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THE HOUSEHOLD

W. J. BACHARDS, ENGR. & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1868.
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 9.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1876.

No. 3.

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

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THE OLD HOME.

An out-door quiet held the earth
Beneath the winter moon,
The cricket chirped in cozy mirth,
And the kettle crooned, upon the hearth,

A sweet old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy race,
With the clicking of the cricket,
And red coals in the chimney-place
Peeped out with many a rosy face,
Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,
And tinware on the shelves
Twinkled and winked at every gliss,
In the flickering fire-light as if
They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,
Counted her stitches slowly,
And the old man, with full many a gap,
Read from the Big Book on his lap
The good words, wise and holy.

The old clock clinked; the old man read,
His deep voice pausing, lowering;
The good wife nodded, dropped her head—
The lids of both were heavy as lead—
They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet each dream,
While—all the milk pans tilting—
Puss paints her whiskers in the cream,
Till John and the belated team
Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May Time, I pray, when failing years
Make thin my voice and thralle,
Find my last days of life like theirs,
As sweet with children's loves and prayers,
And like a winter apple.

—Scribner's Monthly.

FRONT YARD APPOINTMENTS.

BY JOSEPH STOVER.

WHEN we look around our yards and observe a little, we must admit there is something lacking beauty. Is it a wood pile in front of the front door, knee deep in chips and trash? A rickety old fence for the women to cross over with wood? A good place for bad stock to get into and destroy the young trees, if there be any? Or is it a potato patch in front of the front door, with a few stalks of corn done in the fields, occupy various positions under trees and in corners. with trash packed and hauled in by

the children and left laying to stumble over? Or a yard full of ducks, geese, or chickens to stand over the well and cistern, making holes in the ground for filth and corruption to gather in, to stagnate and cause disease at our doors? Or is it a hog lot in front of the house to fatten and feed swine in, slopping them at the front gate? If this is not yard and home adornment, I will try to tell you what I think it is:

In the first place lay off a nice sized yard; fill up all uneven places and dig down rough places; put up a good fence of some kind—I prefer picketing; get your gates at the most convenient places, so as not to compel you to wind all over the yard to get to the gate; get your wood pile back of the house, if possible; then build a stone walk from the front door to the road, five or six feet wide.

We have plenty of such stone lying in the way. Build in the spring, when the ground is soft so you can sink your stone all as near level as possible; fill in the vacancies with gravel; build a wall at each edge eight or ten inches high, then in two or three feet build another wall, fill the space between with rich soil and you are ready to plant your flower seeds. I will insure that so far you will adorn your front yard. Build mounds; have them beautifully designed and laid off, adorned with plenty of flowers in the whole warm season; keep the ducks, geese and chickens out of the yard, or wring their necks.

Do not empty the dish-water at the door, or at the window; keep old bones and filth outside the yard, and the hog lots from before the front door. Thus you may have a home worth enjoying. We all have spare time in the spring, and I intend to practice what I write.

DOORYARDS.

No sufficient reason exists why the rural dooryard should not be one of the most attractive places to be found anywhere; but, judging from externals in the country districts, the complaint that the farmer lacks appreciation or cultivation of the aesthetic seems well founded. And nowhere is this carelessness and shiftlessness more apparent than in the country dooryards.

The woodpile is near the kitchen door and is most meager in winter. There is no order; heaps of ashes, broken hoe and axe handles, tinware and chips lie around. What disabled and faded tools have not been abandoned in the fields, occupy various positions under trees and in corners. They look as if they had been tum-

bled where they lie in a great hurry, and had not been touched since. Some look very old; ponderous wheels and hubs of old ox carts, pieces of harness, leather and old iron may be found in the debris. The fences surrounding the yard are of no single and prevailing pattern. A few sections are of pickets with half the tops off and frequent omissions for passage; then a piece of board fence, with no two boards alike, and frequent saw-mill slabs. Then a remnant of some formerly elegant fence is set up to fill a gap. The gates are in most cases absent or off their hinges and leaning against the fence. Rank burdocks and thistles grow up between the spokes of old wheels and the teeth of abandoned horse-rakes. Piles of boards used to patch fences, replace clapboards and repair the barns lie about in confusion.

Scores of dooryards similar to this may be seen in a day's ride through the country. Speak to the owner about it, and he will say he has not time to attend to those things; he is waiting for a rainy day to "straighten up," when he can't work in the fields. Now, it is no wonder that the farmer has the reputation of being without taste or appreciation of the beautiful and tasteful, and it is no wonder that the farmers' sons early leave one of the most useful and important pursuits and crowd the city vocations in which they can hope to earn little more than their board and clothes. It is true that to attempt to make art critics of the tillers of the soil is vain, but this is not necessary. It is surprising how far a little will go in the way of cultivating good taste, and especially in beautifying a country home. A man will fight harder to defend a cozy, comfortable, thrifty-looking home than for one of the forsaken-looking ones we so often see. Hence it is a duty, not only as a means of comfort and actual profit in increased property value, but it is a duty as a factor of natural strength, to beautify the dooryards and renovate the house. —Massachusetts Ploughman.

EVERGREENS.

At this season, when deciduous trees are all blown and leafless, the value of evergreens for protection or ornament is most apparent, and the importance of planting them most fully realized. Most dwellings have some exposed side or corner which a row, perhaps a double row, or cluster of thick-branched evergreens would greatly shield from sweeping winds, feel soft as velvet and prevents its and at the same time, serve the purpose of an elegant ornament to house. The dark Persian, not Turkey, patterns are admirable; black grounds behind



CHEAPNESS, COMFORT AND LUXURY.

AMERICANS cannot feel comfortable unless they are luxurious. The English never think themselves luxurious unless they first secure comfort; and perhaps they are not altogether in the wrong. At all events, comfort is a far cheaper commodity than luxury, and since not all young people can begin housekeeping on \$10,000 a year, it may not be amiss to show them how to be cheaply comfortable; for to simulate luxury on small means generally results in securing formality and losing everything else. It is a common mistake to confound luxury with ostentation.

In the first place, then, don't put too much money in your sofa and chair coverings. If you have silk or satin, everything else must be made to match, which will never do for moderate incomes. Get plain reps, woolen damasks, or even a pretty chintz. The color is, of course, a matter of taste, but, if you have only one reception-room, you will find deep crimson or maroon looks warm and cozy; or a genial brown, contrasted with crimson table-covers and bright rugs, is charming. Blue looks cold and fades easily, and so does purple; while gray is not only cheerless, but easily gets soiled into the bargain.

Window-curtains in the old English style, which can be drawn entirely across the windows at night, are very rich looking, and keep out draughts admirably. Their arrangement is most simple: a round stick about an inch in thickness, with a knob at either end, is fastened across the top of the window; wooden rings furnished with little brass eyes are slipped on it, and to these eyes the curtains are hooked. These wooden poles are stained to match the furniture; they save the cost of cord and tassels and valances and cornices. If white curtains are used a small rod running behind the pole holds them, and thus prevents their interfering with the drawing of the rep curtains.

Carpets, like children, should be seen but not heard, should be soft to the feet (a sheet of carpet-felt or of thick brown paper makes an ingrain and at the same time, serve the purpose of an elegant ornament to house. The dark Persian, not Turkey, patterns are admirable; black grounds behind

dull crimson, blue and yellow arabesque designs, flowing, yet regular. You feel the presence of a tasteful carpet, and it doesn't "knock you on the nose," as the French say. Some of the money saved on furniture-covering might be put into one or two Oriental rugs, which add greatly to the room's good looks.

As for chairs, be sure and have them easy in nature as well as in name; an error in this respect will crumple your rose leaf for years. If you have already bought uncomfortable ones, however, saw off an inch or two from their hind legs and fit them up with ingenious cushions. In both chairs and sofas a deep seat is the main thing, and select such styles as have the least amount of visible wood-work about them. Antimacassars you must have, of course, but avoid those crocheted horrors that are so common and choose the pretty fancy ones. Those of modern point lace are lovely enough, but even if home-made are expensive, at least in America. In London, where they are made and sold by ladies for charitable purposes, they cost from \$1.50 to \$2. Simple but effective ones are made of squares of sheer white muslin, edged with pleating or frilling and tied at the corners with colored ribbon bows; or of squares of muslin, with two strips of colored satin or velvet ribbon three inches wide, carried from the sides—not corners—so as to form a cross on the muslin; border these with imitation lace, or the muslin may have a deep hem and four bows of ribbon to cover the ends of the cross. Black silk or satin makes pretty antimacassars for crimson-covered chairs; you may embroider a large monogram in the center with crimson wool, and fasten them to the chair with crimson bows. Mind and have but one brilliant color in a room. Many a woman who would be tortured rather than have two colors on her person will admit two or three into her drawing-room without wincing.

Keep clear of center tables. Three or four small tables scattered about the room are far more useful, and don't look so stiff. Let them be of different sizes and shapes, and do not mind plain wood. You can "ebonize" them yourself with a little black oil paint and varnish, and if you are anything of an artist, inlaid ivory or marquetry is at your brush's end. At all events, have pretty covers for them, matching the color of the chairs and sofas. A square of double width reps, with a four-inch band of black velvet ribbon sewed round it at four inches from the edge, makes a simple and tasteful cover. Otherwise cut a piece exactly fitting the table top, with allowance for seam; to this sew a strip four inches wide to fit round the edge of the table, and finish off with heavy worsted or chenille fringe. This style is not so graceful as the other, but is good for a change.

Oriental covers can be made by whoever has a chain-stitch sewing-machine. Three colors of cloth are needed—scarlet, black, and either sage green or very pale blue. Cut a center piece from the green or the blue about two feet in diameter, scallop the edge in shallow scallops; round this lay six inches deep of

black (which may be joined as often as convenient to save the cloth); the edge next the blue must be cut to fit into its scallops; the other edge, which comes next the scarlet, is also scalloped in like manner. Black comes outside of all; its inside edge is scalloped into the outside edge of the scarlet and it is cut straight on the outside. Lap the edges and stitch them lightly by hand. Then trace on the cloth with a piece of chalk a number of arabesques, diamonds, circles, etc., and on the center medallion copy some of the Chinese characters that you find on tea-chests. The tracings must be drawn on the wrong side of the cover, since the chain-stitching is to show on the right side. The stitching is loosely done in white, yellow, scarlet and blue silks or any colors you may happen to have. Odds and ends of spools are just the thing, for no one line need be of the same color throughout. Small sofa-cushions and piano and stool covers can be made in the same way.

Don't fail to have plenty of books about the room; not "drawing-room books," elegant and uninteresting, but books you are reading (if they are a little loose in the back all the better), novels, brochures, or whatever they may be. Scatter them over the tables, and have one or two on the sofa. Let there be two or three hanging bookshelves on the walls, filled with your literary friends, old or new. You can ebonize them to match your tables. Get the carpenter to make you a few common little brackets of white wood, and ebonize them, too. Put graceful and inexpensive vases on them, filled with bunches of leaves or grasses. In buying ornaments be careful to select what is beautiful rather than what is costly.

Flowers in pots make the room charming; they are little trouble, and will always furnish your vases with fresh blossoms. Have a layer of charcoal at the bottom, and fill up with sand and loam. Never water the plants unless the surface of the earth round them is dry; then put it on abundantly. A good manure to be used two or three times a week is made of a quarter of an ounce of sulphate of ammonia dissolved in one gallon of water. Let the flowers be well aired whenever the weather is mild enough. You can get an ebonized wooden stand fitted with a lining to lift out. Place an oil-cloth mat underneath the stand to save your carpet. They are used in the drawing-rooms of the finest houses in England, so you need not be anxious about their appearance.

Fit a wooden shelf to your mantelpiece, making it as wide as you like, and cover it with reps or cotton velvet to match the furniture. Edge it with a valance cut out in squares or scallops, and trimmed to harmonize with the table-covers. Nothing makes a room more cheerful than does an open fire, which, however, is seldom seen in American homes. But our fireless grates should be filled with ferns and ivy, which will grow there readily, and transform the harsh iron den into a pretty rustic grotto.

Finally, don't plaster your chairs and sofas against the walls as if they

were incapable of standing alone; disperse them about the room, near the tables, fire-place or flower-stand; make them look as if they took an interest in one another and occasionally had a sociable chat together. You may add to their comfortable aspect by a judicious sprinkling of low, lazy hassocks, not more than four inches high at most.—*Mrs. Julian Hawthorne in Harper's Bazar.*



THE DAFFODIL.

BY MARION DOUGLAS.

The cold, cold winter! Oh, it seemed
As if 'twould never go!
The frosty ferns, unmelted, gleaned
Long days upon the window-pane;
The white drifts filled the farm-house lane,
And all the roads were blocked with snow;
And through the bare elms, on the hill,
The north wind whistled loud and shrill.
But now 'tis past! 'tis March at last—
And lo! the daffodil!

Sweet flower of promise! welcome back!
For where thy bloom I see,
Hope whispers, with her south wind's voice,
Sad heart! look forward, and rejoice
In brightness yet to be!
Life's dreary winter lingers late,
But spring will come—in patience wait!

WINTER BOUQUETS.

DEAR. HOUSEHOLD:—Noticing several inquiries for directions for making winter bouquets, I will tell you of some which have been very much admired. They are made of straw flowers, or everlasting flowers, of various shades and colors, and dried grasses.

Grass dried in the dark is very pretty for a time, but eventually loses its color, so it is better to resort to artificial coloring. Dip in thin gum arabic water, shaking off any drops—dust with Paris green and set away to dry; this will produce a brighter green than the natural color, but still is very pretty. If some of the grass is crystallized, instead of colored, it will enhance the beauty of the work. French moss is a valuable addition as it is a dark green.

The flowers should be cut before they are fully open, and a quantity cut while in bud, as they open very much in drying, and are much prettier when not fully blown. Tie them in bunches loosely when gathered and hang up by the stems, in the dark, to dry.

They may be made up into bouquets for vases, arranged in small baskets, or made into wreaths, crosses etc., for framing. I prefer a wreath and will give directions for making one.

Take a sheet of drawing paper, or any white paper that is firm enough to hold stitches, and draw upon it a circle or oval the size desired, trim off the outside, leaving it an inch or more larger than the wreath, also cut out the center; this is for convenience as it would be very difficult to sew the flowers on a whole sheet.

Commence at the top with delicate sprays of grass, small flowers and buds, sew each stem to the paper as near the flowers as possible, taking the

stitch across not through the stems, and cut off the superfluous stems. Increase the width gradually and as you proceed use the larger flowers, though some buds are necessary throughout, and do not be sparing of the grasses.

When the middle is reached commence at the top on the other side and proceed as before, allowing space enough so that the two extremities do not come together at the top. When completed trim off the paper on each side of the wreath, as near the flowers as possible without interfering with the stitches. Take a sheet of card board of the required size adjust the wreath upon it, and mark it with pins or otherwise so that the wreath can be put down again in the same place; take up and spread glue on the back of the wreath and carefully replace it on the cardboard, pressing it down as well as possible; also sew it in a few places to make it "doubly sure," it will then be ready for framing.

The seed, likewise the flowers and grasses, may be obtained from any of the leading florists in the country.

If any one knows of a better method of coloring grasses the information will be thankfully received.

If any one wishes further information regarding a wreath I will gladly assist her but fear I have already trespassed on your space.

A KEYSTONE SISTER.

CHEAP PICTURE FRAMES.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have often when deriving so much pleasure and benefit from the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, reproached myself for not conferring the same favor upon some of the many readers of its valuable pages, therefore I will now make a beginning to contribute my mite by telling "A New Subscriber" how to make inexpensive picture frames, which I think by a little ingenuity and perseverance she will succeed in making to look nearly as well as many of the rustic frames she can buy.

Have a plain frame made of pine or some light wood, veneering it with straw, colored to resemble black walnut with the extract of logwood set with copperas. Experience will teach about the quantity of both ingredients to be used, to get the color desired. The inside of the straw will take a much darker color than the outside, which if varnished will look as well. On the inside of the frame next the picture the edge should be rounded with a little groove. This should be veneered with one strip or layer of straw of the natural color or boil it in soap suds which will give it a brighter yellow, which will answer for the gilt.

After the straw is colored, (which will take several hours) while it is damp, split it open with some sharp instrument, press it open with the fingers, then iron it until it will lie flat.

Have some good strong glue prepared, then with a small brush spread it on the straw one at a time placing it on the frame lengthwise, pressing it down with the fingers until it adheres well, trimming the ends off with a sharp knife. If the frame is in the style of the rustic frames you buy with a piece across the corners, that should not be put on until the frame is all covered with the straw, then

cover that piece likewise gluing it on afterwards, then if you finish your frame up with knobs such as are used for the corners on the rustic frames, I think you will for an inexpensive article feel you are repaid for all your trouble.

I make my own frames with the aid of a jack-knife and small saw. For spatter pictures, etc., I think none prettier. I have a frame recently made, octagon in form, the side pieces eleven inches, the top and corner pieces two inches shorter than the sides, which makes a very pretty frame for a spatter picture. I have made one of a cross, and fern leaves at the base. If I have not made this plain enough to be understood I will try to explain better if desired.

ANNA.

Wauseman, Wis.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you allow me for the first time to contribute a few words to THE HOUSEHOLD? I will not attempt at present to express my appreciation of the merits of your paper, but only respond to the request of a sick sister, Maggie L., for information in fancy work. To make very neat and pretty frames of gilt paper.

Cut down a piece of card board and glass the size of the picture and place the card board on one side of the picture and glass on the other. Cut strips of gilt paper an inch in width and moisten with paste; attach loops on the back for hanging.

I can give you another for thread and wax or coral frames if you like. Also directions for making some pretty mats, card and hair receivers, scrap basket and a shell tidy. A. C. D.

MR. EDITOR:—Some one asked how to make cheap picture frames, I made some last fall of moss such as you can get off of old fences or cherry trees. Take a piece of pasteboard a little larger than the glass, then some small pieces of pasteboard, sew them to the other piece and put the picture and glass between them and make a paste—if made of cornstarch it will answer better than if made of flour—and paste the moss on the frame. This is very pretty for autumn leaves. If this will not suit the one that asked for them, I hope it will some one else. TACIE.

A HOME-MADE WINDOW GARDEN.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph gives the following directions for making a cheap window garden:

Obtain a pair of strong iron brackets, or make them, if more convenient, of triangular pieces of wood. Fasten these to the frame on each side of the window sill and running below it. Make a box from twelve to fourteen inches wide, six inches deep, and sufficiently long to rest on the brackets. The face and ends should be nicely smoothed with the plane, and thoroughly rubbed with the linseed oil. Divide the front into equal divisions, four or more, the ends allowed to remain undivided. Take strips of any pliable wood, or cut small branches in two longitudinally, tack these along the upper and lower edges, and at the division lines across the front and around the ends. Arrange each piece

so as to fit accurately and so that they will lay flat against the surface, with the rounded side out; stain these with burnt umber scalded in vinegar; rub smooth and varnish.

Then, having paper patterns of leaves, mosaic or other designs, fasten one on each panel; thus framed in with dark wood, in one have a cluster of grapes and vine leaves, in the next oak leaves and a branch with acorns, in another ivy leaves and clusters of berries, etc.; fasten the paper patterns down flatly with pins pressed into the wood, the box resting with the face (to be decorated) upward.

When all are satisfactorily arranged, take some umber stain and with a camel's hair pencil paint around each figure, then with a large brush cover the entire ground-work. Give sufficient coats to make the whole a deep brown color. When perfectly dry raise the paper patterns and carefully with a very small camel's hair pencil and the stain trace the veins, etc., in each leaf, tendril and branch. Varnish the whole with copal, and proceed to do the ends in the same manner.

A box thus ornamented will appear like rich inlaid woodwork, and will amply repay the slight labor.

Another method of ornamenting such panels is to obtain panes of glass that will slide down into grooves between the strips and box; transfer a handsome decalcomanie design upon each one, and then cover with paint of any color. On turning the glass over the effect of the rich colored design against the colored paint will be found very fine, and upon being placed in position in the box will appear like rich tiles.

If more convenient, the enameled table oil cloths in mosaic designs will be found equally elegant. Tack or glue each piece of cloth, cut to fit the panels, in plaid carefully, then cover with the glass, and in many cases the effect will be found equal to the most costly tiles.

Where rustic adornment is preferred, stain the entire woodwork with umber, form the panels by gluing rows of beechnuts, (halves) around them, with an edge of browned coffee-grains on each side, then arrange clusters of nuts and leaves formed of conescales, glued on card board, acorns, plum and peach pits, etc. Finish with a coat of copal.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN CANARIES.

The great breeding places for canaries are Norwich, Yarmouth, Yorkshire, Leicester, and Manchester. These places supply the London market with canaries. Canaries are mostly bred by shoe-makers during the summer, and sold to the London trade from October till March. They are sent up in "scores," one score being twenty pairs. If you were to send for a "score" of canaries, they would send you forty birds. The breeders prefer sending them in pairs. Three hens are charged as a "pair." The wholesale price in the autumn is £4 per score. The price rises in the spring, and advances to as much as £7 per score.

The most valuable and delicate canaries are the Belgians. When undis-

turbed they sit "all of a lump," but when the cage is taken down they show their beauty by lengthening themselves out like a telescope, and bringing themselves into form. Some will nearly pass through a large wedding-ring, and birds of first class will fetch as much as £10 per pair. The next kind of canary most resembling the Belgians are the Yorkshire birds. These are also very long and graceful. They vary from seven shillings six-pence to thirty shillings per pair.

Norwich, as a rule, produces the richest-color birds. The motto is:

Norwich for color,
Belgian for shape,
And German for song.

The best come from the Hartz Mountains. German birds are not much to look at, but command high prices on account of their beautiful song.—*Land and Water.*

LABELS FOR PLANTS.

The Horticulturist says: One-half the pleasure in growing our plants arises from the knowledge of their names and whence they come. In fact, we desire some little memorandum that will remind us, every time that we look at them, what their title is, what their native country, from whom procured, and sometimes additional remarks of an explanatory character. An ordinary flat surface would have to be too large and unsightly, so we use a four-sided stake, one and three-quarter inches in diameter, planed smooth and painted white. They should be about twelve or fifteen inches in length and pointed.

When desired for use, rub lightly over the surface a thin coat of paint, and write thereon with a lead pencil, which will last for two or three seasons distinctly. The four-sided stake or label is preferable, as it is comparatively inconspicuous, gives a greater amount of surface for writing upon, and always looks neat. It is especially adapted for rosebushes, groups of flowering shrubs, or masses of hardy border-plants. True, it has not the merit of being imperishable; in fact, it has to be replaced rather too frequently; but we like the appearance of wooden labels and we like to write upon them.

The four-sided stakes for supporting roses and other plants may be utilized as labels by painting say six inches of the top white, while the remainder looks best green. This top may then serve the same purpose as the above-named label.

CUTTING FLOWERS.

The following relative to cutting and preserving flowers, will be of special interest to the ladies, no doubt. Never cut flowers during intense sunshine nor keep them exposed to the sun or winds. Do not collect them in large bundles, or tie them together, as this hastens their decay. Do not pull them, but cut them cleanly off the plant with a sharp knife—not with scissors. When taken in doors, place them in the shade and reduce them to the required length of stalk with a sharp knife, by which the tube through which they draw up water is not torn and mutilated, and the water is per-

mitted to ascend freely; whereas if the stems are bruised or lacerated, the pores are closed up. Use pure water to set them in, or pure white sand in a state of saturation, sticking the ends of the stalks into it, but not in a crowded manner. If in water alone, it is to be changed daily, and a thin slice should be cut off the ends of the stalks at every change of the water.

HOUSE PLANTS DURING WINTER.

Some of our lady acquaintances speak discouragingly in regard to their success in managing house plants during the winter. Believing this difficulty to be an extensive one, we are induced to say a few words on the subject.

Plants to thrive in a living room, need careful attention; they should occupy a position remote from the fire, and yet lie in a place where the frost cannot reach them. They should be thoroughly drenched with water twice or three times a week, and on such occasions they should be carefully examined and the dead leaves removed. The soil should be loosened to the depth of two or three inches at least once a week, and from time to time fresh soil should be added, as the drenching diminishes that which surrounds the plants.

To have a good thing, one must be willing to take a little trouble. No lady who desires to have her home beautiful, can afford to neglect flowers.—*Ex.*

ASTOUNDING LUXURANCE.

In portions of Ireland, the red fuchsia assumes the proportions of trees, mounts above the eaves and chimneys, and shades the windows with big, clustering sprays of tiny, dark-green leaves, and deep scarlet waxen bells. Many of these shrubs must be of patriarchal age, for their trunks are gnarled, and tough as oak; but the older they are, the more determined is their perseverance in showering around an exhaustless wealth of hardy grace and color. In one or two instances the dwellings are completely hidden and turned into bowers by this quaintly beautiful plant or tree.

GEO. E. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir:*—May I ask through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD if some of the many readers will please tell me how to prepare sea moss for making wreaths or flowers on card board for framing? I have seen them but am unable to learn how to make the moss adhere. You will greatly oblige a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD. ABBIE F.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

—Old newspapers answer an admirable purpose as a protection to plants against cold, both in and out of doors. If pinned up over night between pots and glass, there will be no danger of their being chilled by the frosty air outside. If used to cover garden beds on frosty nights in early autumn, the plants may safely remain out for some time later, or a late bloom be secured for those not designed to be taken up.



MRS. WILLIS' DILEMMA.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

"**I** DO believe," exclaimed Mrs. Willis, a little impatiently, "that for the wearing out of clothes, that boy has no equal. I thought this suit would last nearly all winter, and here it is just ready to fall to pieces; and for my part I do not see how we are to get another, just now. I am completely discouraged." And with a clouded brow she went on plying her needle faster than ever on the little jacket she was mending.

Mrs. Willis was in a dilemma. "Times" were "hard," her husband had met with misfortunes in business, the family purse was running low, many expenses for the winter yet to be incurred, and little Sam standing in dire need of another suit of clothes.

Aunt Patience gazed meditatively at her niece over her silver-bowed spectacles, without pausing in her work of knitting warm stockings for the restless feet of this same little Sam,—feet which, like knees and elbows, seemed possessed of a marvelous faculty of going through whatever they came in contact with. She was thinking; and it would seem that aunt Patience always thinks to some purpose. "Is there not something that might be made over?" she suggested.

"Oh, I do not know," replied Mrs. Willis, "making over garments always seemed such a bother; and indeed, I have never thought as I could make anything over for Sam."

"I know several ladies," said aunt Patience, "whose little boys are provided almost entirely with everyday suits, from the partly-worn clothing of husbands and grown up sons; and it is an economy which does the wife and mother credit. Even in families where abundant means render such little economies unnecessary, nothing of this kind should be thrown aside as useless or allowed to go to waste; that were sin, so long as there are poor half-clad children in the world."

"Suppose we look over our 'store,'" said Mrs. Willis, cheerily, taking the last stitch and folding the garment, as she spoke. They left the room together; and upon their return, half an hour later, Mrs. Willis bore in her arms as many partly-worn garments—pants, coats and vests—as she could conveniently carry.

"Enough to start a very respectable 'Second hand Clothing Store,'" laughed her brother, Tom Marshton, glancing up from his newspaper and meeting her smiling eyes, as she crossed the room and triumphantly deposited her burden on the little work-table at his side.

"For the best of which I have to thank brother Tom who always leaves his old suit in the closet up-stairs, when he dons his new one at Christmas," replied she, at the same time giving him a sisterly pat.

"Is that so? I supposed they all

went into the fire or were converted into carpet rags," said Tom.

"Fortunately, you were mistaken; they have been converted into neither ashes nor carpet rags. And now 'we shall see what we shall see,'" said Mrs. Willis.

It was the day after New Years. Young Marshton had come from a distant city, as was the usual custom, to spend the holidays with Mrs. Willis, his only sister, and would soon return to Boston and business. He had been a silent but interested listener to the conversation between his sister and aunt Patience, whose ideas were new to him; but he mentally resolved that they were correct, and he awaited results somewhat curiously.

Then followed sundry rippings, spongings and pressing, and finally cutting out of garments, for Mrs. Willis went to work with a will, and, with the counsel and assistance of aunt Patience, work progressed rapidly. And when she announced next morning that all was nearly in readiness for the machine, Tom came forward and in his comical way of pretended solemnity, said;

"Ladies, I feel it my painful duty to assist in this serious undertaking; and so I invite myself to your sewing 'bee.' For, be it known, sister Mary, that I can do machine sewing as rapidly and as well as yourself—after the work is all 'fixed,' I mean."

"Oh, will you Tom?" said Mrs. Willis. "That will help so much!" And while Tom run the machine, aunt Patience and Mrs. Willis prepared the work for sewing, made button holes, and, as Tom expressed it, "put on the finishing touches." So in a short time little Sam was provided with two good and complete suits of clothes. And then the question arose, "What to do with the numerous pieces that remained?"

"Come, aunt Patience," said Tom, with that genial smile she loved so well to see, "we are getting very industrious, and want to do something with these, tell us what it shall be."

As if he did not read her thought! She responded quickly: "I think some little sacques and house-jackets would add very much to the comfort of some poor children whom I know." Then turning to her niece, "And, Mary, as you did not use this drab-colored cloth, there is enough to make a good underskirt for one of them, almost as good as a felt skirt. I have some blue cloth that will trim it beautifully."

"Get them ready," said Tom, in a subdued voice, "and I will do the sewing."

When all was completed and aunt Patience had made them into a bundle and come down bonneted and shawled, to carry them to the abodes of want for which they were designed, Tom met her in the hall: "May I accompany you, aunty?" he said.

"Certainly, my dear boy," she replied, and said no more, her heart full of thankfulness that his sympathies were enlisted with her own in behalf of suffering humanity.

It is needless for us to follow them to those abodes of poverty and want, to which aunt Patience was no stranger; and we will only add, that more than one family had good cause to gratefully re-

member "the nice young gentleman," who listened to the story of suffering, or who "looked so kindly on our sick Teddy, with tears almost in his eyes; and along wid the other things sint the oranges and limons that the doctor said he must have and which seemed to put new life into the b'y. And sure, promised to see him agin next Christmas."

Shortly before bidding her brother good bye next morning, Mrs. Willis said: "How good you were, Tom, to help me make Sammy's clothes!" Then, playfully, "I will have to find some nice little girl, or I should say, young lady, and tell her of my brother's accomplishments."

"Do," replied he, laughingly; "for I more than half suspect a knowledge that this and kindred accomplishments, were possessed by one of the sterner sex, would go far establishing him in the good graces of any sensible girl."

"At least," said Mrs. Willis, "I shall gratefully remember how you and aunt Patience helped me out of my 'Dilemma.'"

HOW SHALL WE DRESS?

We have received a letter inquiring how a lady with a moderate but comfortable income can dress neatly and becomingly, and yet avoid extravagance.

In making purchases it is economy to select as good articles as one's income will warrant; for there is no saving in buying anything simply because it is cheap, unless it is also good and serviceable. To buy a needless and flimsy article because the price is unusually low is waste, not economy.

For daily use the dress should be chosen with reference to the work that must be done while wearing it. Make it neat and comfortable for such work without regard to style, unless, by some unusual freak, fashion may have adopted something simple and convenient.

To see girls sail through a kitchen or bend over the washtub in a trailing wrapper, sweeping the dirt from the floor or soaking in the suds, should prevent more sensible women from giving the warrant of their example to those under their influence.

None should marry who cannot begin life with enough to enable them to dress with neatness, modesty and good taste, without unduly encroaching on their income. No article is cheaper for being ugly. First be sure of the price, then examine the quality of the goods to be purchased. These two points being found satisfactory, every wife, for her husband's sake and for her own, should select the pattern and color which is most becoming to her size, figure and complexion. Of course the husband will take pleasure, when selecting his own wardrobe, in being equally observant of his wife's preferences and taste. It betokens a cloudy atmosphere when either becomes indifferent to the appearance of the other.

Ginghams and calicoes are the most serviceable for working or morning dress, because they can be washed and made to "look amist as weel's the new" every week, and any unfortunate grease spot on these fabrics

can be easily removed by skillful washing. In cold weather if one finds it necessary to have warmer dresses about her work, alpaca or serge, although more expensive in the first cost than some of the many varieties of woolen goods now in the market, yet being more durable and less easily defaced, are really in the end the most economical. The less cotton there is in woolen fabrics the longer they will last without looking shabby.

If a person must be much in the kitchen, or finds it necessary to attend closely to the cooking, woolen dresses are so difficult to clean that if they are used it is prudent to have a long sack apron, made with sleeves, reaching almost to the bottom of the skirt. Raise the dress and skirt beneath the apron by means of a dress elevator, and when the work is done and the apron removed, an alpaca or serge dress will be found in good condition, and perfectly appropriate for an afternoon or walking dress.

In summer many kinds of cambrics, muslins, lawns or pique are pretty and inexpensive for use when the rough work is finished, and if made simply are always in good taste; but on no material do many ruffles or puffs so soon become untidy as on thin fabrics.

If one sometimes longs for just one really fashionable dress, which cannot properly be afforded, this fact should yield some comfort: namely—that about every six or eight years this freaky goddess, tired of her usual absurdities, astonishes her votaries by introducing some extremely neat and tasteful style, sufficiently economical to warrant those in moderate circumstances in free indulgence for a season. One has only to wait a few years to be fashionable without being perplexed by conscientious scruples. But follow fashion only when she offers that which is within your income as well as that which is in true taste. Always be her mistress—never her slave.

It is commonly held that one silk dress at least is indispensable. We see no pressing necessity for it; one can be truly respectable without even one silk dress. It may be a gratification, doubtless, and usually the first expense may be incurred without hazard, if it is quite desirable and not extravagant. But never buy a cheap, flimsy article merely for the pleasure of wearing a silk dress. After wearing such a silk a few times it becomes very unsatisfactory, and one feels defrauded of the pleasure anticipated by the possession. A good silk—black, or of fast colors—may prove more economical in its appropriate use than almost any other material, because if cut with care and judgment it can, when defaced, be turned, made over, remodeled almost indefinitely, and always look well—that is, neat and respectable—after each change; but woolen materials do not bear many transformations without looking old and dingy.

When a silk has done duty as a "best dress," with skillful modifications it can become a pleasant home dress, and when that term of service expires, may descend to the children or be used for trimmings or linings. But in buying a silk one must count the cost from beginning to the end.

If made in the present style, no silk, however good, can serve more than one turn; once defaced, whether by accident or wear, it is henceforth good for nothing but to be thrown aside with other cast-off finery, because the material has been so wasted in endless trimmings that there is nothing left for repairs.

Our American silks are the most enduring and economical of any kind of silk, and one dress will outlast two or three of other materials, unless it may be those very heavy silks beyond the reach of persons in moderate circumstances, costing from six to eight dollars a yard.—*Mrs. H. W. Beecher.*

WASHING THE HAIR.

In these days of puffing and crimping and otherwise torturing the hair, it is a rare thing to have the head thoroughly washed as clean as cleanliness demands. All the sanitary regulations of medical men have never improved on the old directions, "Wash and be clean." This is as true of the head as of the feet.

A distinguished physician, who had spent much time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases, but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted it was hardly possible to escape infection.

Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the hair thoroughly in weak soda water. I have known severe cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in cases of "rare cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterwards, and avoid draughts of air for a little while.

Try this plan, in others, when the little ones come into the house warm and dusty and fretful on a hot summer day. Bath the gently the little hot face and soiled hands, and sponge the head thorough with borax and water, or a little ammonia and water. Soap and water will answer, though I think the other ingredients are better. Dry the hair with a soft towel, then comb and part it evenly, and kiss the little fresh face; and then see if the fretfulness has not taken wings, and the little one begun to feel "as good as new."

Brush the hair nicely away from the forehead and do not leave a tantalizing row to dangle just over the eyes, even if it is "princess style." A child has a right to be made comfortable, and such a style is neither comfortable to feel nor to look at. There is nothing finer than the smooth pure brow of childhood. How strange, that a mother can so disfigure it for a whim of fashion.

Young ladies who indulge freely in hair dressings have double reason to follow the practice of thoroughly washing the hair. These oils are so many traps to catch all the floating dust of this very dusty world, and a good microscope applied to a little lock from our heads would astonish us into one ablution, if no more. Oil

soon grows rancid and gives out an

odor far from pleasing. Because you are so used to it and do not perceive it yourself do not, therefore, infer that it is imperceptible to others. We have all of us, no doubt, wished fervently sometimes that propriety would permit us to change our seat at church, or lecture, or some similar assembly, because of the proximity of an unpleasant neighbor.

A lady's taste is displayed in the perfumery she chooses. Leave the strong roses and aromatics for Dinah and Chloe, and select only those that are faint and delicate, like the almost imperceptible breath of the beautiful pansy.—*Housekeeper.*

LINEN MANUFACTURING IN IRELAND.

At the time of the potato famine in 1846 all the linen manufactured in Ireland was woven upon hand-looms. Steam-power had been in use for half a century in spinning flax; but the idea of applying it to machinery for weaving the fiber, although under discussion, had not yet been demonstrated, and many manufacturers were of the opinion that it could never be made practical. Only a year or two after this fifty power-looms were in successful operation, and to-day the number is estimated at 50,000. Great as has been the revolution wrought in this industry by the introduction of steam, numerous as are the factories whose din of flying shuttles and twirling wheels is heard in Ulster, the hand-loom has not yet become entirely obsolete. In the heart of the weaving district, between Belfast and Armagh, a portion of the peasantry still find employment in their own homes in the manufacture of linen.

In some parts of the Counties of Down, Armagh and Antrim the hand-loom is busily plied in almost every cottage. The peasantry of this region differ in many respects from the population in other parts of Ireland. They are descended from Scotch and English settlers. There is but little of the Irish brogue in their accent, and their language is generally easily and correctly delivered. Their cottages are poor, having low rooms and earthen floors, but they welcome the visitor with a polite greeting, and answer his enquiries cordially. In the room devoted to weaving the children as well as the parents have their places at the looms and labor with the diligence and steadiness of their seniors.

Heavy and wide linen goods are all manufactured by machinery, only narrow webs of damask and cambric being done on the hand-loom. As the children pursue their task at weaving or preparing the flax for fresh webs, they generally have an open book before them, from which they study lessons, or con ballads and tales. Ten years ago nearly all the bobbins used in weaving were wound by hand, and this gave employment to the older and younger members of the family for whom heavier work was unfit; but the bobbins are now given out with the wool, wound by machinery.

The linen-trade in Ulster is slowly reviving from the depression it has suffered during the past few years.

directly after our late war, there was a great demand for fabrics made from flax; and the many fortunes rapidly won in their manufacture caused the industry to be overworked. When cotton resumed its place again, and linens were less called for, there were numerous failures in the trade; but the manufacturers who were able to weather the storm are now enjoying a sure and improving prosperity.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A PRETTY SOFA BLANKET.

One of the Band who is sick asks for directions for making fancy work. I feel that I am bound to help her, because fancy work has been such a blessing to me, in long continued feebleness. But I hardly know what to tell a stranger, knowing nothing of her tastes or habits.

What if she makes a Sofa Blanket of worsteds if she can, but yarn will answer. Knit or crochet, whichever you can do best, and best enjoy doing. Make small half squares, not quite two inches on the strait sides, and make them exactly alike in size. This is important. Use any colors you may have or as you may wish. Then embroider a small pattern on each one using a bit of canvas for this, and drawing out the threads. Then crochet all round each piece with black. This sets off the colors to advantage. And then all round with scarlet. Now set the pieces together. Mine has three hundred half squares and several straight strips round the outside. These also are embroidered. The result is a very handsome sofa blanket.

As you can do a little half square at odd times, you will not find it so much work as it seems, and is very interesting work and you will enjoy it. Mine is knit, beginning with three stitches, and widening neatly on each edge at the beginning of each needle. An inch and a half on the straight sides is prettier than larger pieces when completed.

HANS DORCOMB.

P. S. I was amused when one of the Band asked if she should intrude upon any one by signing herself "Only Waiting." I know how to sympathize with her doubt. At first I signed my articles "Experience." Being an old lady, that seemed appropriate. After a while I observed that was Professor Orcutt's signature and then I tried "Common Sense," but I was not satisfied with that, lest my writings did not show the common sense as I wished, and I then changed to "Handy H." That was not suitable for everything and I did not like it when the "H" was left out. And now I mean to use the name I gave myself when a little child. My name is a long one and I could not speak it plainly, so I abbreviated it in my own way and called myself Hans Dorcomb, and here I shall rest. And the few articles I send now and hereafter will be from

HANS DORCOMB.

THE WARMTH OF CLOTHING.

Generally our clothing has been considered as an apparatus for keeping the air from us. This conception is utterly

ly erroneous, and we can bear no garment which does not allow of a continual ventilation of our surface. Just those textures which are most permeable to the air keep us warmest. I have examined different materials for their permeability of air passing through flannel as 100, linen allowed 58, silk 40, buckskin 58, chamois 51, kid 1 part of air to pass through them. If the above stated notion was correct, kid would keep us 100 times warmer, chamois warmer by half than flannel, and so on, while every one knows that it is quite the reverse.

Fur is so arranged that its fine hair projecting into the air intercepts all the heat which flows from the surface of the body by radiation and conduction, and distributes this heat through the air which circulates between the single hair cylinders. Thus the air, however cold it may be, reaches the nerves of our skin as a warmed air. Furred animals in winter, when touched superficially, give a very cold sensation, it is only near the skin that the animal feels warm. In a severe cold certainly little of our animal heat comes as far as the points of the hair, from which it would escape by radiation or conduction, as the current of air in the fur cools the hair from its points toward its roots, and a severe cold penetrates only a little further into the fur, without reaching the skin of the same. This can take place only at an exceedingly low temperature, or when a very cold air is in violent motion.—*Dr. Hall.*

WATCH THE CHILDREN'S FEET.

At this season of the year, or frosty mornings and damp evenings, the following advice from the New York Post is very important;

"Life-long discomfort, disease and sudden death often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of the parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to is to see that the feet are dry and warm. Neglect of this has often resulted in a dangerous attack of croup, diphtheria or a fatal sore throat. Always on coming home from school on entering the house from a visit or errand, in rainy, muddy or thawing weather, the child should remove its shoes, and the mother should herself ascertain whether the stockings are the least damp. If they are they should be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hands till perfectly dry, and another pair of stockings and another pair of shoes put on. The reserve shoes and stockings should be kept where they are dry, so as to be ready for use on a minute's notice."

—Clothing in Japan is made of a kind of paper called shifu. The sheets of this paper are cut into strips, more or less wide, according to the fineness of the material to be made. These are twisted into threads by the fingers previously moistened with milk of lime. These threads are woven into cloth, either alone or mixed with silk. The materials made of this cloth can be washed like ordinary clothing and have great strength.



ROBBIE'S SOLD THE BABY.

BY S. M. W.

Robbie's sold the baby!
Sold her out and out!
And I'll have to tell you
How it came about.

When on New Year's morning
Robbie's opening eyes
Spied the bran-new baby—
What a glad surprise!

Constantly he watched her,
Scarcely cared to play,
Lest the precious baby
Should be snatched away.

He it was who named her
"Becky," "Betsy Ann,"
Told what he would buy her
When he was a man.

Now he's gone and sold her!
For to-day he ran
And proclaimed to mamma,
"Yes, I've found a man!"

Here's the man'll buy her!
Get her ready, krick!"
With an air of business
Brandishing a stick.

"Sold my baby, Robbie?"
Mamma sadly said;
Robbie, quite decided,
Bobbed his little head.

"Well, if this man buys her,
What will he give you?"
"Oh, two nice, big horses,
And five pennies, too!"

What's the good of babies
Only 'queal and 'cream!
I can go horse-backin'
When I get my team."

But when the quiet night came,
Robbie's prayers were said,
And he looked at baby
In her little bed.

And he said, when baby
Smiled in some sweet dream,
"She's wurf forty horses,
'Stead of jess a team!"

Baby's wee pink fingers
Round his own he curled;
"She's wurf all the horses
In dis whole big world!"

THE PATTERN SUIT.

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

BY ELLEN LYMAN.

EAR me, mamma, what shall I do? I'm so tired of everything, now that I cannot go to school or out of doors to play; and the child, with a weary, questioning look sought eagerly her mother's countenance to see what the answer would be.

"Let us think what we shall do that is new," replied the mother, for since Bessie had lame her foot some days before, Mrs. Harris' ingenuity had been taxed to the utmost to help devise amusement for her restless little girl. "Doesn't dolly need a new suit for winter, and one made up in the latest fashion?" queried Mrs. Harris.

"I'm most tired of dolls, anyway," was the reply, "only I like to make the clothes if I could do it nicely. But dear me, mamma, the fashions are so troublesome that I couldn't get it right, I know. How do you suppose you could make my dresses without patterns, or some one to cut them for

Mrs. Harris laughed, as she replied: "Sure enough, how could I? Well, you can look at my patterns and fashion books if that will help you any, and perhaps I will assist you in cutting patterns to suit dolly."

Bessie took up one of the pattern books, and at the same time her mother took another, merely to suggest some pretty style to Bessie, when she chanced to see an advertisement of patterns for an entire doll's suit, with cuts of the same.

"Ah! this is just the thing," said she, half aloud. "Look here, Bessie, if mamma sends and gets you a set of these patterns, do you suppose that you could cut and make a full suit, underclothes and all, without much help from me?"

"Oh, I'm certain sure I could," eagerly replied the little girl. "And how nice that would be. I'm tired of trying to cut patterns, and not having a good fit when the work is done," said Bessie, in a very womanly manner.

"And if you do not care very much to dress your doll anew I'll tell you what we will do. You know that little cousin Floy has no mother to help her dress dolls, and is not more than half as old as you are either, so of course she could not do it herself. Indeed, she has few playthings of any kind to what our little girl has, who is tired of everything and don't know what to do."

"And I may dress a dolly for Floy all my own self, and give it to her?" eagerly inquired Bessie.

"That was what I was thinking of," said Mrs. Harris, "if you are sure you would not become tired of it before you was half through, as you were of the picture you began to draw yesterday."

Bessie hung her head, as she remembered how impatient she had been to begin her drawing, and then worried her mother as soon as she grew a little tired of the work.

"But, mamma, this will be doing something for somebody, and be such splendid work that I shall like to do it."

"Well, I will send for a new doll, and pattern for a new suit of the right size, and you shall dress it ready for cousin Floy to receive on Christmas. Only you must promise to do the sewing as nicely as possible, not botch up the work as you do some of your own doll's dresses."

"Of course I shall do it nicely," was the reply, "for it will be for a present, you know."

So the patterns were sent for, but as Bessie did not live in the city where they were sold, she was obliged to wait two or three days for them to reach her by mail. However she lived on anticipation, and, in her books, and drawing, and playing what she could without getting about much, the time soon passed waiting the patterns and doll to come at hand.

And then how delighted Bessie was with them when they arrived! The doll, though not an expensive one, was a perfect beauty, so Bessie declared, while the patterns, all so correct and easy to use that the little girl would have no trouble in fitting the garments, or some one to cut them for

chemise, and drawers, as well as for wrapper, dress and waterproof cloak, and her mother gave her material to make the whole suit throughout. She also showed her how to lay on and pin the patterns before cutting, so as to use her cloth to the best advantage, for she knew it was as necessary to learn how to plan work well as it was to do it. Bessie began on the underclothes first, and thus learned some useful lessons before beginning on the dress.

Bessie took a great deal of pains to cut everything accurately, and to sew as nicely as possible, while her mother did stitching on the machine for her, where it was needed to make the work look more finished. And how much Bessie enjoyed her work! "It is so much nicer," she would say, "to have it all true by the patterns, that I can take more pride in my work than ever before. And then it is for little Floy too, which does me more good."

Mrs. Harris did not allow Bessie to sew until she became too tried, so as to slight her work, but as this interested her so much, the days were not nearly as long and tiresome to her as before, and at the same time, other things diverted her more, now she had the doll for a change.

And it was a source of pleasure, not only to herself, but to all in the house. Papa became interested, and was taught all about the fashion for dolls' dresses; brother Charley pretended that it was all nonsense, still he watched the progress as it went on, and even praised Bessie for doing her work so handsomely.

"Now you must tie her back tight, when you put on the finishing touches," was Charley's sage advice, "for this must be the most fashionable lady in town."

But I must not stop to tell all that was said, else I shall make my story too long; suffice to say, that when the little lady was dressed in her new suit she looked charming, and more than beautiful to darling Bessie. By this time her lame foot was nearly well, and Christmas was nearly at hand, which was fortunate for Bessie, for she was impatient to see cousin Floy's delight with her present.

And how the little chubby five years old Floy did dance, and her eyes sparkle as Bessie gave her the handsome doll in its new outfit. "O, it was so splendid," she said; and if the work was not done quite as well as a first-class dressmaker would have done it, it was well done for a little miss of ten summers, while Floy thought there never was such a stylish doll ever made before. She had never seen Paris dolls, and this one was perfect to her partial eyes.

After quite a discussion upon the name the cousins settled on Amelia Esther Ann; to which Charley added, Queen Victoria, Princess Eugenie, and Mrs. President Grant, as proper titles to bestow upon so grand a lady as was this new doll.

Mrs. Harris, as she saw all the comfort the work had given her daughter, and the pleasure bestowed upon Floy, considered the money paid for the doll and patterns one of the most profitable investments she could have made, and not only on this account, but be-

cause it had saved her own time, which is daily, or rather nightly, I feel sure

Besides this, it has taught Bessie much in the art of cutting and fitting garments, as well as in taking pains to do her sewing nicely. Mrs. Harris considers that it would be a good plan for other mothers to procure patterns for dolls' wardrobes for their little girls to make up; even if a lame foot or other mishap does not confine them to the house. There are rainy days, and school vacations, and other times when children need something to do, and making dolls' suits tastefully will be pleasant employment for many a little miss, even if grown almost to long dresses.

And if the larger young girls do not care for dolls themselves, let them each dress one for some little friend, or some poor child who would love it as much as Floy learned to love hers.

HOW TO GOVERN THE BABY.

The question of an old playmate of mine, which came to me yesterday in a letter, is much like questions other mothers sometimes ask. She says: "I do so wish I could see you with your little flock, and see how you manage with them, and with house-work, and sewing, and reading, and writing day after day, week in and week out. Wonder if you ever get nervous or worried, or in other words lose patience, and feel like shaking the children. Or do you take to it kindly, and by natural or acquired grace, bear with all their whims, and teasing, and naughtiness, without feeling like slapping them. Oh, I wish I did know how you manage them!—for instance, when they are about two years old, like G—, and you tell them not to go outside the gate, and they know all that you mean, but every chance they get they run off, what do you do with them? Do you ever whip? It is my belief that a child cannot be made to mind without feeling a hurt. But I have some friends, in whom I feel great confidence, who never inflict punishment for disobedience, and who think it a great shame to whip a child, and who insist that children shall be governed by love. But the truth is, the child of those parents I have in my mind, does not behave half so well as G—. Now I am sure I do not know what is the right way, and I wish I did.

I would like to see my boy mind the first time he is spoken to, and I always wondered to hear people tell a child half a dozen times to do a certain thing, but baby hardly ever minds the first time we speak to him. I don't want to go around with a whip in my hand all of the time, and if you, with longer experience, have learned the way, I would like to be led."

I cannot say that I have learned "the way" to make children of any age mind always, the first time they are spoken to. I have daily trials in that respect, and I suspect that it is because my children have so little fear of me. I do suppose that the frequent use of a whip or stick might make "better-behaved" children than any who live at our house; but whenever I think over the matter (and that

that a whip for family use would cost more than it would come to, and my prayer is still for more patience. I can see that the delay of the little ones is not real disobedience—that is, it is not intentional. They are "just going to do what they are told, but their own business seems very important to them. I hate to speak sternly, or in a tone of command, but fretful entreaty is no better. A pleasant suggestion ought to suffice for children, who stand to us in the relation of little friends. In all small matters of a personal nature, I think it pays well to say "please," and "thank you," to a child, and I have always habitually and rather unconsciously done this.

"Please shut the door, dear;" "Please hand me my thimble;" and then, "thank you," for the favor; for it does seem too bad to call children from their play to just wait upon us, and we must remember that our example is likely to be followed in their intercourse with each other.

Such a case as my friend mentions is different. I have had little trouble with runaways, but I think I should tie up the little truant feet every time they transgress prescribed bounds, until they learn to obey. Five minutes is "an age" for such a punishment to a small child. The object is to impress the mind, so that the little one will not forget to mind, or so that it will see that disobedience does not pay. It ought to be done good-naturedly, with tender pity expressed for the naughty little feet. Yesterday I tied up a pair of hands for striking brother. I hugged the little sinner while I tied them up, and talked as though the owner of the hands of course wished to correct such a naughty habit, or to refrain from establishing such a habit; and she evidently rather took my side as against the hands. They were to stay tied together until the clock struck, or about five minutes. When I untied them, I kissed each one, because I "was sure they would try to behave better now."

Oh, dear! It takes line upon line and precept upon precept, and I often feel discouraged—chiefly on account of my own mistakes, which almost all arise from a deficiency of patience. We are not good enough to carry out our own theories. Our little ones are chips of the old blocks, and inherit from us and from the sources whence we derived our tempers and temperaments, many of the evils which we deplore in them.

It may be best to "rule by love" alone, never appealing to a child's fears, but most of us feel that we have not time. We have to deal with our culprits too hastily. When two get into a quarrel, it seems impossible to do exact justice, because we have not time and are pressed with other cares. I can see clearly that it is best to take time, and that we ought to remember, that no other duties can exceed in importance the moral culture of our children; but when it comes to the actual case, alas!

There is an excellent book, by Jacob Abbott, the author of the Rollo Books, called "Gentle Measures in the Treatment of the Young." I like this book better than the "Mother at Home," written by another Abbott. It is prob-

ably what most inquiring mothers are in search of, and it is more easy of comprehension, and what most persons would consider more practical than Mrs. Mann's, or Spencer's, or H. H.'s writings upon the same subject.—*Faith Rochester.*

KEEP THE CHILDREN WARM.

Many children suffer because they are not kept warm enough in our changeable climate; not necessarily poor children, but the children of the well-to-do classes often go through actual wretchedness from insufficient clothing during the colder part of the year. Things are better than they used to be. You often now-a-days see babies with naked necks and arms covered by a square of embroidered flannel, and little boys and girls with their legs half-way between the ankle and the knee purple and roughened by the wind. No little child is properly protected from the atmospheric changes of our winters who is not dressed in thick flannel next to the skin, from his neck to his toes.

Woolen stockings and flannel undergarments will go much toward keeping a child healthy and rosy. Even in summer, most doctors, if you ask them, will tell you that children ought to wear merino next the skin, and that wearing it they would be less liable to take cold, and will really feel the heat less. Who has not often heard little children scolded for being naughty and fretful, when there was nothing in the world the matter with them except that they had not on them enough clothes? Mothers might far better forget the sashes and bows and ruffles, the mere outside showy part, than the more essential matters of texture and make.

Little girls' dresses ought, for instance, to come well down over the knee; pretty nearly to the top of the boots, and a high-necked apron, even if it cover a high-necked dress, will do no harm.

As for the young women, you see them on the coldest days with sleeveless jackets gleaming with beads, and no shawl and the poor things think themselves warm. If they only knew it they would look better warm than cold. A girl, in winter, who goes out of doors ought to be well and sensibly clad, as her father or brother; but she rarely is. A gentleman's overcoat is far more useful for the purpose for which it is intended than all the pretty fineries of the ladies are. Don't be afraid, if you value your health, of being called "Mother Bunch." There is nothing agreeable or beautiful in coughs and consumption, and they are the nearly certain results of dressing too thinly and airily for the season of northeast winds and snow.

THE BABY'S BED.

The baby should never be allowed to sleep in the bed between its parents. Several good objections must occur to every one; I need not name but one. It must, when thus placed, constantly inhale the poisonous emanations from the bodies of the two adults. It should sleep in a crib by the side of its mother's bed. The best bed, at all seasons of the year, is one of oat-straw. The straw should be changed and the tick washed as often as once in two

weeks. This gives little trouble, and involves little or no expense, while the perfect cleanliness and sweetness contribute not a little to the baby's health. During the cold season a woolen blanket should be spread over the straw bed, to increase the warmth. For covering of the little sleeper, woolen blankets should be used, and all these blankets should be frequently washed.

Does he kick off the bed-clothes? Then fasten them on the sides of the crib with little tapes or little knobs. The little chap may then kick ever so obstinately, he can't uncover himself.

The pillows should be straw! I forgot to speak of this in connection with the bed. The proximate, if not the original, cause of a large proportion of deaths among American babies is some malady of the brain. When we suppose the death to result from dysentery or cholera infantum, the immediate cause of death is an affection of the brain supervening upon the bowel disease. The heads of American babies are, for the most part, little furnaces! What mischief must come from keeping them buried twenty hours out of every twenty-four in feather pillows! It makes me shiver to think of the number of deaths among these precious little ones which I have myself seen, where I had no doubt that cool straw pillows would have saved them.

The hair pillow is inferior to straw, because it cannot, like straw, be made perfectly clean and fresh by a frequent change. Do not fail to keep their little heads cool.—*Dio Lewis.*

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Prosperity gains friends and adversity tries them. 2. Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful. 3. Flowers. 4. Garden. 5. Florence Nightingale. 6. Starlight.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of sixty-six letters.

My 4, 19, 53, 37, 64, 39, 1, 58, 11 was the goddess of discontent.

My 5, 52, 12, 45, 3 was a goddess of the ancient Latins.

My 18, 13, 53, 11 was once the residence of the Centaurs.

My 20, 44, 32, 41, 12, 24, 8 was the god of the sea.

My 22, 2, 39, 10, 65, 49, 40 was a god of eloquence.

My 27, 52, 25, 30, 9 were goddesses who presided over human destiny.

My 28, 23, 66, 32, 43, 7, 37, 51, 26, 49, 44 was the muse who presided over dancing.

My 34, 29, 48, 50, 35 was a god of eloquence.

My 46, 55, 1, 33 was a queen of Carthage.

My 47, 6, 42, 66, 31 was the goddess of flowers.

My 60, 14, 16, 28, 56, 59, 3 was another name for Tophet.

My 62, 15, 36, was the god of revenge.

My 63, 17, 61, 21, 62 was the goddess of the public and private hearth.

My 2, 10, 57, 16, 38, 66, 4, 54 was a famous hero of ancient Germany.

My whole is found in Ecclesiastes.

A. O.

2. I am composed of six letters.

My 6, 2, 4 is an article of food.

My 6, 6 is an interjection.

My 4, 5, 1 is a human being.

My whole is a name that is mentioned but twice in the Bible.

N. B.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My first is in strand but not in beach.

My second is in learn but not in teach.

My third is in river but not in lake.

My fourth is in buy but not in take.

My fifth is in butter but not in cheese.

My sixth is in calm but not in breeze.

My seventh is in aisle but not in pew.

My eighth is in try but not in do.

My ninth is in first but not in last.

My tenth is in slow but not in fast.

My eleventh is in mansion but in hall.

My whole comes to all. M. A. C.

SQUARE WORDS.

4. A poet; a bird; an open space; an opinion or belief; rank; pomp.

5. A fruit; a tree; a Swedish city; a kind of liquor.

CHARADES.

6. On her cushions lay the queen, Egypt's queen of beauty rare, Still and pale,—is it the wind That stirs her dusky, jeweled hair?

See that slimy, loathsome thing Creeping o'er that moulded arm; Ho! warders, eunuchs, hasten all, Guard your lady from all harm!

Vain, all vain, my first has fed On the beauty of the land. She hath fled my dreaded second, Through the gates by priesthood barred,

For my whole she dared to do; And her proud heart rent in twain, Cleopatra, Lady, Queen, Never smiled on earth again!

7. Milky mothers of the field I sing, From my second sip the dew; Of my whole, the fields are gay, Shall I bring a bunch to you?

MARY.

THIRTEEN CONCEALED NAMES OF PERSONS.

8. Come Joseph I need your assistance. I would not mar your happiness. Will, I am going to San Francisco. I would rather gather manna than prepare food. Jemima Rian called on me with Jo Boliver. Lo, the odors arise from my rare roses.

A. S.

LETTER CHANGE.

9. I am a preposition; prefix a letter, I am a species of bird. Change my first letter, I am an animal, again I consume, again I am corpulent, again, I am an article of dress, again, I am used at doors, again, I strike lightly, again, I am a small animal, again, I am a verb, again, I am a cisterm.

PUZZLES.

11. From twenty take one letter and there will remain ten.

12. Add one letter to five and there will be six.

13. From a river take a letter and there remains a number.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

15. A consonant: to lay a wager; a select assembly; denoting the tenderest affection; a covering for the ark among the Jews; one who makes sport for others; exciting; a water pipe; a short division in composition; to place; sometimes a consonant.

EMILY L. R.



TABLE APPOINTMENTS.

SETTING the table nicely is a lady's work. Many servant girls spoil everything in the beginning by laying the cloth awry, and even when they have mastered the art of laying it straight, they are apt to forget some of the little touches that go far towards making the well-set table a pleasure to the eye. Unless one is very sure indeed of a servant's carefulness and capability, it is best to give a superintending oversight one's self to this daily recurring work.

Much of the beauty of the table depends on the linen, and the linen is dependent for its good looks, first, on the way in which it is washed and ironed; and second, on the manner in which it is taken care of while in use. Table-cloths should be white, bleached as new fallen snow, not yellow from too much soda, nor streaked with dingy blue from too much indigo. Then when dampened for ironing they should be pulled so that the corners meet evenly. They should be folded smoothly and compactly rolled. When ironed, they should not be finished off half damp, but should be pressed till they are dry, and till their woven figures show distinct and shining on the satiny surface. The napkins should be ironed with equal care and nicety.

A cloth should never be taken in a heap and carried somewhere to be shaken. The crumbs should be removed with a crumb-brush, and the cloth folded exactly and precisely in the folds creased by the iron. Care in this particular will diminish the number of table-cloths in a weekly wash, and will insure their neat and nice appearance so long as they are used. Nothing is more repulsive to good taste than a wrinkled, crumpled, tumbled table-cloth, on which no sort of bravery of china or silver can be displayed without creating a jarring sense of discord.

It is sometimes an improvement to set your table with two cloths, in which case the under one should be smaller than the upper. It gives a firmer and more solid appearance to the table, the figures coming out more vividly, and the foundation cloth making the other look richer and heavier.

Have your own way to set your table. There are many ways, you know, as you can easily prove by letting each new domestic do it after her own fashion. No general directions can be safely given with regard to the best way. The castor and salt-cellars, unless individual salt-stands are preferred, should occupy the center. The water with the teacups and saucers, sugar-bowl, cream-jug, tea-pot, urn, and paraphernalia of the coffee and tea, should stand at one end before the mistress of the house, and the carving-knife and fork should be laid before the master. Vegetable dishes usually flank the castor; spoons, pickle-jars, and all necessary appendages to a meal are disposed at proper intervals. On a really well set table

there is no crowding, and a side-table is therefore indispensable, especially at dinner, to receive those things for which there is not room on the table itself.

All the dishes should be whole, and this should be insisted upon, especially when there is no company. Guests receive and are entitled to a certain degree of courteous attention, but one's own family have a right, too, to enjoyment at the family board. Cracked saucers, mutilated cups, and abbreviated things of any description, are not good for common use. If they can be utilized in the domestic economy, let them stand in the closet and bide their time; if not, let them join the debris in the ash-barrel. Famishing people would of course prefer their porridge on a broken plate to no porridge at all; but we are not, most of us, famishing when we come to our daily meals. We are tired, moderately hungry, and our nervous energy is depleted. Our plans have failed, our hopes have faded, the letter we looked for has not come, our pockets have been picked in an omnibus, or our dearest friend has inadvertently hurt our feelings, or perhaps we have had a day of success and pleasure. We need sympathetic, comprehensive uplifting and stimulating, and we come to our home tables quite as much for these and for spiritual upbuilding, as we do that the lower necessities of life may be supplied. And so around the table there should be bright faces, social converse, flashes of pleasantries, sallies of innocent fun, and cheerful wisdom, that good digestion may wait on appetite. The table itself should minister to the soul as well as to the body.

Many persons prefer to use white dishes only, and full sets of everything to correspond can be obtained, even in china, at a comparatively small cost. The strong white ware called stone china, lasts, with proper care, a very long time. If cups or saucers of a set are unfortunately broken, they can, in these days, be easily replaced; as single pieces, if not in stock, will be made to your order if left at any of the large establishments. At present, fashion finds all white rather monotonous, and more individuality is allowed. I confess myself to a liking for a dash of color here and there about the table, for individual cups and saucers unlike the uniform white ones, and for china that has a broad band of red, green, or gold, or delicate trace work flowers or leaves. There is a choice of form too; and if one is buying there is room for demonstrating one's taste in letting the dishes correspond with the food they are to hold. Fruits conserved in crystal syrup look prettiest in transparent glass, which shows clearly their amber or ruby tints. There are special shapes which come for the tall celery or the crisp cool salad, and one who is nice about such things will never have the rule of fitness violated in her table and its arrangements.

Sparkling glass, reflecting and refracting the light from its crystal surface; shining silver, or plated ware, which is equally as artistic and beautiful, and can be kept without fear of a heart-breaking robbery some day or other, and clean polished china, all sweet, domestic sense that is inevi-

help to make the table look well. There are houses in which you never see really clean dishes. The plates feel rough, or have greasy spots; the cups are black around the handles, and the glasses are clouded, and have bits of lint sticking to them. Now, your breakfast and dinner things will never look nice unless they are washed in plenty of hot water, with soap, rinsed in other clean water, and quickly wiped dry and shining with clean whole towels.

Everything connected with the table is important. It is the social center of the household. There, three times a day, parents and children meet, and it should be a sacred shrine, never profaned by cross looks or invaded by harsh words. Fault-finding mars the best breakfast. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," said the wisest of philosophers. Each person should have his own place at the table, not lightly to be taken from him; and occasionally there should be a pleasant surprise, that the feast may become a festival. A rosebud at every plate some morning this summer, a cluster of violets in every folded napkin, a central bouquet of grasses and ferns, wed poetry to prose in a wonderfully winning way.

Very beautiful cloths in cream color, crimson, and buff are now used by many for breakfast and tea. They have a warmer and richer look than white, but lack its intrinsic and essential charm of purity.—*Exchange.*

HOW TO TREAT UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

The following sensible remarks from the Golden Rule will be appreciated by many a tired housekeeper to whom those "surprise visits" are a source of great discomfort.

When one of "father's" business friends drives into the yard at about half past eleven, the good wife knows that he will surely stay to dinner. Father is a great story-teller, and he likes to get hold of a new auditor. How aptly comes a frown of dismay and displeasure on the smooth, fair face of his helpmeet. What can be done? Work is going on according to the day's plan in the kitchen; the dinner was arranged for none but the family; the children are coming home from school and making a clatter; all is bustle and confusion. She feels that the best dishes must be used, and something extra cooked for the inopportune guest.

Now, good woman, don't do it! Your fine dinner, with its attendant irritation and "upsetting," will taste no better than what you had prepared. Make no difference in your plans, but seat your visitor with a smile and easy greeting, at your hospitable board; and he will feel more comfortable and happy than though you gave him a banquet. You save temper and trouble, and gain the enjoyment of giving your friend a real cosy time.

A sensible person knows that farmers do not have six courses upon their table daily, and the wholesome, hearty fare, with good nature and hospitable cordiality, will be tintured with a

ably lost in grand dinners. Smiles and neatness are sauce for homely meals.

THE DESSERT.

The young ladies down East complain that the gentleman are so poor that they can't pay their addresses.

A wearied young lady hastened the departure of a tedious caller by remarking, as she looked out of the window: "I think we are going to have a beautiful sunrise."

District Visitor (blandly) "Well, dame, and how do you find things now?" Crusty old cottager—"How do I find things? Why by looking arter 'em, to be sure."

Boswell complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before had made his head ache. "No, sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache; it was the sense we put into it." "Has sense that effect upon the head?" "Yes, sir; on heads not used to it."

A negro boy who professed to be dreadfully alarmed at the cholera, took to the woods, he said, "to pray." "But," said the overseer, "how is it that you went to sleep?" "Don't know, massa, 'zactly," responded the negro, "but 'spect I must have over-prayed myself."

"Mamma," said a wee pet, "they sung 'I want to be an angel' in Sunday-school this morning, and I sung with them." "Why, Nelly!" exclaimed mamma, "could you keep time with the rest?" "I guess I could," proudly answered little Nelly; "I kept ahead."

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other; "but to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belong to the class generally called in-sects."

A Danbury man, wishing to engage several bushels of potatoes from a party in the suburbs, asked a neighbor what sort of a man he was. "Well," said the conscientious neighbor, "I don't know very much about him, but I should think he would make a tip top stranger."

He had made a hearty meal at a restaurant, and, rising up, he said to the cashier: "I declare if I haven't forgotten my wallet." The cashier fired up, and hurled big words at him for full three minutes before pausing for breath. When a chance came the stranger continued: "But I have fifty dollars here in my vest pocket." The cashier couldn't smile to save him.

An editor relates how a colored barbar made a dead-head of him. He offered him the usual dime for shaving, when the fellow drew himself up with considerable pomposity, and said: "I understand dat you is an editor." "Well, what of it?" said we. "We neber charge editors nuffin!" "But, my wooly friend," we continued, "there are a good many editors travelling nowadays, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business." "Oh! neber mind," remarked the barber; "we make up off de gemmen."



"TONICS FOR WOMEN."

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

NOTHING makes a woman age more rapidly than overwork—the reason, probably that American women fade so soon. Sunshine, music, work and sleep are the greatest medicines for women who need more sleep than men. Their nerves are more sensitive, they are not so strong, and exhaustion takes place sooner than with men, but they should never permit themselves to be roused out of a deep sleep in the morning. In fact, one should never be wakened. The body rouses itself when its demands are satisfied. Retire as soon as you feel sleepy in the evening; don't rouse yourself and go to work. You need rest then, and will have to pay for the trespass on your physical nature the next day, if you disobey."

There! have you read it? from first word to last word? So have I. It caught my eye as I was running over the columns of the Evening Journal the other evening, and I couldn't resist. I scissored it with the dexterity of an editor.

It reads very nicely, doesn't it? Some man wrote it, I feel sure of it. And that man had either been brought up in the front parlor, with plenty of hired help about the house, or had boarded for the most part of his days, and knew not what tonic created the strength to furnish what his money paid for.

No woman put that on paper. The idlest woman in Christendom knows better than to tell the working women of our land any such impossible, unneeded stuff as that is!

Let's dissect it, dear working sisters, mothers, cousins and aunts, and see if we can apply these tonics. Granted; "nothing ages women like work"—women are proving it the world over. No need to bestir yourself for further proof, Sir Wisdom.

Granted that their nerves are more sensitive, as a class; but a large per cent. of our women are born with nerves as strong as those of a large per cent. of the other sex, but because of wearying, taskful servitude, and no fair chance at Sir Wisdom's tonics, they get to have nerves that are oversensitive and troublesome.

I'm sure I don't know among what sort of people your acquaintance extends, sister readers, but I am so fortunate as to have extensive knowledge of a class of women who keep but little, if any, hired help. Mothers work alone until they get the girls big enough to stand on crickets to wash dishes, iron, and so on, and these girls pull in the harness with the mother until some suitor claims her heart and help, and away she goes to imitate hard working mother in another home.

Sometimes she wears out early, and gives place to another which the bereaved husband generally secures, bargaining not for the tonics.

This community is no ignorant,

churchless collection either. They are intelligent, educated and refined. The women are model housewives and because help is scarce, and their mothers did without, they do, and the dotting Benedictines would smile to question why, as long as their wives are out of bed and the doctor's grip.

There are plenty more such homes. Hundreds of eyes will look over this and know that Wisdom's advice cannot be taken this side the grave.

"Never permit yourself to be roused out of a deep sleep in the morning."

Wisdom, what's to be done, when the husband leaves home for his work at seven of these short mornings, and there are three children up stairs to get breakfast for too, and who must start for school with the books and slate looked up, caps tied on, mittens hunted, "dinners put up," and hair combed for the day?

What's to be done when three year old comes climbing up from the trundle-bed over tired feet with a breezy good morning in sleep-shut ears? Who's going to permit one's self to sleep on, with a baby wriggling on one's arm, or squalling matins in one's ear? Who's going to be allowed to sleep on for a tonic, with a big washing, ironing or baking sounding knell all through your night-dreams?

How many times in a score of years do you think such a woman's body can "rouse itself when its demands are satisfied?" Figure it out, Sir W. My answer to the problem was ready long ago.

Tired cook at restaurants, hotels and boarding houses; tired washer, weary ironer at the laundry; worn-out general-house-work, mother, wife and friend who fills every place in one from garret to cellar and never thinks of weekly wages, how many times since you began to keep house for your present husband have you been at perfect liberty to "retire as soon as you feel sleepy in the evening?" How many times have your eyes been forced open because the stocking basket yawned, or Jimmie's coat was torn, or Freddie's pants must be finished, or Carrie's dress begun, or husband's shirts finished, or some buttons sewed on for the poor helpless fellow? (Honest query for information: Has there ever been a law passed against masculine manipulations of button, needle and thread since the creation of Adam, Noah, Abraham, or any other of those Scriptural heroes? My memory fails me, but I think there must have been, the dear creatures seem to reverence and obey the dim memory so faithfully. Loyal fellows, these wise masculines!)

Now tell the truth, working women all over the land, how many times in your lives could you conscientiously take these "Tonics for women?" Many a husband can obey Sir Wisdom, right to the letter, because when his work is done, it is done, and when he lies down to rest, work baskets, wash tubs, sad irons, flour barrels, brooms and dusters don't gather around his bed to jeer and gibber and point ghostly fingers at him till day break.

If the baby cries, he isn't bound to notice it, you see. And then he has his pay to look forward to for Saturday night, or the end of the month. But she must take commendation,

if he is a man that is "given to praising women;" if not, she looks along the road to the time when the children's noble characters shall show her true worth, if haply she lie not down weary by the roadside ere then.

Ah! Sir Wisdom, you uttered a truth then. They do "pay for trespass;" sometimes dearly. But you don't know it or you would never have written that paragraph of advice so innocently. Doubtless you were honest, but if you would come to a house with only a private family to work for, I would promise to initiate you very gradually for one week.

Would be uncommonly careful of you, but if before the first Saturday night came round, (and no wages dropped into your hardened palm,) you could not honestly confess that "the half never had been told you," and that you longed from crown to sole for the tonics, of which you so glibly wrote in your unsophisticated musings, to restore your drooping spirits, wasted energies and listless soul, then I would acknowledge that tonics are only for men to take on street corners and in saloons; such as sparkle in silver and glass, and such as, alas! men are taking, to the everlasting exclusion of the universally needed tonics of sunshine and sleep, which jaded wives mutely pray for. I am sure I am right and can hear a loud amen from every cellar and attic from New England to California. Isn't it the truth which I have been telling you?

THE CROUP AGAIN.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

The fact that the croup is a violent and often a fatal disease, especially with children, will render it appropriate to treat the subject more at length than in the last issue. And, since "prevention is better than cure" and far less expensive, it is well for every mother to understand, not only what may be done to arrest the course of the disease, but to learn the causes of its appearance at certain seasons of the year, with the means of its prevention.

Of course, the immediate cause is a cold, generally sudden and violent, while back of all of this are many causes, the results remaining dormant till some disturbance is produced, bringing it to the surface, so to speak. As in the material world, so in the realm of disease, there is no effect without a cause. The remote cause of the croup, unquestionably, is an inflammatory state of the whole system, a tendency toward local congestion of the blood, attended by increased action, or violent symptoms.

Perhaps the most prominent cause of this inflammation, especially of the mucous surfaces (internal skin) is the excessive use of the heat producers, the sweets of all kinds, the oils and fats, and starch, found extensively in the grains, potatoes, rice, tapioca, sago, arrowroot and such articles.

That these are needful, especially in the cold weather, as a means of sustaining the warmth of the body, is too evident to be questioned, yet it is as true that most persons are accustomed to use these articles in excess, especially in warm weather, though at this time the natural appetite demands

less, adapting itself to the condition of the weather. These articles, or classes of food, may be regarded in the light of fuel, heat and fat producers, the purest, as butter, containing not a particle of muscle nourishment. While it is true that more of this is necessary in the winter than of the nitrogenous element (muscle food) it is possible that too much may be taken, of course producing an excess of fat and of heat, which tend to produce feverish and inflammatory action, symptoms indicating that nature is burning up this rubbish, this excess of carbon in the body.

Of course, a sudden cold or a closing of the millions of pores, and the consequent retention of the waste which should constantly escape through these outlets, must produce derangement and commotion, which we call fever and inflammation. And since the outer and inner skin are so intimately connected, sustaining a mutual relationship and sympathy, it is not strange that a cold should seriously affect the membrane of the throat, the connecting link, so to say, between the inner and outer surface. And let it be remembered that the excessive use of these articles referred to (the heaters) will naturally affect this membrane of the throat and also the lungs, so intimately in sympathy with the skin. And for this reason (the sympathy) opening the pores closed by the cold—an irritation on the surface, neck and upper part of the chest, will give at least some relief—often remarkable.

What, then, shall be done domestically in the matter? Give the little ones less candy, rich pastry, doughnuts, sausages, pork and fine flour, and more coarse food, such as hasty pudding, Graham bread and puddings, oatmeal, or any of the unbolted products of the grains (I know of nothing superior to "Smith's Crushed White Wheat") with a free use of the fruits, ripe and good, which are coolers, remembering not to irritate on the inner surface by the internal use of pepper, mustard and such excitants.

Keep the children warm enough—not too warm, for that predisposes to colds—having special regard to the feet, hands, limbs and chest. Thorough bathings of the body—the hand-bath—with more thorough rubbing and brushing, with an abundance of pure air, day and night, when kept warm enough by clothing, will be of service. Prevent, if you can—send for the family physician, if you must.

HOW TO LOSE THE APPETITE FOR DRINK.

One who has tried it says, I overcame the appetite by a recipe given to me by our good old family physician. He said, "if you have the moral courage, I'll tell you the tonic which I have used with effect for twenty years." I expected of course, some nasty medicine stuff; but no; he prescribed an orange every morning, a half hour before breakfast. "Take that and you will neither want liquor nor medicine." I have done so regularly, and find that liquor has become repulsive. The taste of the orange is in the saliva of my tongue, and it would be as well to mix water and oil as rum with my taste.



AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers the sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day.
And saints divinest when they pass away;
Morning is lovelier, but a holier charm
Lies folded closer in its evening robes of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

Coming from heaven she on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eye of day in peace.
All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening, we must weep and toil;
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil.
Tread with feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.
Oh, when our sun is setting, may we glide
Like Summer evening down the golden tide!

And leave behind us, when we pass away,
Sweet starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

THE STUDY OF MUSIC.

BY SIN SAXON.

TO THE MOTHER.

I PRESUME there is hardly a person living but what has, at some period or other, felt the influence of music.

Even the babe in its mother's arms, is soothed, and lulled to sleep, at the crooning of some old melody. The child will follow with untiring feet, the strains of a military band, and the being of maturer growth, will feel his heart thrill at the singing of some simple ballad, or the inspiring harmony of a martial quickstep. Even the lower animals have often evinced a wonderful love of, and taste in music.

In connection with these ideas, it will be our effort in these few lines to give the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD a few practical hints on the "Study of Music," by a practical teacher of experience.

Why should we study music?

There is no art which so calls forth the better feelings of the heart, so refines and cultivates the manners, and last, but by no means least, is so satisfactory a source of enjoyment to ourselves and others. True God studied our human hearts well, when he gave us the hope of music, far beyond our earthly efforts, in the Better Land.

We are often asked at what age a person should begin. Let it be as early in life as possible, even at the age of five.

We have had mothers exclaim at our answer, and raise great objections to it. Their children's hands would be stretched out of shape, and their little brains overtasked; yet these same parents would send their children to school, to learn reading or writing, studies not usually so congenial and more tasking to a young brain; while the first objection is equally as absurd, for while it cannot be expected that a child of five years, can stretch octaves or chords, there are hundreds of five finger exercises, and little pieces

written for little hands, both pleasing and instructive.

How many a young lady or gentleman of twenty, plodding through the a, b, c of music has felt the loss of early training.

Dear mothers, you wish your children to progress from early childhood, in the knowledge of reading or writing, then I pray you let them grow from the same time in the knowledge of music also. Nor need it necessarily be the piano to be studied. We are glad to notice of late the increase in number of lady violinists. The harp well played is a fine accompaniment for the voice. The guitar is easily learned, and music from it can be made very effective. The last two are rather trying to tender fingers, but that difficulty is soon overcome in those of adult growth.

If you have two or more children, let them each play a different instrument. These home orchestras are pleasant things, binding young families, together, and shutting out many vain desires.

Have music in the family. If you cannot play or sing yourself, you will find many a pleasant thought of your children's unity, and spend many a pleasant evening with their music. Above all things overlook, if possible, their practice hours. Sit with them while they practice; it will help them to overcome any timidity about playing before others, and teach them to play carefully. Do not be too desirous of their making an early show with their music; desire rather that they understand thoroughly the rudiments of playing or singing.

We have had pupils come to us, that looked perfectly amazed, when we requested them to go back to the instruction book. "Why," they cry, "we left that long ago, we play nothing but pieces." "I am very sorry," I inwardly reply, "but you are lamentably ignorant of the first principles of playing." And yet they could sit down at the piano, and play one or two pieces very creditably; but to dissect a composition, to define all marks of expression, curved lines, dots, etc., they were not able to do it, never having been taught. They were told here to play a little quicker or there a little softer, and the piece having been played over to them, they had ear and intelligence enough, to catch a portion at least, of their instructors' (?) style. Such instruction is not worth paying for.

Parents so often overlook their own sympathy in the matter. If the teacher is hired and paid, surely the scholar should turn out everything desirable, as they reason, and the teacher, at last, tired out with imperfect lessons and the parent surprised at the slow progress made, concludes that the child has no taste for music, and that it is money wasted, when the whole trouble may be the careless practicing of the pupil, and want of interest in the parent.

Give the child a fair chance. Remember that it is a child, with the fickleness of childhood, and encourage and overlook in this, as in other studies; and as time goes on and you participate in the pleasure of a cultured musician or musicians in your family,

we know that never a thought of regret will enter your heart.

SYSTEMATIC BOOK-BUYING.

"One cigar a day at ten cents is thirty-six dollars a year; thirty-six dollars a year is—" we are all familiar with the calculation, and have each been astounded in turn to find how closely we missed being millionaires. If Methuselah didn't smoke he must have been a Commodore Vanderbilt before he was half grown up. Some of these arithmetico-economic curiosities become rather a bore, but the fact remains that to spend, or to save, or to buy, little by little, and as little as you please, but regularly, counts up to a wonderful total in the end. The churches discovered, not long ago, that "systematic beneficence," at ten cents a head, was a cure for many chronic financial ills, and everybody knows how "Peter's penze" builds grand cathedrals and mounts up to almost millions of dollars.

Perhaps most readers don't stop to think how easily they can get together a library in small expenditures that scarcely count. The average American of culture sighs always for a library of his own, but he sighs after it too often as a costly luxury that must be a great ways off, unless he gets rich in as much of a hurry as he would like to. But of all things, a library is a matter of small beginnings. The foundation of some of the finest have been laid with a few dollars. If a boy in college, for instance, saves enough pocket-money to invest in one good book a fortnight, or even a month, he comes out with a nice little nucleus of a hundred or half a hundred books, which are pretty sure to grow into something worth having—and he has that much more all his life, without feeling the cost.

There is much to be said in favor of systematic book-buying. The sense of ownership is itself a delight. A library is your best piece of furniture. But beyond this, the authorities agree that you can't get the best out of a book until you own it. Some great men, so the autobiographies say, got their start in education from stolen fruit, taken in sips at a bookstore; and they tell of how Daniel Webster was glued to his post for a whole day over a book he devoured in front of a bookstall. But we warrant they bought the books for themselves as soon as they could. You may go to the circulating library for your novels, but a book you mean to have enter into your life—own it. One eminent writer lays down the rule: "Never read a book that you don't own. Put the book on your shelf and you have your knowledge doubly."

Now, if the reader will stop to think, he will find that this luxury is by no means denied him, though his income be less than the Duke of Bedford's. There are few who cannot buy the standard books they do or should read. An evening at the theater, a dozen cigars—we don't presume to suggest economy to the ladies!—costs as much as a book that lasts a lifetime. Any one of ordinary earnings can place his dollar here once in a while, and it is surprising how soon he will have a library of his own, that is always a

delight, and is, moreover, "incontrovertible" into currency if he finds need. And if he will buy regularly he has the start of a library in a single year. Books are the best paying luxury in dull times and a capital investment all the year round.—*Literary News.*

—Madame de Staél once said: "If I were mistress of fifty languages, I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."

THE REVIEWER.

HOUSEHOLD ELEGANCIES: Suggestions on Household Art and Tasteful Home Decoration. By C. S. Jones and Henry T. Williams. pp. 300. New York: Henry T. Williams.

At the present time nearly every home is made attractive with graceful home-made ornaments; and to lovers of these home decorations, this dainty volume will be most welcome. In the three hundred pages are given minute directions for making spatter work, wax work, leather work, phantom leaves, fancy work with ferns, leaves and mosses, wall baskets, work boxes, picture frames, transparencies, articles in perforated card board, and in fact, all kinds of fancy work yet thought of. We have a transparency made from the directions given, which can hardly be equalled in ground glass. The specimens of spatter work are both graceful and artistic. The three hundred illustrations give one a very fair idea of the mode of making the various articles, aside from the minute directions given.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February contains sixty-five illustrations, and an exceedingly interesting variety of reading matter. The opening illustrated paper on Lyme treats not only of a town interesting as being the birthplace of the present Chief-justice of the United States, but of a region selected for the commencement of empire by Cromwell, Hampden, and several English noblemen. The article carries us back over two centuries, and is full of interesting gossip, humor, and romance. It is a remarkable study in American genealogy. Porte Crayon's "Confessions of a Candidate," with twenty characteristic pictures, illustrates some humorous features of district politics in the hill country of Virginia. "Vassar College," by Anna C. Brackett, is an intelligent criticism, in the main favorable, of a representative female college. It shows how the girls live, as well as how and what they study; and the illustrations, of which there are fourteen, are the result of a happy selection of subjects. The number contains two biographical sketches, both illustrated—one of the late Dr. John Todd, and the other of the Hon. Alexander Stephens. The article on Dr. Todd is contributed by George Cary Eggleston, and that on Mr. Stephens is from the pen of Henry W. Cleveland, formerly his private secretary. In the "First Century Series," Edwin P. Whipple contributes the first of two papers on American Literature. The authorship of the article is a sufficient indication of its importance and interest. The especially novel feature of this Number is the First Book of George Eliot's new novel, "Daniel Deronda"—a story of Modern English life. This installment alone is sold in England for more than one dollar in gold, and is given simultaneously to the readers of Harper's Magazine, without materially diminishing the usual number or variety of the other contributions to that periodical. The Editorial Departments admirably cover their respective fields of social gossip, literary criticism, scientific information, current history, and anecdote.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—The second article on "The Century, its Fruits and Festival," forms the opening paper of Lippincott's Magazine for February, and is a succinct but masterly sketch of "American Progress," with appropriate illustrations pointing the contrast between the condition of our industries, with their imperfect means and rude appliances, a century ago, and the development to which they have since attained. The information presented in this series will pre-

ANTHEM. "Blessed is the People."

E. CLARK.

Bles - sed is the peo - ple that know the joyful sound; Bles - sed is the peo - ple that know the joyful sound.

Bles - sed is the peo - ple that know the joyful sound; Bles - sed is the peo - ple that know the joyful sound.

They shall walk, O Lord, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy coun - te - nance;

They shall walk, O Lord, . . . They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance, And in thy

They shall walk, O Lord, . . . They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance, And in thy

name shall they re - joice all the day, And in thy right - eousness shall they be ex - alt - ed. A - men.

name shall they re - joice all the day, And in thy right - eousness shall they be ex - alt - ed. A - men.

pare the reader for an intelligent comprehension of the Centennial Exposition. The concluding paper of Mr. Bruce's "Up the Thames" treats of Windsor, Eton, and the neighboring localities, and is full of dainty descriptions, to which the charming woodcuts—among the best that have ever appeared in an American magazine—give additional effect. Another finely illustrated paper is the second of a series of "Sketches of India," dealing with some of the most notable characteristics of that country and its varied populations. The wide circle of readers who enjoy Lady Barber's writings will welcome her "Letters

from South Africa," which are begun in this number of Lippincott's. As an easy and vivid narrator of traveling experiences she has no superior, and her vivacity remains undiminished in the new field which she has chosen. "The Atonement of Leam Dundas" is continued, and the interest of this powerful and original novel is well sustained. A short story by Ethel C. Gale, "On Sankota Head," poems by Emma Lazarus, F. A. Hillard, and Charlotte F. Bates, and a discussion, in the "Monthly Gossip," of the views presented in Dr. Wood's recent article on Medical Education in the United States,

complete our list of the noticeable features of the number, which offers as much variety of entertainment and instruction as can well be comprised within the covers of a magazine.

The February number of the GOLDEN HOURS is as worthy of a hearty welcome as any number which has preceded it. "Better and better" seems to be the motto of its editor—and the children's letters to Solomon Owl prove that in their eyes better and better it is. Parents may introduce this bright little companion to their children, feeling sure that, however lively and entertaining it may

be, its influence is always pure and elevating

—leading not only onward but upward.

Price of Magazine, \$1.60 per year, post-paid.

Hitchcock & Walden, Publishers, Cincinnati,

Ohio.

ZELL'S NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA. Parts 5, 6, 7 and 8 of this valuable work are now ready and fully sustain the favorable notices so generally given the previous numbers. No work of the kind can compare with it in comprehensive range of information, clearness and conciseness of statements, and economy of price. Horace King, of Thompsonville, Conn., is the New England agent.



SOME SMALL ECONOMIES.

BY SISTER JESSIE.

MR. CROWELL:—In THE HOUSEHOLD for November I find a request from sister Elmira, in which she wishes me to suggest some plan whereby farmers' wives may obtain the "wherewithal" to purchase books and take magazines. Never having been a farmer's wife I cannot of course speak with the assurance that comes from experience, but am very certain that if my husband had been a farmer I should have found some way by which to supply this need, unless he were very, very poor indeed. In that case I should try earnestly and persistently to earn them for myself.

I venture to assert however, that among the middle class, and this middle class embraces within its limits more than three-fourths of our people, you will find very few families who do not indulge in some, perhaps but one, unnecessary expenditure. It may be for finery, or dress—small purchases which consume, in time, large sums—but it is almost invariably for the gratification of the appetite. I remind me of several farmer's wives of my acquaintance, who would consider a subscription for two good magazines and a paper, a not to be thought of extravagance, but whose tables are loaded with rich and indigestible food, in the preparation of which not only the time is consumed that should be given to reading, but the money that would procure it.

I well know that to most housekeepers these small economies in materials, appear as a species of scrimping not to be thought of, but to my mind the end justifies the means, and I am sure you will be surprised at the result, if you will but try the experiment. I will illustrate my idea with a few practical suggestions. The most delicious rice pudding I ever ate is made by putting one-half a cup of uncooked rice in a full quart of sweet milk. After it is well sweetened, and seasoned with salt and nutmeg, bake slowly three hours. It is far superior and more digestible than if made in the usual way with eggs and a piece of butter, and these articles can thereby be saved.

Farmers' wives could use tallow for various purposes where butter is now used. I buy a piece and try it out myself—saving the scraps for my chickens—and use it to grease all bread and cake tins, and for the griddle upon which I fry my cakes, and prefer it to lard or butter. One-third tallow could be used in frying dough-nuts and in many other ways. Some of you use the pork fat for these purposes, which you have left from frying or boiling pork, but this fat could be clarified and used for pie crusts and other purposes for which tallow could not be used. The lard thus saved would bring a good price.

There are so many ways in which a determined woman could save butter

and eggs and lard and even maple sugar, but because these things are common with her they are used without stint. Housekeepers often put butter in pies where a pinch of salt would do better. Then the parings of all your apples can be made into the best of vinegar by nearly covering them with water and just heating them to the boiling point. Strain off this liquid and turn into a jug. From time to time add all the rinsings of dishes which have contained sugar or preserves, or bits of stale cider, and if it stands in a warm place you will have a jug of good vinegar almost before you know it. When milk is plenty it is often used where water would do as well, and the milk thus wasted would add so much to the butter saved.

This is my recipe for superior water or salt rising bread. At tea time the night before I wish to bake, I scald a two quart bowl—which I keep for this purpose alone—and a silver spoon. I put in my bowl one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, and the same of soda, and one teaspoonful of white sugar; over this I pour one teacupful of boiling water and add one cupful of cold water. Then stir in three dessertspoonfuls of good, sweet Indian meal, and enough sifted flour to make quite a thick batter, and cover closely. In the summer you can leave this bowl upon your pantry shelf, but in cold weather I set it upon a marble shelf which is very near the furnace register in my sitting room where it is warm all night. The first thing in the morning I set my bowl into a dish of water which is just as hot as you can hold your finger in. For an hour I stir it often and thoroughly and by eight o'clock your bowl will be two-thirds full, if not running over with sweet, foamy yeast. I now sift a ten quart pan nearly two-thirds full of flour, and into it I pour enough warm water—in which has been dissolved one tablespoonful of salt and one-half a teaspoonful of soda, and if you wish one tablespoonful of white sugar—to make a thin batter. Then stir your yeast in thoroughly and set it in a warm place where no draughts of cold air will blow upon it. Let it rise until the pan is as full as possible.

Now if you want graham bread stir in enough graham flour to make it just thick enough to knead comfortably. This kind of bread does not require much kneading. Fill your bake pans about half full and let them rise until full. If your bread is graham bake it quite briskly—but don't burn it—for one hour; if white bread, three quarters of an hour.

If you wish some very nice rolls or biscuit for tea, stir wheat flour into your bread sponge instead of graham. Knead as soft as possible. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, and as you place your biscuit in your tin to rise, give each one a light dip in the butter. This is much better than putting butter in them. Let them rise until light—about one hour—and bake in a brick oven for twenty minutes. This recipe is so simple and sure that the most inexperienced cook can make it, and I think all will be pleased who try it. The teaspoonful of sugar in the yeast prevents the disagreeable odor sometimes found in this kind of bread. I

never put molasses in my graham. There are many members of our HOUSEHOLD who have not only the time, but the facilities required in the successful rearing of poultry. It does not require great physical strength, or large capital, and is both healthful and pleasant. My husband has a maiden aunt who realized over six hundred dollars from her poultry yard in one year, and at the same attended to all the indoor tasks which come to a housekeeper upon a very large farm. When her droves of turkeys strayed too far from home, she hired a small boy to find and drive them back, and every fall would receive large sums of money for the poultry which had almost entirely taken care of themselves during all the summer months. Where there are young persons or children, they can be taught to perform all the labor of such an enterprise, and if they know their efforts are to be rewarded with interesting books, or perhaps an

illustrated paper or magazine, would enter into the spirit of it most heartily. Then a careful housewife could convert many things which are often wasted, or are of little value upon a farm, into food for her poultry.

Geese are profitable for both food and feathers, and eggs, chickens, ducks and turkeys, always possess a money value. All this will require some patience and determination, but I am sure the members of our HOUSEHOLD are not lacking in these virtues.

I am well aware that many wives have almost insurmountable obstacles placed in the way of their obtaining good reading by their husbands. Husbands who think a political newspaper to be reading enough for one family, who reserve to themselves the right to sell the best cow or any other property, but who yet refuse their wives the privilege of using any part of the proceeds of their own skill or labor.

They might practise on economy and self-denial bordering on actual hardship, but would receive nothing in compensation. I think if such were my case, I would at first try moral suasion, leaving it to these husbands themselves to decide if they were acting in a just or generous manner. Failing in this I should—and perhaps I am about to give incendiary advice—but I really think I should sell whatever could be spared, and appropriate the money to my own use. I should do it too, feeling that I was not only doing right, but that it was a duty I owed my self-respect. Slavery is nominally at an end in this country, but alas! I fear its spirit yet exists in many places. For all this, I have great faith in the "march of human progress" about which we have heard so much, and shall hear much more.

I am sure the time is slowly but steadily approaching when a desire to attain the highest mental and physical development will far outweigh the desire for wealth. Then we shall be wise enough, and brave enough to lay down our superfluous burdens and vanities, and walk the path where health and culture go hand in hand. How much pain, and worry, and unhappiness, of every kind, will disappear from our lives, and we shall be surprised to find we have ample means

with which to gratify our actual needs, than which none is greater than our need of self-improvement.

HOW TO MEND TABLE-WARE.

FASTENING ON KNIFE-HANDLES.

Set the handle upon end, fill the cavity with pulverized rosin, then warm the small part of the knife or fork and insert it slowly, crowd it down firmly and hold it in right position until the rosin cools enough to set. As rosin is not soluble in water, hot or cold, the knives are not loosened. Glue or any other cementing material soluble in water is not available. Glue may be made to resist water, however, by putting two ounces of it in a pint of skimmed milk, and evaporating the mixture to the proper consistency for use.

The following is a cement I prefer to rosin, but is not so cheap and handy: One-fourth pound of colophony—which may be found at almost any drug-store—two ounces of sulphur melted together; mold into bars, and when wanted to use powder sufficient quantity for use and mix with half part of iron-flings or brick-dust, then use same as the rosin. This makes a very fine and lasting cement.

Where ivory handles have become yellow they may be restored by soaking a few hours in a watery solution of sulphurous acid. The acid in a gaseous state should not be used, as it will be likely to make the handles crack.

CRACKED DISHES.

As soon as a plate gets cracked part way across crack it the rest of the way; don't wash it after breaking, but cement it at once. I have found nothing better for this purpose than white-lead mixed in oil. The prepared may be purchased in pound cans and kept always ready for use (after the can has been opened keep a little linseed oil on the surface to prevent the lead hardening). Paint both edges of the parts with the lead mixed to a consistency little thicker than it usually is when spread with a brush; bind the article closely, and allow it to stand until perfectly dry before putting into use again. Nothing is gained by setting the repaired article where it is hot, for the power of the cement is greatly lessened by this operation. When purchasing the paint be sure and get a pure article of lead, for Spanish whiting will not answer the purpose. Lead freshly mixed is not good; the material becomes more adhesive by standing awhile, both as a cement and as a paint.

Pie or baking plates that have been used for even a few times after being cracked cannot be as successfully mended as those freshly broken, for cementing materials will not adhere to greasy surfaces with much tenacity.

The old plan of boiling broken dishes in milk is a very quick way of mending, and I have seen those made permanently strong by simply being tied up, soaked in warm, freshly-drawn milk and dried; what I mean by warm, freshly-drawn milk is that containing the animal heat. A glutinous property, doubtless casein, penetrates the fracture and congeals with a firmness very tenacious. For mending glass tumblers, to be used for

keeping jelly, etc., in, white lead is good; in fact, almost any of the cements used for broken dishes are, but for ornamental glassware a transparent cement is required. Balsam of fir used in a thick state is excellent but will not stand hot water. Seventy-five parts india-rubber mixed with sixty parts of benzine and fifteen parts of mastic is said to a good transparent mixture for repairing glass, but I have never tested its virtue.—*Cor. Indoor and Out.*

BREAD IN WINTER.

A lady writes an exchange: That is one of the troubles that we women experience in the season of winter, making bread. I was telling a lady yesterday that if we could make as good bread, and make it as easily in the winter as in summer, it would rob that gloomy season of one of its annoyances. One hates to be tied down to buckwheat cakes, corn cakes, graham gems, biscuit, and all these kinds of hot cakes that tax one's time so mercilessly; I mean the women don't like it, but I'll warrant the men and boys think it's real jolly.

The lady to whom I referred said she that very morning called at a neighbor's where they were baking, and she had learned something new

that might profit me, as she was sure it would herself. The pan of flour, with the yeast in the middle of it was standing on three warm bricks, on a chair beside the stove, well covered up with a woolen blanket kept for that purpose, covered all over, top, bottom, and side. Then when the bread was molded, and the loaves were put in pans, they were set upon the warm bricks and covered up. This is a very good arrangement, provided the bricks are merely warm. A large pan is preferable to a wooden bowl or tray for many reasons.

Another woman of my acquaintance who is troubled about keeping her yeast and bread warm enough, while rising, tells me she has a hanging shelf over her cook stove in the kitchen, which is an excellent arrangement and serves her purpose admirably. If we could prepare the yeast and make and bake the bread in a room of even temperature, as they do at bakeries, we would succeed as well in getting good bread in the winter as in summer. It is because the yeast chills or almost freezes, that fermentation is such a tedious process.

I think it is a good plan, on a moderately warm day in winter, for a woman to do a very large baking—say a dozen loaves, and then when they begin to grow stale and dry steam a loaf at a time, and make it as good as new. If you have no steamer—which by the way is an indispensable article—dip the stale loaf suddenly, two or three times, into a pail of water and then lay it into the oven for twenty minutes or half an hour. By the way, Lizzie says: "Do tell the girls how nice a steamer is; that it only costs one dollar, and they can get one the same way I did. Tell them I hailed a notion peddler and told him to bring us one the next time he came around, and that I hunted up old iron and broken

plow points, and had plenty to pay for it, ready and waiting when the new steamer came."

MENDING TIN-WARE.

It is sometimes very convenient to be able to mend your pans and pails, it is all the better if one can do it easily, and without any soldering iron. I'll tell you what a traveling tinker told me. We have proved by experiment that he told the truth, and we find it a great convenience to follow his instructions.

You use a soldering fluid, and this is how you make it. Buy from a druggist an ounce or other convenient quantity of muriatic acid. Handle it carefully, for it is powerful stuff, and eats everything with which it comes in contact. Turn it into an old teacup or bowl, and put into it a few small strips or parings of zinc, such as you can get from a tinner. No matter how much you put in, as the acid will only take up a certain amount, and the rest will remain in the bottom. Don't turn it back into the bottle until it has ceased to effervesce. Then put the liquid into the bottle, and provide a small stick of wood to apply it with. After the acid has dissolved the zinc, it is much less corrosive. The muriatic acid will probably cost but a few cents, the zinc will probably cost nothing, and a bit of soft solder only a trifle.

So now you are set up with tinkering material to last a long time—and this is the way to use it. Suppose that the article to be mended is a tin-pan with a hole in the bottom. Turn it bottom upward, and scrape around the edge of the hole until the tin is as bright and clean as you can make it.

Then wet it with the soldering fluid, lay a little lump of solder over the hole, (not too large), and hold it over the blaze of a lighted candle, which burns on the inner side of the pan.

The solder will be melted down flat, your appearance once more, and we met you with a cordial and hearty

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—You have made

find that in making your many New

Year calls, you did not forget to visit

us in our home among the hills. We

love the cheerful greetings which you

bring, and fancy we see the smiling

faces of the Band as they meet and

greet each other at the monthly feast.

And it is pleasant to know that, though

our greetings to the sisters have been

"few and far between," we are not

entirely forgotten.

It was not vanity that caused Aunt

Leisurely to wonder if there would be

a word of greeting for her in our pa-

per. No indeed! She had been writ-

ing for the benefit of THE HOUSEHOLD

Band, giving good lessons from her

experience; and it was real satis-

faction and encouragement to learn that

some had been pleased and profited

by her advice and counsel. If they

were benefited, so were many others.

Many who have tried to be useful in

the world have become disheartened

because they were not permitted to

see or know the good they had really

accomplished. While if they could

but know how much their efforts were

appreciated they would cheerfully tol-

laid though the work might be wearis-

ome and the cross heavy.

Even preachers, those teachers of

the people, often need encouragement

in this way. They study and search

them away until he happened to sit to feed and instruct their hearers.

They preach their carefully and anxiously prepared sermons with an intense desire to benefit the people, then leave the church, many times, and go back to their studies without knowing whether one heart has been stirred or warmed. Well, if they have the assurance that God is pleased, they can leave the result with Him and labor on; yet it would cheer and comfort them if the brethren would step up to them and with a warm grasp of the hand, say, honestly and earnestly, "God bless you, brother, your sermon has done me good and given me courage to fight on the good fight of faith." Don't you think the preacher would also feel encouraged and quickened? yes; by that honest and manly confession the good would rebound back to the Pastor and both be blest.

It is not necessary or wise to tell a man or woman that they are smart and eloquent and all that; flattery is sickening, and should be despised by every true and noble soul. The earnest, true hearted laborer for the good of mankind, only asks, "Have I done any good? Have I lightened any burden or caused one sad heart to sing for joy? or have I stayed in the least the onward march of evil?"

We are so constituted we need sympathy and encouragement from each other. And yet we ought not to cease our efforts to benefit our race even if we see no fruit from our labors. Let us still cast our bread upon the waters, for we have the promise that it shall return though it may not be until after many days. We may be doing more good than we are aware of. God's eye is always open and He is watching all our efforts to do His will; and will not suffer our work, if performed from a pure motive and to please Him, to be in vain. And though we may not gather, or even see the fruit here; in the morning when the angels shout the "harvest home," we shall reap the reward, and hear the Master say, well done, faithful servants, here are thy trophies; enter into rest and enjoy them forever. Commendation from His lips will be far richer and sweeter, than all the praise men can bestow.

We have passed another milestone and are now living in A. D. 1876. The road we have passed over can never be traveled again; our steps can never be retraced. And as we can pass this way but once, let us all walk carefully—shun all the evil, and do all the good we can, so that when the year has ended we may not look back with keen regret and say, "I've lost a year!"

I read many letters in THE HOUSEHOLD I would be glad to answer, but refrain, hoping others will do better than I could. If I knew the address of the Lonely One I would write to her, but could not write as I should wish to through THE HOUSEHOLD.

OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you give me a little space and allow me to join THE HOUSEHOLD BAND? I want to tell the dear sisters how much I prize their words of cheer and advice, and truly do I sympathize with those whose paths are dark and sorrowful. I am far on the down hill side of life and dark shadows are on my path. I do

not expect to derive that benefit from THE HOUSEHOLD that I should were I many years younger, still I love to read its pages and wish it could be placed in every family.

MRS. C. W. L.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of your members tell us how to cover an arm chair? We have one in which every one of us have been rocked to sleep in babyhood and which still affords a precious resting place in our maturer years; but it is ugly now and dingy; the paint is faded, and mischievous little fingers have cut creases in the arms, but we can't part with it, we might as well think of breaking up housekeeping at once. Will a pattern be required, or must we out of our own wisdom conjure up the mode of operation?

We are looking anxiously forward to THE HOUSEHOLD for eighteen hundred and seventy-six. God speed its prosperity and bless the members of its happy Band. I heartily endorse the opinions of Hallie and Mabel in regard to friends of our own sex, though to tell the truth I don't believe sex has much to do with true hearts and confidence. I have real, true friends among both sexes, not over a dozen altogether, though, for my nature is a curious mingling of the social and exclusive. Two of my dearest friends I have never seen. One lives on the Atlantic border, the other among the redwoods of California, while I, here in Ohio act as a medium—and a blessed medium at that. What has become of Inquiresta?

MAUD.

Hopedale, O., Dec. 25, 1875.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Twenty-three times you were a welcome visitor in our dear old home, and now in a new one we shall need you, so please travel a few steps farther towards the setting sun and call at the queerest and cheeriest of all the queer little homes in Kansas, and be assured of a greeting warm as sunshine amid December snows. Strangers in a strange land, we want to see as many familiar faces as possible.

I would like to tell your mountain readers something of these lovely prairies. Although they have been many times described the half has never been told by "tongue or pen" of their wonderful beauty. We have been here so short a time everything still wears the charm of novelty. The days come and go fraught with wonders—wonders of nature mainly, for just here art is almost unknown. There are many spots fair enough for a new Eden untouched by hand or foot of man. But this will not long be true for people are beginning to learn that there is no better land or water anywhere than here in the Solomon valley.

M. L. S.

Saltville, Kansas.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I cannot resist the temptation to write a few words for THE HOUSEHOLD. I am a new subscriber for your paper. My kind, thoughtful husband, made me a present of THE HOUSEHOLD on my thirty-first birthday, with Lossing's Illustrated History of the United States; both of which I highly appreciate and the giver more. I will be

and will cast in my "mite" whenever an opportunity presents itself.

I am the mother of six children, three are in school most of the time, immersed therein: set them to drain one of which you may hear from soon, and dry, and the purification is complete, without any scalding process,

and loves to write very much. She is twelve, the youngest is ten one.

months. If you admit me into your circle I may, in time, describe them all. Were it not for my eight year old boy, Jay, donning his apron and taking my place at the dishes, I should not have been writing to you. I sat down with baby Willie for a few moments, and taking up THE HOUSEHOLD, I began reading its comforting words, and as I was so limited in time that I could have but a few moments I thought I must take half of it, at least, in writing to you.

In answer to Kate M. G. in regard to her cake falling, I will say this much: Cake will generally fall if too much shortening is used, or if baked too slow, or stirred too thin; cake will be nicer to always sift the flour and not melt the butter but beat it till it is just right to mix.

Now I must answer X. Y. Z.'s question in regard to an appropriate school in our midst at Battle Creek, Michigan. I can highly recommend the teachers as being among the best of men and women, and the morals of young girls and women, also boys and men are faithfully watched, and those with whom they board have the same watchful care. The churches are near where pupils can attend if desired.

The people are seventh day people, and take great pleasure in particularly looking after the young. I think they feel under obligations to do this. Hoping I am not trespassing I will close, wishing you much success.

Battle Creek, Michigan. C. M. R.

HOW TO START A FIRE.

All housekeepers have sometimes realized the difficulty of lighting a fire in a still, damp morning, when the chimney will not draw, and vigorous blowing proves ineffectual. Science explains the trouble is "caused by the difficulty encountered in overcoming the inertia of the long column of air in the pipe or chimney, by the small column of air that can be forced up through the interstices of wood and coal, at the bottom of which the fire is kindled. This may be remedied by first lighting a few bits of shaving or paper placed upon the top; thus, by the heated air forcing itself into the chimney and establishing there an upward current, the room is kept free from gas or smoke which is so apt to fill the room, and the fire can then be lighted from below with good success.

TO PURIFY DAIRY UTENSILS.

Stand on end in a convenient place for use, an open vessel of suitable dimensions for the size of the dairy, say from half a barrel to a hogshead. In this slake some good quick lime, enough to make thin whitewash when filled full of water, and cover to keep out dust and dirt. The lime will settle, leaving a saturated solution of lime over it, as clear as spring water. After using the milk pans, etc., wash them as other utensils are washed and

rinsed; then dip them in the adjoining cask of clear water, giving them a quick turn, so that every part becomes

as she is very partial to THE HOUSEHOLD, and loves to write very much. She is twelve, the youngest is ten one.

The lime in the clear water instantly neutralizes the acidity of the milk yet of the milk vessels, to destroy which the process has been performed. In the case of a very small dairy, or one cow, the clear water may, if preferred, be dipped out for the time being and poured gently back again, the lime good all summer.

A. NEW PROCESS OF MAKING BREAD.

M. Cecil, a French engineer, has invented a new process of preparing the materials for making bread, which has received the approval of the minister of war and will hereafter be adopted in the French army. By this

process an increased percentage of the nutritive properties of grain is retained, so that by avoiding the usual grinding and wetting, the grain that would make one hundred and fifteen pounds of bread in the ordinary way will make what is equivalent to one hundred and forty pounds. The new process is described as follows: The unground grain is first steeped in water, after which it is placed in revolving cylinders, by which it is deprived of the outer husk, which contains but four or five per cent. of nutriment. The grains are then softened by forming them into a thin sponge and kept for a space of six to eight hours at a temperature of seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit. They are then crushed under and made into dough with salt and water, as usual.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CORN STARCH PUDDING.—Take three table spoons heaping full of corn starch, one or two eggs, salt, lemon, or vanilla. Set a dish containing one quart of milk in a kettle of boiling water; save out a little of your milk to add to your egg and corn starch; beat well together, and pour into your boiling milk; let it boil until thick; pour into buttered cups and let it get cold. Eat with sugar and cream or milk.

VERY RICH LEMON RICE PUDDING.—Boil two-thirds of a cup of rice, add the yolks of three eggs after the rice is cold, salt, a bit of butter and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; also the grated rind of a lemon, and milk enough to make very moist. Bake forty-five minutes. Take the whites of three eggs and a heaping cup of white sugar, beat thoroughly, add the juice of one lemon, and pour over your pudding, set in the oven until brown.

APPLE MERRINGUE PUDDING.—Prepare a pudding dish two-thirds full of nice sour apples, add one and one-half cups of water and one cup of brown sugar, and some salt. Cover closely, and let them simmer in the oven until all done to a mush. Beat up the whites of five eggs, one cup of sugar, and the juice of one lemon until they are a stiff froth, pour over the apples and set in the oven to brown. This pudding is very rich and a favorite. Peaches or other canned fruits are nice in place of apples. The yolks of the eggs make a rich custard if beaten and stirred into a quart of boiling milk; sweeten, season with salt and nutmeg and boil until just thickened, or they can be put in a cup of milk, a little salt and pepper

added, and after being stirred in a greased spider over the fire two or three minutes, dipped out upon buttered toast. Eggs are very nice this way for breakfast or tea.

BLANC MANGE.—Take a pinch of Irish moss and pour over it boiling water. Turn it off quickly; put the moss into a quart of milk and let it just come to a boil, season with lemon or vanilla, strain through a sieve into cups and eat cold with sugar and cream or milk.

CRACKER PIE.—Two crackers, rolled fine; pour over them one cup of boiling water, add one teaspoonful of tartric acid and one teacupful of sugar; season with salt, nutmeg or lemon and bake in two crusts like an apple pie. This acid is not unhealthful; it is found largely in grapes and pineapples and is used as a cooling drink in fevers.

LEMON PIE.—One heaping tablespoonful of corn starch, dissolved in a little cold water; pour over it one full cup of boiling water, add a heaping cup of sugar, the grated rind of one lemon, a little salt or butter and when cold the yolks of two eggs; bake in one crust; beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add four heaping teaspoonsful of powdered sugar and pour over the pie. Set in the oven to brown.

CORN STARCH PIE.—Take two tablespoonfuls of milk out of one pint, put the rest of it into a pail set in boiling water, and add to the two tablespoonfuls of cold milk, the well beaten yolks of two eggs, a large spoon level full of corn starch and two of sugar; season with vanilla, lemon or nutmeg and a little salt; beat thoroughly together and pour into your boiling milk, boil a moment or two, bake in one crust. When done beat up the whites of two eggs and four teaspoonsful of powdered sugar to a stiff froth, pour over your pie and set in the oven to brown. This pie is very nice for tea.

ABOUT PIES.—One quart of sifted flour will make three pies; when you make mince pies have a part of your meat fat, and use the water in which it is boiled to mix your apple and meat and you will need no butter. Do not pare your apples for mince pies; when they are chopped fine and thoroughly cooked you will never know if they have been pared or not. When you make berry pies, whether dried or fresh add a tablespoonful of vinegar and it will take away that flat taste, but you will not distinguish the vinegar; it is a great improvement. If your pie crust gets scorched or does not look nice, or if the pie is made of sour material they are improved by sifting powdered sugar over them.

PORK FRUIT CAKE.—If fruit cake must be made I think this the most economical recipe, especially for farmers' wives, and it will keep for years. I keep it in a jar, rolled in a linen towel during the summer and set the jar upstairs. In the winter put it in the cellar. One pound of fat pork chopped very fine, three and one-half cups of brown sugar, one and one-half cups of molasses, three and one-half cups of lopped milk, one egg, four teaspoonfuls of soda, seven level cups of sifted flour into which has been stirred one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; season with two tablespoonfuls of cloves, two nutmegs, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of black pepper; add two pounds of stoned raisins, one pound of dried currants and one-half pound of citron cut very thin and fine; mix with your fruit one level cup of flour and stir all thoroughly together. This will make four loaves; bake slowly one hour. This recipe is good without fruit or with but a little.

VERY NICE TEA CAKE.—One tea-cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and one egg beaten thoroughly together; season with nutmeg; put one teaspoonful of soda in a cup of sweet milk and two teaspoons of cream of tartar in two cups of flour; stir well together and bake in a biscuit tin or in patty pans. If you use sour milk omit the cream tartar.

SUPERIOR WARM GINGER CAKE.—One teaspoonful each of soda, salt and ginger, one-half cup each of sugar and melted lard; pour over this one cup of boiling water and add one cup of molasses; stir in flour enough to make a thin batter and last of all add a well beaten egg. Bake in a drip-

ping pan or in patty cakes, have your oven hot and bake twenty minutes. This recipe will give satisfaction. Don't mix too thick.

CREAM FILLED CAKES.—These delicious cakes are very easily made if care is taken to have your water boiling. Measure out one-half pint and put it in a small kettle; immediately after it comes to a boil again put in two-thirds of a cup of butter and one and one-half cups of sifted flour; stir this for a moment leaving it over the fire; remove your kettle and dip this mixture into a dish and set where it will get entirely cold. Beat five large fresh eggs very thoroughly indeed, then stir in your cold mixture a spoonful at a time, stir it until smooth and perfectly free from lumps, drop them upon a greased dripping pan in small pear shaped cakes. Bake one-half hour in a real hot oven; don't be afraid they will burn unless you see they are doing so; when done they will be hollow inside, of a bright brown color; if not well done they will flatten. The oven must be hot when you put them in, and if kept so success is certain.

Filling or Cream.—Put a little more than one pint of milk in a pail and set it in boiling water; beat two eggs, two-thirds of a cup of corn starch, one full cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and some nutmeg or vanilla thoroughly together, add a full half cup of cold milk and stir all into your boiling milk; boil until it thickens, stirring often; it should be very thick. Cut open your cakes near the bottom and fill very full of this cream: be sure the cream is cold. If any of the sisters try these recipes let me know how you succeed. Yours with kindest regards.

SISTER JESSIE.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—*Ed. Household*—I send a recipe for raised doughnuts which we have used for years, always with good success. Three cups of light dough, one and one-half cups sugar, three eggs, one-half cup of butter, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus. Mix thoroughly with the hand adding flour to make the mixture as hard as bread dough, let it rise one hour or more, then roll out and fry immediately.

MRS. C. W. L.

SAGO PUDDING.—Mrs. H. asks for a recipe for sago pudding. I will send her one that I have tried and think good. One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of sago boiled in the milk till soft; set the dish in a kettle of hot water and let the sago swell gradually. Beat up three eggs and stir into the cooked milk and sago; vanilla, lemon, or nutmeg, and salt and sugar to taste. Put in the oven and bake very lightly.

Sauce for above.—Two-thirds of a cup of butter beaten to a cream, and stir in sugar till quite thick. To a cup of boiling water add cornstarch mixed with cold water till the whole is of the consistency of thin starch, mix this with the sugar and butter, pour one-half over the pudding while warm, and the other half just before serving it.

TACE.

SQUASH OR PUMPKIN PIE.—To a quart of boiled milk put a large pint of strained squash or pumpkin, one and one-half cups of sugar, three eggs, and salt to taste, a few drops of lemon or rose water, one-half teaspoonful of ginger or cinnamon, one tablespoonful of butter melted in the hot milk. To mix, stir spice and salt in the squash first, then sugar, when mixed pour in half the milk, stir well, then add the rest of the milk, and lastly the eggs, which should be thoroughly beaten. This makes three medium sized pies.

SUB.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Cousin Cook asks for a recipe for roll jelly cake. Mine is one cup of sugar, four eggs, one cup of flour, lightly heaped. Beat eggs well and add sugar, then flour, then a half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, or either two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder. I flavor with lemon.

MRS. MARY L. R.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Three pounds of dark brown sugar, one pound of grated chocolate, one cup of milk, one-quarter pound of butter; boil twenty minutes, stirring constantly; pour into buttered tins and when cool mark into diamonds. Flavor with anything liked.

MRS. B.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL.—If L. E. D. will lay the mat on the table and turn the fullness in toward the center, then form five pansies around the mat, and take a few stitches in the outside row, just to keep them in place, she will have her mat completed.

K.

Please ask in your columns what will take ink and other stains from black walnut and hard pine floors? also the best way to clean them? and oblige.

SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL.—I would like to ask information through THE HOUSEHOLD how to wax pressed autumn leaves? and oblige,

MRS. DAVID SAWYER.

In the muddy weather this winter I have had mud stains which resisted all the usual methods of washing; also blood stains set in by warm water. If you wish to publish the following method, which was successful in removing them, do so. For mud stains and blood stains submit the spots to a weak solution of chloride of lime, afterwards pass through soured water (by sulphuric or tarteric acid) then thoroughly wash.

MRS. C.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—I tried C. N.'s recipe for making soda soap in the January number, 1874, and it did not harden sufficiently. I would like to ask her if she put anything in except the ingredients mentioned?

Will some of the sisters tell me how to make toilet or fancy soap and what to color it with?

A. B. C.

MR. CROWELL.—Please send me through some of your papers a recipe for chocolate pudding.

F. B.

MR. CROWELL.—I have a friend that wishes to inquire through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD what will remove hair from the face that grows where it has no business to? She has tried pulling it out, but that increases its growth if anything. She hopes some of your readers will respond and oblige a sister, for it disfigures her looks very much.

L. M. B.

MR. EDITOR.—Can any of the lady subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD favor me with a recipe for fried oysters?

L. E. M.

Ottawa, Ont.

MR. EDITOR.—I think some time since I saw the question how to clean gilt frames. A very good way is to apply sweet oil and after about half an hour wipe it off with a soft cloth, I would like to recommend the use of sapolio to such of you readers as are not familiar with it. In washing tins, or white ware that is discolored from the fire or long using, I rub some on the dish cloth as I would any soap and rub the dish with it. I think it better than brick dust for cleaning anything except knives.

I like washing dishes with milk very much, and have made very light cake with snow in place of eggs.

I suppose it is rather late in the season to say that I preserved autumn leaves by pressing lightly, then dipping in melted wax, common yellow wax will do.

A broken bread tray can be converted into a pretty stand for plants by rising together, and by means of a piece of broomstick two or three feet long fastening it securely upon a piece of plank of sufficient size and weight to make a foot heavy enough to prevent the stand being top heavy when filled with earth. A few pieces of barrel hoop should be tacked on in some graceful way. The stand should be stained with black walnut stain, which is burnt umber mixed with vinegar, put on with a paint brush; when dry it must be varnished with furniture varnish.

A CONSTANT READER.

MR. EDITOR.—I would like to see the question of economy in the use of copper tea kettles and other cooking utensils as compared with tin discussed in your columns. Also, how to keep them bright?

AMELIA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—If the lady who wished to know how to prevent her canned fruit from moulding, will take a piece of let-

ter paper, cut it the size of the jar, dip it in brandy and lay it upon the fruit before sealing, I think she will be satisfied with the result.

Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to get rid of insects on canaries? also, the cause of birds having them? I have a neighbor who has a dozen birds and they never clean the cages more than once a month while I clean mine every other day in winter and every day in summer; their birds have never been troubled with these little pests and I am at a loss to know why mine should have them. Will some one please give me the desired information?

NEW MEMBER.

MR. EDITOR.—Rheta has made a discovery—by the suggestion of a friend—and she wonders if other dish-washers in our family are as fortunate. You know it is not always convenient to wash a dish as soon as it needs it or the best economy of time, either; but it certainly is the best economy of time to leave it soaking, though water is not always at hand to fill it full. Now a very little water will wet it all over, then turn it bottom side up—to keep the air from drying it—and it will wash just as easily as when first used, no matter how long you leave it so. This is such a splendid way to do that Rheta wondered she had never thought of it before, and she tells whoever she sees washing dishes about it, it is so nice to know all the ways of making work easy.

Will some one of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how to preserve flowers with chemicals as I have some beautiful rose buds I would like to preserve? And oblige.

A. ALTON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I want to express the great satisfaction we experience in reading your communications from time to time. My mother (who by the way is one of the very best and nicest of mothers) says that the suggestion in your columns some months since, to turn down the wick of a kerosene lamp after the light is extinguished and thus prevent the greasiness which has been so often seen over the outside of the glass, has been worth the subscription price to her and more.

MERRIE S. M.

MR. CROWELL.—We have just received the three last numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD, we like the paper very much. I saw in the January number an article on making worsted flowers. Will Meta please be so kind as to send me instructions with sample, I am very anxious to learn how to make them? If so she will greatly oblige an interested reader of THE HOUSEHOLD.

BERTHA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—If the editor will let me I would like to ask some questions.

Will some one give some directions in water colors, and what shall I ask for to get a pretty bright blue for the paint?

What kind of grapes do best in N. H.?

Will some one that understands such things give some good recipes for preparing food and drink for the sick?

I want to know some nice ways to cook fresh fish? I do not mean rich by nice; and how to make good coffee in a common coffee pot, also raspberry shrub?

Will some one tell me how to care for my pansy geraniums to make them flower?

I have a rose, Marchiel Neil, that drops its leaves as fast as they grow out, what shall I do with it? I shower it often.

Dr. Hanaford seems to know everything, will he tell me what kinds of food to eat to make fat? I'm getting dreadfully lean.

Can any one tell me the price of, where and how to send for a pattern of the improved method of making ladies undergarments?

JEANNIE.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD please to inform me through its columns how to make a card basket? Also, how to make a mat for the floor? and you will confer a favor on

MRS. J. B.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—Will some one of your correspondents please inform me of a remedy for a rash? and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.



LOVE.

BY ROBERT E. MUSSEY.

There is a tender light that lies
Forever on the paths of men;
A light which colors, glorifies
All things within our mortal ken.
When in the soul that radiance dwells
It soothes the mind, the heart elates;
The clouds, the cares of life dispels;
All earth-born ills intenerates.
It bids the feet of man to run
In ways that lead the soul to God;
It bids the feet of man to shun
The paths that wayward ones have trod.
It is the spirit, pure and bright,
That prompts the soul to noble deeds;
That nerves the arm that strikes for right;
That harmonizes clashing creeds.
It is the gentle power that lifts
The mind above all worldly strife.
The virgin gold that heaven sifts
Among the sands of mortal life.
O love, forever fair, divine,
Man's truest friend and best,
While seasons roll and suns decline,
Be of our hearts the constant guest.

MAD IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

EVERYTHING goes wrong," said Mr. Tripler, laying down his knife and fork with the air of a martyr.

There are some people in the world with whom "everything" seems chronically to go wrong—there are some whose first infantile wail is uttered in the minor key, and who go on lamenting through life; and of this much-abused class Mr. Nathan Tripler was a burning and shining light.

"What's the matter, dear?" questioned Mrs. Tripler, who sat opposite her husband with a round eyed baby on her knee, and two or three little ones clamoring for their share of the matutinal meal on either side of her.

Mrs. Tripler was a trim, neatly made little woman, with blue eyes and flaxen hair—a woman who might have been pretty, could she have divested herself of a certain frightened, apprehensive look that came over her face whenever her liege lord spoke or looked toward her. Not that Dorothy Tripler was actually afraid—her husband had neither beaten her nor used coercive measures, but when a man begins to find fault, a woman never is easy in her mind lest some domestic screw should be waxing loose.

"I can't eat a mouthful, Dorothy," croaked Mr. Tripler, dolefully. "Such cooking! and such food! You may as well turn that new cook of yours into the street at once."

"But, Nathan, I—I am very sorry, but I cooked the breakfast myself, this morning. Isn't it nice?"

"Nice? Yes—very nice for those who can digest leather and drink dishwater."

"The biscuits are fresh and hot, Nathan."

"I don't want to be poisoned with hot bread."

"And I thought the steak was unusually tender."

No reply. Mr. Tripler had folded

his arms and was gazing with an abstract despair at the ceiling.

"Will you have another cup of coffee?" timidly questioned his wife.

"Coffee? Is that coffee? Really I thought it was hot water that had got into the urn by mistake!"

"I will order fresh made," said Mrs. Tripler, with her hand upon the bell-rope.

"You will do no such a thing, ma'am, if you please," said Mr. Tripler, shortly. "My appetite is completely destroyed."

"Will you have an egg boiled?"

"No."

"There's some very nice ham in the pantry."

"I dare say—there always is when I don't want it."

"I am very sorry, Nathan," said poor little Mrs. Tripler, despairingly.

Yes, she was sorry, this faithful much-enduring wife; nor did the frequent repetition of this domestic storm at all abate her penitence and sense of guilt. Some women would have got accustomed to the daily disturbance and thrown it off as a robin casts the dewdrop from her wing. Not so with Dorothy Tripler. She was too sensitive, too conscientious, too delicately organized to laugh off her troubles as some surface deep characters would have done. So when her husband departed still grumbling under her breath as he slammed the door, she leaned her throbbing head upon one weary little hand and murmured softly to herself:

"Oh, I wish Nathan was different!"

Then, as if she had uttered high treason, she started to her feet checking the sensation of repining, and began industriously to prepare three apple-cheeked, tow-headed little Triplers for school.

"It's Monday morning and Nathan don't like them to be late," thought the meek-spirited wife.

Meanwhile Mr. Tripler was slowly walking down the path through the wild and solitary glen that led to the road where twice a day the Lendville stage rolled by, conveying passengers to the train at Martin's station. It was cheaper to live in the country, and so Mr. Tripler lived there, although, as far as actual tastes went he didn't know a buttercup from a burdock.

As Nathan trudged along, thinking how best to get rid of some troublesome shares of railway stocks that were sinking uncomfortably on his hands, he suddenly became conscious of the presence of a man, stout and middle-aged, with a head as smooth and shining as a billiard ball, who was sitting on a boulder of moss-grown stone just where the pathway merged into the Lendville road.

"Good morning, sir," said the man.

"Have a seat?"

Mr. Tripler had no very strong social elements in his nature, as he stiffly inclined his head and kept on his way. But the first he knew two iron grasps were on his shoulder, he felt himself twirled suddenly around like a humming top, and seated with more force than was exactly agreeable on the boulder.

"What do you mean?"

"Dear me?" suddenly interrupted this uncomfortable companion, "what

a very nice hat you have. What do you say to exchanging hats? Mine is a very nice straw, but I find it's somehow heating to the brain."

"You are quite welcome, sir," faltered the tremulous Nathan, speaking all the more rapidly because the maniac had already deftly effected the change.

"And your coat, too, nice cool linen. Upon my word, now, that coat is infinitely preferable to this swallow tailed concern of mine, with the buttons. Yes—it fits me very nicely. I hope you don't object, sir, to the accommodation?"

"N—o!" faltered Mr. Tripler.

"Well, good morning," said the stranger, looking round with a bewildered air. "I really don't possibly see where my chief orderly is—I told him to be here at precisely nine o'clock—and everything will be in confusion if I don't attend to it presently."

He plunged into the green, dense fastness of the woods talking resistlessly to himself as he went, and Mr. Nathan Tripler was left solus in a coarse straw hat, and a coat of coarse blue cloth, garnished with huge yellow buttons, whose brilliance was considerably tarnished.

"Dear me, what a figure I cut," groaned Mr. Tripler, eyeing himself with disgust. "I must go directly home and get something decent. A man would be hooted through the streets of New York if he ventured to make his appearance in such a costume as this."

He rose, brushed away the chill drops of perspiration from his forehead, and was just replacing the crimson silk pocket handkerchief in its resting place, when he was suddenly grasped from behind and thrown skillfully to the ground.

"Well, we've gotched you at last, my hearty," said a burly man who stood over him, while another had bound both his hands and feet together before he could find words or breath to remonstrate. "You thought you were going to give us the slip, hey? Come, it isn't worth while to cut up like that, you know, unless you want the strait jacket brought out."

"Strait jacket!" gasped Tripler, "what do I want of a strait jacket?"

"Nothing, unless you behave yourself unruly like. Steady, there! Tom bring up the wagon."

"Where are you taking me to?" remonstrated our hero, as he was tumbled into a one horse wagon.

"To the asylum, to be sure, where you'd have been two hours ago if you hadn't been a little too spry for the stage driver and your keeper."

Light began to dawn upon the troubled chaos of Mr. Tripler's much bewildered mind.

"It's all a mistake, my good fellows—a ridiculous mistake," he exclaimed, "for I'm not a madman."

"No, of course not; we know you're not, of course," responded the larger of the two with a wink to his companion—"Drive on, Tom."

"But I am not, indeed, you are mistaking me for some one else—a man who has just now forced me to exchange hats and coats with him and went down into the woods—he is the madman!"

"Oh, no—I guess not," said the big keeper, with a fearful attempt at a pleasant irony.

"Good men, you are laboring under a very singular delusion," remonstrated the victim, trying to speak plainly between the jolting of the wagon and his own excitement: "I am Nathan Tripler of No.—John street."

"Oh, yes," said the keeper, lighting a cigar, "yesterday you was Napoleon Bonaparte, and to-day you're Nathan Tripler, and to-morrow—likely as not—you'll be King of the Sandwich Islands; I've heard this kind o' talk afore!"

Tripler's heart began to stand still with undefined horror as he asked himself was this a dream? or was he actually to be immured within the high stone walls of the asylum he had so often walked past with a feeling of dread and horror beyond all description, the life long victim of some hardly credible mistake! In vain he reasoned, argued, protested; his words fell on the unheeding ears of his conductors like drops of rain patterning upon the stony surface of Table Rock, until at length he arrived—more dead than alive—into an apartment at the end of a long row of similar ones.

It was lighted and ventilated by an iron grating in the door, with a corresponding window high upon the wall, and furnished with a narrow couch and a stand built into the wall, and there, Mr. Nathan Tripler, released from his confining bonds, was left to enjoy the uninterrupted society of his own cheerless meditations.

"It can't be possible! I must be asleep and dreaming!" thought Nathan.

But it was possible, and he never was wider awake in his life.

Towards evening, a pitcher of water and a piece of bread were dealt out to him. Mr. Tripler ate it under a sort of mental protest to relieve the gnawing sensation of faintness that was at his vitals.

"What would I give for one of Dorothy's hot biscuits," thought the wretched captive. "My poor little Dorothy! I have been too hard upon her. Suppose I should die without being able to tell how ashamed I am of having been such a brute!"

It was not the dry bread that choked Nathan Tripler just then—it was the humiliating sense of his own sins and shortcomings.

Next morning it was bread and water again. Nathan thought of Dorothy's despised coffee and grumbled at steak.

"I've deserved it," thought Nathan, "there's no mistake about that. Poor, darling little Dorothy! how her heart is aching for me now. I wish I could stroke down her hair just once. Oh, it's hard to be treated so, even though I know I am served exactly right. If I ever get out of this hole alive, Dorothy will find me a changed man."

The confused current of thoughts was just eddying vaguely through his mind when there was a sound of steps and voices in the long corridors without.

"I suppose they are going to put on a strait waistcoat now," thought Mr. Tripler, with a resigned air.

"Well, there's nothing left for me but to endure. I don't think I'm mad; but how long I shall hold out sane under these interesting concatenation of circumstances is rather a doubtful question."

Mr. Tripler was mistaken about the strait waistcoat—it was his keeper instead, accompanied by two or three gentlemen—all profuse in apologies and sympathetic ejaculations.

"Such a mistake!" said one gentleman, with a bald head.

"So awkward for you, my dear sir!" said another middle-aged gentleman, with a Roman nose.

"But entirely unintentional, I assure you, sir," chimed in a third.

While Mr. Tripler looked vaguely from one to the other he said:

"Then I'm not mad, it seems?"

"Not a particle, sir!" cried the three committee men in chorus.

"O!" said Mr. Tripler, "I'm glad to hear it."

Then the committee proceeded to inform their involuntary guest how the mistake had happened by which his identity had been confounded with that of his mysterious acquaintance of the woods.

"We are very sorry," said the first committee man shaking Mr. Tripler's hand as if he had been the town pump.

"So am I," said Mr. Tripler, laconically.

"Here is your hat and coat, sir," said the second committee man. "We had great difficulty in getting them away from our friend in the incurable ward, who fancied they were the last dying bequest of President Lincoln."

"And anything we can do to make an atonement for the awkward mistake would be a pleasure," said the third; while the keeper eyed Mr. Tripler dubiously, as if not altogether certain but that he was a little mad after all.

When Mr. Nathan Tripler reached his home, all was the wildest grief and confusion there. Dorothy had had the woods searched, the river dragged, and the whole vicinity ransacked and was now in hysterics in the nursery. Nathan walked straight in and put both arms around her. "Here I am, Dotty! don't cry any more."

But Mrs. Tripler cried more than ever.

"It's only a dream," she sobbed forth, "Nathan is dead."

"No, I'm not dead," said Mr. Tripler with a grim sense of humor, "only I've been mad." And quieting his wife's sobs after a while he told her all his adventures. "And now is dinner ready?" he asked, "for I am as hungry as a bear."

"I haven't a thing in the house to eat, Nathan dear," wailed his wife.

"I don't care if it is nothing but bread and molasses, Dottie," said the husband. "I can tell you that asylum took some of the nonsense out of me. I shall never grumble again, don't be afraid."

And Dorothy brightened up. It was the first time he had called her "Dottie," or spoke so tenderly since their honeymoon was in its crescent glow.

He adhered to his good resolutions—he never did grumble again. The asylum had done him genuine good.

THE FIRM OF THOMPSON & CO.

BY FAITH HARPER.

Farmer Thompson laid down the Weekly Forum with a grunt.

"Well, what's the matter now?" queried his good spouse, Minerva, who sat mending a double compound fracture in the right leg of a pair of unmentionables.

"Oh, nothing!" was the response, uttered in a tone of concentrated sarcasm which, rightly interpreted, meant that in the opinion of John Thompson "all the world and the rest of mankind" were on the high road to destruction.

Now Minerva justified her name, for she was a wise woman and held her peace, well knowing that she would not long be kept in ignorance as to the cause of her high lord's disturbance.

While John is silently chewing the cud of his bitter fancies, and Minerva heals the rent in Joe's pants, let us make their acquaintance.

The Thompson homestead comprises some two hundred acres, and is one of the finest farms in the Empire State. It has descended to its present owner from father and grandfather, the latter having been a soldier of the Revolution. John loves to boast that his ancestor "came in with the Conqueror," and is wont to display with no little pride a document bearing General Washington's signature, and certifying that "the bearer hereof, Jonathan Thompson, having faithfully served the United States six years and five months, is hereby discharged from the American Army." Said Jonathan also received a badge of merit, and six hundred acres of bounty land in what was then "the far west," to which he duly transferred himself and household, and proceeded to make a home in the wilderness. So in the course of time it came to pass that grandson John found himself proprietor of a goodly patrimony overlooking the sparkling waters of the beautiful Cayuga. But he did not receive his inheritance unencumbered, for the Thompson family were numerous, and many legacies must be paid off before he could be styled, in country parlance, "independent." But with stout hands and heart, and the help of a faithful, loving wife, the task is at last accomplished, and now he can sit serene in the assurance that, let the winds of financial panic howl their fiercest, his barque, at least, is safely moored and out of danger.

When Minerva Hyde, a light-hearted country lassie of twenty-two, with no nonsense about her, consented to become Minerva Thompson, she knew, as well as any woman who marries ever can know just what she was undertaking. Born and bred a farmer's daughter, she had no expectations of ease or elegant leisure; and now we see her, although the mother of five children, and the mistress of a farmhouse for twenty years, as wholesome, cheery a matron as can well be found, looking at least five years younger than the record in the big family Bible warrants. Perhaps this is owing, in some degree, to the fact that having been trained in habits of cheerful in-

dustry, and endowed with a goodly share of shrewd common sense, she has troubled herself very little about any other "mission" than that of doing faithfully the nearest duty.

Growing up in the atmosphere of such a house, it is not strange that Minerva occasionally indulged in progressive notions which were sometimes rather startling to the steady-going John, who belonged to a more conservative race. But he was not pig-headed, and although the leaven of new ideas, which frequently found lodgment in his mind through the instrumentality of his wide-awake wife, did not always produce its legitimate result without considerable sputtering and fizzing, yet he generally ended by accepting the views of his helpmeet, for whose opinions he entertained a most profound respect.

At last Joe's nether garment is in order for another day's campaign, and Minerva takes up the paper. With the instinct of a true house-mother she turns first to the page devoted to family interests. After a few moment's silent perusal she suddenly exclaims, "Good! I wish every man could see this," at the same time reading aloud the following sentences:

"Even the most perfect family life can never entirely swallow up the feeling of individuality. It is hardly fair to ascribe altogether to natural depravity that strong desire, common to all human beings, for something they can call exclusively their own. The wife or daughter, be she ever so affectionate, will be happier and better in many ways if she is allowed to feel herself a partner in the family fortunes, instead of a mere pensioner upon the husband's or father's bounty, even though he may deal out the money with a lavish hand. And when the wife and children do their part toward making that money, as is generally the case among farmers, it would seem but simple justice that each should have a stated yearly share of the income."

"Well, it strikes me that we men are about played out, and the sooner we take ourselves out of the world the better," remarked John, dolefully,

"Oh, no! we can't possibly spare you yet," laughingly replied the wife, at the same time going on with her reading.

After a season of profound meditation John breaks the silence by saying, "I can't see why you should be so stirred up on this subject, for I'm sure I've always given you all the money you've asked for."

"And so, indeed, you have, and it's because you've always been so good and reasonable in that respect that I've never said before what I've often thought, that I would rather have a certain share—as the butter or egg money for instance—which I can call my own from year to year, than a much larger sum that I must ask for every time I want a few dollars. I don't think you men ever realize how women hate to ask for money, even when they know it will be cheerfully given. And then all men are not as kind as you are. There's sister Mary's husband, who can never give her a cent without a growl, though she's worked as hard as he to make and save. I know she'd rather face a can-

non any time than to ask him for money, rich as he is. I declare it makes my blood boil sometimes when I think of it; I'm almost ready to take the stump for woman's rights."

"Go ahead, go ahead," said John, laughing, "I'm sure you can speechify with the best of 'em. We'll have parson Brown give out an appointment for you next Sunday—subject: Woman's right to butter and eggs."

"Then there's another thing I've been wanting to speak to you about for some time," continued Minerva, who was thoroughly in earnest, and meant to have her say out, "Walter told me awhile ago that he wished father would let him work out this summer and have his own earnings. I don't think the boy really wants to leave home, but only to feel that he has something he can call his own. You know you often say that he's worth more to you than any man on the farm, he's so steady and faithful. Now why not pay him the same wages you do the other men? And there's Joe, who always says he won't be a farmer because farmers have to work so hard and have such dull times. I think if we could get him interested in something about the place he'd feel differently. He and Mary might share the poultry and egg money between them. We could require them to keep a strict account of expenses and sales, and so they would be learning business habits and the true value of money. Of course they would make some mistakes at first, and perhaps spend a few dollars foolishly, but when they find that an old dress or coat must be worn a little longer because of their folly, they'll soon learn wisdom. I really believe Joe would become a real enthusiast in the business with a little encouragement, for he already knows every breed of fowls for five miles around, and such an enthusiasm would be worth a great deal in keeping him out of mischief."

"Well, I don't know but you're right about that; I'm sure I'll go for any plan that'll keep him from raising Ned generally, as he does most of the time," said the father.

"I've often thought," resumed the wonderful woman, "that this way of never letting children have any money but what they can get by hook or by crook is almost sure to result in making them either spendthrifts or misers. There's Jim Stiver, whose father would never let him have a cent except what he could earn by working occasionally a day for a neighbor. He has his board and clothes, and that's all I ever had at his age, and when I'm gone he'll have it all," the old man said; now see how that fine property is being squandered. Then there are the Dexters. How the old Squire used to rake and scrape year after year, keeping the boys and girls hard at work, with never a book or newspaper in the house, and now his children are quarreling like cats and dogs over the sixty thousand dollars he left them. Somehow I never can bear the thought that our children may begin to calculate how much they'll have when we're gone, and you may be sure they will unless we make them feel that they have a present as well as a prospective interest in the property."

"Really, wife, you're making out a pretty strong case; I don't see but I'll have to turn the concern into a partnership affair."

"Well, I've only one more point to make and I'm through. Anna and I might have the butter money; perhaps it would not always be quite as much as we get now in the course of the year, but whatever it is we'll promise to be satisfied, and I know we can plan to much better advantage, and make the money go a great deal farther if we know exactly what we have to depend upon."

Just at that moment the clock striking ten put an end to the weighty conference.

"I really believe I'd have some little chance in the world if it wasn't for these new-fangled notions," was John's last remark that night.

"Y-e-s," drowsily replied Minerva, who was so far on her was to dreamland as to be nearly oblivious of all earthly interests.

The new plan was discussed in family conclave at the breakfast table the next morning, and having received the unqualified approval of all, was adopted as the rule for the coming year.

"Hurrah for the firm of Thompson & Co!" shouted Joe, as he proceeded to dance a breakdown on the kitchen floor.

"Raw Tomton toe!" piped up baby Georgie, who always made it a point to imitate brother Joe to the extent of his limited ability.

"Young man, it strikes me you've been left out in the cold," said the father, as he tossed the little three-year-old to the ceiling.

"I'se not towld a bit, I'se berry warm," responded the young gentleman, and with a hearty laugh the members of the new firm dispersed.—*Christian Union.*

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RANDOM THOUGHTS.

FROM VARIOUS TEXTS.

BY MAJASA.

The Christian at Work comes first to hand. "Evangelical, always; sectarian, never;" De Witt Talmage, editor. His editorials are "live" and spicy indeed. As he says of an Indianapolis minister, "His sermons are aimed at a mark and hit it." This is emphatically true of Mr. Talmage's productions. Let us quote a little from one of his editorials.

WHAT PAYS?

"Surely thousands of things do not. Yet we are constantly investing time, talent, treasure of some kind.**** Wise it is to ask the question, Does it pay? before engaging in any enterprise. Life is so short and strength so small that it were wanton to waste either. What may pay for one may not for another."

Ah, weary housekeeper, do you realize that "life is short and strength small?" Of all unprofitable work, except serving the devil, that which uses up the capital of one's vitality, is surely the most ruinous. How many of you, who are exerting your utmost strength to do the work of two women, will feel by and by like the feeble old lady who sadly exclaimed:

"I would rather have my lost strength than anything in the world?"

An elegant home, the luxuries of life, an abounding wealth; all this gained, but they cost more than they were worth.

"When we see young ladies punching holes in cloth and carefully sewing them up again, we look doubtfully on the process, albeit it is dignified by the term embroidery. Nuns will follow this employment, and lace-makers must live. Buy their handiwork or dispense with the luxury, and save your precious eyesight for work more worthy. Much of the trimming and tucking and ruffling and scuffling of clothes-making generally we would class in the category of non-paying investments."

"What can a man know about 'embroidering' and 'trimming' and 'clothes-making' generally? Seems to me he had better keep to his sermons and newspaper."

But, my dear girls, you know in court the jury is made up of those not interested in the case, hoping thus to obtain an impartial verdict. Now we who do the "trimming and tucking" are parties in the suit, and so it may be well sometimes to listen to the words of a "looker-on in Venice."

Now really, don't you think there is a great waste of time, strength and patience in trying to "get up" our suits just like the elaborate fashion plates of the magazines? Can't we who are not born dressmakers, or who want a little time to cultivate our intellects, instead of spending it all on our bodies, at least choose the plainer styles?

In these days of almost universal trimming, some of it is absolutely necessary to one's comfort. A simple ruffle, or fold, or plaiting takes off the uncomfortable sensation of plainness felt when the dress is absolutely bare of all trimming.

I tried a light calico skirt once without a bit of trimming. I didn't know but the generous hem might answer the purpose, but after wearing it twice, I concluded I had experienced the sensation of walking around in a meal sack long enough. The fact of its being nearly white, and striped besides, didn't seem to help the experiment a bit.

But there's a half way place if we can only find it, between having a dress all cut up to bits so that it reminds one of patchwork, or ragged curtains, and being on the meal sack, or Shaker order.

When folds were more in fashion, I remember seeing a young lady with a beautiful black and white plaid, but the bias folds were so numerous I couldn't help thinking of a log-cabin bedquilt.

"Many books do not pay either in publication or perusal, since neither writer or reader is made richer by them. If we have appropriated nothing of value from what we have read, we have lost something. We are too lavish of our time when we are content with no returns."

Among the many books that "do not pay" for the reading, we are sorry to include a large share of the average Sunday school books—"pious novels." Now the fact that they are works of fiction does not condemn them, if they

are only "truth-full" fiction. But many of them are so overdrawn, so unnatural, so impossible, even, that the reader becomes out of patience with so much absurdity. Oliver Optic's books are striking illustrations of the impossible and absurd.

Of course there are many shining exceptions in Sunday school books; if you find a book by Pansy, read it. They are so thoroughly permeated by a religious spirit, and withal so simple and natural, that you will not feel after reading one, like the girl who "preferred her theology and love stories in separate doses." There is one point hard to settle in these days of steam and electricity. "How much time can I profitably devote to newspaper reading?"

Of course one wants to "keep up with the times," if any one knows what that is; but to wade through the list of crimes in the daily papers does not seem to be very edifying, or improving in a moral view, to say the least.

Then to read even the best weeklies to the exclusion of solid works on history, poetry or general literature is not very satisfying at the end of the year, when one comes to sum up the acquired knowledge. There will be a great mass of miscellaneous information, but when one wants to use it, it will be very like remembering stories out of the dictionary, and there will be as the old lady expressed it "not much connection."

Now a standard history like Bancroft's, Motley's or Prescott's, once read, becomes in the main, a possession for a life-time. Then too much newspaper reading has the same tendency as proof-reading. A proof reader declared that her work was ruining her memory. She read columns of proof, did not try to remember them, and found herself in the habit of forgetting what she really wished to retain. What may pay for one may not for another. Each one of us must judge for herself how many newspapers can be profitably read.

"Passion is a poor investment; I had rather do a day's work than to get real angry," said a sensible woman. "It takes my strength away; it does not pay. It takes away our self-respect, and lessens the confidence of others in us."

Cannot each one of us from sad experience testify that getting "real angry" does not pay? Leaving out of sight all the woeful consequences as regards others, how miserably prostrated and wretched one does feel after the tempest has passed. The wasted, worse than wasted strength comes back but slowly. And perhaps in the long list of evils following storms of passion the physical ills are least, but these are great enough to warn us to avoid the breakers.

"Patience is perhaps the most profitable investment we can make. The unruly child, the inefficient servant, the wrangling neighbor, and the bad world generally demand it. And in proportion as we, imitating the divine example, can exercise it, do we find ourselves repaid in the peace which possesses our souls."

And another object on which to ex-

ercise patience is ourselves. We need patience to begin again, when we fail in our efforts at calm composure. And the little wearing cares of everyday life! how much patience it takes to keep on in the treadmill of existence with a sunny spirit. But this effort does bring in large returns of peace and happiness. But there are times when we "are prone to question the profitableness of living at all." These are the dark hours when we cry out of the depths of depression—"Nothing pays." Then faith comes with glorious "promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," and we are assured that labor for our Master and King shall not be in vain.

The world "does move," as we can see by looking over the short history of our own country. In a Boston paper we find a copy of this card posted on the door of a Baptist church:

"All persons are to take notice, that by order of the court, the doors of this house are shut up, and that they are prohibited to hold any meeting therein, or to open the doors thereof, without license from authority, till the court take farther orders, as they will answer the contrary at their peril. By order of the General Court, Oct. 8, 1669."

This was in what is now known as the Bunker Hill District. The days have passed for punishing Baptists and Quakers in the United States. In this Centennial year we hear a great deal about liberty, but like the free air we breathe we realize very little of its value. Oh, the horrors of the persecutions of the sixteenth century in Europe; and Romanism is ever the same, only give the power and how soon would our free institutions be overthrown. Let Protestants be on the alert to do full duty that our land may ever be the home of religious and civil freedom.

And now reaching figuratively across the continent, we lay down the Boston paper, and take up one from San Francisco. Isn't it wonderful how steam seems to almost annihilate distance? The world is growing smaller, or perhaps better, man is growing greater.

A missionary describing a trip on a branch of the Central Pacific, says:

"Our route is near the line of the railroad, which is being pushed vigorously, with three thousand men at work." The same number that King Saul took with him to follow up David. Many an army smaller than that have done valiant deeds that live in history.

"Nineteen tunnels are being made in crossing the Tehachapi Range. * * * At one point a tunnel enters the mountain, climbs out upon the opposite side, and continuing in a curve makes the circuit of the mountain, passing over its top at the point where the tunnel enters, having formed an awkward figure eight or a nice capital Q."

Well, we live in an age of wonders certainly, it seems to me this tunnel might be mentioned the "same day" with the St. Louis bridge.

"The cactus grows into trees, and is used for fuel."

Our poor little plants would look in-

significant enough beside these trees of the mountains, or rather desert. A friend has a cactus that pretty well approaches the ceiling, but it would not go very far towards baking a loaf of bread.

Now a Chicago paper comes next. Do you know the story of the man who asked in what part of Chicago Illinois was to be found? Western folks, especially Illinoisians, think Chicago about the place.

A correspondent writing of London declares it is not a town, or a city even, according to the usual ideas of towns and cities:

"What then is London? I can only reply it is a world in itself—the marvelous aggregate of many centuries growth, added to year by year, until it has become what it is—London. * * * * Take a city the size of New York out of London, only think of it, it would hardly be missed."

There is something in the world besides the United States, after all, even in this Centennial year!

—
“SUNDRIES.”
—

A writer in Cassell's Family Magazine says: If any who read these lines are conscious that their pockets are made of such materials that whatever money is put into them will burn a hole until it gets out, I would advise them, whenever they take the air, to leave their money at home, or better still, to keep an exact account of every half-penny they spend. It is astonishing how foolish small extravagances appear, when they have to be put down in black and white, after the temptation to indulge in them is over. And they must be put down in detail, and not conveniently classed together under the general heading of "sundries." The item "sundries" is never admitted into well-kept household accounts. No one who has not tried it would believe what a check it is upon personal expenditure to keep a thorough account of money spent, and not only a check, but a help; for prices may be compared, and thus lessons learned from experience.

Generally speaking, whenever large savings have been made, they have been effected in little sums. Very few persons of ordinary honesty deliberately set to work to make large purchases which they cannot afford, and yet numbers spend just as much in the long run in little things that they scarcely think worthy of notice. It is very difficult to realize fully the value of small sums. If the halfpennies and pennies that lie loose in the pockets were properly appreciated, there would not be so much pecuniary embarrassment in the world as there is. "Many a mickle makes a muckle;" this is true of nothing more than halfpennies and pennies.

These little savings, as a rule, must be made in personal expenditure more than in anything else. What is spent over the household is generally needed, but the small personal luxuries which cost so little are not. And when any saving is made in this way, the money should be put aside and saved, instead of being mixed with the spending fund, and additions made to it as

frequently as possible; that will make you understand as soon as anything what small economies amount to.

When money is put aside to be saved, it should be put in some place where it cannot be directly got at. I cannot speak too highly of the Post-office Savings Bank for this purpose. The very fact that a little trouble and formula has to be gone through before it can be obtained, prevents it being spent many a time when it most certainly would be if it were close at hand.

I said just now that what was spent for the household was generally a necessary outlay, and yet there are two or three ways in which money can be saved here that I should like to mention.

The first is by buying in large quantities. Of course the danger is that when there is a stock of things to "run at," as servants say, they will be more extravagantly used. All I can say on this point is that they must not be "run at." A proper quantity must be portioned out and the rest put away. Then it will be found that articles may be bought both cheaper and better in large quantities than in small ones.

Another way to save expense is to pay for everything as you get it. If the money had to be put down at the moment, many an unnecessary purchase would be avoided. People who have limited incomes are those who can least afford to live on credit, and unfortunately they do it more than any others.

I heard of a workingman the other day who was very desirous to save, and yet in looking over his expenditure he could not detect any extravagance in any part of it. He came to the conclusion that the only way in which he could possibly economize was to walk to his work instead of riding, and to take his dinner with him from home instead of buying it in the city. He did this and put away the money thus saved, and in a few years he found he had in his possession enough to buy the cottage in which he lived. He was besides much better in health for the regular exercise he had taken.

Speaking of dinners reminds me to say that it is no economy to live poorly. Nature requires a certain amount of nourishment, and will have it or be revenged, and the revenge will in all probability take the form of a long doctor's bill, or diminished working power. This sort of saving is "penny wise and pound foolish." The things to save out of are shams, false appearances, and self-indulgences, not necessities. Where is the saving in working in a dim light to save candles or gas, and injuring the sight? in wearing boots that take in water, and bringing on rheumatic fever? in living on poor food, and lowering the system? Far better wear a shabby hat a week or two longer than usual, or dispense altogether with that piece of finery you were contemplating. The worst of it is, however, that people are generally more willing to dispense with necessities that make no show, rather than with useless extravagances that afford an opportunity for display which every one sees through.

Before I conclude, I must say one word of warning in reference to small economies. We continually read in the newspapers of people who die in misery and poverty, who have perhaps received help from the parish; and after their death money is found, which they have hidden in all sorts of odd nooks and corners. With these unfortunates saving has become a mania, and of all manias I think it is one of the most deplorable, for, after all, money in itself is worth absolutely nothing—it is only valuable for what it can procure. If it will only bring comforts and necessities for those we love whilst we are able to work, and insure independence for ourselves when we cannot do so, it is worth small economies, forethought, hard work, energy, care, and self-denial. But even gold is bought too dear when the desire for it is allowed to overpower every other feeling.

THE FARMERS' PASS-BOOKS.

As a rule no class of people are so lax in the manner in which they keep accounts with the persons with whom they have dealings as are farmers. No business house could live a year if it conducted its affairs as most farmers do. This loose way of doing things is especially noticeable in their dealing with merchants and mechanics. The ordinary practice is to keep a running account with at least one merchant and blacksmith. The time over which the account runs is often from one harvest to another. In some places the practice prevails of settling up every Christmas; in other vicinities the accounts with the trader and blacksmith are attended to when the crop is disposed of, be the time late or early in the season. In either event the farmer keeps no account. He leaves all the charging with the person with whom he deals. He may keep his account accurately or inaccurately, honestly or dishonestly, but it will be nearly impossible for the farmer to show that it is not correct.

This method of doing business is bad in every respect. In the first place, in case of any dispute, the advantage is all on the side of the merchant or mechanic. A clerk or other employee in an establishment can testify that the goods were sold or the work done, and can use the book in which the charges are kept to refresh his memory. In case no clerk is kept in the establishment, then the books themselves may be brought into court, where they will be allowed as evidence. Of course the manner in which the books are kept will have something to do in influencing the mind of jury or magistrate, but the books themselves often furnish the best evidence of the transactions. Since the common law permits the books of tradesmen to be used as evidence, it is important that all who deal with them, keep books in which the charges shall be made simultaneously, as in that case one set of charges may be used to show the correctness of the other.

But there is another and more important reason why farmers should keep accurate account with the merchant whose goods he buys, and the mechanic whose services he employs.

By having the account where he can at any time refer to it, he is constantly reminded of its present and growing magnitude. He will buy less goods when he sees the long list of articles already purchased and not paid for. Most persons who keep a running account for several months are surprised at the amount of it when the time of settlement comes. The truth is, they cannot be expected to keep in mind the long list of items that have been purchased, much more to know their aggregate cost. In many cases, unfriendly feelings and disputes have arisen between farmers and traders, simply for the reason that the former kept no accounts. Every person needs some check to prevent his buying too many goods or from getting too much work done. If a man pays cash for all he buys, his scanty supply of money will keep him from investing; but if he has his account charged, and does not see the bill till the end of several months, he has nothing to restrain him from getting in debt. Of course, it is a merchant's business to sell all the goods he can, just as it is a farmer's business to raise as large crops as possible. The trader will plead with the farmer and his family to buy more, and the patron will need something like his present store bill constantly before his eyes in order to keep him proof against the obliging merchant's blandishments.

"Pay as you go" is the best motto on the farm, as well as anywhere else. But if a farmer is so situated that he must buy goods on credit let him do it in a way that is business like. The practice that prevails in all large towns, where a very large number of people receive their pay at the end of the week or month, is this: Each family has a small blank book called a pass book, in which the account with the grocer or butcher is kept. On the outside is written the name of the person trading with him. Whenever anything is bought at the grocery or market, the salesman enters the amount in the pass book, which is taken home, at the same time that the charge is made in the day book of the establishment. In this way any mistake can be easily corrected while the transaction is fresh in the mind. At the end of a specified time the account is settled to date, after which a new account is commenced.

This practice so long and so generally adopted in cities, should be introduced into the country. Farmers have more need of it than city mechanics have, for the reason that their accounts ordinarily run longer. As much of the trade of farmers is conducted by means of barter, their pass books should be so arranged that one page should be devoted to items of goods bought, and the other to accounts of articles delivered in payment and to cash paid. At the end of each month a space of a few lines should be left for footing up the columns of debts and credits. A pass book that will cost but a dime, will be worth dollars in enabling a farmer to tell how he stands with his grocer, blacksmith, as well as the other persons with whom he has considerable dealings.—*Prairie Farmer*.

DON'T FRET.

BY AUNT RUTH.

Who was that old philosopher who said: "Never fret about what you can help, and never fret about what you can't help?" This covers the whole ground, it seems to me, and therefore is a good rule to go by. Fretting has killed its thousands. When it becomes chronic, it is dangerous to the patient and bitterly wearisome to those about him, and I fail to see the first good it has ever done.

I have a friend, and doubtless you know plenty like her, who invariably frets every day from twelve o'clock to half past, for fear the table will not be set, and dinner be ready precisely on the mark; she gets red in the face, and wrinkled in the forehead, and woe be to any luckless child who gets under her feet. Her housework is continually chafing her. Unless things go just so she can take no comfort, and as they seldom do her nerves are wearing her out.

Here I recall what the Irishman said, which contains advice just fitted to her case, and perhaps to yours. "Be aisy," said he, "if you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can." Don't let yourselves be disturbed by trifles or things beyond your control; there are nobler things to live for than the heaping up of worldly goods and pleasures, there's a question of eternal life to settle. There is a reaping as well as sowing, "What shall the harvest be?"

Scolding and fretting are not exactly twins, but are very closely related. They are the little foxes that spoil the vines of domestic love. Did you ever see a man who had a scolding wife? how he wouldn't come home till the last minute? how careful he was to avoid any occasion of offence? how quick he found some excuse for leaving at the first cross words? One man expressed the sentiments of many when he said: "I will get a wife with a sunny disposition if she hasn't another recommendation. I hate thunderstorms!"

I pity the children of homes where cross words are common. A neighbor's daughter said to me the other day, "I'm going to work in the mill, I can't take a bit of comfort at home, mother scolds and frets at me all the time. I can't do a thing to please her and it's no use trying; I know I'm careless, but scolding never will cure me, it only makes me mad inside." That is sadly true, the best of us would never grow sunny, and happy, perfect, by being told that we were the most careless, faulty beings in the world.

One mother confessed to me the other day that she had no patience with her children and often punished them, when her own heart told her that she deserved the blows more than they. Think of that when you get tired and out of sorts, and give way to your feelings, and then expect your children to have that wisdom and judgment which you yourself lack! Are they going to learn patience, thoughtfulness, and sweet temper by the example you set?

I lived in the house once with a

family of four little ones, the oldest but six. The mother always used a cross tone in speaking to them; she never requested, she commanded, she paid no heed to their desires, or allowed them a plaything to litter up the room. Her only time of comfort, she admitted, was when they were asleep or off out doors. Yet I believe she loved her children and was proud of them, though they, alas! had little evidence of it.

It is a sad thing when one feels called upon to defend the little ones from their own mothers; but you of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, will you not admit that there is a time for reform in this thing? Are there not plenty of mothers who are in danger of falling into this habit of constant fault finding. "My mother don't love me," sobbed a little four-year-old, "she says I'm so naughty she wishes the gypsies would come and carry me off—if she loved me she'd want me to stay here," and the little heart was almost broken.

When will mothers learn to realize the sacred responsibility of their trust in bringing up these little ones lent of the Lord, and fitting them for the heavenly fold? When will they learn never to grieve them and never to deceive them? They love and trust you with all the ardor of their warm natures; they look to you for knowledge; they come to you daily with hosts of questions, don't think it too much trouble to answer them. They look to you at the beginning of their lives for direction in the right path. 'Tis your privilege to lead them to the Saviour. Perhaps in bringing them, you will gain an entrance into the better land. In their eyes you are perfect, take heed that you do not bring their idol to the dust by abusing their confidence. Set them an example that you wish them to follow, in patience, truthfulness, sweetness, and above all piety.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became absorbed in admiration and stood off from the picture, gazing at it with delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the end of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it was certain death—if he held his peace death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations; but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked suddenly over the dread space below,

and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

So we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of this world, and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty dashes out the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of mercy, and are saved.

—No one need stand in fear of brave men but the wrong-doer; it is only cowards who stab in the back.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

We received the sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap sent us by you, and yesterday made a test of it, noting its every peculiarity, in the washing for thirty persons. It is something new to us, but we unhesitatingly pronounce it the best soap ever used by us—in the quantity used, saving of clothes, by doing away with rubbing, and saving of time in washing. Our washing was completed at 8.30 o'clock, a. m., yesterday, a circumstance quite unprecedented. Besides the desiderata above mentioned we assure you that we were saved from much hard work of rubbing the clothes, and found the condition of our hands rather improved than otherwise after using it. We shall want no other soap in the future but Dobbins' Electric, and gratefully give you this testimonial.

SARAH A. VAN WYCK,
MARY A. VANDERWATER,
ANGELINE COX,
MINNIE LACKEM,
NATHANIEL FRY, *Supt. of Washing,*
North Family, Shakers, N. Y.

Having proven by practical use the virtues of Dobbins' Electric Soap, we are greatly pleased therewith, being fully satisfied, by what it has done in our family of over sixty persons, that it will accomplish all, if not more, than the manufacturers claim for it. In their behalf we cheerfully witness to the above statement.

PRESIDING ELDERS OF CHURCH FAMILY OF SHAKERS, D. A., BUCKINGHAM CO.

Shakers, Albany Co., N. Y.

I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap according to directions, and am ready to say it exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and I cheerfully recommend it as the best soap I ever used, as a time, labor and clothes saving article.

MRS. S. C. PHILLIPS.

Watervliet Center, N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—1st. The sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap sent to us by you has done wonders to-day. We applied it to collars, wristbands and other much soiled garments, and with only a little hand rubbing the dirt instantly departed! We are so pleased with it that we feel assured that hereafter we shall be much better paid to sell our soap grease, and use Dobbins' Electric Soap. 2d. Certainly, you may

say we give it unreserved commendation, and believe it only needs to be known to be universally used.

PAULINA BATES.

ALVIRA CONKLIN.

CHAS. PRETSCH, *Supt.*

West Family, Shakers, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have given Dobbins' Electric Soap a thorough trial in every way that soap is used, and value it more and more the longer I use it and do not wish to ever be without it again. It is now sold in several places in this city.

MRS. MARY F. SPEER.

New Brunswick, N. J.

"KNOW THY OPPORTUNITY."

The grim monster, Death was stealthily approaching. I could almost feel his hot, fiery breath upon my forehead. My faithless goddess, Hygeia, had utterly deserted me. Only now and then would Morpheus befriend me, but on this auspicious day, he had deigned to moisten my eyelids with heavenly ambrosia, and I slept. As I slept, behold, I had a dream! I thought that I was roaming upon foreign soil whither my physician had sent me to recover my health. I was in a great metropolis—one of the grand marts of the world. In one of my strolls I chanced to meet a man who had in his hand a handsomely-bound volume, entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," and who said that he was an agent for the sale of the book. The title was such a novel one that I was impelled to give the work a casual notice. As I hastily glanced over its pages, I observed that it contained treatises not commonly found in medical works. But I had too many times been hoaxed by appearances, and I determined I would have nothing to do with it. A voice within me, like a faithful mentor, whispered, "Know thy opportunity; in that book is thy salvation!" I began reasoning with myself. Although doubtful and distrustful, yet I put forth my hand to take the book, and, lo! the agent was gone! I was miserable. In my agony I awoke. Great drops of perspiration were upon my brow. By my bedside was a friend who had called during my slumber to see me. Said my friend, "I have brought with me a book, just published, which I thought might interest you." One glance at the work, and I was assured that it was "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Surely this was the veritable book which I had seen in my dreams. My friend loaned me the work, and every day, as my strength permitted, I perused its pages. Although it contained very interesting treatises on Biology, Cerebral Physiology, Human Temperaments, Nursing of the sick, etc., yet, being an invalid, I was most interested in the subjects of Diseases and Remedies. I believed that I had a liver affection, and yet more than one medical attendant had pronounced my disease Consumption, and that I would fall with the autumn leaves. In that book I found my symptoms perfectly portrayed. I was then confident that I had not deceived myself. I reasoned thus: "Any man who can so truthfully depict my feelings, and apparently understands my constitutional tendencies, must know just what my physical system demands. I will trust my case with Dr. Pierce. I will take his Golden Medical Discovery as recommended for my disease." The result is, that after having perseveringly followed his prescribed treatment, I once again enjoy the blessings of health. Therefore, I would say to the afflicted, "Know thy opportunity," and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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12 Alternantheras, B,	3 varieties, \$1.00	12 Ivy Geraniums, B,	6 varieties, \$1.00
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12 Begonias, B,	6 " 1.00	12 Feverfew,	1.00
12 Bouvardias,	6 " 1.00	12 Varieties Foliage Plants,	1.00
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The above are all grown in small pots, well rooted, and will be carefully packed and correctly labelled so that each package will give perfect satisfaction. Prices given refer only to this list. Persons ordering from catalogue must pay catalogue prices. No orders received for less than \$1.00.

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12 Choice Varieties Aster,	\$1.00	6 Varieties Balsam,	\$0.50
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As we stated above, *water force* is what removes dirt from the fibres of the cloth. A large body of water is required to hold in solution a comparatively small amount of dirt. Steam washboilers cannot accomplish the desired result, for at least two reasons, the first being: They do not contain enough water to hold the dirt in solution—two or three gallons only being used. Secondly, steam will not remove dirt from fabrics. It is a powerful agent to assist in cleaning, because it expands the fabric and causes the discharge of dirt and impurities from the cloth, that cannot be forced out in any other way, unless by the application of heat and force of water combined. Steamed clothes must be removed from the boiler at the proper time to a moment, or the continuous action of the steam causes the fibre to soften in a great extent, that it begins to again absorb the dirt that has been thrown out, and in order to remove the dirt they must be washed out in water at almost boiling heat, for if you use water of a lower temperature it causes the fabric to contract, which shrinks in, or, as our housewives say, "sets" the dirt, thus causing the clothes to turn yellow, and Steam Washers are pronounced a failure.

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By purchasing a ROBBINS WASHER you can count the hard drudgery of the washboard, dusty kitchens, uncombed children, picked up dinners, and all other disagreeable incidents of Monday among the things of the past, and have the greater part of the day for rest, reading, or other recreation.

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The philosophy of the Washer is fully explained in the following circular, which is full of valuable information to housekeepers. We bespeak for it a careful perusal:

In bringing the Robbins Washer before the public it becomes necessary to take into brief consideration the

Art of Cleansing Fabrics,

which, although so common, is yet imperfectly understood. Having had a life-long experience in the laundry business—in connection with first-class hotels, public laundries, asylums, hospitals, &c.—we know whereof we speak. The numerous devices of friction rollers, pounders, squeezers, dashers, agitators, steam wash-boilers, &c., have all done very well, so far as it was possible for such principles and devices to do. But they have all failed in one or more of the three essential points, viz.: The saving of labor, the wear and tear of clothes, or in perfectly extricating the dirt or discoloration—all of which are accomplished by the ROBBINS LITTLE WASHER.

What is it that removes the dirt?

You may ask all washerwomen and housekeepers, and your answer from nine out of ten will be, "Plenty of elbow grease;" or, in other words, plenty of hard, laborious rubbing on the washboard. And such is the case, for you first have to rub soap upon the cloth, then you have to rub it in, to make the dirt soluble. But does that remove it? No; to do that you must first dip it in the water, and then rub it again to force water through the fabric. That is what removes dirt, after being softened by the chemical action of the soap upon it.

The way in which this could be the most economically accomplished is what we have so long and patiently sought after, and at last a principle has been developed in the LITTLE WASHER that embodies all the above-named points.

All the aforesaid mechanical devices have many objectionable features. It is harder work to operate them than to use the common washboard. They are constantly getting out of order, and, at the best, wear out in a short time. They wear out clothes ten times faster than the rubbing board, because the friction is a hundred per cent. greater than can possibly be applied to that article. They take the entire time of a person during the whole wash, and, last of all, they will not perfectly remove streaks from clothes.

Now as to Steam Washboilers. All who have tried them will unite with us in saying: They do not give perfect satisfaction.

We Will Explain to You.

As we stated above, *water force* is what removes dirt from the fibres of the cloth. A large body of water is required to hold in solution a comparatively small amount of dirt. Steam washboilers cannot accomplish the desired result, for at least two reasons, the first being: They do not contain enough water to hold the dirt in solution—two or three gallons only being used. Secondly, steam will not remove dirt from fabrics. It is a powerful agent to assist in cleaning, because it expands the fabric and causes the discharge of dirt and impurities from the cloth, that cannot be forced out in any other way, unless by the application of heat and force of water combined. Steamed clothes must be removed from the boiler at the proper time to a moment, or the continuous action of the steam causes the fibre to soften in a great extent, that it begins to again absorb the dirt that has been thrown out, and in order to remove the dirt they must be washed out in water at almost boiling heat, for if you use water of a lower temperature it causes the fabric to contract, which shrinks in, or, as our housewives say, "sets" the dirt, thus causing the clothes to turn yellow, and Steam Washers are pronounced a failure.

The Washer is composed of solid galvanized iron, which will not rust or corrode. There are two sizes—the No. 1, or family size, for ordinary

household use, and No. 2, or hotel size, suitable for country hotels, boarding houses, laundries, &c.

Family size weighs 6 pounds, is only 7 inches long by 5 inches wide by 1½ inches deep. The discharge pipe is 13 inches high over that, and is 1½ inches in diameter, or about 6 inches in circumference. It throws water in a solid, unbroken stream at the rate of 15 to 20 gallons per minute, will work in any common family boiler, and if you wish will do the work in a boiler nearly twice that size, thereby enabling you to do twice as much, or the same amount in half the time. It takes only 8 ounces of soap to 15 or 20 gallons of water, and will wash household linen, such as bed and table linen, a boiler full in ten to fifteen minutes, and do it perfectly; wearing apparel in from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, will remove all streaks without any rubbing; requires no previous preparation of the clothes, such as soaking over night, etc. We take the clothes dry, and when the Washer gets thoroughly at work will fill the boiler as full as it will hold, by gently pressing them down with a stick. We use no chemicals, only good soap and soft water. If the water is hard it may be softened by a small piece of borax, which is perfectly harmless.

The No. 2, or small hotel size, will do the work in a boiler four times the size of a common family boiler, and wash of average pieces from 1,500 to 2,000 per day; or it may be used in any smaller boiler. They will work in anything that has a bottom large enough for them to rest upon.

Our Method of Handling.

We want agents everywhere throughout the United States; in every state, county, town, and hamlet. But let it here be understood, we have no territory for sale. The retail price of No. 1 Washer is \$3.50; of No. 2 Washer, \$5. But we will sell sample machines of No. 1 size at \$3; No. 2, or small hotel size, at \$4. Canvassers for this Washer can make more money with it than with anything ever before offered to the public. As, for instance, we established two agencies to test the sale of the Washer upon its own merits—one in Naugatuck, Conn., and one in Providence, R. I. The former, Mr. Charles Daniels, in a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, sold by canvassing in two weeks eighty-two Washers. In the latter place Mr. James Roberts, 93 Weybosset street, sold in less than three months, without canvassing or advertising outside the store, over 500 Washers. A

**RENEWED OFFER
OF
SPECIAL PREMIUMS!**

Open to All.

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

To the agent sending us the largest list of yearly subscribers previous to July 1st 1876 we will give

A COTTAGE ORGAN, worth \$200.

For the Second largest list

A GOLD WATCH, worth \$100.

For the Third,

either **A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$80,**
or **APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, worth \$30,**

For the Fourth,

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

For the Fifth, Prang's Beautiful Chromo,
REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN, worth \$25.

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

**ANOTHER LIST
DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.**

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

A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.

or the Second largest list we will give

For the Third
A SILVER WATCH, worth \$35.

AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.

For the Fourth,
A BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE, worth \$30.

For the Fifth

A CHILD'S CARRIAGE, worth \$20.

For the Sixth

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

For the Seventh,

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.

For the Eighth, Prang's Brilliant Chromo,
SUNSET IN CALIFORNIA, worth \$10.

For the Ninth

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

For the Tenth

A Gold Pen, worth \$3.

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

To Single Subscribers.

We have on our subscription books the names of several thousands of SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS. A single subscriber is not necessarily an unmarried one but merely one whose copy of THE HOUSEHOLD is the only one taken at his or her postoffice. Those who receive this paper in wrappers (except in a few of the large cities where all are wrapped) will understand that they are single subscribers and therefore inter-

ested in this paragraph. Now it is just as easy for us to send fifty or a hundred copies to an office as one and we much rather do it, so we call upon those friends to send us lists of subscribers from their postoffices and not compel us to wrap each paper singly—you have no idea of the large amount of work it causes every month. No matter if you don't get but one name besides your own. That will be two and that will make a bundle. Read what we will do for you: To the single subscriber who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from their own postoffice we will give

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.00.

For the Second largest list we will give
A Family Clothes Wringer, worth \$7.50.

For the Third,
A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, worth \$5.00.

For the Fourth, a copy of
GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE U. S., worth \$3.50.

For the Fifth,
A GOLD PEN WITH SILVER CASE, worth \$2.50.

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

4thly and to Conclude.

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

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, worth \$12.

Send for circulars giving all the particulars.

**TREES For Fruit and Ornament.
500 Acres of Trees at Wholesale and Retail.**

**Pear, Apples, Cherries, Quinces.
Peaches, Plums, and Small Fruits.
New and Rare Ornamental Trees and Shrubs.**

**Evergreens, large quantities, large variety, cheap.
Cut-Leaved Birch, Purple Beech, Weeping Trees.**

CLEMATIS, JACKMANNI—Hardy and Perpetual, blooms profusely until frozen up.

PERPETUAL WHITE CLEMATIS, 15 Sorts. We have over 70 varieties of Clematis, in many shades of color, from dark rich purple to pure white—strong plants, safely sent by mail.

ROSES, MOSS, TEA, Climbing and Perpetual.

Small Packages sent safely by Mail and Express, Catalogue Free. Address

T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

3-2r

**SEED!
Vermont Grown!!**

Buy direct from the grower and get seed that are fresh and reliable.

All farmers and gardeners of experience know if earliness is an object that the further north the seed he plants is grown the earlier his vegetables will ripen.

Send for illustrated catalogue mailed on application.

**C. E. ALLEN,
Seed Grower and Florist,
2-4 Brattleboro, Vermont.**

Book

Exchange

Monthly.

25 CENTS a year. New, old, rare, curious, valuable and cheap books supplied and wanted. Exchanged, sold or loaned to all parts of the United States. **AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE, 109 Fulton St., New York.** P. O. Box, 4540. [3-12g] JOHN B. ALDEN, Manager.

Holbrook Swivel Plow

continues to be unequalled. Turns a furrow on level land

equal to the best landside plow. **No dead furrows or ridges.** Holds easy, draws light, pulverizes thoroughly. Send for circular. Manufactured only by EVERETT & SMALL, BOSTON, MASS.

100 FARMERS WANTED. during the winter, to engage with us in business, paying **100 DOLLARS** per month. For particulars, address J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 1-3adv

WANTED AGENTS. — \$5 per day guaranteed to sell articles for ladies' and children's wear—indispensable. Patented and of real merit. Have only to be exhibited to sell. Adopted and recommended by Ladies' Reform Committee of the United States. For particulars, address ELLIS MANUFACTURING CO., Waltham, Mass. 1-3adv

\$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & Co., Augusta, Me. 10-6r



[Established 1846.]

J. ESTEY & CO.

Brattleboro, Vt.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Price, Twenty-five Cents.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

NINETY-EIGHTH EDITION.

Containing a complete list of all the towns in the United States, the Territories and the Dominion of Canada, having a population greater than 5,000 according to the last census, together with the names of the newspapers having the largest local circulation in each of the places named. Also, a catalogue of newspapers which are recommended to advertisers as giving greatest value in proportion to prices charged. Also, all newspapers in the United States and Canada printing over 5,000 copies each issue. Also, all the Religious, Agricultural, Scientific and Mechanical, Medical, Masonic, Juvenile, Educational, Commercial, Insurance, Real Estate, Law, Sporting, Musical, Fashion, and other special class journals; very complete lists. Together with a complete list of over 500 German papers printed in the United States. Also, an essay upon advertising; many tables of rates, showing the cost of advertising in various newspapers, and everything which a beginner in advertising would like to know.

Address, GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10-6r, 41 Park Row, New York.

11-12adv

Visiting Cards!

50 Finely Printed Bristol Visiting Cards sent post-paid for **25 cts.** 9 elegant samples, including **Glass, Marble, Snowflake, Damask,** styles of type, price-list, &c., sent on receipt of stamp. **You make a mistake** if you do not procure our samples before ordering elsewhere. We have over 100 styles. **Agents wanted.** Liberal Commissions. A. H. FULLER & CO., 97 Main street, Brockton, Mass.

11-12adv

BURRINGTON'S VEGETABLE CROUP SYRUP.

Never fails to cure the Croup. The best medicine to break up a Fever or Common Cold. A sure relief for Whooping Cough. A valuable family medicine of over forty years' standing. Do not sleep without it. Beware of imitations with a similar name, sold on the great reputation of the above. For sale by the proprietor, H. H. BURRINGTON, Providence, R. I., also by druggists generally.

Address, H. H. BURRINGTON, 11-12adv

11-12adv

Kunkel's Magic Hair Restorer.

This Hair Restorer restores hair in two or three applications to its natural color. It contains no lead or sulphur, no dirt or silver, and when hair is restored will last three months. It restores gray hair by three applications; turns light hair brown or black; red or brown to black; mixed hair to their natural color. Sent by express to any part of the country on receipt of \$1.6 bottles for \$5. Depot 916 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 1-12b

11-12adv

CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

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

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave St. Albans at 6:40 a. m., Waterbury at 7:30 a. m., Brattleboro at 3:40 p. m.—connecting with New London with steamer for New York.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 10:40 a. m., Montreal at 3:45 p. m., St. Albans at 6:00 p. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 a. m., for Springfield, New York, &c.

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

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 p. m., Rutland at 3:30 p. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 9:40 p. m.

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

GOING NORTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 7:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m., 10:20 p. m.

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

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

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

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

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

J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Sup't. 10-6r

St. Albans, Vt., Nov. 22, 1876.

Household Premiums.

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

NO.	PREMIUM.	PRICE.	SUBS.
1	One box Initial Stationery, (Clark's)	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's)	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name, Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
7	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
8	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers,	1 00	3
10	Butter Knife, (silver plated)	1 00	3
11	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
12	Set Jet Jewelry,	1 50	4
13	One vol. Household,	1 00	4
14	Six Teaspoons, (silver plated)	1 75	5
15	Pain Tablespoons, (silver plated)	2 00	5
16	Six Scotch P.P'd Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
17	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
18	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
19	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50</td	

THE HOUSEHOLD.



DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS. If "Marion," who writes from Shaftsbury, will send us her full name and address it will aid us very materially in procuring and sending her the stencil plate desired.

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

WANTED, a few more good County Agents, especially in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the South. We give good pay, pleasant work and permanent employment. A few more chances left—will you take one?

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons designing to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

TAKE NOTICE. in reply to several letters of inquiry concerning F. G. Fillebrown, who has been taking subscribers to **THE HOUSEHOLD**, we would say that we have never received any subscriptions from said Fillebrown and are not responsible for any money paid to him on our account. We understand that he lives in or near Littleton, Mass., where those interested will doubtless be able to find him.

OUR NEW PREMIUM.—We take great pleasure in placing the Bickford Knitting Machine upon our Premium Lists both regular and special. We can most heartily recommend these machines to any and all who wish a simple, durable, cheap, and every way satisfactory knitting machine, and are confident that at the very favorable rate at which we offer them they will be among the most popular premiums on our lists.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want an agent in every town to solicit subscriptions to **THE HOUSEHOLD**. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

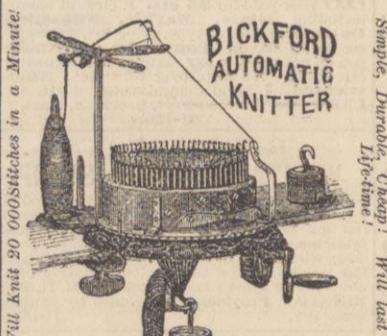
AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can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

at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to **THE HOUSEHOLD** who desire to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or especial authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us, stating which premium you have selected. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received in two weeks from the time the order was given.

A TRIAL TRIP. In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with **THE HOUSEHOLD** we have decided to send three numbers on trial—*postage paid*—for **TEN CENTS**, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months the only publication in the country especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe **THE HOUSEHOLD** is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting **THE HOUSEHOLD** into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers.

Unexceptional advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents per agate line of space each insertion.



A Family Knitting Machine!

Now attracting universal attention by its astonishing performances and its great practical value for every day family use. It knits every possible variety of plain or fancy work.

WITH ALMOST MAGICAL SPEED,

and gives perfect shape and finish to all garments. *It will knit a pair of socks in fifteen minutes!* Every machine **WARRANTED** perfect, and to do just what is represented.

A complete instruction book accompanies each machine.

No. 1 Family Machine, 1 cylinder, 72 needles, \$30, No. 3 " " 2 " 72 & 100 " \$40.

A sample machine will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada, (where we have no agent,) *express charges pre-paid*, on receipt of the price.

AGENTS wanted in every State, County, City and Town, to whom very liberal discounts will be made.

Address,

BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE MFG. CO.,
611 Brattleboro, Vermont.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

A LARGE 16 pp. Illustrated Family Paper, with first-class premium, postpaid, for \$1.60. Send 3 cts. for specimen copy and Agents' terms to **THE LEISURE HOUR**, Brattleboro, Vt.

BENJAMIN R. JENNE, General Insurance and Real Estate Agent, Brattleboro, Vt.

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

EMPLOYMENT. Pleasant and profitable. Catalogue with full particulars and sample free. E. M. DOUGLASS, 12-12 Wall Street, Brattleboro, Vt.

H. C. NEWTON, Troy, N. H.



POTATOES BY MAIL.

		1 lb.	2 lbs.	4 lbs.
Snowflake,	by mail postpaid,	60 cts.	\$1.00	\$1.50
Brownell's Beauty,	"	50 "	.75	1.25
Early Ohio,	"	60 "	1.00	1.50
Extra Early Vermont,	"	50 "	.75	1.25
New York Late Rose,	"	50 "	.75	1.25
Compton's Surprise,	"	50 "	.75	1.25
Burbank's Seedling,	"	"	\$1.00	1.50
Ruby,	"	"	1.00	1.50
Alpha,	"	"	1.00	1.50

For description of varieties see Catalogue.

Lane's Improved Imperial Sugar Beet.

The best and most profitable beet in cultivation for feeding stock, yielding from 30 to 40 tons to the acre and can be grown at a cost of from 5 to 8 cents per bushel. A liberal feeding will increase the flow of milk 33 1/3 per cent. Price per packet, 5 cents; ounce, 10 cents; pound, \$1.00, postpaid by mail. See engraving.

Improved Large Lima Bean.

After several years of carefully selecting seed from the finest pods and the very earliest to ripen, we have succeeded in obtaining a much sought for improvement on the Large Lima. It ripens fully three or four weeks earlier, which is very important to Market Gardeners and Amateurs, if earliness is an object. In quality it is equally as good if not superior to the Large Lima, attaches itself well to the pole and is considered in this section a variety much ahead of the old Large Lima. This season first offer it to the public by the package only. Price per package 25 cents; five packages \$1.00.

Early Conqueror Tomato.

10 Days Earlier than any other Variety known. Prof. Thurber, editor of the American Agriculturist, says: I grew over 12 varieties among which were several novelties with those accepted as standard sorts and think it a moderate statement to say the **Conqueror** was ten days earlier than any other variety, and adds that in quality, shape and color it was highly satisfactory. Price per package, 25 cents; 8 packages, \$1.00; 1 ounce, \$1.40.

I offer a general list of Vermont Grown Vegetable and Flower Seed. Send for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, mailed on application.

C. E. ALLEN, Seedsman and Florist, Brattleboro, Vermont.

NEW

AUTOMATIC

SILENT SEWING MACHINE.

WILLCOX & GIBBS Sewing-machine

Company invite the public to inspect this marvel of sewing mechanism; completely revolutionizes machine sewing.

Call and examine or send for Prospectus.

655 BROADWAY (cor. Bond), New York.
Branches in leading Cities.

3-10c



are the best the world produces. They are planted by a million people in America, and the result is beautiful Flowers and splendid Vegetables. A Priced Catalogue sent free to all who inclose the postage—a 2 cent stamp. **VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE**, Quarterly, 20 cents a year. **VICK'S FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN**, 35 cents; with cloth covers 65 cents.

Address, **JAMES VICK**, Rochester, N. Y.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 40cts. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

1-2ozmd.

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

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT. "Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" &c. Such are the exclamations of those who see the large, elegant new Chromos produced by the European and American Chromo Publishing Co. Every one will want them. It requires no talking to sell the pictures, they speak for themselves. Canvassers, agents, ladies and gentlemen out of employment, will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars, send stamp for confidential circulars. Address **F. GLEASON & CO.**, 738 Washington Street, Boston.