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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS

Vol. 19.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1886.

No. 3.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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## The Veranda.

MARCH.

It is the first mid-day of March,  
Each minute sweeter than before;  
The redbreast sings from the tall larch  
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,  
Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,  
And grass in the green field.

—Wordsworth.

## COTTON SEED MEAL AS MANURE.

OF ALL known crops, cotton is one that, so far as the main staple is concerned, removes from the soil the least quantity of its fertilizing ingredients. It is estimated that when only the lint is removed from the land the actual loss is only about four pounds of matter to the bale; but when the seed is also taken it amounts to forty-four pounds, of which the greater portion consists of the important substances, potash, phosphoric acid, and available ammonia. Thus if the seed is not returned to the soil, cotton becomes one of the most exhausting crops. So far as the capital stock of fertility in the soil is concerned, the seed actually costs the farmer eleven times as much as the lint, and yet thousands of tons of this important fertilizer are wasted annually. The average yield of seed is about fourteen bushels per acre, or nearly one-fourth of a ton. And experienced farmers know that it is only by the return of this seed to the soil that its fertility can be maintained.

It is very important that farmers should make all the compost they possibly can, but all the cotton seed produced on the land should also be put back into it, either directly or with the compost. The efforts of agricultural writers, who have honestly an interest in the success of the farmers should be directed to inducing them to retain their seed, and use it as manure. No traffic can be more injurious ultimately to the cotton growing interests than the increasing sale of this seed to the oil mills. For with every bushel sold, just so much of the ability of the land to produce good crops is destroyed.

All of the mill proprietors beguile farmers into selling their seed, by stating the fact that the crushed meal is a better fertilizer than the raw seed, and the sophistry that they can always buy back the meal to return to the land. While the truth of these statements is undeniable,

the practical working is that when once a farmer sells his seed there is a very slight chance that he will ever buy back the meal, and his land will be either finally robbed, or indebtedness will be increased in the spring for commercial manures, often quite inferior in effective value to cotton seed. The whole seeds contain about two and one-half per cent. of ammonia, two per cent. of phosphoric acid, and one and one-fourth per cent. of potash, and have an actual effective value to farmers of about \$18.50 per ton, or thirty cents a bushel; and whenever they sell the seed for less than these prices they are imposed upon. The meal from the mills, being in a much more condensed form and of course deprived of the hulls and oil, which compose so much of the weight of the whole seeds, contains about nine per cent. of ammonia, two and three-fourths per cent. of phosphoric acid, and two and one-half per cent. of potash, and has an effective value of about \$53.00 per ton, nearly three times as much as the uncrushed seeds. It must be observed, that while the oil, hulls, and lint on the hulls add to the weight of the whole seeds, they add almost nothing to their fertilizing qualities, and are really considered by some to detract from them. The hard hulls form serious obstacles to the access of both the moisture that must produce decay, and the fine rootlets that seek nourishment; so that it often happens, that seeds lie in the ground a season or more with little or no apparent change, except that the germs are dead, and the hulls shrunken. Their contents have thus been practically wasted. This evil is also enhanced by the presence of the oil which obstructs decay. The sprouting of the seeds will, it is true, remove this difficulty, but in many cases this involves much inconvenience if not actual loss. For if not sprouted first in piles, and then turned into the soil, they will be apt to injure the stand by lifting it out of the ground, besides which the hulls may not decay soon enough for the young plants to be fertilized by the seeds.

The meal has the great advantages of being in a concentrated form, and one that is immediately available for the young rootlets. The high value of this meal as a fertilizer, as indicated by its chemical composition, and abundantly confirmed by experience, should render its use much more general upon our farms than it is now.

A. P. F.

## UTILITY OF MULCHING.

Careful investigation of the condition and mechanical effect of heat and soil upon moisture will develop the fact that, except when the rains are replenishing the earth, moisture is continually ascending in the soil by the process of capillary attraction, and is absorbed at the surface by the air with which it comes in contact. In a well cultivated field not more than from one-eighth to one-tenth of the rain that falls upon the soil finally passes off by percolation; the remainder is drawn

to the surface and evaporated by the process described. Any thing that breaks up the uniform continuity of the texture of the soil, by which atom after atom of water is brought to the surface, will accomplish the first step in retaining the natural moisture of the soil within it.

Now, mulching does not do this at all; it only checks or moderates the approach of the atmosphere to the moistened surface of the soil, and, therefore, retards evaporation to that extent; but the reason why there is always so much moisture beneath the mulch is because the capillary action of the soil keeps on pumping up the water faster than it can evaporate. The natural tendency of earthy matter to thus raise water is not generally appreciated, but can be readily seen when so dry and porous material as coal ashes is deposited upon a slightly damp surface. Although the heap be quite large, yet in a short time I have observed the dampness to have penetrated through the entire mass from below.

Any thing that is a good conductor of heat, and is of loose texture, applied to the surface of the ground, retards the movement of the air and prevents absorption. Spent tan bark meets this requirement better than any other material that can be applied to the land. It is light and porous, and therefore retains a cushion of confined air, which is one of the best non-conductors in nature. The gentle showers which simply moisten the earth pass through it readily, as do the heavier rains, which are absorbed by it and largely retained.

Dry soil is an excellent non-conductor, made doubly so by being loosened and pulverized and thus intermingled with air. This is precisely the condition of the soil after a thorough cultivation. When thus rendered fine and light the surface becomes truly a cushion of air and dry earth, the continuity of the insensible process of connection of the water of the soil is broken, the point at which the upward passage of the water of the soil ceases, is removed to the depth of the cultivation, the free access of the air to the continuously moist surface is hindered and you have accomplished all of the beneficial effects of mulching in a cheaper, more intelligent and scientific manner.

There are times when mulching around newly planted trees, or with some small fruits, may be satisfactory, but generally mulching is an indifferent substitute for tilling the soil, and an industrious man with the rake or cultivator will obtain vastly more satisfactory results by their diligent use.

—The roots of the strawberry and clover have been traced five feet below the surface, and grape roots have been found at the depths of eleven feet. They will always descend in search of moisture to the depth at which the ground waters stand in the soil during the season of greatest activity and growth; wherever the air can penetrate, depend upon it that a root will find it out and follow.

## The Drawing Room.

## DIAMONDS AND THEIR STORIES.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

THE most precious of precious stones is the diamond. In its adamant hardness and its brilliancy and beautiful play of prismatic colors, it excels all other gems. Its value has been recognized from the earliest times. The diamond was one of the twelve precious jewels set in the breastplate of the Hebrew high priest. Eastern monarchs wore the gem upon their persons, both on account of its splendor and the talismanic power it was supposed to possess. All the old nations believed in its magical properties. Serapis ascribes to the diamond the power of keeping at a safe distance *leumures*, *incubus*, and *succubæ*; and of making men courageous and magnanimous. It was also thought to nullify the attractive power of the magnet. The Hindoos believe that diamond powder taken into the mouth causes the teeth to fall out; and that the stone acts as a preventive against lightning. In Poland it is sacred as one of the jewels of the months, having influence over April, and is the stone of repentance, innocence and kindness of disposition.

So much for the superstitions and the supernatural qualities attached to the diamond. In history it has played a part second to none. As articles of adornment diamonds have flashed on beauty's brow and on the robes of kings at every earthly court. There is mention of a cloak of Charlemange's the clasp of which was formed by two diamonds, and in the inventory of the effects of Louis, duke of Anjou, in 1368, a diamond cut in the form of a shield is in the list of valuables. The real magnificence of the diamond as an article of ornament was not fully known, however, till the time of Hermon, a clever lapidary who lived in the beginning of the fourteenth century. What Hermon began was continued forty years later by Louis de Berguen, who was the first to discover the method of cutting the diamond in regular facets, thus revealing the jewel in its full beauty. He established a guild of diamond cutters at Burges, where among other gems he cut three large stones entrusted to him by Charles the Bold of Burgundy, for which he received three thousand ducats. The intolerance of the priests drove him and his pupils to Amsterdam. This city today has the reputation of having the first diamond cutting factory in the world. It was here in the establishment of M. Coster, that the Koh-i-noor was re-cut in 1852.

The process of cutting, or more properly grinding, is slow and tedious, the labor being all done by hand. Two diamonds are employed, each cemented into the end of a wooden handle. The stones are then rubbed together with a strong

pressure, being held over a metal box having a double bottom, the upper one perforated with small holes, through which the diamond dust falls. This is afterwards carefully collected, mixed with vegetable oil, and used for polishing the gems upon a revolving cast iron isk. The extreme nicety required in the operation may be imagined when it is remembered that multitudes of these gems are so small that it takes a full thousand to weigh a single carat.

The word carat—four grains Troy weight—is derived from the Arabic “*Kuara*,” the name of the seed of the carab tree, a pod bearing plant. These seeds are uniformly of the same gravity, and were used for weighing against gold dust. The Arabs carried the use of the weight into Hindostan, and thence it has been adopted by the civilized world.

The rage for diamonds greatly increased after the science of cutting had revealed their full beauty. So great was the demand for them that guilds were established in nearly every European city.

In the time of Cardinal Mazarin, who was a great diamond fancier, Paris supported seventy-five diamond cutters. Several renowned lapidaries flourished in England, whose work, known as “Old English,” is even now greatly prized.

The Middle Ages were the fashionable days of diamond wearing, as well as of other precious stones. Their extravagant use was almost fabulous. The dress of Queen Mary of England on the occasion of her marriage with Philip II., literally blazed with diamonds. Rows of these precious stones bordered her train, the large rebus sleeves were turned up with clusters of gold set with diamonds, her coif was bordered with two rows of diamonds, and on her breast sparkled a stone of the same kind, of inestimable value, presented her by the bridegroom. Marie de Medici, queen of Henry IV., of France, had a robe prepared for a christening ceremony, which was trimmed with thirty thousand pearls and three thousand diamonds, valued at sixty thousand crowns. The court dress of Queen Elizabeth was nearly as splendid.

This extravagant display of jewels was not confined to the ladies alone. The dukes of Burgundy and other powerful potentates, not only appeared with garments sparkling with diamonds and other precious stones, but had the housings and chanfrons of their horses set with jewels. Sir Walter Raleigh on one occasion wore shoes adorned with diamonds computed to be worth upward of six thousand gold pieces, and at another time the jewels that adorned his suit of armor in which he appeared at a tournament, were valued at a quarter of a million of dollars. In the reign of Francis I., of France, the nobles and wealthy classes were so loaded with diamonds that a contemporary exclaimed: “These people carry their fields and mills upon their backs.”

In times of revolution and political ferment, however, it is as well, perhaps, to have so much property portable; it could then be secreted or removed at any moment. Even now in countries where the government is insecure wealth is largely kept in the form of jewelry in case of emergency. Such means of conveying property was doubly convenient before letters of credit were thought of, and when the banking system was in its infancy. Merchants and travelers accordingly carried their wealth in this reduced shape for greater security. It is related of Marco Polo that when he and his father and uncle returned to Venice after their twenty-four years' wanderings in the East, they found it difficult to gain admission to the family mansion, a palatial structure in the street of San Giovanni. Bronzed by the sun, dressed like Tartars in shabby, coarse garments, and

speaking with a foreign tongue, for they had half forgotten their own language, it was long before they could persuade their friends of their identity. To convince them they invited all their old associates to a magnificent entertainment and received them in gorgeous oriental dresses of crimson satin. Putting these off after their guests were seated, they appeared handsomely clad in crimson damask, which was exchanged after the first course for splendid suits of crimson velvet. At the end of the dinner they were seen in the ordinary garb of the time, and the discarded dresses were divided among the guests. Marco then produced the coarse Tartar garments in which they had been disguised, and ripping them open exhibited such a profusion of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and precious jewels, as to completely dazzle the spectators. So great was the amount of wealth thus displayed that the Polo mansion received the name of *La Carte dei Milioni*. It is safe to suppose that no further opposition was made to their claims of relationship.

Diamonds are associated with many memorable events of history. The story of the diamond necklace with which the fair fame of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was involved, though there is scarcely a doubt now that the whole transaction was a swindle and a forgery, is familiar to all. When Charles V., passed through the dominions of his enemy, Francis I., he was arrested by the authorities, and would have been detained as a prisoner, but the crafty monarch sent a diamond ring of great value to the Duchess D'Estampes, who ruled supreme over the heart of the French king, and thus gained his liberty. It was a diamond ring that was sent by Queen Elizabeth as a token of friendship to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots—a pledge that induced that princess to intrust herself in English hands. This was one of those old-fashioned rings termed gimmel rings. It is described by the antiquary Aubrey as having consisted of separate joints, which, when united, formed the device of two right hands supporting a heart. The heart was composed of two diamonds, held together by a central spring, which when opened would allow either of the halves to be detached.

Among the most celebrated diamonds known is that called “the Regent.” It was brought from India by Mr. Pitt, governor of Madras, and its weight before cutting four hundred and ten carats. By that process, which occupied two years, it was reduced to one hundred and thirty-six carats. It derives its name from the Regent Duke of Orleans, who bought it in 1718 for \$675,000. By Napoleon it was placed in the hilt of the sword of state, which was captured by the Prussians at Waterloo.

The famous Koh-i-noor, or “Mountain of Light,” is another remarkable diamond. According to Hindoo tradition the stone was found in the mines of Golconda and worn in the diadem of Kama, Rajah of Argon, 900 B. C. Early in the fourteenth century it was added to the treasures of Delhi by the Patan Monarch, Aladdin. When Travernier was in India, 1678, he saw it in the treasury of the Emperor Arungzebe. The Persian conqueror Nadir Shah saw it glittering in the turban of the vanquished Mohammed Shah, and proposing an exchange of head dresses, bore it away with him and gave it the name by which it is now known. On the assassination of Nadir it passed through the hands of Ahmed Shah of Cabul to Shah Shijeh who paid it as the price of his liberty to his conqueror, Runjeet Singh, the “lion of the Punjab,” in 1813. When the Punjab was conquered after the Sikh mutiny, the Koh-i-noor fell into the hands of the English, and was presented to Queen Victoria in 1850.

Neither of these diamonds is so large as the one that was so long in the possession of the sultan of Matan, in the island of Borneo. This celebrated stone weighs three hundred and sixty-seven carats, and its estimated value is \$3,500,000. The Dutch governor of Batavia proposed to give \$230,000, and two gun-boats with stores and ammunition complete, for this wonderful jewel; but the offer was refused on account of the Rajah's belief in the talismanic properties of this diamond, and consequent dependence of the fortune of his family on its possession.

There are three other great diamonds in the world, that is, taking a hundred carats as the minimum, each of which has a history. There is the splendid diamond found in Brazil thirty years ago, and carried to France, which is called the “Star of the South.” In its rough state it weighed two hundred and fifty-four carats. Its general form is a rhomboidal dodecahedron, and upon its faces are impressions which appear to have been made by other diamonds, so that the whole was probably a group of diamond crystals. The Orloff diamond purchased for the czarina Catherine II., of Russia, is said to have once formed the eye of a famous idol in a temple of Brahma at Pondicherry. A French deserter robbed the pagoda of this valuable stone, climbing into the building at night. After passing through various hands it came into the possession of a Greek merchant, who received for it from the empress \$450,000, an annuity of \$20,000, and a title of nobility. The diamond is about the size of a pigeon's egg, and weighs one hundred and ninety-five carats.

The history of the Sanci diamond excels all the others in romance. This is the famous stone that belonged to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who wore it at the battle of Nancy, when he lost his life, January 5th, 1477. After the battle it was found by a Swiss soldier who sold it to a French nobleman of the name of Sanci, in whose family it remained a hundred years. In 1581, Henry III., of France, wishing to replenish his exchequer, borrowed the diamond in order to pawn it. M. Sanci intrusted the precious gem to a faithful servant, but neither the diamond nor the servant reached the place of destination. The king at first was disposed to blame M. Sanci for intrusting so valuable a jewel to a menial, but the latter had perfect confidence in the honesty of his servant, and his fears took another direction. Search was made, and it was discovered that the valet had been attacked and slain by robbers and his body buried in the forest. M. Sanci had the body opened, and the diamond was found in the man's stomach, he having swallowed it to save it from the robbers.

—People seem to be contented with “pretty good,” “well enough,” “as good as the average,” “all that is required;” and they are apt to shelter themselves behind one or other of these phrases, if you try to arouse them to something better. This weakness, this failure to come up to any thing more than what is merely passable, seems to be a want of courage, combined with a want of energy—in plain language, a mixture of cowardice and laziness.—William Everett.

—God bless the cheerful person—man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house, by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously about their silent mission, brightening up so-

ciety around them with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them; we love the nature of their eye, the tone of their voice. Little children find them out, oh! so quickly, amid the densest crowd, and, passing by the knitted brow and compressed lip, glide near, and laying a confiding little hand on their knee, lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces.

## The Conservatory.

### CLOVER-BLOOMS.

I've read of roses till I tire of them,  
Of daffodils and myrtle-blossoms too;  
I'd rather have a fresh, sweet, homelike gem  
Like this I hold, unackneyed, pure and new;  
My taste is rude; I like not hothouse flowers—  
Art more than nature breathes in their perfume.  
They are unlike these children of the showers  
As carnage is unlike a natural bloom;  
Poor exiles, city-born and city-bred,  
They tell no tales of nature's dewy bowers;  
Were I a bride, this morning to be wed,  
I'd slight these everlasting “orange flowers,”  
Of which, since Eve was bride, we've heard and read,  
And loop the bridal veil with clover-blooms instead.  
—Florence Percy.

### FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

#### Number Thirty-six.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

**I**N THE November, 1885, issue of THE HOUSEHOLD, M. M. asks for explicit directions for running a fernery. Another lady writes for me to tell her through these columns how to construct a simple and inexpensive wardian case, and to name plants most suitable for filling it. I presume that both ladies refer to one and the same thing, as they are supposed to be identical, but whether a wardian case can, with propriety, be called a fernery, or *vice versa*, is a point we will not stop to argue at this writing.

In giving directions for making a cheap wardian case, I fear I shall not make myself understood, because my descriptive powers are not of a very high order. I can see at a glance how a thing is done, but I haven't the faculty of imparting that knowledge to another in a lucid manner. However, I will do the best I can.

A friend of mine has a case that her husband made for her. It is simple but a very pretty ornament, and it was gotten up at a small cost. The wood work is pine, stained black walnut and varnished. The case is one foot in width, sixteen inches long, and stands completed about two feet high. The bottom part—that containing the earth—is seven inches high and is lined with zinc. It stands upon legs two inches high. The glass covering is sixteen inches high, and tapers a little at the top. The glass is not made fast at the corners, but is slipped into the grooves of the frame, and can easily be removed when it needs cleaning.

The cost of the walnut stain and varnish was fifteen cents, of the zinc pan to fit inside, fifty cents. This can be made by any tinman. The cost of the five panes of glass was one dollar, making an outlay of only one dollar and sixty-five cents in money. Surely, at this low rate we need not sigh in vain for a wardian case, for any husband or son with ordinary ingenuity can make a case of this kind, and, indeed, it is a pretty household ornament for sitting room or parlor. It is not cheap-looking, as one might infer from my description; my pen cannot do it justice.

If one feels like paying a little more for a fern case, it can be made larger and the real black walnut wood substituted for imitation. For larger cases the roof may be formed of four sloping sides, with a flat top, one side of which should be fixed on hinges to give ventilation. I much

prefer the sloping roof, as one can use taller growing plants in the center, and so grade them to the outer edge that all may be seen at a glance. The effect of such an arrangement is charming when the plants are judiciously chosen.

The soil for a fernery should be rich and porous. A good mixture is composed of one part silver sand, one part thoroughly decayed barn-yard manure, and three parts leaf mold, well mixed together. Fill into the box an inch or more of broken bits of charcoal for drainage and the soil upon this. After the plants are in, water just enough to wet the roots thoroughly, but not enough to soak the soil.

The care of a fern case is very simple. The main requirements are plenty of light without sunshine, an even temperature and care in watering—to know just when to supply it and when to withhold it. The water which evaporates, will condense upon the sides and top of the glass in very small globules. If large enough to form drops, too much has been given; in that case let the top remain off until the soil is a little dryer, but so long as there is moisture upon the glass, no more water is needed.

The selection of plants is a matter within certain limits to be left to individual taste. The most important point is to grow together only such as require the same amount of light, heat and moisture. And again, we should never mix tender exotics from a warm, sunny clime, with the hardy natives of the northern states. A case planted with the one or the other may prove a satisfactory experiment, but the two should never be combined.

In arranging the plants, the tallest should be placed in the center, the smallest at the edge that all may be distinctly seen, but there should not be enough to crowd each other.

Concerning the question of air, I find there is a diversity of opinions among cultivators. Some say they should be airtight and kept closed at all times. Others say open the case once a week to admit fresh air. Another, the case should be left open an hour or two every morning. And yet another, ten minutes' airing of the plants every day is necessary to keep them in a healthy state. My own experience is, that plants in a fernery need air as well as water, but ten or fifteen minutes every morning will suffice.

Of course, it will be understood that opening a case a little while every day allows the moisture to escape and necessitates a greater supply of water. But as every cultivator of a fernery gives the result of his own experience, and another method may be as successful as my own, I leave it optional with the readers to select their own copy, for whether a fernery will flourish best with or without fresh air is a question that every intelligent owner can soon decide for himself.

If cultivated plants are preferred to fill a case, the following will be found among the best for that purpose: *Aspidistra variegata*, *anthericum vitatum*, *begonia rex*, in variety, *croton undulatum*, *cyperus variegatus*, *dracaena terminalis*, *ficus repens*, *Fittonia argyroneura*. Small growing palms are pretty for the center, if one has a large case particularly *pritchardia filamentosa*, and *cocos weddelliana*. Ferns are also beautiful, and how are we to have a fernery without them? The golden variety, *gymnogramma chrysophylla*, and silver leaf fern, *pteris argyrea*, are small growing, and may even find room in a small case to unfold their beautiful fronds.

I have given the names above for the benefit of those who are able to buy them, but to those interested in ferneries who are not so circumstanced, I am happy to say, we can have a pretty display without one single variety in the above list. There is an abundance of suitable plants

for filling a case to be found not only in the woods of Massachusetts, but in the woods and meadows of every state in the Union. We can have our choice of beautiful gems from the greenhouse of nature, and that individual must have a fastidious taste who can find nothing to suit in the generous display. I would not ask a prettier filling for a case than can be made of our small, graceful growing ferns, with a carpet of green mosses, with here and there a clump of *oxalis acetosella* with its pretty white flowers veined with pink, or the *Mitchella repens*, better known, perhaps, as partridge vine, with its brilliant scarlet berries, forming a charming contrast with the green mosses.

But as the flora of the several states differs somewhat, I will not fill any more space by giving the common or botanical names of the different genera and species, for every devotee of the goddess Flora is supposed to know the one, and if they are not familiar with the other, it would not help them to a selection were I to recommend the *phegopteris dryopteris*, or *struthiopteris Germanica*.

There is one advantage in filling a case with native plants; there is no outlay in money, and if one variety does not thrive well we can discard it for another until we find what kinds are best adapted to the warm, moist atmosphere of a closed case. But if we had paid five or ten dollars to have a fern case filled, their loss would be a matter of regret, for no other florist would treat us as generously as Dame Nature who supplies us gratuitously.

A fernery that is kept growing the year round should have fresh soil when stocking it for the season of winter, and fresh plants when native varieties are used.

Elmwood, E. G., there are two ways for converting the carrot into an ornament for the window. If you want a hanging basket, select a large one, and cut off a third of the root, scrape out the inside until only a shell is left, fill with earth, plant with some pretty vines, and suspend by cords in a sunny window. Keep the earth moist, and the foliage of the carrot will continue to grow from the top, or rather the bottom, as it is now upside down, and curve upward covering the body of the carrot, and for a time this simple basket is an interesting ornament.

To grace a bracket at the side of a window, cut off the root within three or four inches of the foliage, plant it in a pot of rich soil, just as nature intended it to grow, keep the soil moist, and when it gets to growing well the beauty and luxuriance of its foliage will astonish you. It looks quite unlike a carrot, more like some beautiful variety of fern, for which it is frequently taken.

Sweet potatoes I plant in soil, and set where they can feel the heat of the kitchen stove, until they come up, then I set them on a wall bracket where the light is good but no sun reaches them. A small potato does better for me than a large one. I plant it whole.

To plant seeds on batting, fill a tumbler two-thirds full of water, and place some cotton upon it, and lay your seeds upon the cotton. As soon as the moisture strikes through the seeds will sprout and grow.

To grow seeds in a sponge, cut it the desired shape and tie a cord around the center so that it will balance evenly, then moisten and sow your seeds upon it, and hang at a window. It must be kept moist before and after the seeds are growing, for there is nothing in a dry sponge to sustain a plant. Grass seed is best for this purpose, as it will grow readily, but like all such perversions of nature its day is short.

Your question relating to an aquarium I will leave to some one who can speak from the vantage ground of experience,

as I have never cultivated the acquaintance of fishes.

Mrs. S. P. Farnham, there are several methods of preparing and heating hot beds, but the most simple and popular one is that of heating with manure, and is briefly described as follows: A hot-bed consists of a wooden frame, generally six feet wide and from six to sixteen feet long. One side should be six or eight inches higher than the other, the frame subdivided by cross bars, and each division covered by a glazed sash. The sides and ends should be joined by hooks and staples to admit of its being taken apart and stored away when not required. The frame should face the south or southeast.

Fresh stable manure in which there is plenty of litter is most suited for hot-beds. There should be at least one-third litter in the heap. If this is not in the mass in sufficient quantity, add leaves or tan bark, shake it up and mix it well together, adding water if at all dry and musty, and throw it into a compact heap to ferment. Let it remain a week and then work it over thoroughly as before, and water if necessary. Where the ground is quite dry, a very good way is to dig a deep space about eighteen inches deep, and put in the manure, tramping it firmly and evenly. If early in the season it should be heaped above the ground about eighteen inches, but later in the season the manure below the surface will be sufficient. On this place the frame, which should be smaller than the heap of manure. Get a lot of boxes five or six inches high, sow the seeds in these, and place them on the manure inside the frame. This is much better than to fill the soil in the frames.

Great care must be taken after the plants appear to prevent them from becoming scorched or slender. During mild, sunny days the heat inside the frame will be intense, and unless air be given freely, the plants will wither and die. On the other hand there is often a cold spell after the hot-bed is set up, and when this prevails, the frames should be protected with old carpets, or whatever one may have convenient, so that the soil inside may not become too cold and thus cause the seeds to rot or the plants to die. As the season advances and the rays of the sun become more genial, give the glass one or two coats of whitewash.

The *hydrangea variegata* delights in a shady situation. It will not thrive in full sunshine. If grown in a shady place and watered frequently, it generally gives one no cause for complaint.

*Abrobra virdiflora* is a half-hardy perennial gourd, with deeply cleft, rich, deep green leaves, white, fragrant blossoms, and oval-shaped, brilliant scarlet fruit. It grows about five feet high, and is a very effective climber. It should be lifted in autumn and preserved in dry earth until spring.

*Torreria Asiatica* requires a high temperature in winter and should not be watered but sparingly. During the summer season it grows easily and is one of the finest basket plants we have.

#### BIRDS OF PUGET SOUND.

Puget Sound is not noted for its bright colored birds, or beautiful singers. The meadow lark, of a brown color with a yellow shield, spotted with black on its breast, is the first to send forth its sweet note in the meadows and marsh, reminding us of the opening spring, seemingly desiring to draw us from our winter quarters to share in the warm sunshine, and list to its beautiful note.

We have two kinds of robins, the common robin redbreast, and the English robin, a slate color with black head and yellowish red breast, only visiting us in winter, sometimes venturing to pick up the crumbs at the door.

There is no such good luck as the saucy jay bird left out of any country. While we were digging potatoes he occasionally carried off one as large as himself, watching the opportunity of slipping into the barn door or window, for a good meal of grain, which he is welcome to, but is not satisfied till he flies to the nearest fence post dropping it all, and then back for another fill.

The yellow hammer, a large brown bird, with a half moon of black, on a yellow breast, with yellow and brown striped wings, is noted for its desire to destroy fruit, especially apples. He will eat a whole apple in a few bites, in a short time will leave but a few perfect ones on a tree, and being a very daring bird, it is impossible to frighten them with scarecrows.

The black crow and magpie are carrion birds. The mischievous magpie is a haughty, chattering bird, rather pretty looking, with his black coat and black and white wings and long tail. They build their nests in the tops of our tall evergreens a hundred feet or more from the ground.

We occasionally catch a glimpse of the small blackbird with red spots on the wings, in the fall, but they do not tarry long in these parts; they are very sweet singers.

A small, light blue bird inhabits our woods, but is very shy, as is also a little wren that makes its home in the low brush. The black headed snow bird hops near the door and sometimes on the window, in frosty weather, or when there is snow, waiting for the crumbs thrown from the table.

One of our prettiest looking birds is a woodpecker, very black with a bright red head, which some of our milliners would grasp for trimmings, as some of the other birds could be used in like manner, and are very fashionable this winter. The partridge wings are in demand also. Woodpeckers are very common here, and their pecking on trees, from twenty to thirty feet in circumference, fifty feet from the ground, would be a curiosity to eastern people.

A. SMITH.

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some kind sister tell Bessie how to take care of a lemon verbena through the winter? It is "sulking" and won't grow. How much frost will it bear?

SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—How is the China primrose best kept over summer? (as it is a winter plant.) New Brunswick, N. J. MRS. KEE.

Will some one of the sisters please tell me if gloxinia bulbs require rest after blooming, and if they live a number of years, and do they flower more than once a year? I have my first bulb and would like to know how to care for it. Do the bulbs increase, or are they only raised from seed?

MRS. D. N. WARE.

Will some one who has succeeded in getting blossoms from ixia and sparganum bulbs, tell me if they need any special treatment, or can be kept as cool as hyacinths and narcissus? Mine have grown well but show no signs of blooming. I have kept them in a sunny, rather warm room.

Providence, R. I.

A. Y. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—To the lady who asked for information in regard to care of parrot, in September number, 1885, I will say, I have a green bird with red breast and blue wings, now two years old. When he was six months old he began to talk, and now he will say nearly every thing that is said to him, or that he hears. I only talk to him as I would to a child. If I really wish him to say any thing I say it to him slowly and distinctly until he learns to repeat it. He understands what is said and will mind better than many children I have seen. I feed him all kinds of fruit, carrots he loves, cabbage leaf, crackers and milk or water; seed I give him is mixed, unshelled rice, hemp and sunflower seeds, some give them meat, I do not unless chicken bones, without much meat on them. We think a great deal of him as he was one present from a good mother. I hope this will be in time to be of a little use. I add that my bird sings quite nicely to baby.

ZETTA.

Middletown, Conn.

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## The Nursery.

### MY LITTLE MAN.

I know a little hero, whose face is brown with tan,  
But through it shines the spirit that makes the boy a man.

A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win its way;  
It does me good to look at him and watch him, day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor and sews for bread,  
"She's such a dear, good mother!" the little fellow said.

And then his eyes shone brighter—God bless the little man!

And he added: "Cause I love her I help her all I can."  
Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove the love you bear

To the mother who has kept you in long and loving care;

Make all her burdens lighter; help every way you can  
To pay the debt you owe her, as does my little man.

### FIVE LITTLE HEROES.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

SHOULD you like to know about them? Well, then, I must tell you as truly as I can, although I do not know their names and have never seen their bright, pleasing faces. Their history was related to me by a near friend, and I instantly thought of the Band of young HOUSEHOLDERS who might like to read of the brave, sweet lives of the five small brothers.

I have seen the father of the boys, and he is an honest, industrious man, esteemed by his employers. He was bereaved by the death of his wife some time ago, and became at a loss what to do with the five little treasures of humanity which she had left to him. He loved them very dearly, you may be sure, and he wanted to make them as comfortable and as happy as though he had every means in his power towards that end. But what could he do? How could a man take the place of a mother to those young children, even though he be their own father?

Martin did the best he could, however, keeping his precious flock together until his heart failed him. There was so much to think of and to do for them. He was a poor man, but earned steady wages. These he found scarcely sufficient to supply so many mouths with food, and so many lively feet with shoes and stockings, particularly in the cold of winter. Of course, he did not know how to mend and make over garments, or how to contrive untold ways of economy in the household expenses as his helpful wife had done when alive. He was simply doing what he could out of his big, generous heart, for the deep love he bore to his children.

When the struggle became too hard, and Martin feared the little fellows must go hungry and unclothed if he could not do better by them, he thought what must be his endeavor, but with a very sad heart. The oldest boy had been taking the part of a mother to the younger four every day when their father had to go to his work some distance off. Can you imagine how difficult a task this was for a lad that himself needed a mother's tender care and direction? Oh, my little friends! if you have mothers living, as many of you have, love and help and cheer them all you can, for the good they are doing you. If you have a loving mother she is your best earthly friend, dear little reader, and you cannot prize her too faithfully.

Martin missed his wife more and more as time moved on and his home cares increased. He saw that the mother-boy was unequal to the charge of so many children, he but a child himself. So the good man went from place to place to see whom he could find to take in his little ones and give them homes. He succeeded. Still the affectionate brothers had got to be separated, and that seemed very hard, not to speak of the pain of

leaving their father in his own desolate house. How would he feel on coming back from his work evenings not to be greeted by five little voices, and to have no little ones to hug, and hold upon his knees, while they told the adventures of the day? Somebody else would listen now to the childish stories and prattle, not he.

Martin had to appear more courageous than he felt before the five boys, but his sadness, he was determined, should not hinder their welfare. He took some of his earnings to buy each of the boys a suit of new clothes, and when these were found to fit nicely, he hired a carriage to take the boys himself to their new abodes. You see he had a mind to do his last kindness for them in as good style as he could, so that their last hours with himself should be pleasantly memorable. But before he sought their new places, he drove to the house of a lady who had been very kind to him, to show her how well his dear sons could look, clothed so finely. All of the lads had bright faces, as I have previously told you. But two of them were as handsome as beautiful pictures, and the kind lady could not help admiring them every one, so fresh and trim and smart they appeared.

Then the good Martin drove away with them again, leaving the oldest boy first at his place, likewise the second, and so on, until each had been disposed of, and he was left alone in the carriage. His manly heart grew weak and lonely. Do you wonder if his eyes filled with tears, as he said the last fond good by, and turned the horse homewards? Would it be home do you think to him, without the lively forms and the merry faces all about him?

You must not for a moment think that Martin was sorry for what he had done. He felt that it was better for the boys to go where they were to have comforts, and learn to be useful, since they would have to be dependent upon their own exertions very early at the best. He could not afford to put them in school, though, doubtless, he would have liked to have had them learn from books as most of you, my young friends, are doing every day. He hoped that they would each find a cheerful home, and be provided for liberally by those who had taken them in, counting himself blessed, to have met with such success in his undertaking.

Well, dear readers, I should like to look upon your faces, when you learn the result of all Martin's painstaking for his five sons. Perhaps you would have liked to behold my own face as I listened to this part of the interesting tale. Five little heroes had gone out into the world to seek their own fortunes, as it were, and how long do you suppose they were in getting each his fortune? In less than as many days as there were boys, these brothers met again under the roof of their father. And what do you suppose they brought to fill his house and heart with plenty and with gladness? Nothing in the world but themselves, the clothes upon their little bodies, and—the love and longing within each loyal heart. Truth to tell, each homesick little fellow had either run away, or begged to be brought home. Was that not a compliment to the kind father? They could not remain from him one week! I confess I could not have blamed them, for love is mightier for comfort than a mere house, or food and clothing plenty. Do you not agree with me? Perhaps in some visit away from home, unaccompanied by either of your parents, you have been homesick enough to appreciate somewhat of these tiny heroes' feelings when they felt cast from all they held most dear.

I hope that you will not think I have wrongly entitled the small brothers "heroes," because they failed in the duty set for them. Indeed, I am inclined to deem

them heroes all the more, in that they could brave hunger, bare feet and other hardships through the long days for the sake of the love they had for their father, and for the happiness of greeting him each night as he returned from labor.

The boys were older and stronger, of course, by the time I heard their story from my friend, which story she had no idea I would relate to you, my young readers, although I know she will be pleased if you enjoy it. I wonder how many of you prefer true stories. In my own childhood, my first question was "Is it true?" when any one began to tell me a story. And I have never regretted my early preference, for I have found through all the years of my life so much sorrow and pleasure in the world that needed sympathy, that I have learned how good it is to spend this upon real people, instead of upon imaginary. I do not intend, however, to discourage the young reader from enjoyment of any good story books, because many times the writers of stories which may seem wonderful and strange, draw their pictures from real life as they have seen and known it. In this tale of the five little heroes I have tried to win your sympathy with real little folks. The mother-boy still holds his position firmly, bound to keep the loving band unbroken.

A short time before Christmas, Martin had, I think, some extra money with his earnings, for he went to a store and bought five suits of new clothes, and brought them home one evening after his day's labor was done. If you and I could have been there to witness the rejoicing, I think that we should have come away much more grateful for our own multiplied blessings than is our habit of feeling.

Do you not think so? Just imagine the five boys all surveying themselves and one another in the new clothes, and fancy their feelings! One of the youngest little fellows was so overjoyed by his possessions that he took them to bed with him that night, and very likely he fell asleep clasping his coat and his—what shall I call them, "pants" or loons? The dictionary does not justify either word, but if pantaloons sounds too long or too "grown up" for little boys, let us compromise the terms by conforming to the English usage, trousers.

As I was riding in a horse car one day recently, I spied a small passenger whose face seemed very familiar, although, at first, I could not recall my acquaintance of a few months before. He had been my partner in a game of croquet one lovely July day, and handled his mallet quite skillfully for so youthful a player. He had on a plaid frock that day, so in the car I sat and wondered who could be the little man, in all the dignity of trousers, and at last made up my mind.

Another tiny fellow in frocks, who charmed me very much one bright, later month, has already begun his demonstrations against "petticoats." I might not recognize him, should I meet him otherwise clothed upon the street. But I shall not soon forget the day in which I saw him walking out with his pretty nurse, and he quickly knew me, pulling off his cunning velvet cap to me and my companion on the other side of the city street.

But now I close my story with an affectionate message to all the young friends whom I have never seen. May the loving Father above keep each tender heart in His own power, and win them all to trust completely in his care.

### A DISAPPOINTED FATHER.

When I was an unmarried, untried soul I often found myself smiling complacently in contemplation of the pleasing manners of the children I always knew I should have. They were to be model in-

fants. My whole household was to be well ordered, but the children thereof were to put to shame all the children then in existence.

I said over and over again in the presence of persons who have since laughed in my face over my perplexities, that my children should do so and so, and they should not do this, that and the other thing I had seen other children do.

Why, I once received a prize of ten dollars from a household magazine for a paper on "The Training of Children;" I did indeed. And that, too, before I had children of my own. It's lucky I did get it before I became a father for I could not, under existing circumstances, have the audacity to write such a paper now. My theory is good still, but my practice—why cannot I put into practice that most excellent theory?

When I was a callow youth of twenty-one, I would say to one of my married sisters:

"Why do you allow little Harry to do this? He is old enough to know better. If ever I have a boy I shall teach him obedience from the hour of his birth."

"Perhaps so!" my sister would remark in a somewhat caustic tone. "We will wait and see."

And she has seen me stand abashed and powerless in the presence of my three years old son. She has seen unquelled rebellions in my house, the very remembrance of which causes me to burrow so far down into the valley of humiliation that I fear I can never again exult in the vaunting spirit of my bachelor days.

One of my exploded theories was that it is the easiest thing imaginable to teach a child politeness. Politeness among children was one of my hobbies. I mentally pitied and upbraided the parents of children who refused to say "please," "yes, sir," "no, sir," and "thank you." This formula always exasperated me.

"Johnnie, what do you say for that?"

"What?"

"Why, Johnnie, don't you always say something when you are given any thing?"

Johnnie sticks his fingers in his mouth, pulls back, grins, but says nothing. Then the poor mortified parent says:

"Very well, Johnnie, if you can't say 'thank you,' as a nice little boy should, mamma will not allow you to have what the gentleman has given you."

Thus threatened, Johnnie twists himself around on one leg, pokes his whole fist into his mouth, and drawls out, "Tha-a-a-nk you."

"It is all nonsense to say that children cannot be taught better than that," I used to say. Mind, I used to say so. I don't have much to say on the subject now. People in sackcloth are usually very reticent. My boy says "Tha-a-a-nk you," after I have frowned and threatened him into doing so.

"But do you set your child a good example of politeness by being polite yourself?" some one asks.

Indeed, I do. We do, his mother and I. We prefix a suave "please" to every request we make of each other or of our servant, and we never forget to say "thank you," for the slightest service. Our son has had the full benefit of our pleasing example, and what is the result?

It is, "Give me this, papa," or "I want that, mamma," and I am so tired of saying and saying:

"Is that the way to ask, Johnnie?" Then comes the "please," and the request is granted. After that I must suffer a feeling of utter despair and abasement by asking:

"What do you say for that, Johnnie?"

I am told that all children act that way until they are past a certain age, but I don't believe it.

I do not like prim, stiff children. The

charm of childhood vanishes when children pose as "little ladies and gentlemen." But I do want my children to be well bred. How do other fathers and mothers manage? Mrs. Dane and I would like to know.

ZENAS DANE.

## HOW THE CHILDREN CAUGHT THE SUN.

BY F. M. COLBY.

## AN INDIAN LEGEND FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Anwee and Alcaya lived all alone in a little hut in the forest a long, long while ago. It was when the animals on the earth were more powerful than the men, and had destroyed all the people there were except these two children. They escaped because they were so small, and they lived in a secret place in great fear, as you may imagine, for all the animals were very huge and fierce indeed.

The little Alcaya was the oldest and was quite womanly. Her brother was such a little mite that a big hawk might have flown away with him. She took all the care of providing food for them both, gathered the fuel for a fire and made their clothes. As Anwee grew older, though he always remained very small, his sister made him a bow and several arrows which she adapted to his strength.

The next time the girl went out to gather fire wood Anwee went with her, taking his little bow and arrows. Alcaya cut up a dry tree that had blown to the ground, and after she had got an armful of wood started home, but the boy remained behind to shoot the snow birds that came to pick up the worms that had dropped out of the wood.

There was a large number of these birds, but Anwee had not had much practice with his bow, and though he tried a great many times, he did not succeed in killing one. He returned home feeling very much discouraged, but his sister told him that he must have perseverance and try again.

So when they went out the following day the boy took his weapons for another trial. That night he returned with one little bird which he gave to his sister with no small degree of satisfaction. Alcaya cooked half of the bird to season the porridge she made for supper, and the other half made them a breakfast the next morning.

In the course of a month the boy had shot ten birds, and their skins had been made by his sister into a pretty little coat for him to wear. Anwee was very proud of this garment, for it was gay with crimson, yellow and white feathers, and it was ornamented with shell and bead work so that he looked like a little prince.

One day he chanced to lie down in the snow when he fell asleep. He lay so long that he melted the snow all around him, completely saturating his skin coat, which, when the sun came out hot, was singed and shrunken so that it became too tight for him.

Now, Anwee was like some other boys I know of, and was very angry with the sun for doing what it had a perfect right to do, and he declared he would set a snare for him and catch him, to prevent his doing mischief any more.

He and his sister set to work to make a cord strong enough to hold so powerful a monster. It was a very long, laborious task, for they were so very small that they could not do much work in a day, but at last they succeeded in making a rope that the boy thought would do. A little after midnight one dark night Anwee set out through the woods to the place where he usually saw the sun rise.

He found the place easily enough, and making a cunning slip-noose in one end of his cord, he set it slyly among the trees where the sun was to come up. Then he ran back home as quickly as he

could, smiling at the thought of having his revenge so soon on the sun for shrinking up his feather coat.

His design succeeded very well. As the sun came up through the trees, wholly unsuspecting that any one cherished evil against it, he got caught in the noose and his beams became so entangled in it that he could not rise.

It made a very great disturbance, you may be sure, for as the sun could not get up out of the trees darkness continued upon the earth. The animals were very much frightened and ran about everywhere to find out what the matter could be. They were much surprised when they discovered that the sun was caught in a snare.

The sun was so enraged at being caught in this manner, and struggled so furiously to get away, that its heat scorched the leaves on the trees and even set the branches on fire. It seemed as if the earth would soon be in a big blaze. This affrighted the animals all the more, and they had a consultation to see what was best to be done. They all agreed that some sharp-toothed animal must go and gnaw the ropes that held the sun in confinement. But none of the animals offered to go for fear of being burned to death.

But something had got to be done and done quickly, for the sun was getting angrier and angrier, and it was growing hotter all the time. At last a dormouse which was the largest of all the animals alive, being three times larger than the largest buffalo, was persuaded to go. Being so large, I suppose they thought he would be better able to endure the heat, besides he would do the work quicker.

Rushing through the terrible heat and smoke, the dormouse set to work gnawing the meshes, and released the sun, but he was so dreadfully burnt in the operation that when he returned, from being the largest it was found that he had become the smallest animal of all. There was very little left of him.

And that is the reason why the dormouse is now so small. The fact of the little boy trapping the sun and causing so much mischief proved his superiority over the other animals, and since that day they have always been afraid of man. So it is said by the old people.

Warner, N. H.

## A BIRD LESSON.

No doubt the boys and girls have heard the chatter of birds in their nests and wondered what they could be talking about so earnestly. Here is little Nelly, walking in her father's garden in the cool of the evening, and she had observed the chatter of birds in the big apple tree in the rear of the garden. There was a wonderful flutter and disturbance in the old home nest.

"I don't want to!" snapped Tweet. "Why, my child! my child!" exclaimed Mother Bird in alarm, "can it be possible that a bird has learned to talk that way?"

"Well, I don't want to take my flying-lesson to-morrow, and I think you might let me do as I please one day."

"Why—why, Tweet, I don't understand this at all," said Mother Bird with increasing alarm. "I don't understand it at all. A bird say, 'I don't want to take my flying lesson!'"

"Well, I don't," said surly Tweet, crowding down into the nest as if determined never to leave it again if she could help it.

"What does it mean?" thought Mother Bird. Such a thing was never before heard of among birds. Where did she learn it? What could have put such an idea into her head? Why, I'm all of a tremble. This is the most shocking thing that ever disturbed the peace of a bird.

It's worse than a cat, and I never could have supposed that any thing could possibly be worse than a cat. And it's my Tweet—my Tweet, who says, 'I don't want to.' Oh, dear! I wish Father Bird would come home. I can't make it out at all."

And there sat Mother Bird all that long afternoon, thinking, worrying, her heart in a great flutter every moment because Tweet had said, "I don't want to."

When Father Bird came home she slipped from the nest, and after a while, when they were alone, she told him all about how Tweet had acted, and what she had said.

Now Father Bird had seen a great deal more of the world than Mother Bird, and catching a glimpse of a light print dress flitting about among the shrubbery of the garden near by, he felt sure that he had solved the problem at once. He spoke a few comforting words to Mother Bird, and then, without a word of the thought which was in his mind, he flew over the roof of the house near by.

Very soon a sweet faced mother came to the door and called:

"Come into the house, Nelly; it's too damp for you to be out any longer."

"I don't want to," replied the little girl whom Father Bird had seen walking in the garden. "It's nice out here and I want to stay longer."

"Not to-night, Nelly," said the mother very kindly, but firmly.

"Oh, dear! I don't want to go in now, and I don't see why I can't do just as I please for once."

"There!" said Father Bird, as he flew home through the gathering twilight. "It's just as I thought—Tweet had learned from this little girl to say 'I don't want to.' There's no telling how many more bad things that child may teach my birdies, and I must get them away from this place as soon as I can. I'll direct Tweet's flying-lesson to-morrow, myself, and just as soon as the little ones can fly far enough, we must go away from the little girl who teaches birdies to say, 'I don't want to,' to a good mother. And this is the last year I will build a nest near a house where children live. My birdies must not be where they can learn the bad ways of boys and girls."

I wonder how Nelly would have felt that night if she could have known what you and I know, little reader, about the Bird family who lived in the big apple tree near her home.—*Watchman*.

## A BOY'S RECOMMENDATION.

A gentleman advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it upon the table, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order; when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me."—*Our Home*.

—Would that men took the bible, at least Christ's sayings, more literally! There is such a world of every-day physical happiness as well as spiritual blessing in his warning, "Except ye be converted (that is, turned around, changed) and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Now, what can be nearer pure heavenly happiness than that enjoyed by a healthy, happy child, as he runs and leaps, delighting in God's free sunshine, the glorious sky, and delightful, invigorating wind? A few grown people know what it is to enjoy a run, to forget all cares and troubles in the very joy of living on God's beautiful earth, and so, at times, playing like children, find that kingdom which is "within you." But too many could not understand such a simple matter as a race, or an hour's skating, or a battle with the surf, giving one perfect happiness.

—Respect yourself by exhibiting the manners of a gentleman or a lady, if you wish to be treated as such, and then you will receive the respect of others.

## THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

I received a letter from a young mother a few weeks ago, that is too good to just fold up and lay away. She was traveling with the baby (eight months old when she left here in May,) about three months, and is now in Kansas. In that time she saw a good many babies, and was changing food and water constantly. She says:

"My little girl is the healthiest child I have seen this summer. People laugh at me for not allowing her to sit on the ground or floor, and taking so much trouble to fix her something to eat, but if you could see the difference you would be convinced which is the best treatment for a child. I never have given her a drop of medicine, only a little home-made blackberry cordial, and two or three drops of cholera cure. Most of the people I have seen this summer fill their babies full of paregoric, oil, soothing syrup, and all such stuff. But I have found condensed milk and cracker or cooked milk and wheat bread to be the best soothing preparation for babies. She eats one-half pint of sweet milk boiled and one biscuit, or the same amount of light bread or cracker in it, three times a day. I scarcely ever give her any thing to eat between meals. She nurses yet, of course. She will sit in her little rocking chair and turn through the scrap book you sent her for hours.

A. H.

Georgiana, Fla.

## SHY CHILDREN.

We ought to be tender with naturally shy children. The agonies these little people have to go through, they alone can understand. But those of us who have passed through the same ordeal, can remember what we suffered in our days of small beginnings and unused experiences, and by ourselves we can judge for them. To be told to go and speak to a stranger—to be taken between his knees and kissed by a big, dark man with a scrubby beard and a red nose—to be asked, when older, to repeat that bit of poetry which it is as much as the poor stammerer can do to say to his governess in camera—to be made to play that sonata before a proficient—to be sent down to dinner with a spectacled stranger who has a reputation—to be taken out to drive with a formidable old aunt who asks questions and finds fault—to be, in fact, initiated from childhood upwards in any of the necessary procedures of life—is to be simply tortured. We would not force a weakly child to take the exercise only natural to a healthy, strong and powerful one; nor should we force a shy child to moral exertion over-severe for its constitution.

—*Exchange*,

## The Library.

## IN ADVANCE.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

Now winter is fighting his battles  
With many an icicle lance,  
But I'm writing a "gentle spring" poem  
Which the editors wish "in advance."

It is full, as is usual, of "violets,"  
It alludes to the "robin's first peep,"  
Though a blizzard's a daily occurrence  
And the snow-drifts are seven feet deep.

But the editors—singular creatures,  
To whom I am bound hand and foot—  
Grasp at Father Time's typical forelock,  
Till it's nearly pulled out by the root.

For they get 'way ahead of the season,  
In a manner most wily and arch;  
So that while you are reading December  
They finish the number for March.

And he who would hope for acceptance  
Must strike up betimes with his tune,  
And sing harvest home in mid-winter  
And jingle his sleigh-bells in June.

So when my spring poem is finished,  
No rest does my weary pen get;  
I must write a review of a novel  
Which isn't itself written yet!

—Century.

## OUR POETS.

BY MARY E. IRELAND.

WHEN we read the writings of others, and gather from their thoughts instruction, comfort, encouragement or amusement, we instinctively feel that we would like to know more of the authors, and it is with interest that we peruse any floating paragraph that adds to our knowledge.

Therefore this article which will include a little sketch of two dear friends—between whom and myself correspondence has been maintained for many years—will be read with interest by those who have read and appreciated their poems and prose writings.

Mrs. Julia A. Carney, author of "Speak Gently to the Erring," and many other noble poems, was born in Lancaster, Mass., April 6th, 1823. She was the daughter of Joshua Fletcher, who was the son of Major Timothy Fletcher of the Revolution. Her maternal grandfather was named Warren and fought at the battle of Bunker Hill with his cousin, General Joseph Warren, who lost his life there.

Mrs. Carney—then Miss Julia A. Fletcher—began writing when but fourteen years of age; her contributions appearing regularly in the Boston Trumpet. She afterward wrote for the Ladies' Repository, and many other periodicals while teaching a young ladies' school in Philadelphia and a public school in Boston. When she was twenty-one years of age, she wrote, "Speak Gently to the Erring," which was first published in the Orphans' Advocate, a paper for the finding of homes for destitute children, in which work as well as prison reform, Miss Fletcher was much interested. The poem was widely copied, was set to music, included in hymn books, and has had influence for good upon many hearts.

Her poem "Little Things," was written as an exercise while taking lessons in phonography in Boston. The teacher had asked his class to give an exercise upon the blackboard allowing but ten minutes to complete it. In that time Miss Fletcher composed and wrote the first verse of "Little Things."

"Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land..."

She afterward added three other stanzas and the little waif by accident, was launched upon its journey through the world. A printer's boy came to her for copy, and having nothing else ready she gave him that. It was published, after-

ward set to music and has been sung and read by thousands of appreciative children as well as older people.

In Boston, May 1st, 1849, Miss Fletcher was married to the Rev. T. J. Carney, by the Rev. Otis Skinner, and went to reside in Wayne, Maine, her husband at that time being stationed there. Nine children were given them, five of whom have been taken from her by death. Her husband died in 1871 from injuries received from being thrown from his horse. He had left home upon some pastoral duty and was returning to spend the anniversary of their marriage with his family when the accident occurred.

Mrs. Carney has resided for many years in Galesburg, Ill., where her sons have attended college and engaged in business.

Mrs. Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr, the author of several volumes of poems, and many prose works, was born at Charleston, S. C., Feb. 13th, 1825. Her maternal grandparents were natives of France and resided upon the island of St. Domingo, but owing to an insurrection there, removed to Charleston. Their daughter married Mr. William Young Ripley, a native of Vermont, and a lineal descendant of Gov. William Bradford of the Mayflower puritans. This lady died when their daughter Julia was but two years of age, and Mr. Ripley removed to New York, and from thence back to his native state where he married a New England lady. He possessed a fine library, which in itself was an education for his young daughter, who early evinced a talent for poetry but had submitted nothing for publication.

She was married in 1847 to Mr. Seneca M. Dorr, a resident of Vermont, and prominent in public life. He took much interest in his wife's literary gifts, and without her knowledge sent a poem written by her, to the Union Magazine, which was accepted and published. From that time to the present, she has written several novels, many poems, essays, serials for magazines, and series of letters for different periodicals; and has won for herself an honored place in literature.

Their beautiful home is just out of the town of Rutland, Vt., and is named "The Maples." It is a large white frame building with a wing and a broad piazza on three sides of it in which the family pass most of their time in summer. The lawn contains several acres, and a broad meadow leads down to the beautiful waters of the Otter. Flowers bloom in abundance, and within, a library, lined on two sides

from floor to ceiling with books, pictures and other works of art, proclaim it a cultured and refined home. Within the past few months they have met with a great bereavement in the death of the devoted husband and father. Three sons and a daughter constitute the family of Mrs. Dorr. The daughter is married and living in a western town, and is a gifted artist.

Mrs. Dorr some time ago spent several months in Bermuda, and her latest prose work is a description of life in that beautiful island in the Atlantic. She has also a volume of poems in press to which she had given the name of "Four O'clocks," but ascertaining that another author had used that title, changed it to "Afternoon Poems."

## STORY OF A SONG.

Poems, like their authors, are sometimes the footfalls of fortune. Here is a case in point:

"Hannah Binding Shoes" was written some fifteen or more years since. Its author had just returned to her native town, Beverly, Mass., from a long sojourn on the prairies of Illinois, and was strongly re-impressed with the pictur-

esque brokenness of the sea-coast familiar to her early years, in contrast with the level region just left behind.

Riding with her sister and other friends, one summer afternoon, through Marblehead and Swampscott, a face at a window in a lonely house arrested her attention, and haunted her for weeks, linking itself, meanwhile, with the irregular line which forms the refrain of "Hannah Binding Shoes." The meter and the face were continually chasing each other through her head. To get rid of them, she one day sat down and imprisoned them together in the song which bears the above title.

She set no great value upon her work after it was done; but she was just then looking about for some way of earning money, and friends suggested that people were sometimes paid for writing verses no better than hers. Having no one to consult, she sent the song to the first paper that fell in her way—a weekly "Flag" of some kind, then published in Boston—signifying her wish to be paid, if it were accepted. In a day or two, it was politely returned, with the answer, "Rather quaint, but we do not pay for any third rate prose."

An old number of the Knickerbocker Magazine chanced to be lying near. "Why not send it there?" she asked herself; and at once wrote to the editor of that magazine, inclosing the song, signed with a *nom de plume*, and preferring the request which she had before made to the Boston editor.

The mail was closely watched for weeks, but no answer came, and she supposed that her letters and verses were lost amid the rubbish of the Dead Letter Office. Concluding that the fates were against her, she made no further pen-and-ink ventures, and soon after took a situation as teacher in a boarding school for young girls. Here she had been some three or four years, when the publication of the New York Crayon, awakened in her an aim to do something that would come up to its artistic standard. In leisure moments she frequently wrote verses, which were sent to that periodical, and which were always received by its gentlemanly editors with the kindest appreciation.

Looking over her papers one day a copy of "Hannah Binding Shoes" met her eye. Would not that do to send to the Crayon? At all events the editors could decline it, if they chose. It was revised and offered, and appeared in the next month's issue.

But she was soon after startled by letters from different friends asking, "What does this mean?" and inclosing a slip from the New York Tribune, in which the editor of the Knickerbocker publicly denounced "Lucy Larcom" as a "literary thief," saying that "Hannah Binding Shoes" had been printed in that magazine some years before.

This was her first intimation that her verses had ever reached their early destination. The above uncourteous appellation was her only acknowledgement of their reception. Such appellations cling, however, and nothing remained but to request the Tribune to make the matter right by a brief explanation, which would naturally shift the unpleasant epithet from author to editor.

This was done, and attention being thus called to the poem, it was widely copied, from the revised version of the Crayon. About this time it was also printed in "Folk-Songs," from an autograph copy requested of the author by Dr. Palmer.

The copy of this song in the Galaxy Advertiser for May of the present year is from the imperfect first draft sent to the Knickerbocker, never seen or corrected by the author. It contains many weak,

school-girlish lines, which a careful proof-reading would not have allowed to pass into print. It was probably never copied at all, until it appeared in the Crayon, and in Folk-Songs, where it stands, with the exception of a word or two, as it does in the recently published volume of Miss Larcom's poems.

Why "Hannah Binding Shoes" became so general a favorite was always a mystery to its author, who is known not to be over-fond of hearing it praised. But it needs only a glance to see which is the song, and which the imperfect sketch. And it seems a pity that after years of uncomplaining oblivion, the latter should be dragged to light as the true copy of a familiar poem.—*Exchange.*

## WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN READ?

What shall our boys and girls read? What out of all this sea of literature shall we choose for them? Many fathers and mothers who would shrink from allowing their children to be an hour in bad company, will thoughtlessly allow them to spend hours with books whose morality is, to say the least, questionable. As the holiday season approaches, when a book is an acceptable gift, I beg you to use the same judgment with regard to their suitability to their tastes and needs that you would in buying their garments.

I have for years given the subject much thought, and I am so situated as to be able to give my close observation to books as it is a part of my business. It occurs to me that a short list of safe reading may prove an aid to some *HOUSEHOLD* mother.

Let your bright, active boys read "Boy of '76" and "Old Colony Stories," by Coffin; "Zigzag Journeys in Europe," Nos. 1 and 2; "Boy Travelers in the far East"—these latter are books costing about \$3.50 per volume, but the Zigzag costs only \$1.00; "Stories of the Old Dominion," by J. E. Cooke—costs about \$1.00. Will they read history? Offer them Dickens' "Child's History of England." Boy's "King Arthur," "Boys of other Countries," by Bayard Taylor, and "My Kolulu," by Stanley, are entertaining also. Do you want stories? Holland's "Sevenoaks," "Arthur Bonicas-tle," and "Nicolas Minturn;" Dr. Chaney's "Tom: a Home Story," and "Fred Grant & Co.," "Young Surveyor."

Girls may safely read Mrs. Whitney's incomparable books, "Leslie Goldthwaite," "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "Real Folks," "We Girls," and "The Other Girls." Sophie May writes charming books, also—"Asbury Twins," "Quinnibasset Girls," "Our Helen," and "Doctor's Daughter," and Louise Alcott's "Work" and "Little Women," are good. "One Summer" is a readable story. "Cloverly" is a girl's story. "Little Moorland Princess," and "Old Ma'am's Secret," two of Miss Wistar's translations from the German, are charming.

For little children the Bodley books are cheap books and finely illustrated. My little children always like a bound volume of some favorite magazine.

LOUISE CARY.

## READING ALOUD.

If you ask eight persons out of ten now, they will tell you that they hate being read to. And why? Because from their childhood they have been unused to it, or used only to such a monotonous drone as robbed even the Arabian Nights of half their charm. The husband at the end of a hard day's work returns home to pass the evening absorbed in his book, or dozing over the fire, while the wife takes up her novel, or knits in silence. If he reads to her, or if he could tolerate her reading to him, there would be commun-

ity of thought, interchange of ideas and such discussion as the fusion of two minds into any common channel cannot fail to produce.

And it is often the same when the circle is wider. I have known a large family pass hours between dinner and bed time, each one with his book or work, afraid to speak above his breath, because "it would disturb papa." Is this cheerful, or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which the world can neither give nor take away? I cannot blame them, for they all read abominable; and it is enough to have endured the inflictions of family prayers, gasped and mumbled by the head of the family, to feel that listening to such a delivery for any length of time would exasperate one beyond endurance.

But it was not always so. In the last century—even as late as fifty years ago—reading aloud was regarded as an accomplishment worthy the cultivation of those (especially those who live in the country) with pretensions to taste; and it was, consequently, far more frequently found enlivening the domestic circle. There were fewer books, few means of locomotion, fewer pleasures of winter nights outside the four walls of the country parlor. The game of cribbage, or the sonata on the spinnet, did not occupy the entire evening after six o'clock dinner; and Shakespeare and Milton were more familiar to the young generation of those days than they are now—mainly, I feel persuaded, because they were accustomed to hear them read aloud. The ear, habituated to listen, is often a more safe conduit to the memory in youth than the inattentive eye which rapidly skims a page.—*Nineteenth Century*.

#### CONCERNING MODERN WRITERS.

Some of the very best modern authors are not writers by profession. Grote, author of the "History of Greece," is a banker. John Stuart Mill's greatest literary labors were done in the intervals of clerking at the East India House. William Morris, the new poet, and author of "The Earthly Paradise," is a sort of upholsterer, keeping a great shop for the sale of ecclesiastical and mediæval furniture and devices. Matthew Arnold, poet and essayist, has a place in the Board of Education. Sir John Lubbock, author of "Prehistoric Times," is a banker. William Robert Grove, author of "The Correlation of Physical Forces," is a busy lawyer, and for some years has been leader of the South Wales and Chester Circuit.

#### HINTS FOR THE SCHOOL ROOM.

Arrange the desks and seats in some way, so that each pupil can find support for his back and rest for his feet. It need hardly be supposed that this is impossible.

"Tinker" the window-frames, so as to be able to lower the upper sash a few inches. Get calico curtains, if there are no blinds; they will cost about ten cents each.

Cover all holes and ink-spots in the hall with white paper, neatly pasted on; but cover up no dirt that can be washed off. Let the floor be clean and the windows clear.

Tack engravings on the walls, the best you can find; wood cuts from newspapers are better than nothing. Inland boys like ships and steamers, and sea-scenes generally, while boys who live near the coast prefer hunting scenes, and rocks and woods. Maps of the country, the state, the county, the town, ward, and block are desirable.

On the ceiling, draw neatly—in charcoal, if you can do no better—the solar

system. Make the sun in red chalk, give the planets their relative size and orbits; let a bushy, red-tailed comet enliven the sketch. On the side walls draw a long black line, five and a half yards long, to represent a rod. Divide the line into yards, one of the yards into feet, and one of the feet into inches. In various spaces otherwise unoccupied, draw distinctly, a square yard, a square foot, a cubic foot, an equilateral triangle, and other similar outlines. Let the walls be covered with instruction and amusement for the eye. At first these figures will attract attention from studies, but in a few days the novelty will have worn off, and although they may attract, they will not distract.—*Exchange*.

#### CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of the readers send me, or tell me where I can procure a song the chorus of which is something like this:

"Wandering home, wandering home,  
Soon we shall wander no more," etc.?

I will gladly return the favor.

Whitewater, Wis. MINNIE MC MILLEN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band please send the words to the song entitled, "The Linden Tree?" One verse is as follows:

"In the twilight my darling is waiting,  
And has long, long been waiting for me,  
While I pine in this dungeon of horror,  
Nellie waits 'neath the old linden tree."

I will repay the favor in any way I can.

MISS PHEBE C. LLOYD.  
Rathboneville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader send me a poem by James Whitcomb Riley, entitled "Old-fashioned Roses?" One stanza runs as follows:

"They ain't no style about 'em,  
And they're sort 'o pale and faded,  
Yit the doorway here without 'em,  
Would be lonesomer, and shaded  
With a good deal blacker shadder,  
Than the morning glories makes,  
And the sunshine would look sadder  
For their good, old-fashioned sakes."

If some HOUSEHOLD sister will send it to me with a list of poems she would like, I might have some among the number she mentions to return the favor.

MRS. J. F. ENGEL.

Middleburg, Carroll Co., Md.

Will some of the sisters send me the words of "Must We Leave the Old Home, Mother?" and "When the Pale, Pale Moon Arose Last Night?" I will return the favor. MRS. A. A. RACICOT.

Roxton Pond, Que.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD furnish me with the words of the song which begins something like this:

"Two brown heads with tossing curls,  
Red lips closing over pearls,  
Bare feet white and wet with dew,  
Two eyes black and two eyes blue,  
Little boy and girl were they  
Katie Lee and Willie Gray?"

Any one sending me the lines I will repay by returning a like favor, or in whatever way they may wish.

MRS. N. L. SAULSBURY.

Box 795, Batavia, N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send me the words of the song commencing as follows:

"I'm but a little fellow now,  
Between three feet and four.  
But if I keep on growing fast,  
I'll soon be three feet more!"

I used to know it when a girl but I have forgotten nearly all the words. I will return postage and be much obliged.

MRS. JOHN LOOMIS.

S. Manchester, Conn.

#### THE REVIEWER.

JANUARY. Through the Year with the Poets. Edited by Oscar Fay Adams. Mr. Adams' second volume in this series is well up to the first in the character of the selections which go to make up the table of contents. The later as well as the older poets are represented. Several of the poems were written for the book, and especial care has been taken to make the entire contents as fresh as possible by gleanings from the field outside the anthologies. An excellent feature of the series is the index of authors in each volume, by means of which the reader can ascertain the date and place of birth of the different authors represented. Price 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

In her new book SOCIAL STUDIES IN ENGLAND, Mrs. S. K. Bolton has given a delightful sketch of the different branches of study and work pertaining to the higher education of women noted during two years' residence in the "mother country." Women in the colleges, in the art schools, as nurses, teachers and leaders of great philanthropic movements are winning their way to lives of usefulness and helpfulness, and Mrs. Bolton has done a good work in bringing this story of their earnest endeavor before the women of our own country. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

DECORATIVE AND FANCY ARTICLES is the title of an attractive little volume by Lucretia P. Hale and Margaret E. White, which gives directions for making three hundred pretty articles suitable for presents or for fairs. Many of the directions are made plainer by illustrations and all sorts of fancy work is touched upon from dainty aprons and other useful gifts, to wedding and Christmas gifts. A chapter of hints for fairs and bazaars will be appreciated by all its readers. \$1.50. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.

IN THE KING'S GARDEN is the title of a dainty little volume of verse by James Berry Bensel, among which the reader will find many favorite poems which have found their way into the magazines and papers during the past ten years. \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

COMMON SENSE IN THE CARE OF THE CANARY, by Mrs. M. E. C. Farwell, is a little book which will command itself to those who are interested in the care of birds. Minute rules are given for mating, the care of the cage, preparation of food, and the care of ailing birds, several prescriptions for such being given. To those who raise canary birds such guidance cannot fail to be useful. The book is illustrated and durably bound. Price 50 cents. New York: Murray Hill Pub. Co.

POULTRY CULTURE: How to Raise, Manage, Mate and Judge Thoroughbred Fowls, by I. K. Felch, is a large book profusely illustrated, containing complete information on the raising and care of poultry, the method of artificial incubation, the best and most healthful kind of coops, buildings, etc., which will be found of great assistance to the amateur or large dealers in poultry. Price \$1.50. Chicago, Ill.: W. H. Harrison, Jr., 315 Wabash Ave.

A new edition of CATHERINE OWEN'S COOK BOOK has just been published by Cassell & Co. New York.

We have received a copy of A CRIMSON STAIN, one of the "Rainbow" series of novels issued by Cassell & Co. New York. Price 25 cents.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February is as usual, a treat to the reader. "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky," by James Lane Allen, and "Living Balls," by Olive Thorne Miller, both with their full share of fine illustrations, are sufficient to make the number an attractive one. Every one will be interested in the happy conclusion of Mr. Howell's story, "An Indian Summer."

Prominent among the more solid attractions of the magazine is "The British Navy," by Sir Edward Reed, with its many fine illustrations of noted ships of war. There is a pleasing sketch of Florida travel by Henri Dauge, entitled, "Mr. Wegg's Party on the Kissimée." Charles Dudley Warner discusses in his usual able manner "Education as a Factor in Prison Reform," and S. G. W. Benjamin contributes a sketch of "The Tazieh, or Passion Play of Persia." There is a long installment of Miss Woolson's story, "East Angels," and excellent short stories by Kate Upson Clark and Mary E. Wilkins. The poems are by Dora Read Goodale and Charles W. Coleman, Jr. The editorial departments are delightfully filled. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

OUTING for February opens with a charming story of an old English castle under the title of "A Family Romance of the Time of Elizabeth," by A. T. Story. This is followed by the usual number of illustrated sketches of pleasure trips by wheel and yacht, stories and poems. Charles

Whiting Baker chats delightfully about "A Midwinter Thaw," and C. R. D. gives us a real glimpse of life in Japan in "Hints from Japanese Homes." The Outing Club, and other editorial departments are well filled with readable bits, together with notes on canoeing, shooting and other sports. \$3.00 a year. New York: Outing Publishing Co.

THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE for January offers a very readable list of contents instructive as well as entertaining. Devoted especially to the military, naval and civil service, it gives besides many excellent articles on such subjects, a pleasing variety of lighter matter, poems, etc. \$4.00 a year. New York: T. H. S. Hamersly, 835 Broadway.

WIDE AWAKE for February opens with a charming little poem by Mary Bradley, "The Nest in the Wind," the pretty illustration to which, forms the frontispiece. The three serials by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Margaret Sidney and C. R. Talbot are delightful, as all their young readers say. The usual variety of pleasing short stories and poems are given—among the latter all the children will read and laugh at "The Tale of the Crescent" which L. L. Robinson has translated from the German and its comical illustrations. The supplement and editorial departments offer much that is interesting and instructive. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for February opens with an illustrated poem, "My Little Lad and I," by Clark W. Bryan, followed by an interesting "Symposium" on the "Men Fit for Husbands" question, by ten writers, followed in turn by the usual amount of helpful and suggestive articles on subjects relating to home making and keeping. Several pretty poems are given, and the number is a most excellent one. \$2.50 a year. Published fortnightly. Holyoke, Mass.: Clark W. Bryan & Co.

We have received a copy of the JOURNAL OF MYCOLOGY for December, a little magazine devoted exclusively to mycological botany. Special attention is given to descriptions of the North American fungi, and the work will be found of great interest to botanists. \$1.00 a year, 15 cents a copy. Manhattan, Kansas. W. A. Kellerman.

BABYHOOD for February is full of helpful suggestions to young mothers and will be found a most useful addition to the home library. \$1.50 a year. New York: Babyhood, 18 Spruce St.

Among the many TRADE MARKS which have been brought to our notice, none to our mind is more beautiful, striking or suggestive of the business it heralds than that of MESSRS. LORD & THOMAS, the well known advertising agents of Chicago. We have received from this firm a handsome calendar with their Trade Mark printed in colors.

A handsome seed catalogue. We have just received from Johnson & Stokes, the well known seed growers of Philadelphia, Pa., their GARDEN AND FARM MANUAL for 1886. It is a beautiful book of eighty-eight pages, profusely illustrated, containing complete cultural directions and authentic descriptions of nearly 2,000 varieties of vegetables and flowers, including many valuable novelties. It cannot fail to prove of interest and will be mailed free to any of our readers who write for it.

GREGORY'S ANNUAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of plants and seeds is at hand, overflowing, as it always is, with good things for the flower and vegetable garden, the long list of new and old varieties of seeds, plants and bulbs, giving all a chance to find something desirable. Marblehead, Mass.: James J. H. Gregory.

COLE & BROTHERS' ILLUSTRATED SEED CATALOGUE for 1886 is in no wise behind its predecessors in the fine variety of seeds and plants it offers. Several desirable novelties have been added to the standard list for flower and vegetable gardens. Pella, Iowa: Cole & Brothers.

#### MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE CENTURY for February. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for February. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for February. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for February. \$4.00 a year. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co., 1510 Chestnut St.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for February. Published weekly. \$8.00 a year. Boston: Littell & Co.

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL for January. \$4.00 a year. Chicago: F. H. Revell, 150 Madison St.

ST. NICHOLAS for February. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE for February. \$1.00 a year. Brooklyn, N. Y.: The Brooklyn Magazine.

THE BOOK BUYER for February. \$1.00 a year. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PAPER WORLD for February. \$2.00 a year. Holyoke, Mass.: Clark W. Bryan & Co.

## THE KING OF THULÉ.

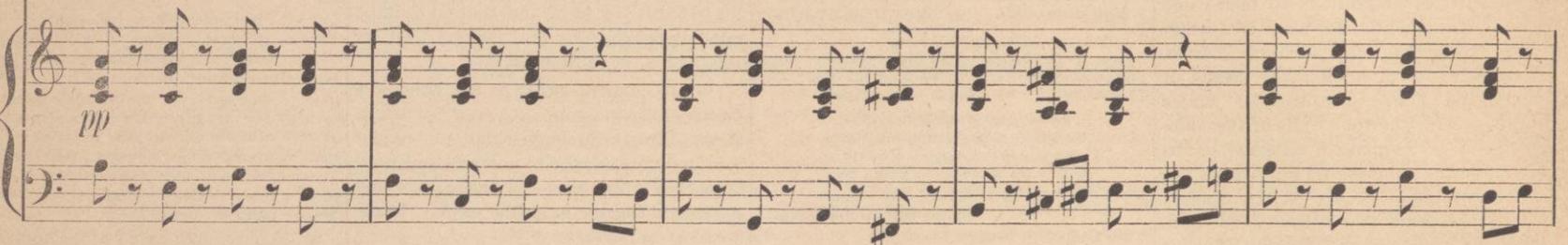
BALLAD.

OPERA, FAUST.  
*Sempre staccato.*

CH. GOUNOD.



1. Once there was a king in Thulé . . . Who was un-till death ev - er faith - ful; And for a sou - ve - nir  
 2. When he knew that death was at hand As up - on his couch he lay smi - ling, Then he commanded the



of his lov'd one, Had a cup of gold fine-ly wrought; Ne - ver trea - sure priz'd he so dear - ly, Ne - ver  
 cup brought to him, And a-gain he pledg'd his troth; And then in her praise and her hon - or, And when



Piu lento.  
 trea - sure priz'd he so dear - ly, Nought else he used on fes - tive days, . . . And it was seen when he  
 he to hon - or his la - dy, Drank from the cup the last, last time, . . . Then from his trem - bling



rais'd this cup, . . .

His eyes with tears were fast o'er - flow - ing.  
 hand it fell, . . . And gently fled his soul for - ev - er.



## The Dispensary.

## HOW TO GROW STRONG.

A HOUSEHOLD subscriber asks me to write about bathing, and first I will speak of the tub. The bathing tub generally in use, in city houses at least, is lined with zinc or some sort of metal. In many nice country houses we find bath tubs of well seasoned wood. The latter are much more conducive to health than the former, because the metal absorbs the electricity from the system, being a good conductor, in this case conducting away the electricity which is really the life. A lady of my acquaintance, wife of a prominent physician, is so particular about this that she never goes into a metal-lined bath tub, although she takes a daily ablution or sponge bath every morning, rubbing herself briskly from the head down. She is the picture of health and full of electricity and life.

Our health depends in a great measure upon the regular movement of electrical currents through the system. With most of us there is too much electricity in the head, not enough in the extremities and other parts of the body. This is especially true of men and women who have many cares and responsibilities demanding the long continued use of the brain. This result is also produced by the modern hot house system of education in many modern schools. Study and work are both good for the health. It is not study or work that kills or injures the body. It is overwork, undue haste, cramming the mind, worry, want of sleep and recreation.

Moderate exercise of brain or of muscle strengthens, excessive weakens and impairs. Now since there is this tendency of the vital electrical currents to the head, we can readily see that standing or sitting upon a metal bath tub would draw away the little electricity left in the lower extremities, and this is the fact.

The body, and especially the feet and limbs, should be clad in flannel or some good non-conductor, and before lying down to sleep at night it is a very good plan to rub the body briskly from the head downward with the hands, thereby throwing the current of electricity downwards from the brain.

The hands are natural magnets, the right hand being the negative pole, and cooling and repellent, and the left hand being the positive pole, and warming and attractive. Rubbing or stroking the body with the hands downwards in this way, quickens the circulation and produces warmth, draws the blood and nervous force from the brain, and promotes quiet sleep. Warmth and magnetism are only forms of electricity and electricity is the source of all power and life.

An eminent and very successful physician, Dr. Stevens, of Philadelphia, says that disease is nothing more nor less than the system out of balance electrically, be it little or much, from the slightest cold or derangement of the system until death ensues, only varying in degree. He says, "Disease is a unit and divided into two grand divisions. The first is a plus condition, with too much electricity, and attended with inflammation. The second a minus, with too little vitality or electrical action, and tending to paralysis."

The latter condition is no doubt oftenest the case with the thousands of weary, overtasked women who read THE HOUSEHOLD. They should therefore use every means to increase and keep in good order the electrical currents, the source of motion and life, for which they have such demand in every-day life.

One of the best things to do when the weary, worn-out feeling comes on, caused

by this lack of vital fluid, is to lean back in an easy chair and take up a good book or paper. There is a great deal of electricity in paper. Rest the elbows on the chair arms, and hold the paper with both hands. Read something interesting, but not too deep nor too exciting, and see how soon the electrical current begins running smoothly and evenly again. There will be a circuit from the head round through the hands and paper.

The feet must be kept warm night and day. This is all important. We cannot have refreshing sleep with cold feet, and without good, sound, natural sleep, there cannot be health. A warm freestone is an excellent thing for the health if the feet are apt to be cold. Wrap it in flannel. The feet in rubbing against the warm flannel will produce electricity which can readily be seen in the dark. I have a bag made of carpet which I use for the stone in the day time, and flannel bags to hold it at night. It is the greatest comfort in cold weather, and a very cheap luxury that any one may afford, for if a freestone is not to be had, I suppose a hot brick would do, or a flat-iron. But a freestone large enough to rest both feet upon is best. Such a one I have at my feet now while I write, for I do not care to sit in a warm room. This keeps me very comfortable, my head cool and my feet warm—the old golden rule for health.

Hair brushes made of wire are said to be useful in drawing the surplus electricity from the head and preventing headache from this cause. But it seems to me that the use of our own hands in drawing the currents downwards is better. Soaking the feet in hot water, a remedy so often resorted to for colds, etc., by our old nurses and physicians, is only one way of drawing the electricity down from the brain, and restoring the circulation to equilibrium, hence it is a good and philosophical remedy.

The old-fashioned mustard plaster was applied in order to attain the same result, and it certainly was more sensible than the taking of poisons into the stomach. But it may be that we can dispense with both by using milder remedies, such as keeping the body and extremities warm and full of electricity, wearing non-conductors for clothing, taking time for rest and recreation each day, and if we feel the need of it, many times a day, securing an abundance of sound sleep, admitting the sunlight to our rooms freely (the sun is the source of electricity) and above all striving by a prayerful trust in God and a loving charity towards all to keep the mind in that calm, cheerful state which is so favorable to the flow of the vital currents which give us life and health.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

## OPEN FIRES VS. STOVES AND FURNACES.

Among health topics, this is one of the most important. In this latitude perhaps no other is so vital.

In fitting up a house for my family, I should begin with, "An open fire is number one among house blessings." It should be of wood, in one of those generous, old-fashioned fire-places. How it fills the family group with a comfortable, social spirit! To supply the draught the air of the room is momentarily changed. The carbonic acid and other excretions of the animal body cannot accumulate; the room cannot smell close, even when crowded.

Strange the people will not have this delightful sun in their homes at any cost or sacrifice. And, pray, now, why not have it all back again? If a small part of the money we spend in various foolish fashions were given to the re-introduction of this good, old-fashioned bles-

sing, how much healthier and happier we should be!

Next to an open wood fire, the open coal grate is the best means of warming and ventilating. And if, with a good draught, the coal used be bituminous, it is a very excellent fire.

There has been a fearful increase of consumption, bronchitis, headache, and some other affections, since the general introduction of stoves and furnaces. If, with the higher degree of heat, the doors and windows are kept open during the entire season, as may be easily and comfortably done, the evil would not be so great, but, as generally managed, it is the gravest mistake in our physical life.

If in the window shutter of a dark room you open a small aperture, and look in the jet of light as it streams through the room, you will discover that the air is full of floating motes. The air of our houses is always crowded with these. In their ordinary condition they are not mischievous, but after they have been exposed to contact with a heated surface, they do poison us. Millions of these carbonized particles come from the stove or furnace to poison our lungs and blood.

If you would have good throat, lungs and nerves, sit by an open fire and keep as far as possible from stoves and furnaces. If you cannot escape those evils, wear more clothing, especially upon the feet and legs, and keep the doors and windows open.

Most people, even many intelligent reformers, have the idea that to sleep in a cold room is good—essential to health. It is an error. It is better to have an open fire in your bed room. The atmosphere is not only by this means constantly changed, but you will keep the window open, which will add greatly to the needed ventilation. But more than this, with the fire you will have fewer bed clothes over you, which is a gain, as a large number of blankets not only interferes with the circulation and respiration, but prevents the escape of those gases which the skin is constantly emitting. Even furnace or stove heat with an open window is better than a close, cold room. Interchange with the external atmosphere depends upon the difference between the temperature of the air within and that without.

But let us have the open fire. Let us go without silks, broadcloths, carpets, and finery of all kinds, if necessary, that we may have this excellent purifier and diffuser of joy in all our houses. In my own house I have three open grates, and find the expense very large, and if it were in any other department of housekeeping, I should feel I could not afford it; but in this I do not flinch, so important do I deem the open fire.—Dio Lewis.

A GOOD LINIMENT.—Mrs. J. Lunt, of Maine, asks for something good for sprains. I have a recipe for liniment that is excellent for all kinds of sores, sprains, etc. Take one quart of spirits of wine, two ounces of laudanum, and one ounce each of oil of amber, pennyroyal, and spirits of hartshorn. Mix all together in a glass bottle. MINNIE C. ROBINSON.

Gilead, Conn.

—Dr. Dio Lewis gives the following as a positive cure for stammering:

"The cure is simply this; The stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. It is best at the first lesson to read some simple composition, like one of David's Psalms, striking the fore-finger on the knee at each word; then read in a newspaper, beating each syllable. You can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, by hitting the thumb against the fore-finger, or moving the large toe in the boot. We doubt if the worst case

of stuttering would continue long, provided the sufferer would read an hour or two each day with thorough practice of this simple art, observing the same in his conversation."

## DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

A MOTHER. *Lunches.*—In general terms, I will say that I do not regard lunches of any advantage to adults. In reply to your reference to "hard work" let me say that no individual, under any ordinary circumstances, can be benefited by such lunches, since one may work so hard, particularly if the work is violent, as to diminish digestive power, under which circumstances, in the absence of appetite, sometimes occurring, it will be better to take even less food than usual, since undigested food is of no importance in the stomach, never nourishing, but always serving as an irritant. It is true that hard work increases the demand for food, as a means of restoring the waste of tissues caused by such work, but, even then, though the system demands food for repairs, it is of no service to take it, in the absence of a normal appetite, if it cannot be digested. (I will here say that such an "all-gone feeling," such a "faintness at the pit of the stomach," is no evidence of real hunger, but that they afford sufficient evidence that no food is needed, as they are but the remonstrances of an abused stomach. Such a supposed hunger is satisfied only by something "nice.") Three meals each day are enough, the last one being particularly a light one, which, ordinarily, will be followed by a good appetite in the morning, which is really the time for the heaviest one of the day, the whole system, including the digestive organs, being then rested and refreshed, if they ever are. (Of course, if one is a "watcher," being awake and active for the whole twenty-four hours, the meals may be appropriately taken, with the usual six hours intervening, if one has an appetite.) But, I must make an exception in favor of your children, though regularity of the meals is as important for them as for you. Within a few days after the birth, nursing or feeding—if the supposed mother is so cruel as to refuse to nurse on account of her prejudices—once in three hours is about what nature demands, giving seven meals in the day and night, not quite as often at night, which may seem enough if the father can work on three! The time between may gradually be increased during nursing, after which it will be generally sufficient to allow a lunch between the regular meals, one of a very simple character. This may be continued, perhaps, till a child is eight years of age, though I have known younger children to get along nicely with only three meals each day. More children and adults are practically starved from taking an excess, more than can be possibly digested, than from a deficient quantity, not very usual in this land of plenty. The starvation, in the former case, results from the fact that only a very small part taken can be digested, when the stomach is so debilitated as not to be able to dispose of more than one-fourth of the food crowded into it. Never take enough to produce discomfort. This is safe for all.

MRS. H. E. M. *Nervousness and Debility.* I am satisfied that much of your difficulty arises from indigestion, a decided dyspeptic tendency, producing the despondency. As you gave me but a very slight idea of your habits, the foods and drinks employed, I must decide as best I can, leaving some to conjecture. Your wakefulness I must attribute, in part, to a heavy and too rich supper, with the use of strong tea, which is able to induce wakefulness in any case. I recommend the wheat germ meal, without much regard to the manufacturer, for supper, the two more prominent objects being to favor the stomach, and to feed the starving nerves, as I suspect that your food is not of a kind to nourish the brain and nerves only slightly. I think that you are in the habit of using freely of very white flour, that bereft of most of its nourishment, the muscle and nerve food, more particularly, pastry being too prominent. You must be able to sleep more and have your nerves better nourished, or you will be in danger of the insanity of which you speak. You need such plain, nerve sustaining food, far more than you do the medicines and opiates of which you speak. Indeed, you need good, plain, and wholesome food, that easy of digestion, with proper care of yourself, conforming to the laws of health, more than you do medicines, both being more or less useful. This germ food is far more nourishing than the sadly impoverished white flour, thus robbed of its best constituents—simply to cater to the foolish demand for a white article—and should be largely used by the nervous, feeding the nerves, being far more sensible than simply quieting them when they should not be quieted, but allowed to sound the alarm till their owners are coaxed to treat them properly! You worry, you say, for fear that you may become insane, but this worrying will be one of the causes of such dreaded insanity. You should drink no tea or coffee, the cocoa shells taking their places. You need a very plain and simple diet, one which will well sustain your nerves and brain, with an abundance of pure air and sunlight.

## The Dressing Room.

## FASHION NOTES.

BY GOSSIP.

IT IS an old saying that one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, but the fashions of to-day are so diversified that to keep fully posted in their minutiae, requires as much thought and study as the mastery of an occult science.

Great latitude is allowed in the selection of fabrics and styles, but certain rules must be observed if one would be well dressed. A good modiste will never allow a patron to make a guy of herself, by the wearing of unsuitable materials and shapes, even though she now and then lose an unappreciative customer by her frankness.

Some of these cases are hard to deal with, as the tall, angular woman who insists on stripes and straight draperies; the fat one whom nothing but flounces from waist to heel or the most voluminous of bunchy draperies will content; the scrawny, sallow-complexioned maiden who wishes her reception gowns cut in the most extravagantly decolleté manner; the wasp-waisted lady who desires an anti-breathing, fifty pounds to the inch pressure bodice, and the little dumpling who resembles a bag of cotton with a string about the middle, who orders her basque covered with tucks, plaits or gathers. No matter what the dress may be, it must conform somewhat to the prevailing mode, and will then be stylish in so far as it is graceful and becoming.

Skirts are short enough to clear the ground easily, allowance being made in the back breadths for the bustle, so that the skirt is apparently the same length all around. An uneven or flapping skirt is never graceful. One properly cut requires no "tie-back," but if it is found necessary to add this, use elastic fastened to V-shaped bits of cloth placed rather high up on the back side seams of the skirt. All draped skirts have a lining, but later in the season many cotton and other thin goods will be made up without this. Two and one-fourth yards is the usual width of the foundation skirt for a lady of medium size; for a stout person it should be one-fourth yard wider. A two-inch foot plaiting is the almost universal finish, and many of the new imported costumes show three of these overlapping one another, and set on without heading.

The prevailing style for back draperies is to have a slight draping at the top, from this the cloth hangs straight, is simply hemmed or hemmed and tucked at the bottom, and seldom has any other trimming. Front and side draperies are varied, as a deep point cut high on the sides, a long, round drapery laid in deep side plaits meeting in the middle, tucked front breadths with box-plaited side panels, the ever popular apron scantily plaited at each side, and long side pieces caught up somewhat after the manner of panniers.

A unique costume just from Paris is of plain and striped woolen goods. The skirt is made of the plain material and perfectly plain. The front and sides are ornamented by five breadths of the striped goods, each made into a single box plait, and hanging by itself straight from the waist, one in the middle of the front and two on each side. The back drapery is formed of two striped breadths sewed each side of a plain one, and long enough to reach the bottom of the skirt. This is gathered at the top and hangs perfectly straight, except for a number of curved shirrings that confine it and cause it to fall over the *tournure* in a graceful manner.

A lovely house dress was made of rich garnet cashmere, cut princess, the back puffed for about fourteen inches below the waist. The front has a plaited vest of the material extending from top to toe. These plaits meet in the center and are narrowed at the waist line so as to be crossed and confined by an elegant two-inch clasp of silver set with garnets. The vest widens at top and bottom to give a good form, and has fanciful bows of rich picot-edged garnet ribbon set at intervals from waist to bottom. Similar bows are used on the sleeves and at the throat; collar and cuffs of velvet. The bottom of this dress was finished by a three-inch cluster plaiting headed by three tiny tucks done in the skirt. The plaiting ended where the vest was set in. No buttons. The garment was lined throughout and was both rich and comfortable, just such a dress in fact as every woman ought to have in her wardrobe.

Very pretty independent jackets for wear during the spring and even on cool summer days are fashioned of striped Jersey flannel cut perfectly plain and of medium length. These should have no trimming except the buttons necessary for closing, and the elegance of the garment depends entirely upon the fit and make.

For heavy woolen goods bodices are plain or have only revers, while on those of lighter material folds extending from the shoulder seam to below the bust or even to the waist line are used for tall, slight forms. Collars continue close, stiff and high, and biases are as high as is consistent with ease and grace. Sleeves show but little change and have only sufficient fullness at the top to prevent that unsightly, drawn appearance so disfiguring. Close cuffs are used, but the prettier way is to leave the outside seam open two inches and cover the points with velvet.

Ribbons are used in prodigal profusion especially on evening and reception toilettes. Velvet side panels on one of which are set a number of rich ribbon bows, and at the top of the other a large looped bow with ends long enough to reach the bottom, are a charming decoration for an evening dress. Panels, plastrons, fronts, etc., are formed of overlapping bits of ribbon, the point of each piece being fastened by a handsome cut bead. Cloaks and wraps are tied with ribbons, house dresses are incomplete without them, and they are formed into shoulder and breast knots, jabots and neck bands, while as rosettes, streamers and bows, they are placed wherever there is the slightest excuse for their use. Indeed, beauty is said to be its own excuse for being, and under this sanction they are indiscriminately placed.

The cushion or pad bustle fastened to the dress is still used, and is liked because always in position, but one made of cold rolled steel springs adapts itself perfectly to every position of the wearer, can be crushed and not in the least injured, has no casing of cloth to wear out, and costs no more than many an inferior article.

Clasps are used on wraps and also fasten the high dress collars in preference to brooches. These are made of silver, oxidized metal, carved wood, fossil teeth, bears' claws, antique coins, etc.

Round brooches, which have been so long tabooed, are now in style, and many that have for years slumbered in pink cotton, will now be brought forth and worn with that satisfied feeling that nothing but a sense of being in the fashion will give.

Plastrons and collarettes of beaded net with beaded lace edging for a border are pretty trifles and are easily made at home.

A sleeveless Zouave or Eton jacket elaborately beaded and edged with passementerie or bead fringe makes a jaunty indoor shoulder covering for a young lady.

For these purposes there are all colors and kinds of beads, black being used only on black.

For cool weather there are fleece-lined gloves of silk and cashmere beside the fur gauntlets so much affected by ladies of fashion for driving and shopping. These latter are easily slipped on and off, thus giving one a chance to free the hand when desirable. Kid gloves are always good form, and may be comfortably worn even in the coldest weather, by using one of the tiny muffs which fashion now demands. What would our grandmothers have thought of one of these minute affairs scarcely large enough to cover the fingers of two fairy hands? The generous muffs worn by these ancient dames were spacious enough to contain a hand warmer in the shape of a block of soap stone, a lunch for father and the children on "meeting day," gloves, mittens, spectacle case and snuff box, together with an assortment of eye-openers and bribe for the little folks in the form of sweet flag root, cloves, fennel, caraway seed, and candied orange peel, while on week days it served all the purposes of a hand bag in conveying work, store parcels, etc.

There is a constant effort to bring out novelties in kid gloves. One of these has the arm part composed of alternate strips of kid and real lace insertion, another is covered with chenille dots, others have embroidery of silks. The mousquetaire style is still most popular. For evening wear the length of the glove is regulated by the length of the sleeve which it must by all means reach. Gloves with improved hooks are very desirable as they will not tear laces, fray sleeves, nor unfasten accidentally.

Veils to wear with bonnets are in the old mask shape, of very light net, either plain or dotted, with the lower edge cut in scallops. These veils are a bewitching toilet accessory, making a handsome woman still more fascinating, and in the case of one not so blessed leaving a little something to the imagination. But they are very destructive to the eyes, and those whose sight is poor should never wear veils except as a protection from sun and wind.

I copy the following in regard to the present style of hair dressing, from a London magazine: "The hair is dressed very high in the evening, and is either dotted over with combs, fancy-headed pins, and jeweled butterflies, or ornamented with a tuft of flowers, real or artificial, placed on the top of the head. Combs are in favor, and jewelers have recently been engaged in re-arranging diamonds to form the high-backed Spanish comb, or one with a back of single stones. They are worn either at the top of the basket plaits, or put in slantwise on the side of the head, or firmly placed in the front to form a coronet with a *pouf* of small feathers at one end."

Very handsome silver combs set with Rhine stones can be bought for two or three dollars and are lovely in dark tresses.

Do you know there is a new style in feminine gait? It is no longer fashionable to dawdle along as though life were a bore and time a burden. You are not required to hurry, but you must adopt a springy, sprightly step as though your health were perfect and walking a pleasure. Neither is it *a la mode* to be tired, drooping, languid. You may own to being somewhat fatigued, but to say you are tired is to acknowledge a weakness. The pale, thin, hollow-eyed, pickle-eating damsel of a generation ago is entirely out of style, for there is a fashion even in these things, and nowadays a society woman must be rosy and healthy or at least pretend that she is.

Portmonnaies of embroidered Etamine

canvas have superseded those of sealskin and alligator. A charming receptacle for money is formed of two pearly shells, three and one-half inches long, by two and one-half inches wide. These shells are bound and clasped with silver, the inside fittings are of blue leather, a silver monogram set with pearls adorns one side, and a short chain suspends this beautiful toy from the belt.

A flower dinner party is a pleasant affair and an agreeable change from the solemn grandeur apt to prevail at such gatherings. When the guests arrive the ladies are shown into one room the gentlemen into another. Have in each room a basket of flowers, no two alike, but the same in each basket. The ladies are asked to select their favorite flower, which they pin in the corsage. The gentlemen likewise fasten their choice in the button hole. When they meet in the drawing room, each gentleman is expected to devote himself to, and take in to dinner, the lady whose floral adornments match his own. Sprays of flowers like those in the baskets are placed by each plate—two alike—and when the guests enter the dining room, the waiters seat them, not according to the salt, but each one by his chosen flower. This idea may be utilized for larger gatherings, but should never be attempted unless all the company are well acquainted.

Girls of twelve or fourteen wear their skirts within two inches of the boot tops, for those of sixteen they reach the ankles.

Brown, myrtle green, dark red and blue, are desirable colors for children's wraps. A pretty coat for a young miss, and one suitable for all seasons is made of blue serge in sack shape, nearly as long as the dress, loose fronts, tight back with box plaits in the skirt, plain, narrow band of velvet to match around the neck, down each side of the front and about the bottom; turn-down collar, cuffs and revers formed of fancy braid. Small buttons fasten the garment from top to bottom.

A pretty school dress is a dark blue Jersey with scarlet vest, worn over a blue flannel skirt trimmed with scarlet braid. Box plaited skirts attached to a yoke and ornamented with stitching or braid are most suitable for general wear.

The fashionable shapes for little girls' head wear are the Normandy poke of velvet, with full plaited front; small turbans of the dress goods with a roll of silk about the crown, and a wing or a few stiff feathers in front, and round felt hats with conical crowns. Those having the brim and crown of different colors are most desirable. For dress the bonnets have soft crowns, and come well down on the sides of the head.

Kilt suits of suitable material are the proper wear for boys, too big to continue in "girls' dresses." These suits consist of a simple, close-sleeved jacket, with a double row of buttons on the front. The skirt is usually kilt plaited all around. These are worn till they are large enough to don blouses and short "pants." There is a certain pleasure in seeing the little fellow in his new clothes, but mingled with this is a pang as one reflects that baby is leaving us forever. But at the age of five or six, or perhaps earlier if the little man is large and strong, the change is made, and our baby boy is gone never to return.

The blouse has three side plaits, back and front, a single row of buttons and a leather belt. The pants come just below the knee, and should have three small buttons on the outside seam near the bottom. Long stockings to match the suit, high button boots, turn-over collar with large bow, and plain cuffs, with "Tam O'Shanter" cap, complete a becoming and serviceable rig. These caps are easily and quickly made at home, and pattern with directions can be bought for ten cents.

## HONEYCOMB PATTERN.

## NUMBER ONE.

Cast on two more than some multiple of seven stitches, *e. g.*, sixteen, fifty-one or seventy-two.

1. Slip off the first stitch, \*slip the next two from the left hand needle to the right hand needle without knitting, knit one, throw thread over and narrow, knit one, repeat from \* until within three stitches of the end of the row, which must end as it commences with slip two, knit one.

2. Slip the first stitch taking it off as in purling, \*slip the next two in the same way, purl one, throw thread around the needle and purl two together, purl one, repeat from \* until within three stitches of the end of the row, which should end as it commences, with slip two, purl one.

3. Like first row.

4. Like second row.

5. Like first row.

6. Slip the first stitch, knit all the others plain.

7. Purl.

8. Plain.

9. Slip one, \*throw thread over and narrow, knit one, slip two, knit one, repeat from \* until within three stitches of the end of the row, then throw the thread over and narrow, knit one.

10. Slip the first stitch, taking it off as in purling, \*throw the thread around the needle and purl two together, purl one, slip two, purl one, repeat from \* until within three stitches of the end of the row, then throw the thread around the needle and purl two together, purl one.

11. Like ninth row.

12. Like tenth row.

13. Like ninth row.

14. Plain.

15. Purl.

16. Plain.

This completes the pattern. Commence again at first row.

## NUMBER TWO.

Cast on six more than some multiple of eight stitches, *e. g.*, twenty-two, forty-six or sixty-two.

1. Knit two plain, slip two, \*six plain, slip two, repeat from \* until within two stitches of the end of the row, then knit two plain.

2. Knit two plain, slip two, taking them off as in purling, \*purl six, slip two, repeat from \* until within two stitches of the end of the row, then knit two plain.

3. Like first row.

4. Like second row.

5. Like first row.

6. Like second row.

7. Like first row.

8. Knit plain all the way across.

9. Knit two plain, purl all the others except the last two, knit the last two plain.

10. Plain.

11. Knit six plain, \* slip two, knit six plain, repeat from \* to the end of the row.

12. Knit two plain, purl four, slip two, \*purl six, slip two, repeat from \* until within six stitches of the end of the row, then purl four, knit two plain.

13. Like eleventh row.

14. Like twelfth row.

15. Like eleventh row.

16. Like twelfth row.

17. Like eleventh row.

18. Plain.

19. Like ninth row.

20. Plain.

Commence again at first row.

## KNITTED UNDERSKIRT.

Use four-thread Germantown yarn and No. 6 wooden needles.

Front Breadth.—Cast on with doubled yarn ninety-one stitches.

1. Purl.

2. Plain.

3. Knit the first two stitches together,

knit three plain, \*thread over, knit one, thread over, knit three, slip one stitch, knit two together and bind the slipped stitch over the narrowed one, knit three, repeat from \* until within two stitches of the end of row, then knit two together. Observe that this row finishes as it commences with knit two together.

4. Purl.

5. Like third row.

6. Purl.

7. Like third row.

8. Plain.

9. Purl.

10. Plain.

Commence again at third row. Repeat the third to tenth rows inclusive, five times, or more if a deeper border is desired. In the last plain row narrow to eighty stitches. This completes the border. The remainder of the breadth should be knit in moss stitch as follows.

1. \*Knit two, purl two, repeat from \* to the end of the row.

2. Like first row.

3. \*Purl two, knit two, repeat from \* to the end of the row.

4. Like third row.

These four rows are to be repeated until there are one hundred and twenty-two rows above the border. Narrow at the beginning and also at the end of each eighth row. This will reduce the number of stitches to about fifty. For a stout person the breadths should be narrowed more slowly. Bind off the stitches two at a time.

For each Side Breadth.—Cast on seventy-one stitches and knit the border as directed for front breadth. Narrow in last plain row to sixty-four stitches. Knit one hundred and twenty-six rows in moss stitch, narrowing at one edge only every sixth row. The side breadths should be

knit one for the right and the other for the left side of the skirt. Bind off as before and sew the straight side of the breadth to the front breadth with an over edge seam, being careful to match the pattern in the border.

For the Back Breadth.—Cast on one hundred and twenty-one stitches. Knit the border as for the front breadth, and narrow in the last plain row to one hundred and eight stitches. Knit in moss stitch seventy-six rows. In the next row knit but half way across the needle, cast on eight stitches, turn the work and knit back. This is to form the placket. Knit fifty-four more rows on this half breadth, and bind off. Knit the other half breadth of the same length (fifty-six rows), and bind off. Sew this straight breadth to the side breadths, and put on a waistband.

This skirt when completed will be about twenty-four inches long, and fifty-four inches wide at the bottom. If Germantown yarn is used five skeins will be sufficient, of some other kinds six skeins are needed. In answer to M. E. M.

Woodford's, Me. FLORENCE BROOKS.

## PRETTY TIDY.

A sister asked for more tidies. I have a pretty one for which I will send directions. Material: Zephyr wool, either single or double, two contrasting colors, two coarse knitting needles, and a very thin piece of wood one and one-half inches wide and about six inches long; it must be very smooth and thin as a card.

Cast on one stitch.

1. Make one, knit one.

2. Make one, knit two.

3. Make one, knit three.

4. Make one, knit four, and so on till you have twenty-seven stitches, or some multiple of nine, on your needle.

27. Knit each stitch, and as you knit pull it up long and slip it over the board. After all are knit, then take the second three stitches and place them before the

first three stitches, that is over, then take the third three stitches, and place them before the first six stitches, making the nine stitches the same with the other clusters of nine stitches.

28. Knit the stitches from the board in the order they now are, withdraw the board.

29 and 30. Plain.

Repeat the last four rows till the strip is as long as you wish, then narrow and knit the rest plain.

For the next row, narrow, knit the rest plain, till only one stitch is left on the needle, and draw zephyr through. Finish strips with tassels at each point.

My tidy has five strips, three blue and two buff ones, and every one admires it.

If these directions are not plain, if the sister will send a stamp I will send a sample.

## A PICTURE FRAME.

An inexpensive picture frame for cabinet or card photographs may be made of perforated card board, as follows:

Cut the board the required size, and work some pretty vine near the edge. Now cut four strips of the board three-fourths as wide as the frame, and a trifle longer than the space left for the picture, two for the sides and two for the ends, work them with a vine and sew them to the frame as mouldings, raising them in the center so you can run your finger in the space formed. Cut eight squares, their size the width of the moulding, work them in one corner, and fasten them in the form of cornucopias, two in each corner, between the mouldings. Try this.

I think you will be pleased. Will some sister send a calla mat? ALBERTA. Cathlamet, W. Ter.

## NORMANDY INSERTION.

Cast on seventeen stitches.

1. Slip one, four plain, narrow, thread over, three plain, thread over, narrow, four plain, one twist stitch.

2. Slip one, three plain, narrow, thread over, five plain, thread over, narrow, three plain, one twist stitch.

3. Slip one, two plain, narrow, thread over, one plain, narrow, thread over, one plain, thread over, narrow, two plain, one twist stitch.

4. Slip one, one plain, narrow, thread over, one plain, narrow, thread over, three plain, thread over, narrow, one plain, one twist stitch.

5. Slip one, narrow, thread over, one plain, narrow, over, five plain, thread over, narrow, one plain, over, narrow, one twist stitch.

6. Narrow, over, one plain, narrow, over, three plain, over, narrow, two plain, over, narrow, one plain, over, narrow, one twist stitch.

7. Slip one, over, narrow, one plain, over, narrow, three plain, narrow, over, one plain, narrow, over, two plain, one twist stitch.

8. Slip one, two plain, over, narrow, one plain, over, narrow, one plain, narrow, one plain, narrow, over, two plain, one twist stitch.

9. Slip one, three plain, over, narrow, one plain, over, slip one, narrow, throw the slipped stitch over, over, one plain, narrow, over, three plain, one twist stitch.

10. Slip one, four plain, over, narrow, three plain, narrow, over, four plain, one twist stitch.

11. Slip one, five plain, over, narrow, one plain, narrow, over, five plain, one twist stitch.

12. Slip one, six plain, over, knit three together, over, six plain, one twist stitch.

These directions are accurate. I enclose sample. The twist stitch is made by knitting from the back part of the loop, passing the knitting needle through it from right to left. M. A. S.

## CRAZY WORK.

In these days of needle work, every lady is desirous of possessing some article of crazy work. Some of the quilts are very handsome, and covered with a vast amount of needle work, but every one has not time, if they have material and ability, to say nothing of strength and eyesight, to spare for the accomplishment of such a task.

There are many pretty smaller articles that can be made with less expense for material and labor. A very pretty bracket lambrequin may be made by cutting a foundation of firm muslin into any form and size desired, and covering with tiny pieces of silk, embroidering the seams with bright silk, in a delicate narrow design. Line with a pretty material and finish with silk cord and tassels.

A handsome tidy may be made in the same manner with little larger pieces, and a few tiny outline figures on the largest pieces.

If one has more time and material she will find a sofa pillow made after the above style, with more elaborate seam stitches, a great addition to the parlor.

A table scarf, cut to fit the table from any desired shade of felting, with a border across each end, say five inches in depth, made of the smallest pieces of silk, and seams simply feather stitched, is very handsome and useful.

Some people discard all black pieces, but I find an occasional black scrap makes the other colors more effective. For those who have no silk for crazy work, there are the crazy quilts made of the "picture patchwork calico," which are simple, inexpensive, and crazy enough to please any one. This print may be procured from any dry goods store, and is covered with farm-yard pictures, animals, birds, bugs, etc., in bright colors. Cut a pattern for the squares any size desired, using one or more figures cut from the print according to size, and fill the corners and vacant places with small pieces of any print until the square is completed. Sew all the squares together in a tasteful manner, and you will be pleased with the result.

BEE.

## THREE CHAIN LACE.

Crochet loosely. Make a chain of eighteen, turn.

1. Make a shell of three double (thread over once), two chain, three double in the sixth stitch of chain, chain three, catch in the fifth stitch from shell with single crochet, chain three and catch in the second from last with single crochet, making a little loop, chain three, make a shell in the end of chain like the one in the beginning of row, chain three, turn.

2. Shell in shell, chain three, three double in the little loop in previous row, chain three, shell in shell, one double in loop at top of shell, chain three, turn.

3. Shell in shell, three double in first hole, three double over the three double in last row, three double in the next hole, shell in shell, one double in top of shell, three chain, turn.

4. Shell in shell, three chain, skip three stitches, one double in the next three stitches, three chain, shell in shell, twelve treble (thread over twice), in the little loop made by three chain at the bottom of lace, catch in loop end of lace, chain five, turn.

5. Fasten in first hole with slip stitch, chain five, fasten in next hole, continue until you have twelve small scallops, shell in shell, chain three, fasten with single crochet in the top of first double crochet of three in the previous row, chain three, fasten in last double crochet, chain three, shell in shell, one double in end of shell, chain three, turn.

6. Shell in shell, chain three, three double in the little hole in previous row,

chain three, shell in shell, chain three, turn.

7. Shell in shell, three double in first hole, three double over the three double in the last row, three double in next hole, shell in shell, one double in end of shell, chain three, turn.

Begin again with fourth row, catching the scallop in the end of first scallop.

This is very pretty and wears well made of No. 20 thread.

MRS. GEORGE W. TILTON.  
Lock box 739, New London, Conn.

PRETTY AND USEFUL.

DUSTER BAG.

Measure a strip of gold colored satin six inches and a half wide and twenty-four inches long, line with cambric or silk. Turn back one end upon itself six inches, and sew the sides over and over, forming a pocket. Face down four inches of the satin in a similar way at the other end of the strip, and turn back the corners of this end to meet each other on the right side, so forming a pointed end. Run this end through a silvered ring, such as are used on curtain poles, two inches in diameter, the end passed through hanging down over the top of the bag part to close it, while the ring tacked in place serves to suspend the bag. Put a bow of contrasting color where the corners of the upper end are tacked back.

A square of scrim three-quarters of a yard square, the hem feather stitched in gold color, forms the duster which is to be placed in this pretty pocket, and the whole hung in a convenient corner ready for use.

A PRETTY BAG.

For this use half a yard of orange sash or China silk, hem and edge it all around with oriental lace four inches deep.

Draw upon the wrong side of your silk a circle sixteen inches in diameter, and upon this line run a thin ribbon as casing, into which run double strings of cord or narrow ribbon, to be drawn up on either side. The corners edged with lace fall on the outside of the bag and give it a pretty effect.

SCRAP BASKET.

Buy at a Japanese store a large sized, round scrap basket, shaped something like a flattened sphere. Gild or bronze it, upon the side fasten a large bow of cardinal or gold colored satin ribbon, which should confine some twigs bearing small cones also bronzed, or in their places two gilded quills.

LAMP SHADE.

For a very dainty shade to be placed over the china shade of a drop light or hanging lamp, procure something less than three yards of orange satin ribbon two and one-half inches wide. Cut from it fifteen strips, each seven inches long, place the strips side by side, and overhand them together, first, however, turning under the corners at one end of each piece, and catching them with a few stitches so the end will be pointed. Turn under the upper or straight edge of your shade and gather it so it will fit nicely over the top of your globe. Sew on each of the lower points a fancy gilt coin and place a fully gathered lace a finger deep under the pointed lower edge for a finish.

KNITTED HOOD.

For materials you need blue, pink or white wool, two-threaded Saxony, and two wooden needles, No. 10.

With wool cast on one hundred and thirty stitches, knit three plain rows, then join on the Saxony and knit two plain rows. Continue in this way, first three rows of wool, then two of Saxony, until you have a strip one and one-half yards long. Tie fringe in one end. Draw the other up in a bunch and place on it a pretty bow of ribbon. This end sits on

the hair. The other end is brought down round the neck and thrown over the left shoulder. It is graceful and pretty for evening wear.

ANOTHER BAG.

Another pretty gift is found in another of the many forms of bags which are in such high favor at present. For this you will need three of the Japanese crepe pictures sold for five cents each at all Japanese stores. Cut each to a point at the bottom, and stitch together to form a three-sided bag, pointed at the bottom. Make a lining of three similar shaped pieces of blue or garnet cambric. Around the top stitch a double facing of satin to match the lining, at the bottom of which facing stitch a casing, through which run strings of silk cord to be drawn up on each side. Add a little gilt ball or fluffy tassel to each of the lower corners and your bag is complete.

TABLE SCARF.

A handsome but inexpensive table scarf is made of dark green felt, five-eighths of a yard in width, pinked on the edges with a border of silk patchwork eight or nine inches deep at each end. Cut the felt into a deep fringe to finish it.

SOFA CUSHION.

Beautiful sofa cushions are made from squares of blue or garnet plush, embroidering here and there a flower or leaf in conventionalized patterns which one can have stamped at any needlework store. Between these figures crackle lines of tinsel or gold thread are worked. Strips of plush embroidered in a similar manner are effective as ends for a table scarf, the remainder of the scarf being of felt or Turkish satin.

LETTER RACK.

Among other pretty articles is a most convenient letter rack. The back is simply a square of thick pasteboard covered with thick plush or velvet. Embroidered straps to resemble a pair of suspenders are fastened strongly to the top of the board, then passed through slits made near its lower edge. The ends of the straps are finished by balls or crescents, and left hanging, and the rack is suspended by rings at the top.

ALICE M. WEST.

WIDE LACE.

Use No. 40, cotton. Cast on thirty-five stitches and knit across plain.

1. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, narrow five times in succession, knit eight, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit eight, over, knit one.

2. Over twice, purl two together, knit ten, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit nineteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

3. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, narrow four times, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over, knit one.

4. Over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit four, over, narrow four times, knit six, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit nine, over, knit one.

6. Over twice, purl two together, knit eleven, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit five, over, narrow four times, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit seventeen, over, knit one.

8. Over twice, purl two together, knit seventeen, over twice, purl two together,

knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

9. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit six, over, narrow four times, knit four, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit eleven, over, knit one.

10. Over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

11. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit seven, over, narrow four times, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit twenty-two, over, knit one.

12. Knit twelve with the left hand needle, slip the eleventh stitch over the twelfth, and continue to slip the remaining stitches one over the other until you have but one left, then knit nine, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

13. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit eight, over, narrow four times, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit six, over, knit one.

14. Over twice, purl two together, knit eight, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

15. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit nine, over, narrow four times, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit eleven, over, knit one.

16. Over twice, purl two together, knit eleven, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

17. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, narrow four times, knit eight, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit seven, over, knit one.

MRS. J. W. MARSHALL.  
Middletown, Ct.

DIRECTIONS FOR DOUBLE HEEL.

In reply to L. B. B. Set the heel as for ordinary knitting, except take up five or seven extra stitches, according to size of stocking, as the double knitting takes up.

1. Slip first stitch, knit second, slip third, knit fourth, and repeat slipping and knitting alternately.

2. Purl.  
3. Knit as first row.  
4. Purl.

Repeat these rows throughout the heel, take off as you would another heel, but keep up the knitting as in the main part of the heel. The toes can be knit in the same way, only knit the plain round instead of purl.

FRANK.

West Virginia.

INFANT'S SHOES.

Cast on fifty-three stitches. Knit four times across and back.

9. Knit first stitch, then knit all the rest by putting the yarn over the needle and knitting two together.

10. Knit plain.  
11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Same as ninth row.

12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Same as tenth row.  
Then knit four times across and back plain.

9. Same as the other ninth row.  
Then knit four times across and back plain.

Now divide on three needles, having eighteen stitches on each outside needle, and seventeen on the center one.

Knit on the center needle only, twenty-three times across and back, and the forty-third and forty-fifth times narrow once on each end of the needle. Now with the outside needles pick up stitches

along the strip just knit, making forty-two on each outside needle, knitting once across all three needles and back. Now narrow each alternate time across, the last two stitches on first needle, in the middle of the second needle, and the first two stitches on the third needle, knitting back plain. When there are but seven stitches on the center needle, narrow both outside needles on both ends, each alternate time, until the center needle has but two stitches on it. Put one of these two stitches on each outside needle, then knit the two together after the manner of binding a stocking heel. Sew up the back of the shoe. Run cord or ribbon in the lower row of holes.

Indiana.

MRS E. T. WADE.

KNIT SKIRT.

C. A. D., in the December number, inquired for the directions for a knit skirt for a child two years old. I think she will like this one. It takes from one and one-half to two skeins of Germantown yarn. It is knit on small sized wood or bone needles. There are two breadths of ninety-six stitches each.

1. Plain.
2. Seam across.
3. Plain.
4. Narrow, knit four, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit four, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over the narrowed one, knit four, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit four, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over the narrowed, etc.
5. Seam across.
6. Like the fourth row.
7. Seam across.
8. Like the fourth row.
9. Seam across.
10. Like fourth row.
11. Knit plain.
12. Seam across.
13. Knit plain.

Repeat from fourth row until you have three of the pattern rows between four rows of the seams. Then knit two, and seam two, for thirty-six rows, or until long enough.

For the back breadth, after the pattern rows, knit and seam one half and then the other, which leaves the opening.

Some make a row of holes around the top, in which to run a ribbon, but I prefer to have it sewed on a binding. ETTA.

THE WORK TABLE.

Will some of the sisters kindly give directions for knitting double mittens, other than the plain striped? There is a pattern that comes in half squares, and another called fox and geese. I should like to know how to knit them, and how to widen thumb in same? About what size for a boy of fourteen. E. L. F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one give directions for knitting fancy mittens for a child three years old, of Saxony? MRS. P. H. PARSONS.

Helena, Iowa Co., Wis.

Will Floy, Los Angeles, Cal., who gave directions for handkerchief case in September number, 1885, please make them plainer? As I cannot understand the way it is folded, nor the shape. She says: "Cast on seventy-two stitches and knit the pattern thirty-two times," but gives no pattern. Would it not be prettier knit in silk?

A NEW SISTER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters tell me how to make a pretty paper rack, also how to make a cheap and pretty cover for a Brussels couch that is badly worn? RETTA.

Illinois.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one combine the rose leaf insertion in the May number, 1884, with edge of diamond Normandy lace in January number, 1885, making trimming to match rose leaf insertion? and oblige

Fair Haven, Ohio. MRS. J. B. CRAMER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some lady please give explicit directions for crocheting infants' house sack and socks, using Saxony yarn, also directions for lady's crocheted hood? and oblige

New York.

G. W. B.

## The Dining Room.

## DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Fifty-Two.

"I AM so uncomfortable all the time, worrying about my pretty dishes," a housekeeper of many years' standing said to me the other day. "It just makes me miserable, and John says I've grown ten years older since he gave me that new set at Christmas."

"And probably wishes a dozen times a day that they were all broken," I reply, laughing, for I know the said John and that he doesn't enjoy seeing or hearing of such worries.

"Yes, he does indeed," my friend exclaims, laughing, too, although she doesn't feel a bit like laughing, "and says he will never buy another cents' worth of china or glass again in his life. I suppose I do make a good deal of fuss over it, but Bridget is so careless and it does make me really unhappy to see a nick in my new dishes."

Now life isn't long enough, or sufficiently free from real troubles, for any sensible woman to make herself miserable over a nick in her china. It isn't pleasant, and one doesn't like to see even common plates and cups and saucers with "saw tooth" edges, and one needs to be careful and should try to teach her assistant in the household drudgery, to handle china and glass with gentler touches than may be safely given the kettles and frying pans. But it is too slight a thing for any right minded woman to make a mountain of, in the shadow of which she not only sits herself but wants John to come and sit with her.

I told her so, and tried to make her laugh over a newspaper scrap I read the other day, so apt that I give it here. Two or three ladies meeting at the house of a friend, the conversation turned upon dishes. Each told which was her favorite ware, when the lady of the house said:

"I prefer hammered ware. Indeed, I use no other, and," as a crash came from the kitchen, "there's the artist hammering some more!"

There is true philosophy for you, and it would take not only a philosopher, but a happy woman, to take such a matter comfortably. Let us keep our pretty dishes whole, if we can—that "if" can take on a most tremendous emphasis—but, when it comes to a choice between nicks in the china or the family peace, do give the latter the first consideration.

But the handsomest china that ever graced a dining table is, if accompanied by insufficient or badly served food, far less attractive to most of us than the most common ware under opposite circumstances. I have sat at a table where the costly glass and china and the handsome silver lost all its beauty beside the badly made tea, the unpalatable bread and the dry cake which graced (?) the elegant cake basket.

Whatever foolishness we may commit let us never make that silliest of all silly blunders possible to young housekeepers, the keeping the blaze of style and show alive with the kindling wood of comfort.

But I wanted to tell you to-day of two or three goodies, which are entirely independent of costly dishes to make them eatable, and must begin or there will be no room left for them. There is never a lack of cake recipes in our *HOUSEHOLD*, yet there are few women who do not like to try a new one. This is very nice and will keep, too, a great deal longer than it ever lasts, at our house. I've never succeeded in keeping it longer than a week.

One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour and a teaspoon-

ful of baking powder. The half cup of flour should be a little scant. Cream the butter, then stir in the sugar and beat till quite light, add the yolks of the eggs. When beaten to a cream add half the flour, beat well, add the milk, and when well mixed the rest of the flour in which the baking powder has been thoroughly mixed. Lastly beat in the whites of the eggs, already beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in two biscuit tins, or three round plates, as preferred. The tins should be lined with paper, and the cakes should not be baked too long. Twenty minutes in a moderately hot oven should make them just the right shade of brown. For the filling, (and this I chop before I mix the cake, sometimes the day before, if I think of it,) take one-fourth pound of nice figs, two ounces each of citron and seeded raisins. Chop the citron first, almost to a paste, then add the figs, and when fine add the raisins. Chop very fine and mix thoroughly. When the cakes are cold, beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add six even tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when well mixed, stir in the chopped mixture. This I stir in with a large silver fork, a spoon is not a convenient thing to use, as you will easily find out. When well mixed, spread between the cakes. I prefer the two long cakes to the three round ones, as one doesn't want to cut very large pieces, and a very small "wedge" of cake is never pretty. Keep in a cake box if you have one, if not, wrap in a cloth and then in paper, keeping in a cool dry closet.

I stumbled upon a very economical Charlotte Russe the other day. I wanted one for tea and had but half a pint of cream in the house, but, nothing daunted, I went to work, keeping careful account of the measurements that, if it were a success, I could tell you just how to make one. I made a sponge cake from my pet recipe for a small cake and which I have already given, and when ready for the tin, the tin wasn't ready for me. It had got to be a round cake, any way, for a handsome round cake dish was one of our Christmas gifts and no other would do. So a small short handled iron frying pan was lined with a buttered paper and the cake baked in that! 'Twas just the right size though, and baked beautifully. When cold turn the cake upside down and with a sharp knife cut all round the cake not more than half an inch from the edge, and remove all the cake leaving about the same thickness at the bottom, making a real dish to hold the cream. The cake may be removed carefully enough to make it presentable to slice or it may be broken to use with a boiled custard. Now for the cream. Put one-third box of gelatine in a bowl with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, to soften. In about half an hour pour over it one cup of boiling milk, stir till the gelatine is dissolved and strain. Add two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, a small pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. When nearly cold beat it with an egg beater till it is light and frothy, then whip the cream and when the gelatine mixture is cold beat well together and pour into the cake. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth (beat these in a soup plate or shallow dish, with a silver fork, an egg beater will not make "two story" meringue) add four even tablespoonfuls of sugar and when well beaten spread it over the cream and put the Charlotte into a rather quick oven until nicely browned. The plate should be set over a dish of cold water in the oven as the cake should not be allowed to heat at the bottom, the crisp, nutty crust being thereby spoiled. If I had had them in the house I should have chopped half a cup of blanched almonds to stir into the meringue. It's a delicious addition to any thing of the kind. Of course the Charlotte was a success and it fitted into

its round dish beautifully. It should be made early in the day, or on the day before it is to be served. In the latter case the meringue should not be put on until next day, a meringue being in its prime only when newly made.

Some one asked, in a late number, how to cook carrots, and there are so many ways in which this wholesome, but rarely used vegetable may be prepared, that one certainly may have a choice. They are very nice boiled, and when cold cut in slices (lengthwise, if small), dipped into beaten egg, then into rolled cracker, and browned in butter, or they may be fried without the egg and cracker. Or they may be cut in slices and heated in cream, or milk and butter, thickened with a little flour. We like them well scraped and sliced thin, cooked in as little water as possible and well seasoned with butter and salt, or they may be chopped, when tender, and just enough cream added to cover them, stirring in salt to season nicely and letting it just come to the boiling point. When sliced, they need boiling about an hour, if whole, or cut in halves they, of course, require longer cooking.

Carrots make a very good pie, making it like a squash pie, using a cup of boiled and sifted carrot instead of squash, and they are to most people a favorite addition to soups, stews, and hashes. There is great difference in the flavor of the many varieties of carrots, some having a sweet and almost a fragrant flavor, while others are decidedly disagreeable. They are among our most healthful vegetables, containing iron and valuable salts, and a taste for them should be cultivated if possible. Carrots make nice pickles, too, if one is fond of them, boiled and sliced like beets, with boiling vinegar, spiced if liked, poured over them. These are ready to serve when cold.

Pea Blossom can frost her cakes with a white and a chocolate frosting in layers in this manner. Put a cup of sugar in a sauce pan with four tablespoonfuls of rich milk and stir till dissolved. Let it boil just four minutes and beat to a cream, adding a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. When it cools and begins to stiffen spread it on the cake. Then put two squares or ounces of chocolate in a bowl placed in a dish of hot water, and a heaping tablespoonful of sugar. When it melts, stir well, add a few drops of vanilla and spread over the white frosting which should be cold, or nearly so. This is a very nice frosting for a loaf cake, and is always sure to harden well and cut smoothly.

Do you all know how much a sponge cake is improved by an almond frosting? Make a boiled or a hard frosting, as you please, and into it stir—for one loaf—a generous half cup of blanched almonds chopped or sliced. The cake keeps very much better, and the flavor is delicious. Here is another way in which sponge cake may be improved. Bake it in jelly cake tins, either round or long, and not too thin, they should be nearly an inch thick and but two cakes are needed. When done put a cream between made like this: Put a tablespoonful (rounding full) of gelatine in a cup with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Heat a cupful of milk and stir into it an egg, well beaten. When it thickens pour it over the gelatine. Stir, and when the gelatine is dissolved strain into a dish, add a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir till the sugar dissolves, and when cold whip one-half cup of cream and stir in, beating rapidly two or three minutes. Then stir in one-fourth pound of blanched almonds chopped fine and pour it over one of the cakes. Cover with the other, sift sugar over the top and put in a cool place till you are ready to serve it.

EMILY HAYES.

## POOR LIVING NOT ECONOMICAL.

Cabbage contains 73 parts of nutrient in each 1000, and turnips 42, while potatoes contain 120, oats 148, beans 890, peas (dry) 930, and parsnips, squash, apples and onions rank high as nutritious, easily digested and wholesome vegetables for the table. The truth is, that cabbages and turnips are the most expensive articles of common vegetable food a poor man can put upon his table. They are grown for beasts, and their proper place is the barnyard. The same rule applies to meats. The poor food economist advises the purchase of beef shins, neck pieces, fore-quarter veal, spare-ribs, and other cuts made up of 7-10ths bone and 2-10ths gristle to one of meat. The theory is that a poor man can take out the 9-10ths bone and gristle, supply its place with water, and make a soup with one-tenth of meat. When he has thrown away his bone refuse he will find the meat has cost him double price, however cheap the water may be. It is a waste of money to buy such stuff. A fair roast of beef, a good boiling piece, or a supply of corned beef costs only a trifle more than shins and rumps, but they are far more economical. Fish is better and cheaper than veal, and mutton is better than pork. Poor living is not by any means economical living.—*Exchange*.

## THE DESSERT.

—Little Jack: "My mamma's new fan is hand-painted." Little Dick: "Pooh! Who cares? Our whole fence is."

—The man who went to the country for "rest and change" says the waiters got most of his change and the landlord the rest.

—You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did," was the prompt reply.

—A little school-girl's definition of scandal was: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere."

—A woman paid \$265 for a wing for her hat. Instead of money taking to its self wings, this is a case of wing taking to itself money.

—Arabella: "Oh, Bridget, a mouse, a mouse! Come and catch it, quick!" Bridget: "Sure, mum, there's no hurry. If this one gets away I can catch plenty more for yer, mum."

—Doctor: "Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult in the case." Husband: "There you see, doctor, I was right again! I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper medical advice, but she thought you might be offended."

—That is a droll story about a fellow on board an ocean steamer, who sat off by himself and presented such a forlorn appearance that some ladies on deck thought they ought to inquire what was the matter. So one old lady approached and asked the lonely one why he was so disconsolate. "The fact is," said he, "I'm on my bridal tour, but I didn't have money enough to bring my wife with me."

—Farmer (to physician): "If you git out my way, doctor, any time, I wish you'd stop and see my wife. She says she ain't feelin' well." Physician: "What are some of her symptoms?" Farmer: "I dunno. This mornin', after she had milked the cows, an' fed the stock, an' got breakfast for the hands, an' washed the dishes, an' built a fire under the soft-soap kettle in the lane, an' done a few chores 'bout the house, she complained o' feelin' kinder tired. I shouldn't be surprised if her blood was out of order. I guess she needs a dose of medicine."

## The Kitchen.

### FROM THE SUGAR KETTLE TO THE KITCHEN.

**I**N MIDWINTER cane grinding and orange picking are occupations claiming the time and attention of many thrifty Floridians. Making up the crop of cane into syrup and sugar is generally quite a festive occasion to the younger members of the family at least, though the work is pressing and great care and attention are necessary, especially at the sugar kettles. Here, however, the older and more experienced heads hold sway. The cane is cut and piled on the cart in what seems ridiculously small loads, yet in size out of proportion to the patient little Florida pony, who not only draws the load, but carries the driver on his back, this being the cracker mode of driving. An outfit of this description, with the *mater* and her little brood seated flat in the bottom of the "kyart," while *pater* guides the horse from his seat in the saddle is a very common mode of conveyance among the genuine Florida natives.

When the amount of cane needed for the day's grinding is at the mill, the horse is hitched to the long pole extending from the mill for that purpose, and as he rounds the circle the huge iron rollers are set in motion. These seize the stalks of cane as fed by an attendant, crushing and squeezing the same into a limp pith. This refuse, called bagasse, is used to some extent for mulching, etc.

The juice thus expressed from the cane runs from a spout into a barrel set for that purpose, and is from thence conveyed to the sugar kettles or pans. These rather shallow, bowl-shaped vessels are of iron, and usually two or more are set in the furnace. The pans for family use hold from fifty to one hundred gallons of juice. This, when cane is of good quality, will make from ten to fifteen gallons of syrup. The juice must be kept boiling briskly at first, and well skimmed throughout the whole process. "Tending the sugar kettles" is thought to be very healthful employment, and it is a fact that the season of sugar boiling generally leaves the family hearty, if not also in quite a sticky condition. This last with the children is, indeed, concomitant with the whole proceeding, for from the time the cane begins to sweeten in the fall until it lies in piles at the mill they may be seen "chewing cane" which process is now superseded by drinking the juice and eating the candy as it forms around the edge of the pans just before the syrup is ready to be taken off. Then the warm syrup eaten off the little wooden ladles, passed promiscuously from one to the other, is a feast enjoyed and partaken of as the fancy seizes the youngster.

The term, "one horse farmer," here assumes a new significance to the northerner. The majority of farmers among the natives are of the class having one horse to use in their various farming operations, and while there are those who do better, viz., have two or more horses, there are those also who do worse, and use what is termed a "work ox" to carry on their farm. It is quite comical to see this animal harnessed in the cart singly and alone, bowing along at a very good rate of speed, while his master—in the cart this time—guides his willful beast with whip, rein and voice, all three being brought into requisition at times. The class of farmers here who live at home, or in other words, do not have corn crib and smoke house in the west, these are the very backbone and sinew of the native population of the state. There is no doubt that the time is near at hand when newer and more enlightened methods of farming and liv-

ing will be the rule among these people, yet all honor is due the patient workers who despite many adverse circumstances, yet achieved so great a measure of success.

Let us enter in proof of this statement, the sugar house, meat house and corn crib of one of these Florida crackers. There are no underground cellars in this country, and it is a surprise to one accustomed to that method of storing food products, to find that here in this warm climate, the low log hut used for that purpose answers so admirably. The sugar house and meat house are frequently under one roof. The building being without floor or windows, ventilation is secured through the spaces between the closely set logs, allowing no sunlight to penetrate. Along one side of the room are stored the barrels of syrup and sugar, the sugar at this season yet in the form of "mush sugar," slowly crystallizing into a delicious drift of amber particles as the darker molasses drips from the perforated bottom of the barrel into a receptacle provided for that purpose. Here in the corner is the barrel of vinegar made from the skimmings, etc. While the beer, which in some rather rare instances is brewed from skimmings, settlings and rinsings, may here, too, find a place. Overhead hang from the beams the sides of bacon, links of sausage, and strips of dried beef, in more or less quantity as the luck has been with hogs.

Both beef and pork are often killed off the range without any previous fattening. In seasons when acorns are abundant, those living near hummock or scrub lands—in both of which places plenty of these nuts are found—may and do, have fine pork throughout the winter season, with no other care than calling up their pigs regularly, and feeding them a few ears of corn, so they may not go wild, or stray so far as to fall prey to bear or panther. The hams of the former, however, go far to replace those he has stolen, and bruin's furry coat is anon to be seen stretched on the palings to dry.

The corn house is also of logs, but raised from the ground on posts. From hence comes the bread of the family. "Have you made corn enough to bread you?" is an important question passed among the farmers here.

Southern meal is, however, different in several respects from northern corn meal. In the first place it is said to contain less nitrogen, and is more suitable, consequently, as an article of diet in this climate, then again it is always freshly ground. Where mills are not convenient each settler has his hand mill, thus preparing meal and hominy fresh each day, otherwise corn is taken to the mill weekly.

Adjoining these buildings are the potato banks, or sometimes a potato house. Here are stored Hayti, West Indies, Nigger-killers, Providence yams, etc., up to a round dozen varieties of the sweet potato. From most of these varieties the yield is enormous, and as there is nothing about the place will refuse a sweet potato, they are very extensively planted.

The living of these natives is far from luxurious, and by contrast simple and plain in the extreme. This, however, has its compensation in the fact that they have but few fictitious wants to satisfy. Food and raiment with suitable shelter, these are the necessities, and therewith are many content.

Life to them, apparently, is, indeed, a song. The sunshine in the winter, the shade in the summer, gives scope for the placid, unhurrying life of the family, to whom company means no extra furnishing or care for appearances, but where the mother, serene and smiling, sits on the piazza, (which she accents on the first syllable,) shelling the conch peas for dinner, or making up the homespun garments

of the family, while she placidly directs operations in and about the house.

It is really surprising, the way some of these little Florida girls can work. It is nothing unusual to see a lass of twelve or thirteen, with the assistance of the little tots next in age, do the entire cooking for a large family, though, of course, the *menu* is simple in the extreme, breakfast consisting almost invariably of hominy, sweet potatoes and fried meat, served with plenty of gravy; dinner, a big pot of greens, turnips, collards, cow peas, cassava, or whatever may be in season, boiled with a piece of fat pork or bacon, corn bread made by simply wetting the meal with sufficient water to make it of proper consistency for moulding into loaves, as we mould our light bread—this when baked in a Dutch oven, or over the fireplace is light and porous, and delicious to the taste—sweet potatoes baked with their jackets on, milk and clam—clam eaten as a dessert with syrup or sugar—this only in the summer time, however, when the "cows are up;" for supper the cold vegetables left from dinner, warm biscuits or pancakes, fried meat, syrup and perhaps a potato pone made by grating the raw sweet potato, and adding butter, spices, sugar or syrup, until it is "just right." When properly compounded and baked, it is a delicious, though, it is to be feared, rather indigestible article of food. Strong coffee usually accompanies each meal.

Of the life of these natives we could say much. Their habits, customs and manners, are distinctive of the class, isolated as they have been for generations. In one sense of the word, they are a hundred years behind the times. But, on the other hand, is not the excessive strife to be up with the times in this age of progress, making many a life a burden, if not a complete wreck? Of course, we would not go back to the ways and means of our forefathers, nor should we harass and cumber our lives too much with the artificial requirements of civilized to-day. Let us rather seek the golden mean and therewith be content.

AMETHYST.  
Riverside, Fla.

### FRIED POTATOES.

Peel a sufficient quantity of cold boiled potatoes, and slice them thin, place a very clean skillet on the fire, and put in it a heaping tablespoonful of the very best fresh butter, and when the butter is boiling hot, put the potatoes in the skillet, sprinkle pepper and salt plentifully over them, and cover them closely with a lid, or plate, or pie pan, and when they have become steaming hot, and those on the bottom are browned, stir them up well and chop them fine without removing them from the fire, and cover them up again until another layer is browned. When at least one-half of the potatoes are browned, and while steaming hot, they should be transferred to a deep dish that has been heated in boiling water, and dried, of course, and sent immediately to the table.

If you happen to have a bowl of chicken gravy, of either stewed or baked chicken, when the potatoes are nearly done, pour the gravy over them, and when it becomes very hot, stir it well through them, remove the potatoes from the fire and send to the table.

Or when the potatoes are nearly done, push them a little to one side in the skillet, and drop into the space thus made one or two fresh eggs. When the eggs are done, cut or chop them up fine, and stir them through the potatoes.

Fried potatoes can be enriched with cream gravy thus: Mix to a smooth paste a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter, pour a little hot water over it to soften it, then add one-half teacup of sweet cream,

pour this mixture over the potatoes, and proceed as directed for chicken gravy.

If one has not cold boiled potatoes, a good plan is to peel and slice some raw potatoes, put them in the skillet, pour enough boiling water over them to cover them, as soon as they are parboiled drain the water off of them, and add to them a spoonful of butter and a sprinkle of pepper and salt, and fry until done, and serve steaming hot.

In the early summer when the new potatoes first come, we cook them for dinner in this way: They are washed clean, and nicely scraped and laid for a moment in cold water. They are then put on to boil in boiling hot water, and the moment they are done they are lifted from the fire, drawn butter poured over them, the dish garnished with parsley, and sent to the table. When any of these potatoes are left from dinner, they are excellent fried for breakfast. But they are not so easily handled as the boiled ones. The potatoes will have to be lifted separately with a fork, and held firmly with the fork on a dish or plate, while they are being nicely and evenly sliced. A very little butter will be required to fry them in, but the skillet and butter must be extremely hot when the potatoes go in. They should be covered and well fried and sent to the table hot. The drawn butter is made in this way: A tablespoonful of butter and one of flour are rubbed together with a spoon until smooth, then moistened with a little hot water. Into this mixture stir gradually a pint of sweet cream, and if you like parsley a spoonful of it chopped fine can be added. The cream should now be put in a sauce-pan, and set on the back of the stove where it will heat gradually, until it becomes perfectly hot, but it should not be allowed to boil. Salt should be sprinkled over the potatoes, just before the drawn butter is poured over them.

In the spring before the early potatoes come, we find that the old potatoes are very fine cooked and fried in the same way, but before peeling them they should be soaked an hour or more in cold water which freshens them very much. In making the drawn butter, be careful to observe the happy medium between paste and soup. It must not be a thick, pasty mass, like paste or starch, neither should it be a thin liquid like some soups, nor yet quite so thick as gravy. Milk can be substituted for the cream, but it is not near so good nor so nice.

Cold baked potatoes can be fried, but in my opinion they do not taste so nicely as those that have been boiled or fried raw.

Cold mashed potatoes are liked by many persons prepared in this way and fried: Mix with the potatoes one tablespoonful each of butter and flour and one or two beaten eggs. Flour the paste board and your hands, and form the potatoes into nicely shaped cakes the size of an ordinary biscuit, and not more than one-half an inch thick. Have the griddle on the fire, hot and well greased with butter, and place the potato cakes on it. When one side is nicely browned, turn them and brown the other side, and when done transfer them to a hot dish and send to the table.

Cut raw potatoes into small dice, and dry them on a clean tea towel or napkin. Have in a skillet on the fire some lard boiling hot, into this lard drop the dice, a few at a time, and when done and brown, with a perforated skimmer lift them from the lard, and place them for a moment on the napkin that it may absorb the superfluous lard, then place them in a hot dish and sprinkle some fine salt over them, and when a sufficient quantity is done, send them to the table. Raw potatoes can be cut into thin, round, or thin, long slices, and fried in the boiling lard, in the same

manner. They will puff up and become very light and crisp.

If one has not the butter to spare for this purpose, try them this way: Cut three or four thin slices of good, sweet breakfast bacon, and place in the skillet, and fry the fat out of them, and in this hot fat fry the potatoes in the same manner as directed for frying them in the butter. They can also be fried in ham gravy, or the gravy of fresh pork. But bear this in mind, please: The quicker the potatoes are fried the better they are, provided always that they are thoroughly done, and not overdone, and they should always be sent steaming hot to the table.

We have always considered a dish of fried potatoes indispensable for the breakfast table—no difference how many other fried things there might be on the table, fried ham, fried eggs, fried mush, fried apples, fried tomatoes, fried oysters, fried hominy, there is always a demand for fried potatoes. To be sure, to the mind of some persons, their repeated appearance might seem a little monotonous, but much depends upon the skill of the frier. Above I have given a few of the ways in which potatoes can be fried for breakfast. To avoid sameness one could have them one morning fried one way, and another morning fried some other way. But if one doesn't like them, one need not have them any way. Outside of our own immediate family, I have never seen fried potatoes that I cared to eat, neither at private houses nor at hotels, with two exceptions. I would not say, far be it from me, that there are not thousands of others who can fry potatoes as well, nay, better than I, only it has not been my happy privilege to meet them.

Riverside, W. Va.

UHLMA.

#### HOW WE MANAGED.

"Won't Jael Vee tell us more about those first five years in Texas?"

Willingly, Loraine. In the first place, you must know we practiced the most rigid economy and self-denial, and to fully understand how much that means, I must tell of our environs. We live a mile from a river, and that river is the present limit on its southern side, of a city with twenty thousand inhabitants. In those five years not a dime was spent for amusements of any kind, with the exception of a few church entertainments which we felt it our duty to attend. There was but one pleasure trip, and then we went with our own horse and buggy and camped out.

In regard to clothing, we pieced and turned and patched, you may guess how much when my own personal expenses for the first year amounted to just sixteen dollars and fifty cents. That included every thing from hats to shoes, gloves, dresses, underclothing, every thing. The next year, 1879, it amounted to seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents, and this, too, when I attended church regularly, and received and paid visits, and had to look respectable. If we had been miles away from a city, of course, it would have been much easier.

Our object in buying land, was, first, to avoid paying rent, and to secure a home, and, secondly, to make it secure us all the necessities, and even the luxuries, possible, or what were luxuries in the city, and which, hitherto, we had not been able to have in abundance at all seasons, and thirdly, to derive an income, if possible, from the surplus, should there be any after fully supplying ourselves.

Next to sickness and death in the family we dread and fear debt, but while it is a millstone around the necks of many, with us it was a spur that goaded us on, and during those five years we were never once out of debt. It would have been impossible, starting as we did from "the stump," to have waited till we had the

money in hand for our improvements. There were so many, many things actually needed, it was hard to decide which was needed most, but having decided that point, we bent all our energies in that direction.

As I said before, the first two years, every dollar was used in paying for the land and house—which though not finished at least provided shelter—but once our own we felt free. We were not willing to make any improvements, until we knew that no unforeseen circumstances would prevent our meeting our payments.

The fence came first. We paid for the posts and hauling, next we paid for setting them, then with the money in hand for building it, we procured the lumber for the same "on time," to be paid for in installments. You understand, of course, that an interval elapsed between each. Once fenced in, every dollar went on the lumber bill till it was paid.

The first two years our garden was in the field, but rabbits and poultry made such havoc we decided on the garden fence next. It was discouraging to buy seed and then lose both it and the labor. We managed as with the boundary fence, little by little, first the land cleared—it was a perfect thicket—and then the posts paid for, and so on. It is ninety by one hundred feet, paled in six feet high, with a twelve-inch base board at the bottom. That garden has been such a help! It paid the very first year. Every seed in it has been sowed by my own hand, and such a wealth of vegetables has been gathered from it. To-day, the last day of the year, there are cauliflower, lettuce, onions, turnips, parsnips, carrots, and salsify growing in it and let me also add verbena blooming. We raise two crops a year off of it. I shall sow green peas, etc., the last of February, and every thing else in March.

We decided from the first that every thing should be well done, or done to the best of our ability. Ruskin says, "God does not, and man should not require more than that."

From the first we looked forward to the time when we should not be so pressed, and planned and built and bought accordingly. Our furniture, for instance, we used home-made articles, or did without, until we could buy something good, and which would not prove an annoyance in the "good time coming"—too good to throw away, and not good enough to keep.

We were advised to build a box house as the cheapest, but we knew the cheapest in that respect, would prove the dearest in the end—they are hot in summer and cold in winter. We put up a good frame building, with large windows, with the frames made for weights, though the weights did not appear for three years, and there was neither closet, ceiling, gallery or blinds. It is sixteen by thirty feet, divided into two rooms, one larger than the other. It is intended to form an L to the coming house, and what is now the sitting room will then be the dining room. The second room now is kitchen and dining room.

In due season, a gallery eight feet by thirty was added, and in the center a room eight by ten partitioned off, giving a small front gallery and a back gallery. This room, though now used for a bed room, is intended in the "good time coming," to be converted into a conservatory with two sides of it glass.

A bay window has been added to the front room, and in the other six closets have been built, but these closets deserve a chapter in themselves, for they have really been another room, or rather served the purpose of one. I will leave them until another time.

A cistern was dug close to the back door, out of the solid rock. After going down five feet, it is twelve by sixteen

feet, crowned in with brick, and covered in with a platform which will be even with the floor of the gallery intended to be built across the end of the house and latticed in, thus enclosing it from the weather. This gallery to be built will join the dairy, which is fifteen by seventeen feet, built of the rock that came out of the cistern. The walls are eighteen inches thick and twelve feet high, with two large windows and a transom door. The windows and transom are covered with a wire netting. In the summer at night the blinds are opened, thus giving a free circulation of air, and the netting of course keeps out cats and mice and other things. The blinds are closed the first thing in the morning, and on the hottest days it is cool within. In winter, sash of course is put in, but taken out again as soon as the cool weather is passed. It is intended to have the wall plastered and the floor cemented in the near future. But that dairy also deserves a chapter to itself, so I will leave it for the present.

In building the barn we also looked to the future, when we should keep a span of horses and have a double carriage. There is room for three horses, two carriages, corn crib, harness closet, bran and cotton seed bins, tool room, and a large hay loft.

I should have said before that five acres of the nine were covered by a dense thicket, which has supplied us with wood, and in the eight years we have only bought four cords of wood, and then only because it was more convenient to buy at the time than to cut it. That reminds me to say our stove for the front room is a parlor cook stove, which saves keeping more than one fire at a time, and we also have a small kerosene stove which we find very economical in the summer.

Looking back, we can see how much more we could have done with ready money, but with the means at our disposal we feel quite satisfied with all we have accomplished. Of course we have made mistakes. The greatest one was in not clearing the land properly, and putting in the orchard as it should have been, but those first two years we cleared places for the trees and planted them, thinking they would be growing while we were paying for the land. Not a tree lived as was to have been expected—we have learned much since then—and we have not had the fruit we ought. The third and fourth years the figs were winter killed, and the peach trees died from the effects of the drouth, not being properly cultivated. We have proved the truth of the old adage, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Now, however, we have a fine orchard which will bear next year. In it there are peach, plum, pear, apple, fig, and Japanese persimmon. If we had depended on our land, or rather the products, for our support, we would, of course, have devoted all our energies to putting it into a high state of cultivation first, but my better-half devoted every moment of his time to his shop in the city, while I carried on the farm and attended to the hired man, and, woman like, preferred to secure first those things most conducive to comfort and convenience.

Before closing I must add that whenever we have sold any of the products of the place, it has always brought the highest market price. I sell butter for forty cents the year round, when very good butter can be bought for twenty-five cents. It is beautiful, golden butter, sweet and firm. I never sell eggs but those I know to be perfectly fresh, and not over forty-eight hours old, consequently they are in demand in the summer when it is hard to get fresh ones, and as I feed well and give good care to my fowls, they lay all the year, especially in the winter, when

eggs range from twenty-five to forty cents. Now I have fine blooded chickens I only sell for breeding purposes, both fowls and eggs, the fowls bringing from one to two dollars each, and the eggs one dollar and a quarter per dozen. I have entered more into details, and given you a peep behind the scenes, to encourage others who, dreading the cold northern winters, are looking longingly to the pleasant south land. To all such I would say, on Christmas day the thermometer stood at 75° at half past ten, and at five in the evening I rode to the city in an open buggy with no wraps whatever, and to-day, the last of the year, it is as warm and pleasant as a June day, no fires in the house, doors and windows open, and no wraps necessary. We have had a delightful winter so far. It is to be hoped there are cold days in store for January, for our hogs are yet to be killed. Fires are needed mornings and nights, for however hot the days may be, the nights are cold.

Texas.

JAEV VEE.

#### EVERY-DAY TALKS.

In making up our supply of flannel clothing for winter, I followed a plan that I have had in my mind for a long time, that of shrinking the flannel before making up. I put it in a tub and poured quite hot water over it, pushing the cloth well under, and let it stand awhile, until I could rinse and wring it out with my hands, then shake, and pull well each way, and pin the edge along the line to dry. It takes out the dye which is so poisonous to some persons when worn before being washed, and it does not shrink so badly from subsequent washings.

I find it better to make the facings of flannel garments of the same, as cotton facings get discolored from the red, and if the cloth shrink badly, will lie in wrinkles and look badly. It is economy to buy the best flannels, which I find will wear two winters. Make the little girls' drawers to come to the shoes, tapering them from the knee to fit the leg, and draw the long stockings on over them. They will then be dressed as warmly as their little brothers, and can brave all sorts of weather.

School children should always be provided with a rubber cloak, as

Many a bright, sunshiny morning  
Turns to a dark and cloudy day.

And how many of us have seen our children come home from school in a pouring rain for which they had made no provision in the morning. A light gossamer carried in their school bags, ready to slip on at a moment's warning, would save much vexation, if nothing more serious.

By the way, I have made some neat and very serviceable school bags of pepper sacks, sewing them in the usual shape, with an inch and a half hem at the opening. Handles are made of strips of the same doubled together and sewed over-seam, then all the edges are cross-stitched with blue wool, and the initials of the owner worked on one side in rather large fancy letters.

L. B. B. wishes to learn how to make a double heel. I have two ways of knitting them double. The first, and I think the best, is, when ready to commence the heel, divide the stitches equally, half for the heel and half for the instep. On the heel make about six stitches extra, as the double knitting takes it up and makes it narrow. Knit across plain on the right side, and when knitting back, slip the first stitch, knit the next, slip the next, and so on across; repeat these two rows until long enough to narrow off, which is done in the usual way on the right side. The other way is to knit coarse thread or fine cotton yarn in with the stocking yarn and knit plain. I like the cotton the best

to use as I find that thread cuts the wool and wears out quickly.

Another item I learned last winter is to knit children's stockings without a seam in the back, then when they need footing they can be turned around, taking the front part, which is worn the most for the back. Thus they can be made to last much longer. Or I have often knit new knees to them, slipping in the needles below the thin place, and knitting a patch to reach to the top, hemming the sides down on the stocking, leaving the original underneath as it wears all the better.

I agree with Erin on the impropriety of making the sewing machine the scrap bag for the whole house, although it is handy to do so, I know by experience. An agent told me to oil all of the wood work of a machine once in a while, with boiled linseed oil, rubbing it in with a soft cloth, and to keep a bottle of black varnish for the iron work. In this way I could keep it looking like new.

I wonder if any of the sisters have trouble opening their fruit jars. I used to have until a friend told me to take a wet cloth doubled together several times, lay it on the stove until hot, then place quickly on the cover and unscrew in the usual way. Once heating the cloth is usually sufficient. He explained the science of the heat on the cover and glass, which I will not attempt to do.

When I have trouble with a can, I always think of a visit I made once in company with my sister and her husband. The men were out of doors, and we were in the kitchen where our hostess was struggling with a refractory can. Her supper was all ready except the "sauce." She worked, and worried, and grew red in the face, and finally her patience gave out, and taking the poker from the stove, she walked to the door, and with a triumphant "There" she knocked the cover from the can, poured out the berries into an inviting glass dish, and called the men to tea. Of course, we, the initiated, ate very daintily of the fruit, but imagine, if you can, the anxiety of my sister, whose husband was a great lover of berries, to see him finish his dish and accept the lady's offer of a "few more." I know she stepped on his toes every time he raised a spoonful to his mouth, and I could also see that he had no more idea of what she meant by it than a wooden image. We often laugh over it now, and as several years have passed and he is alive yet, we conclude that broken glass must have agreed with him. FANNY FLETCHER.

Ohio.

#### PURE AIR IN THE HOUSE.

BY GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

The statistics of mortality in all communities show a great preponderance of deaths during the period of infancy. The excess is largely among the poorer class; at the same time the mortality of infants among those whose lives are directed with the most intelligence, and whose means enable them to secure abundant comfort, is vastly in excess of the rate among older persons. The sanitary question, in its widest range, should certainly be the leading one with all thoughtful parents during the infancy of their children.

The question in its widest range, however, embraces all the physical surroundings and conditions of the infant. Food, clothing, exercise, medication, and pure air. Of these, the last only, falls within the province of the drainage engineer—the purity or impurity of the atmosphere to which the child is subjected, more especially the purity of the atmosphere of the house in which it lives, and to which older persons who are inured to its defects are much less sensitive. Infants themselves, indeed, by inheritance or by

habit, have a great power of withstanding the influence of atmospheric impurity, and it is not wise to take a too exaggerated view of the effect of unfavorable conditions, in this respect or in others. All that it is safe to say is that defective sanitary conditions of one sort or other are doubtless the cause of a very large proportion of deaths among very young children, and that atmospheric impurity is conspicuous among these.

Nearly all death during early life may be considered accidental death. While the impure atmosphere in which the child lives may be but one source of such fatal accidents, it is certainly one so important and so largely under the control of the parent, that at least full weight should be given to it.

We hear a great deal about "sewer-gas." Among those persons who are likely to come under the influence of magazine literature this cry is very rapidly losing its significance. The improvement in the construction of sewers and in the drainage of houses is already such that there is no longer an excuse for the production of very foul air in sewers, though many existing sewers do, and for a long time must continue to produce it; and many houses, even of the better class, which have not had their drainage works remodeled within a few years are subject to the invasion of sewer-air, more or less impure.

So far as the condition of the average house is concerned, however, we shall be safe if we assume that all or the worst of the "sewer-gas" to which it is subject is of home manufacture. It is well understood that the putrefaction of organic wastes if confined in spaces, where there is no adequate exposure to atmospheric air, produces gaseous products which are often enfeebling to the constitution, and not infrequently the vehicle of dangerous infection. In a very large majority of existing houses, even of the better sort, there is, in the traps and waste-pipes and drains, a sufficient deposit of, or a sufficient sliming with, the solid parts of the household waste to cause a production of foul air to an injurious, and sometimes to a fatal extent.

The radical cure for this difficulty would be, where necessary, so to re-arrange the drainage-work that the amount of piping, the number of openings from the drainage system into the house, and the number of vessels appropriated to the different uses of its occupants should be reduced to the limit of reasonable convenience—luxurious profusion being, from our present point of view, in every way objectionable. Furthermore, every inlet into the drainage system should be used so often as to have its trapping-water, etc., in which incipient decomposition may occur, changed with great frequency; better still, every use should be accompanied with such an abundant and forcible flow as to wash the channel as clean as may be. And again, all of the main lines of drainage in the house should not only be open above the roof, but they should have a sufficient inlet for fresh air at the lower end to insure a constant movement, even though slight, of their contained atmosphere, affording an abundant constant supply of oxygen to hasten and complete the decomposition of the sliming of the pipes, and to dilute and carry away the gases produced. Short branches may be safely left to the atmospheric change due to the general diffusion of gases and to the frequent movement of air caused by the frequent discharge of water. Long branches had better be avoided in all cases, but where admitted they should be ventilated independently, care being taken not to bring the ventilation so near to the trap as to cause the destruction of its seal by the evaporation of its water. Every joint of the piping should be absolutely and per-

manently tight, and every trap in the house should afford a safe and indestructible barrier to the interchange of air between the interior of the system and the air of the rooms.

One of the most frequent seats of the decomposition of waste matters by which the atmosphere of the house is tainted is along the course of the drain under the cellar floor, by which the discharge of the soil-pipes is carried to the public sewer. It would certainly not be extravagant to say that ninety-five out of one hundred such drains are so constructed that a portion of the foul water that they carry leaks out of the joints into the ground, there to decompose, with more or less opportunity to deliver the resultant gases within the walls of the house. If nothing else is done by the owner or the tenant, this one very common defect should be sought out and securely remedied.

If all the drains and waste-pipes of the house are made to conform to the suggestions here given, we may safely relegate the condition of the public sewer to a very secondary position, though, of course, our complete protection and, to a large extent, the interest of the community, and the interest of our own children playing in the streets, would indicate the most careful and complete reformation of this part of the work also.

It is not only by an escape through traps and from the outlets of our various connections with the soil pipe that we are to apprehend a pernicious fouling of the atmosphere of the house. It is practically a universal custom with all builders to carry the soil pipes and waste pipes and supply pipes, and even steam pipes as well, in a bunch together, through holes in the different floors where there are fixtures to be accommodated. Branches and interlacing pipes occupy this space in a confusing way. The course of the pipes from the cellar to the top of the house is through a continuous series of openings. After the work is finished the openings through the floor and ceilings are not closed; they are hidden behind the casing of a water closet, sink or other fixture, and a wooden casing is built around the pipes to conceal them from the room. Any foul air produced in the cellar finds an easy way through this channel to the top of the house, with every facility for branching out right and left and filling the space between floors and behind the plastering. Through every loose joint of the casing, whether of the pipes or of the fixtures, it has free admission to the room. If the servants' closet in the basement is subject to overflow or slopping, as is very often the case, the space under the seat and behind the riser is a small gas-retort producing dangerous and offensive air, which with more or less dilution, is freely disseminated through the house. Even the best water closet in the house is far from being free from overflow and spattering, and whatever foul air is here produced is diffused with equal facility. If there is a leaky joint in the piping at any point, from top to bottom, permitting an escape of foul air from the drains, it may thus be distributed throughout the house.

The remedy for this is simple and easy. Let every floor and ceiling through which pipes pass be made tight around them, not only by fitting the floor boards as closely as possible, but by plastering the ceilings tightly, or, better still, by filling the cube between floor and ceiling occupied by the pipes with plaster of Paris, filling every nook and cranny so that the passage of air is impossible. Every water-closet, wash basin, sink, etc., through out the whole house should have its concealing carpentry removed, the whole space about it being exposed fully not only to free ventilation, but to constant inspection and cleansing.

There are other details which are important. One may be considered imperative—that is, that if the water-closets in the house or a part of them should be of the prevailing "pan" kind, in which there is a pan immediately under the bowl which drops back out of the way when the handle is raised, these should be removed, and better, simpler closets should be substituted for them. What is infinitely better and, under good care, sufficiently good, a plain hopper-closet with a deep trap under it, is hardly more costly. Without touching upon minor details, it is here our purpose merely to indicate the great importance of certain simple reforms, and to suggest the general principles to be kept in view.

Unfortunately, few householders can give the time or would take the trouble to study the practical application of these principles. Their natural recourse will be to the plumber. The natural instinct of the plumber is always to make light of the suggestions of writers on sanitary subjects, and the natural aptitude which has made him a successful business man enables him to see quickly and clearly how to impress his client with the idea that he, after all, is the only practical man, and the true final authority. The wise course would be, supposing him to be a fair man and a good workman, to pay great heed to his suggestions. So far as the adaptation of his work to local conditions is concerned, he is the competent and sufficient judge; but it is important to urge that he be held to the general lines above laid down. There is nothing in these directions and hints that is not in direct accordance with the best practice of the day; nothing that may not be simply attained in the reformation of the drainage works of any house. Therefore every suggestion that the plumber may make should be measured by some such scale as is herein given. If his recommendations violate these general conditions, he is not to be trusted as a guide. If he says that he has always used pan-closets and everybody has been satisfied with them, that goes for nothing. Every one who knows what constitutes goodness or badness in a water-closet knows that the pan-closet is altogether bad. If he says that the space through which the pipes pass from one story to another must be kept open for convenience of approach for repair, he must not be heeded. The work should be made such as to stand in little need of repair, and in case of need it is not a very serious matter to remove the closing material recommended. So throughout the whole range of work to be done. He will generally be shrewd enough to suggest additions and alterations [which may increase the cost of the work. These it may be difficult to set aside; but if he suggests that the work cannot be done in the manner indicated, he may be safely overruled.

The foregoing by no means covers all that might be said to interested parents as to the relations between the drainage of their houses and the possible illness of their children; but it covers the main points and the general principles.

The drainage-works of the house being properly constructed, much depends on their proper use and on their proper care. It is not a proper use of a water-closet to discharge into it broken crockery, brushes, cloths and other bulky articles, as servants, heedlessly or by design, are apt to do. It is not a proper use of a wash basin, but unhappily it is not an uncommon use, to empty and wash chamber-vessels in it. Neither is the same use an appropriate one for the bath tub. Defective working and increased offensiveness due to such use is much more common than would be supposed. Even with proper use, constant care and watchfulness should be exercised by some compe-

tent member of the household. The following points are of especial importance:

No trap should be allowed to retain the same water more than a single day. At some fixed time during the day all fixtures which are not in regular use should be visited and have enough water sent through them to make sure of a renewal of the trapping water. This will not only serve as a protection against evaporation and consequent unsealing, but it will remove any organic matter that may be lying in the trap, before it shall have become offensive from incipient putrefaction.

Every water-closet should daily be thoroughly flushed and thoroughly washed inside and out, and the floor and the whole space under the seat should be washed clean and made thoroughly dry.

If water can be afforded therewith, the bath tub when filled should be filled to overflowing, clean water being allowed to run through its hidden overflow for a sufficient time to wash it clean.

Kitchen and pantry sinks should be watched as to the freedom with which they discharge their wastes, a slow flow being an indication either of a stoppage at the strainer which is not serious and which can easily be removed, or of an accumulation of congealed grease sufficient to reduce the water-way materially. Such grease so situated is always undergoing decomposition, and we cannot always be sure that the trap affords an efficient protection against its gases.

The servants' water-closet should be an object of special attention. If there is but one first-rate closet in the house this should be the one, and it should be so set and so exposed to cleansing and inspection, that not only it will be an easy matter to see that it is kept in good order, but that its cleanly and attractive condition shall be an incentive to those who use it to keep it in good order. Experience in the inspection of houses indicates that a large majority of persons who are extremely careful about all other plumbing work of the house are entirely careless and ignorant about their servants' closets, which are not seldom disgracefully and dangerously foul.

The principle underlying these recommendations is this: The introduction of modern plumbing appliances into the house for the removal of its organic wastes is a recent highly artificial addition to our conditions of life, which has afforded such luxury and convenience that little heed is generally given to the possible mischief that may be entailed. Much less consideration has been given to the means by which the difficulties presented may be overcome. The luxury and convenience are undeniable. The advantage on the score of health, where proper care is given, is also undeniable. But it is equally true that unless the possible dangers to be apprehended are duly appreciated, and unless an intelligent and anxious care is given by householders themselves to the construction, and almost more especially to the use and care of the fixtures, the liability to injury is great—*injury not only to young children, but to older members of the household as well.*—*Exchange.*

#### SPRING HINTS.

Let us suppose that the rug and quilt making is over, and we are ready to begin house cleaning in earnest. If we do our own papering, painting and whitewashing, I think the nicest way is to clean one room at a time, finishing it all up before commencing on another. But of course those who hire the painting, etc., done will want it all done at once, as soon as the carpets are up. Now we will begin with the chambers and I will tell you how I think is the easiest way of cleaning them.

First, take everything from the closets, put them out on a line to air, clean the closet thoroughly, and return the things, putting each article in its proper place, then there will be no further putting to rights there. Next clean the chamber furniture and varnish or rub with oil and put in another room to dry. Then take down curtains; if they are washable put them by for next wash-day; if they won't wash, brush them clean and lay aside. Next take up the carpet, and if woolen have it put on a line to be beaten with a cowhide or limber stick, if straw matting, place on the grass or a clean floor, sweep carefully, and if it needs washing, wash with a broom dipped in salt water.

Now you have nothing in your room and can go ahead and clean, but first take a mop and water and wash the dust from the floor; do not attempt to sweep it. If your room is to be papered and whitewashed, have the whitewashing done before the old paper is torn off, then there will be no whitewash daubed on the walls to prevent the new paper sticking. Next clean your windows and wipe the finger marks and specks from the wood-work. Now you are ready for paint, then papering; now give the floor a good scrubbing and you are ready for your carpet. If the carpet is wool, sprinkle the floor with a solution of carbolic acid and place sprigs of cedar round the edges of the room to prevent the ravages of moths. Put down your carpet, bring back your furniture, put up pictures, etc., and your room is finished except the curtains, which can be put up any time. If your room needed neither paint, paper or whitewash, it has been a very small job to clean it.

Before commencing the regular cleaning, I think it a good plan to make separate washings of all the bedding, and then it is all ready for the beds or to put away, each quilt, spread, blanket, puff and pillow to be examined thoroughly, and any worn or thin places mended. All painted walls should be washed with soda or ammonia water. Any spots on carpets may be removed by scrubbing with ox-gall and water, or ammonia and water, (after the carpet is beaten, swept and tacked down,) rinsed off with clear water, of course. Following this rule with each sleeping room soon gets them cleaned and in order, and that too without much hubbub, which is really the worst feature of houscleaning.

About the same rule may be followed with the other rooms, beginning with the parlor and finishing with the cook room. Plan each day's work, but don't make the plan too big. If need be, write down on a slip of paper just what you are to do each day and each task in the order which you wish it done, pin your paper where you can look at it often, and then when night comes you won't be vexed at the remembrance of some overlooked task which you were particularly anxious to have finished that day.

In cleaning the dish closets have every piece of glass, china, silver and tin removed, wash the walls, scrub the shelves and put up clean papers, and after washing and polishing each dish put them back in place, and you closets are done.

Sheds and out-houses should be tidied up, and the cellars should be thoroughly cleansed of all decaying vegetables, all old barrels and boxes removed, and the walls whitewashed with lime and copperas. But this part of the work I hope the Johns will feel belongs to them, and let them, to show they appreciate what has been done in the house, clear away all rubbish piles, fix the fences and gates, mend the steps and put in a new scraper in place of the old broken one. Let them take as much pains to fix up the door yard, the broken trellises, the rickety blinds and such things as the women have

taken to put the inside of the house to rights, and then the "spring's cleaning," will have been a success.

By getting your house-cleaning done early you will have time in the cool weather of May and June to do up the summer's sewing, and then through the heat of July and August you need not feel as if you must be stitching, stitching all the time. *RUTH ROBERTSON.*

#### HINTS AND HELPS.

The tiny red ants which are such a nuisance in many pantries, may be easily driven away if kerosene is freely used. Those who have been troubled by them know that they always come in lines, coming through some crevice in the wall or floor, and following one after the other in regular order until they reach the shelf above. If kerosene is turned the entire length of this line, also on the place where they come in, the floor, etc., they will soon depart. You may need to repeat this a few times, but it is an easy and effectual method of getting rid of them. Leave the door and windows open a while and the scent of kerosene will soon be gone.

If your flat-irons trouble you by dropping black speck from the top or sides when ironing, take them in a pan of soap-suds and give them a thorough washing, and dry quickly, to prevent rusting.

Paper bags in which many articles are sent from the grocery stores, should be saved for use when blacking a stove. You can slip the hand into one of these and handle the brush just as well, and the hand will not be soiled at all, and when through with them they can be dropped into the stove, being much preferable to the cloth bag or mitten, which requires frequent washing.

To make lamp chimneys look beautifully clean, wash them in warm soap suds, turn scalding water over them, wipe dry with a soft cloth, and rub with a piece of newspaper. This will give a nicer polish than can be obtained in any other way. Windows treated in the same way will be found to look much nicer than if simply washed and rinsed.

To take ink stains out of table cloths, napkins, etc., put the article to soak immediately in thick sour milk, changing the milk as often as necessary.—*Ex.*

#### RUSSIAN STOVES.

The Russian stove is made of fire-resistant porcelain, is always ornamental, frequently a highly artistic, handsome article of furniture. Internally it is divided by thick, fire-clay walls into several upright chambers or flues, usually six in number. Some dry fire wood is lighted in a suitable fire-place, and is supplied with only sufficient air to effect combustion, all of which enters below and passes through the flue. The productions of combustion, being thus undiluted with unnecessary cold air, are very highly heated, and in this state pass up and down through the different compartments. At the end of this long journey they have given up most of their heat to the twenty-four heat absorbing surfaces of the fire-clay walls. Then all communication with the chimney is cut off, the fire is put out, having done its work, and the interior of the stove has bottled up its caloric ready for emission into the room, and passing through the non-conducting walls of the stove, is radiated into the apartments.—*Foreign Exchange.*

#### NAMES THAT MISLEAD.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron. Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but strips of palm leaf. Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Bur-

gundy; the greater part of it is resin and palm-oil. Catgut is made from the entrails of sheep. Cuttle-bone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once enclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttle-fish. German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver. Cleopatra's Needle was not erected by the Egyptian queen, nor in her honor. Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with Pompey in any way. Sealing-wax does not contain a particle of wax, but it is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinnabar. The tuberose is no rose, but a species of polianthes. Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths, but heated chambers. Whalebone is not bone, and is said not to possess a single property of bone.—*Providence Journal.*

—A material for fastening knives and forks into their handles when they have become loosened by use, is a much needed article. The best cement for this purpose consists of one pound of colophony (purchasable at the druggist's) and eight ounces of sulphur, which are to be melted together, and either kept in bars or reduced to powder. One part of the powder is to be mixed with one-half part of iron filings, fine sand or brick dust; and the cavity of the handle is then to be filled with this mixture. The stem of the knife or fork is then to be heated, and inserted into the cavity; and, when cold, it will be found fixed in its place with great tenacity.—*Exchange.*

—There are meaning and beauty in the fable of the slave hidden behind the monarch's chair, with orders to sound his reed pitch-pipe in the king's ear should he be betrayed into loud or angry tones. She who dignifies the common uses and needs of life into humanizing, healthful, Christianizing influences upon those whose daily minister she is, serves her generation well, although her apparent sphere be no broader than the table furnished with food her own hands have prepared.—*Selected.*

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As I have been a subscriber to this paper for some time, and am still unknown to you, I think I must be what Mrs. Moffit calls a "bog." I do not like the term and so I am going to make an effort to be released from it.

I will tell you first of a comfortable I have just finished, which I know you all would like, the "Johns" included. I purchased ten yards of cheese cloth at five cents per yard, ten rolls of cotton at seven cents a roll, and ten cents worth of Germantown yarn. I cut the cheese cloth into four pieces, sewing two together for one side. I then spread this on the floor and unrolled the cotton and laid it on evenly; next I put on the other side and turned in the edges and run them all around. Then I tufted it with the blue yarn, the same as all comfortables are tufted, with the exception of not cutting the tufts. They are prettier and do not pull out when left uncut. The next step was to work a button-hole stitch all around the edge with the blue yarn, taking the stitches a quarter of an inch or more apart. You can get a cheaper quality of cotton, but mine is as light as down and very warm and pretty. It does not soil easily as you would suppose, but when it needs cleaning I shall take the cover off, for it mats cotton to wash it.

I want to tell you also of an apron I have. It is made of the same material as your gossamers, black rubber cloth. It is long and large and is the most useful apron I ever had. It requires no washing and always looks well, and is especially useful when caring for young children. I purchase the white rubber, marble cloth for bibs for my little boy. I cut them

long enough to come to the bottom of his kilt, and bind them only around the neck, leaving the ends long enough to tie or button, as you prefer. They can be wiped off after each meal and are always clean. If you try them once you will never use any thing else.

I want to tell you how to prepare a dish that is wholesome and delicious and economical and one of my own getting up. I cannot give you a recipe as I never make it twice alike, but I will tell you how I made it the last time, and that will give you an idea. I always keep two or three dozen clam shells in the house for I use them often and always for this dish. Yesterday I found I had a little fish, a bit of ham, some potatoes and pieces of bread, and some lamb chops that had been left from two or three days' cooking. I put them all in the chopping bowl and moistened them with hot milk and a little melted butter, and chopped the mixture very fine. I then seasoned with salt and pepper, and sometimes I add mustard or thyme. I fill the clam shells with this and set them in a shallow tin with a little water in the bottom of it, and brown them in the oven. When done arrange them on a platter and garnish with parsley, and you have a dish that is pleasing to the eye as well as delicious in taste. It is a grand good way to utilize all the little odds and ends you happen to have left.

When I have nothing on hand I often use clams and bread or crackers and an egg, seasoning well, and then I have scalloped clams.

I know a lady who saves all the crumbs left from cake and bread, and when she has enough she adds milk, eggs, butter, raisins, baking powder and flour, and makes delicious fruit cake.

MRS. A. B. HUMPHREY.

New York City.

DEAR SISTERS:—It seems nice to call you by that name, as I have no sisters of my own. I enjoy reading your letters of sisterly interest to each other. I live up here in Vermont where it is winter at least six months of the year, and we have to get used to staying in-doors most of the time, and our weekly and monthly papers are our greatest pleasure. Now my John is a model John, as I can convince you all. We have a large family and of course have to work hard and practice economy, and as the year was drawing to a close we found it necessary to curtail our expenses, as it was difficult to "make things come out even," so I proposed stopping some of our papers, among other things. He said nothing, but when it was time for the January number to come, THE HOUSEHOLD was on hand, he having sent for it unknown to me, so that I certainly had a very agreeable New Year's present. I find so many nice things in your letters, and so many things to help me on with my work.

I never doubted Rosamond E.'s individuality, for I certainly have seen her equal among my own neighbors. I like just such enterprising housekeepers, those that do not "hate housework," for surely in most of our homes it has to be done or we must suffer. I do my own work, even the fitting, basting and sewing. I cannot afford to hire; I have five children, the two oldest are girls aged ten and twelve years, but they are in school most of the time, so are not much help in household affairs. I try to do my work as my strength will let me, and try to save steps all I can, but with a baby to care for it is uphill business sometimes.

I saw an inquiry about a year ago, in THE HOUSEHOLD, as to the way salsify, or oyster plant, ought to be cooked, and as I have not seen any thing satisfactory since, I would like the sisters to try my way of cooking it. For a family of five

or six, take half a dozen roots of the plant and carefully clean them, then slice them quite thin into about three quarts of cold water, as soon as they boil soft enough, add half a pint of rich, sweet milk, cream if you can afford it, a piece of butter as large as a hen's egg, and salt and pepper to taste, let it stand on the range a few minutes, then serve the same as any oyster stew. Be careful not to put in the milk until the oysters are done, if you do it will rise up and froth all over the stove. I hope the sisters will report success.

I wish to thank all of those who put in the knitting patterns, for I have knit some very handsome lace from some of them.

SISTER HATTIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been sitting up here in the north-west corner for two years, saying "amen" to a great many ideas which the sisters have advanced, and thoroughly enjoying our pleasant paper. Therefore if you should hear a faint murmur from me, do not be startled. I come with a cordial greeting to you all and a heart full of thanks for the many practical hints gleaned from your chatty letters, and the good cheer and sunshine imparted to us, we feel selfish to sit idly and receive all this good, and give none in return.

To the Kansas sister who asked how to make her sod house presentable, I would

say, I sympathize with you, having lived in western Kansas myself. And although our house was not sod, I have been in several that looked as well as many frame houses, inside at least. Here is a description of one, which may aid you a little. In the first place, a nice wide mop-board was fastened around the bottom of the wall, and flat rocks fitted in neatly and smoothly as possible for a floor, a narrow strip was nailed around the top of the wall and thin cheap muslin torn in strips, sewed together, and neatly tacked, first to the strip then to the mop-board taking care to stretch it tightly, places were cut out for the windows and doors, and the edge turned under, and tacked to the frames. In like manner, muslin was stretched over the roof tacked to the strips, and the "ridge poles." Then the walls were all papered first with newspapers, then with cheap wall paper. (I would just say here, should the muslin over head get yellow, it can be white-washed.) If you follow these directions, you will have a house at once clean and neat, and very warm. And with your home-made embellishments, arranged tastefully on the walls, and a few large rugs on the floor, you and your John can sit down in as cozy a home as a new beginner could wish.

And now, sisters, I must tell you such a beautiful way to arrange grasses for winter. Make four bouquets—suit yourself as to size—tie the stems of two firmly together, then the stems of the other two, cross them in the center, and bind firmly with cord. Then make a large bow of broad, bright ribbon, and pin in the center, tack up to some bare spot on your wall, and I think you will be pleased with the result.

INEZ OF MONTANA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For five years I have read THE HOUSEHOLD, and it has become an important part of my household. The paper was sent me for a wedding present, and of all my wedding presents it is the one most appreciated; it has been a great help, as well as pleasure to me in time of trouble, (and all young housekeepers have them,) I could most always find help in some of the sisters' letters. Little do they know how much good their letters do thousands of young housekeepers. I feel as though I was acquainted with a good many of them. I found so many good recipes in the papers, that I

would like some of the sisters to try some of mine. I have a great many that are very good.

Did any of the sisters try putting down string beans for winter? They can be salted, so they are as fresh for winter as when picked from the vines. Pick the beans, string and break the same as you would to cook, pack in a jar, and to every gallon of water add two teacups of fine salt. Have the brine cover the beans. When they are wanted for use, the night before take them up and soak all night, pouring hot water on them; in the morning pour off this water and add fresh. They want cooking two and one-half hours. They are best cooked with fresh pork. I think if you try this, you will not fail to try it again.

I have a recipe for popovers that, when made once, will never be forgotten. One egg, beaten well, one cup of milk, one cup of sifted flour, and a little salt. Have your gem pans smoking hot, drop the batter in, put in a hot oven, and bake quickly. The batter makes one dozen. They are very nice for breakfast or tea.

I have a recipe for ice cream that I have never seen in THE HOUSEHOLD. One pint of cream, one pint of milk, and three eggs, well beaten, a cup of sugar, and flavoring to taste. It will make two quarts when frozen. There is no boiling the cream, it is less work and much better.

Winsted, Conn.

M. F.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—An inquiry in the January number for a cure for earache, brought to mind an incident that happened several years ago while teaching "my first school way out in the country." I was awakened in the middle of the night by a child crying and groaning with earache. A sister sighed and said, "Oh dear! that fire in the kitchen will have to be made to heat a brick and some vinegar." The thermometer must have been ten degrees below zero, and imagine getting out of a warm bed to make a fire.

"Oh," said I, "if you only had some neat's-foot oil now, it would cure it."

To my surprise she replied, "Why, papa uses that to grease his boots with, what good can that do?"

Heat some in an iron spoon over a lamp, saturate a small piece of cotton, and put in the ear as warm as can be borne, then put in a dry piece."

In three minutes the child was asleep and has never had the earache since, although before this had suffered a great deal. I knew this to cure a lady who each fall had to be under the doctor's care for three weeks, shut in a room free from noise and light. Three nightly applications effected a permanent cure. Five cents' worth of neat's-foot oil (cow's-foot) will last for years.

I want to thank the lady who gave the "dish washing rule." I immediately got a towel for draining, and what used to be a task is now a light burden. I only wash my dishes once a day, that at noon. What is the use of spending one's valuable time washing dishes three times a day. There are three in the family. My John often wiped my dishes Sunday noon, and he thinks towel draining wonderful.

Before closing let me give two splendid recipes.

Orange Pudding.—To one pint of water add one small cup of sugar. When boiling, stir in three tablespoonfuls of corn starch. After removing from the fire put in the juice and grated rind of one lemon, set in a dish to cool. Slice three oranges, sweeten a little, pour over the pudding. Just before serving, pour over one cup of sweet cream, and on this the whites of two eggs seasoned. (I often whip half a cup of cream, for city people cannot always get a whole cup, and with the eggs make it very good.)

Biscuit or Muffins.—One quart of flour,

three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of sweet milk, lard and butter together the size of an egg, one egg beaten light, pinch of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, bake fifteen minutes. I use half this recipe and it makes just eight muffins.

Chocolate Pie.—Take four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, one pint of boiling water, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir together and boil until thick like custard. Make and bake a crust, then put in the chocolate, beat the whites of two eggs, sweeten, season with vanilla, and spread on top, brown the whites in a quick oven and serve cold.

MRS. H. W. B.

Jackson, Mich.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the language of the telephone, I wish to say "hello!" to the Southern Girl, in Georgia. All things are possible these days, so I am sure I can make her hear from my Manitoba home. She asks "if some one will tell her how to clean gilt frames." I will with pleasure, having tried the plan, and know it to be a success. Buy a ten-cent package of gold paint, and follow the directions found on the package, and you will have frames "as good as new."

A pretty ornament for the wall may be made as follows: Take an old horseshoe, and gild it with the gold paint referred to above, also gild a couple of horseshoe nails; cover a square board, about ten inches square, and a half, or three-quarters of an inch thick, with black velvet. Nail the horseshoe on the board cornerways. Then, either above or below the horseshoe paint with gold paint, or work with old gold colored floss, the words, "Good Luck." Tack a nice full bow of garnet satin ribbon carelessly on the left hand corner, hang with garnet ribbon in such a way that there is a corner at the top and also the bottom.

Now for Dolly's entreaty, "how to make an omelet just enough for John and me." When I want just enough for my John and me, I beat up three eggs, and four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, have my frying pan hot, buttered, do not use lard, then pour in enough of the mixture to cover the pan, do not make it too thick, season with pepper and salt. As it fries, bubbles will form, stick with a fork, and allow the batter to run through, then cut through the center and with knife and fork roll over and over from one side to the other. This will make two omelets. If your frying pan be not too large, you will have enough for two more rolls. If you let it fry too much before rolling, or make it too thick, it is apt to break.

Now, before closing, I wish to thank the editor for my bridal present, THE HOUSEHOLD. I am trying hard to obtain as many subscribers as I can. I am not selfish, I want all to enjoy THE HOUSEHOLD as much as I do. It comes as a breath of warm air to our Manitoba home, at 18° below zero. NORTHERN GIRL.

Manitoba.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Five years ago THE HOUSEHOLD came to me as a wedding present. And I, like so many others, who have been favored with the same gift, feel that I could not do without it. I have kept silent all these years, and have been making use of the common sense ideas of my sisters, until it seems to me I can keep silent no longer, so here I am knocking for admittance. And while I send many thanks to the sisters that have helped me so much in nearly all the affairs of my household, the thought comes to me that perhaps I may impart a little help to others. Let me say to those situated like myself in a new country, far from a physician, I put the idea (taken from THE HOUSEHOLD) into effect, of having a medicine chest and found it of great benefit, but sometimes when baby began to scream with colic in the night, or rattle with croup, I found it difficult to put my hand upon the right remedy as quickly as I wished, and at last conceived the idea of a medicine cup-

board, and as it has proved a wonderful convenience I will describe it. In the first place, my John (who is one of the handy Johns that can turn his hand to most any thing) took a small dry goods box and made me a neat cupboard with a door that fastened so that the children would not be tempted to explore its contents. Then he fastened it in my bed room, upon the wall at the head of my bed, where I could reach it easily as I stood in front of the bed or without getting out of bed. Then I painted it to match the wood work of the room, and upon the lowest shelf put my remedies for croup, colic, diarrhea, faintness, etc., with plain labels upon the bottles, so I could see at a glance what I wanted. Then on the next shelf placed the remedies for external application, as mustard, court-plaster, salve, sticking plaster, along with a roll of soft old cloth and a number of finger cots of various sizes. On the upper shelf I placed the remedies not so often needed, while on top of the cupboard are my syringes, and at the end hangs a rubber bag which is so nice to fill with hot water and place against any part of the body where steady heat is needed. This systematic arrangement enables me to be prepared for an emergency. The expense is only a trifle, and the time taken to dress a cut or bruise is not felt even by the busy farmer's wife. It proves to be one of the many ways within our reach for "scattering seeds of kindness."

I would like to ask if any sister can give me a rule for the amount of salt and rennet to use in cheese making. I sometimes get too much and sometimes not enough.

I unite with others in saying why won't you all sign your names? I hope some day to have the pleasure of shaking hands with my north Dakota sister, Mrs. Mate T. Bradley, and perhaps some of the others if I can only locate them and find out their names. MRS. L. C. HUNT.

Grand Meadow, Minnehaha Co., Dak.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I see by the "blue cross" that unless I write to renew my subscription for THE HOUSEHOLD, I shall not receive it for January, and as I do not wish to lose one number, I enclose the one dollar and ten cents which insures to me its continuation for another year. I enjoy its pages very much, especially the letters from the sisters which are so spicy and interesting. Now, lest the few Johns (brothers, shall we call them?) who have aired their ideas by writing for our paper should feel slighted, I will say they have done nobly as "lords of creation" should do.

L. W., who wrote for the December number, 1885, (perhaps he thought it safer not to give us his whole name) asks, "Do not many wives fail to make themselves as attractive in person as before marriage?" Perhaps they do fail in this, some of them, but do the Johns endeavor to make themselves as attractive as before marriage? I think it would require quite as much "trying" as on the part of the wives. The truth is, in many cases, the wives have to make the Johns attractive even to the tying of the necktie, and with their other duties, perhaps they are obliged to neglect themselves. Should this by chance fall under the eyes of said L. W., I think I know exactly what he will say. "There, that woman is hit by what I said, or she would not be so quick to take it up." Oh, no, I hope not. I merely feel a spirit of retaliation roused, when the Johns find fault with us in our own paper, when they are allowed to write only on suffering. Whether or not they are allowed unconditionally to write, in the future, depends, I think, very much on their good behavior. What say you, sisters? We must stand up for ourselves and "our paper."

My John thinks I may be getting myself into a hornets' nest, but I fear nothing when I have 80,000 sisters to protect me.

But I must tell you how much the kind letters and articles in THE HOUSEHOLD have helped me. I knew very little about housekeeping when I began, and THE HOUSEHOLD has been a very pleasant help in many times of trial. John and myself count it as profitable a periodical as we can take. It came to me first as a wedding present and I assure you it was fully appreciated.

I am always glad to hear from Helen Herbert, Emily Hayes, and, in fact, all of them. And there are many with whom I would enjoy a nice womanly chat so much. With best wishes for the future prosperity of THE HOUSEHOLD.

Massachusetts. MABEL.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—"Frank," said my mother the other day, "you ought to write to THE HOUSEHOLD your don't do's, how you shirk your sewing for minerals, etc."

Well, I am afraid I do, for I am greatly fascinated with the study of mineralogy, and I never would touch a needle if I could afford to have my sewing done. There! I suppose I have lost caste forever with the dear 80,000 sisters. I do sew, and have to, for I have three little ones, and do nearly all their sewing, but when I can buy two pair of little drawers in Boston for twenty-five cents, may be not as fine cotton as I should make up, but plenty good enough, and strong jeans corded waists for forty-five cents, strong enough to always hand down to the second child and sometimes to the third, and many other

things in proportion, I do not think it pays to wear myself out over that old sewing machine.

But I should like to know how it is so many of you do so much besides keeping up your pleasures. I simply wonder, and feel my utter helplessness. I don't do housework even to any extent, for I have always lived at home. I enjoy study, and am in my senior year of C. L. S. C., I take lessons in mineralogy once a week, and this summer I had a grand opportunity offered me to study sketching from nature, which was too much for my human nature. I didn't refuse.

Now am I wasting my time, because I don't love "baking and brewing and spinning and sewing?" My children have their little cabinets, and are as interested in their mica and geodes, etc., as their mamma. They have their little crayons and color pictures. My little boy of five years sees a great deal more in mamma's pictures than any one else ever will, for let me whisper low—I won't admit it—I never was born an artist.

Will you let me give you one little bit of advice, sisters? Make your husband, particularly if he has a salary, give you an allowance. It is cheaper in the long run for him than a dollar here and two there and it is much better for you. It teaches you to depend on yourself, if you want a nice dress to save ahead for it. Many nice little helps you could plan for when you wouldn't like to ask your husband for the whole amount.

Rosamond E., where are you? I miss your letters so much. Rosella Rice, too. There was a Mrs. McNulty, of the far west, gave us a jolly talk on Johnny-cake and Machias girls. I've looked in vain for more. You've lost your vocation if you've given up writing. I'm afraid a good many will think I've lost mine if I keep on writing.

Hyde Park, Mass. FRANK E.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

TO SERVE CARROTS.—1. Scrape carefully, boil till tender, cut in half-inch slices, cover with hot cream, season with pepper and salt, and a small quantity of butter.

2. Boil tender, slice lengthwise, brown on a griddle in butter, sprinkle with sufficient salt and pepper, and season.

3. Boil tender, cut in small pieces, serve in melted butter, very hot.

4. Slice and pickle as for beet.

5. Cook and sift them, prepare as for pumpkin pie, bake in one crust. SUBSCRIBER.

HOP YEAST.—I send a recipe for making yeast that will "start" itself. Boil a handful of good hops an hour in one quart of soft water, strain and let the liquid cool to new milk warmth, then add one tablespoonful of salt, one-half cup of sugar, and one small saucer of flour, beat well together and set in a warm place, and let it stand three days stirring often. The third day boil one pound of potatoes, mash and add to the mixture, and let it stand till the next day when it is ready for use. Always stir well before using. Will some one try this and report?

CALIFORNIA SISTER.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, boil five minutes, add one cup of butter, and one teaspoonful each of ginger and soda. Flour to make just stiff enough to roll. CARRIE KUIST.

CREAM PIE.—Take three eggs, whip them lively five minutes, then add eight tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one tablespoonful of flour, and whip again five minutes, now add one and one-half teacups of sweet cream—if rather thick all the better—stir till well mixed, add four teacupfuls of milk, a little salt, flavor with nutmeg, and bake with one crust. This will make two pies. Bake quickly till done but not a moment after. E. D. C.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—In the morning take one pint of warm milk, one cup of sugar, one-half teacup of yeast, a little salt, and set a sponge, making it rather thick. At night add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of lard, and two eggs, knead up and let it stand till morning. Then roll out thin, cut round, and let it stand on the moulding board till light.

SOOT.—If you drop soot on the carpet, cover thickly with salt, and it may be swept up without blacking the carpet.

COLD CREAM.—One ounce of glycerine, ten drops of carbolic acid, and one ounce of rose water. VERA.

WATERMELON PRESERVES.—In the November number, 1885, A Young Wife, in western Kansas, wishes to know how to make watermelon preserves. I have tried this recipe and know it to be good: Prepare the rind cut in any form you desire, boil very hard thirty or forty minutes in alum water tolerably strong, take them from the alum water and put in clear cold water, and allow them to stand over night, in the morning change the water, and put them to boil, let them cool until they have entirely changed color, and are quite soft. Then make your syrup, allowing one and one-half pounds of white sugar to one

pound of fruit, then add your fruit which needs but little more cooking. Mace, ginger or lemon flavors nicely.

I was greatly interested in the letter from this Kansas sister. I would like to hear from her and get better acquainted. MRS. W. H. GORTON. Paw Paw, Mich.

WALNUT CAKE.—One cup of sugar, nearly one half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of cold water, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half pound of walnuts. Cut the nuts in fine pieces. Frost the cake and put whole nuts on top.

BROWN BREAD.—Two and one-half cups each of rye and Indian meal, one and one-half cups of sour milk, two cups of cold water, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one large spoonful of molasses, and a little salt. Please try these recipes and report success. MRS. G. R. POWERS. Lunenburgh, Vt.

SOFT FROSTING.—Take the whites of two eggs, add a pinch of salt, and beat them to a stiff froth, and stir in lightly two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. This makes enough for a cake of three layers.

COCONUT CAKE.—I will also give my recipe for coconut cake. One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk or water, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted into the flour, and three eggs, leaving out the whites of two. Bake in three layers. I use the soft frosting for putting this cake together, sprinkling plentifully with dessicated coconut.

Estella N., your lemon cake was delicious.

I want to say to Lucy Palmer that her chapter on potatoes came just in time. I have tried nearly all of them. CYNTHIA. Ohio.

HOT WATER SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, one cup of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, salt, and vanilla for flavoring. Beat the whites and yolks separately, add sugar, salt and vanilla, beating all well together, stir in the flour in which the baking powder has been sifted, and when well mixed add the boiling water, mixing well. Bake in a not too hot oven about one-half hour. Be careful not to jar it as it might fall. COM.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Two cups of sweet dried apples, soak over night and chop; two cups of molasses, and let it simmer two hours, when cold add one cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup each of sour cream, sour milk and butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda, four cups of flour, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, and one nutmeg.

COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, and one teaspoonful of soda. MRS. G. W.

DATE PIE.—One-half pound of dates, boiled till tender and put through a colander, one egg, one tablespoonful of flour and one pint of milk. Prepare the crust the same as for custard pie. Please try and report. E. M. M.

OLD-FASHIONED BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Scald one quart of milk in an inner boiler, and add a teaspoonful of salt and a scant cupful of Indian meal, gradually stirring till there are no lumps of meal, then add one cup of molasses, and butter the size of an egg. Pour into a well buttered earthen pudding dish, and add one pint of cold milk and stir once or twice, then add another pint of cold milk and do not stir, cover with a tin and bake all the afternoon, and let it stay in the oven over night till the next noon, but do not keep a very hot fire. M. W.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE (LAYER).—One cup of butter beaten to a cream, add two cups of sugar, three cups of flour in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been sifted, and the stiffly beaten whites of six eggs. Bake in jelly cake tins, and when done, while still hot, put between the layers the following filling: Chop fine one-fourth pound each of figs, seeded raisins, citron, preserved ginger, and blanched almonds, and stir them into three whites of eggs beaten stiff, a teacup of powdered sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Put this between the layers, and frost the whole thickly with the white of an egg beaten with the juice of half a lemon, and one cup of powdered sugar. A most delicious cake.

CINNAMON WAFERS.—Use the same proportions of butter and sugar as in the above recipe, beat six yolks of eggs to a foam, and add to the butter and sugar, with one tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon, and flour enough to make a soft dough which can be rolled very thin. Cut in rounds and bake quickly.

ANGELS' FOOD.—Six eggs, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one

teaspoonful of soda mixed in a little milk, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar rubbed in the flour; bake in very shallow pans as for jelly cake. Take two grated cocoanuts, one small cake of chocolate, grated, the whites of four eggs, beaten some but not to a stiff froth, two pounds of sugar, and a tumbler of water. Boil the water and sugar until it is thick, then beat into the eggs until it is white, then divide into three parts. Into one part mix cocoanut, flavored with lemon if you like it, into the next part mix chocolate flavored with vanilla, then you place this in alternate layers between the cake. When it is filled up high, ice the top with the third part, and sprinkle over it some of the grated cocoanut which you have kept for the purpose.

LEMON PIE.—One apple chopped fine, one egg, one lemon, chop inside very fine and grate the rind, one cup of sugar and butter the size of a walnut. This is just enough for one pie. Take the thick white rind off the lemon before you chop it. Take out the seeds carefully. One or two crusts, whichever you prefer.

New Orleans. BERTHA MAY.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some of the sisters give us a recipe for making the old-fashioned "muster" gingerbread, such as our grandfathers used to bring home long ago when they had been to muster? E. S. C.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to make Worcestershire or Halford sauce, also how to improve mahogany furniture which is discolored and scratched by long usage? MRS. W.

Will some one tell me how to make toilet soap? California. FAITH.

Will some one please tell us how to dry peas for winter use? VERA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell the sister that wants to know how to keep the yeast in the jars to fill them only three-fourths full. MRS. BEN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please publish for the benefit of A Subscriber in the November number, 1885, this remedy to prevent the hair from falling out. One ounce of pulverized borax, one-half ounce of camphor gum, one quart of hot water (not boiling) poured over, and when cold, bottle. Take a small sponge or cloth and wet the scalp thoroughly, then brush. Two applications a week will be as often as necessary.

HELEN E. L.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please send recipe for making scrap-plate such as is used in Pennsylvania?

Massachusetts. MRS. J. E. DOWNS.

Will some one please tell me what preparation to use to take off the outside covering of shell, the white part? SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the good sisters tell me how to make bisque glace pies? Dancyville, Tenn. EMARETTE.

In the October number, 1885, a lady wishes to know what will remove warts from the hands. I removed two that had troubled me more than ten years, by using glycerine. MARIA.

Will some one tell me how to make graham crackers? Also how to do up fine linen easily, and how I can give it a nice polish?

A MINISTER'S WIFE.

Will some one please give a sure recipe for removing violet ink stains from a carpet? and oblige STAR.

Will some of the sisters please send a recipe for packing eggs and butter so that they can be kept through the warm weather? and oblige a young housekeeper.

MRS. A. W.

Will Dr. Hanaford please tell us if he thinks catarrh is hereditary? and if so, what is the best preventive treatment? Especially what are the best foods for a child of four or five to eat, and as to bathing, the best time, etc?

E. L. F.

Emarette, we have canned green corn in glass cans for two years with success, in this way: Shave the corn from the cob, fill the can to the depth of two inches and press it till the milk fills the crevices, put in more corn and press again, and so on until the can is solid full and rounded up, then seal the can as tight as possible, cover in a kettle with cold water, bring it to boiling, and keep it boiling three hours. The water in the kettle will look milky, and a sound of escaping air will be heard. We expected the cans would burst the first time we tried it but even the rubbers are as good as ever. It is much easier if there are two to work, one to shave and the other to pound in.

BARTO.

## The Parlor.

## THE WIFE.

BY M. A. CHESLEY.

I care not a whit what your life-work may be,  
Not half of the pleasure of earth will you see,  
Unless you are blessed with a good, prudent wife,  
And rosy-cheeked children, to brighten your life.

Your servants may keep e'en your slightest command,  
Your wishes be granted, though humble or grand;  
But if in your home there is no loving wife—  
No child to caress—there's a blank in your life.

Your fame as a writer may ring round the earth,  
Your wisdom and virtue be praised at each hearth,  
And all men may honor and love you through life;  
But still you'll miss something unless you've a wife.

The earth you may girdle with rails for your cars,  
And work shops erect till they're thick as the stars,  
And millions of wealth you may mine from the earth;  
But more than all this is a loving wife worth.

No one but a niggardly muff of a man,  
A life for self only would lazily plan;  
Whoever deserves the rich bounty of earth,  
Would share with a partner the joys of his hearth.

Whatever you do, take a sensible wife,  
To share in the sunshine or shadow of life,  
And then don't neglect her, but act like a man,  
And you will be happy if any one can.

Kewance, III.

## DOCTOR GEORGE.

**A**BOUT the only earthly possession of any value George Hixson had on his twenty-second birthday, was a handsome diploma of parchment tied up with a blue ribbon. The diploma was from a medical college of very high standing, and George had worked hard and faithfully for four long years for that diploma. That he deserved it, made it a valuable possession.

He had with it a good deal of capital in the shape of courage, enthusiasm, faith in himself and the world. He was honest, manly and patient, and could begin life at the right end of the ladder.

He was so poor that he had to walk part way from the college to his old home, the village of Sharon.

The first man he met at the end of his tiresome journey, was old Enoch Lampson, a man who had known George from the day of his birth.

"How de do, George, how de do? Home again, eh?" was the old man's greeting.

"Yes, sir," replied George, "home to stay, this time."

"You don't calc'late on settlin' down here in Sharon, do ye?" continued old Enoch.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Wal, now, I dono—I dono about that, George."

"Why shouldn't I begin here?" asked the young man. "I hear that old Dr. Edmonds has died lately, and that no one has yet come to take his place. Why should I not do so? I am young—"

"That's it, George, that's it," interrupted old Enoch, "yer too young. That's just whar the shoe pinches. Leastwise, that's one place whar it pinches. 'Nuther thing is that—that—"

The old man scratched his head in evident confusion. He looked keenly at the young man, whose face began to flush.

"Wal," resumed the old man, "you know as well as anybody, George, jist wat yer family connections is, you know that—"

"I know it so well that you need not take the trouble to enlighten me any further on the subject," replied the young man, very quickly.

"I know to my sorrow that my father was a common drunkard, and that I am generally known as 'old Joe Hixson's son.' I know that my eldest brother followed in my father's footsteps, and was killed in a drunken brawl in this town. My other brother has gone to the bad, too. But I know, and you know, too, Mr.

Lampson, that my mother was as good a woman as ever lived through years of shame and suffering, to die at last of a broken heart."

"That's even so, George," admitted the old man. "I knew your mother when she was purty Mary Jackson, 'fore it was ever her misfortune to know yer reprobate father; and she was, as you say, as good a woman as ever drawed breath. But it's yer father's name you've got, and the name of Hixson don't stand very high in these parts. But I'll say for you, George, that I hain't a word to say agin you, pussonally and individually. I am free ter say and believe that yer of a mind ter do what's right, and that yer want to raise yer name above the objection that's now on it."

"I do want that," was the young man's earnest reply, "and it's strange if the Christian people of this town refuse to give me help and encouragement. My own record here is clear. I am not ashamed to have it read. Of course I am young, and most people are a little afraid of young physicians—but all physicians were young once—and I must have a beginning, you know."

Now I have studied faithfully, carefully, even prayerfully for four long years. I have spent every dollar I had educating myself. No one knows of the deprivations I have had to suffer for this," and he held up his diploma as he spoke.

"I have earned it," he went on. "It is my own by right of four years of hard study. Of course I know of the opposition I will probably meet with in the beginning. I am young; I know more of theory than of practice so far. But there are several reasons why I want to locate here in my boyhood's home. I am bound to win in the end; you will see that I do."

"Wal, George, I hain't a thing agin you myself. I wish you well as fur as I am concerned. Yer gritty! I remember that you had that streak in you when you was a little youngster. But I jist made up my mind that I'd tell you fair and square what the chances wuz fur and agin you, here."

"I am greatly obliged, I am sure," said George, "but I was prepared for all you have told me. I feel that I shall succeed in the end."

But there were many days and weeks and months after that, when poor George's courage and confidence almost failed him.

Old Enoch had truthfully said:

"Doctor George will have a hard row to dig."

He had, indeed. The name of Hixson was in bad repute in and around Sharon. The people were prejudiced against the poor young fellow, although they could not but admit that his own character was above reproach. They had known him from his baby days up, and it did not seem natural to call him "Doctor" Hixson. And he was so proud of that hard-earned title.

Even the children ridiculed him. Could any thing be more exasperating than to have a crowd of ill-bred urchins assemble in front of his poor, shabby little office, while one of the number sang out:

"Doctor, doctor, kin you tell  
What will make a sick man well?  
Grease his heels and tar his nose,  
And that will do, I suppose."

The doctor's office was such a shabby little affair, and he was quite too poor to make it better. He had no carpet, no pictures, nothing but a cheap desk, a chair or two, and the few old, but valuable books which comprised the doctor's library.

Appearances go a good ways toward a physician's success or failure, no matter how greatly we may affect to underrate them.

He should be well dressed. A shabby

man can never assume a very dignified appearance. His office should be neat and inviting. It augurs ill for the amount of a man's practice if his office is as shabby as poor Doctor George's was.

If the young fellow could only have had a chance. But there were the people sending 'ten miles to K., a neighboring town, for Dr. Graves, who could ride over in his carriage, and count their pulse-beats by a magnificent gold watch. His clothes were of the best, and tailor-made, and he had graduated from the same college from which Doctor George's diploma had come.

His father had left him a moderate fortune, and he could begin his career in a manner becoming to a physician.

And then George had to sit in his dreary office, in his frayed and patched garments, waiting for the patients that would not come, while Dr. Graves went driving by day after day.

Every few days the disturbed and dejected young doctor heard rumors of a rival coming to Sharon, and the village paper openly published in its columns that "an experienced and competent physician will do well to locate in Sharon."

After that Dr. George thought he would really have to seek a new field of labor, and in deepest despondency he feared that he had perhaps relied too much on the promise that had so long encouraged and consoled him.

But he read another promise, solemn and sweet to his troubled heart:

"I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

"It will all come right in the end," he said, but the end seemed so far away.

He would be only "old Joe Hixson's son" to these people all the days of his life. There was no end to that shame and sorrow. The sins of a drunken and depraved father were visited upon the head of a son who was deserving of the world's honor and esteem. He had risen above them into the beauty and glory of a pure and noble manhood.

Through shame and sorrow, discouragement and poverty, he had struggled up to a higher and better life, and yet the good people of Sharon daily made him look backward to the life he had left, and no friendly hand was stretched forth to help him onward.

"It is really surprising to see the assurance 'old Joe Hixson's son' displays," said Mrs. Colonel Giddings, the wealthiest woman in Sharon, "with his antecedents to set himself here for our physician!"

How many of us can look back through the ages to ancestors in whom there was no guile, and for whom we need not blush?

During six months Dr. George had but two patients; one of them was a boy who had cut his finger badly, and the other was a child with the colic. He had not, however, wasted his time. He had studied and learned much.

He was a bright, observing young fellow, and no one in Sharon would ever have guessed that the bright letters and sketches they read in certain eastern papers were written by "old Joe Hixson's son." He had signed "Alexis" to all he had written, and had been able to meet his small expenses with the money he received for his work.

But he had not spent four years studying medicine to finally become a newspaper reporter.

At last he made up his mind to go out west. Hope had died out in his heart. The people of Sharon were determined to ignore him. He could not succeed there. But there was that young man's Mecca—the boundless west. Perhaps the Fates would be less cruel to him there. He might not be "old Joe Hixson's son" among strangers.

So he made ready to go. The home of his childhood was dear to him, and he

was fond of familiar faces, even if they were not always kindly. He had always felt timid about going among total strangers. But his poor little trunk was packed and he had gone around saying good by to the few friends who cared to say good by to him. He intended going on Tuesday.

On Monday afternoon a little tow-headed boy met him on the street.

"Say, you, Dr. George," he said, "my ma wants you to come up to our house and see if there's any thing the matter of our Tommy, 'cause if there is ma wants to send for Dr. Graves."

The insulting message made the blood fairly tingle in the young doctor's veins. But the next moment he laughed.

"Oh, well, it don't matter," he said; "I'll go. It will help me to say truthfully that I've had some practice."

Tommy was the very urchin who had sung the hateful doggerel before Dr. George's office.

The young physician examined the boy carefully. Then he said:

"Well, Tommy, my boy, it will take something more than grease on your heels and tar on your nose to make you well. You have the small-pox."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy's mother, sharply. "I don't believe you know small-pox from the measles. I'll send for Dr. Graves right off."

"Very well, madam," said Dr. George, politely bowing himself out.

But late that evening Tom's mother came crying to Dr. George.

"Dr. Graves wouldn't come," she said. "He was going to, but when he heard that it looked like the small-pox with Tommy he said he wasn't well, and just sent him some medicine that ain't done him a bit of good. If you would come up, sir."

It was the first time he had been addressed as "sir" for many a day.

"Of course, I will go," he said.

This was the beginning of Dr. George's practice in Sharon. Within ten days there were fourteen cases of small-pox. The annals of the little town contain a record of how it was scourged by that fearful disease. Before the end came there was one or more cases in nearly every house. The means taken to prevent the spread of the disease had proved ineffectual. At last the town was quarantined.

When Dr. Graves was sent for a second time it was discovered that he had suddenly been called away on "business." He staid away all winter.

Dr. George went back to his empty office after seeing Tommy a second time. He unpacked his little trunk, lighted a candle, and began to read a certain medical work. He read until midnight, until one, two, three o'clock, until the dawn of day; that found him on his bended knees, prayerful, and even tearful. He felt that there had been given him work to do; that a change was coming in his life. He opened his well-worn little bible and read:

"I will not fail thee nor forsake thee," and again he read: "Be strong, and again I say, be strong."

And he was strong.

"His strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure."

He became a tower of strength to those stricken people. He was doctor, nurse, consoler—more than he ever thought he should be to suffering creatures.

His success with Tommy was assured within a few days, and others came eagerly after him. His skill in baffling the disease was wonderful. Had he not the heavenly help? There were few deaths, and many people came forth their fair and blooming cheeks unmarked by the dread disease.

Mrs. Colonel Giddings' beautiful daugh-

ter was stricken down while preparing to fly from the town.

Mrs. Giddings' own carriage came for "old Joe Hixson's son." His contaminated presence was in her splendid parlors and in her daughter's dainty room. His skill and careful watching brought her beautiful daughter forth with all her girlish loveliness unharmed.

He had hardly time to eat or sleep for many days. His very presence gave hope and courage to the suffering.

He escaped the contagion, but when his last case was dismissed he was utterly exhausted, and had quietly left the village for a week or two of rest.

When he returned his heart sank within him. In the window of one of the handsomest office rooms in the town he saw the word "Physician" in great letters of gold.

Handsome curtains were before the windows. Every thing indicated that the new comer had been a successful man. He hardly dared to read the name on the door. When he did he read:

"Dr. George H. Hixson."

"Go long in an' see how you like it," said old Enoch Lampson, who stood grinning on the pavement.

The amazed young doctor opened the door and went into a beautiful office. A handsome carpet and rugs covered the floor, walnut and mahogany chairs with velvet and plush cushions were in the corners, a mahogany table and secretary stood in the room, pictures and ornaments were on the walls, books filled a walnut bookcase with a silken curtain. Back of this room was one for a private office, fitted up in the handsomest style.

"I—I—don't understand it," said Doctor George.

"Don't, hey?" queried old Enoch. "Wall, it's a little s'prise fixed up for you by Mrs. Colonel Giddings an' the rest of us. 'Bout the hull town had a finger in it. It's all yer own an' all paid for. I reckon you hain't lost nothin' by trustin' in the Lord. He gin'rally brings his promises to pass, you know."—*Examiner.*

#### OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

It must have been rather exciting in the days not so very far away, when travelers in the northern part of our state bound westward, used to leave the cars, and mounting the coach with its four or six horses, toil slowly up the steep sides of the mountain and rattle down the western slope with a vague fear, or perchance a lively concern lest they should be left by the departing train.

The mountain, like an insurmountable barrier, rose and defied the efforts of men to join the broken links of that chain which now stretches unbroken from east to west in Massachusetts. But toil and treasure were poured forth, lives were sacrificed, and the mountain was conquered. You draw up to a yawning portal in its towering wall of green, and through its grimness and blackness, smoke and chill, with a horrible roaring above and around, you are whisked by steam in less than ten minutes.

We had been through the mountain. We longed to go over it. So it fell, one mid-October day, that we two, with ample wrappings and plenty of lunch, set our faces toward the mountain top. We had been assured that the horse we drove was perfectly safe, sure-footed, and was kept for use on the mountain roads. He proved to be all that and an arch deceiver besides.

The day was not one of October's perfect ones, but cloudy, damp, and rather cool, with possibilities of rain for which we were well provided. Directed to follow the telegraph poles as guides, we jog

slowly along giving ourselves up to the enjoyment of the scene. We pass farm houses, where we see the signs of harvests reaped, heaps of apples, loads of corn, vegetables pulled from the garden; a little brown school house by the roadside which reminds us of one to which our youthful feet were wont to turn.

The road, almost doubling upon itself, winds up the hillside, lined with thickets, among which we find ripe red raspberries, this twentieth day of October. Tall, purple asters are side by side with scarlet woodbine and deep-dyed leaves of blackberry, with here and there a tuft of late golden rod. Higher up, the road was edged with the humble, unpretentious self-heal, its blue flowers making a pleasant color among the moist grasses.

We pause as the top is neared—yes, we pause often, the horse showed unlimited capacity in that line—looking down over the scene and outward to the mountains whose purple incense mingles with the blue above. Below us lies the busy village we have left. Clearly, as when in our own room, falls upon our ears the chime of the town clock. Other villages lie in the shadow of hills, a little lake gleams among the trees. Saddle mountain stretches its broad back in the distance; there is Greylock, the highest mountain in the state, there are darkened valleys and swells of upland, all in shades of brown and crimson and purple, the subdued colors of later autumn, lighted with a few gleams of gold from the maples and walnuts.

Our horse becomes more and more depressed. He steps as if it taxed all his powers and persistently crops the grass to sustain his failing strength. We had intended to turn back after reaching the summit, but now felt that the horse must be fed and rested before he could carry us safely home. Of every one we met we inquired the distance to the nearest house, and the answers were remarkable, varying from half a mile to three or four times that amount; and what appeared most singular, the farther we went the greater the distance seemed to be. We met many people, with loads of wood or little heaps of potatoes and turnips, chiefly the latter, going to market in the village below, and wonder whence they come since we see so few houses. We meet a drove of young cattle driven down now from their summer pasture, which are terror stricken at sight of us, leaping over fences and tearing off into the woods in the most unruly manner. The drivers politely request us to halt until the cattle can be driven by, and our steed shows a beautiful spirit of instant obedience.

Just here I spy a flower new to me, a gentian, the *quinqueflora*, a whorl of delicate lavender blossoms, very pretty but hardly calling forth the affection we have for its sister with the fringed petals.

The summit is reached, but the land stretches eastward like any wild pasture and there is no view. A road forks to our right, another to our left, but nothing to guide us to that nearest house of which we are in search. C. goes off to explore the left hand path. The fog shuts down, a dense wall of grey, hiding her, and I am left alone in the carriage with no human being in sight.

We decide to keep to the main road and after a time rejoice to see the outlines of a white house appearing ghost-like through the fog. A nearer view did not confirm our first impressions of its neatness. Windows were stuffed with old hats, and the yard was littered and untidy. In answer to our knock came footsteps resounding through the house as if it were hollow, the sound which only comes from an empty dwelling, and a man, whose unkempt condition was a fitting accompaniment to the general dilapidation of things, made his appearance.

Rather shortly he told us he had no meal, oats, or corn for the horse. Had he hay?

Yes, and speedily the horse was put in the open shed with food and water before him. Scarcely tasting the water he daintily nibbled the hay a little, looking around at us very knowingly with an expression we interpreted thus: "Haven't I fooled you well? I wanted the green grass, but I wasn't so very tired or hungry."

We ate our own lunch here in the carriage, having a merry time in spite of heavy mist which turned to rain, and the weird and forlorn surroundings. Various equipages passed, the drivers of which looked curiously at the two lone women devouring sandwiches and drinking coffee in the Dutchman's yard, and feeding his hens which eagerly snapped at the fragments thrown. I tried to arouse in C. pity for the lone occupant of the house—it was evident no woman dwelt there—the rents in the knees of his pantaloons were a pathetic sight, but she wouldn't be moved. We wondered what romance or mystery was wrapped up in the life of the lonely and unattractive man who lived in the empty house, or was it crime?

We confess to a feeling of relief when we were fairly away, and the horse, turned homeward, was transformed into a very different creature. As we drove down the mountain, far away in the west the gray clouds lifted, rising higher, like a curtain which invisible hands were slowly unfolding, and from the clear sky beneath, such a flood of light shone out, lying with golden radiance on distant hills and uplands while we were still in mist and rain. It was most beautiful! Was it strange that it should suggest glimpses of heavenly glory which are sometimes vouchsafed to us when the shadows and chill of earth wrap us about? And without such liftings of the cloud, life would be a hard thing indeed.

We ended our day's adventures with a call at the brown school house noticed in the morning where we found a bright young teacher giving her best service to

nine boys and two girls, who evidently regarded visitors a great novelty. They sang for us, gave an exercise in language, doing their best to entertain the strangers. It is not a very large field of labor which the teacher in a country school occupies, the soil is often most unpromising, but there is much earnest, patient, unselfish work wrought by them in obscure places.

The district schools of New England have been springs from which our academies and colleges have been fed, and just such a school as gathered in the brown house at the foot of the mountain has been *alma mater* to more than one whom the world delights to honor.

Nearly two years later, one summer's day found us on the same expedition—a party of four now—meaning this time to go over the mountain and see both sides. Again the weather was unfavorable at first, and we had the same eccentric horse whose peculiarities had only been strengthened in the intervening months. "We keep him for mountain roads, and for women," said the owner. "He is steady and safe."

"Yes," replied our driver, "if the mountain should fall he wouldn't stir."

Our lunch deserves a word of notice. To say it was ample is not specific enough. When I tell you that thirty-six rolls headed the list, two quarts of peanuts ending it, with salmon, dried beef, cake, cookies, pears, lemons, coffee, bananas and pineapple between, you will not doubt my statement. The friend who provided this generous supply, and to whose kindness we owe that trip, said,

"she meant to have enough for three square meals and two lunches." We did

take all our meals that day from this lunch basket.

The sun shone clear and warm before we reached the mountain's top. Every thing was fresh and sweet after the rain of the night. On arriving at the Dutchman's house we were surprised to find a complete transformation. In place of the old, stood a new house and barn, large but not empty, no unsightly litter around the yard, but stands of plants about the door. We stop here for water, and the florist of our party being recognized by the good woman of the house, they open an animated conversation as to plants, while our host of the day calls for the baby, whose voice she hears, to be brought to her. "She's all the gold we've got," said the grandmother, as she carefully brought her out, while the pretty young mother approvingly looked on from within.

Our next halt was at the post office, a small, brown house bearing no sign ("except the hitching post," said S.,) and giving no hint outwardly of its public use. We enter a low walled room, looking no more like a post office than does your sitting room or mine. Time was, when this office was of more importance than at present, in those days when the stage brought the mail bag to the door. Now, twice weekly it is taken by private conveyance to the village west of the mountain but small is the amount carried.

There was nothing to remind one of any connection between this lonely mountain dwelling and the great center of national life at Washington, yet it was, nevertheless, an humble member of that great body, and, as well as the largest post office of the Republic, subject to its control. The present incumbent has held the office for over thirty years, thus testifying to his faithfulness and the satisfaction of his townsmen with the manner in which his duties were performed.

Up hill and down we traveled, walking or riding as we chose, gathering flowers and berries, giving little heed to the lapse of time, losing our way occasionally and taking in all the brightness and beauty we were able.

Do not ask me to describe that view from the eastern slope, the mountains, bold and rugged, clad in their deep blue-green summer robes. I cannot. Let me instead quote from a well-known divine, (Dr. Gladden,) from his account of a stage ride over the same road.

"You may travel far, but you will never look upon a fairer scene than that. The vision reaches for miles and miles over the tops of a hundred hills grouped in beautiful disorder. Fifty miles as the crow flies, from the spot where you are standing, the cone of old Monadnock pierces the sky. Farther south, and ten miles farther away the top of Wachusett is seen in a clear day, dimly outlined on the horizon. Down at your feet flows the deep gorge of the Deerfield whose course you can trace for many miles. Nothing is seen at first view, but these rugged hills and the deep ravines that divide them—no trace or token of meadow or lowland, but some subtle enchantment presently attracts the eye to that miniature valley out of which we have just climbed, bordered on one side by the Deerfield, and walled in on all others by the steepest hills.

This little valley at once becomes the center of the picture; from it the eye makes many wide excursions over the hill tops, but it hastens back again. It is like a ballad in the middle of a symphony. \* \* \* And yet it is a tame little valley, or would be anywhere else.

\* \* \* But shut in here among these hills, the only sign of quiet amid all these tokens of universal force—it is unspeakably beautiful!"

The last mile of descent lay in thick woods whose cool shades were most grateful. Groups of delicate maiden-hair

grew abundantly on one side with the flowering raspberry, while on the other was a ravine, a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet covered with mosses and tufts of tall ferns, while at the very bottom sparkled a mountain stream. At the foot of the mountain are a hotel and a few houses. Here, on a shaded platform by the bank of a river whose shallow waters moved lazily over a pebbly bottom, we disposed ourselves for rest and lunch, while the horse was duly cared for. We remark how showers might burst upon that little retreat with slight warning, so near the mountain seemed, so strong, shutting us in on all sides.

We were a mile on our homeward way when rumbling of thunder warned us that a summer shower was near and when we had advanced another mile it burst in fury upon us. Fortunately we were near a hospitable farm house in which we took refuge while the rain poured in torrents, accompanied by vivid flashes, and peals of thunder. After waiting more than an hour, the rain slackening a little, we proceeded, but at such a rate we looked with dismay at the miles before us. The roads were soaked and slippery from the rain which continued to fall, the horse would not be urged; occasionally a long, wavering sheet of flame from the clouds which hung in angry ranks over the eastern horizon weirdly lighted the darkening twilight.

There was a hasty council of peace, the result of which was that just as it became really dark we reached the pleasant farm house with blossoms without and the one golden blossom within, seeking shelter for the night. "Yes," came rather doubtfully from one member, "if you can put up with our accommodations," while a masculine voice added heartily, "Jump right out and go in. I'll see to the horse."

Here we found a haven of rest, receiving kindest attention from the family around whose hearthstone gathered four generations, from the little blue-eyed lassie of three months, to the great-grandmother, whose hair was white with the frost of four score and ten years. From her I received an attention which no other person ever bestowed upon me; she asked me to partake of the contents of her snuff box.

The summer sun beamed upon us from a cloudless sky next morning, there was fragrance of blossom and leaf in every breath and the air was full of melody. Leaving our kind hosts, we turned back a short distance upon the same road over which we came the night before, that, on our homeward route we might take in the central shaft of the tunnel. We pass over narrow roads, wooded and romantic, with a lonely house at long intervals, we stop to admire a beautiful cascade, whose waters, turning a sharp curve, raced swiftly down a steep incline, tumbling among the rocks below in clouds of foam and mist.

The shaft, surrounded by a strong wall of masonry, resembles nothing more than a huge well curb, perhaps twenty feet across. Climbing up on boards left by other adventurers, we peer down into its depths, down to the bed rock on which the curbing rests, then into the black hole below where nothing can be seen but the grim, dark rocks over which the water trickles. One look into the abyss makes us shudder and draw back, yet there was a fascination that impelled each to return for another look as soon as ever we had reached the ground.

A rumble in the air which might easily be mistaken for thunder were it not that no stain mars the blue above, we feel the jar in the earth, a faint smoke drifts up from the open shaft one thousand feet below the soil on which we stand, as a train rolls on through the subterranean

passage. More than twenty-five years ago Dr. Holmes wrote:

"When publishers no longer steal,  
And pay for what they stole before;  
When the first locomotive wheels  
Roll through the Hoosac Tunnel bore,—  
Till then let Cummings blaze away,  
And Millers' saints blow up the globe;  
But when you see that blessed day,  
Then order your ascension robe."

Yet the mountain is conquered and its walls daily resound with the swift moving locomotive wheels, but no one has heard that the genial poet has needed his ascension robes.

Will the benefit derived ever redeem the cost of this great undertaking? Wiser heads than mine will answer this question, but as we think of the lives which went out here, a part, through the carelessness of some one, we have our own opinion of the price paid. Many a poor fellow in the humbler walks of life breathed his last of this pure mountain air and went down into the pit to be stifled by foul gas or destroyed by an untimely explosion. Brave acts of heroism, deeds of unselfishness, of self-sacrifice, were here lived, we doubt not, unknown perhaps to the world, but not unseen by Him who notes the sparrow's fall.

We are to return by the western portal, so leaving the shaft, we peacefully pursue our way thereto as we innocently suppose, until a divided road compels us to ask direction. To our bewilderment we are informed we are proceeding directly toward the eastern gateway, a fact which none of us could realize, but for the timely discovery of which we were truly grateful. Some more zigzag wanderings, inquiries at one or two lonely houses, from whose windows children's faces curiously peered, a jolting ride over an obscure cart road, at last we find our bearings again and there are few adventures to chronicle of the remainder of the drive home. On the whole we were not sorry to have missed the way and made so many detours, for thereby we saw more of the mountain town, gaining glimpses of its life which we could not have done by simply following the main road. Beautiful were the summer pictures we saw, the sparkling mountain brooks, fields white with daisies and shining with buttercups, yet thoughts of a winter there, isolated and shut in as the people must be, called forth our sympathies for them.

Yet, reflecting further, the courage and perseverance shown by those who wring a livelihood from the mountain farms awakens our admiration. Mrs. Hemans once sang:

"For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God!  
Thou hast made Thy children mighty, by the touch of the mountain sod."

The strength of the hills is the strength of the state, and many of our noblest lives and institutions claim as their birthplaces the mountain towns of Massachusetts. When, but a quarter of a century ago, the fires of patriotism leaped into new life, in this little town spread over the mountain flanks they glowed with as bright a light and as fervently as in the larger places below. Perhaps the air was purer here. Fifty men, one would think, could be ill spared from these scattered homes yet nearly that number volunteered their services in the Union cause.

"The rocks yield founts of courage, struck forth as by Thy rod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God."

#### A VISIT TO WALLED LAKE.

We left the pretty little village of Alden, situated on the Iowa river seven or eight miles above Iowa Falls, on a pleasant morning in the early autumn of 1867. For a few miles our road followed the beautiful stream and we then thought we had never before seen so lovely a country. The river rippled over a rocky bed, and

seemed as pure and clear as if just bubbling from some crystal spring. The unbroken sward of the prairies came down in most places to the water's edge, and then away back rose in long, low, wave-like undulations as far as the eye could follow them. Some distance down the river a broad, blue line marked the presence of timber along its valley, and a little above us we could see a small grove on the border of the stream.

Soon after leaving the town we passed two or three small "improvements" and then turning more directly to the westward, we left the river and with it every vestige of civilization, save the mere trail which we were following, and which led us away across and along the great wave-like ridges of the boundless prairie. We were in the midst of an ocean of verdure, grand and beautiful. There are many varieties of wild grasses and flowering plants on these untamed meadows. The most luxuriant cover the lowlands and sloughs, on the wettest of these there is a coarse, rank grass with harsh blades, and stiff stems rising four or five feet and crowned with a handsome tassel. It is of no use for hay, but many a comfortable stable has done good service with a cover of this "slough grass." "Blue joint" is another heavy growing grass, always found on the very best of land, and makes excellent hay. A little round leaved, "wire grass" often forms a narrow belt near the foot of the ridges and hills, it is utterly worthless, and indicates rather a cold, ungenial soil. The upland grass is short, broad leaved, and a superior hay grass, but often too light to be profitable. Everywhere on good deep soil the great, rough "rosin weed" or compass plant reared its stalks several feet above the grass and turned its yellow flowers facing us as we traveled to the west, and on these undisturbed prairies its ragged leaves, held their pointed edges surely to the north and south. The golden rods in several varieties were our constant companions, some of them in full bloom and some just growing yellow with first flowering. Violets were everywhere in abundance and some of the hill sides wore a blue tinge even at quite a distance, from the myriads of them mingling with the short grass. Once we mistook a number of "lost stone" or bowlders lying on a distant hillside, for a herd of swine or sheep. These "lost stone" form a striking feature in the landscape of central and northern Iowa. They are of gray granite rock, always rounded and water worn, generally having one or more sides ground flat and scratched and furrowed, during the frozen ages of the glacial period when they were torn from their rocky beds away in the mountains of the north, and, ice bound, were carried on a slow but relentless journey southward to be dropped here and there along the melting ice front, or floated still farther away on drifting icebergs. In this day's drive we saw great numbers of them, but seldom more than four or five feet in diameter, though I have seen them much larger in other places.

To our left, as we drove slowly along, a large hawk flapped his wings lazily, high over a piece of low ground, and we could see him turn his head from side to side, as he peered down into the grass far below him, in search of prey. Once in a while he would suddenly dart down almost to the earth with the evident hope of frightening some small bird or beast from its cover, that might be hid in the grass, but disappointed in this he would rise and sail away to other hunting grounds. A little striped squirrel would cross the road before us, running a little way along the path, then hurry away in the bordering grass. Or, to our right or left we would see one stand up as straight

and still, for a moment, as a surveyor's stake, then with a prolonged, rippling chirrup, dart into his burrow. A few small snakes glided away at our approach, and some small birds like ground sparrows flitted among the tallest grasses, but there was remarkably little of animated nature seen in this day's traveling.

As the distance from the river increased, the appearance of the country gradually changed. The beautiful, long, wave like ridges gave place to low, rounded hills separated by broad valleys branching off in every direction between them, and the shorter verdure on these hills indicated a thinner soil than we had been traveling over in the morning. Scattered among these low hills were numerous small lakes and ponds always shallow, and mostly filled nearly or quite to the center with rushes, water weeds and grasses, and a luxuriant growth of moss. This mass of vegetation often grew out upon the water for a considerable distance. Once I walked for six or eight rods out upon such a growing carpet, then punching a hole through it I found it to be less than two feet thick, and about six feet of clear water underneath. While walking on it, it would shake and spring very much, and if I paused but a few moments it would sink slowly, the water rising about my feet as clear as crystal. Myriads of lean and hungry mosquitoes haunted these marshy solitudes and rose up at every step to claim the life blood of every intruder. Near a large pond a little way to our left, stood two or three gnarled and stunted aspen trees, the first we had seen for many miles. Soon after this from a little hill over which we passed, we saw a mile or two away, a pretty grove of perhaps thirty or forty acres, and a lake to the southwest of it. This we knew to be Walled Lake, in Wright county.

The sun had almost reached the zenith, when we passed a neat little school house at the corner of a small, half cultivated field on our left, and soon after to our right, in the shade of the grove, a very rudely built log house. We soon took shelter from the now oppressive heat of the sun under some spreading trees on the border of the lake. Without unnecessary delay, we ministered to the wants of our tired horses, and to our own, by way of a hearty lunch.

Walled Lake gets its name and fame from a natural phenomenon, which we went at once to examine, though it is not the only lake and pond in northern Iowa presenting the same features, it is one of the largest and most conspicuous.

We had halted on the highest bank of the lake, and a few rods to the south of us the ground sloped off into a broad swale, or valley, but little above the water's level. Here, a wall or embankment begins and follows the shore until it meets higher ground beyond, and so again and again everywhere, (as far as we followed it.) Where the natural banks are low, there a wall appears. Across this first low land, where I examined it most, it is from four to six feet high from the water level, and quite abrupt on the lake front, rounded and sloping on the prairie side, at least six feet thick at the base. It is built up of stone, gravel, sand and earth, heaped together, without being laid together in regular order, but as compact, solid and uniform, as any ordinary work of art of the same character. The stone in it are of the same water worn kind, spoken of above, and many of them were of several tons weight I suppose. The wall was covered with grass and shrubs, and some quite large trees grew on it where it entered the grove.

Away to the westward where the lake merges into a malarious looking swamp, we were told that little or no wall ex-

isted. The lake proper, is a beautiful little sheet of very clear water, rippling over a gravelly bottom, nowhere more than four or five feet deep, and upon its uniform shallowness, and the long, cold winters of its latitude, it depends for its wall and its notoriety, and not, as some have supposed on labors of some ancient race of men. Old Jack Frost during his long reign over this beautiful region, reaches down to the very bottom of this pond and grapples every stone and pebble that lies in its waters, then, (on a small scale) like the mighty work he performs in the Alpine glaciers, he forces them little by little, but surely from the center outward until in the course of long ages this bank has been raised up where the low shore will admit of it.

After satisfying ourselves with observing this curious work of the winter frosts, we were soon on our way again, and had a tedious drive, in company with legions of very officious mosquitoes for near eight miles, over country much like that passed over beyond the lake, and without passing any improvement, until reaching the timber land along the Boon river. In our drive of twenty miles we had seen but two houses and one of them a good little school house. This is characteristic of the manner in which settlements and civilization advances in our prairie countries. But it is fair to mention that we were told that there were three or four other pioneers settled near the school house at Walled Lake, but hid from us by the grove and a ridge of high ground.

T. E. BUNDY.

#### QUAINT OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Portsmouth, N. H., is the oldest city in that state, and years ago was the chief business town. It was the seat of vice-royal authority in the colony, and as a commercial center vied with Salem, Boston, Newport and New York. To-day it is full of historic sites and antiquarian curiosities—old cemeteries, churches, the mansions of the royal governors and councilors, and ancient parlors hung with the master-pieces of Copley.

There is one church that will attract the eye of the stranger at once, and that is St. John's in the northern part of the city. It is magnificently situated on the crest of Church hill overlooking the blue Piscataqua, Kittery, and other towns in Maine. St. John's is a quaint old structure of brick and bears very nearly the relation to Portsmouth that Christ church does to Boston, and Trinity does to New York. The present edifice is about a century old, and stands on the site of what was known as Queen's Chapel erected in 1739 and named in honor of Queen Caroline of England, consort of George II. This princess was a munificent patroness of the ancient church, and she not only furnished the books for the altar and pulpit, but also the plate, and two elegant mahogany chairs which are still used in the more recent structure.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin was one of the first proprietors of this church and owned a pew in it. During three generations the royal governors, who were Episcopalians, attended divine service here, and their pew which was raised above the rest and had a wooden canopy built over it, bearing the royal arms, and red plush curtains festooned around it, was long known as the "Governor's pew." Two chairs were in it presented by the queen for the governor and his secretary. After the Revolution these trappings of royalty were taken down, and in the place of the Lion and the Unicorn, a sign in gold letters designated it as the warden's pew. President Washington, when he visited Portsmouth in 1789, occupied this pew.

His appearance was said by those present to have been truly stately. He was dressed in a complete suit of black silk velvet—coat, vest and small clothes—with black silk stockings and brilliant shoe buckles. Being an Episcopalian, he joined in all the church services.

The edifice contains many objects of interest and articles of vertu. The silver plate is antique, the flagons bearing the royal arms of England. Within the chancel rail is a curious marble font, taken by Col. John Tufton Mason at the capture of Senegal from the French in 1755, and presented to the Episcopal society by his daughters in 1761. It is of porphyritic marble, of a brownish yellow color, and undoubtedly of African manufacture. The books used by the rector in the pulpit and reading desk are the very ones presented by Queen Caroline. The soldiers during the Revolution cut out the prayer from the book in which the British king was remembered. The word "hell" is left out of the Apostle's Creed upon the wall, as at one time was the custom in the Church of England. All around the walls of the church are tablets placed there by loving friends in memory of those departed this life. The pew occupied by Daniel Webster when he was a resident of Portsmouth is pointed out to the visitor. The pew is a modest one in the broad aisle, near the entrance to the church.

The bell of the church has quite a history of its own. It was taken from the French at Louisburg at the time of its capture, in 1745, and was in that year presented by the officers of the New Hampshire regiment to this church. Its weight is about six hundred pounds, and its tone is peculiarly sweet and silvery.

One can interest himself for an hour in looking over the records of the church during its long history. Among other marriages the visitor will find that of Gov. Benning Wentworth to Martha Hilton, by the Rev. Arthur Brown, who was the rector for nearly half a century, or up to the time of his death in 1773. The romance of this marriage consisted in the fact that it was a sort of second edition of King Cophetua and the beggar maid. Miss Hilton was a poor young girl and was employed by Gov. Wentworth as his housekeeper. She was pretty and lively, and the governor, who was a widower and three score, fell in love with his handmaid. Longfellow has told the story in his melodious verse much better than we can. Suffice it to say that she consented to marry him, and Wentworth selected his birthday when a great company was taking dinner with him, for the wedding one. After dinner Martha dressed like a belle of the time and wearing her hair three stories high glided in and stood blushing in front of the chimney place. Gov. Wentworth marking his friends' surprise rose from his seat.

"Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down, And said unto the Rev. Arthur Brown: 'This is my birthday; it shall likewise be My wedding day; and you shall marry me.'"

"To whom, your excellency?" asked the rector, now completely dumbfounded.

"Why, to this lady," replied the governor taking his housemaid by the hand.

The Rev. Arthur Brown still hesitated.

"As the chief magistrate of New Hampshire I command you to marry me," cried the fine old governor. And so January was wedded to May, and the pretty chamber maid became "Lady Wentworth of the Hall."

The Governor Wentworth mansion is still an object of curiosity to visitors. It stands two miles out of Portsmouth, at New Castle, an old, roomy building with many windows looking out to sea. It is gilded by lilac bushes nearly as ancient as the mansion itself. The large and stately rooms retain the magnificence of former times. There are the family por-

traits, the governor's chair, and the spinet whose discolored keys were once thumped by Lady Wentworth's fair fingers. She lived there by the sea until 1804, and entertained Washington once upon a time. Her daughter, another Martha Wentworth, succeeded as mistress of the Hall.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Burroughs, one of the founders of the General Theological Library, was the well-known and much esteemed rector of St. John's for nearly fifty years. He resided all this time a pleasant walk from the church on Pleasant street, in the large and elegant mansion of Gov. John Langdon, one of New Hampshire's worthies in the Revolution—a house that has seen quite as much of the great personages of that period as any other in America, having sheltered Washington, Lafayette, Baron Steuben, Louis Philippe and many others, from time to time.

The cemetery attached to St. John's church is one of the most interesting burial places in New England. The place has been "kept up," the trees are annually pruned, the grass trimmed, and if a grave stone topples over, it has its face sponged and is carefully set up on its feet again. The remains of loftiest in rank and name in the old colonial province rest here—Wentworths, Atkinsons, Sheafes, Warners, Jaffreys, and Mannings, a host of great names that figured in the old time as governors, councilors and secretaries of the Province, colonels of royal regiments, etc., are all snugly gathered under the motherly wing of the church of England in which they worshipped when alive. The tombs in many instances bear faded escutcheons and crumbling armorial devices. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

#### THROUGH THE WOODS.

BY A. P. REED.

Perhaps the majority of the reading public delight in a consideration of that which is farthest from their present experience, as regards many things. At least I know I do as regards the weather. When summer overcomes me with heat, and a sense of suffocation in the sultry air creeps over me, then is just my time to read of the arctic regions, and so in winter, when old Boreas fastens his icy grip about me, I feel like thinking and writing of summer, and thus am I led naturally, at this time to select a summery subject. True, we are now past the winter season, but not rid as it generally happens, of the winter weather, which is so often experienced in March and even in April.

"Through the woods!" How a fancy feeds upon the words, and what a thrill of joy they contain, and convey.

"Through the woods!" Meaning a visit to the wild birds' nests, through brook, briar and bramble. Down the lane, across the bridge that runs over the brook that bubbles and bubbles so melodiously, and we pass into the woods on a hot summer day. At once the shade refreshes us, and amid the song of the wood thrush, the drumming of the far away partridge, and the hammering of the distant wood-pecker, the brook which is still with us, bubbles louder than before, and sounds more melodious still as it echoes down the ravine, and verily the woods lend a charm to the brook that the open field and pasture cannot possibly give it.

Such a ramble, with lots of associations that I have not mentioned, has many charms for me in the season of it, and how I like to picture it in my mind now. Perhaps imagination like any other artist, has overdone nature. Perhaps I see more now than I can find in the actual experience. It is undoubtedly so with a good many things where imagination has full

play. But then, the compensation of such a ramble as I speak of, is great enough to make it delightful if we do get tired, provided we do not indulge in it too often. Such communion with nature is calculated to inspire reverence of her.

Another way to enjoy the woods is in a drive through them on a well wooded road on a sultry day. Such a drive should be a leisurely one to get the most out of it, and give our horse the benefit of it as well as ourselves. Protected from flies, a horse enjoys the woods and finds the shade very refreshing.

But generally speaking, few people consider the enjoyment of their animals enough. If we take a horse out, nine times out of ten, we are thinking only of our own comfort, and what we can get out of him for ourselves. But I think we ought to look deeper than this. A horse is intended to enjoy life, else why has he faculties and capacities for enjoyment? This being the case it is inexcusable selfishness to overlook his enjoyment, in securing ours, especially when our use of him is simply a mission of pleasure. And the same reasoning applies equally as forcibly to the management of all dumb creatures. We should study their capacities for enjoyment and cater intelligently to their wants thereby.

The reader will have to excuse this digression, as it seemed just the right place to speak a humane word, a word that perhaps is more important than the whole of the rest of this article.

It is pleasant to watch the changes in the woods throughout the season and how beautiful are they at autumn, although to me they convey more of joy when in June they are every day growing in greenness and increasing in depth of foliage and shade. We can look through this and see balmier days ahead while at autumn we look ahead into a snow drift, not so pleasant a sight to me as singing birds, budding foliage, and soft zephyrs.

Give me the summer, and all the romance of a stroll through the woods, and I am happy.

#### DANDELIONS.

A bunch of bright yellow dandelions standing over their long jagged green leaves on one side of the path around the clothes lines in the back yard of a city house. Between the lines, fresh, green grass. Only a bunch of dandelions! But I am as much delighted to see them as if they were the rarest flowers, for they carry me back in imagination to my dear childhood's home in the sweet, happy country, so quiet, so restful and still.

Looking at these cheerful yellow flowers, I forget the clatter of the carts in the street, the noisy rush of cars, the endless grind and din and dust of the town, and hear only the voices of brothers and sisters long since gone from earth. Again I am in the old swing, under the apple trees full of bright pink and white blossoms, and they push the swing till my feet almost touch the branches. We inhale great mouthfuls of the pure, bracing air, and when weary of the exercise we "let the old cat die," and the swing gradually stops its motion. How beautiful it is to look over the long field of green grass sprinkled with these same bright yellow dandelions. Yes, dandelions are beautiful! All flowers are beautiful. God's works are always perfect, and as Keats says,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"Shall we pick the dandelions mamma?"

"No, leave them there, and we can look out of the window and enjoy them, and have a little bit of country, even in our little back yard in the city. They would soon wither if they were gathered and would lose their beauty."

Every thing looks best in its own place,

and the place for dandelions is in the grass. Ruskin gives an illustration of this truth in one of his books in speaking of the vulgarity of things out of place. I believe it is in the fifth volume of his "Modern Painters," but I have not seen the book for over twenty-five years, and must rely on my memory instead of quoting.

Mud is given as an example of some thing disagreeable. Then we ask why is it so? It is composed, perhaps, of clay, sand, coal dust, and water. Neither of these substances is disagreeable in its own place. The clay is made into fine beautiful porcelain; sand or silica is by itself a precious stone of fine crystal; coal or carbon when perfectly pure is the brilliant diamond, and what can be more pure or beautiful than clear water? Thus we see that these substances are only repulsive to us when found out of place, or mixed with other things of a foreign nature.

So a dandy with white kid gloves and a dress coat in a hay field making hay, would be ridiculous, and quite as disgusting as a man in his shirt sleeves in a drawing room. We should dress according to our work, and according to the place and time in order to look best. Over-dressing, that is, wearing clothes too nice or expensive or too showy for the occasion is always vulgar and in very bad taste. It has been said that the perfection of taste is to dress so that no one will notice what you have on.

Dress is an index to character. A sensible woman will not wear what is unbecoming, or contrary to health, convenience, or beauty, just because it happens to be the fashion. She will wear a "common sense" shoe, because she can walk better in it, no matter whether high heels and pointed toes are in fashion or not, and in like manner each garment will be chosen for its fitness and adaptation to her needs, in her work and place, for every woman should have a work and a place in this busy world, and so will she be most lovely, doing what she can best do for others.

Every one of us has a work to do, a life to fill out for eternity. Let us do it well and faithfully. She who does well and faithfully whatever her hand finds to do, will throw out an influence for good that is as far-reaching as eternity itself. My little modest cluster of dandelions smiling cheerily in the green grass are the source of joy and strength to many a weary soul.

And now to those who only see beauty in utility, let me say that dandelions are useful as well as beautiful. Nothing is more wholesome as an article of food than the dandelion leaves boiled like spinach, and eaten with vinegar as a vegetable. They contain iron and are very good and strengthening for the blood and for the liver, especially in the spring, when the liver is apt to be torpid from the extra burden that has been thrown upon it in doing its work well during the long winter when we eat so much solid food for heat, containing carbon and nitrogen chiefly.

Dandelions are now a well-known article of commerce as they are used for medicinal purposes. The seeds of the dandelion have a good market value and are in demand. So let them go to seed, and after the bright flowers are gone, the beautiful, white, fleecy globes will come to delight our eyes and the eyes of the children who have an eye for beauty. Then they will gather them, and blow the seeds far and wide, trying to see who has the best lungs, and can blow off the most at a breath, and next year we shall have all the more. ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

To confide too much is to put your lemon into another man's squeezer.—Bovee.

#### LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

BY EDMUND NOBLE.

The really mysterious element of life in St. Petersburg is one that transcends western experiences. Below the outward forms of things you enter an atmosphere in which thought seems limited by new laws. Out of novel habits, strange customs, hereditary legacies of the intellect in which you have had no share, the fancy makes a stair for its ascent into another planet. The differences you encounter everywhere are unlikenesses not between Aryan and Aryan, but between Europe and Asia on the one hand, between a new and an old civilization on the other. Readily would the native help you in your bewilderments, were it within his power, but the abnormal to you is the normal to him. You call upon him to look, and he sees nothing. Your specters are his thin air, the novelties you italicize, his daily commonplace. So that in time your surprise becomes less demonstrative, if not less acute. In time your diary is content to hold the mirror up to nature. "The municipal council," for example, "has just fixed the price of bread for the next twelve months." "The Golos punished for 'improper tendencies' by an order depriving it for six months of the right to publish advertisements." "The authorities about to raise money by imposing a tax on all foreigners resident in St. Petersburg." "Newspapers contain appeals on behalf of poor families in the capital." "A well known police official purchases the wife of a subordinate for ten thousand roubles." "Newspaper proprietor exiled to a northern province for publishing a cartoon representing, in a series of nine views, the torments of a dog attacked by a wasp, and finally forced to retire into kennel; the whole without head line, but believed in official circles to be an allusion to the Tsar's enforced retirement to Gatchina." "Householders warned that the morrow is the 'name day' of the empress, and that they must celebrate on the occasion—that is to say, hang out banners and burn lamps—or pay a heavy penalty." And thus it runs on, this record of events, a mere story of familiar experience to the native Russian, but to the foreigner a tale of doings in a world all other than his own.

It may be well here to remind the reader that the habit of living in lodgings is general in St. Petersburg. So far as Russian life is a bivouac, the term "lodgings" is aptly used; etymologically, it corresponds with the English "house" or "home," and is therefore without the sense usually associated with it in the west. In the capital a man who lives in his own house, occupies little more than a corner of it, or sleeps in a palace. Some of the richest families are content with lodgings, and but few of them need all the apartments which constitute a St. Petersburg flat. This is in itself suggestive of the scale upon which houses are built in the great Russian cities. But it is all too inadequate as preparation for the statement that a St. Petersburg lodging house frequently contains as many as a thousand rooms, with a population of from two to three thousand persons. The finest apartments are on the ground floor; the poorest are reached by ascent of from ten to twelve stories. A suite of six rooms suffices for the wealthiest lodgers who have no palace of their own. Two or three supply all the needs of the well-to-do tradesman and his family; the majority of professional men who are bachelors, nearly all teachers and students and a large class of officials find themselves amply accommodated by a single apartment. The cost of lodgings depends, of course, upon such elements as situation, number and furnishing of rooms, height of flat, and service. As a rule, it

may be said that, taking into consideration the general purchasing power of the money expended—a precaution consistently neglected in international comparisons of this kind—house rent is somewhat higher in St. Petersburg than it is in Paris or London. I offer these details simply in order that the reader may be better prepared for a singular custom to which I here invite his attention. Rent charges in Russia are invariably exacted "in advance," even when a lodger surrounds himself with luggage valuable enough to yield the amount of a whole year's arrears. Upon personal property of this kind there can be legally no lien. The same Russian law which hampers foreigner and native alike with the police surveillance of passport regulations, seizing every opportunity to throw obstacles in the way of free movement, gives to a lodger the fullest right to carry off his luggage in the teeth of an irate landlord clamoring for the settlement of his unpaid bill. Any forcible detention of property in such cases is treated by the courts as a quasi-criminal offence. How easy it is, under these circumstances, to attach to a whole class an undeserved stigma of sordid caution, or of suspicious distrust of their fellow beings, will be at once seen. The law itself is an interesting survival; its origin, as a defence of personal rights in the country where the modern ukase so frequently ignores them, must lie as deeply in historical causes as the democratic period itself.—*December Atlantic.*

#### MY COUNTRY HOME AND SCHOOL.

Near the close of a pleasant winter's day, when I was about six years of age, a team was driven to the door to take me to what was to be my home in the country. In those days a ride behind a real live horse was an experience entirely new to me, and my mind was so filled with ideas of the pleasure in store for me that I could think of but little else. After riding what seemed to me a very great distance, although it was but two miles, we got out at a pretty little white house. As we entered the house the first of all that attracted my attention was three persons sitting around the stove popping corn. After my wraps were taken off, I was given a stool to sit upon, which I was told was to be all my own, and my lap was filled with corn. I was very happy until bed time, then came a struggle. Every way was tried to get me to go to bed, but, no, I could not, I would not. There I stood, a stranger among strangers. It seemed as though the whole world was against me, but at last I sought comfort in tears, and sobbed myself to sleep.

Who does not pity a homesick child? Through the day it can be made to forget its loneliness, but when night comes its mind and body are weary, and nothing will satisfy but to be folded within the loving arms of mother.

The next day passed quite pleasantly, for everybody around tried to interest and amuse me. The second or third day I went to school. What a grand time I had sliding down the long hill in front of the school house! That school house, can I ever forget it? It stood about half up one of the finest hills nature ever formed for children to slide down. The little white portico, with many cuts of boys' knives, and marks of girls' pencils, was just the place to play in, in stormy weather.

How I did enjoy that winter! What did I care if I did have to travel about half a mile through deep snow? That was fun, but my courage was always better in the morning than when I got home, for after I arrived there, kind hands removed my wraps and seated me near the fire, and a kind voice pitied and sympathized with me, and what child is not cold

and hungry when a loving voice tells it that it is?

That winter passed as all winters do, and spring brought new pleasures and occupations. Instead of sliding down hill, I helped make the flower garden, and put into the ground those tiny particles which sprang up, and with their beauty paid ten-fold for their care. Spring not only brought changes at home but at school also. We had a new teacher. Was there ever her equal? No hand could so tenderly as hers bring the tangled mass that crowned my head into proper form, and well do I remember her look and exclamation of consternation when I stood before her one morning shorn of my only beauty, my curls.

Ah, those memories of childhood! They crowd upon my mind with a force that carries all other thoughts before them, and I seem to feel that gentle hand upon my head again, and to hear that voice which I loved so well. O, memory, thou art pleasant, but the hand of time has wrought changes over all the past, and a voice whispers in my ear, turn not back, but ever onward to that goal which knows no change.

R.

#### GIVE THY LOVE NOW.

Go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unrewarded, of that departed being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that centered its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

#### THE FIRST ELEMENT OF A HOME.

I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there was never a chair too good for a cobbler or cooper to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage home for the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I get home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut.

Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house and furniture is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.—*Theodore Parker.*

Sunshine is like love—it makes every thing shine with its own beauty.—*Wilson.*

March.

LETTERS FROM THE

Pa., who are the manufacturers of

Soaps, and their

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I find Dobbins' Electric Soap splendid for washing, also for cleaning dress goods. It does not injure the color, but makes them look bright if used according to directions.

MRS. MAGGIE HOOPES.  
Milltown, Chester Co., Pa.

FRIEND CROWELL:—I bought a piece of Dobbins' Electric Soap at L. M. Alt-houses' store, and it is in every respect what it is recommended to be, the best soap I ever used. Yours respectfully,

SARAH KRIER.  
Kintnersville, Bucks Co., Pa.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—I tried Dobbins' Electric Soap according to directions and liked it so well that we ordered a box of sixty bars from our grocer at Macungie, Pa. We cannot do without it. With it clothes require no boiling and but very little rubbing, and come out sweater, cleaner and whiter than they ever were before, and with less than one-half the time and trouble. I praise it to every one.

MRS. ALFRED DIEFENDERFER.  
East Texas, Lehigh Co., Pa.

GEO. E. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—I enclosed twenty-five wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap, to Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia. The soap was used in our work of all kinds, and I don't understand how any family can do without it. I have applied for the picture, Roman Nouveau, which I hope I shall receive in due time. I remain, yours respectfully,

J. ELLA HOOK.  
Mill St., Birdsboro, Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have bought some Dobbins' Electric Soap and tried it, and I have found it a perfect success. I have got just such a wash that I had to wash hard all day to get done, but now I can do it in half the time and it don't wear out the clothes half so much. I think every farmer and housewife should use it. In our house there was a great time in getting shirts clean, but there is no trouble now. I am so glad that Dobbins' Electric Soap has at last reached our stores and homes. Yours respectfully,

Bound Brook, N. J. MRS. RAUNER.

MR. CROWELL.—I use Dobbins' Electric Soap and like it so well that I could not think of using any other. I will say this much, that I never used any soap so good as Dobbins'. It gives perfect satisfaction. Yours truly,

MRS. R. G. THOMPSON.  
South Berwick, Me.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have sent seven soap wrappers to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for a set of the cards they promise to the one purchasing at one time seven cakes of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I like Dobbins' Electric Soap very much. I think it the best for all household purposes of any I have used.

MRS. S. M. GAGE.  
N. Hartland, Windsor Co., Vt.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL.—The Dobbins' Electric Soap far surpasses any ever used by me, and I take pleasure in heartily recommending the same to my neighbors and friends.

MRS. JASON S. HOFFMAN.  
Fairmount, N. J.

## PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 80,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD to send me their postal autographs with verse or quotation. I will return the favor to all who desire it. Also will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD having back numbers of Harper's Magazine please state what they wish in exchange for them?

MRS. NETTIE McDANIEL.  
Guerneville, Sonoma Co., Cal.

I should like to correspond with some one either well acquainted with or a resident of the northern part of Florida, and some one in San Luis Park, Col.

E. J.  
Lock Box 25, Nelson, Neb.

If Ernestine Irving will send me her address, I will tell her how she can make handsome mats in one day.

MRS. THORNTON.  
169 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Clara Armstrong, in October number, 1885, send me her address?

Oil City, Pa.

BELLE RICHARDS.

## PASSING THE GOOD WORD ALONG.

The gratitude of patients is a source of needed encouragement to physicians. Letters full of expressions like the following, daily received by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa., show the noble side of human nature:

"I have recommended the Oxygen to a great many people, and in every case but one the parties speak highly of its good effects, which is very gratifying to me.—JAS. J. STEELE, Dundas, Ontario, Can."

Mrs. E. S. Hollin writes from Lyndon Center, Vt.: "Will you please send me your treatise on Compound Oxygen? Have been much benefited by the use of Oxygen in years past and wish some of my friends to try the same."

Mrs. A. A. McGinley of Fort Collins, Col., says: "Compound Oxygen did so much for me that I can cheerfully recommend it to all run-down constitutions."

Mrs. G. W. Spaulding writes from Ferndale, Cal.: "I got a Home Treatment about a year ago, and it did me so much good I must let others know about it. I was spitting blood after a bad spell of pneumonia, and it cured me; and I have used it on others with good effects."

Mrs. S. C. Judson, an artist, living in New York city, at The Hanover, W. 83d St., writes: "The Compound Oxygen, I have always relied on for conquering my ailments and have never employed a physician. For a year or two have been well enough not to require any thing; now, however, have a hard cold and catarrhal tendency and want a new Treatment badly. My father, Rev. J. B. Pradt, of Madison, Wis., is, as you know, constantly distributing your literature and talking up the merits of your Compound Oxygen."

Rev. Edward J. Fisher, pastor of a Presbyterian Church, Bristol, Morgan County, Ohio, writes: "A Treatment cured me entirely of a severe attack of pneumonia, and I used only two-thirds. The remainder cured a neighbor of pneumonia in its last stages. I regard Compound Oxygen as the greatest invention or discovery in medicine and therapeutics in the past hundred years."

Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., LL. D., President of Middlebury College, Vermont, writes:

"I derived so much benefit from your Compound Oxygen Treatment last year, that I will ask you to send me the same

supply for home treatment, for which I inclose the price. By my advice others have tried it, and never without benefit."

"To DR. STARKEY & PALEN, Philadelphia, Pa. Gentlemen:—The remarkable success of your Compound Oxygen in my mother's case, induced me to adopt it in my own. For more than fifteen years I have been troubled, more or less, with dyspepsia, and for over six years I have suffered intensely and continuously from indigestion and constipation and hemorrhoids. I had a severe headache almost every week, and was compelled to use morphine for relief as well as purgatives for the former. I had tried all the usual remedies, but with only temporary relief, and my condition steadily grew worse. In July last I was prostrated for ten days by an attack of hemorrhoids of unusual severity. After partial recovery I resorted to your treatment of Compound Oxygen, which more than met my expectations. I have no headaches, no symptoms of dyspepsia of any kind. In a word, *my restoration to health I regard as complete.* W. H. WORLINGTON, Editor *New South*, Columbus, Miss. Oct. 30. 1885."

"Compound Oxygen—its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a brochure published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a record of cures, many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. It will be mailed free to every applicant.

—A shrewd observer once said that in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived by the ashes thrown on the ice before the door.

'Tis SOZODONT the whole world tries.  
'Tis SOZODONT which purifies  
The breath and mouth, and dirt defies,  
'Tis SOZODONT for which we cry,  
Sweet SOZODONT for which we sigh,  
'Tis only SOZODONT we buy.

The Praise of Sozodont like the famous article itself, is in almost everybody's mouth. The people know that it preserves as well as beautifies the teeth. Hence it is the standard Tooth Wash of the Period.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

—Medical professor: "Where is the glottis?" Raw student: "I don't know, sir. I think you put it on the shelf in the dissecting room with the rest of your surgical implements."

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, For Wasting Chilr n.

Dr. S. W. COHEN, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in Infantile wasting, with good results. It not only restores wasted tissue, but gives strength, and I heartily recommend it for diseases attended by atrophy."

—Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to his patient. "I intend to stand outside when I draw your tooth."

## FIRST-CLASS TOILET SOAPS.

From a long acquaintance with the Indexical soaps made by Robinson Brothers, of Boston, I take great pleasure in saying that I regard them as excellent, always giving me full satisfaction.

MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

—The howling of a dog at night is not the fault of the dog, but it is the fault of his master.

Prince Nicolas Tsherbakov, Flag Lieutenant Imperial Russian Navy, speaking of the efficiency of the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic, says: "It is a most excellent tonic." Edwin Booth says: "Did me good." General Franz Sigel says: "Benefited me very much." Invaluable in debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, nervousness.

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.00. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fees, etc.

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The above 6 new vegeta-  
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15 Tuberoses, 1.00	12 Bouvardias, 1.00	12 Hardy Climbing Roses, 1.00	4 Moss Roses, .50

## 100 Verbena for \$8.00.

I send 4 above \$1.00 collections for \$3.00; 8 \$1.00 collections for \$6.00; 13 \$1.00 collections for \$10.00, prepaid by mail, or stronger plants by express, to be paid by purchaser, and allow the purchaser to select 3 or 6 plants of a kind at \$1.00 rates, or I will select 16 good flowering plants for \$1.00, one of a kind, my choice of variety.

C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.



From February 15th to April 1st only, I offer, by mail, 18 Everblooming Roses, \$1.00, or 18 Double and Single Geraniums, \$1.00, or 18 Carnations, \$1.00, or 18 Chrysanthemums, \$1.00, 25 Verbena, \$1.00. The 6 collections, \$5.00, by mail or express.

C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

## Dr. Hanford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the treatment of both. Price \$1.00.

HOME GIRLS, treating of the physical and mental training, 20 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, of the DYSPEPTIC'S FRIEND, 25 cents.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, 15 cents.

All sent by mail, free, on the receipt of the price. (Stamps for change. (The "Health Rules" will be sent in Good Bread, Anti-Fat, and Anti-Lean, and with the medicine.)

My original and only offer to "brides" who have had THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present, and who will resubscribe for it, was 75 cents for the "Mother and Child." This offer still remains, applying to all who subscribed in 1884, who will renew for 1885. Address DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

## DO YOU OWN A HORSE?

**HORSE** for the REVISED EDITION of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 60 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, better than can be **BOOK** taught in any other way, a table showing doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of valuable receipts, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing **25 Cts.** of other valuable horse information. Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing \$8.00 and \$10.00. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is much more interesting. Address,

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Howell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK



varieties

By many leading judges of this popular flower, it is a common remark that my strain of Pansy for size, variety and rich markings is one of the finest in America. Always awarded first prize where on exhibition. Hundreds of testimonials could be given if space allowed. Price, per packet, 25c., 3 pkts. 60c., 6 pkts. \$1.00.

My Aster, Balsams, Hollyhocks, Carnations, Daisies, Primulas, Stocks, Sweet Pea, Larkspur, Verbena, Chrysanthemum, Petunias, Zinnias, have been grown and selected with much care.

**THOUSANDS OF ROSES**, in single, 100, or 1000 lots very low.

12 everblooming Roses for \$1.00, 25 for \$2.00, 50 for \$4.00, by mail, or 100 by express for \$5.00, my choice of variety, but named, if wished.

New Geraniums, Carnations, Fuchsias, Chrysanthemums.

I offer about **50,000 plants in cheap \$1.00 collections.**

Strawberry, Grape, Currant, and Raspberry plants, in variety.

**NEW PEAS.** Early Vermont, Market Garden, Telephone, Perpetual. In planting above four varieties at one time in April, you can have green peas from June 15th to Oct. 15th, four months in the year. If but two varieties are wanted, plant **Early Vermont** and **Telephone**. Everybody likes them and will have them after one trial. **Early Vermont** is the earliest, most productive pea grown for market or family. **Telephone**, second early, the largest pods of any pea known, very sweet and prolific.

**CORY SWEET CORN.** Six days earlier than Early Marblehead. Every market and family garden should have it.

**12** 12 everblooming Roses for \$1.00, 25 for \$2.00, 50 for \$4.00, by mail, or 100 by express for \$5.00, my choice of variety, but named, if wished.

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Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1886.

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

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

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

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.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but Do Not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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.

CONCERNING ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.—To those of our readers who wish to buy an organ or sewing machine, we offer the advantages obtained by a wholesale purchase direct from the manufacturers, and guarantee to furnish a first-class and every way reliable article at a very great saving of expense. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction warranted in every case.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are *not postage stamps* and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, *every one*, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters *loosely*? Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of 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. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another 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.

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 it *on trial* THREE MONTHS—*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 a publication 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. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1886. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within *one year* from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and *observe these conditions fully*, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or *other witnesses* who are strangers to us, nor "refer us to anybody"—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application *must* do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders, if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

During March we shall make a run on the following goods:  
**Ladies' Fine Rhine Stone Collar Button**, solid silver or best rolled gold plate, 30cts. in heavy silver plate, 12c.  
**Ladies' Solid Silver Thimble**, any size, warranted, 37 cts.  
**Initial Lace Pin**, any initial, in fine rolled plate nugget gold, 37 cts.  
**Gents' Initial Scarf Pin**, heavy rolled gold plate, hand-some chased Roman letter, 27 cts.  
**Ladies & Gents' Lake George Diamond Ring**, warranted the best heavy rolled gold plate, price \$1.00. The above in velvet and satin-lined cases.

All goods guaranteed as represented.

Illustrated circular sent free to any address.

ADAMS & HOWARD,  
63 Bunker Hill St., Boston, Mass.

## BAKING PREPARATIONS

—OF—  
Prof. Horsford.

Namely, Prof. Horsford's Self-Raising Bread Preparation, put up in paper packages, Rumford's Yeast Powder, in bottles, and Prof. Horsford's Phosphate Baking Powder, in bottles with wide mouths to admit a spoon,

are made of Horsford's Acid Phosphate in powdered form, and are

### HEALTHFUL AND NUTRITIOUS,

because they restore to the flour the nourishing phosphates lost with the bran in the process of bolting.

These Baking preparations have received the endorsement of, and are

### UNIVERSALLY

by Prominent Physicians and Chemists,

and are for sale by all dealers.

They Increase the Nutritive Qualities of Flour.

BARON LIEBIG, the world-renowned German chemist, said: "I consider this invention as one of the most useful gifts which science has made to mankind! It is certain that the nutritive value of flour is increased ten per cent. by your phosphatic Baking Preparations, and the result is precisely the same as if the fertility of our Wheat fields had been increased by that amount. What a wonderful result is this!"

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free.

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS,  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

### Infant's Wardrobe.

For fifty cents I will send ten patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or ten patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Full directions for each pattern, also kind and amount of material required for each. MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS, (FAYE), Brattleboro, Vermont.

GROW some COTTON in your Garden. A package of Cotton Seeds with instructions how to cultivate in Northern Gardens, or as pot or window plants, for ten cents. G. M. GREENE, Toccoa, Georgia.

20 GOLD EDGE HIDDEN NAME CARDS and new Sample Book, 10c. HUB CARD CO., Boston, Mass.

S. A. SMITH & CO.,  
MANUFACTURERS OF

### Children's Carriages and Toys,

219 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

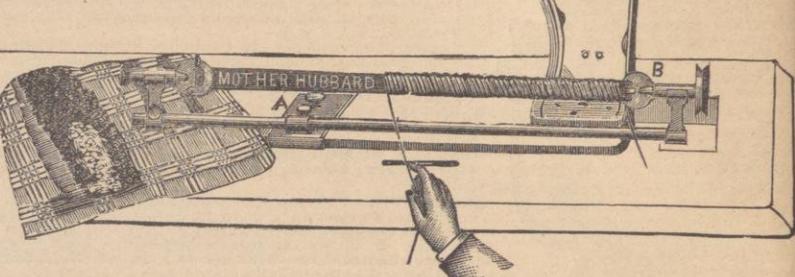


WE OWN AND USE  
THE  
BEST OUT.



Ask the dealer in your place for our Carriages, and if he does not have them, send for Catalogue and your order for any special Carriage will be promptly filled.

### THE MOTHER HUBBARD RUG ATTACHMENT.



### FOR ALL SEWING MACHINES.

A new and desirable device for making Mats, Rugs and tufted work of all descriptions, with wool, carpet waste and ravelings. Pieces of silk or cloth cut narrow and tied together can also be used. It does away entirely with hand work. No knitting, weaving, braiding or winding by hand. The only attachment that makes a mat or rug hand work.

Ladies, ask the sewing machine agent of your place for the "MOTHER HUBBARD," and take no other, and send \$2.00 to us and we will mail you one post-paid.

LUDLOW & LACY, Bridgeport, Conn.

### SPECIAL MARCH PRICES.

During March we shall make a run on the following goods:  
**Ladies' Fine Rhine Stone Collar Button**, solid silver or best rolled gold plate, 30cts. in heavy silver plate, 12c.  
**Ladies' Solid Silver Thimble**, any size, warranted, 37 cts.

**Initial Lace Pin**, any initial, in fine rolled plate nugget gold, 37 cts.

**Gents' Initial Scarf Pin**, heavy rolled gold plate, hand-some chased Roman letter, 27 cts.

**Ladies & Gents' Lake George Diamond Ring**, warranted the best heavy rolled gold plate, price \$1.00. The above in velvet and satin-lined cases.

Illustrated circular sent free to any address.

ADAMS & HOWARD,  
63 Bunker Hill St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON SHOPPING AGENCY  
CITY SHOPPING for out-of-town residents. Good taste, lowest prices. Send for circular giving details and references. P. O. Box 1407, Boston, Mass.

### PLAID SHAWL GIVEN AWAY!

Through the failure of a large manufacturer of Cashmere Pattern Fringe Shawls, there has come into our hands a large consignment of Plaid Shawls, perfect goods, which we propose to present to the ladies in the following manner: Send us 25 cents for 3 mos. subscription to **Farm and Household**, a large 62 page illustrated paper, devoted to Farm and Household topics, and we will send a beautiful shawl FREE by mail postpaid, or we will send 5 shawls and 5 subscriptions to one address for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, Box 49, Hartford, Conn.

COBB'S XXX BORAX SOAP,  
Pre-eminent for the Laundry. It leaves the hands soft. Makes the clothes pure white.

### Cobb's Complexion Soap.

ABSOLUTELY PURE. The best Soap for the Skin. Keeps the Scalp in a healthy condition, and free from Dandruff. Sample bars of **BOTH SOAPS**, with a valuable book on the Complexion, mailed for 10c. stamps.

A. H. COBB, 33 Batterymarch St., Boston.

LADIES FOR VALUABLE INFORMATION  
Address Mrs. A. Fletcher,  
6 East 14th St., New York.

### BEAUTIFUL CARDS for SCRAB BOOKS

New lot just Published. Send 6 cts. to H. M. BROOKS & CO., Springfield, O., for a large, new, elegant sample of the above. Cata. Free.

### TOKOLOGY

Complete LADIES GUIDE  
Alice B. Stockton, M. D.

The very best book for AGENTS. Sample pages free. Cloth, \$2.00; Morocco, \$2.75. SANITARY PUB. CO., Chicago.

### RHEUMATISM

and Neuralgia speedily cured by the German Anti-Rheumatic Ring. It has proved superior to anything yet discovered—many cases pronounced incurable and abandoned as such—have been effectually cured by its use. Sent on trial to any sufferer.

F. W. KIMBALL, 357 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

### I OWE MY BEAUTY TO THE FRENCH CARMINE COSMETIC

For beautifying the complexion; it is one of the best cosmetics known. Price 25 cts. a box. Sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of price.

A. P. SHARPS, Exeter, Luz. Co., Pa.

\$65 A MONTH & BOARD for 3 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

### WORK FOR ALL.

\$30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth \$5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

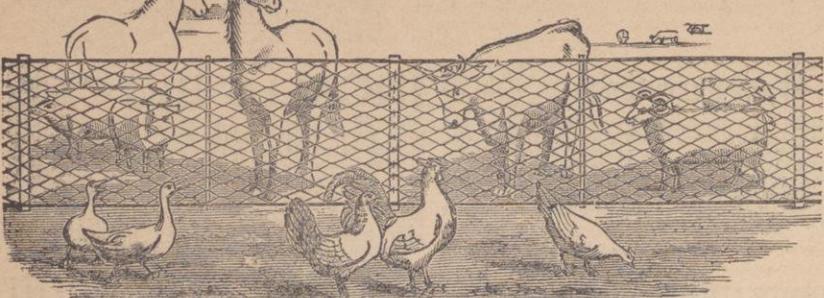
### SCRAP PICTURES

A NEW LOT 4c. for sample. A. G. BASSETT, Rochester, N. Y.

YOUR Name on 36 concealed name cards, popular song book, fortune teller, games, puzzles and new samples; all for 14c. CLINTON & CO., No. Haven, Ct.



## SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE



In the best general purpose wire fence in use. It is a strong net-work without barbs. Don't injure stock. It will turn dogs, pigs, sheep and poultry, as well as horses and cattle. The best fence for Farms, Gardens, Stock Ranges and Railroads. Very neat, pretty styles for Lawns, Parks, School- lots and Cemeteries. Covered with rust-proof paint, or made of galvanized wire as preferred. It will last a life-time. It is better than boards or barbed wire in every respect. Give it a fair trial; it will wear itself into favor. The SEDGWICK Gates made of wrought-iron pipe and steel wire, defy all competition in lightness, neatness, strength and durability. We make the best, cheapest and easiest working all-iron automatic or self-opening gate, and the neatest cheap iron fences now made. The best Wire Stretcher, Cutting Pliers and Post Augers. For prices and particulars ask Hardware Dealers, or address, mentioning paper.

SEDWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.

## DO YOU PLANT SEEDS?

If so, it will pay you to get JOHNSON & STOKES' Garden and Farm Manual (mailed free), enlarged and improved for 1886. It contains hundreds of illustrations with descriptions and directions for culture of nearly 2,000 varieties Best Garden, Farm and Flower Seeds, including Valuable Novelties and Specialties. Unparalleled Offers. Remarkable Collections. Our Seeds were planted last year by over Ninety Thousand Gardeners, and are preferred by Market Gardeners everywhere. **NONE BETTER! NONE CHEAPER!** Address

JOHNSON & STOKES, 219 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## HIGHLAND PARK

VOLUSIA COUNTY, FLORIDA.

Parties desiring to purchase Land in Florida should visit and examine this Beautifully located Town before purchasing elsewhere. Situated on a bluff of high rolling land, one of the highest points in Volusia county, and noted for the fertility of the soil. Some of the CHOICE ORANGE GROVES of the State are in this vicinity. The natural attractions of this place are unsurpassed, and the fine climate here helps to make this Town one of the most attractive places for those wishing to make a winter home.

**FOR ORANGE CULTURE** the smaller fruits. Some of the Finest Garden Lands in Florida may be found here. **HIGHLAND PARK** 104 miles south of Jacksonville, and three-fourths of a mile east of good steamboat landing. The town has been beautifully laid out in good sized building lots, adjoining and near which are tracts in any size to suit purchasers, both pine and hammock lands. Bargains are now being offered to ACTUAL SETTLERS such as will not be found in any other part of the State. Parties wishing to secure one of the best spots in Florida for either a winter or permanent home, should inspect the rare chance now offered. Lots and Lands will be sold on EASY TERMS.

**THE HIGHLAND PARK MOTEL** is situated a few rods from the railroad depot, fronting on the beautiful and picturesque Highland Park. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. It has all the modern improvements, including Gas, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Water Baths, pure Water and a perfect system of drainage. In fact this hotel is one of the most complete and best furnished in the State, outside of the large cities. No pains will be spared to make the guests comfortable. The house is delightfully situated in a grove of oak and magnolia, and helps to form one of the most attractive places in Florida. The Hotel is kept by E. H. SANBORN & CO., of White Mountains, N. H. Persons desirous of spending the winter in Florida, or wishing to make a winter or permanent home, will do well to call and examine Highland Park before locating elsewhere. For further information or particulars, call on or address,

GEO. H. NORRIS, P. O. Spring Garden Centre, Volusia County, Florida.

## Reliable Carpenter Organs.

(Established 1850. Incorporated 1884.)

The Superiority of which is acknowledged by eminent musicians and critics of this country and Europe.

Only the best quality of material used, and the most experienced workmen and artists employed in our manufactory.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We have discontinued the sale of the "Celebrated Carpenter Actions" to other organ manufacturers, and they can now be obtained only in ORGANS of our manufactory.

### AN HONEST ORGAN.

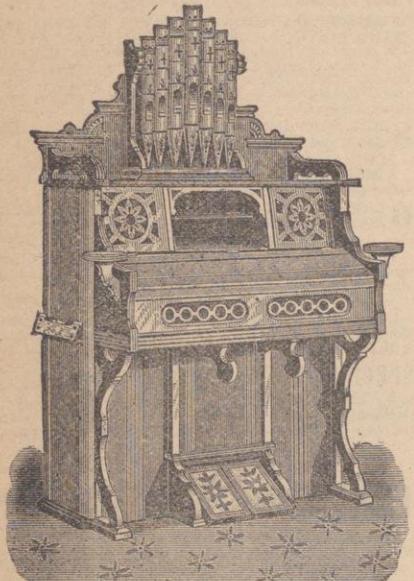
The Carpenter Organs have won for themselves a high reputation for durability, and fine musical qualities. An organ may be fine in appearance, but unless it is built honestly in every part it will prove unsatisfactory. Mr. Carpenter makes most emphatically an *honest* organ; and this is, we think, the secret of their popularity."—*Youth's Companion*.

### WARRANT.

Each Organ containing the Carpenter Organ Action is warranted to be made in the most skillful manner, and to be, according to its size, capacity and style, the best instrument possible. Each purchaser is given a written *warrant* for eight years,

Where we have no Agent, Organs Sold

DIRECT at large discount. Buy no organ until you have seen our Catalogue. Sent free to any address.



Look out for New Styles which will appear each month.

E. P. CARPENTER CO., Manufactory, Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.

## →To Beautify the Complexion.← "WITCH HAZEL" TOILET CREAM

Is the name of a new preparation for imparting to the skin, particularly the face and hands, that beautiful appearance so much desired by ladies of refinement who prefer a natural to an artificial complexion. Contains no metallic poisons so much used in the cosmetics of the present day, imparts to the skin that soft, velvety appearance, rendering it soft and strikingly beautiful; it acts medicinally upon the skin dispensing lasting and enduring charms, effecting a complete transformation. A short trial will convince the most skeptical of its untold merits; its equal does not exist in the whole range of cosmetics. Away with those poisonous washes which after a time produce dangerous effects. Accept no other. For sale by all druggists or sample sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents. Address WITCH HAZEL EXTRACT CO., Clintonville, Conn.



## THE Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of any thing of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

### HUNDREDS

OF THESE

## SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

### Unsolicited

### Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.  
MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. MRS. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBRO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.  
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir:—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it. Yours very respectfully, MRS. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.  
MR. CROWELL.—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. MRS. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM Co., CONN., July 18, 1881.  
GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives *perfect satisfaction*. Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFET.

### REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH,

## The Household

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufactory at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each and in either case warrant them to be as

### Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD,  
Brattleboro, Vt.

## BRATTLEBORO in Verse and Prose.

Compiled by CECIL H. HOWARD.

A beautifully printed volume of about 50 pages of tributes to the beauties of Brattleboro and its scenery, containing contributions by "H. H.," "Fauny Fern," and others.

It is bound in a novel manner with Imperial Antique Cover and fastened with ribbon. The effect is very attractive and it makes a desirable Holiday present.

Every subscriber will be pleased with the engraving which gives a glimpse of Mount Wachusett, as seen from the entrance to Brattleboro's Main street, two squares from R. R. depot. Price, 35c. postpaid.

FRANK E. HOUSH, Publisher, Brattleboro, Vt.

## AUTHORS

desiring to have either a BOOK or PAMPHLET printed should correspond with FRANK E. HOUSH, Publisher, Brattleboro, Vt., before placing their orders.

### JUST ISSUED.

## LETTERS FROM GOLDEN LATITUDES.

A large, finely-illustrated pamphlet, descriptive of the Northwest. Statistics compiled from official sources. Sent free on application to C. H. WARREN, G. P. A., ST. PAUL, MINN.

## VERMONT AND NEW HAMPSHIRE Business Directories.

The only reliable Books of the kind published. 25 cts. each, by mail.

WHITE RIVER PAPER CO., White River Junction, Vt.

350 Elegant Scrap Pictures and Mottoes, 10c. 12 lots 15c. 25 plain gilt edge, 10c. 10 grand Silk Covered Cards, 90c. Send 40c for agent's terms and sample case. GEM CARD CO., East River, Conn.

### Shopping by Mail!

Miss Marjorie March, Lock Box 76, Philadelphia, Pa., makes purchases for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, with discrimination and taste. Orders from all parts of the country promptly executed. Send stamp for circular. Miss March takes pleasure in referring by permission to a few of her numerous patrons:

GEO. E. CROWELL, Ed. of HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt. Mrs. H. J. BAILEY, Waltham, Mass. Mrs. G. H. VICKER, Leesburg, Fla. A. J. FISK, Ed. of Helena Herald, Montana, and many others from thirty-seven different states and territories.

30 CARDS The new GOLD FRINGE Florals, most lovely you ever saw, name, address, or p/c, 10c. 12 new Golden Hidden Name, 10c. 25 plain gilt edge, 10c. 10 grand Silk Covered Cards, 90c. Send 40c for agent's terms and sample case. HOLLEY CARD WORKS, MERIDEN, Conn.

BEAUTIFUL SOLID ROLLED GOLD RINGS  
18K  
HALF ROUND  
GIFT BAND  
A ROLLED GOLD SOLID RING  
makes a beautiful and valuable gift for a lady, gentleman or child, and in order to secure new customers for our Company, we will forward postpaid to any address, one of our HEAVY 18-K. ROLLED GOLD RINGS, either in 18-K. GOLD, HALF ROLLED GOLD, or HEAVY ROLLED GOLD, or HANDSOME STORE, set with either SIX GARNETS or SIX TURQUOISE, as shown in illustrations, on receipt of only 50 CENTS each. We will engrave, on the inside of the ring, Without Extra Charge provided you

CUT OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT and mail to us on or before MAY 1st, 1886. At the same time we send your ring, we will mail you a bundle of our Catalogues, and feel sure you will be highly pleased with the ring, and that it will give you entire satisfaction. We will also send you by direct mailing our Catalogues among your friends, and at the same time showing them the Beautiful Ring received from us. You can in this way assist us in selling other goods of standard quality, which we manufacture from new and original designs and which we GUARANTEE to give satisfaction.

By our Future Sales we make our Profit.

Remember the ring we send you is not an Electro-Plated Ring, but HEAVY 18-K. ROLLED GOLD, and this UNPRECEDENTED offer is only made to introduce our goods and Catalogues into your vicinity. Our firm is old established and reliable, manufacturing first-class goods from the precious metals. We can only send out a Limited Number of rings at price named, in order to protect ourselves from jewelers ordering in addition to those in this advertisement ONLY ONCE in this paper, hence require you to cut it out and send to us, that we may know you are entitled to the benefits of this offer.

### UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES

will we send more than two rings to any one person or family, but after you have ordered and other rings are desired, we will furnish 18-K. SOLID GOLD RINGS at from \$8.00 to \$6.00. If you wish one ring send us this advertisement and 50 cents, if you wish two rings send this advertisement and \$1.00, if more than two are desired add \$1.00 to the full price. To ascertain the size ring you wear, cut a piece of string so that it will just meet around the finger. In order to state the kind of ring or rings wanted. If you order a stone ring say whether it is a garnet or turquoise that is wanted, also write plainly the engraving you wish on the inside. Small amounts can be sent at our risk, but the better way is to send by money order or registered letter. Postage stamps received the same as cash. If you are in New York at any time would be pleased to have you call and see us. Address

ROYAL IMPORTING CO., 247 PEARL STREET, N. Y.

TURQUOISE OR GARNET 18K DOUBLE HEART RING  
EMILY  
Look Box 267.



## THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO.

Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with \$10 and \$12 orders. Decorated TEA SETS of 44 & 56 pieces with \$12 and \$15 orders. STEM-WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15 orders. GOLD BAND of Moss Rose Tea Sets of 44 pieces, or White Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with \$20 orders. Send us your address and we will send this paper; we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO. 210 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.



## GIVEN AWAY

Ladies canvassing for Tea will do well to send for our Premium List. We have premiums for orders from \$5 to \$50, including Gold Band Tea Sets, Waltham Watches, etc. We send thousands of these orders every year, and have yet to hear of any dissatisfaction from those receiving them. If any lady reader of this paper wishes for a beautiful Gold Band Tea Set, they will find it to their advantage to send us a postal for further information.

ATLANTIC TEA COMPANY, FITCHBURG, MASS.

BUIST'S GARDEN SEEDS

ESTABLISHED 1828

Our Seeds are grown on our own farms from selected Seed stocks and GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION, or money returned. Special Cash Prizes offered for 1886. See Buist's Garden Guide with prices, mailed on application. Address,

ROBERT BUIST, Jr., Seed Grower. PHILADELPHIA.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPP'S COCOA. BREAKFAST.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cacao, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack whenever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame. — Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in tins (1-2-lb. and lb.) by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

NEW STAMPING OUTFIT. LADIES! For what you pay for four pieces of stamping you can buy our complete outfit, with which you can stamp thousands of articles for embroidery or painting. It contains nearly 50 choice parchment patterns and one complete alphabet (worth at retail over \$6) Powder Pad, etc. Also Instruction Books, teaching Stamping, Embroidery, Painting, etc., and Large Catalogue, (price 25 cents) showing pictures of thousands of choice designs. We guarantee this the best outfit ever offered, and will return the money if not satisfactory. All sent for \$1. Send for illustrated price list. Large ball Tinsel, 11 ets.; Kensington Floss, 25 ets., a dozen. Assorted Embroidery Silks, 25 Skeins, 12 ets. W. P. PRAY, Lynn, Mass.

100 New Scrap Pictures and Agent's Samples for 1886, 5 cents. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Conn.

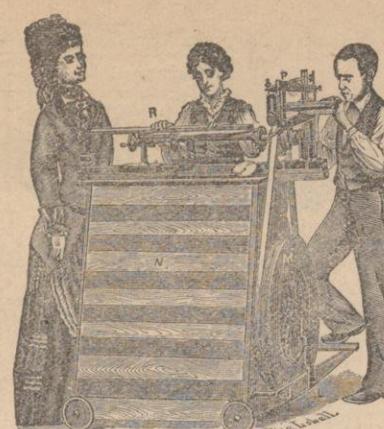
Dining Room Notes, By Emily Hayes,

is a practical little cook book compiled largely from the series of papers published in THE HOUSEHOLD during the past five years under this familiar title, with the addition of many new and excellent recipes. The book is in pamphlet form, containing over 200 pages. Price 40 cents in currency or postal note. Don't send stamps. Sent postpaid, on receipt of price. Address,

EMILY HAYES, Lock Box 267, Brattleboro, Vt.

A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 25 cents by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES.



## HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

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

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationery.	\$0.50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's)	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors	50	2
4	Name Plate, Brush, Ink, etc.	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory Handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon	75	3
7	Autograph Album	1.00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds	1.00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds	1.00	3
10	Half Chromo, May Flowers	1.00	3
11	Butter Knife	1.00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book	1.00	3
13	One vol. Household	1.10	4
14	Fruit Knife	1.25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons	1.50	5
16	Call Bell	1.75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork	1.75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings	2.00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings	2.00	5
20	Six Teaspoons	2.25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk	2.25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box	2.50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick	2.25	6
24	Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon	2.50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case	2.50	6
26	Six Tea Knives	2.50	7
27	Six Nut Picks	2.75	7
28	Gilt Cup	2.75	7
29	Photograph Album	3.00	8
30	Spoon Holder	3.00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler.)	4.00	8
32	Pie Knife	3.50	9
33	Soup Ladle	3.50	9
34	Cake Knife	3.50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork	3.50	9
36	Six Tablespoons	4.00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium	4.00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles	3.75	10
39	One doz. Teaspoons	4.50	10
40	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler.)	5.00	10
41	One doz. Tea Knives	5.00	10
42	Sheet Music, (agent's selection.)	5.00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork	4.00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g	5.00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered	5.00	12
46	One pair Napkin Rings, neat	5.00	12
47	Syrup Cup	5.50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil	6.00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles	5.50	14
50	Caster	6.00	14
51	Cake Basket	6.50	14
52	Croquet Set	6.50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler.)	7.00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary	6.00	14
55	Clothes Wringer	7.50	15
56	Folding Chair	5.50	15
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles	7.00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine	7.00	16
59	Celery Glass, silver stand	7.50	16
60	Fruit Dish	8.00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder	7.50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered	7.50	18
63	Spoon Holder	7.50	18
64	One doz. Tablespoons	8.00	18
65	One doz Table Forks, medium	8.00	18
66	Photograph Album	10.00	18
67	Caster	8.00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate	8.50	20
69	Cake Basket	10.00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible	10.00	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 Views	10.00	20
72	Folding chair	8.00	24
73	Cash	6.25	25
74	Child's Carriage	10.00	25
75	Webster's Unabrig'd Dictionary	12.00	30
76	One doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory, inlaid handles	14.00	30
77	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined	15.00	30
78	Sewing Machine, (Higby.)	40.00	40
79	Silver Watch	20.00	45
80	Folding Chair	20.00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Higby.)	50.00	50
82	Silver Watch	35.00	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat	50.00	100
84	Cash	35.00	100
85	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant	75.00	150
86	Cottage Organ, (Estey.)	150.00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch	80.00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch	125.00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail, express or freight.

It is not necessary 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. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of the list and name the premium selected.

Premium clubs will be kept open ONE YEAR if desired.

All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express or freight are at the expense of the receiver.

New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike for premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever.

Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

## EMBROIDERY SILK AT HALF PRICE.

We are now offering the remnants, odds and ends, of our full work, at Factory, consisting of beautiful colors, not less than one yard in length, all good silk, at 40c. an ounce, about ten colors in each package. We call it Waste Embroidery. New Book on Art Needlework and Knitting. Price, 10 cents. Send P. O. Order or Postal Note to

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO., SILK MANUFACTURERS, 35 Kingston St., Boston. 469 Broadway, New York.

EVERGREENS!!

In great variety and unlimited quantities, and at prices far below what others can afford. Southern customers supplied during the winter from stock stored in my frost-proof cellar. Sent by mail or express. Price lists free.

Geo. Pinney, Evergreen, Door Co., Wis.

VIRGINIA FARMS Mild Climate. Cheap homes. Northern Colony. Send for circular. A. O. BLISS, Centralia, Va.



## CLUB ORDERS

WE wish we could impress upon every reader of THE HOUSEHOLD who have to purchase Tea and Coffee, that it would be for our mutual benefit if they would send their orders to us. Years ago we originated the plan of offering Premiums of Dinner and Tea Sets, Silverware, etc., believing that by importing and buying these premiums from the makers in large quantities, we could offer to those who would get them their friends and neighbors to join with them in ordering Tea and Coffee, a great deal more for their time and trouble than the usual 25 per cent. cash discount allowed by all dealers to those who buy largely, would amount to.

Many of our Premiums would cost, if bought at retail, two or three times the amount of the cash discount, and in nearly every instance one-half of the amount of the order for which they are given. Our Premiums are all of the latest styles and shapes and from the best makers.

Our Tea and Coffee are the best that long experience, and we think the best judgment, will procure.

Our prices are far below any retailer's for goods of the same quality.

For a long time we have been asking the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to send for our Price and Large Illustrated Premium List, containing cuts of our Premiums and full information concerning our plan of selling Tea and Coffee direct from first hand to consumers.

Nearly all have done so except YOU. Will you please drop us a postal, and whether you order any goods or not, it will please us to know that you have read our advertisement.

Below are a few testimonials, entirely unsolicited, from those who have dealt with us, and if you should favor us with an order, we promise their experience shall be yours.

DE PEYSTER, ST. LAW. CO., N. Y., 1885.

Great London Tea Co. Gentlemen—Our long-looked-for barrel is at hand.

All arrived safely; not one piece was broken. As far as I have heard, the Tea and Coffee give very good satisfaction, and our Tea Set is much nicer than we expected. You may hear from us again.

JESSIE I. THRAVES.

Dear Sir: ADA, OHIO, 1885.

I received your Tea and Dinner Sets all right, nothing broken. I am quite well pleased with the dishes and Tea also. Would have written sooner had I been able. Will fill out another order as soon as I get able. As far as I have heard from others, they are quite well pleased with the Tea.

I am very truly yours, MRS. M. MCGINNIS.

F. M. LINNELL: WEST PEMBROKE, ME., 1885.

Dear Sir—Your goods rec'd July 11th. I am perfectly satisfied that it is just what you represented it to be. Yours respectfully, LIZZIE FROST.

Great London Tea Co.: ERIE, PA., 1885.

Gentlemen—I received the barrel of Tea and Dishes, and was highly delighted with both. Every one was perfect. The Tea is excellent so far as I have heard. Please accept thanks. Yours respectfully, MRS. WM. JOHNSTON.

CHARLESTON, S. C., 1885.

To The Great London Tea Co.: Gent

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 80,000 Copies.  
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00	\$60.00
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	60.00	115.00
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00	225.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	170.00	320.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00	470.00
Six "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00	600.00
Nine "	47.00	90.00	135.00	170.00	250.00	470.00	
One column, 60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00		

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional. Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1886, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

## Injurious to the Public Health.

I have this day made a chemical examination of samples of baking powder purchased by me in the open market and marked Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and Royal Baking Powder.

These powders contain:

## Cleveland's.

Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Flour

## Royal.

Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Carbonate of Ammonia  
Tartaric Acid  
Starch

The relative amount of pure Carbonic Acid Gas produced by 10 grams of each of these powders is as follows:

Cleveland's, 658 cubic centimeters.

Royal, 577 cubic centimeters.

In view of these facts I regard Cleveland's as superior to the Royal because:

I. CLEVELAND's contains only pure and unobjectionable materials, while the ROYAL contains Ammonia, a drug derived from disgusting sources, powerful in its action upon the system. The adulteration of baking powder with Ammonia is in my opinion an injury to the public health. It deserves the severest condemnation, and should be brought to the attention of physicians and boards of health throughout the country.

II. The quantity of pure Carbonic Acid Gas yielded by CLEVELAND's is greater than that produced under like conditions by the ROYAL.

CLEVELAND'S BAKING POWDER being pure and free from Ammonia, Lime, Alum, Terra Alba, or any adulteration whatever, and having great leavening power, I do not hesitate to recommend as worthy of public confidence for producing light, digestible, and wholesome bread.

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 14, 1884,  
JAMES F. BABCOCK,

State Assayer and Analytical and Consulting Chemist; late Professor of Chemistry in Boston University and Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

## INFANT'S OUTFITS.

A bonnet, yoke dress, barrow-coat, or skirt, etc., 10 patterns in all, 50c. First short clothes, a Hubbard dress, bonnet, stocking, etc., 10 patterns in all, 50c. For 20c., patterns coat and kilt skirt, age 4 yrs. Full directions for each. LILLA DROWN, box 780, Brattleboro, Vt.

The Acme contains 114 American SONGS all WITH MUSIC, and is entirely different from any other collection. Also, 100 Songs of the Day, including "Wait till Clouds Roll By," "Spring Time and Robins have Come," "Climbing up de Golden Stairs," "Peek-a-Boo," "When Robins Nest Again," "I'll Await My Love," etc. Both books, and catalogues of books, music, stamping novelties, etc., free, on receipt of 15 cents. M. K. TRIFET, 408 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

## Down With High Prices!

30 TO 70 PER CENT. OFF  
ONE THOUSAND DIFFERENT ARTICLES  
Sold Direct to Consumers.

The "Little Detective," \$3.00  
L. D. Postal gives Postage in CENTS.  
Weighs from  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. to 25 lbs.

FAMILY SCALES, 240 lbs., \$5.

Platform Scales, \$11 to \$20.

Forges and Blacksmiths' Tools.

Farmers' Forge, \$10.  
Forge and Kit of Tools, \$25.  
Farmers can do odd jobs, saving time  
and money. Anvils, Vises, &c., &c.

WAGON SCALES.

Only manufacturers in America  
make nothing but the best of English  
Steel for bearings of all Scales:

2-Ton (6x12) \$40.  
3-Ton (7x13) \$50.

Beam Box and Brass Beam with  
each Scale, 300 other varieties. Also  
Trucks, Wheelbarrows, Corn Shellers,  
Feed Mills, Copy Presses, Money  
Drawers, Clothes Wringers and  
all Hardware Specialties.

SAFES OF ALL SIZES.

No. 4, weight 1,100 lbs., \$50.

SEWING MACHINES,

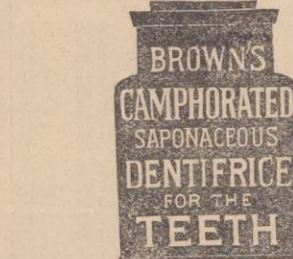
PRICES REDUCED

FROM \$65 TO \$18.  
A beautiful Machine, perfectly finished, improvement  
on the Sister pattern. Black  
Walnut Furniture, containing  
a full set of latest improved  
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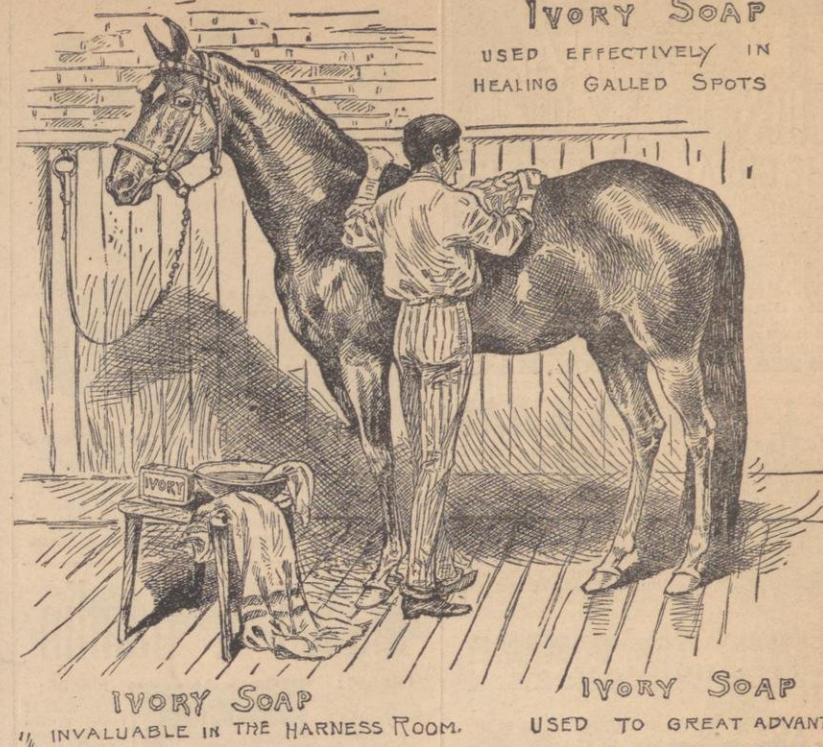
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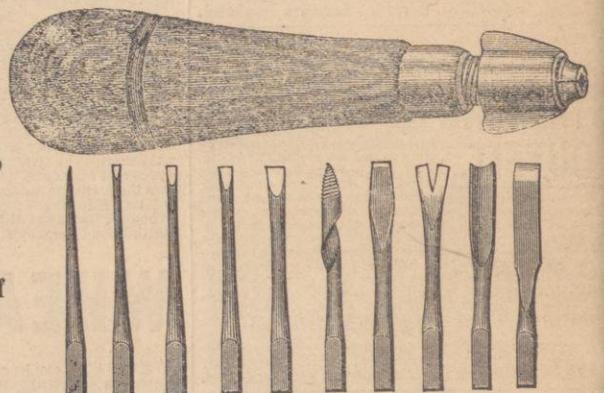
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