the middle, it is a good plan to tear them in two, join the selvedges, and hem the edges neatly.

Pillow and bolster cases are apt to wear out where the head rests, and if opened at the shut end the seam can be put in the middle of the pillow and the seam joined again, so lengthening out their days.

The worn-past-repair slips are useful for many purposes, rolled bandages, mustard rags, patches from the best ends, and are always worth caring for. I have been troubled by my pillows shedding the feathers of late, I suppose the ticks are wearing out, and I will make one new pair of pillows, wash the emptied ticks and starch them thickly with flour starch on the wrong side which I am told is a good way to have them keep the feathers, then fill and renew again, till I get around. We had eleven beds in use most of the

summer, but now have less company and the children can sleep closer, so eight suffices.

If I can do so, I want to get silesia enough for three nice comfortables, and make them before spring. They are as pretty as silk. I will get fifteen yards of silesia for each, one pink, one blue, and one scarlet, and only put enough cotton or wool in to make a nice weight for quilting in diamonds. My mother left for me a monument of her patience in the shape of some pieced quilts of the fashion of forty years ago. One of them has nine squares of white muslin, eighteen inches square, with a small bouquet of oiled calico flowers and leaves, blue, red, yellow and green, hemmed on. These squares are joined by a fine "sawtooth" of green and white, forming three-inch squares. Around all the quilt is a border supposed to be a festoon of the red calico, also hemmed on. It is quilted beautifully by her own fingers, and in no part of the large quilt can a silver twenty-five-cent piece lie without covering the lines of quilting. Two other ones are what were called "Odd fellow quilts," no two of the sixteen squares being alike. I look upon them with wonder, as I never should have patience for such work, even if I had only one wee girl to care for.

We are having the usual services at our church observing the week of prayer, and I hope to be able to attend regularly, if all keep well.

JAN. 13. We have had very cold weather. I cannot feel comfortable to have the children walk to school, lest they get frosted feet and fingers, so have been taking them often myself. It is a good bit of bother to have to take and bring them every day, but our school is a mile away, and after seeing them safe there, I can rest much easier than when they walk.

The question of rewards or no rewards has been discussed to some extent at an institute near us, and I should have enjoyed hearing both sides of the question, as I now feel very much in favor of some such incentive to persistence as pretty cards every month, or a good book every term if it can be given with justice to all concerned. I think teachers should have judgment enough to see when even dull pupils are doing their best, and reward them as often as the bright ones, though often it is a tax upon ill-paid teachers to do so. In such cases the directors, or even the patrons of the school would assist her, if she would propose some measures to that end. A small fee, five cents say, for an afternoon's spelling bee with recitations and singing, would pay for half dozen pretty large cards, or some of Abbott's histories for elder pupils. "Where there is a will there's a way," and children can be easier coaxed than driven as a class, and the exceptional cases must be banished from the school, as there are reformatories for such, and our little ones ought not to be exposed to their influence. Parents take too little interest in the schools. Mothers should be acquainted with, and in sympathy with, their children's teacher, and the results would be much better to my "notion."

JAN. 31. I heard an excellent and interesting sermon yesterday upon the duty of parents, always an interesting subject to me, though it seemed unfinished to me. It will probably be concluded at some future day, when "may I be there to hear." The judgments of God upon Eli whose sons "made themselves vile, and he restrained them not," furnished the text. It seems to me that the time to restrain begins from infancy, and that gentle Christian parents lovingly allow their children to grow up before they realize that any such duty is required of them. Should not our sons be taught to restrain

themselves? Ah! how I for one wish and hope and pray to be able to so teach. It seems too bad to have to suffer for all their lives from neglect of early right impressions, as we so often see those around us do suffer, and only those who are in constant contact with such, realize the impossibility of restraining them when the strength of the full growth of habit is upon them.

FEB. 8. We have had a full day of visitors, some expected, and some unexpected, all welcome. I much prefer entertaining my friends to going to visit them, and I try to have them feel that I am glad to see them, and avoid the extremes of feeding, lest I fall short of my pleasure from being overtired, and they, from realizing that fact.

I have a large box of letters from my *HOUSEHOLD* friends, awaiting a leisure day, for replies to all enclosing stamps. It is utterly impossible for me to reply to all, in fact, my old-time friends are complaining of my neglect of them, and I find my hours of writing grow fewer as my cares increase. If the dear sisters who sent me pampas plumes, and a box of Christmas gifts, wall pockets, shells, collar and cuffs, and neck-tie, and to Ichabod a present too, will send me their address on a postal card, I would like to write my thanks, and pay them a call by photograph.

My crazy pillow ran ashore on its journey, and had to be returned to me. It will soon start afresh, as I hope to fill it with bits of remembrance from our Band and readers of our paper. I have one for relatives and home friends too. I have only worked on one as yet.

There has been a new method of raising money for church purposes, etc., introduced in some of our neighboring towns. They call it "A Loan Exhibition." I sent some of my relics to a friend by express. It makes quite an interesting exhibition, when quilts, furniture, china, books, clothing, and needle-work of all kinds, with portraits, a gallery of grandparents, can be borrowed from a neighborhood, and arranged tastefully, and proves an attraction to old and young. Some sort of refreshments may be offered too. A lemonade well and some old-fashioned cakes are little trouble, and people like to eat, and are apt to be thirsty at such places.

FEB. 18. I have been occupied with many things, and now have a surprise party afoot for one of Midget's friends. Ichabod will take the children, who meet at our house, in the farm wagon, and I have been baking some cakes for them to take. I have had success with Berwick sponge cake, and it seems to make so much cake that I bake it in different forms to make variety. My recipe calls for six eggs, beat two minutes, add three cups of sugar, beat five minutes, add two cups of sifted flour, with two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, beat two minutes, add one cup of cold water, with one teaspoonful of soda in it, beat one minute, add half the juice of a lemon, beat one minute, add two more cups of sifted flour and beat one minute more. I pour part into a long narrow pan with a greased paper next the pan, bake quickly, spread with jelly or icing and grated cocoanut, and roll up while hot, part into two small, jelly cake, round pans, bake, and spread between and over with lemon butter or chocolate icing, the remnant into a turk's head, leaving it with simply a dusting of pulverized sugar, to be just sponge cake, while the others are chocolate and cocoanut rolls. When butter is scarce and high, as it usually is at this season, I seldom make rich cakes even for extra company.

I have made several garments for spring wear. It is a luxury for me to be able to sew deliberately in preparation for the

coming season, and I enjoy doing so, but when work is allowed to accumulate and hurry one, it frets and tires one to desperation. I have seldom had such an experience, however, and would recommend my custom to those who can prepare for coming needs in this leisure season with most housekeepers.

FEB. 28. As baby boy is nine months old, we have decided to wean him from his bottle entirely. My doctor advises that this be done at the age of nine months, and a plain gruel and food diet be given. I think bottle-fed babies are as hard to wean as those nursed by the mother, though there is not the discomfort to be endured, of course. Fortunately Milly is devoted to baby, and she pities him so much, she will give him extra attention cheerfully. She objects to rules, and thinks I am cruel to him if I refuse him his now apparent desires. He knows very well when I say "No, no," what is meant, and seems easily influenced as all my boys have been. The girls were more self-willed and persevering in their own way, which is unusual I am told.

A *HOUSEHOLD* friend sent some shadow pictures to the children, and they enjoy them very much, and our adult friends are pleased to see them too.

We have been attending a social literary circle, meeting every alternate Thursday evening around the neighborhood.

They are very pleasant from a social point of view, but the literary part is a bit—scattering. The president having appointed one or two, they read their own selections, a few referred questions are answered and discussed, a paper read, principally interesting from the witticisms of a few at the expense of the beaux and belles, and a scrap box passed around the company for contributions, the contents of which being read afford opportunity for all tastes to be gratified by short clippings from the papers upon any topics. These exercises occupy an hour or more, then the appointments are made for the next time. Sharp criticisms made, and the company proceed to music and conversation and games. Such circles are to be commended as they furnish a place for young folks "to go," for an evening's amusement in country places, which fills an often felt want. No refreshments are served, so any one may invite them without any trouble except a bit of sweeping next day. The literary part may be made a choir practicing, or a serial reading of some popular book or poetry. Or there may be a "circle" twenty-five or more of a church society, who pay each, say five cents if present, ten cents if absent, from the sociable. It lies with the mothers or older members of society to make these social gatherings for their young folks, and to attend them, and devise ways and means to keep up an interest in them to the exclusion of what may be considered hurtful, and pastors and teachers, who thus meet their young people often, and, in a degree, familiarly, are most successful in their work.

#### THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

##### Number Two.

BY THERESA.

At the season of the year when milk is scarce, did any one ever try to make a baked pudding with water? I did, and had much better success than was expected. On a plate was a thick crust of stale bread, and a generous piece of corn cake, (we call it "johnnycake,") which was left over from some meal. The bread I attempted to grate, but that would take too long, as I was in a hurry, so I made it soft and mashed it fine in warm water, added a pint or more of cold water, crumbled the corn cake fine and

stirred it in, also one beaten egg, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of fine wheat flour, and baked until done, which was about half an hour, I believe. Eaten with butter when warm, it tasted like a baked Indian pudding, and we thought the supply was scanty.

It is quite a saving in a household, and a relief to the housekeeper, to think of some way to fix up the remnants that accumulate, in an eatable manner, then a change is afforded. Some people soak all such bits of stale bread, and stir it into sour milk for griddle cakes, with perhaps an egg, and thicken with wheat flour. There are many such economical ways of saving them, which is much better than throwing them into the swill pail as is often done. "A penny saved, is a penny earned." When mother was spending a while with relatives in a city of another state, a man came around to empty their pails of swill every day, but he came there only a few times, as he found no good bits, nothing but dish water, and he "guessed the folks who lived there, were poor." She said they used to soak the old buckwheat cakes that were left from breakfast, and mix with the batter to rise for the next frying, and no one thought them any the worse for it.

Now, about that dress, Miss Muffit, while I am in an economical mood. If not too much worn, why not use what is good of the skirt to piece with another one, and make the outside of a comfortable, or cover a chair with it, or make carpet rags, or braid and knit rugs? Such things are always in fashion, and it seems to me that all nice worsted goods are of some use better than consigning to the rag bag. We never put anything there that will possibly do for any thing else. I know you said there was "a general giving out," and so I thought about an old delaine dress, and deemed it almost folly and waste of time, but a chair cover was needed, and we could do no better than use the best of this, and contrary to all expectations, it has done good service for many years. It has not been in use every day, but has often had spells of hard usage, as it is an easy, convenient chair in case of sickness.

A few words about coloring: Mother thinks your dye was too weak, and that you did not have sufficient copperas for the setting when you colored the stockings, and she thinks likely too that, being an amateur, you did not keep them stirring, and did not lift them out of the dye to air as often as you ought, to prevent their being spotted. Please do not throw them away, but try again, and use alone or with your tea grounds, unsteeped tea, which is as cheap as any coloring matter, without it is sumach berries, (the trees, or shrubs, grow wild with us,) which make about the same color as tea. She wishes you knew how much comfort she has taken wearing a colored dress. She was tired of wearing the drab or slate color, and it being all wool merino, she

thought of changing it with butternut bark, but as it was very thick, nice goods, she felt afraid she should spoil it. She ripped it up and tried, however, and the result was a beautiful shade of brown. It was commented upon, and people thought she had a new dress. She wore it a long time so, and as it was a full skirt, she ripped and dipped it in the same kind of dye again, to brighten it up. It was made up differently once more, and looked as good as new, as there never were any worn spots in it. She thought there was setting enough in the first color, so she never used any, and left it in the dye only about two hours, at any of the times of coloring. It is her best winter dress, and she never thinks of it as "an old colored dud,"

for are not goods always colored by some one when you buy them? "Three against one," and Miss Muffit ought to be convinced, but if not, I am perfectly willing she should have the "last word," as I am not trying to convince, but to state facts which may be a help to some one. In justice, I might have said in the proper place, that, as we all know, one cannot get many large pieces from cast off dresses as they are made now-a-days. The biasing pieces and ruffles, however, are just the thing for braiding into rugs, rolling the raw edges in, and the strands look smoother than if made lengthwise of the cloth.

The "Yankee gingerbread," by Anna E., in the January number, 1880, is quite good if eaten when new, but is a kind that will not keep good very long. From the several different kinds of ginger cookies that we have tried, we have settled upon those made from the recipe by Mrs. Jane Eliza F., in October number, 1878, as being the best all things considered. They will keep good three months or more, and are better than when first baked.

Thanks to the one who a long time since recommended soda for a remedy for a burn. We have often had occasion to use it, and not without success. This morning while lifting a cover from a pan of stewing dried apples, I had the misfortune of scalding my hand with the steam. I sprinkled soda all over it, first immersing the hand in water so it would adhere, bound it up in a damp cloth as quickly as possible, and the smarting soon ceased. I shall keep it done up for some time, to make sure, as it is my left hand, and I can better spare it. Had not this accident happened, I might not have thought of the "thanks" which I have often forgotten before.

We had more sweet apples last fall than we cared to eat or use, so dried a few, and this spring we are fond of them for sauce. We wash, then soak some over night in clean water, and stew in the same water in the morning, in a bright tin pan kept for such purposes. When nearly done, pour in more or less boiled cider according to the strength, and let all boil up together awhile, then put in a jar. I do not know how long they will keep prepared in this way, but much longer than we are willing to let them. They are very palatable stewed in water alone, but not tart enough to suit every one.

#### SOME OF MY DOINGS.

BY JENNIE WREN.

The dining room sofa had been an eyesore to the whole family for a long time. With its broad seat and abundant cushions, it furnished far too comfortable a lounging place to be dispensed with, but the flood of sunlight which streamed through the east window had faded the covering of crimson brocatelle to a dingy gray in places, with only here and there traces of its original color. What should be done? The furniture dealer when consulted, declared it would cost more to re-cover it than to buy a new sofa outright. Springs and padding were uninjured. It seemed certainly too good to throw aside, besides we doubted if we could find another as comfortable and easy. We will cover it ourselves was our final decision, and with some misgivings we set about it. A trip to town furnished us with two and one-half yards of dark brown, some small tacks, linen twine and an upholsterer's needle.

First, we took off the cambric, then unscrewed and laid aside the back, and cut off the buttons from the top, leaving in the cords which had held them as a guide in replacing. According to a hint obtained from watching an upholsterer

at his work, we decided to put on the new cover directly over the old one, and without removing the latter, thereby saving ourselves some work. We stretched our new cover smoothly over back and seat, and tacked it in place, taking special pains at the corners. We had been unable to procure new buttons to match our rep, so covered the old ones nicely with small bits of the material, and cutting our twine in half-yard lengths, with the upholstery needle buttoned firmly through, first the back and then the seat, the original work serving as our guide. This was the hardest part of our task, as the strong cord cut our fingers, but donning some old gloves we persevered, and soon had it done.

Then the front piece and end were covered with suitable pieces, examination of the original work again showing us how to proceed. The back was again screwed in place, the cambric turned the fresh side out and tacked on, and our task was complete. It only remained to add a row of gilt-headed nails, and we were ready to stand back and admire our work. It certainly looked as though fresh from the shop, and even better than in its best days, as the new cover was much prettier than the old one. We had always supposed that upholstery, save in the very common form of furnishing old rocking chairs and sofas with loose padded cushions, was a craft open only to masculine strength and skill, but having met with such unexpected success, we feel moved to encourage other *HOUSEHOLD* sisters who may have occasion, to make a similar attempt. "What woman has done, woman can do," and although a little assistance from "John" might be an advantage, if such help is not at hand, you can still, as we did, do it all for yourself with a little perseverance, and your success will, I think, fully pay you for your trouble.

Hunting around the attic recently, I came across a large pile of old magazines, each having a steel engraving for a frontispiece. I selected the best of these, and cut them from the magazines, and laid them aside. Later I procured from a photographer some pieces of heavy white card board ten by twelve inches in size, such as he used for mounting large photographs. With a rule and a sharp knife, I cut off the entire margin of each picture, then after having marked the exact position in which I wished to place it on the card I covered the under side with thin, smooth paste, and laid it in place, first placing the upper corners just right, and smoothed it nicely down with a clean cloth. The printed name of the picture, I also cut out and pasted on the lower right hand corner of the card board on the back side. The pictures are wonderfully improved in appearance by mounting them with a wide margin, and really make a nice collection. I intend to have some covers of white holly wood cut out by a fret saw to make a portfolio in which to keep them.

Now I must descend from pictures to kitchen, and tell some one, who asked how to use pieces of steak left over from dinner. If you have tough steak cooked which you are at a loss to know how to dispose of, try this way: Boil the pieces in as little water as will keep them from burning until thoroughly tender, season nicely with pepper and salt, and cut into inch squares. Make a gravy by adding butter, seasoning, and a little flour, to the liquid in which the meat was boiled. Make a soft crust of a pint of flour, a small bit of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda, and line a dish. Fill with your meat, moisten well with the gravy, cover and bake, using the remaining gravy to eat with it.

#### A CHAPTER OF DAYS.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

Saturday, and although carpentering work is in swift progress, we depart not from the ancient New England custom of baking on this last day of the week, not in the brick oven as of yore, for that is being removed, and will soon be a relic of the past, modern inventions having so overcome and outrivaled older customs that many are fast being done away with.

Said a lady to me, "Your mother would not have her oven taken away if she wanted one as I do."

"But what possible good does it do?" I said. It has not been used but twice in more than twenty-five years, never within my remembrance. Better have the space it occupies in pantry room."

"Not if you cared for the old-fashioned food as I do," was her reply. "I shall have one put in my house," with an emphatic nod.

"Every one to her own taste," I answered, "but the modern cooking range is so much more convenient, and such a saving of time, fuel and labor, we always use it," and here I left her, musing on the differences of desires and opinions, and half doubting the man who asserted there were a few things about which everybody thought alike.

On this particular Saturday, we made pumpkin pies without eggs, and as they are very nice, I should like to tell *THE HOUSEHOLD* sisters how we did it. I presume many already know, but here is our recipe: Select the ripest and best pumpkin in the field, this is the most specific direction, as much of the after success depends upon it, cook gently several hours, when soft and thoroughly done, squeeze through a linen cloth strainer until the water is well out, mix with scalded milk, sweeten, salt and spice to taste, bake well, and your pie will be delicious, fit for a king.

Quite a poetical halo is thrown around this venerable farm product.

"Ah, on Thanksgiving Day, when from east and from west,  
From north, and from south, come the pilgrim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored—

What moistens the lip, what brightens the eye,  
What brings back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?"

Thus has it passed into song, and since Whittier is the author, it will probably remain.

Several other pies were attempted, but I became very weary before the baking was finished, and I found myself sighing for weeks with no baking day therein.

Sunday. I suppose the greater portion of people enjoy a season of Sunday afternoon reading. If not they miss more than I can tell. Many complain they find the Sabbath a long day. I do not believe they pass it in spiritual and intellectual enjoyment, or it could not be.

Monday. How shall we confess in this orthodox paper, the heresy of not washing on Monday? And yet on this same time-honored wash day, we left our home at 7.30, A. M., for a ride of eight miles. For what purpose? To assist another with her clothes through the suds? Nothing of the kind, but to receive instruction in music from a proficient city teacher. I enjoyed the ride greatly. The air was clear and exhilarating. A good ride always strengthens and cheers me. I met a number of my acquaintances and called on an old friend of our family, Mrs. H. I found her very peaceful, taking every thing in life direct from the hand of her Heavenly Father, believing His eye was watching, counting, and noting every struggle, every sacrifice, patiently looking forward to the "better portion" in the city whose "maker and builder is God."

This particular Monday had a good deal of satisfaction in it for me, if I did not have washing around, for I received the new *HOUSEHOLD*, which is like beholding the face of a friend, and then a very dear relative called upon me, I had not seen for two years. A cousin, but more like a sister in my childhood, now the wife of a minister, and living distant from my home. It gave me great pleasure to meet and converse with her, even for a short period. There was a time in our lives we had so much in common that though our life paths now lie apart, when we meet this is not forgotten.

"We may build more costly habitations, Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures," but we cannot

"Buy with gold the old associations."

Tuesday. We feel sometimes when we arise and find so many things to do through the day, much like a lady who once stopped at our house, and said when she was at the head of affairs, she made a minute of each separate duty, forming a list for the day. I have never adopted this plan, but I wonder why it is not a good one, if one has much work or many different kinds of work on hand. She thought it a saving of time and patience.

This week the annual Sabbath school county picnic occurs, and to-day we prepared the dinner, etc. Sandwiches are always in order, and for bread and butter, I like rolls better than sliced bread. Washington pie without frosting is nice, also ribbon cake, but as this is rather fussy, we seldom carry it, but take along plainer food. Another article nice for picnics is a whole pudding, taken in the pudding dish just as baked. Made quite stiff, a plum pudding, for instance, is excellent. Of course, it must be made without frosting. Deliver us on picnic day from all frosted dishes. It always gets mussed and broken. If not, it scatters on the children's clothes while eating, and I don't like it.

Wednesday. To-day some friends were going to ride to an adjoining town. The weather was delightful, nothing better could be desired, but when invited to accompany, I could only exclaim, "Far I go, where duty calls me," for at that hour, a pupil awaited me a mile distant.

At this season I think a country ride is delightful, and a ramble as well. I notice in my walks many of the lovely autumn flowers Leslie Raynor tells us of. Some are so small and slight as to be scarcely noticed by the careless eye, yet when closely observed, they are really beautiful.

The goldenrod has waved and nodded his plump head for some time, and the mottled leaves and fading grass remind one that harvest is near. Summer's bloom and autumn's ripeness, are soon to be garnered, and the ripening and garnering of lives is also rapidly approaching. When I consider how prone we are to allow slight trifles to worry and annoy us, sometimes fairly overcoming one, I marvel greatly at our lack of wisdom. As the days and months pass by, circling on into years, may we be fitted and strengthened to leave these minor considerations, willing to walk without murmuring where duty points the way, sure to receive a righteous reward if we cling to this.

Thursday. Thousands assembled to-day to participate in the union Sabbath school picnic. As the long trains brought the people from various towns, it was really refreshing to observe their bright and sparkling faces, and the children, too—eager, expectant, and flushed with anticipation. None of the tired, generally crushed appearance of night, and the dinner baskets are heavy, as they go tugging on to the grounds. Some think the dinner the best feature of the day, but to me the stirring speeches, the fine

music of the well-drilled band, and the general good pleasure of being out in the clear air are better. The ministers and superintendents of various towns are present and the company well entertained by them interspersed with music. The children usually enjoy the day, and as the excursion is planned more especially for their benefit, it is not so much matter about the elders.

I think train conductors must be glad when these trips are over, and all safely home. On one occasion the train was stopping for another to come up.

"Steam up and pass the switch before the down train reaches," said a young lady to the conductor.

"You will remain on the track till twelve to-night, if the other train does not arrive," he replied.

He was unwilling to risk any accident. Too many fatal collisions occur now-a-days, and he knew it, and the train started not till the other whistle sounded.

Nothing befel to mar our pleasure, and we arrived home about sunset, rather tired it must be confessed, yet well satisfied with the day's enjoyment.

I think my "Chapter of Days" may be growing lengthy, and as Friday is thought to be an unlucky day, I believe I'll close just here.

#### JOTTINGS.

Number One.

BY LEONORE GLENN.

Mrs. Wright had just finished her spring cleaning, and wearily lay on the couch in her front room, studying the effect of the pictures, which she had rehung for the summer, that afternoon. She was worn out in body and disheartened in mind, for she was not at all strong, and had dragged through house cleaning, with only the aid of her little ten-year old Mary. Times were hard with them, and there were so many things needed, there seemed to be no money to spare with which to hire help, and so she had tried to save that much by doing it herself. Competent help was also very scarce, and Mrs. Wright was quite particular as to the manner in which her work should be done. So now, as she lay there so utterly exhausted that it would require an effort to speak or move, she was discouraged and disheartened, as she thought, "What is there to show for all my work? To be sure the stove has been taken to the summer kitchen, and the furniture arranged differently, but that's about all that shows, only I know that everything is clean. Still, how scratched and shabby the furniture looks, and the carpet is growing thin in places, while the table cover is soiled and moth eaten. The wall paper is clean and tasty, however, and forms a pretty background for the pictures. I do wonder if there is anything else whatever that I can do to brighten up the room a little more!"

The afternoon wore away, and Mrs. Wright still thought and rested. It was a bright, warm day in May, and in through the open door and windows, the soft wind brought the sweet breath of spring, the happy laughter of the children playing over on the green, and the glad, joyous songs of birds, from far and near. The clouds slowly moved across the bit of blue on which her eyes rested, and from somewhere strains of soothing music floated dimly to her. The exhausted feeling began to give way, and her trembling nerves to quiet down and leave her rested and refreshed.

"I wonder I never thought of it before," she said aloud, as she finally arose and went about preparing the evening meal. "I will begin to-morrow. By do-

ing the house cleaning myself, I have certainly saved all that it will cost."

So, early the next morning, leaving Mary to wash the dishes and tidy up the kitchen, Mrs. Wright put on her hat, and went downtown. Coming home an hour or two later, with a couple of little pails and brushes, she quickly changed her dress, eager to go to work upon her experiment. She had procured of a furniture dealer a pint of the finest varnish, and half a pint of staining material, and he had kindly loaned her suitable brushes to work with.

"I will lay siege to the fort by commencing right in that front room," she thought, as she surveyed the contents of the lower rooms.

Before sundown every article of furniture in the front room had received a careful, thorough coating of varnish, and with windows and doors open were fast drying. After a few days, so pleased was she with the result that she repeated the work, and had the satisfaction of seeing the chairs, table, couch, brackets, and other little articles of furniture looking apparently as good as new, the scratches being so nearly obliterated that they would not be noticed. Mrs. Wright's step grew lighter, and her face lost that listless look that she had carried all through house cleaning time. She felt that she was accomplishing something—was having something to show for the labor expended. In the dining room where the paint was well worn off the chairs and safe, she applied the staining material in place of paint, and as it dried almost immediately, the next day the sewing machine, table, and all the stained furniture, were duly given their coat of varnish. Even the looking glass frame was not forgotten. Elated by her success and the look of newness every thing began to take on, she carried her enthusiasm to the rooms above, where nothing wooden escaped the touch of her varnish brush. Then, when there was literally nothing more that could be at all benefited in that way, like some general, she looked about and sought new fields to conquer.

That unlucky, moth eaten table cover met its doom that very day. Procuring sufficient of the handsome gray canton flannel, manufactured chiefly for such purposes, to make covers for the table, the oval lamp stand, and the organ, some good black cotton velvet, and a quantity of heavy, gold-colored, silk thread, she proceeded to work the next afternoon. The velvet was cut into strips about two and one-half inches wide, and carefully basted as a border around the covers, some three or four inches from the outer edge. Then with the silk Mrs. Wright proceeded to stitch down the edges of the velvet to the cloth, in what is called her ringbone stitch. Delighted with the beauty growing beneath her skillful fingers, she devoted every moment that she could command from her other work, to the stitching, and when in a few days they were finished and allotted to their respective places, she was so well satisfied that she determined the sewing machine and a table up-stairs should be similarly covered, but having used all the velvet, these had for a border some pink flannel stitched with black silk.

In the mean time, Mary had wondered, and finally asked her mother, what disposition could be made of the cast off red and black cover.

"It will make very nice carpet rags," Mrs. Wright replied.

"It is so pretty, it is too bad to put it in a carpet," answered the womanly little girl, and after gazing thoughtfully for a few minutes at the poor old cover that had done so much service, she suddenly brightened up and exclaimed, "Oh, moth-

er, let me make a rug of it, something like Mrs. Brown's!"

"Just the thing," answered the pleased mother, "and you shall have what is left of this gray flannel to put with it. The two colors will blend nicely, and match the table covers and carpet very well, and that thin spot in the carpet in front of the couch, is just the place for it. Really, Mary, I am glad you thought of it, we will set about it this very afternoon."

Mary, who was extremely neat and orderly about every thing she undertook, immediately went in search of a couple of small paper sacks, in which to keep each color of her work, and after dinner began her pleasant task. The material was all cut up into blocks three inches square, and each color put into its respective sack. Then taking a needle and a long, strong thread, Mary went to work upon the red pieces, by folding two opposite corners together, making a double three-cornered shape, and holding it in that way by running the thread around the two raw edges, then drawing the thread till it made a straight edge, and curved the folded edge into nearly a half-circle shape. Then fastening the thread, but not breaking it off, she strung another and another, till the thread was full. She proceeded in this way, until she had quite a number of threads filled, her mother, in the mean time, having bound a piece of rag carpet the size desired for the rug, a yard long and twenty inches wide, she was ready to begin the rug.

She commenced it by sewing a row of the strung pieces near the outer edge of the carpet, in such a manner that the points projected out over the binding completely hiding it, then the next row so that it overlapped and hid the stitches of the first row, being careful to make the points come just between those of the first row. Mrs. Wright thought it would be the prettiest to make four rows of the red, then the same of gray, and so on, till the center was nearly reached, then finish up with a plain piece of the gray about four inches wide, and the length the unfinished spot called for, fastened on with the herringbone stitch in red yarn.

Mary worked as zealously at her rug as her mother had at the table covers, and when it was finally finished, and laid over that troublesome "thin spot," it was not only neat and pretty, but added a cosey home-like look to the room. One great advantage in making rugs in this manner is, that little odd ends and bits of bright pieces can be used, that are too small for carpet rags or any thing else, and such a rug is very pretty, made "hit or miss" of just such bright, worthless little scraps put on without any regard for order whatever, and it is a nice employment for little girls when out of school.

Mrs. Wright had several times looked thoughtfully at her table covers since she had pronounced them finished, and felt there was something wanting, they were all so just exactly alike. On the small one she determined to add something more, and in looking over some old magazines, the pattern of a butterfly for a slipper arrested her attention, and in an instant she knew that was just what she wanted. Out of the scraps of velvet left over from the borders, she cut a butterfly for each corner. The bodies were made plump and more natural looking, by covering a little piece of candle wicking with the velvet, and wrapping black silk several times very tightly around it to form the head, and give shape to the body. After fastening the wings to the cloth with buttonhole stitch of the gold colored silk, she formed stripes and dots on them with the same silk and some red silk of which she happened to have a few needlefuls in her work basket. When the wings were all finished, the bodies were

sewed in place, small pins, such as are used in bolts of ribbon, were stuck in the heads to make the eyes, and the horns or feelers were supplied by little bits of fine wire, and they were done, and looked quite natural.

"There, Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Wright, after the cloth was again on the stand, the large, handsome lamp mat and the lamp in place in the center, and she stood surveying her work, "that relieves the sameness very much, and we have added greatly to the cheerfulness and cosiness of the room. But we must now take up the summer sewing in earnest, and get through before the very hot weather comes on. There are still several other little things we can add to the room at odd hours that will make it a perfect little resting place, and of which we shall never tire, because the work is of our own brains and fingers. But start the fire now, Mary, it is time to get supper, and we will plan out these other little articles while doing up our heavier work. Perhaps that diversion will lighten it somewhat, and give us something pleasant to think about these hot forenoons."

#### TWO HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

When you cut India rubber, keep the blade of your knife wet, and you can cut it without difficulty.

We have heard of, and tested, a great many kinds of water-proof blacking for winter boots. Let us tell you what we have tried for two winters, and found to be the best article we know of. When your boots are stiff, and you think they need oiling, wash them in castile soap suds—oil before the leather dries, (you may use blackball or any kind of grease,) have a saturated solution of gum shellac in alcohol (anybody can make it, as all there is to be done is to dissolve in a pint or half-pint of alcohol just as much shellac as the liquid will take up,) and apply this solution with a sponge to the oiled boots. In two or three minutes the shellac will dry and harden, and you will have a coating on your boot through which the water cannot by any possibility penetrate. Try it, reader. On Friday last we prepared a single upper-leather boot in this way, and, notwithstanding we went about in the slush during the day, we had perfectly dry feet at night.

—*Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.*

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

MR. CROWELL:—I think it shows a mean spirit, and certainly "a precious little grace," in one's composition to get a Benjamin's portion of so many good things, and not add one's mite, so in recipe style, here's my spoonful:

As Widow Bedott says, "we are all poor critters," and it is a fact, yet the widow might have gone further, and said thick-headed ones too, when it comes to the doing of anything. I'll not go from home to hunt up a subject, but pitch into myself. Like every thing else, there must be a beginning time, so this my first year of married life tells me how utterly deficient I am in what an older head said to me not long since, when asking her directions for an ordinary breakfast dish, as "child's play." Well, it may be so, but the simplest thing seems like a mountain till we get through once, then woman-like we strive to make the best of the opportunity, and in my case that one small help has served me in several ways.

I have been longing to know if Persistent Seeker succeeded in getting an idea for mush, as I too am very fond of it, but can't get it right. If Sister May, in the August number, had only said how long to cook it, I should almost think her idea just what I needed. Now will some one

be explicit for the benefit of us thick-headed ones? In the far east it is an article of consumption that meets with praise in many homes, but out here, far beyond the Rockies, how often I wish for it, or that I knew how to make it!

Mamie P. can clean her cages, by rubbing them well with thick milk and smooth wood ashes. This process is better than anything I've tried, but it needs to be done frequently to keep them bright.

I've tried Aunt Anna's recipe in the March number, for canning plums, and think they'll do well, but can tell better in the season of "canned fruit as a necessity."

Would it be asking too much of any of the sisters to give me some idea of an infant's wardrobe? I like Christie Irving's thoughts on this subject, in the August number, but her first letter must have been before March. I dislike very much to inconvenience any one, but will gladly try to return the favor. The best of us are perfect examples of uselessness in some particular points, but by the interchange of thoughts such as I find so well portrayed through the columns of this paper, there is no need of our remaining stupid. Please give me suggestions in reference to the wardrobe, as to what is needed, and of what material.

I have been making some plum marmalade on a venture, and I think it will be excellent in its season. Scald the plums to loosen the skins, then rub them through the colander to remove the stones and skins, add one-half pound of sugar to each pint of pulp, boil slowly, stirring well to prevent burning, until it is a smooth, thick paste. If mixed with the sifted pulp of crab apples, an excellent marmalade can be made.

Will some one tell me how to make jelly come firm and stiff? Marion Harland tells us to set it in the sun under bits of glass, in preference to boiling it down, as the latter darkens it. Well, to get mine stiff, it vibrates between the windows to get all the sun that's going, but to no use, and patience is not a quality to be found in every kitchen in jelly time, that I'm positive of, so now if my jelly only comes stiff, the color is a secondary matter.

#### WORK AND WIN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed an inquiry in the December HOUSEHOLD for a nice recipe for making graham bread for a dyspeptic. This is very good: One quart of graham flour, one-half cup of molasses, one heaping teaspoonful of salt, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and sufficient milk or water to make a very stiff batter. If preferred, you can leave out the molasses and put in an extra teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Put in a well greased brown-bread crock, or any closed can that will prevent the water from entering, and steam three hours.

I would like to inquire whether any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD have ever used "Mason's Chart" in learning to play a piano or organ. Can it be done without an instructor, and in one day? Is it adapted to sacred music?

Have any tried the piano-ettes advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD? Can they be fully recommended? Any who have used either, or both, of the above, and proved them satisfactory, would confer a great favor by answering through the columns of this paper.

LEONORA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have thought so often I would write something for our paper. I have taken it for over five years, and have kept perfectly quiet all the while. I have had so much help from the sisters, that I would like to add my mite, if it will be of any help to you. I would like to know you all. I do enjoy so much the

letters of Riverside, Hans Dorcomb, Emily Hayes and Sunnyside, and all the Chats in the Kitchen.

I send a few recipes that I hope will help some of you.

*Gingersnaps, such as we get at the Grocer's.*—One cup of sugar, one cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup of butter or fat, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, warm all together (in cold weather), add as much flour as can be stirred in, not kneaded. Pinch off pieces of dough as large as a good sized marble and roll in the hands, allowing space in the pan for spreading. They may be mixed one day and baked the next.

*Apple Pudding.*—Peel and slice the apples and cover the bottom of the pan, then add a layer of dry bread, sprinkle with sugar and bits of butter, grate nutmeg, or use any flavoring desired, then add more apples and bread until your pan is nearly full, the top layer being apple, then add one cup of water, if the apples are not juicy a little more water, cover close, set on the top of the stove, cook until the apples are tender, then remove the cover and set in the oven till a light brown. Eat with sauce or cream and sugar.

Will Emily Hayes write to me?

DRUSILLA MAY

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am a young housekeeper, and would like very much to come under the wing of some of these more experienced ones. I tried once to get in alone, but failed, but here I am again.

I wonder if there are none of you in this state, Maryland; have seen no letters from here.

I wish Chatty Brooks would give us some recipes for the good things made of corn meal, of which she writes so attractively in the December HOUSEHOLD.

I must say I haven't much faith in the reality of Rosamond E.; she is altogether too wonderful for real life. I think when the mask is removed, we will find her a demure maiden in a boarding house, with neither Ichabod, the children, or the household cares to weary her.

Many thanks to Subscriber and Ellen Eyre for tooth powder recipes. Will try them.

My husband says THE HOUSEHOLD is prime.

Those cream recipes make me hungry, for I once lived on a farm, and am so fond of cream, but we don't see it now.

I think if raisins are wet before being floured, they will not sink to the bottom of cake.

A shaving book is a pretty, small gift for a gentleman. One easily made is a piece of satin cut in a point at the bottom, banner shape, and a figure or flower put on in applique work, which is merely button-hole stitch. The figures may be bought for a trifle at any fancy store.

A slipper case put on a walnut back is also pretty.

Handkerchief cases made of two pieces of quilted satin about six inches square, the upper one edged with plaited satin ribbon is pretty.

I watch eagerly for THE HOUSEHOLD, and would be glad to know all the Band.

CONSTANCE.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please do make room and let me squeeze in before the thousands of new comers make their appearance. For years I've trod under foot my desire to speak, and walked on in the "even tenor of my way," but the wish to appear in print is uppermost now, and I make the attempt. If it goes no farther than the editor's den, it will have fulfilled its mission, and eased the mind of its writer, and that is all any reasonable woman ought to expect, but we do not make any pretence of reason when getting to be "literary" is in question.

How do you ever manage, you wonderful New England sisters, who "bake and brew," and get a wonderful day's work done before breakfast?

We lazier members of our great HOUSEHOLD Band are dumb with wonder as we read. Here, if we are fortunate enough to get through breakfast in time for the wee ones to be brushed and made tidy for school, we think ourselves "smart." I reckon some of you who write such wonderful histories of labors accomplished are just make-believers who have no houses to keep, but in some pleasant room which hired hands sweep and put in order, our wise writers sit and laugh over the strange stories their fancies weave to mystify those who, with all their might cannot accomplish a tenth part of what they do with no seeming exertion, and then have such an amount of time for fancy work and visits. My "John" says they can't do it, and he knows, for he is a New England man himself, and often tells me how he used to wipe the dishes, when he was a small boy, with one of his grandmother's big aprons tied around his neck, and how he used to hate it. He doesn't do it now, I can assure you, and I tell him sometimes I should think he was the "half" that was raised in "old Virginny."

I liked the little sketches of northern wild flowers by Leslie Raynor. In my visits to "his" folks, I have taken much pleasure in searching wood and meadow for the pretty delicate flowers. I always bring home materials for moss baskets and ferneries, to beautify my little parlor and my dining room which has an added charm for me since I've studied the one over which Emily Hayes presides, and as for my "John"—well, I'm glad of the distance between them!

I have become interested in the knitting patterns to such an extent that "John" says he can think of nothing but Poe's raven.

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,

and that he would like to say to brother De Hurst that its just about as sociable to have Bonnie out counting the hens as it would be to have her sit motionless and silent, save for the click of the needles, and an occasional excited whisper of "three plain, and a purr." Well, it's a new thing for a man to complain of a woman's silence, and I like new things.

I sit many a time and wonder what you are all doing, and imagine how you all look, and wish I could know many of you personally. Aren't we all nearly beside ourselves to know what Hans Dorcomb and Riverside are going to do with those three-cent pieces? I confess to being a true daughter of Eve, and how I and the other similarly afflicted sisters can wait till the holidays come, and in some subsequent issue of THE HOUSEHOLD they deign to explain, is more than I can understand. And then what if their communication should get into the receptacle for spring poetry, etc. Let us draw the curtain and talk about something else. I said just the wrong thing then. Did ever a woman try to do one thing, but she persistently did another? If so, she is not like

BETH G.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Again has that ominous blue cross made its appearance, and I hasten to renew my subscription, for I do not like to think that I am not a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD for even one day, as housekeeping would not be housekeeping at all without it. I too am very happy to belong to the Crowell family. Some of the sisters seem very near to me although I have never seen them, yet I have had very pleasant letters from some of them, and especially from Talitha Cotton.

I have been much interested of late in some of the sisters' letters in regard to summer travel, and where they passed their vacations, and their descriptions of the various places they have visited. It is delightful to hear them tell of the beautiful scenes they have enjoyed so much, and while reading them have wondered if any of the members of THE HOUSEHOLD had ever visited the old Pilgrim town, of Plymouth, Massachusetts. It is a most charming place during the heated months of summer, and I hope another season some of our HOUSEHOLD friends will "come and see" for themselves. Plymouth has many attractions for the pleasure seeker. It has excellent facilities for bathing and boating, beautiful drives, most excellent hotels, and a short distance from the village are lovely groves on the borders of as lovely lakes, most charming resorts for a day's picnic, and then a lovely drive home. Besides these attractions, are objects of great interest. Forefathers' Rock upon which rested the feet of the Pilgrims when they first landed upon our shores, which were then a howling wilderness, and while gazing out upon the sea, one is reminded of Mrs. Hemans' beautiful poem,

"The breaking waves dashed high,  
On a stern and rock bound coast."

The next place to visit is Burial Hill from which we have a fine view of the harbor and bay, and one is certainly repaid for a ramble among its ancient tombstones and inscriptions. The National monument with the figure of "Faith pointing upward to the sky," can be seen when coming into the town either in the cars or by water. I wish I could make the description of Plymouth sufficiently attractive to draw hitherward some of "our family" the coming season. In fact those to the "manor born" think it the most delightful spot on earth.

In closing, I want to thank our kind editor for

starting this the "best of papers" and also the sisters who help make it so interesting.

MOLLIE MILLER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—How I have longed to knock at your door for admission, but have refrained from doing so up to the present time. I have only been a subscriber one short year, but had the privilege of reading my sister's until we moved to Kansas, and I felt that I must take it with me, as a dear friend, and it seems now that I could not keep house without it.

Dear sisters, you little know how your letters have cheered and comforted me in many lonely hours, and I have seen many since we moved to the far west. I have felt that I was a stranger in a strange land, far, far from the home and friends of my youth, and when I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD, and sat down to read the letters, oh, how I have longed to come to you for sympathy. And when I read of some of you having the western fever, I have thought if I were you I would stay where I was, but still it is a beautiful country, and the people, as a general thing, are kind and friendly, but very different from those we have been accustomed to associate with. I cannot see that people can live any easier here than in the east, though I do not think there is as much time thrown away in making rich cake, pies and puddings, the people here are more for the substantials, which I think a wise plan.

Our little girl of five years we fear will lose one of her eyes. Nearly a year ago we thought we could detect a slight derangement of one eye, and it grows worse gradually. We have tried medical aid, and for a time thought it was better. We have been told that her impaired health caused it. She has always been a frail child, but has never been subject to spasms or anything that I think could cause it. I am constantly in fear that an operation will be necessary. She is our only child, and it seems that we cannot see her suffer thus until we have tried every other means. Will Dr. Hanaford reply?

Holton, Kansas. MRS. C. A. ELLIOTT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Left alone in the house this quiet autumn Sabbath, I betook myself to a pile of old HOUSEHOLDS for company, and in the May number found an exceedingly interesting letter from Four Leaf-Clover. Will you kindly give me space for a word to her and others?

Dear Invalid, I can almost see you in the midst of your lovely surroundings of singing birds and fragrant flowers. Truly there are "compensations" in this vale "where bitter waters flow," if one but count one's mercies.

Two years ago, I had about fifty pots of beautiful and valued plants, in a neat and sunny sitting room. Now the dear old south room is the property of strangers, and my plants—well, one was living last summer, in the home of a friend to whom I gave the skeleton last spring. The house to which I moved, and called my home for a few brief months, was old and poor, and the wind crept in at every crevice of window and door. In spite of my best endeavors, some of my tenderest plants got "touched." Then I had them nearly all conveyed to the cellar, and placed in barrels of straw. But, all in vain! The frozen stumps were all that remained of what had been my pride and household pets for years. A dozen thrifty slips, showing green in the window to-day, are my only compensation in the flower line. But the sweet baby face, grown lovelier and dearer every day of the fifteen months she has been with us, that smiles up at me every morning almost makes me forget there is anything more to be desired. Already she has learned to know the little pot of rose geranium, and pinch its fragrant leaves, and then put her tiny finger on the top of her nose with a most emphatic "snuff." Please say in your next if I may have a slip of your yellow jessamine. I should like it so much if what few I have survive the winter. We had one or two of those fungus brackets, that were considered beautiful.

I see my communication is taking too much room, and will close by telling you how daughter Frances came home from a big day's shopping, with this announcement: "Well, mamma, there was enough for my new cashmere, under flannels, socks, baby's hood and stockings, and a bolster for having my teeth attended to, and THE HOUSEHOLD secured for another year."

MOLLIE MORTON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been an interested reader of our excellent paper for the past two years, and have often wished to write, but delayed, thinking that among the multitude of letters, Mr. Crowell would hardly notice mine.

The December number was received a few days since, and I was much amused in reading the letter from Mr. De Hurst, the brother who asks so innocently what he shall do with his wife. I would like to inquire what he would like for his two lunches a day in place of regular meals. If he would be satisfied with bread and milk, crackers and cheese, or something of that kind, it might do nicely, and his Bonnie could put on her prettiest dress, and sit in the parlor with him every evening, but I have seen men before now, who were "not hungry much," "only

wanted a few mouthfuls" of something to eat, and by the time their lunch was finished, such a quantity of pie and cake had disappeared that I concluded if I had given them something "smoking hot," it would have been a saving of labor. In my family, if there is occasion to go to the henry in the evening, my husband always goes himself. He never thinks of leaving it for me to do, while he sits in his easy chair, and reads. No wonder the "silence" is "uncomfortable." I should not be surprised if our new brother-in-law was just one of that sort of men who might need a potion, plaster, or something of that kind, to strengthen his patience on certain occasions. I hope some of the sisters will be able to suggest a remedy.

I wish to thank Flo for her superior bread recipe. I should not have noticed it, had it not been for Mrs. McNulty's hearty commendation of it. I have been a housekeeper more than twenty years, and have never tried any way for making bread, so easy, quick and sure, as with this yeast. Most of my neighbors use it. We call it HOUSEHOLD yeast, and think we could not get along without it. This recipe alone is worth much more to me than the price of the paper for the two years I have taken it. Flo uses a little more salt than I like in bread, but of course one can vary that to suit.

If any of the sisters wish a nice easy way for making good plain cake, let them try the rule given by Sister M. I have made it many times, and it never fails.

I have learned many things from THE HOUSEHOLD, which are of great value to me. I have tried hot alum water for bedsteads with extraordinary success, I have also tried wall paper carpeting for a bed room floor, but that I would not recommend, unless in a room very seldom used. I think it would be better to tack down thin cloth to paste the paper on, instead of using newspapers for a foundation. That might prevent it from cracking over the seams in the floor.

Emily Hayes gives good directions for making chicken pie. If she should omit the bottom crust, I think she would find it an improvement.

H. L. D.

MR. CROWELL: We have been somewhat dilatory in thanking you for THE HOUSEHOLD, sent to us gratis during the year just closing, but not for lack of appreciation. We thought the most acceptable mark of gratitude would be a new subscriber, which we now send you, together with the price of our own subscription for the coming year, both likely to be permanent so long as the paper continues as useful as now. That we have totally escaped the culinary pitfalls which are supposed to beset the paths of newly married couples is a piece of good fortune, for which THE HOUSEHOLD may fairly claim a share of the credit. We have not had a spoiled or ill-cooked or unsavory meal since we were married, and the housekeeping member of the firm had at the outset about as little knowledge of, or practice in, the art of cookery, as any one could well have, and a considerable number of our most satisfactory dishes (satisfactory both as to quality and cost) have been prepared from recipes furnished by your paper. Besides cookery, it has been a very valuable help in many other ways, in the management of household affairs, by direction and suggestion, and when we have trusted it, it has never failed us.

FORREST AND FANNY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Good evening, sisters. Here I come with a thought or more. This is the second year that THE HOUSEHOLD has been my welcome guest. I received it last year as a wedding present, and I think every young housekeeper ought to take it. The Chats in the Kitchen should interest every housekeeper, for no household is complete without a kitchen, and the kitchen is where the farmer's wife spends the most of her time—her place of work.

We should make it our aim to lighten our daily toil in every way possible—doing all things well. All the work possible should be done in a sitting posture. Save your feet. The high stool cannot be praised or recommended too highly for this purpose. I have the pleasure of being the possessor of one, a present from my husband, and all because he reads THE HOUSEHOLD. Furniture and cooking utensils should be light but strong. Chairs with perforated seats are an improvement on the solid ones, and granite iron ware ahead of all other ware. Make the best of everything, and be happy while you may.

I always look forward for each number of THE HOUSEHOLD, anticipating to quaff knowledge therefrom. I wish Aunt Betsey would visit us often.

I have a canary eight years old, his chief food being hemp seed, and bread and milk, and other things for a variety.

MRS. C. H. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—We find quite a number of husbands, and some other would-be's, coming to the front in your columns. Mrs. W. has a possible fear that these may in time monopolize much of the space now occupied by the lady correspondents. But if the former are taking as deep an interest in the promotion of home happiness as their sisters are manifesting, there can be

nothing lost, but a decided gain by infusing some new life, where now seems to be so much sameness. We men, many of us, love THE HOUSEHOLD as do our wives, and marvel at its wonderful success; and now that it has again enlarged, we know not what to say.

We trust that Moses Fagus and Anna Holyoke Howard have not quitted us permanently. We hope a general encore will bring them both out again.

Mr. De Hurst, in the December number, is very commendably concerned over the present and future welfare of his active little wife, but withal, we are certain he enjoys a happy home life. We must confess that we like his sentiments. He has the true spirit of woman's companionship. He has married the one woman of all others whom he loves, and is now proud to accord to her an equal position in all his affairs. He is desirous of not only having her near him in person, but knows the delight of keeping her abreast of him intellectually; thus she shall be to him in fact his other half all the way through life as at the start. Happy position she occupies. Then again our good friend has a strong love of home and so feels it to be the only place for his leisure hours. Here again she may come to the front—it is the wife's golden opportunity, if she is aware of her constant goodly influence over her little family circle. The responsibility is great in doing whatever she may to render their hearthstone the one important attraction for the husband and that growing boy.

Too many men, it would seem, love to read quietly to themselves, when often the wife would cheerfully listen. Mine sometimes reminds me, when she is close by, that she is willing to hear whatever I am reading. We believe the wife can, as a rule, so arrange the day's work as to be near her husband quietly in the evenings. They are here together gaining knowledge, and she an increased interest in what is constantly occurring in the world about her. Hearing more of the world's news, I firmly believe our wives and mothers would very perceptibly grow into a broader view of life, and be always prepared to converse upon most any topic. Thus she cannot fall behind as we too often find, nor he be apt to neglect her for other associates. These "family socials" rest the mother by agreeably changing the direction of her thoughts away from the routine of daily cares, while too she shall be the stronger for to-morrow's duties. In our own little family we employ no domestics and desire none. We simplify the work, ever practicable, and if visitors happen in, prefer entertaining them with "a flow of reason and a feast of soul" rather than with many dishes; thus we secure our evenings at least, when our two little orange blossoms so agree.

Now after reading the recent letter from Rosamond E., a few of us want to learn something of that meek husband; what may be his prevailing traits of character; his occupation, and their approximate annual income, for we never hear directly from him. There are but few young housekeepers that can afford two girls, even if the carpets are taken up frequently, and other like economies indulged in, many preferring not to be fretted with the average kitchen help who are mostly careless, and of foreign extraction. Altogether we are inclined to think Rosamond E. overdoes matters a little. We would now prefer to have Ichabod's own personal opinion, though we are led to think there is left but little room for it. Rosamond wishes to encourage young and delicate mothers; we fear she is doing quite the reverse, for she continues to write of what she gets done, and but little of what she herself is able to accomplish. After all Rosamond is a very good manager, doing the brain work while many hands are kept busy. Now please permit Ichabod to testify for himself, unbiased in every particular.

DR. W.

Lincoln, Neb.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

**FIG CAKE.**—For the Dark Cake.—Two cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of water, three cups of flour, three cups of raisins, four eggs, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Chop the raisins (after measuring) and stir into the batter, the same as for fruit cake. Bake thin as for jelly cake.

**For the White Cake.**—Two cups of white sugar, one and one-half cups of butter, two cups of flour, one cup of corn starch, one cup of water, the whites of six eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one pound of figs, sliced; spread a very thin coat of batter in your tin, then a layer of sliced figs, then cover with the batter and bake. When all baked place the dark between the white, or the white between the dark, and spread frosting between and on top. This makes two large cakes.

LUELLA M. GREGORY.

**MRS. C.'S CAKE.**—One and one-half cups of butter, one and one-half cups of milk, three cups of sugar, five cups of flour, four eggs, two well filled cups of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar.

**NEW YORK CAKE.**—Six eggs (beat the whites to a stiff froth), one cup of butter, two

cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar.

**WASHINGTON PIE.**—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Bake in jelly tins.

**Cream.**—Two and one-half cups of scalded milk, one cup of sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, beat them together and stir into the milk, add a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, and flavor to taste. Put this between each layer.

**RAISED DOUGHNUTS.**—In the morning take a pint of warm milk, one cup of sugar, half a teacup of yeast, or one compressed yeast cake, a little salt, and set a sponge, making it rather thick, at night add another cup of sugar, half a cup of lard, half a cup of butter, two eggs, knead up, and let stand till morning, then roll out thin, cut round, and let them stand on the moulding board till very light. We always use powdered sugar and the very best flour. When we fry them, we put a few slices of raw potatoes in the lard, also roll about half of the doughnuts in powdered sugar. The recipe makes sixty.

REATA.

**ROLL JELLY CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of new milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda. This makes two rolls. Bake in square pie tins. When baked, spread with jelly and sprinkle a little sugar over it which will make it moist. Roll while warm.

**MOLASSES COOKIES.**—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, two-thirds cup of warm water, dissolve therein one tablespoonful of soda, and add one tablespoonful of ginger and cinnamon, and flour to roll out.

I would like to ask some of the good housewives if they have a recipe for French rolls.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

**SUET PUDDING.**—One cup of molasses, one cup of suet, chopped fine, one cup of sweet milk, one-half pound of raisins, one-half pound of currants, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and flour to make stiff as for cake. Steam three hours.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Beat two eggs very light, beat in one cup of granulated sugar, then half a cup of sifted flour, a little at a time, then the other half cup of flour in which one teaspoonful of baking powder has been mixed, and lastly a scant half cup of hot water, almost boiling, stirring in a little at a time. Bake in a moderate hot oven. This is one good sized loaf.

KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

**CORN STARCH CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one-half cup of corn starch, one-half cup of milk, whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one-half cup of butter melted but not hot, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in with the flour and starch. Flavor with vanilla. Beat all together briskly for five minutes. Bake in a moderate oven.

**For the Frosting.**—Grate one-sixth of a cake of Baker's chocolate, mix with one cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg, one-half cup of milk, and one tablespoonful of corn starch. Let all boil five minutes, stirring constantly. Flavor with vanilla. Let it cool a little before spreading over the cake.

PEARL VAN HORN.

**CIDER JELLY.**—Take three quarts of sweet cider, boil it down to one quart, add one quart of sugar, and boil till it is thick enough.

**APPLE BUTTER.**—Take fourteen gallons of sweet cider, boil down one-half, put in one bushel of sweet apples, and when they get soft it will need to be stirred all the time. Boil till it is thick enough to stand when cold.

COM.

**ENGLISH LOAF.**—One and two-thirds cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two-thirds cup of milk, three and one-third cups of flour, two eggs, one-third pound of raisins, one-third pound of citron, one nutmeg, and one-third teaspoonful of soda. This improves by keeping a few weeks.

**HARD SUGAR GINGERBREAD.**—One cup of butter, two and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Melt the butter and sugar together, make stiff, roll rather thin, and cut in sheets.

**CRULLS.**—Five tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four eggs, and flour to make hard. Roll thin, cut in fancy shapes, and fry in lard, as doughnuts.

ROCKWOOD.

**RICE PUDDING.**—One cup of rice, one cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of raisins, cut in two, one half nutmeg, grated, and three quarts of milk. Cook in a kettle on the back part of the stove two and one-half hours, or until the

rice is thoroughly done. Stir frequently to prevent sticking. Just before taking from the stove add a piece of butter about the size of a walnut.

**MUFFINS.**—One pint of sour milk, one pint of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately and very stiff, a small teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Add the whites of the eggs last, beat smartly and perfectly free from lumps, and bake in well buttered rings or gem pans in a quick oven.

**CAROLINA CAKE.**—Whites of eggs cut to a stiff froth, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, in which sift one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cup of sweet milk, mix the butter and sugar to a cream, and add the other ingredients alternately.

A.

**DATE PIE.**—Put one pound of dates to soak in a quart of milk, put it where it will keep warm, not cook, and when soft strain through a colander, add a little nutmeg and a little salt. No sweetening is needed. Bake with one crust. This makes two large pies.

MRS. S. L.

**Beef** that has a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours, with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

**Broil steak without salting.** Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turn frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter, salt and pepper to taste.

To prevent meat from scorching during roasting, place a basin of water in the oven; the steam generated prevents scorching and makes the meat cook better.

**Lard** for pastry should be used as hard as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, not rubbed.

**Old potatoes** may be freshened by plunging them in cold water one hour before cooking. To boil potatoes successfully, when the skin breaks, pour off the water and let them finish cooking in their own steam.

**GRAHAM GEMS.**—Two cups of milk, one and one-half cups of graham, one-half cup of fine flour, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, a small piece of melted butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a hot oven. I. L.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—Will Flo please tell me how to keep her yeast from losing its strength? I made it according to directions. It performed splendidly for the first two batches of bread, but at the third and fourth made a failure. I tried it twice, the first time keeping it in a pitcher, the next in an air tight can set in a cool place. Perhaps I should keep it warm. Please let me know, as I consider the yeast invaluable, and the recipe alone worth the money paid for the paper, if I can preserve its strength.

MINOR DREWRY.

Will some one send the recipe for the coloring preparation for red frosting? MRS. S. L.

Will some sister from the southern states please tell us, through THE HOUSEHOLD, just how they make bacon, and all about it? L.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some one please send a recipe for making cider apple sauce?

A SUBSCRIBER.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Please ask for the best recipes for curing meats, salting pork, curing hams, corning beef, drying beef, and making sausages.

Some of the recipes give directions for "seasoning to taste," which direction is no guide to one like myself who has no natural taste. I know at meal times, when a dish suits my palate, but I can never tell when cooking by taste, I must know the exact quantity.

Will some one give a bill of fare for one week, suitable for a merchant's family who seek a simple and nutritious diet? If this request is answered, I would like to see four of them in the cooking department.

A BEGINNER IN HOUSEKEEPING.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Will some one please inform me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to make coonut cookies? and oblige, TOPSY.

To M. A. L., I would say that I tried the remedy suggested for fleas on cats, and the result was that a cat of which we thought a good deal died after a few hours. I very much regret that I used the "remedy," though I did not suppose that any one would give advice which was not

known to be harmless. I think people should be very cautious about the advice they give to the public, as we are pretty apt to think that what we find in a favorite paper, must be reliable.

NEW HAVEN.

A sister inquired in one of the numbers, what she could do with a switch, that had become faded. If she will steep some black tea, strain, add a piece of copperas the size of a bean, put in the switch, and let it stand where it will become warm two or three hours, she will find it improved. I have tried it.

M. A. F.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Will some of the sisters please send recipes for roly poly pudding, and oblige a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD? LUCY.

**MR. CROWELL:**—In making raised graham bread, observe the same rules as in white flour, only mix it soft, a thick batter and do not knead it. When sufficiently raised, dip carefully into baking tins, set in a warm place, and in ten minutes it will be ready for the oven. It does not require a very hot oven. I mix equal parts new milk and warm water, allowing one teaspoonful of sugar to a loaf of bread. The important point is to secure good graham. I wish to thank Mrs. Palmer for her article on bread making in the October HOUSEHOLD.

To clean lamp burners and other brass articles, boil them in water in which beans have been parboiled. Try it.

MELISSA T.

M. C. W. asks for a reliable method of starching collars and cuffs. Put four tablespoonfuls of starch and one-fourth teaspoonful of glycerine in a pint of water. The glycerine helps to stiffen. You can use it in boiled starch for any clothes.

To the lady who asked about using cream, I would say very healthy pie crust, and nice too, can be made by simply mixing into a dough with flour. It rolls better to stand on ice or in a cool place an hour. Do not use soda. If the cream is sour, it only shortens more, and if very thick a little water may be added.

OSA.

To ebonize wood, grind lampblack in shellac varnish, apply with brush or sponge, and then when dry rub with a piece of cloth, moistened with a little linseed oil.

Shellac varnish is made by putting one-half an ounce of gum shellac in two ounces of alcohol, and letting it stand until dissolved. L. A. W.

**MR. CROWELL:**—There is a little item I have lately found by experimenting which I thought might help some sister as it does me. Until lately when I cooked oat meal, it was all poured together into one dish when done, but now I dip it into cups while hot, and when it is cool pour over the top a little water which prevents any crust from forming, and each cupful presents a more inviting appearance than a dish which has been dipped into. The water can be poured off from the oat meal when it is to be eaten, and we think keeps it much nicer. MRS. J. S. ROSS.

Will some one of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to make a good boiled Indian meal pudding, and the kind of sauce to use? also how to make good rye bread? also how to make a good pie with cottage cheese?

MRS. TOWN.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I know how to make graham bread, and will tell, for the benefit of Sarah C. Vaughan, how I do it. About noon I stir up my yeast as for white bread, using white flour, let it rise till evening, work in the graham flour, adding a small piece of butter, and for three loaves about one-fourth cup of molasses, (it is much nicer than sugar for graham bread.) I put in a pinch of salt and work the dough just stiff enough so I can make it into loaves without much trouble, let it rise once more, and after the loaves have become very light, put in pans and bake. It takes much longer for graham bread to rise than for white. My friends all say this is good.

LOLIE.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some one give me a good rule for stuffed peppers? I have searched the cook-books with no success.

MARY W.

Will any sister please tell me how to wash baby's delicate blue stockings to get out all the stains? and oblige.

LITTLE RHODY.

Will Emily Hayes please give us, particularly, her method of putting together hard gingerbread, sugar and molasses cookies, as well as cake?

Will the lady who gave the recipe for moonshine please tell us if she bakes the mixture before putting it on the cream?

SUBSCRIBER.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—If the lady making inquiry concerning creameries, or any one interested in their working, will address me, (with stamp enclosed,) I will gladly give information in reference thereto.

REV. J. N. WILSON.

Perry, Ohio.

## The Parlor.

## I'M NEARER HOME TO-DAY.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
I'm nearer home to-day,  
Than I ever was before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be,  
Nearer the great White Throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life  
Where we lay our burden down,  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer wearing the crown.

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the dark and shadowy stream  
That leads at last to the light.

Father, perfect my love,  
Strengthen the might of my faith,  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death.

Feel as I would when my feet  
Are slipping down on the brink,  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think.

## A WORD OF PRAISE.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

"WHAT bitter weather we are having?" remarked Horace Leslie to his partner, as they left their office together one cold evening in December.

"Yes," answered Ernest Clay, "and we can't be too thankful that we both have pleasant homes to go to, where a warm fire and bright smiles are waiting for us. We are not rich men, Leslie, but we have much to make us happy. I pity the bachelors. A man doesn't know what real comfort is until he gets himself a good wife."

Leslie said nothing. He was tired and out of spirits. He wondered how Clay could be so perpetually good-humored, and how he could be so stupid as to imagine that because he had a good wife every other married man was alike blessed.

"Let's turn in here," said Clay, stopping at the door of a large fruit store. "I want to buy Mollie some Malaga grapes. She's very fond of them and I indulge her occasionally. You'd better get some for your wife, too."

It had been long since Horace Leslie had paid his wife any such loving attention, and he smiled a little grimly at Clay's suggestion. But, nevertheless, he bought the grapes for appearance's sake, not caring to have his partner imagine that Mrs. Leslie was at all neglected.

A few blocks further on the two men separated, and as Leslie went up the steps of his own house he muttered: "A smiling wife and a cheerful home, what an Eden it would be. But I must not expect impossibilities. The light went out of Caroline's face when I lost my property, and I don't suppose anything but a new fortune could bring it back."

He unlocked the door with his night key and entered the hall. The gas was lighted, but had been turned down so low that Leslie could scarcely see to remove his overcoat and muffler.

"Very bright here!" he muttered. "I wonder if Clay's wife economizes on the gas as mine does."

He left the grapes on the shelf of the hat-rack and pushed open the door of the sitting-room. His wife was sitting by the table sewing. She glanced up as he entered, but did not speak. Laying aside her work she began to make preparations for supper. She looked tired and worn, and moved about with a weary step. Ever since her husband had lost his property she had done the work of the house herself.

"Come," she said at last, setting the chairs at the table.

Leslie took his seat without a word. His brow was clouded, and he kept his eyes on his plate. He was thinking how differently, in all probability, Clay had been welcomed to his home. But it did not occur to him to draw any comparison between his own manner and that of his partner.

The tea was fragrant, the rolls light and white, the oysters prepared as he liked them best, and by his plate was a small saucer of the sweet pickle he particularly fancied, yet Leslie uttered no word of approval or praise. He ate in silence, and his wife leaned back wearily in her chair, and watched him, quick to notice when his cup was out, and ready to hand him the bread as he desired it.

He looked up once, tempted to ask her why she did not eat, but her face was so repellant, that, fearing an irritating reply, he did not put the question. As he folded his napkin and pushed his chair back, his wife arose and began clearing off the table. She carried all the dishes into the kitchen and covered the table with a red cloth, arranged the drop-light, and then went out, closing the door after her.

A few minutes later Leslie heard her talking to some one. Curious to know who it could be he opened the kitchen door and looked in. A little boy was standing by the stove, a pale, pinched, hungry looking child, with shoes full of holes, and scanty clothing torn and soiled. In one grimy, red hand he held a copy of an evening paper, which he was asking Mrs. Leslie to buy.

"We don't want your paper," said Leslie, who had worked himself into a bad humor with everybody and everything, "and we don't want you. Get out of this, and don't come crawling into our back yard again after dark."

The child, with a frightened look, prepared to obey the command, and was slipping out of the door, when he was stopped by Mrs. Leslie.

"I will buy the paper," she said, in a firm, decided tone. "You look cold and hungry. Take that seat at the table; there are some oysters which I should have thrown away, and here is bread."

She pushed the boy into the seat as she spoke, and placed the oysters and bread nearer to him. He glanced timidly at Mr. Leslie, as if waiting for his permission to eat, but that gentleman turned away, and with an angry look went back into the dining room, closing the door violently after him.

Mrs. Leslie came into the room a moment later to bring some coal for the grate, and under her arm was the paper she had just bought. She replenished the fire and went out again, not noticing that the paper had fallen to the floor.

More for want of something else to do than for any other reason, Mr. Leslie picked it up and opened it. The first words on which his eyes fell were "Husbands, praise your wives," the heading of a short article copied from an eastern journal.

"Humph!" he muttered. "I wish I could find some occasion to praise Caroline." But he read on: "Praise your wife, man, whenever you can find a reasonable opportunity. It won't hurt her. You needn't be at all afraid of spoiling her. A word of praise goes a long way with a woman. She needs a little help and encouragement of this sort, and she is made not only happier by receiving it, but works all the better for it. The wise husband praises his wife, and thus secures her gratitude and esteem. The man who lets his wife go heart hungry makes a great mistake. It doesn't pay. He will probably live to be sorry for it.

Think awhile how much your wife does for you. She mends your clothes, at-

tends to your small and large comforts, and prepares all the little delicacies you so enjoy at the table. Surely the least you can do is to thank her. Don't let her work for you year after year like a mule or a slave, without any acknowledgement of her faithfulness and love. A true woman would rather have the praise of her husband than the worship of kings. She has her troubles and annoyances that you know nothing about. Make her life as easy as you can. Praise her whenever you can. If you only choose to look for it you can find plenty to praise her for."

Horace Leslie read no farther. He let the paper fall unheeded to the floor, and, resting his head on his hand, gazed thoughtfully into the fire. His mind was busy with the past and present. Memory was accusing him of injustice to his wife. He felt rebuked for his muttered speech of a few moments before to the effect that Caroline deserved praise for nothing. She had worked hard for five years, and during that time he had never experienced the least neglect of any of his little home comforts. He had never found a button off, nor a hole in his sock. No matter what she had been doing, she had never been too busy or too tired to wait on him. His clothes had been brushed regularly every day, and his dressing gown and slippers had always been ready for him by the fire on his return home in the evening. Caroline had even insisted on building the fires in the morning, and had spared him in every way. He remembered these things now, and many others of a like nature. The article he had just read had jogged his memory very severely, and he felt worried and guilty. He could not recall a time since the loss of his property when he had praised his wife. He had taken her industry and frugality as a matter of course. She had never complained, never reproached him, but had grown more silent, more reserved, and colder with every day. Perhaps the wall that had grown up between them had been as much his work as hers. He wondered if there was aught of the old time love for him still in her heart, or if she was actuated by duty alone in her attention to his creature comforts. The article he had just read had almost persuaded him that he had made a mistake in withholding that word of praise. But perhaps it was not too late to mend matters. He would try the experiment any how.

He grew quite anxious for his wife to come in. He heard her still talking to the child, and wished very heartily that the little boy would go away. Half an hour passed and he could restrain his impatience no longer. He was about to go into the kitchen to seek her when the door opened, and Mrs. Leslie came quietly in. She took her work basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking to or glancing at her husband, began to sew.

The expression of his wife's face did not give Leslie much encouragement to enter on the new work upon which he had decided. He had to struggle with himself before he could conquer his moody, accusing spirit. He thought of many things to say, yet not one suited him exactly. At last, however, he leaned toward her, and said in a voice as gentle as he could make it:

"You were very kind to that little beggar, Carrie."

Mrs. Leslie made no reply, but her husband did not fail to notice the look of surprise which flitted over her face, and the relaxing of the hard lines about her mouth. Perhaps she was as much surprised at his use of the abbreviation of her name as at his words of praise. One was as unusual as the other.

"You have a kind heart for the poor,"

continued Leslie, finding it easier to go on now that he had broken the ice, and rather enjoying the novel sensation of praising his wife. "I wish I had even half your charity, I should be a better man. I dare say, now, you hunted up something warm to put around that child, and a better pair of shoes. You are unselfish enough to go barefoot yourself if it was necessary, in order to help another."

"Am I?"

Mrs. Leslie's voice was low and husky. She bent her face closer yet over her work, but her husband saw that she plied her needle very unsteadily.

"Yes, Carrie," he answered softly, "and I appreciate your struggles of the past five years. Had it not been for your industry and economy I should never have been able to struggle along at all. But the dark days are, I hope, almost over for us. My business is growing steadily better, and there is a bright outlook for even greater success. There is no necessity for your continuing to work so hard. You are always busy," and he laid his hand on the work in her lap. Lay it aside for to-night, my dear, for I want the uninterrupted benefit of your society, and I have brought you a little treat."

He went out in the hall as he said the last words, and returned with the grapes, which he put beside his wife on the table. To his surprise she was sobbing bitterly, her face covered with her hands.

"Carrie, darling," he said, stooping down and kissing her. "Have I said anything to wound you?"

"No, no," answered Mrs. Leslie, raising her face, "but I cannot bear your praise. It affects me unaccountably. I—I—am not—used to it," and her tears began to flow again. "I thought you did not appreciate me, and it made me feel hard and bitter. I know I have not done my duty in many things, but it was so hard—"

"Yes, yes, Carrie, I understand. But forget it all now, dear. We will turn over a new leaf and begin over again. I have been more to blame than you, but I see now where my mistake was. Let me see the sunshine on your face as of old, Carrie, and I shall be a different man."

Then sitting down beside her he told her of the article he had read in the paper the little boy had brought, and how it had shown his conduct to him in a new and different light, and had pointed out clearly the mistake he had made in never uttering a word of praise.

Long did the husband and wife talk together, and many were the good resolutions they made for the future, which had not looked so bright to them for many years.

"The little boy's mother died three months ago, Horace," said Mrs. Leslie, when at last her husband rose to lock up the house for the night, "and he is homeless and forlorn. I made him take a bath, and put him to bed in the room over the kitchen. To-morrow I shall make an effort to get him into the orphan's home. I feel that I cannot do too much for him, Horace, for if he had not brought that paper in, we should not have been so happy to-night. Ah! how little I imagined I was entertaining an angel unawares."

## AN AUTUMN TRIP.

Having enjoyed many contributions from members of the Band, I venture to enter the circle after eleven years' friendship with this valuable little paper. I visited through Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota in the fall of 1881, and so pleasing and varied were the attractions, that I thought a few "jottings by the wayside" might prove interesting. I had been in poor health during the past sum-

mer, and business matters calling my husband to the north-west, I accepted his kind invitation to accompany him, hoping to derive much benefit from the cooler breezes of the north.

Our principal starting point was from Chicago, via Chicago and Milwaukee railroad, at which latter place, after remaining one day, we took the Wisconsin Central en route for Lake Superior.

The first few miles of the journey after leaving Milwaukee was like all western scenery, but improved in novelty and interest as we left the evidences of subdued nature, for the primeval wilds, for which Wisconsin is so justly celebrated. In many places the track circled around deep dells, or "kettles," as they are called, and the scene was wild and picturesque in the extreme. A portion of the pines was passed in the night, and by daylight the train had reached Steven's Point, situated in the midst of the great lumber region. Our route during the day lay through immense pine forests, varied by occasional clearings and small towns.

Numerous saw mills, clearings covered with logs, and huge piles of lumber indicated the main occupation of the people, and as the soil does not seem susceptible to profitable cultivation, there is not much inducement to make permanent improvements. It was health inspiring to breathe such an atmosphere, for the air was fragrant with the spicy odors of the hemlock, spruce and balsam.

Between Malden and Oceanea is a beautiful group of those trees, which was a wonderful sight even in that evergreen country. This grove, prominent among which was the white pine, extended along the track two miles. One could scarcely realize that so much symmetry and beauty could be all nature's handiwork. They appeared as if trained by a skillful gardener, not a defective tree in the whole group.

The next point of interest was Bad river, so called by the Indians, from the fact that it is not navigable for their canoes, and it is also said that fish cannot live in its waters. It is a turbulent stream, rushing madly over rocks, and very winding. The road crossed it seventeen times in nine miles.

The Wisconsin Central railroad company deserves much credit for their perseverance and energy, in opening up a way from more civilized regions, through these wilds of Wisconsin.

We crossed an iron bridge over the White river, within a few miles of Ashland, that was 1600 feet long, and 117 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, so high that one could look over the tops of the tallest pine trees growing beside it.

So new and varied were the attractions, that the day passed swiftly, and not until "Ashland is the next station," was called by the conductor, did I realize that it was nearly dark, that the sense of seeing was gratified for one day, and that supper and rest would be a welcome change.

Ashland is the terminus of the Wisconsin Central railroad, and is situated on Shequamegon bay, an arm of Lake Superior. Its location is sixty feet above the level of the bay. The Shequamegon, a first class hotel, affords every convenience for the visitor. It belongs to the Wisconsin Central railroad company, who contemplate its enlargement to three times its present size, as it was inadequate to accommodate the guests this season, tents being called into requisition for sleeping purposes. The hotel is built on the southern plan, verandas extending around both upper and lower stories, while its extensive grounds, with a fine lawn, enhances its attractions. We met with a number of visitors from Wisconsin and Illinois, but the majority, who come from St. Louis and the southern states, were preparing to leave for home. The extreme

northern locality of Ashland renders it a desirable summer resort. Sufferers from the hay fever, (it is said,) derive much benefit from its pure air. Its distance from Milwaukee is three hundred and fifty-one miles, and four hundred and thirty miles from Chicago.

The bay, as well as the numerous small streams that flow into it, furnishes a bountiful supply of various kinds of fish, and these, with an abundance of game, make this place an excellent camping ground for sportsmen.

The resident population is one thousand. There are no pleasant drives in Ashland, as travel is performed chiefly by water and rail, but one can take such delightful walks through the pine woods, and obtain rare and beautiful specimens of ferns, and such treasures of moss. A rare treat for lovers of fancy work. A fine collection of valuable stones and pebbles may be found on the shores of the bay.

An Indian village of the Chippewa tribe, lies south of the town, and it was a curiosity to meet with some of the dusky inhabitants. A number of the Indians are employed in the saw mills. An old squaw came to the hotel to dispose of some of her wares, such as little birch bark canoes, baskets, etc. The little papoose strapped to her back looked so cunning. The romance of Hiawatha would lose its charms, however, if the lovers of that poem could take a peep into some of the Indian villages.

We will now pass to Bayfield, a beautiful little town with a population of five hundred, which lies opposite Ashland, fifteen miles across the bay. Settled by French traders many years ago, a long separation from the outside world causes this little place to assume an individuality of its own. The fountains throwing up jets of water in front of the cottages, form a very attractive feature, for which it is not indebted to the Holly system—the boast of many more pretentious towns—but to Dame Nature, who provides an abundance of water from the inexhaustible reservoirs in the lofty hills back of the town. And very little labor is required to enjoy the "silvery music of falling waters." A rich reward awaits one who will endure fatigue, and climb to the old church on the hill. The broad, blue waters of the harbor, together with the Apostle islands, rising like sentinels guarding the entrance to the bay, forms a picture long to be remembered. The old church is not without interest, with its ancient pictures, and rare relics, while the old friar in his brown habit, and the soft strains of the vesper hymn, borne upon the evening air, carry one back to the misty ages of the past, like an almost forgotten dream. With feelings of regret I took the steamer Manistee, for Duluth, bidding adieu to this romantic little spot where everything evinced the

"Handiwork of nature which nothing can tame, changing each moment, yet ever the same."

The scenery through the Apostle islands was picturesque, and after a pleasant trip of eight hours we arrived in Duluth, the terminus of the Northern Pacific, Lake Superior and Mississippi railroad.

Duluth is picturesquely situated on the side of a hill overlooking the lake, and rises gradually toward the north-west, reaching the height of about six hundred feet, at the distance of a mile from the shore.

From the hill looking southward a fine view of the harbor is obtained. Duluth, as a commercial city, is rapidly rising in importance, being a great shipping mart for wheat. Six regular lines of steamers run to Chicago, Cleveland, Canadian ports, and the ports on the southern shore of Lake Superior. We remained one day in Duluth, and then took the Northern Pacific train for the

wheat fields of the north-west, the Red river valley of the north.

Words are inadequate to describe the magnificence of that region. It can be realized only by a visit to the valley. As far as the eye could reach one could perceive immense fields from which wheat and oats had been put in shock and stack, while steam threshers, consuming straw for fuel, were separating the wheat at the rate of from ten to fifteen hundred bushels per day to each machine.

The climate of the Red river valley is delightful. The air is bracing and invigorating, and a beneficial tonic to those in delicate health. The summers are warm and bright, but the heat is tempered by the cooler breezes of the far north, which prevail in that season. The nights are pleasant and cool all through the summer months, rendering blankets necessary. The winters are colder than those in the eastern and middle states, the thermometer standing from ten to twenty degrees below zero, from the first of December to the first of February, as I understand. But owing to the stillness and dryness of the atmosphere, the cold is not felt so severely as winter in the states at zero.

I remained several days in Clay county, Minn., and then visited Fargo, Dakota Territory. This little magic city of the plains was, in 1874, an Indian reservation, and such has been its rapid growth that a fine commercial city has sprung up in eight years, with a resident population of five thousand, and a transient population over one-fourth as large.

It is situated on the west bank of the Red river of the north, at a point one hundred and fifty-six miles south of Manitoba, a province of the dominion of Canada, and two hundred and forty miles north-west of St. Paul, Minn. It is the county seat of Cass county. The city of Fargo has three or four large grain elevators, and four banks, two of which are organized under the national banking laws. It has seven churches and three school houses, one also on the kindergarten plan. The board of education contemplate erecting a handsome high school edifice, which it is estimated will cost twenty-five thousand dollars. It has a fine court house and post-office, together with three large hotels, and a number of smaller ones. Halls of entertainment furnish amusements of a refined and intellectual nature to the people, the rough element that prevails so much in rapidly growing western cities being absent here. The community comprises people of culture and intellect, a large number from the eastern and middle states, many of whom have been accustomed to luxury, and are willing to endure a little hardship while opening up homes for themselves in this magnificent country, knowing that a glorious future awaits them, as the country advances in prosperity. The contract is already let for the construction and equipment of street railway, and electric light is already projected.

The city is furnished with water by the Holly system, and the supply, (it is said,) is three million gallons per diem, and mains are laid through all the principal streets. The retail stores compare favorably with those in eastern cities. Many of the residences are metropolitan in style, and from their variety and beauty one would infer that the owners were the architects of their dwellings, as well as of their own fortunes.

Two daily newspapers, The Argus, by Major A. W. Edward, whose ability, together with perseverance and energy, would ensure success to any paper of which he was the editor, and The Republican, by Dr. Hall, another able gentleman, are well conducted and liberally patronized. From the rapid progress of the last two years, it is safe to predict that a brilliant future is in store for Fargo, for

the productive country surrounding it ensures its stability and success.

Moorhead, the county seat of Clay county, Minn., situated on the east bank of the Red river, aspires to rival Fargo in enterprise and improvement. In fact, the two combine to form a "dual city," being connected by telephone. Many attorneys and real estate firms have their offices in both cities.

Moorhead is well protected on the west and north by heavy belts of timber, and like Fargo, possesses facilities for shipping, both by rail and water. It is also surrounded by rich lands, well adapted to agricultural pursuits, and being rapidly settled by an enterprising, practical class of prosperous farmers.

The city has a fine opera house, capable of seating four hundred persons, with latest stage, and lighting appointments, and is pronounced the finest opera house north-west of Chicago, together with a magnificent hotel, called the Grand Pacific, now completed, and opened for the first time to the public on Thanksgiving day. Three large hotels, beside the above mentioned, compare favorably with those in larger cities.

The Moorhead mills manufacture flour from the hard wheat, by the Hungarian roller process, and have a capacity of one hundred and fifty barrels of flour every twenty-four hours. Their brand of flour is deservedly popular, and finds its way to the great markets of the world.

But all this hurry and bustle of making money, and the desire to render waste places glad, does not blind the people to the interests of education and religion. The city has four churches, and another one will soon be erected. The school district of Moorhead, last year, built five new school houses, the most prominent one being the large fifteen thousand dollars high school, now completed, and its class of instructors not to be excelled anywhere in the United States, many here being graduates of eastern colleges. I visited this place two years ago, and was much surprised upon my return this year, to note the improvements which had taken place in that lapse of time. The population is now three thousand. Should the same ratio continue in the next two years, as it has in the past, a yearly visit will be necessary to recognize the city, which, with Fargo, seems destined to become the "future great" of the north-west.

Carlinville, Ill. MRS. M. R. FLINT.

#### UNSEEN INFLUENCES.

##### Number Three.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

In glancing at various sources of unseen influence we must not omit to mention dreams. It is very common in scripture to bear of remarkable dreams. The angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph at night and warned him to flee into Egypt to save the life of the Saviour. Again he appeared to him in a dream to tell him that Herod was dead and they might return safely. In the course of the first two chapters of St. Matthew, four remarkable dreams are recorded influencing decidedly the life of Joseph and his family.

An attentive study of scripture will soon convince any one that in those days God was in the habit of sending messages to mankind by ministering spirits in dreams. Whether He who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," does not now send similar messages to His people is a matter of interesting inquiry. It is certain that He who directs all things may make even our dreams a source of warning, comfort, or pleasure to us if He pleases.

An aged aunt who lives with me says she derives great physical benefit from

her dreams. Through the day she thinks often of the scenes and friends long gone forever, and the thought that she alone of all her early friends is left, fills her heart with a sadness and depression of spirits unfavorable to health. As Moore beautifully expresses it:

"I seem like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, and garlands dead,  
And all but me departed."

But at night, as soon as she falls asleep her early friends come back to her, and she feels so happy in their pleasant companionship, which seems as vivid and real as if she were awake, that she rises in the morning cheered and refreshed. "I do not know what I should do if it were not for my dreams," she says. Judging from myself I believe we all experience the same thing more or less.

Nothing in this world is chance. Even our dreams are over-ruled by a higher power. We may, if we will, see the hand of God not only in all the operations of nature but in all that concerns us.

"E'en in my dreams I'd be,  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

is a hymn that has found a ready response in every Christian heart.

"Then let my way appear,  
Steps unto Heaven,  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given.  
Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

Some people are much more liable to have these impressions than others. It is common among the Highland Scotch, who call it the "gift of second sight." I well remember hearing an old Scotch woman, who lived a long time with my mother, say to me in her weird and solemn way, "Ah! Miss Anna, I've had a vision."

"What was it, Mary?" I asked.

"I'm to cook a dinner for two young gentlemen who are coming here," and she went on to give some particulars.

I laughed at what I considered only her imagination, but to our surprise, they came exactly as she had said. She certainly had no means of knowing it beforehand except through her "second sight," as she called it, as they were relatives of ours from other states, whom we did not in the least expect. The Scotch poet, Campbell, seems to give us the idea that this prescience is peculiarly active in the aged. His beautiful lines are often quoted:

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical love,  
And coming events cast their shadows before."

The great orator, Cicero, the Spanish dramatist Pedro Calderon de la Barca, and other writers have expressed similar ideas, showing that from the earliest ages to the present time, instances have repeatedly occurred where minds have possessed this remarkable gift of prescience to a greater or less extent.

To come down to our own days. I noticed in a New York paper not long since a statement, which I am exceedingly sorry I did not preserve for reference and quotation. It was to this effect, however: The late honored and beloved President Garfield had for years an impression that he was to die in the prime of life, and not by common disease, but as the result of some accidental or unnatural death. He was not, as we all know, a weak, nervous or superstitious man, but quite the reverse. Nor did this impression cause him any particular anxiety. He always calmly committed everything into the hands of God. At different times he mentioned this impression of his to intimate friends, calmly and quietly, as a thing he could not understand. They sometimes tried to laugh him out of it, as they had no faith in it whatever. But his impression remained the same. It was stated that he sometimes thought he might die from some injury he should receive in making some journey.

This reminds us of the impression of danger in the mind of Caesar's wife the night before his assassination, and of the dream that Pilate's wife had, which made her beg her husband to have nothing to do with "that just man," as she called our Saviour. Amid many such examples I will mention only one or two more, as almost every one knows similar instances. The wife of a New York editor, a Boston lady, wished to go to Boston with her two daughters to spend Thanksgiving. Her husband was unable to go with her, but engaged their passage in a steamer. Much as she wished to go she showed reluctance to going on that particular boat. She had a feeling against it that she could not explain, but there seemed no reason for it, and so she went that way. The vessel took fire on the way, and she and her little daughters lost their lives. The feelings of the husband can better be imagined than described. This happened years ago, but it is strictly true. My parents knew the parties well. A lady that lived with me told me that her husband was a carpenter and joiner, and very kind to her. One morning he said: "I feel as if I dreaded to go out to-day. I don't know why." "I would not go," she said, "if you don't feel well." "Yes, I am well enough," he said; "I don't see why I feel so about it," and twice he came back to kiss her good by. He fell from a building he was making that morning, and was brought home senseless and soon died. Does it not seem as if we ought to obey these strong premonitions?

The prophets of old possessed the gift of foresight to a remarkable degree. The prophet Isaiah foretold the taking of Babylon by Cyrus the Great, calling Cyrus by name and giving particulars of the siege, etc., nearly two hundred years before it took place, and more than a hundred years before Cyrus was born. Isaiah was born 760 B. C., and died 710 B. C. In the year 536 B. C., Cyrus the Great took Babylon as had been foretold, and then for the first time, saw a copy of the Jewish scriptures, which had been brought to Babylon with the treasures that had been pillaged from the temple at Jerusalem, when the Jews were carried away captive to Babylon fifty years before. He was so much struck with the fulfillment of prophecies, such as Isaiah xlvi., xlvi., xlvi. chapters, etc., that he treated the captive Jews with kindness and courtesy, and allowed them to return to Jerusalem and rebuild their temple, as had been foretold.

We cannot doubt that the prophets of old received their knowledge of future events from God. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." Nor can we doubt that all prophecy, second sight, clairvoyance, or whatever we may call it, is, to a greater or less extent, the result of an influx of light from the spiritual world.

Our blessed Saviour tells his disciples that when the Holy Spirit is come He shall shew them things to come: St. John, xvi, 13. Again in the epistles we are told that to one shall be given the gift of prophecy, to another the gift of healing, etc., by the same spirit: I. Cor. xii. But we are told to "believe not every spirit but to try the spirits whether they be of God: I. Epis. of John, iv. We know there are lying spirits, of whom Satan is chief, "who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," attended by myriads of wicked spirits, fallen angels, whose chief object is to lead us to sin and destruction. Let us, then, never neglect to pray with fervor the prayer our Lord commanded us to offer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," or as the new version has it, "deliver us from the evil one."

If we trust in our own strength or wisdom we are never safe from sin or error. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him."

The assassin Guiteau is an example now before our eyes of the terrible effects of yielding to the influences of the devil. His conceit is immense, and "pride goeth before destruction." But the fact that he is possessed of the devil does not in the least relieve him from personal responsibility. Was Judas insane when he betrayed the Saviour? Yet we are told that "Satan entered into him." No unseen influences, however powerful, can divest us of our personal responsibility to God for our actions. He gives us the power to choose or to refuse; to cherish the evil or the good. The evil spirits are strong, but the hosts of heaven are stronger. When we feel strongest we are weakest, and when we feel weakest we are strongest, if this self-distrust leads us to seek help from on high. We have but to implore the aid of the Holy Spirit, and we are safe. Legions of holy angels are ready to defend us. "Thinkest thou not that I could call my Father, and He can send twelve legions of angels?"

Let us remember that whenever we cherish or give place to an unkind or uncharitable thought we are calling to our side evil spirits, and they are sure to take advantage of it to injure us. But whenever we cherish in our hearts kindly, pure and holy impulses, whenever we turn from evil to seek the true, the good and the beautiful, we bring to our aid our good angel and all the hosts of heaven are ready to fight for us.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUMMER IN THE SOUTH.

BY CLARE.

We stopped at a large farm house, my father and I, and there, away from the busy world, lived as quietly and as happily as though in a land of dreams.

The house had originally been the property of a wealthy slave owner, and it was built with wide, long verandas, and with numerous windows, which were placed in the most extraordinary positions. Yet, despite its lack of symmetrical architecture, the building, with its odd gables and its quaint cornices was peculiarly picturesque.

Behind it, near at hand, clustered the cottages of the plantation slaves, which, at the time of our visit, were occupied by the colored farm hands and their families. Many of the rudely built huts were no longer habitable, and the tottering chimneys and broken windows, and hingeless doors, gave a touch of desolation to the scene.

In full view from the manse rolled the pure, clear waters of the little river, and upon its banks and bluffs grew nature's loveliest wild flowers. Delicate sprays of maiden's hair waved in the warm breeze, and gray mosses covered the rocks.

The monotony of our life was varied occasionally by the passage of a tiny steam-boat, as it noisily went its way to or from the city below. Ofttimes, too, we rowed the ungainly, home-made skiffs over the sparkling water, or sat upon its banks to fish, and to catch hideous little turtles, or nothing at all. The men frequently sunk curiously contrived nets, shaped somewhat like a funnel, and caught therein great fish of many pounds weight.

Back of the plantation a forest grew, dense and wild and shadowy, where rarely, a noble deer might be seen quenching his thirst at a tiny lake. This forest was to poor, citified me, like a glimpse into paradise, and almost daily I wandered

there to gather fragrant wild roses and blue bells, and dainty, fragile ferns. Or with my volume of Scott or Tennyson, I sat by the brook and read, or still more delightfully dreamed the hours away. The little brook formed a cascade of bewildering loveliness. The gleaming water bounded from ledge to ledge, while the spray dotted the grasses with diamond drops of dew, transforming them into fairy flowers. Below, the water formed a pool, shallow, still and dark. The sunbeams never kissed the water of the gloomy pool, for the dark leaved branches arched above, shutting out the blue of the sky. Never a bird sang near the lonely pool, and the leaping water of the bright cascade seemed to laugh as though taunting it for its lost beauty. "Many years ago," whisper the superstitious colored folk, "when the spirits moaned in the trees, a little child, with eyes like the sky, was thrown into the pool to die, and the brook is cursed, and he who fishes in it is cursed." So the lovely, bounding brook is regarded with terror by the negroes, and the wood, with its festoons of the gray mosses, and with its manifold beauties, is shunned as a ghostly region.

At evening, when the work was done, the workmen and their families sat in front of their lowly dwellings, and sang with a wild, weird beauty in their voices, songs peculiar to their race, songs of oppression and of infinite woe, or of liberty and of rollicking jollity. I remember one woman whom they called Ruth, who possessed a voice of remarkable force and compass. At sunset, with her babe in her arms, she sat upon her door-step, and rocking to and fro in time with her music she sang with her whole soul until the echoes repeated the strains. Her voice excelled that of many a far famed prima donna, yet Ruth seemed utterly unconscious of its intrinsic value. With her, music was an expression of all the slumbering mother love, of all the passion, longing and anguish within. She sang as the birds sing, from instinct, and often the music and the words were improvised. Poor, desolate, dusky songstress. To me her songs spoke of a soul hidden within the black form, looking from the fathomless, melancholy eyes in a wistful appeal for kindness and for pity.

The country is full of snakes, black, green, yellow, striped, spotted, variegated, and innumerable other varieties. An hysterical woman would have died from fright, for the cellar of our country house was occupied by a whole community of snakes, and every board, or twig, or stone served to conceal one. Every fence corner was the abode of a whole family, and every decayed stump was the camp of a regiment of snakes.

The wood was filled with ugly, squirming lizards, and an abomination called a "tick" was so numerous that after every walk, or drive, or ride, I was obliged to disrobe and remove a million or more of the little creatures before I could experience any comfort.

But, oh, the people! The hearty, social, warm-hearted people! I love them to this day. Impulsive, passionate, proud as they are, I never met people so totally devoid of formality. Invariably cordial, they welcome a stranger as we Pennsylvanians might welcome a dear relative, and they entertain a chance acquaintance with unvarying kindness and hospitality. Yet they profess to feel an utter detestation for the "radicals," as republicans and northern people generally are called, and they will dispute about politics with an intensity of feeling entirely at variance with their customary indolence. They are lazy, undeniably, indescribably lazy, and they love to lie in listless ease, for hours at a time, speak-

ing never a word, and thinking, I fear, as little as they speak.

I wept when we were obliged to leave our summer home. I had learned to love even the snakes and the ticks, and I said, in my very heart, "Some day I will return." Providence permitting, I mean to go back to those places of which I think with such unalloyed happiness, to live with the darkies and lizards, and to enjoy again three summer months of idleness.

#### THE TANGLED SKEIN.

BY ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

Cora Willis sits by the open window with a tiny basket of embroidery silks before her, and a genuine pout on her pretty lips. A few seconds of further exploration in the basket, and then an impatient "O dear!"

"What is it, Cora?" questioned her aunt, painting at her easel the other side of the room.

A low "What is it?" from the settee outside the open window, beside which she is sitting.

"The only skein of silk I have, just the shade I need, is all tangled up, and I must have it to-day in order to finish this for Mabel's birth-day."

"Well, I'll take Firefly and ride over to the village for another skein."

"Why, Charlie, in this broiling sun, no indeed! Even if you went I doubt very much if you could match it. 'Tis a peculiar shade and exactly what I need."

"Did it ever occur to you, Cora, that you might use that?"

"What! tangled like this, auntie?" holding it up as she spoke.

"Yes, a little care and patience will do wonders. Care and patience are traits of character which need large cultivation to insure a pleasant life."

With a peculiar smile parting his lips Charlie Maynard comes in through the window, saying: "I'll hold it for you, Cora."

She looks up to meet a grave expression in the large eyes, which contradicts the quizzical smile the lips wear. She looks puzzled a moment, then a pretty pink flush staining her cheeks, she says: "Sit down then, for I warn you that it will take so long you will grow tired, if I do not tire first and give it up," she adds, with a saucy, upward glance at the earnest face above hers.

Cora Willis is an orphan and an heiress. Her mother's oldest sister has been like a second mother to her. Every winsome trait of the beautiful girl's character is as dear to her widowed aunt's heart as though they belonged to her own daughter, whom she has left sleeping peacefully beneath the sweet blue violets in the old church-yard, while yet Cora was a wee girl. She can see her faults, also, and notices with regret that want of patience and care are among them. While she remains Cora Willis these faults will not so much matter, but since she is soon to become Cora Maynard they do cause her good aunt much anxiety, for she well knows how much misery they can cause her in her married life.

While I have been telling you this Charlie has seated himself on an ottoman in front of Cora; the end of the skein has been found, and twisted once or twice round one of Cora's pretty silk winders. Aunt Alice pretends to paint, but is really too much interested in the result of the silk winding to do much, except watch its progress, stealthily, and trifle with her palette, mixing colors. An impatient "Pshaw!" from Cora causes her to look up, and she sees, for the first time, that the lines about Charlie's mouth are tense and firm, and the pink on Cora's cheeks has deepened to rose.

"How are you progressing, Cora?"

"Poorly enough. I've a mind to give it up. It is wretchedly tangled. I never can wind it without—"

Poor Cora. She has very nearly spoken the thought which is in her mind, and she feels sure in Charlie's also, to wit: If one can wind a tangled skein with one's lover, without breaking it, a happy wedded life will follow. A pettish jerk finishes her unlucky sentence, but her aunt comes to the rescue with ready tact, saying, as she rises to leave the room: "O, I have seen Charlie sit patiently for twice as long as it will take to wind that, holding worsteds for his sister, so you needn't be afraid of wearying him."

Just here a perverse winding in and out of the thread required the utmost attention of both, and the end of Charlie's moustache rests lightly on Cora's hair as they search for the thread. Possibly this increases Cora's nervousness, for with a quick winding of the silk around her finger, and a deft downward look into Charlie's face, she prepares to snap it, but a cool, quiet hand is laid on hers, and the quietest of voices says: "I see where it goes, Cora; let me show you," and in another second the winder is passed through, over, out again, and a round or two is wound with comparative smoothness. The pink has all faded from the pretty cheeks, and the saucy smile from the mouth. She winds in perfect silence a few more rounds, and then it seems that no more can possibly be wound. Cora looks at it dubiously. "I think this is as far as we can go," she says.

"Take a pin and try to undo it," suggested Charlie. So she takes the pin and begins to work carefully and patiently, so patiently that Charlie is astonished. She finds and loosens the knot at last, and winds on, with an occasional putting in and out of the winder, to the end.

As the silk slips off his hands Charlie holds the end, and, leaning still nearer, he gently lifts the drooping face until the downcast eyes are raised to meet his own.

"I thank you, my darling," he says, gravely and tenderly.

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When Charlie and Cora were married, among their wedding gifts was one from Aunt Alice which amused them very much. It was a painting of a young gentleman and lady winding silk, the position being such that you could see only the young lady's hair, the young gentleman's right ear, and the top of his head.

"Patience" was printed underneath in illuminated letters, and enclosing the whole was a border formed of a tangled skein of silk, the shade of the one Cora and Charlie wound. They hung the picture in the sitting-room, where Cora could see it always, and she told me once she believed they owed half their happiness to its silent teaching day by day.

#### IMPORTANCE OF JUDGMENT.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Good advices are helpful, words of instruction and counsel are often timely, but, in this age of clamoring tongues and busy pens, the importance of a discriminating judgment is obvious.

It is by no means supposable that every pronounced way of success in life can be the truest way, every mode given for healthful living or for economy the most practicable, nor every course of study commended, (even by studied minds,) the one most desirable or facilitative to all. Therefore, the fact may be deduced, that readiness of judgment, in other words, nicety of selection and aptness of appropriation to self, be individual with all.

Learning is of little value to those who look for it without much pains-taking,

and self-exertion of diligence, patience and research. And even common education, and the practical knowledge of every-day life, require, for their competent and thorough uses, a reliable power of judgment, and, if it is not possessed, it should be acquired, else a great deal of instruction and information will only serve to confuse and perplex the receiver.

Take for example THE HOUSEHOLD. Within its pages may frequently be found a variety of instructions, as how best to prepare some article of food, or to "do up" some article in the wash. One has her way or system of reducing domestic labor; another essays to assure you how the children may most wisely be led and trained; while still another seeks to elevate the moral and spiritual standard by an explained philosophy of life, in the case of the spiritual lesson, endeavoring to win by the belief manifested. For all of these good judgment is a pre-requisite of received right and best methods; and in spiritual proceedings, not only should judgment be sound, but the heart and mind open and eager for love and truth, that nothing else may enter.

Persons with faculty for imitating or for experimenting, may, in the long run, suit themselves very passably without careful exercise of discrimination or judgment. But it is better to cultivate the development of the latter than to be narrowed to imitation, or to be forced to learn from a long line of weary or vexatious experiences. Experience, it is true, is a sure teacher, but we need not spend all our life in learning from it, when the Creator had endowed us with fine faculties of observation and discernment. Moreover, "experience," (if we wait for her,) is often "a sad teacher," or, rather, I should put it, makes of us sad pupils, although in her rightful place there is no instructor to supersede.

There is a class of people which improves neither by observation nor instruction, but allows experience to be along her knowledge when she will. There is another class, on the contrary, which is extremely alive to certain advices of intelligences, but has not the command of personal judgment by which to decide on special merits or demerits of rules, laws and customs. These are to be pitied, and solicited first to improve the God-given faculty, and then seek or accept matters for it to judge between.

It has not infrequently been remarked, "What is the use, after all, of paying any attention to what we are told to eat, drink or wear? One tells what is best, another contradicts it, and another introduces something new, until you might think everything were either good or bad. I guess they know no more about it than do we."

Who, then, is to decide whether they know more than we, and if so, which of the teachers are right or wrong? For answer I reply, they who exercise sensible judgment, making no merely earthly law obligatory, and no human teacher master.

Without development of our own activities, we can not attain to any sort of perfection. We must have teachers oral and silent, else not renew the lessons upon which depend our worth and personality. But, the lessons once received, we must ourselves practice and improve upon them, or they are futile so far as we are individually concerned.

Since the earliest ages there has been a natural as well as a spiritual law, but it was never more needful than in the present, that every one should be spiritually, mentally and morally girded, both for sake of worldly and for heavenly welfare. There is a message which says, "Judge not." And truly we should judge not one another to condemnation. But, for good of both ourselves and others, should we

learn to judge keenly between practicable and impracticable ways and means, and between right and wrong.

#### JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

Josiah Gilbert Holland was one of the noblest products of American civilization, and to that civilization, by the life he lived, the words he spoke and the books he wrote, he contributed much of its brightest and sweetest significance. He educated himself, and did it so thoroughly that the best educators and divines honor themselves more than him when they say, as the very best of them did, in so many words, "His example of self-culture, resulting in such distinguished success, is a boon to young men." With a desire to bless mankind, or the few whom, in his modest estimate of his powers, he hoped to reach, he achieved a success which gave him a world-wide reputation; and his writings from being read only in a section of his native New England, have come to be favorites throughout Christendom.

Born July 24, 1819, in the smallest of the humble homes of an obscure corner of a little town in Hampshire county, Massachusetts, beyond the narrow boundaries of which neighborhood his birth was not known; and passing his boyhood unknown beyond the school district in Heath, Franklin county, Massachusetts, where, among the mountains, his father had a little shop and a little house, he died October 12, 1881, in a palace, in the metropolis of his native land, to the farthest boundaries of which the press heralded the sad event and hundreds of thousands of the brightest and best people mourned his death as a great personal loss.

An incident of his earlier years was teaching district school in the neighborhood of the quiet town of Guilford, Vermont; an experience of his later years was presiding over the school board of the great city of New York. He for a time edited a literary newspaper, that was published simultaneously in Springfield and Cabotville, Massachusetts, and those who read and admired this paper little thought the young writer would establish and carry to a circulation of 125,000 copies a great magazine, but he did.

A historian thought it a wild ambition of the young Holland to write a history of Western Massachusetts in fifteen months, but he wrote it within that time. This work was in two volumes, and he wrote during the twenty years following, eighteen books, making twenty volumes within twenty-five years.

Thought by the citizens of Springfield to be hardly equal to the dedicatory address of the new city hall there, he came to be in demand as a lecturer all over the country, addressing lyceums in every state in the north and west 1500 times, winning new friends every time he spoke, and coming to the estimation at home indicated by an invitation to deliver the eulogy at the funeral, in the same hall, in memory of the immortal Lincoln, and most abundantly did he equal the demands of the occasion, momentous as it was, holding spell-bound the weeping thousands.

So recently did his friends hear his voice, or receive letters from him, or read his editorials in Scribner's, that it hardly seems possible that he is gone, and yet, as much as the brave and good can be said to die, Josiah Gilbert Holland is gone. The hand that penned the Titcomb teachings and "Sevenoaks" is folded on the pulseless bosom, at rest in the lovely valley of the Connecticut of which he sung; this earnest and benignant face will be seen no more among men, and sincere friends all over the land weep that he is gone.

## ALL SORTS.

## Second Paper.

Among the pertinent questions of the day is one which is not to be ignored or laid aside for a more convenient season. "What shall we do with our girls?" The title of many an essay, the question of many a hesitating and anxious parent. The question is settled in many cases by purchasing an amount of new clothing, and sending the young girl away from the sheltering influences of home, to the boarding school, college, young ladies' institute, or whatever it may be called, exposed to the influence of strangers of whom one knows nothing, usually, save perhaps the amount of income possessed by the parents. Jealousies, hypocracies, false ideas regarding serious subjects, encompass the young girl who ought to be safe at home. "But how can this be helped?" asks some one. "Our girls must be educated." An important necessity which is not always compassed by the sending away to school, which is generally considered the chief end of a parent's responsibility.

There are other ways. In many of the smaller towns in which educational advantages are somewhat meagre, there is, oftentimes, a clergyman of fine education, whose limited salary might be comfortably enlarged by the help he might give the young people, who studying at home, and reciting to him in the morning for an hour or two, might lay the basis for a solid education, in many cases embracing the languages, etc. Then another way insuring competent instruction is by aid of a thoroughly educated governess.

Most people have an idea that such a course is very expensive, but when there are two or three daughters to educate, and young boys too, are benefitted also, it is cheaper than to send them to a good school. Then, too, the expense may be shared by others. Say for instance, a family engage a competent governess at a salary which will secure a really good one. There are some friends who would willingly pay a reasonable share of the expense for the sake of their daughters being enabled to study, and recite to her with the children of her employer. It is no more difficult for a teacher to attend to eight or ten pupils than to two or three, and pupils do learn faster when there are several to study the same lessons. Then, too, as accomplishments are needed, there are many competent young women and young men too, in the conservatories of music and art schools of our large cities, who, having a certain number of pupils promised, would go to any town as teachers, being useful also in many ways, assisting in church music, at little social parties, etc., and who, being obliged to support themselves, would be more than glad of the opportunity thus offered.

There are few parents who do not desire to know something of their children's associates, and yet the most conscientious and particular in such respects, will send their young sons and daughters into a house where two or three hundred strange young people are constantly together for two or three years. It is true they may be under the charge of conscientious teachers, but they cannot be possessed of the same watchful care of a child's parents. Then, too, there is, many times, so much carelessness manifested on the part of those whose business it should be to attend to such things, really amounting to criminal negligence sometimes. I mean the water and drainage, which in such large establishments require such close attention.

Who does not recollect the breaking out of diphtheria and terrible fevers in many such, the result of niggardliness and carelessness on the part of those who

let a few dollars out-weigh the responsibility of hundreds of precious young lives. The beautiful surroundings, shaded lawns and pleasant rooms of the seemingly well ordered seminary, tell nothing of the condition of the cellar, well, etc. They tell their story in another way, resulting, usually, in a general "break-up" of the school for several years, entailing, besides the loss of life, a loss of hundreds of times the amount which expended in time would have saved all the sorrow and trouble which attend such cases.

The English system of governesses is one which may well be adopted by us. Of course there are cases where a child may be better off away from home, but let us hope such cases are rare. There are few mothers worthy the name who will not wish to overlook, at least, the training of their daughters. Boys sometimes are better off at home too. I don't mean that a boy should be made a baby of, by any means; I decided like a "real" boy, the more independent the better. But it needs careful training in early years, yes, and more, it needs the careful training of father and mother, of grandfather and grandmother too, for that matter, to make one sure of the strength to withstand the temptations which beset the college boy. Family traits are just beginning to receive the attention they need. An acquired bad habit is a disgrace, an inherited one a misfortune, which should be watched for in the young child and striven with, until conquered in a measure, if not utterly, by the combined effort of one's own will and the parents' assistance.

For instance, if a child has an intemperate father or grandfather, any indication of such a taint should be looked for and explained as well as possible, making the boy understand that double vigilance and strength is necessary to overcome the danger. "I have acquired strength to abstain utterly," said one afflicted in this way once. "I am not strong enough to indulge moderately in strong drink."

Consider the strength of character which one must have in order to tread successfully some strong, inherent craving under foot, and let us honor it whenever we find it, yes, and assist it too.

It is for us women, in a great measure, to overcome many of the prevalent evils of society. When we cease to have wines at our wedding feasts and parties, when especially our young girls do not begin their new year by entertaining their gentleman friends with wine, we shall have gone a long way in the right direction. When young ladies show their dislike of attentions from young men of intemperate or other bad habits, they will have achieved a beginning. I am rather afraid of their help, however, most young girls being especially attracted towards the young man who is far from being a model. The good ones are "too poky."

Too much allowance is made for the bad habits of young men. I don't believe they need to "sow their wild oats" any more than girls do. Training and habit and society in general, are much to blame in the matter.

Then, too, physicians in many cases have much to answer for. Called to prescribe for a young man, with no question as to his general tendencies, his inherited strength or lack of strength to resist such, they will prescribe brandy, whiskey, etc., as carelessly as they would order a dish of gruel, the consequences being many a time of such a character as to warrant more than grave censure.

I've spoken of the necessity of airing one's "hobbies" carefully, haven't I? Sometimes when they are our pet ones we are apt to be a little lenient as regards our rules.

EMILY HAYES.

## PEAK'S ISLAND, MAINE.

Peak's island is one of the three hundred and sixty-five islands of Casco bay. It is fifteen or twenty minutes ride from the city of Portland, across one of the finest harbors of the Atlantic coast. A pleasing sight is this harbor at all times. Like a sea of glass it seems of a calm sunny morning, broken all too soon by divers kinds of sailing craft, which speed away, or lazily rock on its billowy surface. Here and there, lying at anchor, may be seen some huge man of-war, or vessel of commerce with its net work of mast and rope. Neat little steamboats come gliding smoothly up to the many landings, and then puff noisily away with their "bands of music sounding through the air."

At the approach of a storm the scene becomes quite exciting. Pleasure seeking sailing parties are seen hurrying landward, and securely fastening their boats of every description. From the broad ocean the white sails of some fishing fleet come hastening into the harbor, cast anchor and find safety.

But we started for Peak's island, and to Peak's island we came about seven o'clock P. M., in a dense fog. We were welcomed by our hostess with cheerful hospitality, while our host, with an ease and alacrity that was amazing, took our baggage up the hill on a wheelbarrow. The next morning was "divinely fair;" "truly" we (four ladies) declared, "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places," and subsequent events proved we were right in our impressions.

The tide of summer travel sets this way with ever increasing force, and the inhabitants are fast losing their quaint and primitive ways. We came across one old lady, a widow with an only son Billy. "But him's not bright like other boys," she told us, though "he did help a bit" in cultivating a narrow strip of land running from shore to shore. Their labor was poorly rewarded save in a bean patch, which was gay with scarlet and white blossoms, and somewhat hid the ugliness of the low, ruinous old house they called home. We were pleased to learn she looked forward to a "house not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens."

In our meanderings over to the seaward side of the island we found some fishermen mending their net, which was stretched out over the hillside. Several women were working with them, getting fifty cents an hour, one of them told us. In spite of her immense broad brimmed hat, she was tanned almost to blackness. She was of unwieldy proportions, but surprisingly nimble of fingers, and her voice was "low and sweet." She was the mother of a colony of children, some of whom were playing near by, and fell under the rod of her correction for the slightest misdemeanor, and with a vigor that was well-nigh appalling.

They have a fine school building, and excellent schools, under the government of the city of Portland. There is a Methodist church situated midway of the island, where they have preaching the year round, and in summer the pulpit is often occupied by some of our most noted clergymen.

Board may be found in quiet places, or where the "fashionable love to congregate," and on reasonable terms. To thoroughly enjoy a vacation one should not expect their whims and fancies, or their personal convenience will be studied much at any of our summer resorts, or by humanity in general, but with a determination to ignore annoyances as much as possible, and seize all the good within your reach, one can at Peak's island find both rest and recreation.

LOU LAUREL.

## LIFE.

Life is one grand, beautiful poem, from the cradle to the grave. Out of the bright imaginations of the past, we step into the bold, stern reality of the present, dreaming lovelier dreams, building castles taller and grander for the future.

Each year the pages of our life book are turned by the hand of time. The pure, unsullied sheet spread out before us, will, ere the short twelve months have rolled away, bear the traces of sorrow and pleasure, good deeds and ill, while memory, ever true in her mission, gives us the great whole for a lesson in review.

Ofttimes we are shocked and grieved that she should accuse us of ever writing on the fair leaves of life such things as we too often read, while tears of remorse and regret fall thickly over the blemished pages, striving in vain to blot out the traces of all but kindly deeds, and words lovingly spoken. Could memory step down from her throne and entirely erase these wrongs we have committed, would we become better, or wiser? If she banish the sorrow, the pain, and the unhappiness that must be a part of every life, sooner or later, and leave only the sunny paths our feet have trod, and the sweet, thornless flowers our hands have culled, would we ever become capable of battling with the many foes that arise in our pathway? No, weak as an infant, we should fall by the wayside powerless, from one stroke of these giant enemies.

The brier must leave its smart, or we should never remember that beneath its creamy, perfumed petals the rose hath and hides its thorns. The clouds of adversity must sometimes obscure the sunlight from our pathway, or we should wholly forget those who daily tread in humbler walks, and hourly grope mid the shadows for one golden sunbeam. Or we might cleave too strongly to the things of this world, forgetting the purer, better home, so lovingly promised by our All-wise father. We do become wiser, if not better, each time we review this great book of years, and start forth with more firmness and a stronger determination to conquer than ever before. What though affliction does fall heavily upon us, and we bow low beneath the chastening rod, while the friends in whom we place unbounded confidence prove false, cannot we bear this in mind, that He who watches the sparrow's fall, will not for a moment desert us, if we but trust in Him.

The man or woman who has a mind capable of thinking and comprehending the beautiful, will never feel him or herself entirely alone, though earth's friends are few, and we never grow too old to build our castles. The building materials are cheap, and the workmen demand lower wages than any other class of builders. Though we build as high as the stars, and gather the wealth of the Indies into our castle, it costs us nothing but a few moments' thought, and many hours of happiness, for, like the chambers of the heart, each and every apartment may and can be furnished with whatever we most desire, and none can hinder.

Thus is life, with its ever varying lights and shades, shifting here and there, one grand, beautiful poem. Whether a life of seeming happiness or certain sorrow, it is the same, for never a heart's day dawned so bright and clear but what some clouds flitted across its horizon. The shadows never fall so thickly o'er a pathway but what one little ray of light will linger to guide the wanderer, while far away through those gates of pearl, gleams the beacon of our earthly hopes and anticipations.

I. B. C.

—A clergyman lately said that modern young ladies were not the daughters of Shem and Ham, but of hem and sham.

## TWO PLEASANT EXCURSIONS.

There is something especially attractive in the idea of escaping from the distressingly capricious climate, which envelops the north at this season of the year, and betaking oneself to the semi-tropics. The two excursion parties, now in course of organization by Messrs. Leve & Alden, the well-known tourist agents, of 207 Broadway, New York, will, we are sure, commend themselves to many who do not care to travel alone into untried fields. The two parties will travel as a unit, taking in Washington, Richmond, Augusta, Savannah and Fernandina, Fla., at all of which places ample stop will be made before reaching Jacksonville. After visiting the points of interest in Florida, along the St. Johns river as far as Enterprise, and including St. Augustine, that portion of the excursionists which include the Mississippi river in their trip, proceed to Cedar Key, taking the steamer thence to New Orleans, returning homeward via the Mississippi river steamboats to St. Louis, and thence eastward via Cincinnati and Washington, occupying in all some thirty-six days.

The tourists detached at Jacksonville will return homeward via Savannah, Atlanta, Charlotte, Danville, Lynchburg and Washington, being absent one month.

## 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.

MR. CROWELL:—Accept thanks for your recommending me to send for a specimen of Dobbins' Soap. In return for your kindness I give you my honest opinion of it. It is decidedly the best I have ever tried, making the clothes beautifully white with half the labor and time. Success to you for your efforts for the relief of woman.

MRS. M. E. MCNAIR.

Shoe Heel, N. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Our groceryman wrote a Louisville firm in regard to Dobbins' Electric Soap, as he wished to introduce it in our town, but he received no satisfactory answer. This is very unsatisfactory to me, and I wish to air the subject a little more before giving it up. It saves so much hard labor. Won't you tell me how our grocer can get the soap?

MRS. DR. T. R. MEUX.

Stanton, Tenn.

THE HOUSEHOLD takes pleasure in saying that Dobbins' Electric Soap can be bought at Messrs. Cragin & Co.'s bottom Philadelphia price, from any wholesale grocer in Cincinnati, O., the names of some being Abner L. Frazer & Co., and B. G. Hall & Co. Freight from there will be light. ED.

MR. CROWELL:—Jean L. asks for some one to give their experience with Dobbins' Electric Soap. As I have used no other for seven years, I thought I would have "my little say." I follow the directions given on each bar as nearly as practicable, and never boil my clothes, so I do not have that nuisance of former wash-days, steam, to contend with. The past summer I have washed in cold water, and have found it to answer every purpose, dissolving the soap while pre-

paring breakfast, and can truly say my clothes are whiter and last longer than when I used the washboard and soft soap of our mothers. And oh! it is such a saving of strength, as you don't need to rub but very little to remove the dirt. I could not keep house without THE HOUSEHOLD and Dobbins' Electric Soap.

Rosemond, Ills. N. E. GIMLIN.

MR. EDITOR:—I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap according to directions, and must say that it will do all and more than is claimed for it. The saving of time and money, and the decrease in labor, are sufficient to render it an indispensable article to every housekeeper. If once given a fair trial, no housekeeper will ever use any other.

MRS. W. S. ENSIGN.  
Cardington, Ohio.

MR. CROWELL:—I have tested, and am now using, Dobbins' Electric. I am, and must acknowledge myself to be, convinced that it is the best soap I ever used to wash clothes with. It saves labor, it saves the clothes, and is the housekeeper's friend. Once given a fair trial, no housekeeper will do without it. Get one bar, and you will be convinced, is the advice I give to all. MRS. EZRA WOODS.

Tamara, Ill.

## 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. F. A. Wood, Northbridge Centre, Mass., has seeds of white ageratum, scarlet ipomopsis, sweet briar, (single rose,) to exchange for bulbs of crocus, tulips, or white gladiolus.

Mrs. Addie Clark, Cohoes, N. Y., has dahlia, scarlet gladiolus, and Madeira bulbs, flower seeds and plants, to exchange for seeds, or a root of hardy tuberous, or erianthus ravenia.

Mrs. B. M. Shank, box 2, Leon, Ia., has stuffed canary birds and specimens for cabinet, to exchange for other specimens, and scraps of any kind four inches square, for medley quilt, no two pieces alike.

Mrs. Emma E. Parvin, Woodlawn, Iowa City, Iowa, has a few pieces of Iowa fossil coral polished into paper weights and mantle ornaments, to exchange for fancy work or home decorations. Please write first.

Emma D. Carlisle, Hampshire, Ill., would like to exchange patterns and directions for making wax flowers, for cabinet specimens, music, house plants, bulbs, pampas grass, cacti, moss, shells, etc.

A. G. Burgess, box 196, Rockland, Plymouth Co., Mass., has print, sea moss, and pressed ferns, to exchange for ten pieces of print, five inches by seven. Send postal with address, and what you wish in return.

Mrs. J. B. Garland, 174 Chandler St., Worcester, Mass., would like to exchange fancy work or advertising cards, for nice advertising cards.

Mrs. Col. Walcott, Pawtucket, R. I., will exchange fancy advertising cards.

Mrs. Mary Hartman, Sycamore, Illinois, has books, chromos, patterns and bulbs, to exchange for magazine engravings, chromos, Peterson's or Godey's magazines, cross-stitch patterns, bulbs and stereoscopic views.

Mrs. R. C. Eddy, Orange, Mass., has magazines, engraving, pieces of print, worsted, and fancy cards, to exchange for Will Carleton's poems, other magazines, prints and cards. Please write first.

Mrs. J. A. Randolph, box 209, Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Co., Pa., has patterns of animals, fancy articles, stamping, etc., to exchange for magazines, pieces of print, bulbs, seeds, engravings, or picture cards.

Mrs. C. R. Thomasson, Hot Springs, Ark., would like to exchange fancy advertising cards.

Anna S. Potter, Dell Rapids, Minnehaha Co., D. T., will exchange geological specimens of Dakota, for mineral specimens, shells, sea moss, or any cabinet curiosities.

Miss I. P. Bradbury, Hudson, N. H., would like specimens of crystallized quartz in exchange for other specimens or fancy work.

S. E. Root, San Luis Obispo, Cal., will exchange with a limited number of sisters, shells, sea moss, and other Pacific coast curiosities.

Send three pieces of silk, satin, velvet or meringo, to Miss A. C. Clay, Piermont, Grafton Co., N. H., and you will promptly receive in exchange one of the new emery bags.

Mrs. A. M. Shank, box 2, Leon, Iowa, has specimens from Pike's Peak and stuffed or live canary birds to exchange for mosses, shells and sea-shore curiosities, or anything useful or ornamental.

Mrs. Robert Stillwell, box 910, Peoria, Ill., has volumes (unbound) of THE HOUSEHOLD to exchange for books or specimens.

Mrs. J. B. Carrer, Liberty, Sullivan Co., N. Y., has a pair of handsome vase mats and a pair of elaborately stamped pillow shams to exchange for rooted slips.

Clara V. Creter, Newcomerstown, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio, has directions for crocheted hood, with little sample hoods, collars, belts, dress fitting charts, music and fancy work, to exchange for cabinet curiosities, shells, sea moss, or anything fancy or useful.

Mrs. H. M. Oliver, 13 Ingalls St., Lynn, Mass., would like to exchange back numbers of Harper's and Seaside Library for volumes three and four of Scribner's.

Lillie O'Hara, Calborne, Northumberland Co., Ontario, has shells from Brazil, and books, to exchange for agates and Strickland's "Queens of Scotland." Write before sending, as I have one set of books.

Hattie A. Heaton, Charlton, Saratoga Co., N. Y., has gladiolus and tuberous bulbs to exchange for any good work upon mineralogy, bound and in good condition, or nice mineral specimens. Write first.

Mrs. E. L. Wallace, Burr Oak, St. Joe Co., Mich., has Harper's Magazine, of 1873, in good condition, to exchange for Godey's Lady's Book for 1881, or books. Please write first.

Mrs. E. Butler, Greenville, Bond Co., Ill., has music, stereoscopic views, perforated mottoes, cardboard, panels, and Butterick's patterns to exchange for books, cabinet curiosities, or fancy work.

Mrs. S. E. D. Rodgers, Needham, Mass., has a nice gold medal sewing machine, Grover & Baker stitch, worth \$6, to exchange for a nice painting, large engraving, or one of Rogers' statuettes.

Mrs. Nellie J. Houston, box 181, Winsted, Conn., will send a perfect fitting basque pattern to any one sending measures and some silk pieces for a bed quilt.

Mrs. F. N. Horton, Manatee, Fla., has a good variety of curiosities and cabinet specimens to exchange for good fossils, minerals, curiosities, and reading matter.

Mrs. A. R. Newton, Riverside, Hamilton Co., Ohio, wishes to exchange other music for Chopin's "Ballad," or "Nocturnes," in good condition.

Cora B. Witt, East Pepperell, Mass., will exchange print pieces for steel engravings the size of those in Peterson's and Godey's magazines. Please state size of pieces wanted.

Hattie E. Webster, box 1474, Haverhill, Mass., has the Nursery, plants, prints, stones from Whittier's birthplace, to exchange for red and white coral, agates, rose quartz, and curiosities. Write first.

Miss F. A. Sortore, Belmont, Allegany Co., N. Y., will exchange fresh water clam shells for something suitable for a cabinet, foreign postage stamps or old coins preferred.

Dorcas Dills, Cullowhee, Jackson Co., N. C., has pressed ferns, autumn leaves, dried grasses and flower seeds to exchange for collars, cuffs, ruches, lace, ribbon, Hamburg edging, crocheting, or anything useful or ornamental.

Mrs. Dr. F. Young, Sherman, Texas, wishes to exchange white oleanders or fancy work for any kind of ferns.

Mrs. H. Gilman, Plymouth, Wis., has Arthur's magazines, one year, 1877, in good order, which she would like to exchange for any other year in like order.

Mrs. J. A. Williams, E. Douglas, Mass., has scrap bag, shells, magazines, star and horse shoe fish, and pieces of print to exchange for traveling stones, paupas plumes, or slips of choice winter plants.

Mrs. T. A. Perrine, Greenland, Colorado, has an embroidered ottoman cover to exchange for some nice book. Would like Mark Twain's new book, or Carleton's or Thompson's "Home and Farm Ballads."

Mrs. H. S. Harrison, Enfield, Halifax Co., N. C., has a long white crocheted sack, trimmed with satin ribbon, for a child three years old to exchange for its value in silk scraps. Write first.

Miss Cora E. Hammond, Bauneg-Bey, York Co., Maine, would like to exchange fancy advertising cards with THE HOUSEHOLD readers. She has a large supply and several designs.

Mollie L. Coursey, Lewisburg, Ky., has crocheted watch chains of beads, any color, sweet gum balls, cones, bulbs and prints, to exchange for fancy work, or songs.

Mrs. H. R. Foster, Ashley, Middlesex Co., Mass., would like to exchange pressed ferns or pieces of print, for fancy work, cabinet specimens, or any ornamental or curious.

Mrs. C. E. Colby, Attica, Wyoming Co., N. Y., has magazines and papers, crochet tidy and card board card case, to exchange for sea shells, mineral specimens, or any thing suitable for a cabinet.

Ruth A. Flagg, Waupaca, Waupaca Co., Wis., has the People's Journal for 1880, and Peterson's for 1881, to exchange for HOUSEHOLD's of the same date, or other reading matter.

M. M. Hill, Leechburgh, Pa., has stamped pillow and sheet shams, infants' bibs, pincushions, chemise yoke and band, etc., to exchange for something of equal value, useful or ornamental. Write first.

\*\* Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number of subscribers, 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.

## CATARRH.

Not only in the early stages of this disease, but after it has become deeply seated, and offensive in character, has it been found to yield to the action of Compound Oxygen, the use of which is rapidly extending. The following volunteer testimonial from Mr. C. E. Cady, of

Messrs. Cady & Walworth's Business College, Union Square, New York, has been given in the interests of the many thou-

sands who are suffering from one form or another of a disease, which, if not arrested, too often assumes a most distressing and offensive character. In a letter to Drs. Starkey & Palen, dated Oct. 25, 1881, Mr. Cady says:

"I have now been using your Compound Oxygen—Home Treatment—about six weeks, for a troublesome and very disagreeable catarrh, which was fastened on me by sleeping for years in a cold room, with my feet out of one window, and my head out of another!"

Now for the results: In two weeks I appreciated a slight change, and in four weeks my head became as clear as anybody's, my breathing became freer, and general health much improved, although not specially bad before. The difficulty in the throat—post-nasal, do you call it?—is not fully corrected, but it is so much better that I am more agreeable to myself, and much less disagreeable to others than I was before using the Oxygen.

I am delighted more than I can tell you with your remedy, and give this testimonial voluntarily, which you are at liberty to sell for waste paper, or make such other use of as you choose. I know there are many teachers who, like me, suffer from catarrh, and who, like me, have refused for a long time to acknowledge it, who would be greatly benefited by the use of Compound Oxygen."

INTENSE SUFFERING FROM NEURALGIA RELIEVED.—In the latter part of August last, a gentleman residing in Magnolia, Mississippi, wrote to Drs. Starkey & Palen, submitting the case of his wife, who was a great sufferer from *neuralgia*. In his letter he thus stated the case:

"Age 34. Nervous temperament. Has headache much like neuralgia, causing the most intense suffering. Commences with fullness and dull aching, which grows rapidly worse. Pains shoot and throb. After suffering this for awhile she feels chilly. The pain ceases; her hands get numb and uncontrollable; loses use of lips and tongue. Pulse sinks—losing sometimes several beats."

A Treatment was sent, which was received on the 19th of September, and its use at once commenced. On the 28th, the husband wrote:

"She has escaped the headache. \* \* \* During the last few days she has felt better and stronger than for a long time."

Three weeks later, the following report came:

"Since my wife commenced the use of Compound Oxygen, she has not had an attack of headache. She was threatened once or twice, but it passed off; and she tells me to-day that her head feels clearer and more natural now than it has since she commenced to suffer with the neuralgia. Since writing you last, her side, especially the numbness, is much better; in fact the numbness and pain then complained of are gone.

We feel happy that we were induced to try your treatment, and think that it has saved my wife from the grave or the asylum, to one of which she would certainly have gone, had relief not been found."

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VERBENAS, SEEDS  
THE BEST  
TRY NORTHERN GROWN  
SURE TO PRODUCE  
BEST RESULTS  
500,000 PLANTS  
CATALOGUE FREE  
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selection, should send for Catalogue, where price and description of single plants are given. I forward free of postage to every State and Canada, and offer liberal inducements to clubs of \$5 or \$10.

### 20 VERBENAS, 20 VARIETIES. \$1.

Varieties.	1	\$1	12	Pelargoniums,	12	\$1	12	Petunia, double,	4	\$1
12 Ageratum,	4	1	12	Geraniums, single,	12	1	20	" single,	mixed	1
12 Alternantheras,	12	1	12	" double,	12	1	12	" Climbing,		
12 Basket Plants,	12	1	12	" Golden Bronze,	8	1	5	" Moss,		
12 Begonias,	12	1	12	" Sweet Scented,	12	1	12	" Salvia,		
12 Bouvardia,	3	1	12	" Ivy Leaf,	6	1	15	" Tuberose, double, common,		
12 Carnations,	12	1	12	Gladiolus,	mixed	1	15	" Pearl		
12 Centaurea,	4	1	18	Gladiolus,	mixed	1	12	Verbenas, Lemon,		
12 Coleus,	12	1	12	Heliotrope,	6	1	12			
12 Chrysanthemum,	12	1	12	Ivies, English,	1	1	12			
12 Cigar Plant,	1	1	12	Lantanas,	12	1	5			
8 Cyclamen,	1	1	12	Oxalis,	3	1	12			
12 Daisy, double,	1	1	15	Pansy, choice strain,	mixed	1	15			
12 Feverfew,	3	1	12	Primrose, single,	mixed	1	15			
12 Fuchsia,	12	1	8	Primrose, single,	mixed	1	12			

Purchasers can select 12 plants, 1 of a kind, from above list for \$1, except Moss Rose, Primrose, Bronze Geranium, and Cyclamen; or those 8 plants may be selected for \$1, not including Moss Rose. \$6.1 packages for \$5; 13 \$1 packages for \$10. 15 plants, (15 varieties,) my choice, from above list for \$1. 8 Golden Bronze Geraniums, including the new Happy Thought, J. Offin, Distinction, Crystal Gem, Exquisite, Goldfinch, Richard Thornton, and Model, for \$1.

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For \$1 will send 2 Dahlias, 2 Cannas, 1 Calladium, and one hardy Phlox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Japan Lillies, 1 Paleonia, and one hardy Phlox.

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ROSES! I deliver to any part of the U. S. or Canada, free of postage, strong pot-grown plants of Everblooming Roses that will give abundance of flowers during the summer and guarantee them to arrive safely. 6 beautiful varieties for \$1; 13 varieties for \$2; 20 varieties for \$3; 27 varieties for \$4; 36 for \$5; your choice, all labeled. I will also forward 12 roses, my choice of varieties, not labeled, by mail, prepaid, for \$1; 25 for \$2. See mailing list above.

The roses are all wintered in cold houses, and are in condition to produce the very best results for summer blooming, with proper treatment.

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For convenience of those unable to select best bedding varieties, I offer below a list selected with my best judgment, only the most distinct and free blooming sorts among our best old and new varieties, and the purchaser is sure to be pleased with the result. Large, strong plants, ready for immediate bloom, by mail or express.

Six Best Sorts		Six Best Sorts	
Geraniums, Single,	\$1.00	Pansies,	\$0.40
" Double,	1.00	Petunia, Double,	1.00
" Golden Bronze,	1.00	Geraniums,	1.00
" Silver and Golden	1.00	Roses, Everblooming,	1.00
" Tri-color,	1.00	Summer Blooming Bulbs,	1.00
" Ivy Leaf,	1.00	Verbenas,	.40
" Sweet scented,	1.00	Lantanas,	1.00

Four \$1 packages, by express, \$3; 6 \$1 packages, by express, \$4.50; 15 \$1 packages, by express, \$10. For larger quantities, \$4 to \$12 per 100. If sent by mail add 10 cents on each \$1 worth.

### New Choice and Rare Plants and Seeds.

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Fuchsia. Snow White. Best double white Fuchsia ever sent out, 25 cents.

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READING, NOV. 15, 1881.

I regard Mr. Hill's Brush as a good article used simply as a hair brush, but its value is enhanced by its power to apply to every movement of the wearer, the most **PERFECT FITTING** and comfortable corset ever made is secured.

Is Approved by the Best Physicians.

For sale by all leading dealers.

Lady Agents wanted.

PRICE BY MAIL, \$1.50.

Manufactured only by

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.

And

FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Ct.

## HILL'S PATENT METALLIC ELECTRO MAGNETIC BRUSH

PRICE \$1.50.

PICKING UP NAILS

The most powerful Electro-Magnetic Brush ever in the market.

It is curing Nervous Headache, Dandruff, Dizziness, preventing hair from falling out, relieving Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains. Has just been awarded the FIRST PRIZE of a SILVER MEDAL at the Old Mechanics Fair in Boston.

The writer of the following testimonial, Dr. J. H. Hanford,

will be recognized by the reading public as the author of "Mother and Child," "Our Home Girls," "Anti-Fat and Anti-Lean," "Good Digestion and Dyspeptic's Friend," "Good Bread and How to Make it," etc.

(Signed) J. H. HANFORD.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND FANCY GOODS DEALERS. Price \$1.50.

Pocket Companion, \$1.00. We will mail either or both to any address on receipt of price. Send postal for testimonials.

Address HILL BRUSH CO., Reading, Mass.

• Satisfaction Guaranteed.

70 ELEGANT CARDS, Extra fine Stock, Gilt.

Fringes, Chrome, Fan, Ivy Wreath, Gilt Vase of Roses.

Agents make 40 per cent. Book of 90 Styles for 1882 \$5.00 or free with \$1.00 order. CAXTON PRINTING CO., Northford Ct.

## YOUR NAME

Neatly Printed in Fancy Type on 70 neat

all New Style Chromo Cards, 10c. On

Warranted to be the Finest Designs published, sent by

return mail for 10c. Game of Authors 18c. Wheel of

Fortune Cards 25c. Blank cards cheap.

F. S. CARD FACTORY, Clintonville Ct.



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1882.

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.

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 receipts 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.

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 parcels—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.



DR. C. W. BENSON, OF BALTIMORE, MD.  
We give above a correct likeness of this well known and successful physician and surgeon, who has made a life long study of Nervous Diseases and the Diseases of the Skin, and he now stands in the highest rank, as authority on those special and distressing diseases. In the course of his practice he discovered what now are renowned in medical practice, viz: a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a sure cure for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and nervousness, and will cure any case.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for \$1, or six boxes for \$2.50, to any address.

#### DR. C. W. BENSON'S

### SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS,  
INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST,  
ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS,  
DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP,  
SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and

TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price \$1. per package. CHAS. N. CRITTENDEN, 115 Fulton St., New York City, sole agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies, to whom all orders should be addressed.



Thirty-Six Varieties of Cabbage; 28 of Corn; 28 of Cucumber; 41 of Melon; 38 of Peas; 28 of Beans; 17 of Squash; 23 of Beet and 40 of Tomato, with other varieties in proportion; a large portion of which were grown on my five seed farms, will be found in my **Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1882**. Sent FREE to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. All Seed sold from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name, so far, that should it prove otherwise, I will refill the order gratis. The original introducer of Early Ohio and Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the Hubbard Squash, Marblehead Cabbage, Phinney's Melon, and a score of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. New Vegetables a specialty.

James J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

NOT "Played Out" Yet! Card collecting is "all the go." My next price list will be ready Jan. 10, 1882, and is a list of new and fresh cards. Sent free, with a set of handsome new cards for three cent stamps. Still selling 75 varieties of cards, plain or with advts, for 25c, and three 1-cent stamps.

F. H. PINKHAM, Newmarket, N. H.

#### KIDNEY-WORT

### FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, proper use of this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles, even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE \$1. USE Druggists Sell

#### KIDNEY-WORT

TRADE KIDNEY, LIVER AND BOWELS.

#### HOUSEHOLD DYEING.

Economy is wealth, and every housewife is or should be on the alert for everything which will help make "both ends meet." In nearly every one of our readers' homes there can be found a great many things which can be easily made to look as "good as new" if they only knew how to do it. That faded coat, dress, cloak, ribbon, or feather, can be fixed up, or your carpet rags, woolen or cotton yarn, can be made bright and fresh. Interested ones will be anxious to know how this is to be done. We have received a large number of letters about the Diamond Dyes, (the most successful ever made,) and feel impelled to give space to a few of them. The colors in which these are made, are yellow, orange, light blue, bismarck, dark blue, dark green, eosine (pink), scarlet, green, brown, navy blue, seal brown, purple, violet, plum, maroon, crimson, cardinal red, black, garnet, magenta, slate, drab, and old gold. The above Dyes are prepared for dyeing any article of silk, wool, feathers, hair, paper, basket work, easter eggs, liquids, and all kinds of fancy work. Most of them will color cotton, linen, jute, and every species of fabric or fibre.

One package makes a pint of ink. Black, green, red, blue, or violet; also copying and stamping ink. The following are the letters:

BOLTON, Cass Co., Mo., Jan. 2, 1882.

As requested, I write to say how I like the Diamond Dyes, and for what I used them. I have tried various things for ten years to color feathers scarlet, but failed every time. I saw Diamond Dyes advertised, and concluded to try them. I have used them to color feathers, wool and silk, and am well satisfied that they are every way worthy of the best of recommendations to any lady who wishes any coloring material for fine goods; I especially appreciate the scarlet dye, and to have it, is worth \$5 to me. Very respectfully yours,

MARY T. BARKER.

HIRSHBURG, Noble Co., Ohio, Jan. 16, 1882. I haven't used a great deal of the Diamond Dyes, but what I have used gave good satisfaction. I used the green and yellow for rug rags, and it is nice. I have used the rug for a year, and it is as bright to-day as when first made. Some said it would fade, but it didn't. I used the drab for coloring over a dress that got spotted. It gave good satisfaction and I want some more.

MRS. SADE CALDWELL.

SLATER, Saline Co., Mo., Dec. 25, 1881. I have tried the Diamond Dyes, and never had anything to equal them. I have been coloring with different dyes for forty years, and never found any like better. Some of my neighbors that have seen it, pronounce it splendid.

Respectfully yours,

NANCY CAMERON.

OAK GROVE, Ark., Dec. 30, 1881.

I must say the Diamond Dyes are far superior to anything I have ever seen in beauty of color. We colored yarn thread with them.

Very truly yours,

V. A. GIBSON.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Dec. 30, 1881.

I used a package of cardinal Diamond Dye in coloring a white woolen cloak for my babe, and obtained a beautiful bright color, also some bits of ribbon that were soiled. I made it look as nice as new, and to use the dye all up, I put in a faded hood that had once been cardinal and made it as pretty as new. They are very easy and simple to use, and I am well pleased with them. Please send five more packages, as follows: Two cardinal, one each black, dark green, and orange. You will find fifty cents in postage stamps enclosed. Yours respectfully, MRS. KATE GUY.

BELLOPORT, Long Island, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1881.

I like the Diamond Dyes very much. I used them for carpet rags, and in using them I spilled some on towel; I have been trying to wash it out with soft soap, and I believe it grew brighter instead of coming out. The dark blue is just beautiful. Please send me another package of dark green, and oblige, MRS. C. N. HOMAN.

BETHEL, Me., Dec. 17, 1881.

I have used the Diamond Dyes and like them very much, and think them far superior to any other I ever used. I have colored woolen and silk, and had splendid success. I colored more goods with one package of these dyes than I have with any twenty-five cents worth of dye I ever bought. Please send me two packages of scarlet dye. My neighbors have used the same and are very much taken up with them.

Yours truly,

MRS. A. B. LYON.

SCARBORO, Me., Dec. 12, 1881.

Am very much pleased with the Diamond Dyes, I have used them for woolen and have obtained a beautiful shade at less expense and with less time and labor than with any other dye. Inclosed you will find one dollar. Please send as soon as possible, three cardinal red, two navy blue, three scarlet, one dark green, and one light green package. I have shown a number of persons the color I got in using these dyes, and the most of them will want some.

MRS. S. S. LOWE.

DEFiance Co., Ohio, Jan. 13, 1882.

With the Diamond Dyes I color feathers and dresses, and carpet rags, any amount of them, also yarn, and am highly pleased with them and can recommend them. MRS. SARAH LIGHTY.

UXBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 12, 1882.

I like the Diamond Dyes very much. I had one of plum color and one of scarlet. The plum I used to color a dress skirt; it was part wool and part cotton, and it looks very nice. The scarlet I used for some white flannel that had grown yellow, and it now looks as nice as new flannel.

I have told all my neighbors about it, and one lady sent and got three packages and she thinks it is "just splendid." I saw the advertisement in THE HOUSEHOLD, which is a good paper and has a great many lady readers.

Truly yours,

MRS. E. F. MURDOCK.

COTTAGE GROVE, Tenn., Dec. 8, 1881.

I used cardinal red Diamond Dye to dye some yarn, and was very well pleased with it, and now I inclose an order for \$1 worth for my neighbors.

MRS. S. E. ATKINS.

Any person desiring any of these should send to Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. They cost only ten cents per package, each one of which contains sufficient Dye of any color to dye from one to four pounds of any goods, according to shade wanted. A handsome card of colored samples of the twenty-four Dyes mailed to any address on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

#### OUR LOOKING GLASS.

IN WHICH OUR ADVERTISERS CAN SEE THEMSELVES AS OUR READERS SEE THEM.

We endeavor to exclude from our advertising columns everything that savors of fraud or deception in any form, and the fact that an advertisement appears in THE HOUSEHOLD may be taken as evidence that the editor regards it as an honest statement of facts by a responsible party. Nevertheless the world is full of plausible rascals, and occasionally one may gain access to our pages. We set apart this column in which our friends may give their experience in answering the advertisements found in this magazine whether satisfactory or otherwise. State facts as briefly as possible, and real name and address every time. And we earnestly request our readers when answering any advertisement found in these columns to be particular and state that it was seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, and we think they will be pretty sure of a prompt and satisfactory response.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—To the sister who made inquiries concerning "Scott's Electric Brush," I would like to give a little of my experience with one of them. I bought one last fall, and anticipated much benefit from the use of it, but after giving it a thorough trial, I am convinced that there is no virtue in it. The bristles commenced coming out right away and my husband, on taking it apart, found there was no magnetism or electricity about it. There was a piece of wire in the back of the brush to act on the compass which accompanies it, but it was in no way connected with the bristles. I consider it a fraud.

I am now using one of "Hill's Metallic Electric Brushes," which you will see advertised in our paper, and so far I am very much pleased with it.

MRS. W. C. P.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—I have not seen anything about the Diamond Dyes. I have tried them, and found them all we could ask for beauty, and they are cheap and put up in convenient packages, and any one can use them. The directions are plain. I also think that Dobbins' Electric Soap is all they claim. It is a friend to the housekeeper.

E. A. CRAMER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—I have not seen anything about the Diamond Dyes. I have tried them, and found them all we could ask for beauty, and they are cheap and put up in convenient packages, and any one can use them. The directions are plain. I also think that Dobbins' Electric Soap is all they claim. It is a friend to the housekeeper.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

We have received, too late for notice this month, IRELAND OF TO-DAY, a stirring account of the situation in Ireland, of much interest at the present time; from Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, JOHN EAX, by Judge Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," etc., and an account of the celebration at Yorktown, by J. H. Patton; from The Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., New York, THE HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, by Macauley; from R. C. Stone, 42 Broad St., New York, a copy of BULLION, a monthly review of labor, trade and money; all of which will receive a more extended notice next month.

## 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.

A CONSTANT READER.—Your complaint is the only one we have received in regard to the party in question, and as you withhold your own name and also that of your friend, you will readily see that we can do nothing for you. We intend to publish none but honest advertisements from responsible persons, and if any are deceived thereby, we will cheerfully render them all the assistance in our power, if they will give us the facts over their own names. We cannot look up anonymous complaints.

MR. CROWELL.—I would like to inquire, through the columns of your paper, if any one who takes or reads THE HOUSEHOLD, can give me any information concerning a man by the name of Lewis H. Wellman. He was a Vermont boy, and any information concerning him or his family will be gratefully received by, A. S. Box 23, West Dummerston, Vt.

If Walthamite, in February HOUSEHOLD, will send me her address, I should like to write her in reference to her inquiry.

Syracuse, N. Y. MRS. G. B. JOHNSON.

Mrs. E. J. Frost, 1826 Wallace St., Philadelphia, Pa., desires to communicate with any member of THE HOUSEHOLD family living in the immediate vicinity of Charlotte, N. C.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—I am very anxious to ascertain the address of any person who preserves and sells rock maple leaves for decorative purposes.

H. A. STRONG.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Will Lida, in November number, please tell me where a sewing machine like hers can be obtained?

MRS. SMITH SHARPLESS.

Lima, Delaware Co., Pa.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—In response to the lady who inquired if any one had received seeds from Mrs. N. E. Cleveland, of Oakvale, Colman Co., Texas, I would say, I sent her a few common seeds and postage, with a request for seeds, and received fifteen varieties of seeds in exchange with directions for the cultivation of part of them.

MRS. S. M. D.

## Health Foods.

Mr. Geo. E. Crowell, proprietor of THE HOUSEHOLD, informs us that he is in receipt of numerous inquiries for our address, induced by the cordial testimony borne by several of his regular contributors to the value of our Foods in sickness and health. We therefore append our address, and desire to say that pamphlets describing our Health Foods, and indicating how the strong can continue to be strong, and how the feeble may be strengthened, together with the opinion of Prof. Austin Flint and others, and giving full details as to prices, and recipes for healthful cooking, will be mailed to all addresses forwarded to us by postal card from readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

HEALTH FOOD CO., 74 Fourth Ave., New York. Agencies.—New England, 696 Washington St., Boston; Hartford, Fox & Co.; Philadelphia, 632 Arch St.; Baltimore, 138 No. Charles; Chicago, 705 Wabash Ave. 9eom

—There is nothing like a bicycle to put flesh on a man. A greenhorn has had one only a week, and his left ankle is three inches larger around than it was when he first rode it.

## SUBLIMELY SUPERB.

A pair of beautiful sun-flowers on easels will be mailed free to any lady who will send a three-cent postage stamp to Dr. C. W. Benson, 106 No. Eutaw street, Baltimore, Md.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.



## New Grape, Golden Pocklington.

By all good judges it is proclaimed the largest New Hardy out-door white grape known, originating at Sandy Hill, N. Y., known to be a bold, elevated, late locality. Is a strong grower, early, ripening with the Concord, and will succeed in many cold localities where others fail. It has been awarded the highest premium in Massachusetts, New York, and Canada Horticultural Exhibitions, and many other states east and west. Is highly recommended by our leading fruit growers as the best white grape for the million. A fine colored plate, life size, from cluster weighing one pound, mailed for three-cent stamp. For full description, testimonials and price, address,

C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

This new currant is a seedling from Cherry and Victoria, originating in New York state. It comes highly recommended by such men as President Wilder, Chas. Downing, J. J. Thomas, and all leading agricultural journals, viz: American Horticulturist, American Cultivator, Rural New Yorker, Gardener's Monthly, and many others. Its color is bright red, equal in size to the cherry currant, less acid, and five times as prolific. It is this season offered for the first time to the public, and will certainly prove the leading currant for market or private use. For further particulars, with price, address,

to whom all orders should be addressed.

The above cut is taken from life, one-half natural size.

Beautiful Colored Plate, size 9x11 inches, mailed for 3-cent stamp. Address, C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.

## New Currant, Fay's Prolific.

C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.,

## MANCHESTER STRAWBERRY

These valuable novelties should be in the hands of all lovers of really choice fruits. Taking into consideration scarcity and quality, Mr. Allen offers them

## ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES.

A FIRST-CLASS WATCH FOR \$10.00.

During the past year, we have had many enquiries for a Stem Winding and Stem setting Watch, one that could be relied upon, sufficiently attractive for the reach of those whose duties compel them to carry a correct time-keeper, but whose circumstances will not admit of their purchasing a highly priced watch. After going over the whole field of American Manufacture and not finding a watch that would "Fill the Bill" we concluded to look over foreign markets. A member of our firm visited England, France, Germany and Switzerland. In the latter country he found just what we wanted: A STEM WINDING WATCH WITH FINE JEWELLED NICKEL MOVEMENT, (equal to those put up in Gold Cases and sold in this Country at \$100 and \$150.) By giving a large order, we got the price reduced so that we could use them in our trade. The next step was to find the right kind of case for the new watch. Armed with a letter of instruction to Professor Lorschield (the discoverer and only manufacturer of the esteemed metal Aluminum) he exhibited and also numerous articles manufactured therefrom. The Professor also exhibited with much pride, two grand prize medals awarded at the International Expositions, held at Paris, for the marvellous resemblance of the metal to gold, and for its lasting brilliancy. The interview resulted in our giving an order for cases to be made from this Aluminum Gold. We have them made both in round and mansard style and they are Elegantly Engraved or Engine Turned, and are unsurpassed in beauty of workmanship. The Watches are manufactured of the best material, and finished by skilled hand labor, and are only equalled by watches costing ten times as much. They are perfect time-keepers and fully guaranteed, and that they are in every respect as represented, the thousands of testimonials received from our customers speak against. Price of Sample Watch by Registered mail, \$15.00. We send the above watch to any person who orders with the intention of acting as agent, or who will recommend it to his friends, on receipt of Ten Dollars.

Gents.—The Aluminum Gold Watch I purchased from your firm three months ago retains its color as brilliant as when first received. I delayed sending my second order because I wished to test the metal. I can now conscientiously recommend them. I enclose \$10.00 for one more Aluminum Gold Watch, same as the first. M. M. WATTS, Hawthorn, Fla., Nov. 20, 1881.

Gents.—The second lot of \$10.00 Aluminum Gold Watches received all right. I enclose Money Order for five Stem Wind Aluminum Gold Watches, and other watches and goods from your Catalogue. Forward at once and oblige,

George P. Wilson, Grand Forks, Dakota, Oct., 30th 1881.

We will send the watch C. O. D. If Two Dollars is sent on account the balance can be paid at the Express Office when the watch is delivered. Let us hear from you with an order.

## WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

It is seldom that we meet with an article that so fully corresponds with its advertised good qualities as does the Aluminum Gold Watch. It has the advantage of being made of that precious metal Aluminum Gold (well named the half brother of Gold); its works are of the best make, and the general style of the case rank it with the best Watches made anywhere. We recommend it to our readers as a Watch that will give entire satisfaction. When you order a watch, kindly mention that you saw the advertisement in our paper.

Butter makers, don't fail to read under cut of Jersey cow, in this issue, of the wonderful microscopic discovery of Thatcher's Orange Butter Color.

—When two men quarrel, who owns the coolest head is most to blame.—Goethe.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate  
A Nerve Food.

I do certainly consider that it not only acts as a tonic to the nervous system, but as a food.

Springfield, Ills.

R. S. MEHLER, M. D.

Thousands of women have been entirely cured of the most stubborn cases of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet.

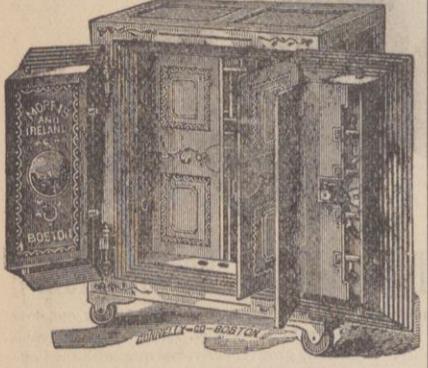
Machinists go to an oyster shop to bi-valves.

The old and reliable firm of H. C. Wilkinson & Co., of New York, make a handsome offer to our readers, specially interesting to the ladies. Read their advertisement.

CHAMPION RECORD IN THE  
GREAT BOSTON FIRE.

**Morris & Ireland's  
NEW IMPROVED  
EIGHT FLANGE FIRE-PROOF  
SAFE,**

THE ONLY EIGHT FLANGE SAFE MADE IN THE WORLD,



AND CONTAINING OUR

Patent Inside Bolt Work,  
Patent Hinged Cap,  
Four-Wheel Locks,  
Inside Iron Linings, and  
Solid Angle Corners.

**MORRIS & IRELAND,**  
68 Reade Street, NEW YORK.  
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**CARNATION PINKS**  
STRONG HEALTHY PLANTS.  
Close-scented, all labeled, sent  
safely by mail. In colors of White,  
Carmine, Rose, Yellow, Scarlet,  
Variegated, etc.

6 for 50c. 14 for \$1.

Extra Choice Varieties, 4 for 50c. 8 for \$1.

ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE PRICE CATALOGUE FREE.

**SINGLE TUBEROSE Orange-Flowered.**

This is the most hardy,  
sure to bloom, and deliciously fragrant of all Tuberoses.

To all who send 15c. and address, I will mail 2 flower

ing bulbs, with full directions for blooming. Double

Pearl same price.

CHAS. T. STAAR,  
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**WOOD'S HAIR BEAUTIFUL.** A purely vegetable compound  
that contains nothing injurious and will positively  
make the hair grow if the roots are not entirely destroyed.

A few applications will stop the hair from falling out.  
\$1.00 per bottle. **TOILET LOTION** removes sun-  
burn and tan; renders the skin soft and white. \$1.00  
per bottle. **ELEGANT TOILET POWDER**,  
50 cts. per box, sent on receipt of price. Mrs. D. A. IN-  
WOOD, 147 Tremont St., Room 3, Boston, Mass.

**AGENTS WANTED.**

**YOU** can have employment at your own home, day-time or evening, whole time or spare moments, in new business never before advertised, and entirely free from anything of a "humbug" or a "catch-penny" nature. The work is easily done at home and no peddling or traveling necessary. Men and Women, Boys and Girls, anywhere, can easily earn from 50c. to \$2 an hour, if they only know how and get started right. If sent for at once, we will reveal the **SECRET** and send by return mail **10 SAMPLES FREE** that will do to commence work on. Send 10c. (silver) or four 3-cent stamps for postage, packing and advertising, and address plainly,  
**H. G. FAY & CO., Burlington, Vermont.**

**MUSIC.** Cheap and correct editions classical and modern. Save money in buying these elegant editions. Catalogues on application mailed free. Also fine strings for all instruments & a specialty. C. J. DORN, 392 Washington St., Boston, Mass. **P. S.** Any musical publications mailed on receipt of marked price.

**IMPORTANT TO LADIES** living in the country! Boston shopping of all kinds at lowest prices. Fur Goods, Fine and Ordinary Laces, Jewelry and Fancy Goods a specialty. Samples sent when practicable. Orders executed with good judgment and prompt attention. For terms address Mrs. F. C. RAYMOND, 110 Tremont St., Room 4.

**SHOPPING BY MAIL!** MARJORIE MARCH, 231 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa., will do your shopping. Send for circular.

**YOUR NAME** finely printed in *Fancy Type* on 50 all New Style Chromo Cards [no 2 alike], 10 cts., or 25 Extra Large Chromo Cards, [no 2 alike], 10c. Az'ts Large Sample Book, 40c. 35 Fun Cards 10c. CLINTON BR. S., Clintonville, Ct.

**BEATTY'S** ORGANS 27 stops, 10 set reeds only \$90. PIANOS \$125 up. Rare Holiday inducements ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N.J.

**50 ALL** Chromos, new designs, with name 10c. Free present with each pack. We give the best premiums ever offered Agents. Tuttle Bros., No. Haven, Ct.

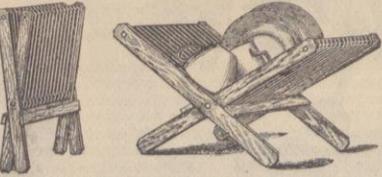
**50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS**, name on 10c. New & artistic designs, acknowledged best pack sold. Album of samples 20c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

**\$72 A WEEK.** \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TUTTLE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**50** Chromos, new designs, acknowledged best pack sold. Album of samples 20c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

**Wood Dish Drainers.**

PAT. DEC. 9, 1879.  
CLOSED. IN USE.



Length 15 inches. Width, spread, 14 inches.

Stands in the sink. Receives and drains the dishes. Does not break them. Does not rust. Takes no available room in the sink. Costs less than wire drainers. Closes compactly to put away. Lasts a life-time. Fifty cents obtains one by mail, postage paid.

DOVER STAMPING CO., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

NEW STYLES  
—IN—  
**DRESS!**

Reform Garments.

**Bates Waist,**

(a perfect substitute for corsets.) Chemellettes, Alpha under-flannel suits, Princess skirts and corsets made to order.

Send for Circular.

MISS C. BATES, 129 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

LACE CLEANSING; FEATHER DYEING;

KID GLOVES Cleansed 10c., Dyed 25c.

PRICE LIST FREE.

LEWANDO'S FRENCH DYE HOUSE,

17 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON, U. S. A.

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Mailed for the prices given, and worth the money:

Toilet Box, containing 200 *ne plus* Pins, 6 white

Toilet Pins, 6 black Toilet Pins, 25 satin finished Hair

Pins, and 12 shoe buttons; price 10 cents.

Pocket Nail Cutter and Cleaner, the best

thing for the purpose ever invented, and indispensable

where neat, well kept nails are desired; 20 cents.

Combined Pocket Tape Measure, Mirror

and Pin Cushion, nickel plated; 25 cents.

Pocket Drinking Cup, of polished metal, tele-

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Vest Pocket Scale, weighing half ounce to eight

pounds, suitable for fishermen, and adapted to other

purposes; handsome nickel plated; 35 cents.

Elegant Birthday Cards; 5, 10, 15 and 25c. each.

Do not fail to give complete postoffice address, includ-

ing state. Address

CHENEY & CLAPP, Booksellers and Stationers,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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An English Veterinary surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor Me.

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WANTED!**

Everywhere, either male or female, to solicit orders for

portraits painted from all kinds of small pictures. Old

established and reliable house. Liberal inducements

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territory. For full particulars enclose 3c. stamp and

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North American Photo-Copying Co.,

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JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

**SPLENDID FLOWERS**

and Vegetables can be raised from our Seeds.

Try them. None better. Try our new "Boss"

Water Melon, 25 cts. per pkt. 5 pkts. \$1. We

offer \$60 in Cash for the three largest Melons

grown from our Seed. We offer \$100 in Cash

for the four largest Club orders for our Seeds and

Plants. We send safely by mail, prepaid, labeled,

12 Roses for \$1.12 Geraniums for \$1.12

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and 12 assorted Plants from above. \$1. Liberal pre-

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Floral Catalogue of Plants and Seeds, 50 pp. free,

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**CONSUMPTION.**

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by

its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long

standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my

faith in its efficacy, that I will say TWO BOTTLES

FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on

this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

**\$10.60 FOR 40c.**

Any one sending me 40 cents and the addresses of 50 o

their acquaintances will receive by return mail goods

that retail for \$10.60. This is an honest offer, and if you

want a fortune, don't let the chance slip. J. D. HENRY,

Box 127 BUFFALO, N. Y.

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outfit free. Address TUTTLE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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on 10c. New & artistic designs, acknowledged best pack sold.

Album of samples 20c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

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DR. WARREN'S  
Wild Cherry and Sarsaparilla  
TROCHES!

THE MAGICAL REMEDY  
For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,  
and All Throat and Bronchial Affec-  
tions. Commended by More Than  
Seventy Clergymen During the Last  
Two Months as Superior to Any Other  
Remedy for These Troubles.

Read the Following Names of Mass. and N.  
H. Clergymen Who Have Testified  
to the Great Benefit Derived  
from These Troches.

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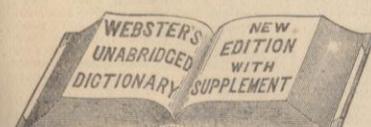
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TESTIMONY OF REV. J. SCOTT  
Member Massachusetts House  
of Representatives.

Afflicted for More Than Ten Years With  
"Throat Trouble," and Dr. Warren's  
Troches are the Only Ones that  
ever Benefited Him.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, {  
BOSTON, MASS., JAN. 19, 1882.}  
I have been afflicted for more than ten years with  
"throat trouble." Have used many kinds of Troches,  
but have found none so good as yours. Indeed, they are  
the only thing of the kind that has benefited me. Please  
send me some more of them at your earliest convenience.  
Address REV. J. SCOTT,  
Member House of Representatives,  
Boston, Mass.  
To the American Medicine Co., Manchester, N. H.

Price 25c. a box, or four boxes for \$1.00. Sent  
by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Address  
"American Medicine Company," Manchester, N. H.  
For sale by leading druggists. George C. Goodwin &  
Co., Boston, General Agents.



Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.  
LATEST—LARGEST—BEST.  
1928 Pages, 3000 Engravings.  
4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings.  
Biographical Dictionary  
of over 9700 Names.

THE BEST GIFT  
For all times,  
HOLIDAYS, WEDDING, BIRTHDAY  
ANNIVERSARY, or any other day; for  
PASTOR, TEACHER, PARENT, CHILD, FRIEND.

PLANTS, SEEDS, BULBS, by mail, or express.  
Cut-flowers and floral designs for funerals, wed-  
dings, etc., a specialty. C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

The sick, who give a careful description of condition, symptoms, temperament, employments, etc., will receive medicine for six weeks, with carefully prepared directions. Fee \$2, sent with the order.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving the treatment of prospective mothers, and of the infant, treating of food, clothing, bathing, air and sunlight—all needed by both—will be sent by mail, free, for \$1.25.

OUR HOME GIRLS, a pamphlet treating of the management of the girl, her recreations, labors, dress, education, proper food, etc. Sent by mail for 25 cents.

ANTI-FAT and ANTI-LEAN, a small treatise treating of the means of restoring both the fat and lean to their normal condition, the former without medicine, or mainly by food, and the latter by food and medicine. A treatise and prescription combined. Price 25 cents; sent by mail free. In consequence of an unexpected demand, this work is reduced to 25 cents. Those who have paid 50 cents will receive the "Home Girls" free, by addressing Dr. J. H. Hanaford, Reading, Mass.

STOMACH REGULATOR and LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months, sent, as above, by mail.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSEPTIC'S FRIEND.—This is intended to meet the wants of a large class of the victims of Dyspepsia, Liver and Bowel Complaints, Indigestion, etc., showing how to avoid them or cure them. The principles are clearly and plainly given in the language of the people. A pamphlet of 60 Pages, sent by mail for 29 cents. Stamps taken.

FOR THE MILLION! GOOD BREAD and HOW TO MAKE IT.—This pamphlet of 26 pages contains the principles of bread making, with much other important matter for the housekeeper. It will contain the "Heal'h Rules," both sent by mail, as above, for 12 cents.

HEALTH RULES sent with "Good Bread," "Anti-Fat," etc., and medicine.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

NOW  
IS THE TIME  
TO USE

LEAMON'S DYES.

CRIMSON, VIOLET, RED, YELLOW,  
PURPLE, GREEN, MAROON,  
SCARLET, SLATE, BROWN,  
BLACK, BLUE.

Each Dye colors from one to two pounds of goods any shade, with certain success. Warranted to be the best and cheapest colors for Family and Fancy Dyeing. A CHILD CAN USE THEM.

"The Household" recommends these dyes to its readers and offers them either as premiums for obtaining new subscribers, or to send post-paid on receipt of price.

Leamon's Dyes

Are Chemical Solutions and Compounds of Aniline, made in the most scientific manner, and only perfected after many years of patient experiment.

They present in the simplest possible form the materials by which the professional dyer procures his brightest and most beautiful shades. The manner of using is so simple, and the directions with each package so explicit, that any lady can be her own dyer.

They will color Silks, Wool, Cotton, Feathers, Hair, Wood, Kid Gloves, Paper, Everlasting Flowers, etc.

They make the best and cheapest Inks, and the blue is best for a laundry blue. Any one really wishing to practice economy, will not fail to try these Dyes, and they will at once see that a great deal can be saved in the course of a year by their use. Almost any article of clothing can be dyed in a few minutes, for few cents, without soiling the hands, and all sorts of ties, ribbons, feathers, or any fancy work, can be colored as wanted.

A book giving full directions for all uses, showing how to make 36 colors, sent to any address for a three cent stamp, or the same with a package of any color except black, on receipt of 25 cents.

Send all orders to THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

CHAMPLIN'S  
LIQUID PEARL.

Some of its Leading Excellences:

IT IS A fragrant and exquisite cosmetic. Beautifying, and benefits the complexion. Not injurious to the most sensitive skin. A most reliable article for the toilet. Sold by all druggists. 50 cents per bottle. Beware of imitations. CHAMPLIN & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

GUSTIN'S OINTMENT.

This really valuable Ointment is now for the first time offered to the public. For many years its extraordinary curative virtues have been handed down from generation to generation in one family, who, with their friends, have been the only ones benefited thereby. The recipe for making it was obtained in the last century from the Indians by one of Vermont's early and distinguished physicians, and used by him during his life with wonderful success. It will perform what is promised for it, and we now offer it as standing without a rival for relieving and curing

Piles, Burns, Bruises, Bites and Stings, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Sore Nipples, Etc.

For the Piles its truly wonderful effects can only be fully appreciated in its use by the afflicted one. It is equally beneficial for the speedy cure of Sore Nipples, no harm coming to the infant. The Ointment is neatly put up in tin boxes, and will be sent post-paid to any part of the United States or Canadas on receipt of 25 cents. Liberal discount to the trade.

THOMPSON & CO.,  
12—Brattleboro, Vt.

We take pleasure in speaking a word in praise of this Ointment. It has been used in our family for several years and always with the most satisfactory results.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all Kidney Complaints and for all diseases of the

—LIVER.—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

If you are bilious, dyspeptic, constipated, or suffering from malaria, Kidney-Wort is the remedy you need.

FAIL NOT TO TRY IT.  
PRICE \$1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



Yours for Health  
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S  
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

As Sold by all Druggists.

THE DIAMOND  
DYES.

ONLY  
10 CENTS  
FOR ANY COLOR.

The Simplest, Cheapest, Strongest and most brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more goods than any 15 or 25 cent dye ever sold. 24 popular colors. Any one can color any fabric or fancy article. Send for color wanted and be convinced. Fancy cards, samples of ink, and p'k'g. dye, all mailed for 10 cts.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.



Everywhere known and prized for Skill and fidelity in manufacture, Tasteful and excellent improvements, Elegant variety of designs, Leading unrivaled tones.

Illustrated Catalogues sent free.

J. ESTEY & CO.,  
Brattleboro, Vt.

70 CARDS with name on, 10c. All entirely new styles. Beautiful designs, Horse Shoes, Hands Holding Flowers, Birds, Mottoes, Sea Views, etc. For an order for 12 packs (12 names) and 6c. extra to pay postage, we will send free 6 extra Silver Plates, Tea Spoons. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents samples 6c.

CARD WORKS Birmingham, Ct.

Sample free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per da stamp. Samples with \$1.00.

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

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationary,	\$0.50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's)	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1.00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1.00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1.00	3
10	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, or May Flowers,	1.00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1.00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1.00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1.10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1.25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1.50	5
16	Call Bell,	1.75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1.75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2.25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2.25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2.50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2.50	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2.50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2.50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2.50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2.75	7
28	Gilt cup,	2.75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3.00</td	

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 54,000 Copies.

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Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$ 8.25	\$ 6.40	\$ 8.75	\$ 11.50	\$ 16.50	\$ 20.00
One "	10.00	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	120.00
Four "	21.50	37.50	50.00	64.50	90.00	175.00
Six "	30.00	50.00	71.50	90.00	130.00	235.00
Eight "	37.50	64.50	90.00	115.00	170.00	300.00
One column,	50.00	90.00	120.00	170.00	225.00	400.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1882, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed.

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  
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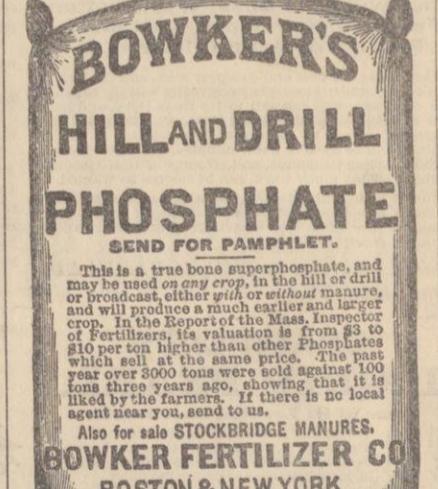
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