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# THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 6.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY, 1873.

No. 5.

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## The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.  
GEO. E. CROWELL,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
GROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

TERMS:—\$1 00 per year in advance.



### MY COTTAGE WINDOW.

Homely and humble, these my cottage rooms,  
No fine upholstery or gilded walls;  
No woven threads from Persia's fat looms,  
No fair-arched entrance into stately halls,  
No marble Clytie with its frozen veins  
All bloodless, wandering over snowy breast,  
But one sweet Cupid touched with richer stains  
Of rosy life on lip and cheek, and crest  
Of shining curls, whose spirals catch the glow  
Of every sunbeam; this my kingly boy,  
And my one window, wisely made for show  
Of greenest foliage,—these insure me joy.  
My cottage-window, framed with sturdiest vine,  
Whose gladness laughs in every lusty leaf,  
Where fuchsias hang their bells, and pansies shine  
Like violet eyes, touched with some childish  
grief.  
Here blooms the rose, and there the spicy pink,  
Here lifts the calla, grand and pure and fair,  
And here sit I to read or work or think,  
Or twine bright flowers in baby's golden hair.  
Call me not poor, for wondrous wealth is mine,  
The wealth of boundless love and sweet content;  
One human blossom, heaven shall make divine,  
And God's dear flowers in loving likeness blent.

### HOME ADORNMENT.

THE love of flowers is universal. It is developed at an early age, as we have often seen in the eager eye of the child, when with nimble fingers it pulls the beautiful gem to pieces. We see it in children of more advanced growth, who gleefully, hand in hand, wander through the woodland wilds in search of flowers, or in meadows sweet, engaged in making glory wreaths or daisy chains.

This principle never becomes extinct in the human soul. It may be crushed by the cultivation of selfish feelings; it may be partially extinguished by wolfish greed and the eager haste to be rich, but away down in the human heart, the latent spark remains. We see this exemplified when the weary, worn out man of business, tired of acquiring wealth, begins to look around for some quiet, rural spot where he can plant flowers and make a home.

It is wonderful how flowers will adapt themselves to circumstances, and still be beautiful. One of the most graceful objects we have seen was an old fashioned tea-pot minus the spout, suspended with twine from the center of the farm house window, containing a fine specimen of ground ivy, which grew as luxuriantly, as if suspended in a basket of terra cotta.

An old pan that had lain around the yard amongst other unsightly objects was converted into a thing of beauty by enclosing it in bark, setting it upon an old stump, planting therein, blue and scarlet cardinal flowers, surrounded with a ring of spleen root, maiden hair, and shield fern, while around the edge grew ground ivy, and moneywort in rich profusion.

A number of empty white lead kegs, cut in two, and covered with bark, made the finest baskets for training lobelias, we have yet seen, and were admired by all who saw them.

An old family wash bowl, in which a large family had performed their ablutions for years, enclosed in rustic work, was made the receptacle for a fine specimen of Ablution Vexillarium, which thrived amazingly, and bloomed in abundance all summer.

An old nail keg was cut in two, thus making two tubs. They were ornamented with the thin bark of the white cedar. In one was planted a scarlet geranium, with an edging of lobelia paxtonii, the other planted with coleus, surrounded with a dazzling scarlet nasturtium. Both were floral gems, all the summer and fall.

Twenty years ago our attention was attracted to an humble dwelling built with logs, so old that the sills in front had rotted, causing it to lean from the perpendicular. The owner had cut strong saplings in the forest and placed them against the house to keep it from falling. His daughter had planted climbing roses, honeysuckles and morning glories at their base, forming luxuriant wreaths of beautiful bloom. They had adorned the yard with shrubs and plants, and decorated the old stumps that dotted the ground here and there, with drooping and climbing vines. Every nook was filled with daisies, pansies, wallflowers, gilly-flowers, mignonette, and other beautiful flowers.

His son had stocked the ground behind with apples, pears, cherries and grapes, while other small fruits occupied a prominent position. Inside the house, pictures hung from the wall, and books and papers lay upon the table, all giving evidence of cultivation and refinement. That family has left the old homestead long ago, but they hold respectable positions in other States in the "far west" and are exercising an influence for good in their new homes.

Another dwelling presents a different picture—A large frame house near the public thoroughfare. It was once white, but now has a dingy appearance. To use an expression of Drowning's: "There it stands, white, glaring and ghostly as a pyramid of bones in the desert," enclosed with a miserable fence and broken gates. The yard contains a miscellaneous collection of old wagons, sleds, plows, reapers, and haystacks, old barrels, empty boxes, old tin, old iron, broken rails, and piles of brush. Instead of shrubs we find lofty specimens of thistle and burdock. In place of flowers, a luxuriant growth of smart weed, fireweed, red-root, horse chamomile, jimsum, cockle burs and other noxious weeds, with perhaps here and there a few well-browned currant bushes straggling for a miserable existence.

The owner of this home knows little about books. He cannot discover any beauty in shade trees or flowers. He has a comfortable investment in 7-30s; but his children have gone, and in his old age he is left all alone, enjoying no recreation, indulging in no luxuries, forgotten by his children, and pitied by his neighbors.

A writer has beautifully said "Floriculture, is the most rational of all recreations. It teaches us forethought, industry, and economy of time. It exalts the mind, and invigorates the frame, and constantly reminds us of the great God, whose hand is imprinted on every leaf and flower, and who, in His bountiful goodness, rewards us with the fruits of the earth."

To teach the farmer to manage his garden, and his children to cultivate flowers, is to find them innocent gratification and ultimately lead them to happiness. Whatever makes home pleasant and attractive, lessens the temptation to stray into the paths of evil. Tippling houses, gambling halls, dens of darker deeds do not draw their victims from attractive happy homes, but the children of homes that have no adornment fall an easy prey to the tempter's snare.

—One of the simplest yet most beautiful embellishments for window decorations is the English Ivy. The plants should be grown in pots in a cool, partially shaded situation, being careful to have a stone or brick under the pot to prevent the roots gaining earth beyond the pot. In late autumn these pots of ivy, with their dark, rich, green foliage, clean and glossy, can be transferred to the window of a sitting-room or library, and even should the temperature run down to zero, they are not at all injured.



### HOUSE DECORATIONS.

#### PAINTING.

IN the preparation of walls for painting, much care is required in the first place, to clean off all protuberances or small projecting bits of mortar, etc. This may be effectually done either by rubbing the surface of the wall with a flat piece of wood, or with a large lump of pumice-stone. It may occasionally be necessary to use a flat piece of wood covered with sand or glass paper for that purpose. It is always best and most economical, to make the wall as smooth as possible before commencing painting, as we thus save much after-labor when the wall is well rubbed down. We next proceed to stop or point up every hole, crevice, crack, rough or uneven place, with plaster of paris and a little finely screened lime (technically called putty). In doing this care should be taken to stop and fill up the tops of the skirting-boards, round the architraves, and everywhere should be properly seen to, so that no place shall be missed. If this be done carefully at this stage, it will save much time and trouble afterwards.

When the plaster is dry, every place which has been stopped should now be rubbed level with fine sand paper on a flat board (that is, a flat-sided piece of deal, about four inches square and one inch thick—the sand paper should be folded over this, and rubbed with the flat side.) This requires to be rubbed gently and softly, without much pressure. If much pressure is used, the plaster will be broken and become rough, but if it be done properly, the stopping will be brought down to the level of the wall and will not be perceived when the wall is finished; but if carelessly done every place which has been stopped will be clearly seen when the wall is finished, which is an ugly defect.

Many painters, leave the stopping until the wall has had one coat of paint, and then stop the holes with hard stopping—i. e., white lead and whiting mixed together to the consistence of common putty. Some make it of dry white lead and jappanner's gold size, or some quick varnish is used with the white lead. We prefer to use the first named mixture, as it is not so liable to crumble or crack. We object to this practice when it can be avoided, as it is scarcely possible to point up the holes without leaving a projection,

max corner shelf



and still more difficult to rub it down to a level surface, except it is allowed to stand a long time to get thoroughly hard, and then it must be rubbed down with pumice-stone and water. Wherefore, for producing a uniform level surface, the first plan is the best and the quickest, and with new walls, safest. Many painters use glue-size and whitening for this purpose, but this mixture is almost sure to crack and sometimes will crumble to powder, and its power of contraction is so great, if too much size is used, that it is sure to dry up and contract, thus leaving a crack all round the hole stopped.

It may be as well here to state, that the first process of pointing up the walls and rubbing down is equally applicable whether the walls are finished in oil or distemper color. The walls being now stopped and rubbed down should be well dusted, and the room well brushed out, the floor washed, planks well cleaned, and every means should be taken to keep all dust and dirt down, as this is a fruitful cause of much rough work.

Precautions should also be taken before commencing painting to cover up the floors, so they may not be spotted or daubed with paint. Drop cloths are used for this purpose, that is, sheets of common wrappings, or old sail cloth will do. These may be laid all round the room, or the workman may carry one along with him and lay it just where he is working; but when so used and moved they are apt to carry dust with them, and except great care be taken will do more harm than good. But the best plan is to cover the whole of the floor with strong brown paper, firmly pasted down to the floor, before the room is even commenced; two layers are, of course better than one. This is an effectual prevention, both against paint spots and also preventing the grit from injuring the floors. When the room is finished, or nearly so, the paper is easily removed by wetting with water, and the floor is preserved uninjured.

The first coat of paint on walls should in almost all cases be mixed with white lead and linseed oil alone, in proportion of about four pounds of lead to one pint of oil. It will be found much better and safer to go to the extra trouble of giving the work one or two extra coats of paint than to lay on too much stuff at one time; and two days at the least should always intervene between each coat, except in finishing with flatting or dead color, which should be done on the next day, as we thereby get a key in the coat of oil paint which will bind the flat color, which has very little binding power in itself. If too much paint is laid on, the work scarcely ever gets hard and cannot be rubbed down, but skins over the surface and of course keeps soft underneath.

The second coat should be mixed with two-thirds oil to one of turpentine; third coat, two-thirds of turpentine to one of oil. Thus we get a firm, hard, and tenacious body of paint, without any tendency to reeve, crinkle, soften or peel. The ordinary plastered walls have a porosity and power of absorption quite different to the cement we have been describing

and consequently the paint used for the first coat on such walls should be oil color exclusively, and may be mixed in the following proportions, namely, one part of linseed oil to four pounds of white lead, and stained with a little Indian or Venetian red. We prefer the first or primary coat, either on walls or wood work, stained red—in the first place because warm red tints cover better, and sooner bring the work to one uniform tint than either cold, or even amber tints; and secondly, because whatever tint of color the work may afterwards be finished, the red in the first coat warms and mellows all the subsequent coats; and here we may quote the fact, that in painting, almost all colors are improved by a ground-work of red or reddish tone of color.

We find in practice that common outside window sashes, which being re-painted, dirty and black as they are in our large towns—if they are to be painted with two coats of white, that the second or finishing coat will cover better and be much whiter if the first coat is stained with red. The red seems to have a power of destroying or killing the black dirt which no other color possesses. Now if these sashes are painted with two coats of white, the first of it being without red, is of a dirty leaden hue, which affects the second coat. It will be said that the same effect may be gained in finishing the work in tints if we add red to the last coat. It is true that the color may be modified in this manner, but not without sacrificing the purity of some tints; whereas in the former case we obtain the warmth and purity of tone as well.—*Building News.*

#### HOME COURTESIES.

A retired governess says: "I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out in an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families, in which I made my home in the course of about thirty years, there were only three that could be designated as happy families. The source of trouble was not so much the lack of love, as the lack of care to manifest it."

The closing words of this sentence give us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart aches innumerable, of sad faces, and gloomy home circles. "Not so much the lack of love, as the lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark! Not more than three happy families in twenty—and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied.

Ah! in "the small, sweet courtesies of life," what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated. Think of it, reader, and take the lesson home with you.

#### A TRUE LADY.

I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and as I looked at her beautiful clothes, wondered if she took half as much pains with her heart as she did with her body. A poor old

man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheel-barrow, and just before he reached us, he made two attempts to go into the yard of a house, but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in.

"Wait," said the young girl, hurrying forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate till he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile, as she passed on.

"She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells within her breast."



#### WILD FLOWERS.

Buttercups and daisies,  
Oh, the pretty flowers;  
Coming in the spring time,  
To tell of sunny hours;  
Ere the snowdrop peepeth,  
Ere the crocus bold,  
Ere the early primrose,  
Opens its paly gold;  
Somewhere on a sunny bank,  
Buttercups are bright;  
Somewhere 'mong the growing grass  
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,  
Like to children poor,  
Playing in their sturdy health,  
By their mother's door;  
What to them is weather,  
What are stormy showers?  
Buttercups and daisies  
Are these human flowers;  
He who gave them hardships,  
And a life of care,  
Gave them also sturdy health  
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups,  
Welcome, daisies white:  
Ye are in my memory,  
Visions of delight:  
Coming in the spring time,  
Of sunny hours to tell,  
Speaking to our hearts of Him  
Who doeth all things well.

—Selected.

#### CARE FOR CANARY BIRDS.

THE canary is noted for its peculiar properties of song, which are not equalled by any other variety of birds. Their notes are much more musical and delicate than those of such feathered songsters as the mocking bird, nightingale and linnet, which are ranked next it order. They not only possess a distinct variety of note, but also combine the excellent qualities of the notes of these birds with their own. There is a great difference between the notes of canaries; some sing with loud, short, quick notes, making a great deal of noise but very little music, while others begin with a long, low, warbling note, raising and swelling with modulation, and changing into flute-like tones, which gradually die away in the distance.

The original canary birds, which came from the Canary Islands, were of a greenish-grey color, much smaller than the present variety, and resembling in appearance the little sparrows which are so numerous in this city. Being easily bred in cages, they have become, by constant cross-breeding, of various shades of color, from light yellow to a greyish brown, and have reached the peculiarities of song which

the breed now possess. They were introduced into Europe in the beginning of the fifteenth century, where they soon became exceedingly popular and great favorites with the people. It is related that the crew of a trading vessel which touched at the Canary Islands on one of its voyages obtained a number of the native birds of the islands on account of the beautiful notes of song they possessed, but the vessel was wrecked off the coast of the Island of Elba and the birds escaped to the woods near the shore. They bred rapidly, filling the woods with their species. The wild, sweet notes of the birds attracted the attention of the natives, who hunted them so continually that the breed, as a wild one, soon disappeared.

The first tame canaries were raised in Italy, but the business of raising and breeding them soon extended into Germany, which is, at the present time, the principal country in this employment. In the Hartz Mountains they are bred extensively by the peasants who, in many instances, make the raising of these birds their chief means of subsistence. The greater part of the canaries imported into this country are obtained from this locality, although Holland, Belgium and Saxony furnish a large share. They are not only sent to this country but are exported to almost every civilized country on the globe.

In Germany large buildings are used for the breeding purposes, and men and women are employed to attend to them continually. As soon as the birds are large enough to feed themselves they are placed in large rooms where they can fly about at pleasure. In these rooms there are nightingales, linnets, larks, and perhaps old canaries that have excellent notes, together with other sweet song birds, and by hearing the best and finest notes of these birds the young canaries learn the sweetest of them, thus becoming beautiful singers. They are collected at certain seasons of the year by agents who go from house to house, buying all the good birds they can find, which are afterwards put in small wooden cages in which they are brought to this country. They are transported in a fast sailing ship under the care of a competent person, as they require the utmost attention.

The usual number brought over in a ship is about four thousand. The cages are separated into a number of divisions, so that the person in charge can walk through the passages to examine and feed the birds. The water has to be changed, new food put in the cages, and the dead birds removed, or else they will breed diseases and cause a bird pestilence. These small cages are made in large quantities by the German peasants from the fir wood which grows in great abundance on the mountains. The extent of the business may be imagined from the fact that at least forty thousand canary birds are imported into this country annually, principally from Germany.

In selecting canaries a few instructions may be found useful as well as profitable. The mealy and the yellow are the two varieties most prized, as they possess the greatest excellence of song, together with the



greatest beauty of color. As relates to song, those birds are most valuable that have not only their own notes but some of the notes of the linnet, nightingale and woodlark. The musical birds are usually mottled or mealy in color, the bright yellow colored birds being less strong and hardy in the feathers, but are often chosen on account of their beautiful color.

Care should be taken to select canaries that are about a year old, which a person acquainted with the species can tell by the legs and feet. The legs and feet of the young birds appear smooth and glossy, with the toe nails rather short; the old birds have their scales rusty and rough, the toe nails long, and the feet somewhat worn. A year old bird, well taken care of, will sing until it reaches the age of eight or ten years. It is much better to purchase a male than a female bird, as the latter hardly sing at all. The male has a short, stout bill, wide between the eyes, with a full, round head, while the female is more slender. The long breed canaries, bred for style and shape, originally imported from Germany, were very much sought after a number of years ago, but they proved to be poor singers and very weak birds. They were very valuable, selling as high as one hundred dollars a pair. Their beauty consisted in being long and slender, of a curved form, with a long tail hanging below the perch, high shoulders, a round back, and a posture that the belles of the present day imitate in the Grecian bend.

There are a number of diseases to which the canaries are liable, and if not checked in time will cause the death of the birds so afflicted. The most frequent are the pip, similar to the disease of the same name common among chickens; a fever, that causes the feathers to drop off, and a hoarseness in the throat. As a remedy for these, the following has proved to be very efficient, and to have caused a great many cures: The seed which the bird has been accustomed to feed upon must be removed, and the bird fed upon bread soaked in milk, which has however been squeezed out, leaving only sufficient liquid to keep the bread moist. Continue this food for several days, and under this treatment the bird will soon regain its former liveliness and song.

The red mite, a minute insect, almost invisible to the naked eye, but easily seen through the microscope, is found in large numbers in nearly all the cages containing canaries, particularly those which are kept in dark rooms away from the light. These tiny creatures hate the light, and they generally leave the birds during the day, concealing themselves in the cracks and crevices of the cage until darkness arrives, when they sally forth to attack the canaries, and by continually irritating them, cause a loss of rest and sleep, which occasions many diseases and very often is the source of their death.

The presence of these insects is indicated by the uneasy manner the birds exhibit, becoming dispirited and sitting in a drooping position on the perches or on the ground. It is difficult to get rid of them, and many ways

have been suggested to accomplish this result, but they are generally too complicated to be readily followed. A very simple way is to keep the birds in the strong sunlight for about an hour, so as to force the red mites into the crevices of the cage. Have a clean cage ready which you are sure does not contain any of the insects; take the canary from the cage it occupies and put it in the clean cage. The old cage can then be washed thoroughly and the crevices painted by the aid of a feather, with a solution of corrosive sublimate and alcohol, which will kill any of the red mites that may have remained, and is an effectual mode of treatment.

As a general rule the birds of this species moult and shed their feathers in the months of September and October, during which time they usually stop singing. They ought to be kept in a cool room, away from the fire and heat, and beyond the reach of any draught. It often happens that when a bird is confined in a hot room during the moulting period it continues to shed the feathers for several years, losing its song entirely in the meantime. To remedy this, place the bird in a cool room, where it will not be affected by the draught, sprinkle a little magnesia in the water used for drinking, and in the course of a month or two they will regain their song. Saffron and rusty nails are frequently put in the drinking vessels for this purpose, but they are of very little benefit, the magnesia being infinitely superior.

The cages containing the canaries ought not to be suspended too near the ceiling of the room, as the hot air in ascending has a deleterious effect upon the birds; the proper distance is about three feet from the ceiling. They should be kept clean and free from bad odors, contain a little gravel on the bottom or floor, and possess at least one perch for the birds to rest upon. There should be separate vessels for the seed, water and other food. Besides these a bowl or vessel filled with water is absolutely necessary for the birds to perform their ablutions in. They are very fond of bathing, and they find much enjoyment in their wash. A piece of cuttle fish should not be forgotten for the birds to sharpen their bills, which is needed in order to cut the seeds and render digestion easy.—*Mail*.

#### THE FIRST FUCHSIA.

The following sprightly story is going the rounds of foreign papers:

Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener near London, well known fifty and sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned to him and declared.

"Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower, than I saw this morning at Wapping."

"No, and pray what was this phoenix like?"

"Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendant branches, their colors the richest crimson; in the center a fold of deep purple," and so forth.

Particular directions being demand-

ed and given, Mr. Lee posted to the place, when he at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, he said:

"My good woman, this is a nice plant, I should like to buy it."

"Ah, sir, I could not sell it for any money, for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake."

"But I must have it."

"No sir!"

"Here," emptying his pockets "here is gold, silver, copper, (his stock was something more than eight guineas)."

"Well-a-day, but this is a power of money, sure and sure!"

"Tis yours and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake."

A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud; it was divided into cuttings, which were forced into bark-beds and hot-beds. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season, Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of three hundred fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossoms. The two which opened first were removed into his show-house. A lady came;

"Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower!"

"Hem, 'tis a new thing, my lady—pretty is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis lovely. Its price!"

"A guinea, thank your ladyship," and one of the plants stood proudly in her ladyship's boudoir.

"My dear Charlotte! where did you get that elegant flower?"

"O, 'tis a new thing; I saw it at old Lee's; pretty is it not!"

"Pretty! 'tis beautiful! Its price?"

"A guinea; there was another left."

The visitor's horses smoked off to the suburb; a third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fuchsia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new comers saw and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery ground. Two fuchsias, young, graceful and bursting into healthful flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository. He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; but ere the flower-season closed, three hundred guineas clinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub from the window in Wapping; the reward of the taste, decision, skill and perseverance of old Lee.

#### KEEPING PLANTS THROUGH THE WINTER.

Many lovers of house plants are growing discouraged at the thought of ever attempting to winter them again. The cold of this winter and last has destroyed many a fine collect-

ion. But do not give up; we will tell you what you can keep, and successfully, too, if you have a warm cellar. Roses of all kinds are better to remain in the cellar during the winter. When you put them away, be sure that the earth in the jar is rich and new, and have the roses well rooted in it. Cut it back to the desired shape, and water sparingly; put away in a dark corner and water once or twice during the winter; bring out in February, and in March you will have all the beautiful blossoms you desire.

Fuchsias, also, need a winter rest. Treat them precisely as you do your roses, and the summer will reward you with a profusion of blossoms. You can keep geraniums and pelargoniums with no difficulty, and find the following method best. They are taken up and cut pretty severely, removing all the succulent and unripe wood. They are then stacked in a box with some dryish earth about the roots, and put in the cellar for the winter. The trouble is in putting them away too moist. The earth should be almost dust-dry. Let them remain in the cellar until time to set out in the garden, keeping them dry and dark all the time. As soon as the ground is warm enough to receive them, bring out of the cellar and plant carefully in the garden, just before a warm rain. You will be surprised at their rapid growth and fine flowers.

We have also tried hanging them up in the cellar for the winter, and find the method a good and reliable one; but if you let your room over the cellar get cold enough to freeze, the geraniums, being hung close to the floor underneath may chill; so be on the safe side, and put in a box or keg on the cellar floor. If there is any danger of frost in your cellar, carry a kettle of hot coals there once or twice a day during the severe weather, and all traces of it will disappear. You must bank up your cellar if you do not want it to freeze. Use for banking, cornstalks or straw, with dirt thrown over.

In addition to the roses, fuchsias, geraniums and pelargoniums, you can place in the cellar in the fall a few hyacinths, crocus and tulips, and bring out in March for blooming.

We have kept heliotropes in the cellar during the winter, but do not know whether they will keep every winter.

Do not give up in despair, but try this method of keeping plants, and see if you are not happy in the result.

When we first learned how to keep geraniums in the cellar during the winter, we were delighted with the idea, and now would not keep them up stairs. The double geraniums keep just as nicely as the others.

But if you want something green in your sitting-room during the cheerless winter days, then keep the hardiest, toughest plants you can find. A few ivies, an oleander, and some of the different varieties of abutilon, together with moneywort and verbenas. If you really love house plants, you will find some way to keep them. A jar of sweet peas a morning glory or maderia vine, if nothing else, will render a room cheerful and homelike.—*Ex.*





### THE FASHIONS. FOR HOME COSTUMES.

FOR spring indoor costumes jacket bodices appear greatly in favor. The princess jacket and tunic is very attractive, being both useful and stylish in appearance. It is an entire jacket body, with a rather broad flat trimming from the shoulder to the waist; the back is without trimming, but finished with a large bow and ends at the waist. The sleeve is a rather large coat one, with cuff, open in the front, and finished with three large buttons or small bows. The tunic is a deep round in the front, carried as far as possible over the hips, square at the back, and open up the center to the waist. This style of tunic is quite new, and is likely to become very fashionable. The new Swiss robe or dressing-gown is a very useful and often sought for garment. The front is plaited into a neck piece, and trimmed with a ruching of the material; the back has a large box-plait, from which a band is fastened round the waist; a small square sleeve is pretty, and much liked for morning dresses. The garment is trimmed with ruching down the front as well as round the neck, on both sides being open; or it can be fastened with buttons or bows.

A pretty street suit is made with a sleeveless jacket, and is of two shades, the jacket being of the darkest color in the suit. It is either worn over a light waist, or made with the sleeves of the light shade sewed into it permanently; it has small square pockets and is buttoned up closely. The skirts are of the light shade, simply cut and trimmed with a bias band of the darker material; or sometimes one skirt is made of dark and the other of light material. This style can be varied to suit the tastes of the wearer, and is very popular for spring dresses in all the new goods, also in cashmeres, poplins, and with more elaborate trimming on the skirts, it is very suitable for foulard, faille and the richer materials. For simple linen suits that can be easily done up it is a very pretty model. Linen suits are shown in two shades, or with gray and blue contrasting in the same dress.

There is a great variety of new goods, this spring, many of which are very pretty and servicable. We named many of these materials in our last number and for the early season we have the cashmeres, Siciliennes, viroques, India camels' hair cloth, mohairs, summer silks, poplins, and Japanese silks and poplins. These last fabrics are of English manufacture, notwithstanding their Eastern name, and have certainly very much improved. Their brilliant lustre outshines the richest plain silk, and in the new peacock, resida, gray, green and pure wood tints produces effects indescribably lovely.

Black silk, black cashmere and camels' hair cloth will be as much employed as ever for suits and polonaise, the

latter richly embroidered and ornamented with new knotted ball fringe, instead of lace. But for those servicable black suits that most ladies purchase in the spring, wear upon occasions all the year long, and despite newer fabrics, replace by a similar dress, dainty and fresh, the long-tried materials are jet black alpacas of the buffalo and otter brands, worth from 75 cents to \$1 25 for choice qualities. If a more lustrous goods is preferred, the silk-finished beaver mohair is used and is lighter for summer wear. This is a light and glossy fabric, and makes one of the prettiest and most servicable suits that can be worn in the warm season by the many who prefer black to any other color, and wish something less expensive than silk. The Turkish brilliantine is also a very beautiful stuff, rather heavier than the beaver mohair, but equally lustrous in finish. The so-called national machine-made trimmings of these different fabrics, more or less elaborately puffed and fluted, trim them handsomely, and greatly lessen the dress-maker's bill.

The newest fabric for polonaises is raw silk with raised rough surface like Turkish toweling. It comes in dark shades for street suits, but is more distinguished-looking on pure white for summer polonaises of watering-place toilettes; for inexpensive suits there is nothing preferable to tamise cloth, which is merely fine, firm, closely woven delaine like that of years ago. It is in all the tinted gray, olive and peacock shades, is three-fourths wide, and costs from 55 cents to 75 cents. Twenty yards are sold for a suit; the trimming is folds and flounces of the material piped and faced with silk of the same shade.

English twill is the name of the best appearing mixture of cotton and wool. It is as flexible as cashmere and so closely twilled that it will not easily fray, and it is quite inexpensive. English glace mohairs are also very servicable and will not shine or soil easily.

Fashionable gloves are long wristed and fastened by three or four buttons, and ornamented with embroidery on the back and wrists. Pale shades of greenish-gray called reseda, very light olive green and olive brown with rosy tints, called morodore, are the novel colors imported to match costumes of these shades; these are for general street wear, church, etc. For conservative ladies whose gloves serve with various suits there are the staple tans, brown, drab, ashes-of-roses and steel colors; blue-black and very dark plum-colored gloves are more stylish than jet black for the present season. For dressy occasions, such as carriage visiting, afternoon receptions and the theatre, a new caprice is for gloves of a faint green with yellow tinges, that is best described as "goslin green" salmon, ecru, cream-color (not yellow-buff), pearl, and rosy flesh tints will be retained for afternoon and evening. To wear with handsome black costumes silk or grenadine there are delicate green, lavender, gray and ecru shades, with black stitching on the wrists, or else black binding.

The revolution in regard to the hair is complete. Chignons, waterfalls, and chatelain braids have disappeared. The possession of a high tortoise-shell comb is now as great a desideratum as

it was to our great grandmothers, and the article commands a high price. Ladies with modest incomes must content themselves with an imitation tortoise shell, or with a jet comb, or mayhap, with no comb at all.

### OLD DRESSES.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

This old worn eaten chest with its burden of old dresses, brings more varied memories to me than a drawer full of old letters. Not all mine—oh no—some of mother's and the children's. Here's one—a blue merino. My heart stifles a sob for Allie at the sight of this, for it rose and fell with the throbs of a very tender little heart that saw the soldier lad march away with love untold, because of the capricious way you trailed your soft folds o'er the tall grass under those apple trees at the orchard gate, blue merino.

How she waited some tell-tale breeze to waft him her penitence, till you were covered with the shower of apple-blossoms, just as his grave was covered with snow a few months afterwards. But Allie was true—just like your color—wasn't she? and she lived with me till he beckoned, and she put her hand in his and went over. It wasn't just like dying, so I never can weep over you, my dainty merino.

But this sombre gray poplin. A dear face comes with it. Infant cries, patient answers, loving kisses and fond words mingle with murmured words of cheer and caution; watchful eyes look out from the corners of the past; dearly remembered steps sound through the corridors of time, and lo! you have brought mother and father again, and I softly pat your shining folds, and vainly wish you could once more be filled and sit by our gray haired father's side.

The crumpled lace at the wrist tells more than we can bear to recall. Even the worn buttons bring back the gentle touch of those fingers, and ere we know it, our heads are reverently bent for their blessing, you have given us a fresh memory of, grey dress.

But this simple white muslin with marks of unrippled tucks, brings tears whenever I unfold it. You were made for Helen—a blithe damsel—but she out-grew you, and when she was twenty we made her one of white satin. How handsome she was! and how happy! But we made a mistake somewhere, and years after, she came back worn and wrinkled and prematurely old—came back in her coffin. You see souls get weary, and bodies wear out if fed on husks too long—and you, a dainty shred, have outlived her. It's strange that man's loom weaves stronger than God's! But I see. Neglect and disappointment cuts the warp and woof of human life faster and surer than time and wear can cut the web of muslins and satins. And you are all I have left of Helen. Little worn out muslin, I'll fold you very reverently and lay you back.

This lustrous brown silk I begged of Kate. She left home in that, wedded that day to a brave man. She lives afar, yet near my two dutiful sons, and two cherubs kneel at her knee as she knelt at mine, so I cannot weep—I

only ask God to bless my dutiful three—Kate, Will and Fred.

There's one that lights up the garret like sunlight, though it's naught but a faded brown linen; but oh the excursions, fishing parties, clam bakes and picnics that dress has been through! I was bright eyed and rosy cheeked then, while now—but you bring no sorrowful memories. I remember too, buttonless brown linen, that it was your wet folds that clung to me in that terrible thunder storm, and I seem to feel Ruben's strong arm around me, as the boat pitched into the seething sea; and I hear again our trembling vows for life or death, as we pledged ourselves to each other, in that inky darkness, unseen and unheard, save by a far seeing and a far hearing God. And we've been happy, faded linen, we've been happy, and you are better to me than a score of diaries.

But this rusty thibet with its folds of rusty crape always dims my eyes. You photograph the picture anew, sombre reminder. Long days and wearisome nights, overburdened hearts, a long hand clasp, a smothered frameless kiss, one long, long look into his eyes, and the companion of my girlhood and youth, husband and counselor for thirty eventful years, had joined the waiting boatman and was ferried over to the "hither side." This dress of sable hue, his coffin, and a dead blank for me. Thirteen years ago and I am a lone, old woman reaping comfort from a chest of worn dresses. How the world changes!

But there's one pile there, I seldom touch. They're too sacred for these misshapen fingers, though they fashioned them in the years that are buried. Only three tiny cambric slips left of the many I joined together for the fast succeeding blossoms that filled our hearts and home with sweetness. They lie at the bottom with lavender and sweet brier. I can see the frayed lace, the dainty little strings, the bits of insertion in the tiny sleeves, so yellow with time. There's a stain of rhubarb and wormwood on one—a rent made by childishly kicking feet in another; I never tried to sew it up—I couldn't. The belt of the other is bursted, and binding split, and I can see the bare, fat shoulders as plainly as if they were before me.

I see all this till the pile grows indistinct, and I go down stairs through air that is perfumed with anise, (sweeter to me than costly incense,) treading on rattles that give out strange echoes; cradle rockers sound again, the little worn dining chair comes of itself to my lonely table, and I have no longer a scattered family. Old dresses, you're a strange, strange comfort to me, but none, oh none comfort me like the tiny infant slips with the wormwood stains and baby made rents lying in lavender and sweet brier at the bottom of the chest.

### HAIR FASHIONS.

After all the satire launched at women for the care and labor they bestow upon the ornamentation of their hair, it must be admitted that hair dressing has its foundation in a genuine aesthetic instinct, and if the world should last a million years, and human beings be developed to the



highest pitch of reason and good sense, they would never attain to that degree of philosophical indifference to outward appearances which makes hair-dressing a folly. As long as it is the prerogative of women to be beautiful it will be their privilege to ornament their hair. Her hair is woman's glory and there never was a philosopher born, no matter how cynical, who could be insensible to the æsthetic effect of the ringlets, tresses, bandeaux, or plaits, into which the rich suit of hair on a beautiful woman's head are wrought. Poets and novelists never fail to crown their heroines with the glory of the head; indeed, the heroine of a romance would be no heroine at all if it should leak out that her back hair was thin, or that the silken ringlets that dalled with her temples were foreign appendages, secured in place by the friendly aid of side-combs and whalebone pins.

If hair dressing were limited to one's own honest hair, it would be as legitimate and allowable an art as that of trimming and dressing the masculine beard, or any other attention of the person. But unfortunately, rich, beautiful hair is an endowment that all women are not blessed with, and it is a desire to atone for a scant covering of the scalp that it is the origin of that painful fashion that exhibits itself in such grotesque styles at the present day. When chignons and waterfalls are in vogue, all women are on an equality, and a glorious suit of hair counts for nothing; for a few dollars invested in the hair of a Spanish girl overthrows the supremacy, and forces it to resort to chignons, too, in self-defense. It is only of late years that blonde hair has been esteemed in this country, and we are very far, still, from estimating it at its full value; but in older countries and in old times, the desire for blonde hair has been a mania.

In the time of Solomon a counterfeit of it was resorted to, and one of the features of that wise and wealthy king's court was a number of boys whose black, Semitic heads were made golden by being powdered with gold dust. The Romans did not like their hair, and invented a dye made of goat's fat and ashes, for changing it to a fairer hue. The poet Ovid and Catullus had no admiration for black tresses, and invariably gave their beauties blonde hair; and the Italian painters of the middle ages gave to the beautiful women in their pictures hair varying its shade from the palest golden to the full auburn or red. The ladies of Venice, in the sixteenth century, when that city was the center of wealth, fashion and splendor, were so enamored of light hair, that they resorted to the most laborious process to secure it. An old writer of the day says:

"The houses of Venice are commonly crowned with little constructions in wood, resembling a turret without a roof. On the ground these lodges or boxes are formed of masonry and covered with a cement of sand and lime to protect them from the rain. It is in these that the Venetian women may be seen oftener than in their chambers: it is there that, their heads exposed to the full ardor of the sun during whole days, they strain every nerve to augment their charms. Seated

there they keep on wetting their hair with a sponge dipped in some elixir of youth prepared with their own hands or purchased. They moisten their hair afresh as fast as it is dried by the sun, and it is by the unceasing renewal of this operation that they become blondes. When engaged in it, they throw over their ordinary dress a dressing gown, and they wear on their heads a straw hat without a crown, so that the hair, drawn through the opening, may be spread upon the borders. The hat thus answers the purpose of a drying line for the hair, and of a parasol for the face and neck. In winter, or when there is no sun, they dry their hair before the fire."

The enemies of Queen Elizabeth, of England, sneer at her red hair; but they forgot that red hair was fashionable in England at that time, and that the virgin queen would not have had dresses any other color if she could. The historian, Froude, has written some severe, and, perhaps, some unjust things of Mary, Queen of Scots; but he never dealt a worse blow to that unhappy woman than when he declares in his chapter about the execution, that a wig and curls dropped from her severed head, and showed her to be a "withered old woman."

#### SOME HINTS ON THE FASHIONS.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

We make no pretension, in this brief article, to give anything like fullness of detail, or to be any guide to dress-makers, or to any who make dress a particular study. But from some of the leading fashion Journals we glean a few items for the benefit of house-mothers, especially in the country, who may be looking over the wardrobe of the family and wondering what is to be the order of the day for her own, her grown up daughters, and children's dresses. As for bonnets and hats, the milliner will tell you, as well as furnish you with novelties, in their line.

One of the most popular fashion Journals says of dresses: "There are no real novelties to be noted, in the make up, but endless combinations; and new arrangements lend a newness to old styles." This will be something of a relief to such as have good dresses of last year's make, which with slight alterations in the drapery or some little additional trimming, may be presentable this season also.

The convenient polonaise, or by the more modern name "Redingote," still holds its sway, in spite of having been several times voted as going out of fashion. The make up varies of course, many now being made loose in front, which for summer material is an improvement on the close fitting polonaise so much worn. Basques and overskirts are to be worn.

Street costumes will be made considerable of the same material throughout, as hitherto, though black made into the Dolman or mantilla, or sacque, will be in vogue for any dress with which one may choose to wear it. Two shades of the same material make up a very stylish costume, one shade being used for skirt, and the other for the upper garment, the shade of trimming being reversed on each.

As for trimmings, a variety will be worn; lace for rich goods more properly. Ruffles still hold the first place almost, in trimmings, being wide, or narrow, many, or few, according to the taste or means of the wearer, though we are told that the trimming never is rather subsiding.

Old material, two partly worn dresses may be used together and handsome suit the result.

Plaids are to be little worn except by children, while plainer kinds of goods will serve best for suits. But a good plaid or other skirt need not be thrown aside, for a polonaise of some pretty summer material, it will serve for a house dress, be more economical on the score of washing than are wash materials and at the same time with an upper garment of thinner goods, makes a cool, convenient dress. For the country especially some worsted material for skirts are a real saving, as one can step out at nightfall without soiling it as they must light goods.

Blouse waists are still in fashion, and especially for children. There are a great variety of pretty patterns given for children's clothes, as well as for ladies and misses, and to those not easily accessible to dress makers and even then these cut patterns with directions, are almost a perfect guide to making up of under or outside wear.

There are various reliable houses where patterns can be obtained, and the one advertised in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD (Smith's) we know to be excellent and reliable as well as others which we might name. And so with all the vexations of trimming, it is a little consolation to be able to get for a small price, accurate patterns in the country as well as the city, and keep up with the times to a certain extent anywhere.

#### SPRING FASHIONS.

Fashionably speaking, the Spring is a "loud one"—not so loud as Dolly Varden, with her roses, and sunflowers and cabbages, was inclined to make it last year; but there is an evident intention of as close a repetition as possible without producing a sanguinary revolution of the males. If we may accept a standard authority in matters of dress, wives and sweethearts will no longer, indeed, be mistaken for hanging vegetable gardens, but will, on the contrary, present startling likenesses to zebras, leopards, hyenas, and that striped and spotted ilk. Adam's garden is now no longer the model for imitation; it is now the menagerie. The more moderate will, perhaps, content themselves with the plumage of the birds—various shades of the sky-blue, sheen of scarlet and rose, and the rich violet; but the *bon ton* will glow resplendent in positive colors, lit up with big white dots, like a prize-fighter's neck-tie and staring stripes of white and gray, and dazzling white broche figures on all sorts of stuff. It is not the plaids of Scotland that we are expected to admire; these, custom has endeared to us; but bright colors covered with broad stripes, deep blue and indigo percales with snow-balls scattered over it, navy skirt.

blue polonaises with polka dots, indigo and saffron calicos, and chocolate foulards with dice patterns in white. We shall be beaten with many stripes, and spotted with vertigo.

All this the spring displays indicate, and it is unnecessary thereafter to inquire as to the cut of the garment or the length of the skirt. The mind refuses to contemplate such trifles when burdened with these enormities of color. Something called the *Gabriel* is to be very popular, indicative, doubtless, of the Judgement which is to follow. "After the deluge," is certainly a very appropriate sentiment for the occasion.

As to the person proper we have very little to communicate, as the authorities have not determined upon the summer campaign. Blonde hair, however, will cease to be fashionable, and stained complexions are likely to return—the florid brunette being the accepted style of beauty. A rose blonde, with a slight application of walnut wash, turns into a most lovely brunette of this type. The mouth will be worn a little open, and the eyes partly closed, after the manner of the hours. We regret to notice that the dromedary bend will be entirely discountenanced, but the kangaroo droop of the hands will be more fashionable than ever, as in excellent keeping with the menagerie character of the costumes.—*Ex.*

#### HOW TO DRESS WELL.

Persons who have read Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" will remember the philosophic chapter which treats of how people live on nothing a year, and live well, too. We do not, however, remember that the following aid to the ambitious impecunious is there mentioned. Had it been in vogue and perfectly respectable at the time when that chapter was written, undoubtedly it would have found a conspicuous place in it. A London paper contains the following advertisement:

"Dress Coats Lent.—B. lends the finest clothes for operas, balls, or weddings. New, fashionable, and premier quality from the most eminent West-end tailors, etc."

There is no confidence like that which comes from the consciousness of being perfectly well dressed, but how horribly it must gall the feelings of the shabby-genteel gentleman to be obliged to return from an evening party and deposit the shell of his respectability upon the counter of an "infamous and low-born tradesman," and then creep back to his lodgings the wreck of his former self. At such a moment of chagrin suicide might not be wholly unjustifiable.

—To bleach straw hats or bonnets wash them in pure water, and then put them into a box with burning sulphur. The fumes, arising, unite with the water on the bonnets, and this sulphurous acid thus made, bleaches them.

—A lady who had a tulle dress made at a fashionable modiste's in New York, was informed, when she came to pay her bill, that her dress contained a hundred yards of tulle, and twelve of white silk for trimming and under-skirt.





## THE BOYS.

There come the boys! Oh, dear, the noise,  
The whole house feels the racket;  
Behold the knees of Harry's pants,  
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket.

But never mind, if eyes keep bright,  
And limbs grow straight and limber,  
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark,  
Than find unsound the timber!

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!  
The floor—oh, woe betide them!  
And I must watch the banisters,  
For I know boys will ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs,  
I often find them haunted  
By ghostly toys that make no noise,  
Just when their noise is wanted!

The very chairs are tied in pairs,  
And made to prance and caper;  
What swords are whittled out of sticks!  
What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner bell peals loud and well  
To tell the milkman's coming;  
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"  
Set all our ears a humming.

How oft I say: "What shall I do  
To keep these children quiet?"  
If I could find a good receipt,  
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys,  
And all their din and clatter,  
Is really quite a grave affair—  
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long!  
Ah, could we bear about us  
This thought—how very soon our boys  
Will learn to do without us;

How soon full, tall and deep voiced men  
Will gravely call us "Mother;"  
Or we be stretching empty hands  
From this world to the other;

More gently we should chide the noise,  
And when night quells the racket,  
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers,  
While mending pants and jacket!

## AUNT CARRIE'S STORY.

BY JENNIE E. JAMES.

"I DECLARE!" exclaimed Lottie Kent, peevishly. "If I only hadn't any feet I wouldn't have to run errands all the time! here I've got to go to the store for the third time to-day, and I want to play with my new croquet set. I almost wish I hadn't any feet!"

"How would you play croquet if you hadn't any feet?" asked her Aunt Carrie, who was sitting by the window, sewing upon a dress for Lottie.

"Well, I mean I wish I didn't have to work all the time," said Lottie, looking a little ashamed.

"Yes," said her aunt, "I guess that was what you meant to have said, but I do not think you have to work very hard; I am sorry that you are not willing to help your mamma all you can. If you were deprived of your feet I fear your life would be a sad one. Now if you run down to the store, like a good girl, when you come back I will tell you about a boy, who lost both of his feet."

"O, wasn't that funny," said Lottie, "how did he lose them?"

"That you will find out when you return from the store," replied her aunt. Finding that she could hear no story until her work was done, Lottie

ran for her hat, and very soon her aunt heard her feet pat, pat, patting, along the side walk.

She returned in a very short time, and delivering the articles for which she had been sent, to her mother, she went to call her brother Fred, and they were soon seated by their Aunt; eager for the promised story.

"Last summer," said Aunt Carrie, "I visited at your Uncle Edgar's away up in the northern part of Vermont. One day when he and I with little Gracie, 'for to d'ye'—as she said when he let her drive up the hill—were passing through a piece of wood not far from the Canada line, we saw a queer looking person going along the road before us, whistling cheerily, and striking at the bushes by the roadside with the sticks which held in his hand. 'Look, look, Auntie!' said Gracie. 'He toes all turned round 'hind!' I looked, and sure enough, there was the boy, going before us, but the toes of his big cowhide boots were turned towards us. 'What makes him's toes all turned round 'hind, papa,' said Gracie. 'O, Jack Frost bit his toes off,' replied her father. 'D-i-d?' said she. 'Mus' have pity big mouf, should think.' We laughed a little at her idea, but not very loud, for we were close to the poor unfortunate, and we were afraid he would think we were laughing at him. It was a few days after the fourth of July, and your Uncle said to the boy, 'good morning, Johnny, how did you enjoy the Fourth?' 'O, sir,' he replied earnestly, 'I enjoyed it first-rate: How did you enjoy it?' Uncle Edgar replied that he enjoyed the day very well; but after we were out of Johnnie's hearing, he said, 'I haven't an idea that I enjoyed the day, half as well as that poor boy who walked three miles to the next village, upon his knees. I often see him there doing errands for his mother, and he always seems just so cheerful.'"

"Now Lottie," said Aunt Carrie. Do you wish you had three miles to go to the store, instead of a few steps? and had to go upon your knees, in place of your feet?"

"No Auntie," said Lottie, "I am glad I have feet, I won't fret any more when mamma asks me to do errands."

"That's right Lottie, for it is very wrong to be peevish when mamma asks you to do anything. And now I will tell you how this poor Johnnie Brown came to be without feet. He lived with his father and mother, in a little log house, away up there in the woods; and the house was very old and poor; the wind blew in through the cracks in the sides and roof, so that in winter, it was very cold. Mr. Brown was quite old, and had not much energy to work, or I think he would have fixed up his house, or built a new one; but as it was, every cold winter found them in that poor, old house, which grew a little worse, and looked a little more like tumbling down every year.

Then there came a winter, colder than all the rest; they could not do much but sit and shiver over the fire. There was but one room in the house, and at night Johnnie had to sleep in the little loft over this room, which he reached by some rickety stairs upon the outside of the house. There he

used to shiver and shiver, all the night long.

One morning after a bitter, cold night, a gentleman who was acquainted with the family, was passing the house, and not seeing any stir, he thought he would go in, and see if they were sick.

He tried the door and found it fastened, but the house was so rickety, that it soon yielded, and he went in. He found old Mr. and Mrs. Brown, stupified with the cold; hardly able to stir; but he built a good fire, and they soon got warmed up, and, found that Jack Frost had only bitten their fingers a little. But poor Johnnie was not so fortunate. When the gentleman went into the loft for him; he found him nearly dead. Cruel Jack had not only bitten his fingers, ears, and nose, but his feet and limbs were frozen to his knees.

They brought him down stairs, and went for a physician, who found it necessary to amputate his limbs. He bore the operation with a great deal of patience, though it must have been terribly painful. And now he has to trudge around with boots upon his knees, and they have to be turned 'round 'hind' as Gracie said, because, you know, he cannot lift up his knees as he would his feet; so he has to drag them along, boots and all.

The next summer, the neighbors came together and rolled up a log house for Mr. Brown; and the ladies gave them quilts, and comfortables, so now Jack Frost could not bite Johnnie's toes if he had any to be bitten. Now this is a true story, does it teach you anything?"

"That we must not be lazy," said Fred. "If Mr. Brown had been smart enough to have fixed up his house, Johnnie would not have lost his feet."

"That we must be willing to help mamma," said Lottie. "For Johnnie would go three miles to do an errand for his mamma, though he had no feet."

"That is right," said Aunt Carrie. "And Johnnie's patience shows us that we can be cheerful, even if we have trials."

## CHOOSING A NAME.

What name to give "the baby," has often been a serious question in the family council. The question is not the less serious when the child happens to be the thirteenth: for the usual roll of Mary, John, William, Ellen, Jane, Thomas, James, Sarah, Elizabeth and Ann, has, by that time become exhausted. The debate in such cases generally ends in calling the new comer some fine name—which its grandmother never heard of, and which has a ring of nobility in it.

I once asked the father of a family of some dozen children, how he managed to find names for them all. "Names, sir?" he replied, "my difficulty is not to find names but bread."

But our present question is, "What are we to call baby?" Sometimes the mother, in her hour of joy and thankfulness, as a mark of affection for her husband says, "We'll leave it with father." Sometimes the father declines the privilege. In other households it is the custom for the father to name

the boys, and for the mother to name the girls. In others, the elder children are consulted, or some rich relations, or some valued friend. So that it often happens that much time is spent, and many opinions are advanced and many suggestions offered, before the decision is made. And when the decision is come to, it is not always the best.

People's tastes differ widely on the matter of names. What is very sweet and suitable to old folks may be very unbecoming and harsh to the juveniles. "Mary" is music itself to many persons; it is plain and common to others. "Mary" is a perfect name. It is never out of place, or out of season, either in the palace or in the laborer's cot. Parents can never be wrong in calling one of their girls "Mary." She will never be ashamed of it. Only, if your bright little girl is to be called "Mary" do not add "Ann;" it stands best alone, as the queen of names, requiring no additional grace.

Then if the consultation be concerning a boy, is there no name for him equal in fitness and excellence to Mary? I think there is.

But it is not Jonathan, or Isaac, or Timothy, or Nicodemus. In their places these names are good. In the Bible they sound neither strange nor inappropriate. Take them out of the Bible and immediately they seem to lose their fitness. Let parents exercise a little discretion in adopting Biblical names. Your infants are entirely in your hands; they are unconscious of what is passing. Do not give them names of which they may live to be ashamed. Do not put a stigma upon them which they can never throw off. Remember that their future may be in a measure affected by their very names. It may hinder their advance, or it may promote their welfare.

I once knew a family in which almost every member had a Bible name. The result was, that the sons were called Lot, Ezra, Jehoshaphat, Amos, Lazarus and Titus. They were to be pitied, poor fellows. As for Lazarus he would give half he possessed to get rid of his name.

Some of the sacred names are most suitable. We never tire of John, James, Thomas, Sarah, Elizabeth, Samuel, Mary and Ruth. But we cannot say this of others.

But we have not yet named our little boy. What is he to be called? Have you already a John? If not you cannot choose a better name, if you must have one out of the Bible. "John" never grows old in name though he may in years. It suits either baby or grandfather, king or pauper. I would, however, make one exception. Is your family name the uncommon one of Smith? If so, do not name him John Smith.

Having made these remarks on name-giving, and having laid down a few rules for the guidance of fathers and mothers, let me, before the topic is dismissed, give a word or two of caution.

Don't give many Christian names. Our forefathers were generally content with the good old rule of conferring but one name. Gradually their descendants have set aside this whole custom, and we are now drifting in



the opposite extreme. It is counted rather plebeian now-a-days, to be able only to sign your name plain John Brown, or Richard Jenkins.

Be careful not to heap together names. Two good names, as Christian names, are quite enough. Do not be too fond of borrowing the names of great men. Your child is not great because he bears a great man's name. You may call him Homer Jones, but you do not thereby make him a poet. You may christen him Martin Luther Robinson, but he may prove anything but a reformer, either of popery or of his manners.

I would not altogether condemn this practice of handing down the names of great men now gone; but I would keep it under some restraint. We are so apt to notice names of this class; and very often we notice, too, a distressing disparity between the names and the named.

I will add one other caution. Do not cling too fondly to family names. Because your grandfather was called Thomas, it is not indispensable that your son should bear that name. Three or four Thomases in the same family create confusion. John senior and John junior are perplexing sometimes. It is natural for a father to wish his eldest lad to bear his own name; but I would not adhere slavishly to this rule. A change is often an advantage. Too many Abrahams look odd. A succession of Solomons is not always wisdom.

It may be that parents who read my suggestions will not rigidly observe them. They will in some cases, doubt my taste, and will after all, please themselves. By all means do so. Please yourselves; but at the same time try to please others too. In giving names to your children at least avoid oddity, and decry singularity; try to perpetuate good names, and abolish objectionable ones.—*Rev. W. Barker.*

## BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

BY AUNT.

"Lewie, Lewie darling, come away from the table, Ma doesn't want he should handle the pears she is going to preserve," but the fat hands of the little two year old didn't obey, but reached farther still, giving no heed to the mother's voice.

Soon the mother moved them out of his reach, and he gave up the attempt to appropriate the pears and went to something else.

"Lewie, Lewie, come away from the pantry shelves, Ma's afraid you'll break some of the dishes."

In a moment more it would be, "Oh Lewie?" and then a jump to move the teapot back before the little fellow could give himself a hot bath.

And so it was from morning until night. The mother and those who were near, could not enjoy themselves while the meddlesome, uneasy little plague was awake. Yet the child was really a lovable, amiable little boy, but the parents were to blame and couldn't see it. A judicious aunt was visiting there and though a very good manager and a wonderfully plain spoken woman, had managed to "hold her peace," as she expressed it, till now.

"Well Elizabeth, it would have been a just punishment upon you if he had scalded him there, but 'twould 'a been hard on the little fellow."

Elizabeth looked surprised, but the immovable woman went on—

"Folks don't bring up children now-a-days as they used to when I was a young woman. Then children were made to know that the sun couldn't be taken down for them to play with, nor the moon got for them to blow soap bubbles in. They didn't grab everything that stirred them. Now look at the way he goes on. I must speak Elizabeth 'tis for your own good and the child's. He isn't so much more curious than other folk's children, as you seem to suppose. Don't tell me he's too young. He's been old enough ever since he was six months to know whether he must pull off plates, spoons, knives and lamps or not. Neither is he more curious. 'Tis because you have indulged him in it. Here you trot from morning till night to wait upon that child. You work harder than a State's Prison convict and for nothing, because its only forming bad habits for him and making him undesirable to others too."

You can do better if you're a mind to. Don't put the things back out of his reach, let them remain where he finds them, and then make him know that he must allow them to remain there."

"But I can't be so cruel as to whip, whip from morning till night," answered the mistakenly kind mother.

"Nonsense! I don't want you should. Your word, and the expression of your face, ought to be enough to make him desist immediately. Dear me! you have spanked that child's hands more since morning, than I should have to in a twelve month. But what good did it do? the next minute you had him in your lap, and he was only waiting for you to finish your pitying. 'Did it hurt mama's darling? well de ole naughty mama shan't 'pank him any more,' and as soon as he had crawled off your knee, he was at the same mischief again."

He isn't naturally, more meddlesome than others, but you let any child go from one thing to another from the rise of the sun to the set of the same, with somebody to scream "Don't darling, don't!" and hasten to put things out of reach, instead of teaching him self-denial, and you'll find them just as he is, unless they're idiots.

Mothers must be firm with their children. Carry a steady hand, for they watch every movement of those who care for them, and read their character quicker than you or I, because we haven't the little petty things to watch for that they have.

And this over slack fondness, mistaken indulgence, is what fills our newspapers. Nine out of every ten of the burning, cistern and well accidents to children, comes of the kind of mothers you are making of yourself.

You may not always be near to catch. If he is allowed to pull pitchers, baskets, bowls, and everything he chooses off the table, by-and-by I shall hear of his being burnt to death by pulling a lamp over him; for how

does he know that the lamp is more dangerous than the pitcher?

And that isn't all. You want to go out to the neighbors occasionally, but dear me! I should think he would be the terror of what-nots, brackets, or whatever ornaments that are not too high for him to reach. Is that any comfort to them or credit to you? Don't cry about it Elizabeth, I do it for your good. I do so want that child to be brought up as he ought to be, but bringing up children has changed with the fashions. There's just as much family government now as ever there was, only the children have it in their hands now, which of course isn't as it used to be; but it is no use for me to talk. Everything must succumb to fashion, so I suppose there'll be slack mothers and terror-stricken children, as long as burning and drowning paragraps are the fashion and call of the day, and parents forget how their parents brought them up."

## THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month. Answers should be sent with all contributions to this column.

ANSWERS:—1. South Windsor, Conn. 2. Preposition. 3. Vase.

4. Who in Janiver sows oats, gets gold and goats,

Who sows in May, gets little that way, If Janiver calends be summerly gay, 'Twill be wintery weather till the calends of May.

5. Cat-a-logue. 6. Can-non-c'er. 7. Cow-ard.

8. H O M E 9. R O M E  
O M E R O D I N  
M E A N M I N D  
E R N E E N D S

10. 64½.

Answer to number 17 in March number: I was awakened one morning by a Shanghai, and as the air was Chili, I wrapped myself in my cloak, made of Thibet, and lined with Sables, and busied myself Reading, until Lewis called me to breakfast. Pine burned brightly on the hearth, and some Canary birds greeted me with a joyful song. Soon a Slave brought in breakfast, which consisted of Turkey and eggs, well seasoned with Salt and Cayenne. To these were added Sandwiches and a plentiful portion of Greens. As I am naturally fond of Society I chatted with Marietta, and after I had satisfied my appetite, which was at first Keene, I ate Philippines with her. As she was suffering with the headache I bathed her head with Cologne, but stopped on suddenly discovering that the slave was Pekin, and I assured him that he never would obtain Independence unless he mended his ways, although my disposition toward him was Friendly; but should his conduct prove satisfactory he might look forward with Good Hope to obtaining Liberty in due time. I then went out and enjoyed a Race after the Slave, and after returning, finding that the children were making a Racket, I sent them all to bed, after wishing a good deal of Wrath upon them.

## BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of twenty three letters.

My 5, 6, 1, 8, 22, 13 was one of the cities of refuge.

My 21, 16, 1, 22 is one of the sacred mountains.

My 6, 17, 12, 11 was a Jewish king. My 14, 16, 2, 4 is an abbreviation for a book in the Old Testament.

My 7, 19, 10, 9, 15 is a book of the New Testament.

My 14, 12, 20, 16 a kind of fruit.

My 19, 23, 11, 18, 3 a country mentioned in the New Testament.

My whole is good advice of Solomon. M. D. H.

## CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in thunder and lightning found,

My second in flash but not in sound, My third is in planet but not in stars,

My fourth in Jupiter but not in Mars, My fifth and sixth in Norwegian not in Swede,

My seventh is in doctrine not in creed, My eighth is in base but not in chalice,

My ninth is in mansion but not in palace,

My whole is sought by all mankind, But though they seek, they seldom find.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

3. An ancient Jewish king; a river in Asia; a country in Europe; an emotion; a bird; a lake in Europe. My initials spell the name of a noted musical composer; and my finals the name of an English poet.

## ANAGRAM.

4. Ho! hout how tar gingaw a dwyllor rifest,

Meed ton hyt broeluts oot darh ot reab;

Rethe ear thrson ni het yathpaw fo ryeve file,

Dan oilt-rown korrew, outh tash yth hares;

Tub mereberm ni kard pintmenapoist's rorh,

Newh eth cevio fo worsor si pede nad doul,

(Dan het thughot halls verne ruoy mar thiw woper,)

"E'sreth a bunseam hendid ni eveyr duclo." BLUEBELL.

## SQUARE WORDS.

5. A girl's name; an ancient convenience and modern necessity; remainder; opposite.

6. A gold coin; a plant; an enemy; a Bible name; a lady's name.

## BLANKS.

To be filled with the same word transposed.

7. Let Mrs. ——— them.

8. He has ——— old in ——— doing.

9. Do not ——— on my ———.

10. ——— has a ——— mouth.

11. Did the fire ——— the ———.

12. The ——— stands in the ———.

## ANAGRAMS.

13. Buy M. riddle.

14. Eat dates V.

15. I'll steal rug.

16. Try here Ida.

17. Pay me this, Z.

18. N. Cole's rich.

## ELEVEN SUNKEN ISLANDS.

19. We had no sport, or I could not come.

20. Can diamonds be said to grow?

21. See the fog on the water.

22. Ed is coming and Jacob also Jo Anne, Susan, and a man called Jess or John, bringing a staff and cane.

23. In your fun endeavor not to be rough. CARLETON.





THE DINING-ROOM.

**A**FTER all, the greater portion of our pleasure in life is found in the dining-room. It is a fact of which we have no reason to be ashamed; rather let us exalt it and make it bear for us all the fair fruit of happiness that it can. In most households the table is the center of family life—around it is held the family reunion. The father comes from his labor or business, the mother lays down her household cares, the children are home from school, and the family circle is complete. Here, if ever, do we realize what Home means, seated about the steaming urn in loving family intercourse.

Now what shall we do to make our table something more than the mere purveyor to our appetites? Physicians say there is no better promoter of digestion, no greater enemy to indigestion, than cheerful conversation while eating. Wearing cares are laid aside, and our minds and bodies kept in harmonious action. Now, we believe firmly in the bracing tonic of cheerful, bright externals. So we select for our dining-room a bright, airy apartment, well lighted, and preserved from the steaming fumes of the kitchen. It shall be devoted exclusively to the purpose of our reunions about the table, for we will sit in our parlor and we will find the fresh air and cheerful odor of our dining-room in itself appetizing. It must have, if possible, three windows, and one of them looking east. The walls shall be covered with a neat-figured paper, or, what is much better, with panels in imitation of oak. Whatever the paper, the carpet shall harmonize with it, and be a small pattern, thickly interwoven with a dash of blue, green or crimson.

The table must be an extension, of solid oak, or walnut if possible, for then, with proper care, it will last a life-time. When not in use, we will cover it with a gray table-cover. As for furniture, we want only that which is necessary; chairs of walnut, oak or ash. If we could afford it, they would be covered with brown leather, and studded with brass nails; but that is probably too ambitious for our modest establishment, so we will be suited with substantial cane seats. A buffet is really a necessity; the corner cupboard would answer every purpose, if we did not believe in the power of beauty. As we are considering externals now, we insist on a plain, tasteful side-board, with brackets for the silver and glasses, a marble slab for the dessert, and shelves for dishes, drawers, for table linen, and drawers for the knives, forks and spoons, where every thing will be in readiness for the table. We don't care about its carving and mirrors, and shall stipulate that it shall be of solid wood.

We can do nicely with no more furniture in the room. On the walls we will have a few pictures. An engraving of one of Landseer's paintings, or Rosa Bonheur's, a piece of dead game, or a good fruit piece; for we will adapt

our pictures to our rooms. We do not want a little Samuel in the dining-room, and a stag hunt in the spare chamber. Finally, in winter, we insist that the room be warm. Of all abominations, eating with chattering teeth and blue noses is the worst, and the worst for the health. Cold food from cold dishes is as indigestible as cold lead.

If our room should be bright, cheerful and warm, what should our table be? There is virtue in spotless table linen. Half the charms of French cooking are in the snowy cloth, fresh napkins and manner of serving.

Let us be a little extravagant in our fresh table cloths, when soap, water, and a little labor are all we have to pay. And now we must decide, shall we have any best china, and do with delf for every day? or shall we pay ourselves the respect usually reserved for company? Clearly, we are the persons to whom it is of the most importance. Shall we sit down to odd plates and cracked saucers six days that we may enjoy gilded china the seventh? By no means. We will have plain, white china, which can always be matched when broken, and we will sit down to it every day. In the same way we will bring out the plated knives and silver forks, and partake of our food with a sense of our own deserts. We shall feel increased respect for ourselves, also, with napkins and butter-plates; so those we will have.

In the setting of the table, it is possible to exercise real artistic ability, and general uniformity, to introduce special features, very pleasing. We may mention the carved wooden bread trays, or the wooden plate and knife. In butter dishes there are many simple designs much to be preferred to silver. There is the wooden plate with the cut-glass cover; or a rustic frame holding the glass dish. A very cunning design is a yellow ware, fashioned like a straw hat. These cost only one, two and three dollars, and we will select one in preference to more expensive silver. There are pretty salad dishes, with carved fork and spoon, which we can buy for a trifle; jelly dishes in the form of grape leaves, and beautiful glass berry dishes, with sugar-pot and creamer.

These fancy dishes can be prettily introduced with the white china, until we fancy they have added finer flavor to the contents. Still, in addition, if there is a blooming bud shining amid its green leaves, a bunch of mignonette, a purple bit of heliotrope or English violet in a long stemmed, solitaire glass, it will sweeten a whole meal. Above all is cleanliness. The silver must be shining, the glass like crystal, the china polished to the last degree, the linen spotless.

Now, bring in the steaming well-cooked food; let in the flood of light; throw open the doors and enter with merry hearts, leaving care, sorrow and vexation at the threshold. Bring with you your cheeriest laugh, your brightest wit, your most genial humor, and your most gracious manner. Do all this, and you will receive food for mind, heart and body, which will support and nourish you when you have again taken up the burden and heat of the day.

## SEASONABLE DISHES.

At this season of the year, people (especially those who have not been eating correctly through the winter) grow dainty. They crave freshly grown food; and often, especially in the cities they pay large prices for forced or imported fruits and vegetables, and mock themselves with the fancy that they are better fed than their less extravagant neighbors. But their viands taste more of money than of health, or of real good flavor. Fruits and vegetables that grow or ripen in unnatural conditions rarely have the rich, luscious flavor of those grown in the abundance of sunshine and open air. Those imported from the South are little better. The early tomatoes which we get from there are tough and shrivelled, probably because picked green, and ripened on the way here. They have very little of the fine flavor of good glass-canned fruit of the previous summer. Green peas are worse still. Think of these delicate comestible, which should not be picked more than six hours before being served, waiting as many days or more.

A still more absurd thing is the "green peas" which are sold in our market all winter long; yellow, slimy things, which people buy at ten cents a quart, without ever asking whence they came. They are merely the dried green peas of the grocery, soaked in water, which makes three quarts out of one. When dry, they retail at the price, ten cents per quart, giving the huckster the very handsome profit of at least two hundred per cent. This the housekeeper should save, and also secure a better dish, by purchasing and cooking the dry article. The wrinkled kind are the best.

Our friends who have gardens would do well to plant enough to supply themselves for next winter and spring. They make a most wholesome dish. They should not be soaked first, but put on at once to cook, like beans, in about four times their measure of water, finishing off even full. The time required is from two and a half to four hours. When done they should be perfectly soft, and begin to fall to pieces. They are richer and more nutritious than unripe peas, and taste but little like them. They consort well with potatoes, mutton, rye and Indian bread, and stewed dried apples.

Peas pudding, or pea-cheese, a very good accompaniment to bread and butter for supper, is made of split-peas (quite a different article), boiled gently to a paste, in about four times their measure of water, run through a colander and molded. Eat of it sparingly, for it is nutritious, and the meal is late. Stewed pie-plant goes well with it, or pie-plant and dried apple stewed together.—*Science of Health*.

## TRUFFLES.

These fungi, so highly prized by gastronomists, and which enter so largely into the composition of the "pate de foie gras," are found among the roots of various trees, as the beech, walnut, chestnut, though those growing among the roots of the oak are said to possess the finest flavor. Of some twenty-four varieties only four are edi-

ble: two of these ripen in autumn and are gathered in the beginning of winter; these are known as the black truffle and the winter truffle. They are common in Italy and the south of France, and are found occasionally around Paris and in England. They must vegetate on decayed wood, and they can only grow to advantage in groves where the shade is not too dense. A rainy July and August greatly favors their development. At the proper season they are hunted and found by trained pigs and dogs.—*Scribner*.

## THE DESSERT.

—A woman applied to a magistrate for a summons against a neighbor. "She called me a thief, your honor. Can't I make her prove it?" "No doubt you could," said the magistrate, "but you had better not."

—The Marshall County (Iowa) Times says: "Don't go back on your newspaper. A subscriber to the Times recently stopped his paper, and the next week was kicked by a horse so severely that his life is despaired of."

—A Kansas pastor declined an addition of a hundred dollars to his salary, for this reason, among others, that the hardest part of his labor heretofore had been the collection of his salary, and it would kill him to try to collect a hundred dollars more.

—"I am so glad to find you are better," said the famous surgeon, John Hunter, to Foote, the actor. "You followed my prescription, of course." "Indeed I did not, doctor, for I should have broken my neck." "Broken your neck!" exclaimed Hunter; "how is that?" "Yes," said Foote, "for I threw your prescription out of a three-story window."

—On New Year's day, as a merchant entered his house, he was met by his wife, who threw around his neck a gold chain, "There hubby," exclaimed the wife, "is a New Year's gift for you!" "O, yes," rejoined the husband with great coolness, "I paid the bill for it an hour ago." "You did," exclaimed the lady with equal indifference, "why, I told the jeweller to let it go on the July bill."

—A Peoria man arose one morning after a storm, and found his dog kennel buried under a drift as high as a church. He worked for half an hour to dig his dog out, and then went down town and told his clerks what he had done, adding, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." But after he left home the neighbors saw his wife and daughter shoveling out paths through the snow and carrying in coal.

—Mademoiselle Paurelle did not wish to play one night, and feigned sickness. The manager sent the physician attached to the theatre to see what was the matter. On his report *la belle Paurelle* was obliged to appear. During all the play the pretended sick one was continually uttering little cries as of acute pain. "Poor girl!" said a companion, "are you then suffering so much?" "Oh, I am terribly sick." "What does the doctor say is the matter?" "Here is his report to the manager: 'The sickness of Mademoiselle Paurelle is an inadmissible hypothesis.' Oh, how it hurts me."





LOIS' LECTURE ON THE TEETH.

REPORTED BY U. U.

"I AM positively disgusted," said cousin Lois Allen, speaking with an emphasis, as though she meant what she said.

"At whom, or at what?" asked I, "in case it should be any of my business."

"With Jennie Palmer, and I don't care if I am," was the somewhat pettish reply.

"Why, I thought you considered this same Mrs. Jennie Palmer the best company in the world, that you and she were excellent friends, and all that," said I, with an interrogation point in my voice, wondering what Lois could mean.

"Admitting it all, and considerable more in her favor, I am, nevertheless, vexed and disgusted with her every time I see her, at least, whenever she opens her mouth," was the reply.

"Ah, I know what it is now," I replied, my momentary disquietude relapsing into a rather broad smile, for Mrs. Palmer was one of my friends also; "you are disgusted with her unsightly teeth."

"That is just it," said Lois, "and it is enough to vex any body to think of it. As good and respectable looking teeth as she might have, would she only take the trouble to keep them decently clean, and then to show such an offensive row of incisors at she does, is provoking."

"Not every one shows the teeth as much as Jennie does," said I, "and besides hers are so closely set together that they will not keep clean of themselves, as well as do many people's teeth, who perhaps pay no more attention to their cleanliness than she does."

"Just the very reason then," said Lois, "why she should take pains with them, for if she cares nothing for having them clean, for the sake of cleanliness itself, or a help to their preservation, she might at least show enough respect to her friends, or any one who must hold conversation with her, not to make herself unnecessarily offensive to them. Why," went on Lois, "you could tell what she had for dinner as far back as last week, by the particles of food still left between her teeth."

"Are't you getting rather sarcastic?" said I, "and though it is all true, I cannot account for it on her part. For she dresses neatly, is intelligent enough to know that the teeth ought to be cared for as a matter of economy, and is pleasing in her manners, with a good degree of pride in other respects except this. It seems a piece of utter carelessness and thoughtlessness, and it is impossible that she can realize how distasteful the matter looks to others, at least to people of any degree of observation and taste."

"Or smell," interrupted Lois, "for the poor soiled teeth affect the breath very sensibly indeed. I suppose," she

continued a little apologetically, "that it is none of our business, and that we have no right to be thus gossiping about a friend, but really, if one carries a fault so plainly on the face, how can we help seeing or speaking of it. It is no slander, but every time I see Jennie's teeth or others in like condition I feel like taking the lecture platform and giving a general homily on the subject."

"Which might be interspersed with stories about teeth, and cutting anecdotes to make the lecture take," replied I, "ending it with the sage advice to every one, who has a tooth in the head, to have a tooth brush."

"And to use it every day, Sundays not excepted," added Lois, with significant emphasis.

"One great reason," said I, "why so many, even among people of whom you would think of having neat personal habits neglect the teeth, is because they were not taught when young to care for them. A child taught to wash and brush the teeth, as much as to wash the face, and brush the hair every morning, will not be likely to forego the pleasure of having clean, smooth teeth in the mouth, to say nothing of other considerations, in behalf of their cleanliness. Even washing the teeth, rubbing them smartly with the fore finger, will be a very great benefit, and thus many do keep the teeth looking well, though the particles of matter between them can hardly be removed in that way. And then, the inside, quite as much as the outside, need the operations of the brush to thoroughly cleanse them."

"Well, in my lecture, said Lois, "I am going to advise parents to buy, even their babies, tooth brushes, if they have to use some of the money which goes to the purchasing of candy—which article certainly does the teeth no good—for that purpose. Many parents who would not be hired to forego the use of a tooth brush themselves seem to forget that children should be habituated to it young, or that their shining little ivory rows of teeth need care, from the first, to preserve them."

"And tell them not to crack nuts, bend pins for fish-hooks, or bite thread with the teeth and thus injure the enamel," said I, "as that leads them to decay, and then to ache, you can put in by way of adding force to the argument."

"It will do no good if I do," said Lois, "we have all read that advice a thousand times—and break it ourselves. I, at least often forget and use my teeth for scissors in biting thread, though I do try to be careful not to do so often."

"And what are you going to say in your lecture about washes, powders, etc., for the teeth?" said I.

"To let them alone entirely, unless advised by a reliable dentist, and even then, I would use castile soap instead. A little on the brush is sufficient to keep the teeth clean and smooth, and also looking well unless they are naturally discolored, as some people's are. In such cases, any dentrifice or wash which removes the color will be likely to injure the enamel of the tooth and prove only evil in the end. Our teeth in these days decay fast enough without our helping the matter, either

by neglect of proper care, or the use of improper means to make good our neglect."

"And one thing more," said I, "tell your audience, supposing there are any who know no better, to employ only reliable dentists to examine or repair the teeth. I will give you an illustration on this point, gratis. It is the case of quite a young woman, or rather girl, whom I met at the seaside last summer, who wore false teeth. The subject being in some way referred to she told me that the trouble all came from employing an unskillful dentist—a traveling one in this case—to fill her teeth. Some of the front ones were decayed; the operator cleaned the teeth and filled the carious places. Not long after the teeth began to ache, ulcers gathered, nervous affections of all her teeth followed, and a terrible time ensued. After bearing the pain as long as possible a reliable dentist, in another town was visited, who found the teeth so badly used, with the filling being inserted upon the bare nerve, that the loss of the front teeth was now inevitable. With judicious surgery at first, they might have been saved; perhaps for years, and the young girl told me how terrible it all was, to be imposed upon, besides having to resort to false teeth which was cruel indeed. It is always safe to have the first carious places immediately seen to, but better wait a little than to employ one who you are not sure is trust-worthy."

"Well, well," said Lois, "we are making quite a lecture out of one chat, but before I get out my famous one I shall have to revise my studies in anatomy and physiology a little so as to get in some technical phrases to make it sound large."

"Just hint to your hearers the use of those studies for themselves," said I, closing our confab.

## CASTOROILING.

There are but few who will not appreciate the subjoined sketch of one of childhood's ills: With all our vaunted discoveries we have never been able to produce an agreeable article of castor oil or a specific for seasickness. Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he does not recollect the castoroiling which his poor machine used to undergo at stated periods of his youth?

To castor oil a child of two to seven years of age requires three or four strong women, a spoon, a magnum bottle of the fluid, a lump of sugar, a towel, a jumping jack, and a seraphic temper. The first motion is to endeavor to ring in the medicine on the unsuspecting babe, thinly disguised in milk. This manœuvre failing, you parley with the enemy and attempt to corrupt its infantile integrity with bribes of pa's gold watch, imperial revenues of small change, and Hesperides of small oranges. After having tempted it thrice to put the spoon of Tantalus to its lips, it refuses point blank to touch the nasty thing. Thereupon your surcharged indignation finds vent in corporal chastisement of the rebellious infant. It howls. Peace being restored, you bring up reinforcements, and diplomacy having failed, determine to accept nothing but un-

conditional surrender, and prepare to march at once upon the enemy's works. A grand combined attack is made. The left wing firmly holds the child's hands, the right wing pinches its nose so as to compel it to open its mouth, into which the center pours a deadly fire from the spoon.

Meanwhile the reserve holds up a lump of sugar, commiserately saying, "poor 'titi tootsy pootsy, was it nassy medicine, eh?" and keeps the towel ready. The baby yells and chokes, the young mother afraid of killing it, lets go of its nose, the infant, catching breath, discharges the whole dose upon her, and ruins all the front breadths of her black silk, and follows up the advantage by so heartbroken a yell that the attacking party surrenders at discretion, and calls it a poor, injured, mamsie's own tootsens, and it won't take any nassy cassy oil, if it don't want to. A treaty of peace is then ratified, whereby the infant is ceded immunity from castor oil and an ample indemnity in lollipops, and then the young mother enters into a war with the infant's grandmother, who vigorously reprehends the weakness exhibited in dealing with children nowadays. People have tried all sorts of expedients. Take it in milk. In soda water. From a hot spoon. Every way. But no later Franklin has ever been able to overcome and annihilate the nastiness of castor oil. It has a sluggish, cold, aperiient look about it, like an ill-omened pool in a deadly swamp. It uncoils itself into the fatal spoon like a coiled rattlesnake. It tastes like molten graveyards, and one's gorge rises at it, as if it were one of Mrs. Woodhull's lectures. But the feeling, when it has been achieved, is that one's inside is full of earthworms and corkscrews.

## HEARTBURN.

Why the sensation occasioned by the presence of an acrid acid in the stomach should be called heartburn it is difficult to say, as the distress is not even in the immediate vicinity of the heart. Common parlance, however, has sanctioned the misnomer, and, like many other erroneous terms in common use, it is a fixture in our language. Bi-carbonate of soda is usually given for heartburn, but it merely neutralizes the acidity for the time being, and does not prevent a speedy return of the complaint. In fact, all the alkaline solutions given to relieve the burning serve to weaken the stomach, and thereby aggravate the cause of the ailment, viz., indigestion.

What is needed in such cases is something which, by toning and invigorating the gastric membrane, and thus promoting a free flow of the secretion which dissolves the food, accelerates the work of digestion and assimilation. Avoid nostrums and consult a physician.

—A medical journal estimates that the people of the United States pay one hundred and twenty-five million dollars yearly for physicians' services and for medicines. They spend a good deal more than that for liquors and other things to make them sick.





### LITTLE AT FIRST, MIGHTY AT LAST.

A traveller o'er a dusty road,  
Strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at eventide,  
To breathe its early vows,  
And age was pleased at heat of noon  
To rest beneath its boughs.  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music pour:  
It stood a glory in its place—  
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way  
Amid the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
Where weary men might turn—  
He walled it in, and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink—  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again, and lo! the well  
By summer never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues  
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dreamed a random thought,  
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new:  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true.  
It fell upon a genial mind,  
And lo! the thought became  
A lamp of light, a beacon ray,  
A safely guiding flame.  
The thought was small, the issue great:  
A watch fire on the hill,  
It sends its radiance far adown  
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid the crowd  
That thronged the busy mart  
Let fall the words of hope and love,  
A whisper on the tumult thrown.  
Naught but a passing breath—  
It raised a brother from the dust.  
O oak! O fount? O words of love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last.

### A NIGHT WITH THE PRINTERS.

PROMPTED by a desire to see in operation the office machinery of the New York Tribune, we recently made formal request for the privilege of spending an evening in the office, with facilities for observing all the details of the make-up of this influential sheet. The request was promptly granted. The night editor received us courteously, and personally introduced us to the composing and stereotype rooms, making it easy and pleasant for us to obtain all the information we desired. Being not unfamiliar with the mysteries of the printing office, we could comprehend and appreciate all we saw in the composing room.

What most interested us, and what we think will be of most general interest, we will speak of first, namely, the process of stereotyping the paper. It is obvious that when a paper is not ready for the press until two or three o'clock in the morning, no press ever manufactured could possibly print an edition of from 40,000 to 80,000, from the type, in time for circulation by or before daylight. To meet this exigency, it is necessary to duplicate or triplicate the forms, so that two or more presses can simultaneously print the same pages. This is done by the process of stereotyping,—that is, by taking a cast of the pages in the same

metal of which the type is made. According to the ordinary method, in book offices, the mold of the cast is formed of plaster of Paris. This plaster mold, after being carefully gauged and scraped until the back is perfectly even and true, is laid, face down, on a thin plate of iron, called the "dish." The face of the mold is prevented from touching the "dish" by a rim of plaster. This rim is nicked at the ends or sides, or both, and when the "dish" is put into a receptacle called the "pan," and the whole is submerged in a "kettle" of molten metal, the liquid flows through these nicks, and thus forms the cast. The pan is lifted from the "kettle" into a shallow trough of water, where the metal cools. In removing the mold from the cast it is completely destroyed; in fact, it is quite a task, often to remove all the particles. If everything turns out well, the process described consumes about an hour. But it sometimes happens that the cast is not a good one. Perhaps the mold was not perfect. Whatever the cause may be, there is delay, often at a period when time is irredeemably precious. If duplicate plates are wanted, of course more time is involved.

Thus much concerning the old method will enable us to appreciate the new, which has been used by some of the leading dailies for ten or twelve years. In the Tribune office the pages are "made up" (or imposed) on tables mounted on rollers. (In job or book offices, tables would be technically, "imposing-stones," and would be stationary.) When the page is locked up, or ready for stereotyping, this table is wheeled into the stereotype-room, and the page is slid off on what is called a "steam table," to be thoroughly dried. (The type is made wet to keep it from falling into disorder, or "pi," in making up.) The steam-table is made of cast-iron, is hollow, and is heated to the temperature of boiling water. When dry the page is removed to another table, and the mold made for the cast.

Let us here pause to describe the manner in which the material of the mold is made. A sheet of rather heavy white paper, a little larger than the page is laid down. On this a layer of thick white paste (the ingredients of which are whiting, flour, and starch,) is spread, not very heavily, with a short, stiff brush. A sheet of tissue paper is then laid on; and then a layer of paste; then a sheet of tissue paper; then paste; then tissue paper again. This solid but very impressible sheet, a little less than one-eighth of an inch thick, is laid on the face of the type and beaten by a brush, until the letters have perfectly indented it. Then the more noticeable depressions are filled up with paste, and another sheet of thick paper laid on and beaten until it adheres. Finally, the whole is "planed down," that is, a smooth block, struck by a mallet, is passed over the surface. The form with the mold on it, is then slid under a press at one end of the steam-table, a blanket being placed between the mold and the top of the press. The mold soon becomes hard and fixed, so that it can be safely removed from the type.

We are now ready for the cast.

Cylinder printing presses being used, it is necessary that the stereotype plates should be so shaped as to fit a segment of the cylinder. The tough and pliable mold is accordingly laid upon the bed of a "casting-box" having the requisite curve. Gauges, or side-pieces, hinged at one end, hold the mold securely in place, and support the lid when it is let down, thus determining the thickness of the plate. When the lid is secured, the box is placed vertically, and into the open end two men simultaneously pour molten metal from large ladles. Almost instantly the box is laid down, the lid raised, the cast lifted to a neighboring iron table having the same curved surface, and the mold is removed. On other tables the ragged ends are sawed off, and the rough places made smooth. The mold is as good as ever, and can be used several times. Of course, the sheets for the mold are prepared beforehand, so that when a page of the paper is received, the whole process of casting can be gone through with in twenty minutes or less. And in thirty-five or forty minutes duplicate stereotype plates can be obtained. This method is the invention of a Frenchman. It is to be hoped that he profited by it.

In the composing room about fifty compositors were at work. After spending some time in this very beehive of industry, we descended from the fifth story into the lower regions, by means of a dumb-waiter, stopping perhaps twenty-five or thirty feet below the level of the street. Here we found three large Hoe's lightning presses. Two of them were in full blast,—one a ten and the other an eight cylinder. Each cylinder is capable of throwing off thirty-three impressions per minute, so that the combined capacity of these two presses is five hundred and ninety-four impressions per minute. One side of the paper is being printed while the other is getting ready, only one side remains to be printed, and, at the rate of speed indicated, an edition of 50,000 can easily be worked off in an hour and a half. Going to press at three o'clock, in less than an hour and a half, copies can be supplied in any number until the whole edition is printed.

An edition of the Tribune consumes 45 bundles of paper, averaging 134 pounds each, and aggregating 6,000 pounds. Large quantities of paper are kept in store, weekly reports of the stock being rendered. Thirty thousand bundles were reported just previous to our visit. Much of this paper is manufactured at the Niagara paper mills, and much of it is purchased in lots, at different places, as favorable opportunities offer. This accounts for the very unequal quality of the paper used on the daily.

The editorial work is thus divided: There is the editor-in-chief, the managing editor, night editor, city editor, political, telegraphic, foreign, general, news, corresponding, musical, dramatic, and literary editors, and the editor of the weekly and semi-weekly. Some of the above have assistants. From forty to fifty regular reporters are employed.

At half past two in the morning we withdrew, taking with us a cordial

invitation to come again. We desire to acknowledge the unexceptional courtesy of every one about the establishment with whom we came in contact in our untrammelled movements, and the cheerful politeness with which our numerous questions were answered.—*National Baptist.*

### A BOOK OF BLUNDERS.

The curiosities of literature has the following on that most egregious of literary blunders, the edition of the Vulgate by Sixtus V. The Pope carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press; and to the amazement of the world, the work remained without a rival—it swarmed with errata. A multitude of scraps were printed to paste over the erroneous passages, in order to give the true text. The book made a whimsical appearance with these patches; and the heretics exulted in this demonstration of papal infallibility! The copies were called in, and violent attempts made to suppress Biblical collectors. At a late sale the Bible of Sixtus V fetched above sixty guineas—not much for a mere book of blunders. The world was highly amused at the bull of the Pope prefixed to the first volume, which excommunicates all printers, who, in reprinting the work, should make any alteration in the text.

—We have received from the publishers, A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York, the first and second numbers of the *SANITARIAN*, a monthly journal, whose editor is A. N. Bell, M. D. Its purpose is to present the results of the latest investigation into the laws of healthy living and to discussion of the practical questions of sanitary science. Among the topics of which it will treat, are sewerage, light, warming, ventilation, sanitary architecture, epidemic diseases, etc. The annual subscription is \$3.00.

### THE REVIEWER.

ZELL'S DESCRIPTIVE HAND ATLAS OF THE WORLD, by J. Bartholomew. T. Edwood Zell, Philadelphia.

This valuable work, when completed, will be the most reliable atlas of the world which has ever been presented to the public. It will be published in twenty-five parts, each containing one or two maps, with a complete list of the counties, cities, towns, mountains, lakes and rivers. The maps, of which there will be over thirty, are printed in colors and measure sixteen by eleven inches, and are executed with clearness and precision. A general index is to accompany the work, while each map has an index of its own. The work will conclude with a series of maps of the United States with a special index. Eight numbers are issued; the first contains a colored chart, with the flags of all nations, and a map of the world, on which are traced the ocean currents, steamer routes, and telegraphs, which shows that the work will be of great value in the study of modern geography, a subject worthy of much attention, and one which is greatly aided by referring to a good map. By subscribing for this work, the student will possess an indispensable guide, and one that should be in every library for constant reference. The price of this excellent work will be \$12.50. Horace King, Thompsonville, Connecticut, is the New England agent.

ESTHER REID, *SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.* Boston: Henry Hoyt.

It is sufficient commendation of the first to say that it is worthy of its companion volume, *JULIA REID*, a book welcome to any good household. Sometimes playful in its style.



Words by BERTHA DAVIS.

## BEAUTIFUL SHOWERS.

Music by E. CLARK.

1. Thank God for the beau-ti-ful show-ers, For the sound of the pat-ter-ing rain; For the coolness that comes like a bless-ing, Oft

2. Thank God for the beau-ti-ful show-ers, For the drip of the fall-ing rain, That bright-ens the grass in the mead-ow, And the

sooth-ing our bur-den of pain. Thank God for the beau-ti-ful show-ers, For the mu-si-cal, spark-ling rain; For the

ma-ples that stand in the lane. Thank God for the beau-ti-ful show-ers, Wash-ing from earth the stain; Thank

burst-ing of bud and of blos-som, The re-fresh-ing of earth a-gain. Thank God for the beau-ti-ful show-ers, For the

God, thank God, for His bless-ing, The mer-ry, glad danc-ing rain. Thank God for the beau-ti-ful show-ers, For the

sound of the pat-ter-ing rain; For the cool-ness that comes like a bless-ing, Oft sooth-ing our bur-den of pain.

drip of the fall-ing rain, That bright-ens the grass in the mead-ow, And the ma-ples that stand in the lane.

fairly and faithfully representing its various characters. It has a peculiar fascination while a decided moral tone pervades the volume.

The second has a peculiar naturalness in it, with pathos and earnest presentation of fundamental truths, finely illustrating the gospel to control the wayward and cheer the unfortunate. This volume gives a fine portrait of the life of the lowly, in England, the struggles of the poor, the evils of intemperance, with woman's influence in the work of reform. Price of the first, \$1.50, the last \$1.25, sent prepaid.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The important industries for which the city of Wilmington

Delaware, is so justly distinguished, has been made the subject of the initial article in Lippincott's Magazine for April, presenting the most trustworthy information, in a style remarkable for its clearness and easy flow. The article is profusely illustrated. The second installment of "The Rumi ni Kabylia," with its vivid description of life and scenery, its striking and amusing anecdotes, and its excellent pictorial embellishments, constitute a most entertaining paper. Thackeray's "Gray Friars," by an old "Gown-boy," is full of interesting reminiscences of the old Charter-house school, and of Thackeray's connection with it. "Medical Ex-

pert Evidence," by H. C. Wood, Jr., M. D. is a contribution at once striking and important. The author illustrates his assertions by full and pertinent references to trials, the memory of which is still fresh in the public mind. Other contributions to this department appearing in the present issue, are the opening chapters of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's new story, "Berrytown," and "Mile Stylites," by Margaret Vandegrift. The poetry in this number is considerably above the general standard. "The Glaciers of Paradise," by a new poet, Hjalmar Hjarth Boyesen, will elicit notice. "Our Monthly Gossip," as usual, is full of piquant and engaging

anecdotes and timely notes on men and things.

OLD AND NEW for April is a very attractive number, containing a great variety of matter of marked interest and brilliancy. It gives the opening chapters of two new serials, Scrope, or the Lost Library, by Fred. B. Perkins, and My Time and What I've Done with it, by F. C. Burnand. The Two Monks, and Spain a Republic, are articles of unusual interest at the present time; and there are several very readable essays on various subjects. The poetry is by Joaquin Miller, and Caroline M. Hewins. Roberts Brothers, Boston.





## MY LITTLE WIFE.

Our table is spread for two, to-night—  
No guest our bounty share;  
The damask cloth is snowy white,  
The service elegant and bright,  
Our china quaint and rare;  
My little wife presides,  
And perfect love abides.

The bread is sponge, the butter gold,  
The muffins nice and hot,  
What though the winds without blow cold!  
The walls a little world unfold,  
And the storm is soon forgot.  
In the fire-light's cheerful glow  
Beams a Paradise below.

A fairer picture who hath seen?  
Soft lights and shadows blent;  
The central figure of the scene,  
She sits, my wife, my queen—  
Her head a little bent;  
And in her eyes of blue  
I read my bliss anew.

I watch her as she pours the tea,  
With quiet, gentle grace;  
With fingers deft, and movements free,  
She mixes in the cream for me,  
A bright smile on her face;  
And, as she sends it up,  
I pledge her in my cup.

Was ever man before so blessed?  
I secretly reflect.  
The passing thought she must have guessed,  
For now dear lips on mine are pressed,  
An arm is around my neck.  
Dear treasures of my life—  
God bless her—little wife!

—Overland Monthly.

## BEEFSTEAK.

BY MRS. E. F. GUIWITS.

**B**ROILING is no doubt the best method of cooking steak. Authors and epicures—they are sometimes combined—are fond of calling it the only way. The housekeeper, however, often finds it impracticable. She has no coal, for instance, and can not wait for the wood to burn down into live coals. Perhaps she overslept herself, and in order to have breakfast ready at the appointed time, must build a light, flashing fire and "hurry up her cakes;" or she is obliged to serve her meals in the same room where she does her cooking, and burned tallow is not pleasant to the olfactory nerves, though it may impart ever so fine a flavor to the viands.

A method of broiling equal in every respect to the gridiron, excepting that it lacks the smoky taste, is this: Set your spider on the stove and let it get smoking hot. Put in no butter nor any kind of grease. Have your meat previously prepared by trimming off all pieces of bone, gland, superfluous suet and tissues that will bind the edge and make it curl up. Lay it very carefully and smoothly in the spider. It will stick fast at first, but as soon as it is browned can be loosened with a knife. Sprinkle a little salt on the upper surface and turn it over. Let the other side brown the same as the first. Have a platter warmed, lay the meat carefully upon it without besmearing the edges, dress with butter and pepper and send it to the table hot. By this process you have as crisp and brown a surface

with the juice retained as well as by broiling, and the additional advantage that the inevitable drippings are saved and can be converted into gravy.

The points to be observed are: first, have your spider very hot and keep it so; second, watch it constantly. It will not do to leave it to burn while you go and set the table. That should always be done before cooking the steak is begun. It is a poor plan at any rate to wait until meats, cakes, and vegetables are dished up and set away to cool before you set the table. If you have many to do for and little help, set your table and have every possible thing ready over night. If you do it in the morning, you cannot choose a better time than when your teakettle and potato water are boiling. Then you are ready to attend to your coffee, eggs, meats, etc., without distraction, and you will be less likely to forget the salt or the butter-knife until you are seated at the table. Be particular to have all your dishes clean. Some people have a slovenly habit of dripping gravy, fruit juices, etc., over the sides of the dishes, and sending to the table without wiping them off, also of leaving fragments of bread and crumbs on the plate and using it in the same condition the next time.

A simple meal well cooked and neatly served upon plain earthen-ware, is more attractive to a person of refined taste, than costly food, poorly prepared, and set upon the table in soiled dishes, even though those dishes be of the purest porcelain, and the dirty table cloth of the finest damask.

## HINTS AND AIDS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

BY PATIENCE POPULAR.

In continuing the subject of vegetables we notice the onion of which most people are fond but of which, many who have a tendency to dyspepsia, cannot partake. Prepared in the following way most people can eat of them freely and without fear of pain or indigestion.

Pare and quarter the onions, put them in a vessel and pour two or three quarts of water over them. Do this two or three hours before time to cook them. When the time for cooking them arrives take them from the water in which they have been soaking and put them in a kettle in which you have already put two or three quarts more of water than is necessary to boil them. When done pour off the water and return the kettle to its place over the fire. Now pour over them a cupful of thick, sweet cream into which you have stirred a teaspoonful of flour. Stir them up well seasoning with salt only and as soon as it boils, serve.

Cabbage cut fine and placed in a jar with a little allspice and salt and pepper for seasoning, then covered with vinegar and left a day or two to pickle makes a very nice dish for breakfast and dinner. Enough can be prepared in the fall to last until spring as it will keep, if the jars be placed in an ordinary cellar, from October until June. Dyspeptics can often eat it prepared thus, with great benefit.

Tart fruits often relieve the flatulency which is so distressing to many

dyspeptics. Ripe currants seem particularly adapted to the use of those suffering from this distressing complaint. They can be canned in stone or earthen ware, for winter use.

We give here a recipe for a most excellent stomach bitter or tonic for the stomach and bowels: Into one quart best brandy put one ounce of pulverized Spanish Rhubarb; one ounce of pulverized yellow root, (sometimes called yellow cocoon,) one-half ounce pulv. liquorice root; one eighth ounce quinine and one-half ounce gum myrrh. Let stand three days shaking occasionally. Dose one teaspoonful three times a day. This is an excellent remedy for cholera morbus and all kinds of pains and cramps or colics of either stomach or bowels. The dose in all cases of this kind to be one teaspoonful every two hours until relieved. Smaller doses can be administered to children. A few drops in a little sweetened water in a teaspoon may be given to a babe suffering with colic and will give almost instant relief. Something should be kept in every house that will relieve all these sudden attacks of cramps, colics, pain in the stomach, etc.

During the spring months apples that have kept well during the winter begin to show signs of decay. We here give a recipe for making an apple sauce of which the family will never tire. It is called Yankee Jell. Pare and core a quantity of apples. Stew them until there are no lumps in the mass, then strain through a coarse sieve using the hand to press all through. If there are tough or woody bits that do not go through easily, throw them out before refilling the sieve. Now take a tin cup and measure the apples, and to every five tinfuls of apples put in four tinfuls of sugar. Boil until a stiff jam and put in jars and set away for use.

## A QUESTION FOR HOUSEWIVES.

BY A CONSERVATIVE.

I have often wished when I read the valuable receipts in THE HOUSEHOLD, to ask my sister housekeepers whether we are not in danger of becoming "Martyrs of the Period," in regard to our table arrangements, quite as much as in matters of dress. For my part, I would as soon hear the latest style of panier or polonaise discussed, as to hear about the best method of canning, preserving, pickling, and jellifying every fruit and vegetable that the Agricultural Society can coax out of our New England soil; to say nothing of more western products.

If the use of our sewing machines only gives us time to bestow more labor upon our culinary operations, where is the gain? Well cooked food, plenty of it, and properly served, seems to be all that nature and good sense requires. But lately table ornamentation seems coming into vogue in a way that makes not only ice houses, but green houses, and cases of ferns and mosses, indispensable to the setting of tables and ornamenting dishes and food.

There was a time when the barrel of apple sauce and another of pickles were considered sufficient for any farmer's family, in the way of preserves; and then company was something pleasant, whether expected or not. But now New England hospitality is fast becoming

a thing of the past; for unlooked for guests are hardly welcome in any home. The housekeeper's first thought of the state of her larder chills her words of welcome, if she has not all the "modern improvements" to set before her guests. We think it ridiculous to ape the fashions in dress of the nobility in Europe. Is it any less so to follow the recipes of sages and Prof. Blot in cooking our dinners?

If custom demands so much of us, we have only one course to pursue; that of never inviting our friends, and never visiting. Our intercourse must be restricted to making calls; for one pair of hands can never compass the requirements of a modern dinner table; and a fashionable tea is almost as elaborate. No one loves flowers better than myself; but upon this subject I should like the opinion of those housewives whose contributions make THE HOUSEHOLD such a readable paper.

Some one has asked how to make a chowder. I send you my way. Fry a large slice of salt pork thoroughly, pour in a sufficient quantity of water, then put in a layer of fish; next a layer of sliced potatoes and onions; and so continue until you have used up your fish. When it is nearly done, split a few crackers, and add. Pepper and salt to suit your taste. Do not have too hot a fire; for a chowder looks better when dished unbroken. Salt fish freshened makes a nice chowder.

## JUNE BUTTER THE YEAR ROUND.

This may be had—and June butter is the best butter. And it is had. There are those who use it the year round; they are not many—the worse for it.

In June you have the tenderest grasses; you have them with a freshness which, somehow, cannot be obtained elsewhere. Though the fresh growth of October and last of September approaches it, it does not however equal it.

The first butter made of grass has a grassy taste. This is not so perceptible anywhere else, showing the difference between the first and other growth.

After the first rank taste has vanished, then comes the perfect flavor, the perfect quality all around. There is then no excess of heat; the water is pure and plenty; so are the dews—not charged as in summer—and the stock is in the full healthy flow of milk.

Then is the time to save your butter—save it the year round if you please, or almost as long as you please, for such butter will keep, only keep the air from it, and put it in a cool place.

Your buttermilk is supposed to be out, only the clear, transparent moisture standing in silvery beads upon it.

This butter freshly packed, and packed well, in a clean vessel—jar or tub, the tub to be scentless of wood and salt and water put on top—this will save it.

If it is now put in a barrel of salt—that is, surrounded with salt, tub and all—you may transport it to the tropics, and it will still be June butter. This has been done.

A case: A few years ago we had



occasion to call on one of our neighbors, a poor family, who had just sold their cow. We remarked about the sale of the cow, when the lady of the house spoke and said: "I shall have butter to last through the summer. I have a jar yet of last summer."

"But," we remarked, "that is old."

"Aye, but it is good," and she made good her word by exhibiting a specimen. It was what seemed to have been made at the time then (June,) fresh, yellow, and of a solid dissolving consistence. Its taste was perfect—that of fresh June butter. It was difficult to believe it was not made then—just made—and of the good cow the matron had just sold. But her word was law and I took it as such.

She had made this butter a year ago, kept in the manner we indicated. She said it was her habit to do so—make her butter for the winter and sometimes for the whole of the year in June.

"It was so much better." And that was true. And it is true now if we only feel disposed to test it. "The woman she lived with had always made her butter so; there she learned it."

This was many years ago when the "woman she lived with" made her butter. People then knew how to make butter. The science is so simple that there is no reason to doubt that it was made then, and all along back. Cleanliness and June grasses are the points, and those points existed plentifully with the old Dutch settlers.

One thing, however, should be understood—that is, more than it is. It is that some cows will not make butter that will keep. These sometimes spoil a whole dairy.—*Country Gentleman.*

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Does my friend, Hester H. suppose for a moment that Olive can be "out" with any one who is watching the onward march of God, man or woman? Would that every reader of THE HOUSEHOLD were watching with deep interest, the "signs of the times," and try to learn where we are, and in what direction we are drifting. The signs are portentous and we need to watch!

I have nothing to say against women who are "marching on" if they will only march in the right direction. God bless those true souls who are trying to lead their sisters on to higher ground and into a nobler sphere. I am rejoiced to find "the air growing clearer, and the true, legitimate sphere of woman very much enlarged." I am glad that women are discovering their own intellectual power, and glad that men are at last convinced that woman is good for something besides being a doll, or a household drudge.

There is much that is noble, high and elevating in woman's proper sphere. Her influence is great; and if rightly used will bring about great results: and I am not willing to acknowledge that she is naturally below man in genius, intellect, wit or discernment. Give her an equal chance through life; with as little care and suffering—take off "the yoke of the

oppressor"—let that yoke be custom, public opinion, home influence, or what it may—teach her to know herself, and to rise above the fashionable follies of the present day—give her a chance to grow; and then see if her mind will not soar as high, and grasp as great a range of thought, and bring out as much variety of what is really good, elevating, and interesting, as man, with all his boasted eloquence and knowledge.

There is work enough for women to do "in their own legitimate sphere;" more than the smartest of them are able to accomplish. Aside from their own domestic cares, there are the sick to visit, suffering to relieve, the sorrowing to comfort, and who wants to die without the tender hand of loving woman to wipe death's damp dew from the clammy brow, and administer to life's last necessities? In the cause of God and religion, she can labor successfully in bringing lost lambs to the fold of Christ, and in cheering fainting souls on in the way of peace. They can train their sons and make them worthy to fill high stations, and in many ways can do much to benefit a nation, and give a higher tone to society.

But I do condemn, with my whole heart, those females who take long steps out of their own sphere; who try to extend their "rights" into politics; and who are grasping frantically after the reins of government; who tramp the streets carrying sensational flags to excite the populace, and raise a mob from the skum of society; and who talk unblushingly, and defiantly of free love, revolution, insurrection, war, carnage, blood and death. Horror of horrors! we have a few such women in the United States; this boasted land of christian liberty! and there are men who follow and encourage them! Well if they help to sow the wind, they may expect to reap the whirlwind.

In looking over the history of France we find the same elements have been at work to bring about the terrible results which have proved so disastrous to that distracted nation. Reckless women meddled in the affairs of State, and joined themselves to insurrectionists and traitors, to breed discontent, confusion, rebellion, conflagration, slaughter, despair and death. They formed their political clubs, and marched in the streets, and their motto was then, as now, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The motto was well enough, but the application, was horrible. Those French women claimed as their right, divorce, free love, annihilation of marriage laws; liberty to engage in the general slaughter; and they esteemed it their right and privilege to carry the gory head of their victims on pikes through the streets. Will not our professedly Christians learn wisdom from the history of infidel, Godless France? But enough of this.

Now, dear Hester, are we "out" or together, heart and hand, for the elevation and onward march of woman? I do not condemn my aspiring sisters to the "misery of stove funnels," especially the patient, self-sacrificing wives and mothers whose burdens are so heavy. It is bad work—only done at times, to escape greater evils.

Women in the country, especially farmer's wives, have to do many things which are not agreeable to their natural inclinations; but from a sense of duty, and for the good of their families, they patiently encounter and overcome a host of disagreeables; though some of them like Debbie Miller may be making verses while cutting apples. They can make them, but perhaps they never will get time to write them.

You think Olive is severe and inclined to "down with the breaks" or all modern improvements and reforms do you? O no! but when I first began to read THE HOUSEHOLD there were some came out strong on one extreme: so I took the other extreme to make the paper balance well—we should not want it to tip entirely over, should we? I think we are near enough together to shake the friendly hand and bid each other God speed. Truly yours.

OLIVE OLDSTYLE.

DEAR SISTERS:—Let me come into THE HOUSEHOLD Band, I pray you—give me only an humble seat, and let me rest, rest my aching head in the lap of some one of you that can pity me. I have come for sympathy and guidance. I am tired, and trembling beneath the cross of daily life. Do not question my tear laden eyes, and trembling lips, just yet—let me tell you why I find the cross of life so heavy.

I have been just four years—a wife; it is only four years since I left my happy girlhood home, yet it seems such a long time ago.

I have grown old since I was twenty, and it seems to me the world has grown old too; for the sky isn't as blue, nor the stars as bright as they used to be; the bright hues have faded from the flowers and the music from the bird songs. Friendship seems only a name, and love—I cannot find it. I want to tell you of my home, for 'tis here that I gathered all my earthly treasures; it is a quiet little home, fair to look upon, although luxury does not abound. And I have tried to beautify this home; with busy hands did I hang the sunny pictures on the walls; with tender care have I kept the little piano open and myself in "practice;" very lovingly have I twined the flowering vines over the windows and trellis work; many times has the table been invitingly laid, and most sincerely can I say I have tried to make home happy and yet my pretty home is far from this, although our friends and neighbors often point to us as a model husband and wife; and I may say to you, that I do not let the world see how dark a shadow rests where they see sunshine. I have never unburdened my heart before, but I felt I must tell some one or my heart would break, and I am here, for I cannot talk with any one about this, but by letter I can tell you all, and though you will never know me, perhaps some one within sight of my cottage will pity "Marah" yet never think of me.

The world looks upon my husband as a young man of worth, and he is rapidly gaining favor with the wise and good; his morals are excellent and people would open their eyes in astonishment, if I were to tell them I was not happy with him. The trouble is here: the world is his home not the

little cottage that is home to me, to him it is only a house wherein he can eat and sleep.

He took me from a loving home, where affectionate parents watched over and guided me, dear brothers and sisters made home a place of joy, and the "family altar" was a sacred shrine where we knelt to worship; in my home is a "family altar," yet the incense is hurried and scanty, business intrudes upon the "hour of prayer."

As for homes devoted to "mutual mental improvement" we have never had them. I am often told I am not scientific enough to converse, and cannot comprehend sufficiently to listen, and so our conversation is only of the common affairs of life. I have learned to dread our meals, they are so silent, so oppressive.

Music has no charms for him, the piano is "noisy" and never has he asked for a song; sometimes I sing but he seems relieved when I stop.

My birds and plants are "evidences of folly." He likes to have me always at home so much so that I have never attended an evening's entertainment with him since we were married, although he often goes; to our friends "it was impossible for Mrs. A. to attend this evening," the world smiles graciously and accepts the excuse. If I want a new bonnet or dress he is very much surprised. I have always tried to dress neat, yet inexpensively; for although he never notices what I wear, it is a comfort to myself to know I am presentable. I often meet him on his return yet 'tis seldom he speaks to me. I have his easy chair and slippers ready and try, oh! very hard to be a true wife, and yet I feel day by day, the love I had for my husband slowly dropping from my heart. What shall I do? this is where I want you to help me, dear sisters. I hope you understand me; my husband is not harsh, he never gets angry and scolds me, but he is indifferent and it is getting hold of me. I am glad no longer at his coming, my heart has forgot to thrill at his footstep; it is hard to live a loveless life when it might be so beautiful. I want to be faithful to the vows I have taken. Can you help me? Will you?

MARAH.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I have just been reading Shirley Dare's "Words for the Boys" in THE HOUSEHOLD, and it has so stirred up my own thoughts and feelings on the subject, that I must give vent to them.

Many things she says are true, and right to the point; but I find it so much easier to theorize, than to do. We can look into other homes, and criticise, and think could we have control a short time, what a mighty transformation there would be; and our souls fairly kindle with emotions of rapturous delight, at the wonderful harmony, that would soon give place to the confusion now existing. But alas! we seldom have the opportunity given us, and so go on talking and writing; and strange to say, the world moves on just about as it did before. But her closing sentence, "the greatest strictness of manners taught them, is the greatest kindness," I would were indelibly engraven on every mother's heart.



But what does she mean, when she says that "we must have our foresight, and care, and correction, around them every hour of their lives;" and in a previous sentence, that, "as a rule, the more particular and exacting the mothers, the worse the boys seem to be." To me, there seems to be a slight confiction here, wont she please explain, for I am a mother, and have a boy brim full of life and fun, careless and thoughtless as the wind that blows, but withal a heart of love and tenderness, when you can quiet him down long enough to get the right chord touched.

His love of freedom, (or rather dislike of restraint) causes him to go contrary to orders too often. Then, what am I to do? Talk? and don't I, till I'm wearied and heart-sick; perhaps, for a little time, I can see an improvement. I know it by many little things no one else would notice; more quietness about the house, a little more deference paid me;—perhaps a bunch of wild-flowers, or a simple cluster of apple-blossoms he will bring, and say, "mother I want to do right and be a good boy." Then hope revives again, and I think my earnest pleadings have not been in vain; he will do better in future, but alas, too soon the story is repeated; then more talk and more tears, more good resolves and faithful promises, and we begin again, hoping and trusting, and how it will end, the future only can decide.

Now, I do not expect my experience is very much different from many others. All mothers have my sympathy—step-mothers, especially; for when they try to do their best, how unmercifully are they often watched and censured.

But Mr. Editor, I have already taken up too much of your time and space, for which pardon; and please Shirley, explain yourself a little more fully on the points I wish settled, and I will ever hold your memory in grateful remembrance, for the good things you have already written.

A READER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

#### RECIPES FOR COOKING WITH HONEY.

We give below several recipes for cooking with honey instead of sugar. We have tried them with success for years. If any one has other ways which they have tried we hope they will send them to us.

*To Preserve Grapes with Honey.*—Take seven pounds of good sound grapes on the stems, the branches as perfect as possible, and pack them snugly without breaking, in a stone jar. Make a syrup of four pounds of honey and one pint of good vinegar with cloves and cinnamon to suit (about three ounces each is our rule.) Boil them well together for twenty minutes, and skim well, then turn boiling hot over the grapes and seal immediately. They will keep years if you wish, and are exceedingly nice.

Apples, peaches, and plums may be done in this way.

*Another Way.*—Pick grapes from the stems and pack in a jar until it is full. Then turn cold honey over them until they are covered well. Seal up without any heat, and keep in a cold place.

After a few months they will be found to be delicious.

All kinds of fruit made into jam, and sweetened with honey instead of sugar, are very nice. Those who are fond of honey, consider "butter," made in this way nicer than when made with sugar.

*Ginger Snaps.*—One pint of honey, three-fourths pound of butter, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, boil together a few minutes, and when nearly cold put in flour until it is nearly stiff; roll out thinly and bake quickly.

*Honey Cake.*—One cup of butter, two cups of honey, four eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful essence of lemon, half a cup full of sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, flour enough to make it as stiff as can well be stirred; bake at once in a quick oven.

*Honey Fruit Cake.*—Four eggs, five cups flour, two cups of honey, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one spoonful of soda, one pound of raisins and currants, one-fourth pound of citron, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, bake in large loaf and slow oven. This will be nice months after baking, as well as when fresh.

*Honey Gingerbread.*—One cup of butter, two cups of honey, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda; flour stiff as can be stirred.

#### CLEANING FEATHERS.

A correspondent of an exchange says:

How shall we renovate old feathers, and so clean old ticks? This inquiry I have seen in the paper. My way is this: In June, when the weather portends a heavy shower of rain, I lay the feather tick on the lawn or clean grass, and smooth it over evenly. One-half hour's heavy rain will clean one side of a badly soiled tick, unless there are grease spots. In this case I take a pail of hot suds, pour it on the spots, brush them, and let the rain rinse it out. I then turn it over and serve the other side the same. If the shower be of short duration, I put the bed out in the next rain.

To dry the bed, lay up the tick on slat-work, clean rails or something of the kind. If the feathers are much wet, so much the better. When drying, shake up, beat with light rods, pick up lumps if there be any. When the bed is dry, the tick will be clean, and the feathers almost as good as new. Some of our beds have been used thirty years. I have laid them in rain every summer; they are now clean and good. It takes but a short time to dry the bed, but when it is dry to appearance, it is not fit to sleep on, but should be laid on an empty bedstead a month or more, with the windows up.

This caution may be unnecessary, as no wise head sleeps on feather beds in summer. As for the labor, I would rather clean five beds in rain, than one in the manner generally recommended—by pouring the feathers from the tick on a sheet in an empty room (when there is no empty room in the house), washing the tick, stirring up the feathers thoroughly, returning to the tick, and laying in the sun for several days, turning and beating up often.

#### REPORT OF THE RANDOLPH LADIES DOMESTIC ASSOCIATION.

The association met at the residence of Mrs. L. A. Merriam and elected its officers for the present term, commencing Aug. 8th and ending Jan. 30th, which election resulted as follows: Pres. Mrs. C. M. Price; Vice Pres., Mrs. E. R. Brainard; Sec., Mrs. H. D. Brainard; Treas., Mrs. P. Merriam.

The association has held nine sessions during the term. The topics selected for discussion were as follows:

1. Coloring.
2. The best method of preserving corn.
3. Cooking of meats.
4. Cooking of vegetables.
5. What constitutes good house-keeping.
6. What is necessary on the part of woman to make a happy household.
7. Winter clothing.
8. Family government.

Under the head of miscellaneous subjects a great variety of topics have been introduced, many valuable hints have been brought out, and a good degree of interest manifested.

The society have received six additions during the term.

MRS. C. M. PRICE, Pres.

MRS. H. D. BRAINARD, Sec.

#### MELON PRESERVES.

BY KATHARINE VAN DRAECKEN.

I have made an excellent preserve from unripe melons, the green part of water melons, and citrons, in imitation of preserved ginger. I have not the receipt here, but am pretty sure it is this: Boil in alum water—a tablespoonful to about two gallons—pare, cut in pieces, lay in water for one or two days to take out the alum taste. The pieces should not be quite soft, but like sweet cucumber pickle. Drain well, make a syrup of sugar, a pound to each pound of melon, a pretty strong flavoring of ginger, as hot as may be liked, remembering that when boiled it will taste hotter; a little mace, and some lemon peel, or essence of lemon to taste. Boil the pieces in this till clear. Unripe melons are soaked for some days in brine, cut up, and freshened in cold water before boiling in alum. This preserve requires watching, being very apt to mould.

#### FILTERS AND FILTERING.

In every well-appointed kitchen, there are tin and porcelain funnels. For filtering watery fluids, it is only necessary to insert, in the choke of the funnel, a V-shaped piece of fine sponge. All such liquids on being put into the funnel, will pass through the sponge and become quite clear. When this effect ceases, the sponge must be removed and well cleaned.

Vinous fluids are best cleared by filtering through a cone of white blotting paper, shaped by folding a square piece of paper from corner to corner, then folding the triangle into half its size, and opening the folds; it will fit any funnel, which will act as a much needed support to the paper. Wines, etc., poured into this, will run through perfectly bright. In some cases where

the wine is only a little thick from lees, cork or other mechanically suspended substance, it can be made quite clear by filtering through a wad of white cotton put in the choke of the funnel; and when this answers, it is much quicker than the paper filter.

For jelly and oil, wool alone is the proper medium for filtering. The felted wool jelly bag is pretty well known as the best means of clearing calves' foot jelly, and it also answers for olive and other oil. These bags are, however, too expensive to be generally used; hence they are rarely seen in kitchens.

A good substitute for the wool bag is a colander, on the inside of which a new flannel lining should be fitted, made of double stuff. A wad of white knitting wool, put in the choke of a funnel, will do to filter any small portion of such fluids.—*Scientific American.*

—A convenient method of cleaning a jar, bucket, tub or barrel, is to place a small quantity of lime on the bottom, and then slack it with hot water, in which as much salt has been dissolved as it will take up. It will purify it like a charm. The vessel should be covered to keep the steam in.

—Water for making tea should be used the moment it boils. The reason assigned is, that if it is boiling for some time, all the gas that is in it escapes with the steam, and it will not then make tea of the best flavor.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

*TART CRUST.*—Dear Household:—I have often thought I should like to send you some recipes, and as A. A. F. wants some of her friend cooks to tell her how to make tart crust, I am that friend. Six even cups of flour, one cup of cold lard and one cup of butter, chopped with a chopping knife until very fine, then mixed with just enough ice water to roll out well, which I do until I can't see any pieces of shortening. I fold up small and roll out, then fold small and roll again, the last time I roll from the end and cut out. Bake in a very hot oven. The oven is the secret of nice tarts. Then there is another thing that spoils them; using your hands; you must not put your hands into them, but use a knife.

*JELLY ROLL.*—I make Berwick sponge cake, or any kind of nice sponge cake will do if baked very thin. When done I turn it out bottom side up on a fine cloth, which has been wrung out in cold water, then spread the jelly on while hot and roll up. I usually cut the edges from the cake, it rolls better.

*FROSTING.*—H. E. B. wants to know how to make frosting. I will tell her how I make mine. One pound of sugar, the whites of three eggs, dissolve the sugar in a little hot water, beat the eggs a little but not to a froth, stir both together in a basin, put the basin in a spider of boiling water and stir until it thickens, which will take a half hour or more, then spread. When it gets too cold and stiff I add a little hot water. I put in a spoonful of starch to make it whiter, and season with lemon.

*CREAM CAKES.*—I have thought of another very nice recipe which I believe I never saw in THE HOUSEHOLD, although inquired for. Cream Cakes such as you buy at the confectioners. One pint of water, and three-fourths pound of flour. Boil water and butter together, stir in flour while boiling, and when this mixture gets perfectly cold, break in ten eggs without beating them, then beat with the hand one hour, drop on tins half the size you want them, and bake in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes. When done and cold, lift up one-side with a knife and fill with cream that is made with one cup of milk, two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, and



one spoonful of flour. When the milk boils, put in the sugar, eggs and flour, which have been beaten together. Flavor with rose water or lemon.

HELEN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—It is almost needless to tell you that THE HOUSEHOLD finds a hearty reception in our house; for the numerous notes given in your columns show the important part it takes in every house where it is welcomed. As a small return for the many valuable hints which we have obtained from your pages allow us to add our mite in the form of a few recipes, which are favorites upon our table.

**CORN CAKE.**—One tablespoonful of sour cream or butter, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one even cup of Indian meal, one even cup of wheat flour, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and sweet milk or water. Makes it equally good with the addition of two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. We like this recipe for corn cake better than any other which we have tried.

**STEAMED PUDDING.**—Three cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, one teaspoonful of soda, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one-half teaspoonful of cloves. Steam three or four hours in a tin mould, and serve with sauce.

**RICE PUDDING.**—Two tablespoonfuls of rice to one quart of milk, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, and two-thirds cup of butter. Bake two hours, and stir occasionally while baking. Good either warm or cold. Serve without sauce.

MAGGIE B.

**COCOANUT CAKE.**—*Mr. Crowell:*—I send S. M. B. my recipe for cocoanut cake, which I feel sure she will like. Rub together one pound of butter and two pounds of sugar, beat ten eggs separately, add the yolks to the butter and sugar then add one pound of flour then the whites of the eggs, and lastly add three cocoanuts grated fine. Put the cake into the oven as soon as possible after the cocoanut is added.

**DELICATE CAKE.**—One pound of sugar, fourteen ounces of flour, seven ounces of butter, the whites of sixteen eggs, beaten well, two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar rubbed into the flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk. Bake in two pans. Put citron in one side if you like. Flavor with bitter almond, or to suit the taste.

**JUMBLES.**—*M. S.* asks for a recipe for jumbles. I have a good one: Three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sour milk flour to mix hard, saleratus, and after it is kneaded and rolled sift sugar over the top and bake quick.

**FROSTING CAKE.**—I wish to send M. S. my recipe for frosting cake. To frost two loaves take one sheet of Cowper's isinglass, pour one-half teacupful of boiling water over it and let it stand on the back side of your stove to dissolve slowly. When it is dissolved so that there is no scum on top take it off the stove and add to it one pound of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of starch, which makes it look shiny. Have your cakes cold. I often bake them the day before frosting. Pour the frosting over the cake, do not use a knife more than necessary as it injures the looks of the cake; set away in a smooth place to harden. It is very necessary to use pure water to dissolve the isinglass in. In the winter season I melt snow and use that. Be sure and melt it in a bright tin dish. I think this recipe far preferable to the old-fashioned whites of eggs and sugar recipe.

M. C. W.

**GRAPE JELLY.**—I saw in the January number that one of the subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD asked for a recipe to make grape jelly. Here is mine. Weigh your juice, then let it boil forty minutes and set off; then stir in one pound of sugar to each pound of juice, (be sure to stir with a wooden spoon,) then let it boil thirty minutes longer over a hot fire, mine always does well.

J. B. M.

**JOHNNY CAKE.**—*Ed. Household:*—In return for the many valuable recipes I have had the benefit of from your paper, I

will contribute one for Johnny-cake, which I know to be excellent. One-half cup of cream, one cup of sour milk, (not very sour,) one-half cup of sugar, one egg, one and one-half cups of corn meal, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt.

VERMONT.

**SALSIFY.**—Janet wishes to know about salsify. It is good to use from August until the ground freezes; it may then be left in the ground, like parsnips, to be used in the spring, or perhaps they might be buried in sand and placed in the cellar. Perhaps Janet would like a recipe for cooking them. We slice them fine and boil in water until soft, then they may be fixed the same as oysters.

**FISH CHOWDER.**—*Mrs. A. M. H.* wishes to know how to make fish chowder. I will give her a recipe which is very nice. Slice thin some salt, fat pork, fry it in the kettle which you are to use, and when done take out the pork, leaving in the fat. Have ready a sufficient quantity of fish cut in small pieces, place this in the kettle with layers of potatoes pared and sliced thin. Season with pepper and salt, and pour over this nearly enough water to cover it. The pork can be put back on top or left out as you please. Cover the kettle closely and let it stew half an hour, then add a pint of milk thickened with a little flour, and some split crackers.

MRS. A. B. C.

**TO KNIT MITTENS.**—*Mr. Crowell:*—I saw an inquiry how to knit mittens whose spots should be a diamond. I knit a pair which came quite near it, casting on equal fives, then knit one round blue, the next four of blue and one of white, the next round three white and three blue, having the middle white one the same as the white in the last round, next round all white, next three and three, and next four blue and one white.

**WARM SLAW.**—I take a solid head of cabbage and shave it fine, scald two-thirds of a pint of vinegar, one-third of a pint of sweet cream, one tablespoonful of sugar, a small quantity of mustard and black pepper, and salt to taste, pour over, scald, add a little flour wet in vinegar to thicken it, or an egg beaten and stirred in, and pour over again.

**COLD SLAW.**—Shave fine, cover with sharp vinegar, with salt and a little mustard and pepper.

I should like to see a recipe for good soft gingerbread and, if possible, for good pumpkin pies without eggs. Also for good yeast bread where hops cannot be obtained.

L. O.

Grade Mills, Butler Co., Pa.

**CLEAR COFFEE.**—*Mr. Editor:*—I will say to those of my friends reading THE HOUSEHOLD, that as at this season of the year eggs are very high, it is well to know that they can have clear coffee by putting one egg in with the berry as soon as scorched and cool enough to stir with the hand. Set it by the stove till dry and they will have coffee just as nice as if they used eggs every time they made coffee.

M. A. A.

**JELLY CAKE.**—*Mr. Editor:*—If A. A. F. will try my recipe for roll jelly cake, I think she will find it nice. One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, three tablespoonfuls of milk. As soon as taken from the oven loosen from the edge of the tin with a knife, and turn it over on a cloth. Spread on the jelly and roll.

A. M.

**LEMON PIE.**—Let me send my recipe for lemon pie. Three eggs, three lemons, three tablespoonfuls of corn starch, three cups of sugar, one quart of boiling water, and a little salt. Wet the starch first in cold water, then add slowly the hot water; roll the lemons, cut them open and squeeze out the juice, peel out the pulp and cut fine. Do not use the rind. Add the juice and pulp to the sugar and starch. Beat the eggs and add them last. This will make five pies with two crusts.

MARION.

**ACID PIES.**—Two cups of water, one cup of bread or crackers, one teaspoonful of acid, and one cup of sugar. Season with lemon extract.

Mrs. W. D. M.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I saw in your columns directions for making an Aeolian harp, and tried to make one, but have not succeeded. Though it may seem a paradox, I'm inclined to believe it a humbug, because it will not hum. Will some one of your readers please tell me where or how I would be most likely to make a mistake? I whittled wedges, waxed silk, and drew it tight; but no music.

Will some one please tell me how to make a good oyster pie, and good mince pies?

C. J. W.

**MR. EDITOR:**—Will some one of your readers inform me, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, how to make old fashioned rye drop cakes? and oblige.

C. E. R.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Will some of your readers inform me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to make caramels and marshmallows? and oblige.

MARIE K.

**MR. EDITOR:**—I would like to send in my mite in return for the very valuable information which I have received through these columns. Katie, in the January number, wishes to find a preventive for rust on iron sinks. If she will grease it well once a day, with any kind of grease, (I use the grease from my soap grease pot) and let it stand some time, say half a day, or all night, and then wash it off in hot, soapy, dish water, by trying this method for a week, she will have as bright a sink as she can wish; my experience with sinks painted black, is, that it peels off in a short time.

A lady inquires about the care of smilax. My experience with it is, that it requires a great deal of water and considerable sun. I have a beautiful piece which I raised from the bulb in this way.

Eva C. J. wishes a rule for peach pickles. I selected a crate of cling stone peaches, rubbed the down all off with a coarse towel and steamed them in a steamer until they could be pricked with a straw. Have ready a jar and some whole cloves, and stick four or five cloves into each peach and drop it into the jar. To every quart of vinegar put one pint of white sugar and one ounce of stick cinnamon, and boil it all together half an hour, then pour it on the hot peaches, and you will have some excellent pickles.

A Subscriber wishes the proper size of pillow and sheet shams. The length of my pillow shams, finished are twenty-six inches and twenty-three inches wide. I have a three-inch hem all around and a four-inch ruffle. The shams, including the hems, are twenty-three by twenty-six inches and including the ruffles are twenty-seven by thirty inches. I bought the widest Dwight cotton, and for the sheet shams took one yard and tore it in two lengthwise, leaving it two yards long and half a yard wide.

Rheta, will find by boiling the tops of her lamps in strong washing suds they will become bright.

Will some one please send me a recipe for making good cocoanut cake?

MRS. L. N. F. H.

I would like to ask, through THE HOUSEHOLD, the way to clean white Corduroy? I shall feel much obliged for the information.

E. M.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—S. B. M. wants to know how to "do up" linen bosoms, cuffs, etc. I have good success by simply starching the articles with hot starch immediately before ironing. Keep the starch warm, rub it well into the articles and rub off any superfluous starch with a dry cloth; then you will have nicely done up linen.

Now, dear HOUSEHOLD, if there any among your many correspondents or subscribers who can inform me how to keep, or what method to adopt in order to keep a well regulated house, and always have things looking "just so?" they will greatly oblige.

Mrs. O. C.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—Will you allow me a place in your columns, in which to make an apology to "A Young Housekeeper," and to

answer a question which she asked in last October's number in relation to the receipt about "fried curls," and which I did not see at the time.

Nearly all the fall and winter there has been sickness in our family, and THE HOUSEHOLD, which I usually read thoroughly, had to be laid aside, and tumblers of medicine in its place. This month I was looking over the back numbers, and came across her question. I am very sorry that it has been so long that she has been kept waiting.

The curls are to be fried on the sticks. We have never been troubled with their falling, but if she thinks there may be danger, she can boil the sticks in water. They are of pine, because it is necessary to have light wood, to allow the cakes to rise in the fat. I suppose poplar or white wood would answer as well.

MARION.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I am in trouble and write to ask if you can help me. I set a plant on my window sill, which is of chestnut, and when I moved it there was left to reproach me, a black mark the size of the flower pot saucer. Will anything restore the original color? If you will tell me you will greatly oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

**MR. EDITOR:**—Please inform me what will remove iron rust from cotton and linen goods.

DORCAS.

Will some of your readers tell me what will remove iron rust from bleached muslin?

MRS. W. D. M.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some of the many readers of your most excellent paper, be kind enough to give a recipe for skeletonizing and bleaching ferns and leaves, the best time to gather them and what varieties to secure? and oblige.

A FAITHFUL READER.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Will some one of your many readers give a recipe for removing spots and stains from marble? And oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—A. S. says, in the March number of your paper that she has a recipe for removing mildew from linen and cotton. Will she please send it? And can any of your correspondents give me a recipe for bleaching brown muslin with chloride of lime? And oblige.

MARY ELIZABETH.

**MR. CROWELL:**—I should like to beg through the columns of the much loved HOUSEHOLD, for the recipe for removing mildew, promised by A. S., lately. Send it by all means.

I should feel greatly obliged if some subscriber could send directions for making sandwiches. Tell us the kind of bread and all about them. I shall think more than ever of THE HOUSEHOLD if I can learn these two things from it.

F.

**MR. CROWELL:**—*Dear Sir:*—I like THE HOUSEHOLD very much, and enjoy reading the recipes. Will some one please inform me how to remove finger marks from rosewood furniture? And oblige.

LIZZIE A.

Adena, Ohio.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—Will you permit me to ask a few questions? Taking it for granted you do, I will proceed. In the first place I want to ask if there is anything that will remove hair from the forehead and keep it from growing again without injuring the skin? My babe has a mark on his forehead about as large as a five cent piece from which the hair grows. Any information on the subject will be thankfully received.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one tell me what will cure warts, I have tried most every thing.

HELEN.

Will some of your lady friends please send me a recipe for porcupine pudding. Please give full directions for making. Also how to cook cod-fish in various ways.

M. C. W.

Will some one give directions for weaving hair watch chains? I would like directions for making genuine New England brown bread, such as "mother used to make," with yeast? Will some one tell me how to keep eggs all winter?

COUSIN MARY.





## ONLY ACROSS THE RIVER.

There's a beautiful land where the angels dwell,  
And our loved ones are garnered forever,  
Where songs of deliverance in full anthems swell,  
Where sorrows ne'er come, their joys to dispel;  
It is only across the river.

There's a heavenly rest, a home of delight,  
Where sin and where death come never;  
The Holy of Holies, where saints, clothed in white,  
Rejoice in the goodness of God, day and night;  
It is only across the river.

There are mansions prepared for the holy and pure,  
When from earth, death their spirits shall sever,  
When those who in Christ to the end, shall endure,  
Shall dwell in His presence forever secure;  
It is only across the river.

There's a robe and a crown in that beautiful land,  
Which Jesus, the glorious giver,  
Shall bestow upon those who are worthy to stand,  
When probation is past, at the Father's right hand;  
It is only across the river.

Then we'll fear not the gloom that hides the bright shore,  
For Christ shall be there to deliver,  
And guide us in safety, though billows may roar,  
By the light of His love, the dark waters o'er;  
It is only across the river.

## A STORY FOR HUSBANDS.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

THE half-worn coat which she was mending had slipped upon the floor, while her weary hands were pressed to her throbbing head, as if to smother the heavy pain that had grown so hard to bear; as if to shut out the world whose cares and trials seemed to her so bitter.

It was a pleasant room, with its simple, tasteful furnishings and its bright pictures, lighted up by the mellow glow of the autumn sun; yet poor, little Mrs. Moore almost loathed the sight of it that November afternoon, since it was to her scarcely other than a painted cage. A heavy sigh, that was almost a groan, escaped her lips as she resumed her work, and then, two shining tear-drops stole out and trickled down over her flushed face. She was a sweet woman, young, fair and winsome, but over her married life there had arisen a little cloud, shutting away from her the heart's sunshine, making her shiver in the silent gloom.

"He has changed so much in these two short years," she murmurs, "so very much. Once he used to notice every shade of weariness and sadness; but now he never seems to think I can be tired, and when I am sad it is only because I have grown 'unreasonable and cross.' If he would only sympathize with me sometimes, or even appreciate my constant efforts to be a faithful wife and mother, and how much self-denial it costs me when I feel tired and sick—and if he only had a little sympathy and appreciation I could do and bear almost anything;" and the tears came faster.

A wail from the cradle interrupted her sad musings, and she turned hastily to soothe the restless sleeper. But the charm of his slumbers was broken, and nothing less than his mamma's whole attention would sat-

isfy the exacting little fellow. Lifting him from his pillow, Mrs. Moore thought he had never seemed so heavy before; and when she carried him across the room his weight seemed almost more than she could support.

"Great baby!" she exclaimed, "mamma wishes you would be well and grow strong." He ceased his crying for a moment and looked at her wonderingly, then raising his dimpled hands, he clutched at the tears on his mother's face and sobbed as if his baby heart was aching too.

"Precious one," she murmurs, "he is his mother's comforter," and her arm grew stronger as she kissed his rosebud lips. The afternoon waned and still he clung to her, as if there were no other claimant upon her time, as if papa would not want his coat when he came home, as if there were no tea-table to be set and no biscuits to be made.

By-and-by there was a ringing step along the walk and through the hall as Charlie Moore came rushing in with buoyant heart, his days work done and his cares all laid aside, leaving to him the enjoyment of a peaceful, restful evening. Throwing himself upon the sofa, he looked the very embodiment of selfishness as he exclaimed, a little fretfully:

"When I get rich I wont work so hard." His tired wife sighed as she saw how little hope of relief there ever was for her. "Is supper ready?" he asked abruptly. "I'm hungry as a bear."

"No, baby would not let me put him down," was the subdued reply: "but if you will come and take him, it shall be very soon."

"Bring him here!" was the ungracious answer.

"You'll have to get up," waiting a little for him to do so. Then, lifting the heavy baby in her arms, she rose wearily and carried him to her leige-lord, who thought he was making a great condescension to bother himself with the "fretful huzzy."

Charlie Moore was a nice looking young man in his early thirties, with a grace and affability of manner that won for him an entrance into almost any circle. His physique was noble, his tastes were cultured and his noble manner bespoke the gentleman. The girl whom he loved and won from her modest home was a sweet, unassuming maiden; and his devotion to her now was as warm and deep as when he first called her his wife, nor was her comfort or happiness less precious to his heart.

But the truth was, Charlie Moore was possessed with a selfish and overbearing disposition; and when the first fresh glamour of wedded bliss had grown dim, these sad traits began to assert themselves, to the unspeakable distress of his fond hearted wife, and the utter ruin of their domestic joy. And this was what made him unmindful of the burden which rested upon the shoulders of the weak little woman by his side, this was what chilled his sympathies and froze his home manners, prompting many a heartless and unkind remark, even when in the depths of his soul, there was only love and tenderness. Blind, deluded man! he never stopped to think how cold and cheerless the world

would become were it not for the warm touch of the blessed sunshine, and so he wondered that the home-air grew so chill and heavy when he had buried his heart down under the earth-clods of inordinate self-love,—buried it so deeply that its light could seldom penetrate them. The simple meal was quickly spread, and Mrs. Moore came back to rescue the uneasy baby from his comfortless quarters, to his evident satisfaction.

"Nothing but cold bread and butter?" Mr. Moore had surveyed the table a full half minute in silence and now raised his eyes to his wife, full of displeasure.

"You did not bring me the apples at noon as I asked you to; I wanted them for tea."

"Why didn't you tell me so?" burst from his lips—as if he would throw upon her the blame for his negligence.

"I would have made some hot rolls," she added, "but I could not get baby from my arms a single minute. This bread is much healthier though," with a faint effort at pleasantry. He knit his brows and muttered something about the "little plague" that effectually checked any further attempt at sociability, and the half hour passed heavily. Mrs. Moore sipped her tea in silence, for her husband was too much absorbed in his own concerns to notice that she ate nothing.

"Can't I have my coat?" was the next demand that fell upon her ear.

"I couldn't quite finish that darn in the elbow, but I'll cut the thread and you can wear it as it is, I suppose;" suiting the action to her words.

"I am growing more and more shabby every day," was the ungracious remark he made as he put it on and went out. His words did not suggest to him the deeper meaning in which alone, they were truthful, for he did not realize that he was indeed becoming more and more "shabby" every day.

The tea-table stood where they had left it till late in the evening, and then, baby Leon being fast asleep at last, his tired mother cleared it away. She sat down and thought of the many little jobs of work that were waiting for her hands, and then, bathing her temples, she slipped into bed saying to herself, "I must rest, any how."

Half an hour later Charlie Moore came into the house like a small whirlwind, slamming the door behind him, tramping along with a heavy step and whistling loudly as he came. Mrs. Moore had fallen into an easy slumber, from which this rough awakening roused her like a blast from a trumpet, thrilling her nerves and sending the cruel pain back into her head with a sharp throb. Baby moaned in his sleep and then awoke with a frightened cry. Is it any wonder that her tones were reproachful, or even a little impatient, as she said tremulously;

"Now see what you have done Charlie;—woke the baby, and me too, and I am so tired. Why couldn't you have come in a little stiller?" And he—was he sorry for the discomfort he had occasioned? Not in the least; he even refused to see that he was in any wise responsible for it, but only replied carelessly;

"A fellow must come in I suppose.

How should I know you were already in bed!"

Her night's rest wrought wonders for Mrs. Moore; for the next morning she arose with much the old bouyancy of spirit and elasticity of muscle. She had need of it all, for a large ironing stood waiting for her in the clothes-basket, besides countless lesser claims upon her one pair of hands. But the baby was in an unusually good mood too, and the work went smoothly on for awhile; till by-and-by the little fellow's forbearance seemed exhausted, and there came a long interruption to the housework. Then dinner must be prepared, and at last she finished the ironing hurriedly, with one foot on the cradle. When Charlie came in and they sat down to dinner, her face was hot and flushed while the weariness of that morning's labors and perplexities rested on her spirits with crushing weight. He looked at her dubiously as she sat down and drew a heavy sigh, for it made him uncomfortable; and whatever interfered with his comfort seemed to him intolerable. He ate a moment in silence and then clearing his mouth with a loud smack, rallied her for her woe-begone appearance.

"I am so tired," and her lips quivered as she spoke. It did not occur to him even then, to try the charm of sympathy and encouragement, so obtuse did his selfishness render him: so he gazed at her in blank astonishment, wondering that the work for a small family like theirs should seem so hard to her, when the time was that families were three times as large, and the women worked out of doors besides.

"Come, cheer up and laugh a little," he went on lightly, "just a little for the sake of your husband."

The ghost of a smile flitted across her face as she replied, a little sadly, "you must say something cheering then." Alas, this "something cheering," which was her sorest need, her selfish husband never dreamed of offering to her, and so she grew fainter and fainter for lack of the blessed tonic.

The day at which we have been looking was but one of the days which made up the sum of this woman's life, a life of care and toil, having a great deal of sweetness in it, it is true, yet sadly lacking in the tender, ever watchful solicitude, the warm protecting love, which is a wife's abiding strength, her crown of joy.

Patiently she worked on till by-and-by the wheels in the household machinery began to creak fearfully, and Charlie Moore awoke suddenly one day to the appalling fact that his wife was really ill—seriously ill. An inexperienced girl was installed in the kitchen, and kind hearted old Dr. Sterling was summoned to prescribe for the sick woman. But the days wore on and she was prostrate still, to the great distress of the alarmed Charlie, who now that his wife had actually fallen, was full of concern.

"I want you to tell me doctor, just what you honestly think of Mary," he said to him as he drew him aside one evening when he was passing out. His anxiety had well nigh reached a climax, and he could endure it no longer.

"Well," replied the old doctor, a



little bluntly, "I think there was no need of her getting where she is now, —so thoroughly run down, and she is young—with a pretty good constitution. Over-worked — over-worked, somehow. She is just like a tired child, the truth is, a tired child that has been goaded on till she can't take another step and hasn't courage enough left to care whether she ever does or not. There is something the matter with her that my medicine cannot reach," he added, bending a searching glance upon his listener. "Perhaps you know what it is, Mr. Moore; anyhow, I advise you to find out, if you want to see her on her feet again at present."

The doctor's words sunk deeply into the young man's troubled heart and during the next few days he pondered them carefully, for his conscience was becoming very tender, and his wife's patience was a constant reproof to him. He sadly missed her presiding genius in the disordered kitchen, his home seemed strangely lacking in comfort now; and thus his eyes were gradually opened to see what his wife had been to him while he was too stupid to know it, too exacting to be even satisfied. And his heart smote him when he remembered how little cheer he had ever brought to their home, how careless he had been of the comfort and happiness of her who was always so solicitous for his own.

"I'll do better in the future; Mary shall never work so hard again," were the resolutions with which he sought to quiet his conscience. But still his wife did not rally, and still the doctor's words rang in his ears.

One evening he entered her room softly, and stole cautiously up to her bed-side. She lay so quietly that he thought her sleeping, and bending over her, he pressed his lips tenderly on her feverish brow. Unclosing her eyes slowly, as if she feared she had been dreaming, she looked at him wonderingly. Then kissing her again, he took her hand in his while he sat down to tell her how anxious this illness made him, and how impatient he was becoming for the time when she would be well again. Then lowering his voice, he bent down still nearer while he spoke of the bitter reproachful thoughts that had been torturing him of late; of how his love for her had never grown cold, though his carelessness and selfishness had so often made him thoughtless and unkind.

"But forgive me, my darling wife," he plead earnestly, "forgive me, and with God's help it shall be so no more."

That hour was the crisis in Mrs. Moore's "slow fever," it was the turning point in the life of her husband too, for he treasured well the lesson which this sad experience taught him, and never again had his faithful wife occasion to mourn his lack of sympathy. It was many weeks before she could leave her sick-room, and they were weeks of pain and disappointment; but in the light of her husband's tender love, they seemed to her the richest weeks of her life—so precious to a woman is the sympathy of the man she loves. And when at length she came back to her active life, through all its trials and griefs, her husband's tender benediction was her strong tower of defence.

Our story is finished; but in passing, we can hardly refrain from looking kindly in your eye, gentlemanly reader, while we inquire if your wife's labors and privations seem small or slight. For perhaps it is for you this little sketch has been written.

#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Thirty-six.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Generally, my dear friends, we of THE HOUSEHOLD talk together, looking into each others faces and catching inspiration from each others eyes. At any rate, that is what we "make believe" we do, and it is altogether the pleasanter belief. In that way we draw nearer to each other, entering more fully into the mood of the hour, understanding more thoroughly the wants, the aspirations, the joys and the sorrows of each individual experience.

But this time—I own it frankly—I am writing to you; writing this cold, raw day in February, what you will not read till May. The snow lies in great white drifts over the pansy beds. Icicles hang like huge stalactites from the eaves, glittering in the bright sunlight, but without a thought of melting. The sun woos them in vain. His most ardent glances fail to soften their stony hearts, and they seem to laugh to scorn his amorous pleading. The hills are white and ghostly in the distance; the trees stand like giant sentinels darkly defined upon their summits, or cast wierd shadows upon their inaccessible heights. In short, it is winter, downright winter still. Nothing gives so much as a hint of summer out of doors, making it all the lovelier within, where ivys wander at their own sweet will, where great clusters of fuchsias sway downward with the weight of their snowy and crimson bells, where heliotropes are heavy with fragrance, and geraniums are aflame with scarlet, bright with tender pink—like the flesh on a baby's cheek—or white and pure as a maiden's dream. Get you a little stand of plants, good friends—if you have not room for a large one—before another autumn comes with its withering frosts. No upholstery, no new carpets,—I was about to say no rare and costly art treasures can so beautify and adorn your homes. They cost next to nothing; and as for the vast amount of trouble and care that they give to their owners—there is a good deal of humbug about all that. They need a little attendance daily. But they are like children; too much fussing and fidgeting is not good for them, and they thrive all the better for a little wholesome letting alone.

This, however, is merely an aside, and is not at all what I started to say,—I was just wondering, all alone here by myself, how these words of mine—written by the side of this bright coal fire, will find you all next May! The air will be full of the sweet yearning, the vague unrest of the spring-time. Grass will be springing fresh and green in the meadows and by the winding roads. There will be squares and oblongs of emerald upon the brown hillsides. Trees will be clothing

themselves with delicate verdure. Birds will be building their nests, and the world will be vocal with their jubilant melodies. Blue violets will be opening their soft eyes; wild flowers will be nodding upon their slender stalks, and the pink and white arbutus will be nestling in its shy, sweet, beauty under the withered leaves at the foot of gnarled and mossy trees. This is how it will be with the earth and the things thereof. But you! ah me what a shifting, changing panorama like the phantasms of a dream, passes before me as I try to see you all with my mind's eye and to imagine what you will be about!

I can guess what some of you will be doing, however. It requires no gift of prescience to know that very many of our great army of housekeepers will be making their homes sweet and pure and beautiful for the incoming of the glorious summer—or to put it more prosaically, they will be cleaning-house. Glorify the work, good friends, and throw a halo over mop and broom and duster by the thought that there can be no beauty without cleanliness—and that beauty loved of the gods! Some of you will be fashioning dainty garments, light and airy and graceful as the vines and flowers. Some of you will be at work in your gardens, busy with trowel and hoe and rake. Some of you—but I cannot follow you all, you are too many and too far. But may peace and love and joy be with each and every one of you on the bright spring day when you shall read these words!

Just now when I am writing, the Credit Mobilier investigation is going on at Washington. Mothers of THE HOUSEHOLD, don't you find it very discouraging? Do not your heart fail you, when you think of bringing boys into the world to make such an ignominious wreck of life as has been made by that group of men at our National Capitol? Men whom we have revered for their "wisdom and virtue;" men whom we have held up to our sons as models; men whom we have supposed as incorruptable as the sun itself; men whom the nation has trusted implicitly and honored with its highest gifts—yet who now stand before us falsified, dishonored, lost! What can we do about it? What can we say to our boys? What can we say to ourselves? Are we to lose all faith in humanity? all faith in God? Are we to believe the vile sayings that "every man has his price?" Instead of thinking as we are commanded to do by the inspired apostle upon "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," are we forthwith to begin to question whether there are any such things? It looks like it now. I look as if when our young sons, flushed with the pride and glory of dawning manhood came to us to talk of their first votes,—for thank God! some young men, even in these irreverent days, do talk earnestly and thoughtfully with their mothers on just such themes—it looks, I say, as if when we beg them by their manhood and our womanhood, and by all that is holy, just and right, to throw their

ballots only for true and honorable men, they will reply to us "cui bono? What good will it do? What difference does it make whether we help to put in office good men or bad men?—they are all alike when they get to Washington—unless, perhaps, the men who are high in church as well as state are a little worse than the others!"

Does it not look like this, good friends? Do you not all begin to wonder what we shall say to our boys?

For some, at least, of these men who to-day stand before the country in such a questionable attitude are men whose political standing has been due in a great measure to their supposed moral and religious character. We have looked upon them, however widely we may have differed in our estimate of their ability, as men of unimpeachable integrity, of scrupulous honesty, whose words were bonds, and whose statements could be relied on though the heavens should fall. You have all heard the story of the old Dutchman who, when a witness in court, persisted in interluding his testimony with the phrase, "Mine wife told me," greatly to the disgust of the judge.

"We don't care to hear what your wife told you," said his Honor, "go on and tell us what you know about the matter."

So he went on and told a long story, "How do you know this?" asked the opposing counsel.

"Mine wife—she told me," was the tartling answer.

"Now, look here, my man," said the judge angrily, "If your wife should tell you the skies were falling, what should you do?"

"Vell"—drawled the Dutchman—"I should tink dey vas down!"

It is no laughing matter. But our faith, the faith of this American people, in these Credit Mobilier men—in some of them at any rate—was as strong as the Dutchman's in his wife. When they told us the sky was not falling we believed them in spite of appearances. Now we see that it is falling; and that they have fallen with it. What shall we do when our children ask us if they were not christians—members of churches, officers in religious associations, lecturers on temperance, right living, and all the virtues? What shall we answer when they ask us if Religion is a safe-guard—if it makes a man strong in the hour of trial?

Ah! my friends, it seems to me there is nothing to be said but this—"Lord, let us not be led into temptation!" The lesson taught by this sad exposition is the weakness of human nature. Probably some the chiefest of these offenders were not willful hypocrites—not dishonest by premeditation. Very possibly to-day they bewail more than any personal disgrace, the shame they have brought upon the church, and the cause that they really love. But they dallied with temptation. They played with the glittering bauble of evil, thinking they could toss it away at any moment, themselves unsmirched. And when they found that it had left its stain upon their fingers and that the "damned spot" would not "out," they equivocated and—lied to hide their shame.



There is no thinking man or woman in the land that does not feel this with a sense of almost personal humiliation.

Yet the strongest of us may well pause and look about us. If the mighty have fallen, where is the strength of the weak? "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." And let the young men remember that "murder will out." Let sin cover its steps ever so closely, it is sure to be discovered at last. It was said ages ago that "Death loves a shining mark." It is equally true of the spirit of evil; and the higher a man rises, the farther does he fall when the fearful arrow reaches him.

#### THE DARK DAY OF 1780.

An Enquirer under "Note and Queries" asked for information in regard to the nature, duration, and assigned cause of the Dark Day in New England in 1780. We publish in this paper a condensed account of this remarkable phenomenon, forwarded us by D. T. Taylor, of Rouse's Point, N. Y. The article was originally published in the Boston Journal of June 14, 1871. The phenomenon has never been explained. Dr. Tenney, in 1785, wrote to the Historical Society that the ability of the land had endeavored to present a cause, but, said he, "you will agree with me that no satisfactory solution has yet appeared." In similar language wrote Noah Webster in 1843. The theory of some, that it was smoke and ashes from forest fires, extensively raging, was disproved. No fires in the forests could have been sufficient to spread a dense cloud over the whole of New England and even some parts of the Middle States. It came too suddenly, with no wind to carry it from one point to another. It was a darkness that settled down over an area of more than three hundred thousand square miles at the same time.

#### THE DARK DAY IN NEW ENGLAND, IN 1780.

BY D. T. TAYLOR.

On the 19th of May, 1780, the inhabitants of New England and the adjacent parts were the trembling witnesses of a phenomenon never seen before nor since, and which to this day remains unexplained. The year was celebrated for its numerous auroral exhibitions in this latitude. They covered the midnight heavens with coruscations of red and silver, and streamed out like lightning, seeming says one writer, fairly to flash warmth in the face. The winter preceeding was marked by extraordinary severity. Snow lay on the ground from the middle of November to the middle of April. In December and January a storm continued for seven successive days, and the snow fell to a depth of four feet on a level in this single storm, and with drifts eight and ten feet high. Sheep were buried in the drifts for many days, and even men and animals perished with the cold. Long Island Sound was crossed by heavy artillery on the ice. Narraganset Bay froze over so hard that men traversed the ice from Providence to Newport in skating parties, and from Fall River to Newport, loads of

wood were conveyed on the ice through Bristol ferry.

Previous to the 19th a vapor filled the air for several days. There was a smell of sulphur. The morning of the 19th was overcast with some clouds, and the rain fell over the country, with lightning and thunder. Scarcely any motion was in the air, what wind there was came from the southwest. By nine o'clock in the forenoon, without previous warning, the darkness stole gradually on, with a luminous appearance near the horizon, as if the obscuring cloud had dropped down from overhead. There was a yellowness of the atmosphere that clear silver assume a grass green hue. Then a dense, undefinable vapor settled rapidly and without aerial movement, over all the land and ocean from Pennsylvania to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the darkness it caused sinking by degrees until the sunlight was effectually shut out. Ordinary cloud it was not. The rapidity with which so large an extent of country was enveloped precludes the possibility of supposing this to be a natural cloud moving laterally. Besides this, the day was too calm to imagine such a thing. Down came the darkness thicker and thicker. By ten o'clock the air was loaded with a thick gloom. The heavens were tinged with a yellowish or faint red; the lurid look increased: few, if any, ordinary clouds were visible. The sun in disappearing took a brassy hue. The lurid, brassy color spread everywhere, above and below. The grass assumed the color of the sky, and all out doors wore a sickly, weird and melancholy aspect,—a dusky appearance as if seen through a smoked glass. By eleven o'clock it was as night itself, and from this time until three in the afternoon the darkness was extraordinary and frightful.

The extent of the darkness was greater than is related of any other similar phenomenon on record, not excepting the celebrated dark days over Egypt and Judea. It reached south to the northern half of Pennsylvania, and from thence along the coast northeast to the wilds of Maine, eastward to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and out at sea one hundred and twenty miles southeast of Boston, and undoubtedly much farther; west to the valleys of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River, and north into undefined regions in Canada. Portland, Boston, Hartford, New York, West Point and Albany were affected by it. But the degrees of darkness differed in different places, the deepest night settling over New England. A tract of land and sea eight hundred miles in length, and four hundred miles in breadth, embracing an area of three hundred and twenty thousand square miles, was known to be covered by the cloud, and so far as can be ascertained, a population of seven hundred thousand souls sat for a portion of the day and night in a gloom more or less profound and inexplicable.

Just how dark the day was, is attested by indisputable evidence. The hour and minute could not be discovered on the face of a clock or watch by persons of unimpaired eyesight. Candles became an absolute necessity both out doors and in, as it was im-

possible to transact ordinary business without them. Fires on the hearthstone shone as brightly as on a moonless November evening, and all dinner tables were set with lighted candles upon them as if it were an evening repast. The keenest eyes in doors could not see to read common print. So far beyond any ordinary fog was the effect, that stages on the road either put up at the nearest hotel during the mid-day hours, or carried candles or lanterns to enable the perplexed driver to well see his way.

And the brute and feathered creation seemed puzzled and agitated. The birds ceased to fly, and hid themselves in the branches of the trees. As the darkness increased they sang their evening songs as they do at twilight, and then became silent. Pigeons on the wing took to the shelter of the forest as they do at night. The whip-poor-will, as if it were truly night, cheerfully sang his song through the gloomy hours. Woodcocks, which are night birds, whistled as they only do in the night time. Bats came out of their hiding places and flew about. The fowls marched solemnly to their roosts as they do only at nightfall, and, after cackling for a while over the mystery of so short a day, became still. Cocks crowed as is their custom at nightly intervals and the early breaking of day. Frogs peeped their evening concert, and the dogs whined or ran away as on the approach of an earthquake. The herds of cattle on New England's thousand hills, sought the shelter of the shed or barnyard, lowing as they come to the gate, and sheep huddled around the circle with their heads inward—the invariable token of apprehended danger.

On the human family the effect was still more curious and terrifying. The mechanic left his tools in the shop, the farmer his plow in the furrow, and each moved in silent and marveling mood toward the barn or dwelling. On the home threshold they were met by pale and anxious women, who tremblingly inquired, "What is coming?" The alarmed traveler, seeking the sympathy of his fellow man as one impressed with a sense of impending peril, put up at the nearest house, and mingled his anxious questionings and forebodings with those of the family. Strong men met and spoke with surprise on their countenances, and little children peered timidly into the deepening gloom, and then sought the sheltering parental arms. Schools broke up in affright, and wondering pupils scampered homeward with many expressions of childish fear. The inevitable candle shone out of the windows of all dwellings, every countenance gathered blackness—all hearts were filled with fear of an approaching unparalleled storm, or the occurrence of a terrestrial convulsion; but it was not the blackness of the storm-cloud, such as sometimes, with frightful agitation, breaks over a single city; it was the silent spreading of the pallcloth over the earth by strong, invisible hands.

Many anecdotes of terror are related. In Boston, from the hours of eleven or one to three o'clock, business was generally suspended and shops were closed.

At Groton, a court was in session in a meeting house full of large windows, as was the old style houses of worship; but at half past eleven all faces began to wear a sombre hue, whereupon magistrate and people followed suit with all New England, and called for lighted candles. Connecticut went totally under the cloud. The journal of her House of Representatives puts on record the fact that "None could see to read or write in the House not even at a window, or distinguish persons at a small distance, or perceive any distinction of dress, etc., in the circle of attendants. Therefore, at eleven o'clock adjourned the House till two o'clock, afternoon." Amid the deepening gloom that wrapped about the city, darkened the rooms of the State House, and set the law givers trembling with the apprehension that the day of Judgment was at hand, when the motion for adjournment was made, Col. Abraham Davenport, afterward Judge of Stamford, Conn., and State Counsellor in the Legislative Chamber at Hartford, said: "I am against the adjournment. Either the Day of Judgment is at hand, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I wish to be found in the line of my duty. I wish candles to be brought."

The darkness of the day having been succeeded an hour or two before evening by a partially clear sky, and the shining of the sun still obscured by the black and vapory mist, this interval was followed by a return of the obscurity with greater density, that rendered the first half of the night hideously dark—beyond all former experience of probably a million of people who saw it.—N. Y. Observer.

#### AUNT SALLY SENSIBLE'S REFLECTIONS.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

I don't like to hear a woman always talking about what her poor dear husband used to do. Particularly when she's been and gone and got married again, as I have. It looks a good deal like the way some people have of always telling the new school teacher all about the old one, what rules and order she kept, and how she never made any trouble when she boarded round.

It makes me think, too, how the new minister has to hear all about his "illustrious predecessor," even to the way he wore his spectacles. Still, although people ought always to "forgive and forget," yet, like an old lady I used to know when I was young, we "never can help remembering."

So it happened that when I took up last week's paper, and read the following article, I just wished John was here to read it. But then I don't suppose it would have done him a mite of good for it takes a good deal of preaching to cure one bad habit. It is headed "A Husband's Reminiscences." He says:

"I found fault sometime ago, with Mary Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made them. She made one after my recipe. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner, but you see I could not eat it



because I had forgotten to tell her to put in any eggs or shortening. It was economical, but in a fit of generosity, I stole it from the pantry, and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates; I did not go myself.

Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening, and set the cakes myself. I got the flour and salt, and water, and, warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef, because I couldn't find the lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe, and pondered; yeast—yeast to be sure, I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker, and got six cent's worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting room stove, and went to bed.

In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish; then I got a fire in the kitchen and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did so. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn, while trying to turn it round.

Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast. Maria got the other things ready, and we sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. One mouthful satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss; the cat would not eat them, the dog ran off and stayed three days after one was offered him, the hens won't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is set before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking."

"Honest confession is good for the soul," and it seems to me that man's soul must have felt better after penning the above article. If I had been his Maria Ann, I would have had those buckwheats hermetically sealed in glass and placed just over the kitchen stove, so that they would have been a solemn warning to him if he ever came meddling round in the kitchen again.

I don't quite endorse Mrs. Stowe's assertion that "No man who is a gentleman is ever master in his own house;" but I do sincerely believe that no man who is a Christian ever tries to be master and mistress both. If men can't admire a woman who is figuratively said to wear the masculine inexpressibles, how much less can a sensible woman love a man who assumes the feminine unmentionables.

I'm sure I tried as hard as ever I could to be a disconsolate widow when poor dear John died, but somehow I couldn't help thinking,—I shall now be sole owner of my own dish-

cloth. I did not solace my grief with Mr. Sensible's affection until I discovered that his mother died when he was a baby, and his step-mother was famous for her bad cooking.

Even then I was not satisfied. I invited him into my kitchen, pretending I was too busy to leave, and found that he actually did not know the difference between a rolling-pin and a potato masher. He stopped to supper and I made sloppy tea and heavy biscuit on purpose. He took a glass of water and praised it; quietly helped himself to the light bread, and never even tasted the pies and cake.

I was afraid he had an idea of my plan, so I contrived to get acquainted with his landlady, and she told me in confidence, he was just the best boarder she ever had. So I concluded to try him and have not yet repented. Only the other day I asked him if he would not like me to cook up more pastry and knick-knacks.

"No" said he, "I think it is a positive sin in a man to require or to ever encourage his wife to spend her time and strength in such work. I am sometimes tempted when I hear them finding fault with little omissions of a busy wife; or asking to have a more varied list of dainties, when they already have enough to keep them cross and nervous; to cry out—

Oh! men with human hearts,  
Oh men with mothers and wives,  
It is not pastry you're eating up  
But human creatures' lives."

I declare he looked so handsome to me when he said that and his voice was so solemn and tender, I just wanted to jump right up and kiss him; and if I had been a young girl I believe I should have done so right away.

#### CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION FOR A YOUNG MAN.

If a boy is constantly whittling sticks, fond parents say that he has "marked constructive ability;" or if he can whistle one or two notes of an air correctly, "he will be a great musician;" or if he can draw with reasonable accuracy, "that child is born an artist." If these presumed or assumed evidences of genius are acted upon, and those in authority seize arbitrarily upon the young man and force him into a trade or art, on the ground of their being better able to judge than he is for himself, the possibility, nay, the probability, is that he will turn out a Harold Skimpole, of whose class the world has far too many already. He sketches a little; tinkers a little with tools; drums a little on a piano; and in time falls into line with the rank and file of the noble army of incompetents and revilers of fate. He may protest with all his strength in his earlier years that he is not fitted for the occupation chosen for him; he may demand to be transferred into some other calling that his soul hungers after; it is all in vain if some one in authority, be the same parent or guardian, says: "Your profession has been chosen for you and you must follow it; your elders have had more experience than you and can tell better, by reason of it, what you need;" and so the young man is condemned for life. He goes moping all his days and refuses to be comforted, simply be-

cause his heart is not in what he is doing. He is out of his element; he disturbs the machinery of the world; he is as bad as a broken wheel on a train; everything with which he is connected goes halting and bumping and jumping because of him. If he does not reach the highest place in his profession, his elders with astonishing inconsistency, upbraid him and say that he has no ambition, no energy, no desire to succeed; when the simple fact is that he has no qualification to command success.

"How can I know anything about a thing I dunno nothing about?" exclaimed an exasperated and badgered witness in the box. "How can I have inspiration to preach when I am always thinking about machinery; or paint, when I'm always wishing to preach, when divine truths fire my heart to go forth and turn men from the error of their ways?" A man out of his place says these things at heart if not in actual words, and his whole life is embittered by the blindness of his elders who would not see, but claimed the right because they had the power, to squeeze a human heart into the corner they thought it should fill. For it is crushing the heart out of the man, to make the boy travel in a circuit he is unfit for. All his energies and ambition reach forward to one goal; all his nature is bent upon that one thing, and because you cannot see as he sees, oh parent or guardian! because you are not him, and do not love it as he loves it, you destroy his future power.

It is a serious responsibility to assume, to direct the calling in life a young man shall follow, an action only to be taken upon great deliberation. Whatever he undertakes he must stick to. In the early years of life, when the world expects but little of him, he must study or work hard to be qualified for the later ones, when it exacts a great deal. He cannot always be young; he cannot have two youths; he must give his young life, his bright hopes, his aspirations to the work in hand. What if his heart is far from it, and he is longing with all his strength for that other calling which you have put out of his reach? You might as well go out into the world when he is of age, as some foreign parents do, and select a wife for him. With equal consistency you might say: "I have had more experience in the world than you; you can live happier with this woman than one of your own choosing," yet this is an action you would shrink from committing.

Is not a man's profession the same in degree as his wife? Does he not live by it as with her? Are not all his hopes centered upon it, his happiness bound up in it? Is not the contentment which springs from a congenial occupation in some respect the same as connubial affection? It certainly is; for unless a man love the work to which he applies himself his labor is of no force and of little worth. He is half hearted, simply because he lacks the inspiration which enthusiasm lends to every occupation, even the humblest. The shoemaker who likes to make shoes makes better ones than the convict enforced to do so, and the same is true of every work under the sun.

Let every young man choose his own occupation in life. In any event let him choose it. If he has no particular bias or bent, let him find something to do all the same. A parent or guardian may say: "My son, it appears to me that your walk in life lies this way," and point out the advantages likely to accrue or that can be absolutely given him if he adopts the suggestion, but this is all that should be done. If he revolts, or objects and says "I cannot," do not retort with "you shall, or you are no son of mine." You will live to repent it. You will wear sack-cloth and ashes for it. Humble yourself a little before you overthrow him.

A boy has a right to his choice. He has an inalienable, natural right—yea, a constitutional one—to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Words mean something, and the choice of an occupation embraces all of these. How can you force a boy into a workshop to learn a trade when he has no aptness whatever for it, except that he has been seen to make boats, or kites, things that a child naturally amuses himself by? You cannot; you have no right. Consider the matter. If he is a tractable, affectionate, and docile boy, so much the worse; you use his natural affection as a vehicle to work your will with him, not seeing that in after life he will become a listless, moody, inefficient laborer in the vineyard, because you have trained him to a stake, or spread him on a wall, instead of allowing him to grow free and unfettered as he should.

Consider this matter in some other light than your own inclinations. He will doubtless live many years after you are gone. How shall he best perpetuate your name and family? By following his own natural inclinations, or by trying to force his nature to run on a track too wide or to narrow gauge for him? Think it over!—*Scientific American*.

#### STORY OF AN ORIENTAL MISER.

A miser, living in Kufa, had heard that in Bassora there dwelt a miser more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither, and presented himself to the great master as an humble commender in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

"Welcome," said the miser of Bassora; "we will straightway go to the market to make some purchases."

They went to the baker.

"Hast thou good bread?"

"Good, indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter."

"Mark this, friend," said the man of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that it will also be cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely, and savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter."

They went to the butter-merchant, and asked if he had good butter.

"Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as the finest olive oil," was the merchant's satisfactory answer.

"Mark this also," said the host to his guest; "oil is compared to the best



butter, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

They next went to the oil-vendor.

"Have you good oil?"

"The very best quality; white and transparent as water."

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "by this rule water is the very best. Now at home I have a pailful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain thee."

And, indeed, on his return home nothing but water did he place before his guest because they learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, and butter better than bread.

"Heaven be praised!" said the miser of Kufa. "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain."



#### KEEP A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

Keep a light in the win'ow burning,  
Faint though its glimmering be,  
It may light-n some homeless wanderer,  
Tossed upon life's dark sea:  
It may whisper thoughts of comfort,  
And hope to the sinking heart,  
Of the beacon that fadeless gleameth,  
When the sunbeams of earth depart.

Keep a light in the window burning  
Brilliantly, for a sign  
That upon you the "God of Israel"  
Maketh His face to shine:  
Hoping th't some long-lost brother,  
Waylaid in the path of sin,  
May descry its welcome glimmer,  
And joyfully enter in.

Keep a light in the window burning,  
Ye who in the Lord rejoice,  
And with hopeful souls are waiting,  
For the sound of the Bridegroom's voice:  
Till the light of His glorious presence  
Extinguish the feeble ray:  
Like the morning star it shall vanish  
In the light of the "perfect day."

#### DISGRACE.

DEAR FRANK:—I know very well that, to you such a blow as this must be terrible. I have been thinking about you, my dear fellow, ever since I read in the paper the sad news of your father's trouble and sudden disappearance. O, this is the worst of sin—its utter selfishness—the suffering it brings upon the innocent.

But you make use of one word, in referring to your own position and that of your family, against which I must protest, as indicating a view of the case radically false. I mean the word *disgrace*. There is no doctrine so shallow and pernicious as the doctrine that a man can disgrace some one besides himself by his disgraceful deeds. If you embezzled the funds of the Farmers and Fishermen's Bank, then, for your crime, you shall be held in righteous disrepute among men, and suffer the divine indignation. But if it was another—no matter how near that other to you—and if in your heart of hearts, you are innocent and pure, then you may hold up your head among the best, and none but the little-brained and small-souled shall point the finger at you. Petty detraction may be your trial for a time, but I

know you will despise that, if you are assured of the sympathy and esteem of every man whose sympathy and esteem are worth having.

Yes, the wickedest part of ill-doing is the certain bringing of anguish upon the innocent. A mystery indeed this; but a greater mystery still would it be, were it not above everything true that there is no idle suffering in all the world—that, in the divine economy, there are no accidents. It is not for mortal to say exactly what discipline any soul may need, yet I have known one to make, in just such a stress as yours, the precious discovery of his own manhood.

Your friend, O. C.

—The Old Cabinet, in *Scribner's*.

#### GOLDEN GRAINS.

—Wranglers never want words.  
—Kindness is stronger than the sword.

—A proverb is the child of Experience.

—Oil and truth will get uppermost at the last.

—Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.

—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think.

—He that speaks ill of other men burns his own tongue.

—In prosperity we need moderation; in adversity, patience.

—Satire is a glass in which the beholder sees everybody's face but his own.

—Prefer loss before unjust gain, for that brings grief but once, this forever.

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NATIONAL COLUMBIAN SOCIETY.—Agreeable to previous public advertisement, a meeting was held on Wednesday, the 9th inst., at 14 Murray street, for the purpose of forming a National Pigeon Society, at which Mr. Wm. Simpson, Jr., of West Farms, N. Y., was chosen President, Mr. A. B. Estes, Cor. Secretary, with Vice-Presidents and other officers in many of the States of the Union. Any information pertaining to the objects and interests of the society may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, P. O. Box 316, N. Y. city.

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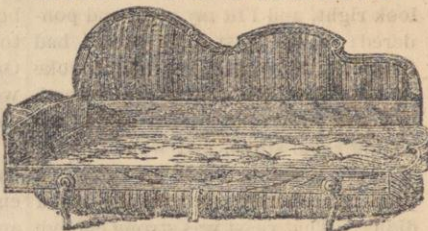
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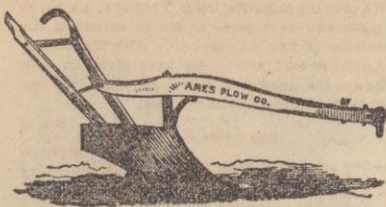
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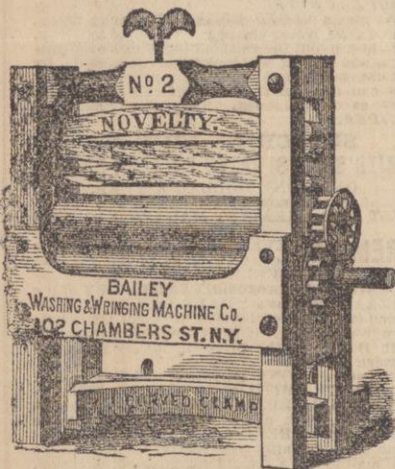
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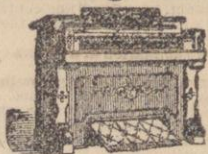
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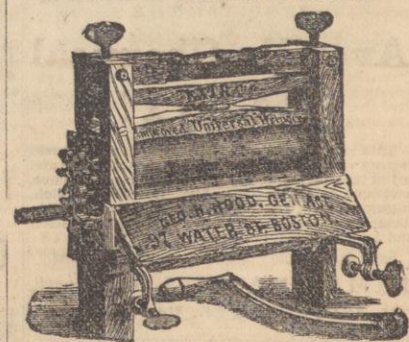
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Appears to act specifically on the throat and lungs, and generally on the circulation, and excretory organs, more particularly the kidneys and skin; thus carrying off much effete matter from the blood, and arresting the tendency to decay in the interior tissues, to which we apply the name "consumption;" so that, if taken when a cough first begins, it allays irritation, heals the throat and bronchial tubes, and stops at once any tendency to that dire scourge to our race.

## CONSUMPTION

is the prevalent disease of our climate, and it is as necessary to aid the blood in its efforts to build new tissues as it is to allay the cough and weariness attendant upon it. This is what the Prairie Weed does so completely: the interior operations of the body are renovated, and the irritation at the lungs allayed, and a cure speedily follows.

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For several years, I was troubled with a bad cough, which finally reduced me so low that I was obliged to give up business. I employed physicians, and made use of many medicines, without any benefit. My cough grew worse every day; and all the symptoms of a seated consumption manifested themselves. I had severe pains in my chest and sides, and often bled at the lungs; my appetite failed; and I had night-sweats. To make a long story short, I was sick all over. I thought I had but a short time to live. Accidentally I heard that you had discovered a wild plant in the Western country, that had cured you of consumption. I called upon you, and you stated your case, and kindly gave me some of the medicine. I commenced taking it according to your directions; and very soon my difficulties began to pass away like dew before the sun. I continued to use it until it cured me. I am now in good health, and able to do as much business in a day as any man of my size. I advise all persons who are in consumption, or troubled with any consumptive difficulties, not to abandon the hope of recovery until they have given this new remedy a thorough trial.

Yours truly, B. F. HALL.

DR. G. G. KENNEDY. Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have used your Prairie Weed in my practice with the utmost success; and I believe it to be the best remedy ever discovered for the difficulties for which it is recommended. I have cured more throat and lung troubles with this remedy than I ever have with any other.

Last April, I cured two very bad cases of pneumonia after they were given up to die. They were small babies, not over one month old, and so near dead that they were of a dark purple color; pulse small and trembling, scarcely to be felt. I gave the Prairie Weed in half-teaspoonful doses every half-hour, and put warm applications to the lungs, and, to the astonishment of every one, they recovered rapidly, and soon got well.

Knowing as I do its efficiency, I feel it my duty to acknowledge it to you, and recommend it to the public. Yours respectfully, DR. C. FARNWORTH, West Topsham, Vt.

My particular advice to persons with any tendency to consumption is, keep warm. I intend to write an advertisement on the baneful effects of cold, and give a little advice to young and old people about the careless habits of life in houses, dress, food, and amusements. But for the present bear in mind that any chill, no matter how slight, may lay the foundation of serious disease. The Prairie Weed is a warming, nourishing medicine, and a dose of it after exposure to cold will restore the natural heat of the system.

The Prairie Weed will soon be on sale in every town in the United States, but for the present I propose to send to any address two trial bottles for \$1.00. Address 4-12

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