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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 9.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., DECEMBER, 1876.

No. 12.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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

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IN WINTER.

The snow hides the field and hill,
And gathers in the wood;
The land at winter's will,
Is made a solitude;
The streams forget their speech, the winds are
grown more rude.

Those ways I loved so well,
Have lost their summer cheer,
And nought is left to tell
Of days that were so dear,
Save happy evergreens that gladden all the year.

For summer's wealth of shade,
For bloom and warmth and scent,
For sights and sounds that made
The eyes and ear content,
Fulfilling all we deemed spring's prophecies had
meant,

We have—the naked bough,
Thin shadows on the snow,
Clear skies that disallow
Their ancient tender glow,
Pale sunbeams, like the ghosts of those we used to
know.

All those soft winds are gone
That cheered the wayward spring,
And nature is forlorn—
For the birds have taken wing,
And brook, and breeze, and bee, have done their
gossiping.

Forlorn—and yet more grand,
In her stern purity,
Than when the merry land
Laughed out from grass and tree;
She parries her old loves, and waits for what
shall be.

She waits the slow increase
That former years had lent;
She keeps a wondrous pace
Beyond all accident,
And in her changing moods there is no discontent.

—Selected.

VILLAGE TREE PLANTING.

IT was said in ancient days that a man was "accounted great as he lifted up the ax against the trees." It is time to stop cutting down, and to introduce a generation in which it will be accounted a great honor to have on his tomb stone, "He planted many thousand trees." Let the schoolmaster talk trees, let the minister preach trees for there is no longer any danger, as in the days of Israel, in having

groves in high places. The best way will seldom be a practicable way. There ought to be an executive committee of men in earnest; they should buy trees while young (the trees I mean) and set them in good nursery soil by the thousand. The advantage of this course is cheapness; for a thousand small trees, say two or three feet high, may be bought for the price of one hundred six or eight feet high. Besides, when they have grown in your own ground, the finest may be selected for conspicuous places. But a few hundred may be bought of suitable sizes for immediate work while waiting for the others.

Now, let the plan include the whole village and all its approaches. Suppose four roads enter the town: each one of these should be an avenue of one kind of tree; say, one of elms, one tulip-trees; one of beeches, one of maples. A half mile, and, still nobler, a mile of such trees leading to the village, would make it a gem of the woodland.

The several streets in the village should have but a single kind of tree, though the several species of each kind might be used. Thus, on a street of beech, the English and the American beech might be put alternately. Both are fine, clean, and rapid-growing when well established, but the English is the finer. A street of maples might have one block of silver maples; another, of scarlet maple; another, of the Norway maple; and still another, the sycamore maple. In autumn the colors, yellow, crimson, and scarlet, would be magnificent.

No finer sight can be imagined than a double row of tupelo or gum tree. In autumn they fairly blaze with dazzling crimson, and all summer they yield a beautiful varnished leaf.

Besides the trees already mentioned, we would select the following: the linden (English and American species); the pin oak, the Turkish oak, and the English oak; horse-chestnuts, which have no superior in blossoming time. We specially commend birches. They are hardy, healthy, rapid growers of beautiful foliage in summer and exquisite tracery in winter. It has been strangely overlooked in ornamental planting. We place it in the very first rank. The English white birch and the weeping cutleaved birch ought to abound. The cutleaved has no superior, hardly an equal, for grace and beauty.

The *Virgilia lutea* is a beautiful tree, vigorous and rapid growing, fine in summer, and brilliant with real golden color in autumn, and, moreover, blossoming in July after the manner of the locust. To this may be joined the

Kolreuteria, a foreign name of a charming tree; and the *Sophora*, of rather slow growth, but of deep green, and an August blossoming tree. These last trees are valuable for blooming in July and August, when so few trees are in blossom. We have omitted the Oriental plane tree, one of the stateliest trees for streets, and able to withstand smoke and summer drought.

There can be no greater folly than is too often shown in setting out trees. A little hole a foot or two square receives the mutilated roots, upon which clods and chunks of earth are rudely trodden down. Even if the tree survives, it lingers and does not grow as much in twenty years as it should do in five. Make a generous hole from one to three yards wide, fill it with good mould, and set the tree therein, and then stand off and see it grow! Don't be afraid of work. Don't be stingy to your trees and expect them to be generous with you. Go for mould, and enriching substance, a mile, if need be. You will never be sorry. Better ten trees well done than fifty poorly done. You cannot cheat a tree without being found out. Nothing is more grateful if you deal liberally by it.

When the tree is planted and protected from horses and cattle, spread a good mulch of litter, or very coarse straw manure, or even sticks and twigs, about it six or eight inches thick, and extending two or three feet in every way beyond the spread of the roots. It will protect from drought in summer, and be a great coat in winter. Till he has tried it, no one can imagine the favorable difference between a tree with or without mulch. One thing more. Avoid evergreens in streets. It is no place for them. They require open ground and ample room to be beautiful.

Why buy trees of a nursery when they can be had from near fields and forests? For the same reason that we buy cloth rather than weave it, market vegetables when we could raise them, shoes rather than make them. A man whose business it is to raise trees will produce a better article than can usually be found growing wild. They are even cheaper, if time and labor be counted. The rambling roots of wildlings ill fit them for transportation. Now and then a large tree, favorably situated, may be transplanted for the sake of immediate effect. But it is always costly and too often a failure.

Large nurseries are now beginning to keep large stocks of the chief ornamental trees, and if purchased in quantities of small sizes, they can be had quite cheaply.—*Christian Union*.



HINTS ON HOUSE CLEANING.

ALL our readers are well aware that a clean, fresh, well-ordered house exercises over its inmates a moral as well as physical influence, and also has a direct tendency to make the members of a family peaceable, temperate and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other, and it is not difficult to observe a connection between habitual feelings of this sort and the formation of habits of respect for property, and even for higher obligations and duties, the observance of which no law can enforce. Most persons, however, have rules of their own for house cleaning; yet a few practical hints may not come amiss to many young housekeepers.

It seems an easy task to sweep and dust a room, yet there is a right and wrong way of doing even such a simple thing, and the right way is to have a good supply of damp tea leaves to scatter over it, or else to tear up newspapers in small strips and dampen them, and then throw them all over the carpet, and they will check the rising of the dust, and also help to sweep the carpet much cleaner. The window curtains should be carefully tucked up above the floor, and it is very desirable to cover all the large articles of furniture with old sheets, or with pieces of unbleached cotton bought expressly for the purpose, and after each sweeping they should be well shaken out of doors. By doing this the upholstery is protected from all minute particles of dust, and is preserved in its beauty.

For dusting, various brushes of different sizes are needed, but silk or linen dusters are best for upholstered furniture. The wings of turkeys, geese, and chickens are also excellent for dusting all kinds of furniture, particularly carved work. In dusting mantel pieces, great care should be taken not to touch the paper as it will make a black stripe upon it, which will spoil the appearance of the room. Looking-glasses, gilt frames, and similar ornamental articles should be dusted with a soft silk duster or a chamois skin. Gilt will not bear much rubbing, but if it be really good it can be washed once a year with a sponge dipped in luke-warm soap-suds made weak, or, better yet, a little weak tea; then wipe it off very lightly with a silk handkerchief. The glasses can be cleaned with

the weak tea rubbed on with a sponge, and the windows in the same manner. It is also the best thing to clean colored varnished paint, but it must not be used on white paint. Carpets need not be taken up once a year if their texture is thick; but if not, it is better to lift them and cleanse thoroughly, because the dirt which sifts through wears them out rapidly.

If the floors are old, and the cracks wide, cover the floor with either carpet paper, which comes for the purpose, or paste old newspapers together and lay down under the carpet. They prevent the air from rising through the cracks. Straw carpets are the pleasantest for summer use, and the woolen carpets can be tacked over them in the autumn. Straw carpets should be washed with borax and water every spring and fall. Apply it with a sponge or cloth, and wipe dry with a soft cloth. A table-spoonful of borax to each quart of warm water are the proper proportions. Ceilings should be kalsomined, or white-washed every spring. This is a necessity, as it keeps the air of the rooms fresher and cleaner. Most wall papers cannot be scrubbed, but any spots can be rubbed out with a slice of stale bread; they can be swept down with a broom over which a clean cloth is tightly pinned.

Spots of grease can be taken out of the floors by a paste made of equal quantities of saleratus and fuller's earth; a quarter of a pound of each can be stirred into a quart of boiling water and applied while hot, letting it remain on the spots for a few hours, and then rubbing it off, and washing the spot with clean water. Ox gall and fuller's earth, boiled together, will clean carpets nicely, as it makes the colors of the wool bright and lively. Marble mantel-pieces, hearths, and the tops of wash stands, tables, bureaus, and sideboards require to be cleaned occasionally. Stains of grease or smoke can be removed by covering the spot with pipe clay and fuller's earth mixed to a paste with strong soap-suds. A thick coat of it should be laid over the stain, and a moderately warm flat-iron placed over it until it dries; then it should be washed off, and the operation repeated if the stain has disappeared. Marble hearth-stones can be kept white by rubbing them with marble dust, applied with a piece of marble, or a wash made of whiting and pipe clay, laid on with a flannel, and then rubbed dry and brushed off.

Cleaning and repairing belong to the same branch of household economy, and neither the one nor the other can be done without the proper instruments. A small glue-pot is a very desirable article, for corners will get knocked off the furniture, and if not mended directly the article becomes shabby, and is then thrown aside, while if a little glue was at hand, the defect could be repaired without delay. It is no uncommon accident for the fastening of a cushion or a mattress to break, and if it is not at once repaired the stuffing soon becomes uneven and unsightly. With a mattress needle, six or eight inches in length, and a bit of leather to insert under the twine, the repair is easily made—any one can do it. A bent needle is also

of service in darning holes in a carpet or a rug while nailed to the floor.

If broken panes of glass should be replaced at once—for nothing makes a house look as mean as a patched window. Nor does it need a glazier to put in a pane of glass; a handy boy or man, who can handle a hammer and a putty knife, can do it. And if the old putty does not chip out easily, it can be made to do so by holding a red hot poker close to it. If the corner of a carpet gets loose and prevents the door from opening readily, or trips up every one who steps over it, nail it down at once. If the plaster on the walls break out—and the paper becomes torn and ragged—take a little plaster of Paris, wet it to a thick paste, and apply it to the lathing; it will dry very readily; and then a piece of the wall-paper can be neatly matched and pasted over it.

A tenant ought not to neglect to make needful repairs in the house he occupies. In most cases, however, it is desirable to make an agreement concerning repairs with the landlord, and it should be faithfully kept by both parties. In cleaning house a sunshiny day is a great desideratum, especially in the spring, when a gloomy, damp day prevents the paint or window from drying well.

MAKE HOME COMFORTABLE.

There are many little things that can be had at a trifling expense which will render every home more comfortable and inviting. Little things, to be sure; but still they require some amount of patience and energy to accomplish them. But they will amply repay the labor and expense, not merely in the palpable comfort bestowed by them, but also in the occupation of the mind, filling up those odd moments which are so often dawdled listlessly away or spent in idle gossip; and also affording that constant round of useful employment which tends to promote cheerfulness, and thus materially increases the health of the body. It is remarkable how expert a lady can become in the use of hammer and nails, as well as in the plying of the needle and thread, if she will only make the attempt and persevere in it.

A good, strong hammer, not too light, and not too heavy for her strength, will cost but little, and will enable her to do many useful things in carpentering and upholstering about the house that otherwise would not be attended to. The thousands of small homes in the suburbs of our large cities, and also throughout the country, are usually very slightly built, and abound in crevices and draughts, and one of the first things to be attended to as autumn changes into winter is to remedy these inconveniences in the best possible way. To close up draughts one must fill in the spaces around the ill-fitting doors and windows. For this purpose strips of listing, such as the tailors have in great quantities, are the most desirable. Procure a basketful of them and nail them with tin tacks all around the part of the door that closes into the doorway. If it is possible to take the door off the hinges nail them on its under side, and they will prove a great protection against draughts and their

consequences—cold feet and a bad cough.

After the listing is nailed nail a piece of scarlet, twilled binding all around the door where it opens and over the hinges. Fasten this also on the listing around the windows, but not so as to close up all of them permanently, for fresh air is an essential ingredient to our comfort, even if the mercury does fall below the all-important cipher. The street and area doors should also be listed in the same way. If your home is so isolated that neither the listing nor scarlet braid can be procured, strips of newspapers or brown paper can be pasted down the edges of the windows and across the casements.—*Western Rural.*



THE LITTLE COAT.

BY ELLEN O. PECK.

I'm busy, making a little coat,
And as I stitch the seams,
I weave bright threads of tender love
Into my daily dreams;
And fashion for the little man,
Who the little coat will wear,
A beautiful life in the future dim
With equal thought and care.

I stitch the seams snugly and well,
And tightly fasten the ends,
That it may bear the "wear and tear"
With no ugly rips and rends.
I would stitch good lessons into his heart,
And fasten them closely there,
That the coat of his life may too be such
As in the world will wear.

I put in the pockets stoutly too,
For they will be crammed, I know,
With stones, and strings, and wonderful things,
From wherever his feet shall go;
And into his mind I try to place
A longing for treasures secure,
That as these are crowded that may be full
Of sentiments high and pure.

'Tis nicely lined for the coming cold,
And buttons, from bottom to top;
He wants it to look like a great man's coat
All fresh from the tailor's shop;
For to be a man in strength and years
He hardly knows how to wait.
But few have more aspiring minds
Than my little man of eight;

I would line his life with softest wool
To keep his dear heart warm,
And button it in with tender love
From every coming storm;
And I would have him early choose
A standard higher far—
By which to model all his ways—
Than human patterns are.

And now 'tis done, all pressed and smooth,
And yet my song I sing,
I lay it down with gentle hand
As 'twere a living thing.
O, I would thus smooth down his life
Through early years and late,
And nobly fit for his Master's use
My little man of eight.

HINTS ABOUT MAKING RAG CARPETS.

PREPARATORY to the annual housecleaning at this season of the year, the frugal housewife will be examining closets and chests, looking over bureau drawers, etc., in search of old clothes and pieces to be disposed of, before the much dreaded time arrives. And now that they are collected in a pile, where will she commence, and what can be done with them?

In the first place, she will find that some garments by patching, turning, and "fixing over" a little, will yet be of service, and perhaps last as long as new. All such are to be laid one side for that purpose. Here are several sheets that have never been turned, and now as it is vacation, and the mud is too deep to admit of much play out of doors, the little girls Mary and Susie, can be a great help to mother by turning them. We prefer the old way of sewing them "over and over." They may not be done as nicely as mother would do them, but they are old ones and will answer, and meantime will teach them a lesson in sewing.

These old dresses can never be worn, so rip, and put the waists into the rag-bag. Tear the skirts into carpet rags except the two back breadths; which if they are calico and worth it, make into long kitchen aprons. When worn long enough, tear and wind on the ball with the same kind. If they are worsted, and are not suitable for covering cushions, ottomans or settees, they will need to be cut into strips, (though some goods will tear, delaine, for instance) and wind them straight. Very old and thin flannels will not wear well in carpets, notwithstanding many use it especially, if it happens to be a bright color. Such will find, however, if they have not already, that it will be the first to break away and sweep out. Cotton wears much better, and is getting to be used more; though, of course, if too thin will not wear.

When people began to manufacture rag carpets years ago, they thought it necessary to prepare the filling mostly of woolen, but nowadays, it is more scarce. Cut (never tear) all flannel goods that are used straight, even if the pieces are short. It will repay all trouble in the wear of the carpet. Check flannel shirts make a handsome stripe. Tear all old sheets, cotton, and cotton flannel undergarments, sew and reel the cotton flannel by itself, which, on account of its being thicker, will not need to be quite as wide as the cotton, and reel into skeins of two or three knots apiece for coloring.

And here, I would like to utter a warning voice against the use of any of the poisonous compounds, that have been used so much of late for coloring. Catechu, aniline, bichromate of potash, sugar of lead, and many more articles that are used are rank poison as Dr. Hanaford or any doctor or chemist would inform us, besides they will rot goods colored with them. What is to be done then? Sumach with different setting will make a variety of shades of slate color, and is durable; as is also butternut, walnut and hemlock bark, (tanbark.) Smart-weed will make a good yellow; so will fustic. Madder makes a beautiful red on woolen, and pink on cotton, and is not called poison. Army blue colored yellow, takes good green. It is said that sumach will color black, but of this the writer cannot say; neither can she remember what must be used for setting the color. Wide stripes of solid black are not desirable in a carpet, as they show dust and lint, more than slate or drab colors. Two threads of black in a piece next the red and green to shade from, are necessary however.

Very fine old broadcloth will not be durable. If any will use it, cut or tear straight. A mistake is often made by cutting such goods "round and round." It troubles the weaver by not holding together, to say nothing about its breaking out, while being swept and stretched on the floor. White in a carpet soils easily, but one thread next the blue, for a room that is seldom occupied, will brighten it up wonderfully. These light colored calico dresses and aprons that many do not know what to do with when half worn, prepare in skeins for coloring, same as white. Slops saved from the tea-pot for a few weeks, will make a light slate color if boiled in tin or brass; darker if boiled in iron. Calicos of all colors except very light, arranged to shade from dark to light, look well when woven in. The best of old knit drawers and wrappers can be used, if properly prepared. They must be colored before being cut, which should be lengthwise, and in wide strips.

Do not make the mistake that is often made, of tearing very fine cloth in narrow strips, and coarse in wide strips. It should be the other way. Now the "fills" are disposed of except odds and ends, and rolls of new pieces. The latter will keep the girls out of mischief piecing into quilts. There will be bits too small for that purpose, but these with the odds and ends mentioned, cut and sewed into "hit or miss," will form several large balls. Alone they are worthless except for paper rags. It will save coloring, be durable, and withal is quite fashionable. Whole carpets have been seen with the filling "hit or miss," or "haphazard," some call it.

Save all hems, seams, and coarse bits to put with the rags left after weaving, for knitted or braided rugs to place before doors, and spots that will be worn most on the new carpet when down. They are useful, and give a cheerful look to the room. Finely braided ones are most desirable, as they keep their place if hit with the foot while walking; while others oblige one to stoop constantly to readjust them, and what is more provoking, when in a hurry?

It will be seen that handsome carpets can be made at a trifling cost, (as regards colors) without these expensive poisonous colors. Many of them must not be washed or even rinsed, as it would spoil the beauty of the color. I knew a lady who made carpet weaving a business, who always had a cough, and breaking out in her throat, from inhaling the poisonous dust. Her face became paralyzed, and she was so sick for months, that her recovery was considered doubtful. She will never be free from the effects of it. I have heard of two similar cases. Every time such a carpet is swept, the poisonous dust will fly and choke one, until it is worn out. It is hoped for the sake of humanity, they will be entirely discarded. ECONOMIST.

LADIES' FURS.

During the last few years there has been a constantly increasing disposition upon the part of ladies of refined tastes, to use furs as a component article of dress. The favor accorded to furs by the fashionable world is much greater this season than ever before;

and now garments consisting either entirely of fur, or richly finished with fur trimmings, constitute the most stylish and elegant apparel for a lady during winter.

Seal is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful and fashionable furs ever introduced for ladies' wear; and for several seasons it has been constantly advancing in appreciation until it has finally obtained the highest possible rank of stable and intrinsic merit. No one fur has ever been so extensively worn with such general satisfaction, and as sealskin becomes more and more widely known, the admiration which has ever been lavished upon it is as widely extended.

Sets of this popular fur consist, as usual, of a sack, muff and boa; and in addition to these, to make the set complete in detail, a cap or turban, together with gloves, intended to be worn when sleighing or skating, have been provided.

The forms of the sack has been very much improved since last winter, by seams in the sides, which shape it more closely to the figure, and display with greater distinctness the form of the wearer. The sacks are also improved by being made from two to three inches deeper in the back, the whole depth being from twenty-eight to thirty-one inches. The sacks of this season have deep reverse collars, and the sleeves are fuller or larger than in previous years. Some of the superior qualities have the sleeves large enough at the bottom to admit of cuffs of the same material being worn underneath.

Muffs are of a well-rounded form, of about the same size as those worn last season, and are lined with fine heavy silk, satin or satin *grec*, in appropriate colors, and handsomely finished with bows of embroidered ribbon, silk passementerie tassels, or are left perfectly plain, according to the individual taste of the purchaser.

Sealskin boas, two yards in length, will be worn by the majority of ladies; but in most cases, when worn in addition to the sack, one and one-half yards will be the length generally preferred. They are finished with passementerie tassels, similar to those upon the muff; rich fringe may be substituted at pleasure. A small seal head and an elastic cord are used for fastening.

Plain sacks, free from all trimmings, are most favorably received this season, and are highly recommended by our leading furriers as the best style in which sacks can be made up. By proper trimming an old sack can be made to look equal to new.

Where trimming is added, silver fox, sea otter, plucked and unplucked beaver, chinchilla, black marten or Alaska sable, and numerous other furs may be used.

Shetland seal sacks of a superior quality, when trimmed, have deep borderings of silver fox, silver otter, chinchilla, and other fine grades of trimming furs; and for Alaska seal, beaver, plucked otter, and other borderings of equal value, are generally selected. Pure, snow white Norway grebe, black marten and beaver, dotted with points of white, in imitation of silver otter, are also largely used.

These borderings may be used with

equal propriety for either new or old sacks.

The *togue*, round Hungarian, and the English walking hat, are the popular styles of sealskin head wear. The latter promises to be most fashionable, as it is the most dressy. A full-sized ostrich feather, or a sable tail, fastened by means of a diminutive seal or sable head, constitutes the required amount of trimming.

For very cold weather, and when traveling, nothing can be more comfortable than a sealskin head-dress.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

To get and retain beautiful hair you must attend to daily brushing it, occasionally washing it, and periodically trimming it, and striving all the time to keep the general health up to the average. Now as to brushing. The skin of the head, like that of every other part of the body, is constantly being renewed internally, and this is to be removed by means of the body-brush. But it is not easy to brush the hair properly as one might imagine. The proper time for the operation then, is in the morning, just after you have come out of your bath, provided you have not wetted the hair.

Two kinds of brushes ought to be found on every lady's toilette table, a hard and a soft. The former is first to be used, and used well, but not too roughly; it removes all dust, and acts like a tonic on the roots of the hair, stimulating the whole capillary system to healthy action. Afterwards use the soft brush—to give the gloss from which the morning sunshine will presently glint and gleam with a glory that no Macassar oil in the world could imitate. Whence comes this gloss? you ask. Why, from the sebaceous glands at the root of the hair, nature's own patent pomade, which the soft brush does but spread.

Secondly, one word on washing the hair. This is necessary occasionally to thoroughly cleanse both head and hair. One or two precautions must be taken, however. Never use soap if you can avoid it; if you do, let it be the very mildest and unperfumed; avoid so-called hair-cleansing fluids, and use rain-water filtered. The yolks of two new laid eggs are much to be preferred to soap; they make a beautiful lather, and when the washing is finished and the hair thoroughly rinsed in the purest rain-water, you will find when dry that the gloss will not be destroyed, which an alkali never fails to do. The first water must not be very hot, only just warm, and the last perfectly cold. Dry with soft towels—but do not rub till the skin is tender—and afterwards brush.

Be very careful always to have your brushes and combs perfectly clean and free from grease. Pointing the hair regularly not only prevents it from splitting at the ends, but renders each individual hair more healthy, and, moreover, keeps up the growing process, which otherwise might be blunted or checked. Singeing the tips of the hair has also a beneficial effect. It will be seen that I am no advocate for oils and pomades. My advice, in all cases, is to do without them if you possibly can, for by their clogging nature and overstimulating properties

they often cause the hair to grow thin and fall off sooner than it otherwise would. Let well alone.—*Harper's Bazar*.

HUSK MATS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—S. W. Kinder wishes to know how to make husk mats. Put your husks in a tub and pour hot water over them, so they will not break when you commence plating them; take three pieces and tie the ends and commence plating, putting in another husk on the right side every time, leaving the ends sticking up about two inches, all on one side. When you have plated enough for a mat, take a large needle and cord and sew it together in any shape you prefer. Round is a very nice shape. After sewing it together, take the scissors and trim it off a little. If you wish a very nice mat, color the husks in red analine, or any other color you prefer, before plating; plating some of the colored, then some white, and so on all the way through.

A READER.

A SHOE BOX.

Take pieces of boards (no matter if they are rough) about one foot square, nail them together for the box, then take some calico (striped looks the best) and cover the sides, then take some bright pieces and piece a top, paper the inside, and you have a nice shoe box.

I. D. G.

THE WORK TABLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the September number F. M. K. tells E. B. how to make hair chains. I want very much to learn but haven't the least idea how it is done. I don't understand about the board, never having seen one. I wish F. M. K. would please tell me about the board and how the strands are kept separate. And if I am not asking too much would like very much to know her address as I may want to address her privately.

H. R. E.

Have M. B., and M. C. S. patterns for piecing the puzzle, basket, bear's foot, letter T, and charm, or variety, quilts? If not, I might send some patterns if I knew how to send them without troubling our good Editor. If M. B. and M. C. S. will give their Post Office address in this department of THE HOUSEHOLD, I could send patterns by mail. GLADDYS WAYNE.

MR. CROWELL:—A young lady wishes to know what will restore her hair to its original color,—cold sage tea used quite strong will in time restore it to its original color.

MRS. COMINGS.

In the last number of THE HOUSEHOLD, some one asks how to curl hair that has been cut off. Take some little twigs not more than an inch in circumference, roll up the hair, commencing from the end and tie tightly with cord, boil in clean water three or four hours, take out of the water and roll in cloth several times double and put in a warm oven from two days to a week, then take it off the sticks and brush over a warm curling iron. They will keep in curl several months.

M. G. H.



THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

WILLY'S PEANUT PATCH.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

UNCLE JOHN, don't peanuts
grow in North Carolina?"

Uncle John laughed.

"I should think they did, my boy."

"Oh, good! Can I have some to
take home, when I go?" asked Willy,
eagerly. "All the boys like them so."

"I'll tell you what you may do,"
said Uncle John, pushing his chair
away from the breakfast-table. "I'll
give you some land, and let you have
old Sam to help you if you'll agree to
stay with us till the peanuts are ready
to take home with you."

This was a stroke of policy on Uncle
John's part; for Willy lived in a
Northern city, and had come South on
his plantation because his health was
poor and he needed rest from school and
country air. And Uncle John feared
that he would get homesick and not
stay long enough to get well.

"Oh of course, I'll stay as long as
that," Willy answered. "When may
I begin?"

"To-day, if you want to. But re-
member, if I furnish seed and ground
and workman, I shall expect you to
fulfill your part. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes," said Willy. "There's no
danger but I shall be willing to stay
through." And he started for the
door.

"Wait!" said Uncle John. "If
you're going to see old Sam about it,
you better not call them peanuts. He
won't know what you mean."

"Why, what else can I call them?"
asked Willy, stopping at the door.

"Call them ground peas; and if you
were in Georgia, you'd have to call
them goobers."

"Goobers! What a funny name!"
laughed Willy. "But I don't see why
they call them ground peas."

"Do you see why they call them
peanuts?" asked Uncle John.

"Why, no," said Willy, hesitating,
"only because that's their name."

Uncle John laughed.

"Well, you'll see for yourself one
of these days; so go now and tell Sam
I've got some seed in the house."

"Sam!" shouted Willy, as soon as
he caught sight of the old negro, hoe-
ing in the garden. "I'm going to
have a peanut patch—ground peas I
mean; and you're to show me how,
Uncle John says; and he's got some
seed in the house."

"Well, if I've gwine to plant y'r
patch fur ye I can't hoe in this yere
garding, that's a fac'," said Sam, good-
naturedly.

"Where shall we have it?" asked
Willy.

"Massa John tell that hisself," said
Sam. "Now, 'pears like this yer
patch right out this-a-way is 'bout the
right thing fur ground peas, and it's
right handy too. We kin see the boys
don't meddle."

"So we can," said Willy, who saw
the advantage of that; "and I'll ask
Uncle John if I may have it."

Off he ran to the house, while Sam
hobbled slowly after.

"Sam," said Uncle John, laying
down his paper, when the negro's
head appeared around the corner of
the house, "is that piece of land near
your cabin good for ground peas?"

"Spects it is," said Sam; "good
as any they is."

"Well, I suppose it's all ready, and
you may plant it for Willy. You'll find
seed enough in a bag in the attic."

"I do wonder what sort of seed pea-
nuts have," thought Willy, as he ran
on ahead of rheumatic old Sam. But
he did not ask, for he had been laughed
at ever since he had been in North
Carolina for his ignorance of things
common there.

When Sam came up, he hunted
around and found a coarse bag, with
about a peck of something in it.

"I've got um," he said, throwing it
over his shoulder and starting down
again.

"Now, fust, we'll shell 'em," he said,
sitting down on a bench by the back
door and pouring out on the ground a
pile of—peanuts.

"Why, those are peanuts!" said
Willy, astonished.

"Them's fine ground peas," said
Sam. "What did you 'spect they'd
be?"

"Why, seeds," said Willy.

"Yah! yah!" laughed Sam. "When
ye wants beans up Norf, don't ye plant
beans? Beans is seeds."

"Why, yes. I suppose so," said
Willy, thoughtfully. "Have you got
to shell them?"

"Course we has," said Sam, laugh-
ing again. "Wouldn't plant the pore
things shut up tight in their shells, no
way."

The nuts were soon shelled and put
back into the bag, and Sam took his
hoe and started for the ground.

First he marked out the place into
rows about two feet apart, and then
he marked rows the other way, cross-
ing the first, so that it looked like a
big checker-board. At every point
where the lines crossed he made with
his hoe a small hill, with a hole in the
top; and in each of these holes Willy,
who was eager to help, dropped several
peanuts. When he had finished the
hills, Sam went back with his hoe and
covered the peanuts.

"Now how long will it be before
they're up?" asked Willy.

"Oh! a few days. 'Fends on the
weather," said Sam oracularly. "But

we must take powerful good care to
keep out the weeds; else they won't do
nothing no way."

Well, every day and five or six times
a day, Willy anxiously visited his pea-
nut patch, and pulled weeds and kept
watch. And finally he was rewarded
by seeing a tiny green shoot, and then
another, and in the course of a week
the whole ground was covered with
the young plants.

"Why they look just like peas!"
said he one day.

"Why shouldn't they?" asked Sam.

"They is peas—ground peas."
"Oh that must be why they're
named peas," said Willy. "Uncle
John said I'd see for myself."

If they were like peas, they did not
run up any brush; not they. They
sent out runners something like a
strawberry plant, and every few inches
sent down a shoot and took root there.
Before long they covered the ground
like a green mat.

Willy was nearly wild with delight,
and looked anxiously for the familiar
little pods to form on the vines; but
days and weeks went by and no nuts
to be seen. One day Sam astonished
him by telling him the peas were ready
to pull.

"Why where are they!" asked Wil-
ly, breathless with amazement.

"I kin show you," said Sam, and he
took hold of one of the vines where
it was rooted and gently pulled it out.
At the roots was a cluster of peanuts.
Willy could not conceal his surprise.

"Why, Sam, do the peanuts grow
underground?" he exclaimed.

"Why, ye didn't 'spect 'em on top
o' trees, did ye?" said Sam, and he
laughed. How he did laugh! He
rolled from one side to the other,
while his loud "Yah! yah!" reached
clear to the house.

Willy was inclined to be vexed; for
he did not enjoy being laughed at, any
more than you do. However, he could
not be very angry at Sam, anyway; so
he laughed himself before long, espe-
cially when Sam stopped long enough to
ask if "taters grew on the ends of the
vines up Norf."

That very day they harvested the
crop. Sam began by setting up a pole
in the ground, about ten feet high;
and then he and Willy carefully pulled
up the vines, bringing clusters of pea-
nuts at every root.

As fast as they pulled them they
piled them around the pole, taking
care to have the nuts inside. And
when they were all gathered and the
stack done it looked droll enough—a
pile of green pea-vines about as large
around as a hogshead and ten feet
high.

"What a funny stack!" said Willy,
when it was done. "How the boys
would laugh to see a stack of pea-
nuts."

"Boys up Norf must have a heap to
larn," said Sam, rather scornfully, "if
they don't know how ground peas is
stacked."

Willy had been so much interested
in his gardening that he had not
thought of being homesick; and his
life in the open air had made him
brown and healthy. But, after the
nuts were stacked and there was noth-
ing to do but wait for them to get dry,
he began to think about home and get
impatient.

He did not have long to wait. The
vines turned yellow and dry, the peas
took the color that Willy recognized,
and at last Sam said they were cured
and ready to be got in.

So that evening several of the hands
on the place gathered around the stack,
took it down, and pulled off the nuts.
Every few moments one of the work-
ers would throw some nuts away.

"Why do you throw them away?"
asked Willy.

"Them's pops," said Sam.

"What are pops?" asked Willy.

"Done got no peas in," said Sam.

"Don't want to kerry heaps o' empty
shells way up Norf, do ye?"

"No. But how do you know?"
asked Willy, curiously.

"Tell by the heft," said Sam.

"Pops don't weigh nothing."

When the nuts were all in, and Sam
had received a share, and every one
who helped pull had his share, and
Uncle John's family had one or two
bakings to "try the crop," Willy had
still a big bag full, small and thin-
shelled and sweet—the very best kind.

And one day Uncle John took him
to the cars, put his bag of peanuts in-
to the baggage car, and sent him off.
And after riding all day and all night,
and all the next day, Willy got home.

His mother knew all about the pea-
nuts, for his letters had been full of
it; but he was a hero among the boys,
for nearly all the winter he went to
school with a pocket-full of them.
He was careful to save a few quarts
for seed, for he intended to fill his
mother's back yard with a peanut
patch the very next year.

When he raises a crop I'll let you
know but I don't believe they'll grow
there.—Independent.

MAKE A CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY ROSAMOND.

Mothers, do you prepare a Christmas
tree for your little folks? 'Tis not
much trouble. I find it a great pleas-
ure, and if you will but try it once I
know you would not again neglect
such an opportunity to give your chil-
dren a pleasure. Shall I tell you how,
with very little expense, I have pre-
pared for mine?

Provide yourself with bits of old
boxes, scraps of bright paper—that
can be gathered at the stores—bands
round packs of envelopes, pictures off
fine muslins or linens, a couple of
sheets of gilt paper, five cents worth
of gum tragacanth, a sheet of red, yel-
low, white, and blue tissue paper,
some white bobbinet or bright tarleton
and some scraps of ribbon or old silk.
Wash, starch and iron cast-away
ruches, and form baskets, rings, etc.,
of old caps or other wire, a pound of
alum and some broken stick candy, a
peck of popcorn, lot of nuts, and rais-
ins, and if accessible some bright
colored mint or spice lozenges.

Of the gum tragacanth form a paste
with a teacup of warm water; cut out
from bits of pasteboard some stars,
Roman crosses, rings and hearts, and
cover neatly with gilt paper. I put
some with gilt only one side if the
board is clean and white or a pretty
color, put a loop of thread between
the gilt paper and the board and lay
them in a book to press and dry.

smoothly. Cut strips of gilt or bright colored paper two or three inches long and one-half inch wide, and with a daub of paste on each, form chains. I save my tea papers with tin foil linings for these purposes, too.

Of your bright tissue paper cut pieces four inches square and slit the ends finely like the fine secret papers, twist a scrap of cotton in each, and you have a fine box full of secrets indeed. Form rosettes of your old ruffles and bits of frayed silk or old crepe bonnets, stitch in slips of gilt paper, and for a center piece use bright little pictures, or butterflies, or heads of some of your old fashion plates from magazines. These magazine ladies dressed in tarlatan on tinsel make nice "fairies," such as sold for 25 to 50 cents last year.

Of bobbinet, or tarlatan, or fly netting make stockings, mittens, baskets, or bags, edged with bits of bright yarn, and fill with a mixture of candy, popcorn, raisins and nuts for distribution among the children; cornucopias, too, of paper, are pretty for this purpose, and you can decorate them in many ways. The tinfoil tobacco wrappings pressed and pasted over strings tied around walnuts or shellbarks make quite as pretty and not such frail balls as the glass ones sold for the purpose.

Suspend your wire baskets, etc., in a strong, hot solution of alum, and you have pretty and lasting imitations of rock candy. Bind small pictures neatly with gilt paper, and some nice egg shells for cups; these you can paint or paste designs upon, and you will be surprised to see how pretty they are. Bend a lot of pot hooks an inch long from old bonnet or brass wire. I bought ten cents' worth of wire last year and when I had used all of it bent pins to finish off with; these are to catch in the threads to hang things on the tree.

Before the moss is all covered with snow take your older children with you to the woods and bring a nice lot and put it in a damp corner of the cellar. A few days before Christmas secure a tree three feet high, trim up a little, and have a box or old table with a hole bored in, trim the tree to fit in this hole and if necessary make it firm by large stones, cover these and the box or table with your moss after you have scattered your pretty things over the tree. Don't put two alike near together, and last of all where ever looks a bare spot stick one of your "secrets." They will need no strings or hooks and your tree will look as if there had been a shower of secrets. A few pretty candies are a help, and I save ours from year to year, so have accumulated a box full.

FIRST LESSON IN GAMBLING.

Wherever there are great collections of people, there are always bad and foolish people among them. It was so at Bridgeport, where the State fair was held. Outside the grounds, behind or within tents or booths, were many who gambled and led others to do so. Now it is a very simple thing to gamble—so simple, and often apparently so fair, that a boy is led to take the first step before he knows it.

There was behind one of the oyster stands a circle of men and boys. On

the ground sat a poor, degraded, dissipated man, poorly clothed and looking poor and weak. He held in his hand several iron rings, and before him was a board with large nails driven in it, which stood upright. A clear-faced bright-eyed, handsome little fellow stepped up to him. He was just such a boy as is prompt at day-school, and always has his lesson at Sunday school. He showed this in his face as he stepped up to the man and said "what's that for?"

"Give me a cent, and you may pitch one of these rings; and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you six cents."

That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a cent and took a ring. He stepped back to a stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again or six cents?"

"Six cents," was the answer; and two three-cent pieces were put into his hand, and he stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder:

"My lad, that is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path. That man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now I advise you to go and give him his six cents back and ask him for your penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly: and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not be forgotten. He ran back and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his comrades. That was an honest boy.

These, and such as these, are what we have so often urged our boys to guard against. And those are the side-shows and tricks we have urged our fair managers to banish from their grounds. May all boys and young men shun the first steps in gaming.

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

Little Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she: "why does the boy throw the seeds into the water?"

"O, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow out of such little things."

"You are sowing such tiny seed every day, Bessie, and they will come

up large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"Oh no, father, I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, seeds and weeds to-day."

"Now, papa, you are joking, for I would not plant weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing the seeds of truth; and when you took the cup of water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy."

FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

A WORD TO SISTERS.

Sisters, do you want your brothers gentlemanly, kind and agreeable? Mind how you treat them, when they come in from work or play—noisy, perhaps using language more forcible than refined; do not be too severe, but meet them kindly, with pleasant words. Don't snub them, but invite them into the parlor with your young friends, and let them see that they are of as much account as your other boy friends. Be sure that in return for this they will appreciate you and be very careful to do nothing to disgrace you. And now, in justice, I must say

A WORD TO BOYS.

Don't be rough and boisterous in the house; but when you come in wipe your feet, hang up your hat, and put yourself in order, and avoid the little unpleasant things that annoy mothers and sisters. Make yourself as useful as possible by your readiness to lend a helping hand or give a cheery word, and you will be well repaid for the effort it costs you. Many boys, and some quite old ones, are very careless about pleasing the folks at home, and then wonder their presence is often so undesirable. Try this way, and after a week look at the result. I believe they will be gratified with it.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Cedar Creek, Strsburg. 2. Solomon.

3. A goddess and her amusement.

D ina H

I ncoun U

A pia N

N es T

A then S

4. Sharp, harp. 5. Shag, hag. 6. Share, hare. 7. Sheath, heath. 8.

Slow, low. 9. Sleek, leek. 10. Smite, mite. 11. Man-chest-er. 12. Mus-

kin-gum. 13. Win-ni-pi-se-o-gee. 14. Cham-plain. 15. Liver-pool. 16. Dres-

den. 17. Ber-lin. 18. Ham-burg. 19. Simple words are grouped to-

gether, Forming beautiful lines of thought;

Many a one this gift possesses, And by many more 'tis sought.

20. Dr. Elisha Kent Kane. 21. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 22. Edward Everett.

23. Rufus Choate.

24. None - one = N
IX - X = I
One - oe = N
Three-thre = E

25. A
A D Z
A L D E R
P E L I C A N
C A S K S
C O Y
N

26. Came, acme, mace. 27. Now, won, own. 28. Pat, apt, tap. 29. Tone, note. 30. Spare, spar, Spa, pa, par, pare. 31. Woodpecker. 32. Vulture. 33. Toucan. 34. Ostrich. 35. Swallow. 36. Hoopoe. 37. Peacock. 38. Owl. 39. Crow. 40. Dove. 41. Robin. 42. Duck. 43. Bluebird. 44. Magpie. 45. Gull. 46. Heron. 47. Thrush. 48. Bat. 49. Cuckoo.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of twelve letters. My 11, 5, 6, 12 is noisy. My 9, 10, 6, 7, 3 is a branch of the legislature.

My 4, 8 is a personal pronoun.

My 2, 10, 1 is hot.

My whole brings joy to many.

EMILY L. R.

2. I am composed of nine letters.

My 4, 2, 3, 7, 9, 5, 2, 4, 5 is an European capital.

My 2, 6, 7 cannot be too lofty.

My 8, 9, 5 is a river in the Eastern Continent.

My 4, 2, 5, 8 is a fruit.

My whole will cause many a 5, 8, 2, 3, and require 2, 6, 4 of all benevolent 1, 8, 2, 3, 5, 9.

LIZZIE.

CHARADE.

2. Amid the clashing of my first, In the dread battle shock, The British square at Waterloo Stood like an unmoved rock. The finest form my first e'er knew Was the Damascus blade; A sword by far more keen and true Than modern skill has made.

But mightier even than the sword, My second's said to be; More powerful than a monarch's word,

Or sovereign's decree.

My whole is but the modern form In which my second's seen; The rich have gold, I use my whole, 'Tis just as good, I ween.

WORD PUZZLE.

4. I am composed of eight letters, and contain a weapon of war; part of the body; a relative; a heavenly body; a resinous substance obtained from trees; a small cube; an assembly of princes; a beast of burden; a system of rules; a tune; a flower; a support; to ascend; to pull asunder; a beverage; and a ceremonial observance. I am of daily occurrence by land and sea, and am nowhere welcomed. What am I. ROSCOE F.

SQUARE WORDS.

5. A part of the body; a girl's name; a kind of grain. ROSCOE F.

6. Luminous; narrow fillet; a kind of monkeys; to be at ease.

E. V. G.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

7. A consonant; a metal; a trade; a precious stone; congelation; to flourish; a consonant. EMILY L. R.

A Proverb.—8. Adeceillnprisstuw.



DIPHTHERIA.

DR. FULLER WALKER, of the Eastern Dispensary, New York, contributes an article to the Christian Union which is of painful interest to many of our readers at this time, from which we copy the following paragraphs:

The best authorities now agree that diphtheria, like measles, the whooping cough, scarlet fever, etc., is a contagious disease. No matter where it comes from, or how it comes, it can be communicated from one person to another. This fact should always be kept in mind, and if a child in any family should show symptoms of diphtheria let it be at once removed to an upper room by itself, and all other children kept away. If mothers do this they may save the lives of the rest of their children, even if the first one sick does not get well. It is really criminal to allow the sick baby in the same room with the rest of the children. It should not be kept on the same floor, but must be carried up stairs. All the towels and cloths used about the sick child should be kept from the rest of the family; even the spoon it uses, and the glass from which he drinks. There is danger for any one to kiss the person sick with diphtheria. That poison which causes the disease lodges in the air passages, and from the sore throat it spreads throughout the whole system, causing fever, loss of appetite, prostration, and often death. Often this poison clings to certain places, rooms, and houses, for many months. There is something which floats in the atmosphere and lodges in the throat, causing diphtheria, and the poison begins to act the moment it finds lodgment. If the throat is perfectly strong and healthy, we may doubt if this poison would affect it. But most people do not have sound throats. Physicians of experience have discovered that a sudden checking of the perspiration of the skin causes a cold to settle on the lungs, while wetting the feet causes a sore throat. Now, in the winter, when there is much snow on the ground, or when the walking is very bad, many children get their feet wet, a cold in the throat follows, and if they are exposed to the poison of diphtheria they are sure to catch the disease. The lining membrane of the throat in children under five years of age is very delicate and almost unable to resist even slight impressions. This is one reason why so many small children have diphtheria.

After a child has been exposed, in from two to five days it shows marked symptoms of sickness. The glands of the neck swell, the pulse is quick, there is fever and prostration, the inside of the throat is red, and in time white patches appear on the surface of the tonsils. Of course there is dryness, and more or less difficulty in swallowing. In mild cases these symptoms disappear in three or four

days; in unfavorable cases they increase, and great prostration follows.

The rich and poor alike are liable to this disease, and it may occur in all climates, but is more prevalent in damp, cold weather. Sometimes it owes its origin to the absence of sunlight, to the impurity of the water used, to badly ventilated rooms. When the disease shows itself in any family, it should be a matter of great concern to try and discover the cause, so it can be removed. If the sleeping rooms are dark, or badly ventilated, let in the pure air and sunlight. When people have been sick in a room with diphtheria, the ceiling should be white-washed, the wood work repainted, and the room opened to the air and sunlight for a week or ten days before using again.

Of the treatment of diphtheria much may be said. The indications are to keep down the fever, to remove the local irritation, and to sustain the system. Much may be done which is harmless in itself, and may prove valuable aid towards arresting the disease. The throat should be well fomented, or steamed with flannels wrung out of hot water and put about the neck as warm as the patient can bear. Good effects will result if now and then a cloth dipped in ice water is put upon the throat, in alternation with hot flannels. This sudden change from hot to cold, and *vice versa*, relieves the inside of the throat. Bits of ice should be constantly dropped into the mouth and allowed to melt in the throat. If there is much general fever, reduce it by a general towel bath with soda in tepid water. Keep the feet warm and the head cool. Give the child plenty of warm milk to drink.

When the doctor arrives he will use the medicines in which he has the most confidence. Some dissolve twenty grains of chlorate of potash in an ounce of water, and with a soft sponge fastened to a bit of whalebone, dip it into the solution, and swab out the throat four or five times a day. Any sensible person can do this by holding the tongue down with the handle of a spoon. Others take the dry powder of the potassa, and blow a grain at a time into the back part of the throat through a quill or straw. Some physicians dissolve twenty or thirty grains of nitrate of silver in water, and with a sponge and stick carefully touch the white patches on the tonsils with the solution. Other doctors put five or six drops of the tincture of aconite into a glass of water, and give a teaspoonful every half hour until the fever subsides. The outside of the throat can be painted, where it is swollen, with a mixture of aconite and tincture of iodine. We have seen doctors who always begin with a dose of calomel, followed by castor oil; and others give quinine. Most of these remedies are useful, and will do little harm. In cases of necessity, a parent need not hesitate to make use of them until a doctor can be procured.

The physician would hardly be safe in predicting a favorable termination to any case of diphtheria. In different epidemics the mortality varies from thirty to fifty per cent., and is more favorable the more adults are attacked. The younger the individual the

more dangerous the disease. Among children under one year of age it is comparatively rare. The more extensive the surface of diphtheritic inflammation the more doubtful will be the favorable termination of the case. The most favorable cases are those in which the local affection is confined to the tonsils. When diphtheria attacks the larynx the majority of the cases are fatal. Repeated occurrences of fever in the earlier period of the disease are evidence that it is spreading. A low form of fever, with the temperature of the body varying from forty to sixty degrees, indicates a thorough blood poisoning, and a case which generally ends in death. Loss of appetite at the beginning of the disease is a bad sign.

WHAT NOT TO DO IN A SICKROOM.

Do not wear a starched garment, or anything that rustles. Avoid all little noises—the sudden shutting of a door, the creaking of shoes, etc. Sometimes the rocking of a chair, or passing the needle in and out of work, or turning over the pages of a book or newspaper, makes the difference between comfort and misery to a sick person. Do not jar the room by treading heavily, nor the bed by leaning against it—above all things, never sit on the bed.

Never waken a sleeping patient unless under the physician's orders, to give medicine or nourishment, or to change a dressing.

Avoid all uncertainty and strained expectation on the part of the patient. Keep his mind as quiet as possible. Allow no whispering—an even, a low tone is far less objectionable than a whisper, which the patient involuntarily strains his attention to hear. Ask him no more questions than is absolutely necessary, and never force him to repeat a remark. Never speak to him abruptly. Do not consult him, but quietly make the changes you think necessary. Never tax him to make a decision upon anything if it can be avoided.

Never let a sick person see, smell, or hear about food before it is brought to him. Let each meal be in the shape of a pleasant surprise. Let the food be served with dainty neatness.

Never let the patient's head as he lies in bed be higher than the throat of the chimney, except for an occasional change of posture, or in diseases of the respiratory organs. Thus he gets all the pure air there is. His bed should not be higher than the window and placed so he can see out of it. Let the sick room be the brightest in the house, and give admittance to all the sunlight the weak eyes are able to bear.

Do not open and shut the door oftener than is absolutely necessary. Do not mislay things so as to be obliged to hunt for them at the moment of wanting to use them.

Do not allow a place in the sick-room for flowers emitting a powerful odor, such as tuberoses; but other than these flowers are harmless and often beneficial. Place them where he can see them without effort, and remove them at night or at the first symptoms of withering.

The bed should never be pushed up

against the wall. Let there be free circulation of air all around it, and space to go in and out without jarring the patient. Do not allow reading aloud unless the patient particularly asks for it, and even then it should be discontinued the moment his attention flags.

A cheerful countenance in a sick-room cannot be too strongly insisted on. Even if the nurse be tired, she must be careful to conceal it from her patient.—“*Suggestions for the Sick-room.*”

TREATMENT OF BURNS AND SCALDS.

“What is proper hygienic treatment of burns and scalds?”

If the burn or scald is a severe one, occasioning a general fever, it must be reduced by general bathing, suited to the condition and strength of the patient. If the skin is not removed, all the local treatment is necessary is to keep the part covered with soft fine linen, wet with water, at a temperature most agreeable to the patient. When the skin is removed, some substance must be applied to keep the air from the exposed surface beneath, until the injury can be repaired. Fine, moist clay is one of the best materials for this purpose. If this cannot be obtained, use a thin covering of fine flour, covered with a wet cloth. When it becomes loose, remove carefully, wash with warm water, and apply another coating of flour.

The discovery has recently been made in France that covering the burnt surface with varnish is a very successful mode of treatment. I have not had an opportunity of trying it, but the plan looks reasonable, and I should expect the greatest success from its use. I should be pleased to hear from any one who has tried it.—*Herald of Health.*

REMEDY FOR BURNS.

Boil common starch to the consistency of a stiff paste, spread it upon a cloth, and when it is cool enough pour over it a little sweet oil, to keep the poultice from sticking, and apply to the burn. Renew the dressing with a fresh poultice as often as may be thought necessary until the fire is all out. If inflammation ensues the poultice will remove it. I have tried it and know it to be an excellent remedy, curing where all others had failed.

Mrs. G. F. S.

TREATMENT OF SCALD HEAD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—To Friend of THE HOUSEHOLD, who asks for a remedy for scald head I would say use corrosive sublimate. “Corrosive sublimate!” I hear you exclaim, “why, that is poisonous.” Agreed, but you must not use it strong. Take a piece the size of a large pea, dissolve in a pint of water, and bathe the head, and I think the scales will soon disappear. I would also advise drinking sweet fern tea, to cleanse the blood.

Chicago, Ill. Mrs. D. D. B.

—For bunions and chilblains, take tincture of aconite root and saturate it with camphor gum; wet a compress with it and bind it on at bed time.

A. F.



A YANKEE THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS. F. M. BETTS.

Into the kitchen the pumpkins were rolled,
Sound and plump and yellow as gold:
Then cut into pieces of very small size,
Stewed and sifted and made into pies,
With crust white and flaky, with plenty of spice,
Baked brown as a berry—what could be so nice?

The rye and Indian was made into bread,
And cooked till the brown was almost a red.
The pork and beans were put in a dish,
And baked to suit an epicure's wish.
And meat and currants and raisins were chopped,
Till it seemed as if mincing would never be stopped.

The farmer went ruthless into the yard—
His stomach was longing, his heart it was hard;
No begging of turkey, of goose, or of duck
Could move him—the chickens gave their last cluck.
"Thanksgiving has come," the old farmer said,
As he lifted his axe, and cut off a head.

The fowls were all dressed and done to a turn,
And what became of them, you will soon learn:
They were set in the midst of the festival cheer,
While turnips and onions brought up the rear.
"How brown and how fat," said the farmer, with
zeal,
Plunging a carving-knife into a breast!

There was eating and drinking, and eating again;
The revelers' stomachs warned them in vain.
The bones of the turkeys were taken away;
The pies and the puddings were set in array:
"Thanksgiving has come," the farmer's wife said,
"For once in the year, you shall all be well fed."

But dinner must end, as every one knows:
Even Thanksgiving dinners come to a close,
One after another, from uncle to niece,
Owned up they were beaten by turkeys and geese.
"Enough, they all cried, while moving away—
"We'll try it again, next Thanksgiving Day."

DESSERTS AND DISHES FOR CHILDREN.

There are very many nice and palatable dishes, which can be gotten up to supplement a very plain dinner, and thus add very much to the relish of the meal. For if one has a bountiful dinner of fresh meats, vegetables, and the accompaniments for the main dinner, it is of less consequence whether or not, much of a dessert is served afterwards. This of course applies to our plainer families, and where, perhaps, the mistress is also cook and waiter, when many dishes only multiply her labors and cares. But if the first part of the dinner be less tempting to the appetite, then a more elaborate dessert is often desirable. And yet this need be by no means expensive, but only something different from yesterday's course, for a pleasant change.

In the country where milk and eggs are plenty through the season, an almost endless variety of side dishes can be made, and these, especially for children, are much better, and better relished, than are pies and cakes, which so often find place on the tables day after day.

Of puddings there is no lack of kinds, and these are often relished by all, certainly if they are well prepared. A boiled Indian meal pudding or a baked one—though an old-fashioned dish—is a luxury indeed, but one which people depending on the milkman for milk, cannot so readily have, while in the country there is no hindrance to these good dishes. A very good pudding can be made of bread and milk,

but this, unless made tempting by raisins, is not a general favorite, we believe, though occasionally is liked.

But aside from the somewhat old styled puddings, there is a vast number of preparations now put up which can be easily made into a relishing food, and that, too, at small expense. A housekeeper does well to have a variety in the house, and choose from one, then another, so as to never tire of the same kind by too frequent repetition.

There is rice for a standard, which can be cooked in various ways and is always relished by children, we think, besides being a most cheap and healthful dish. Corn starch can also be prepared in various ways—by directions on the package, or by using one's own ingenuity to get up something new. This is rather a light food, and does not amount to very much, except for a dainty; still it is often a desirable advantage to a dinner or tea table.

Then there is what is called sea-moss farina, put up prepared to cook readily, with directions for use. This is less commonly known than some preparations, but is really excellent, as well as very cheap.

For something more substantial we have tapioca and sago, both which have only to be used to become favorites in families, and more especially for children and invalids. A good cook book gives directions for preparing these—and a cook book is what every house-wife should have, in addition to collecting what other recipes she may find of use. I presume that recipes have been given in THE HOUSEHOLD, but as no directions come with these articles, I will at the risk of repetition, give a good way of cooking tapioca to be eaten cold.

Take a quart of milk, and from it take two-thirds of a cup, into which put the same quantity of tapioca, and let it soak over night. In the morning take the remainder of the quart of milk and put to this mixture stir in the yolks of three eggs, (two will answer very well), set the dish in a kettle of hot water and let it cook as for a boiled custard, some fifteen minutes being about the right time, stirring it occasionally so that it will not stick to the dish. It will not, however, cook soft, but is none the worse for that fact. Beat the whites of the eggs and stir in, and then remove from the fire. Sweeten and flavor to taste, adding a little salt. With this as with all such things, it is better to let the mixture cool before flavoring. As this is to be eaten cold for dinner, tea, or lunch, as desired, put in a cool place; if you have no ice, set it in the cellar in hot weather, when its excellence will convince you that, if your family is large, you will need to double the recipe the next time making.

As this dish is best eaten cold, it can be made in the cool of the day which is quite a convenience for most housekeepers; and as it can be usually kept more than one day—that is if you keep it off from your table—you have something ready in case of company, or any extra need.

The excellence of oatmeal, crushed wheat, and graham puddings have often been mentioned in THE HOUSEHOLD, and are favorites with many people, while others relish them only

sparingly, and to some they are no food at all. Children are, however, usually fond of them, especially when eaten with sugar or syrup; and this is certainly more healthful and better for them, a share of the time, than richer food and pastry.

For the little ones who attend school and take their dinner with them, as well as any children, some such preparation for supper is better than bread and butter and cakes, which often form the staple of the family tea. It may be a little trouble for the tired mother to make it, but she will have less bread and cakes to bake, and will save in the end.

One little word here upon children's likes and dislikes. Some parents have a rule that their children must eat such food as is set before them, without a chance to express their own tastes in any way. This is wrong. We would not by any means infer that children dictate in these matters; and if rich, unhealthy food is craved, there is need of wisdom and a firm hand in guiding aright. But the legitimate wants of the little ones are as worthy of attention as are the tastes of older members of the family.

It is easy, by a little watchfulness, to see what is most relished and best adapted to a child, and govern one's self accordingly. For what is a rule for one, cannot be for all. It is this fixed set of rules of diet, which some health reformers and food critics fix for all, without regard to habits or circumstances, that make advice to a great extent, impracticable.

For not only do tastes differ, but the system in one case requires different treatment, in choice of food, from others. Some people cannot eat food or vegetables that is the least loosening to the bowels, however much they may like it; and hence, for such, a diet of fruit and of some kind of vegetables, or other preparations that induce undue action of the bowels, cannot be partaken, or at least, only sparingly; while to others of different temperament they are to be highly recommended, and the rules which apply to ourselves, will also apply to children, more or less, and others who need judgment in what is given them to eat.

CARVING.

The following from the Evening Post should be remembered by those whose duty it is to preside gracefully and efficiently at the dinner table.

It should be considered an accomplishment for a lady to know how to carve well at her own table. It is not proper to stand up when carving. The carving knife should be sharp and thin. To carve fowls (which should always be laid with the breast uppermost), place the fork in the breast and take off the wings and legs without turning the fowl; then cut out the merry thought, cut off the side pieces and then cut the carcass in two. Divide the joints in the leg of a turkey. In carving a sirloin, cut thin slices from the side next to you (it must be put on the dish with the tenderloin. Help the guests to both kinds.

In carving a leg of mutton or ham begin by carving across the middle of the bone. Cut a tongue across and not lengthwise, and help from the

middle part. Carve a fore-quarter of lamb by separating the shoulder from the ribs, and then divide the ribs. To carve a loin of veal, begin at the smaller end and separate the ribs. Help each one to a piece of kidney and its fat. Carve pork and mutton in the same way. To carve a fillet of veal, begin at the top and help to the dressing with each slice. In a breast of veal, separate the breast and brisket and then cut them up, asking which part is preferred.

In carving a pig it is customary to divide it and take off the head before it comes to the table, as to many persons the head is revolting. Cut off the limbs and divide the ribs. In carving venison make a deep incision down to the bone to let out juices and turn the broad end toward you, cutting deep in thin slices. For a saddle of venison, cut from the tail toward the other end, on each side in thin slices. Warm plates are very necessary with venison and mutton, and in winter are desirable with all dishes.

THE DESSERT.

—"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far."

—As a rule, boys do not like to assist in doing any sort of housework, with the single exception of picking over raisins.

—"Sickness has impaired his health," said a Wisconsin editor, which led a rival to remark: "Yes; it often has that effect."

—The king of Dahomey wears a swallow tail coat buttoned up at the back. That manner of dressing is not a bad one for a man who has no vest.

—Mrs. Stowe says we never know how much we love until we try to unlove. To a man who has tried to quit smoking this needs no argument.

—"Marriage is promotion," says George Eliot. In the eyes of such a reasoner a man with his third wife would doubtless pass for a brigadier general.

—"Gen'l'men," exclaimed an old Connecticut salt, as he grasped the brawny arm of a Yale College oarsman and called the company's attention to its muscular development, "gen'l'men, thar's intelleck for yer."

—A farmer the other day wrote to a New York merchant asking how the former's son was getting along, and where he slept nights. The merchant replied: "He sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he sleeps nights."

—"I don't see how you can have been working all day like a horse," exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her husband having declared he had been thus working. "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day, anyhow."

—When a man gets both his legs mashed, rendering him unable to work for three months, there is nothing that cheers him up so much, and so effectually keeps the wolf from the door, as for his fellow-workmen to pass a series of resolutions praying for his speedy recovery, and ordering an engrossed copy of the same to be presented to his family.



THE HARP AND THE POET.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

The wind, before it woos the harp,
Is but the wild and tuneless air;
Yet as it passes through the chords,
Changes to music rare.

And so the poet's soul converts
The common things that round him lie
Into a gentle voice of song—
Divinest harmony.

Sweet harp and poet, framed alike
By God, as his interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thought
Of everything that stirs.

—Selected.

THE STUDY OF MUSIC.

BY SIN SAXON.

TO THE PUPIL.

IN my article of a few months since we strongly advocated an early start in music, but let us by no means be understood as discouraging those of older growth. It will be harder work, the fingers will be stiff and inflexible, but application and perseverance work wonders. An adult pupil will often bring more patience to, and show better judgment in their practice than a child. Even if your life is so far spent that you can never hope to become an accomplished player, don't hold back; the rainy evening will seem shorter for an hour at the piano, and you will at least be able to play an accompaniment for some friend to sing, or some brother or sister to play the violin or other instrument.

Granted that you have decided to become a pupil in music. Great judgment should be used in the selection of a teacher. You inquire of friends who inform you that "Prof. — is a splendid player; plays at all the concerts you know; and so very reasonable in price, only fifty dollars a term!"

Beware of the Professor! You do not want to pay fifty dollars for a "splendid player." Many so named are born with the talent of music. They cannot help playing any more than you can help talking, or a bird can help singing. They have never been through the a, b, c of learning; they can play—they can't teach. They have no more the art of imparting their own knowledge, than Blind Tom can impart to others his wonderful talent of playing by ear. Choose a teacher; one educated as a teacher; not one who, being obliged to earn their own living, and being considered a fair player, at once adopts music as a profession, and having obtained a few pupils, is able to teach them all they themselves know, in half a term, and then finish out with an indiscriminate number of pieces, without regard to the pupils taste or capacities. We have seen more painstaking teachers—females—plodding along year in and out, at fifteen dollars a term, than among the many self styled Professors, whose names are posted about as performers at Madame So-and-So's concert or matinee.

Thorough base, harmony, and composition are all essentials. You can't get at the heart of music without them. A good teacher will devote a part at least of each lesson to these points. If they say "we do not teach them," depend upon it, it is because they know or care little or nothing about them themselves, and thus are not fitted for teachers.

We are often asked our idea of the "Conservatory" plan, now so commonly employed. We reply emphatically, "we do not like it." We once, to save time, tried teaching two pupils in one hour. This we did by allowing them to play their finger exercises as a duett, occupying say ten minutes; ten minutes each to scales and chords, played separately, of course, five minutes to practical text lesson in concert, the remaining twenty-five minutes to the playing by each pupil of their study or piece, twelve and one-half minutes apiece. The lessons were extremely hurried; no time for thorough base, without cutting short some other part of the lesson, and little time for correction or explanation.

We strive to be a conscientious teacher, and felt dissatisfied. How a class of four, sometimes six, can each take a lesson in an hour, and each get the proper attention, and time for playing a lesson of moderate length, we do not see. If a pupil is well advanced, and has only a piece to play, a half hour might do, but few players ever reach that stage, where they can afford to lay aside scales or studies. We think it more advisable to secure a faithful teacher for a whole hour's instruction, which can be done at the same price as for a lesson like the above. A little judgment at the beginning will save a world of expense and time in the attaining of the end desired.

LITERATURE AS AN ART.

Bayard Taylor, in his new lecture, "Literature as an Art," begins by deprecating the low state into which literature in the United States has fallen. The number of persons who bought and read our best authors was greater in 1860 than at the present time. This was due principally to the civil strife, which took the young men of the country to the battlefield. After the war had ceased the national excitement incident to it still continued. The time had arrived, however, when our literature was about to improve. He was particularly severe on that class of humorous newspaper writers who turned suffering and death to ghastly derision. The injury such writers caused was in exact proportion to their popularity. What loafing around a barroom was to the body such literature was to the mind.

The speaker during his travels from New Hampshire to Nebraska, covering a period of six months, found, by statistics, that the author most read in this country was Mrs. Southworth. He was, however, satisfied that the lowest point in the demoralization of our literature had been reached and passed. Mr. Taylor contrasted the peculiarities of the average American and English orator. The former repeated, the latter stammered and hesitated.

In his experience as a reporter, the only public man with whom he came in contact who spoke with precision was Daniel Webster. The American public was too lenient with the shortcomings of their public speakers. In ancient Athens a mis-pronunciation by an orator would cause his audience to rise. Language was the body of the thought. Superfluity was a too prevalent fault in our literature. A noble example in precision was set by Abraham Lincoln, who on a single sheet of foolscap wrote that Gettysburg address that will live forever.

The first law of literature as an art was intelligent coherent, logical thought. Literature is a distinct and positive art. Two most essential things in a composition were a proper beginning and a proper end. With those the writer or speaker might ramble between without detriment. Careful preparation was of vital importance. The eloquent speeches of Demosthenes, Cicero, and in our own time of Webster, Calhoun, Clay and others were the productions of years of study and hard work. The lecturer was not surprised at Mr. Moody's great power over his hearers, because that gentleman, he understood, had spent years of toil in preparation for his duties.

THE REVIEWER.

ZERUB THROOP'S EXPERIMENT. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Neat paper cover. Price fifty cents. Boston: Loring, Publisher. Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co. pp. 146.

This story is written in the author's quaintest vein. Zerub Throop, a wealthy, eccentric, solitary man, living in a quaint old mansion; a black cat his only companion; a faithful servant, Sarah, trained never to clear up his room, his only attendant; is applied to one day, by a widow with six children, for money once owed her husband. Twenty odd years ago that debt and his others were wiped out, he paying twenty-five cents on the dollar and receiving his discharge. Then he began anew and worked his way up, was his answer. Her earnest appeal—her faith in Providence righting all things sometime—caused him afterward to make an experiment which will leave a lasting impression on its readers.

The opening article in THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November is a fresh and graphic account of the "Ascent of Takhoma," or Mount Rainier, in Washington Territory, by Hazard Stevens, the only person, with one exception, who has ever climbed this mountain. Kate Putnam Osgood follows with an excellent poem, "Miller Michel." There are two chapters of H. James Jr.'s attractive novel, "The American;" a short essay on "Giordano Bruno," by Junius Henri Browne; "Ione," a poem by C. P. Cranch; and Gen. O. O. Howard's concluding article on "The Battles about Atlanta." Charles Wyllis Elliott discourses in an entertaining way about "Pottery at the Centennial," and is followed by F. D. Millet, the Boston artist, with a very striking and peculiar story of student-life in Antwerp and Rome, entitled "The Fourth Waits." "The Fair of Moses" is a short Oriental sketch, the last of the series, by Charles Dudley Warner. Mrs. Fanny Kemble sustains her "Old Woman's Gossip" with much ease and grace; and another gifted lady, Harriet W. Preston, closes the number with one of her charming articles on "Early Provencal Poetry." T. B. Aldrich, Edgar Fawcett, and H. R. Hudson fill out the list of contributions with some short poems, and the sections devoted to "Recent Literature" and "Music" furnish some excellent criticism.

George MacDonald's new serial, "The Marquis of Lossie," is begun in the number of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for Oct. 21st, printed from advance sheets. Its opening chapters are full of interest, and give promise of a remarkably powerful story. The same number also contains The Philosopher's Pendulum, a Tale from Germany, by Rudolph Lindau;

Society in Italy in the last Days of the Roman Republic, by James Anthony Froude; The Bayreuth Performances; The reality of Duty, as illustrated by the Autobiography of John Stuart Mill; Ulster and its People; A Drive in Devonshire; The Pope's Daily Life, and other valuable reading, besides choice poetry and miscellany. Containing the opening chapters of MacDonald's story, it is an excellent number with which to begin a subscription to this standard weekly magazine. Littell & Gay, Boston, publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November is a bright and beautiful number, rich in the variety of its contents and pictorial illustration. The number opens with a poem by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," entitled "Magnus and Morna: a Shetland Fairy Tale." Constructed as an operetta for a musical accompaniment, it is full of rich lyrical gems; and it is exquisite story. Mr. Fredericks's illustration are worthy of the poem. Harriet Prescott Spofford contributes an article on "Medieval Furniture," illustrated with thirty-two engravings; treating especially of the Gothic style and its modern adaptations. The paper is very valuable for its information, and is written in Mrs. Spofford's most picturesque style. Horace E. Scudder's "A Puritan Gentleman in New England" gives the reader some very interesting glimpses of the domestic life of Governor John Winthrop. A. H. Guersey, in another illustrated paper, gives a graphic description of an exploring picnic in the Indian Alps, under the title of an "Englishwoman among the Himalayas." Mrs. Martha J. Lamb contributes an exceedingly interesting article upon the distinguished persons interred in the burial-grounds of Trinity and St. Paul's. The article is illustrated with nineteen picturesque engravings. A new story by Miss Thackeray is begun in this number; and the publishers announce the commencement in the December number of a new serial story by R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," "The Maid of Sker," etc. "A Woman-Hater," which has reached its fifth part, increases in interest with each installment of the story.

SCRIBNER for November begins the thirteenth volume of that magazine and opens with a fully illustrated article on Hartford, by Mr. Charles H. Clark, of the "Hartford Courant," under the title of "The Charter Oak City." Here are depicted Col. Colt's beautiful estate at Armsmead; the residences of Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner; the famous Charter Oak itself; Dr. Bushnell, Yung Wing and General Hawley; the Insurance Buildings; and many other subjects of general interest. In this number Charles Barnard's articles on Co-operation in Great Britain are begun—with a paper on "A Scottish Loaf Factory." Mrs. Herrick's very carefully illustrated microscopic paper are also here begun—the first being entitled "The Beginning of Life." Mr. Clarence Cook continues his talk about furniture; the illustrations are of fire-places, settees, chairs, etc. Mr. C. F. Thwing gives us the result of his investigations in regard to the expense of an education at the principal colleges,—including cost of board, etc. Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) writes about some of the features of the great Exhibition. There is an illustrated paper on Rome; a short story by James T. McKay, a writer well known to the readers of this magazine; a short story by Mrs. Burnett, whose serial "That Lass o' Lowrie's" is continued. Mr. Hale's story draws toward its close. There are poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, George Parsons Lathrop, and others. In the departments at the end of the magazine, such various subjects are discussed as Country Homes. American Art, Politics, the Jews, the proper treatment of infants, "Daniel Deronda," a new photographic process, etc. "Bric-a-Brac" contains among other things, the ballad of the Fair Isolinda, by Hugh Howard; and The Old Hostler's Experience, by Irwin Russell.

ST. NICHOLAS for November is in full harmony with the season. "The Owl that Stared," "Borrowing a Grandmother," and "Tinsie's Conclusion," are three admirable Thanksgiving stories, all beautifully illustrated. The first contains an exquisite picture by C. S. Remhart, the second a fine illustration by Sol. Eytinge and the third, one of the very prettiest of all Addie Ledyard's pretty drawings. Of miscellaneous articles, the number contains enough to delight the boys and girls for many an hour.

There is "The Kingdom of the Greedy," a new short serial, very humorous and entertaining; an article telling "All about a Lead-pencil;" some delightful verses called "The Bees that went to the Sky;" and an interesting "Reminiscence of Abraham Lincoln." Susan Coolidge contributes an historical article entitled "A Queen and not a Queen," and H. H. has a charming practical talk; while the fresh and stirring "Story of a 'Tolerbul' Bad Boy," is by Sarah Winter Kellogg, who has written several excellent boy's stories. "Flowers in Winter," and "A Centennial Penwiper," furnish pleasant tasks for little hands; and there is no end to the pleasant rhymes prepared for little eyes and ears; such as "Benita," by Mary E. Bradley; "Listening," by Mary N. Prescott; "The Sunday Baby," by Alice Williams, and the dainty verses by Bessie Hill, entitled "Far Away." The number contains many beautiful pictures by well-known artists, as well as a few very comical drawings by F. Beard, F. Oppen and others.

THE NURSERY for November is bright and charming as ever. The very young folks have nothing quite so admirably suited to their tastes as this popular periodical.



FERN HUNTING.

FERN hunting may be pursued in various ways, and some peoples' ways are very objectionable. There is the greedy way, which consists in pulling up ferns anyhow and without any regard to their future use, and with open and shameless and wicked disregard of the interests of others who have an equal right to enjoy them with the destroyers. The most ruthless fern destroyers are of the fair sex. They leave no stone upturned to find rare ferns, and they find them only to exterminate them by barbarous handling, which they vindicate by the vague declaration that they are "such lovers of ferns." You will travel through tracts of country where ferns are such thorough weeds that to collect a few bushels will harm nobody, and give you much real pleasure. This is the best time of year to take them up, for they have done growing, or nearly so, and their crowns are ripened for next year.

In casting about for roots, select such as can be removed without injury to any one's property, for it is a serious thing to hack holes in a wall in order to get part of a fern that is of no use, when you might buy a fine plant of the same kind for a shilling or less. Having selected your soil, cut round him with a strong knife or trowel, and heave him out as completely as you can, and knock off all the soil, and trim his roots, and cut off his tops, and so reduce him to a round ball. The crown must not be injured, and there must be some amount of black wiry roots left in the hard compact wig to which they will be reduced by the process of trimming. A considerable number of such roots may be packed in a comparatively small space, as in a box or basket.

You need not moisten them at all, you may pack them quite dry, and if they are screened from the atmosphere with some dry bracken or clean mossy stuff amongst them as packing, they will be scarcely any the worse if they remain so packed for a fortnight. But

if exposed to the air, and more especially if exposed to sunshine, they will soon perish. Therefore, be prompt in action, and having secured your booty in a judicious way, without harm to anybody, make your mind easy as to getting them home, for in truth you need not hurry.

When you reach home spread out your spoil on the floor of a shed or out-house, and give them a good watering. Then pot them separately, or pack them closely in a bed of peat in a frame, or in some such way humor them,—the two conditions requisite to their well-doing being to bed them firmly in sandy peat, and put a slight covering of peat or moss over their crowns, and keep them always slightly moist, never wet, and sufficiently protected that they will not suffer from frost. You may prefer to plant them at once where they are to remain, and, in so doing, you will endeavor to recall the circumstance under which you found them growing wild, and imitate the conditions as nearly as you can. It is good practice to pot them and plant them out when they have filled the pots with new roots, for in this way, if well managed, they make a better start, and become finer plants in the end, which of course, pays for the extra trouble. But a general direction applies to all without exception, and it is that in growing them we must in some degree imitate the conditions under which they are found thriving in their native wilds. It may be that we cannot order a waterfall or pile up a mountain; but a moisture-loving fern must have a moist shady place in the garden or fern-house, and the fern that loves the top of the dry stone wall should have an airy situation, and a lot of broken stone and sand should be mixed with the peat in planting it. Those who take their teachings from Nature will not often go wrong.—*Ex.*

RULES FOR MAKING BOUQUETS.

1st. The color of the vase to be used is of importance. Gaudy reds and blues should never be chosen, for they conflict with the delicate hues of the flowers. Bronze or black vases, dark green, pure white, or silver, always produce a good effect, and so does a straw basket, while clear glass, which shows the graceful clasping of the stems, is perhaps prettiest of all.

2d. The shape of the vase is also to be thought of. For the middle of a dinner-table, a round bowl is always appropriate, or a tall vase with a saucer-shaped base. Or, if the center of the table is otherwise occupied, a large conch shell, or shell-shaped dish, may be swung from the chandelier above, and with plenty of vines and feathering green, made to look very pretty. Delicate flowers, such as lilies of the valley and sweet-peas, should be placed by themselves in slender tapering glasses; violets should nestle their fragrant purple in some tiny cup, and pansies be set in groups, with no gayer flowers to contradict their soft velvet hues; and—this is a hint for summer—few things are prettier than balsam-blossoms, or double variegated hollyhocks, massed on a flat plate, with a fringe of green to hide the edge. No

leaves should be interspersed with these; the plate will look like a solid mosaic of splendid color.

3d. Stiffness and crowding are the two things to be specially avoided in arranging flowers. What can be uglier than the great tasteless bunches into which the ordinary florist ties his wares, or what more extravagant? A skillful person will untie one of these, and, adding green leaves, make the same flowers into half a dozen bouquets, each more effective than the original. Flowers should be grouped as they grow, with a cloud of light foliage in and about them to set off their forms and colors.

4th. It is better, as a general rule, not to put more than one or two sorts of flowers into the same vase. A great bush with roses, and camellias and carnations, and feverfew, and geraniums growing on it all at once would be a frightful thing to behold; just so a monstrous bouquet made up of all these flowers is meaningless and ugly. Certain flowers, such as heliotrope, mignonette, and myrtle, mix well with everything; but usually it is better to group flowers with their kind,—roses in one glass, geraniums in another, and not try to make them agree in companies.

5th. When you do mix flowers, be careful not to put colors which clash side by side. Scarlets and pinks spoil each other; so do blues and purples, and yellows mauves. If your vase or dish is a very large one, to hold a great number of flowers, it is a good plan to divide it into thirds or quarters, making each division perfectly harmonious within itself, and then blend the whole with lines of green and white, and soft neutral tint. Every group of mixed flowers requires one little touch of yellow to make it vivid; but this must be skillfully applied. It is good practice to experiment with this effect. For instance, arrange a group of maroon, scarlet, and white geraniums with green leaves, and add a single blossom of gold-colored calceolaria, you will see at once that the whole bouquet seems to flash out and become more brilliant.—*St. Nicholas.*

WHITE WATER LILY.

If our readers knew how easily the white water lily (*Nympha odorata*) could be cultivated, we believe that very many of them would be quite as proud of their lily gardens as of any other portion of their premises. The roots having been procured in the fall were kept damp during the ensuing winter, in flower pots. In the spring a tub was made by sawing a substantial barrel in two, and this, duly painted green, was set on brick, put in the garden, and one-third filled with a mixture of garden soil, sand and well-rotted manure. The roots were set in this mixture, water was added in small quantities, and at intervals of a day or two, and so gently as not to disturb the earth, until the tub was filled. Very soon the handsome round leaves, four or five inches in diameter, made their appearance and filled the tub. The loss of water by evaporation was made good from time to time, and ere long the blos-

soms appeared and delighted every one with their beauty.

When cold weather approached, the water was allowed to dry off almost entirely, and when it was thus nearly gone, the tub, with its contents, was placed in the cellar, and watered at long intervals through the winter. In the spring the roots were separated, and about half the increase returned to the same tub, in a fresh mixture of earth, and they are now brought out earlier than before, about April 1st, and blossom yet more profusely. The pure white flowers were as perfect as the camellia, and delightfully fragrant, closing in the night and re-opening in the morning, as is the wont of waterlilies. The blooms were about two inches in diameter, not quite so large as some of the specimens in the pond whence these roots were first taken, but not less beautiful nor less fragrant.—*Flower Garden.*

KEEP HOUSE PLANTS CLEAN.

Many ambitious housekeepers, who love to make home the fairest and most attractive spot possible, cultivate to a greater or less degree a choice collection of house plants. A hint or two to them about the management they shall receive in one very essential point may not come amiss. Plants require cleanliness. It is not only more satisfactory to the neat and careful housewife to see all the stems and leaves clean and pure, but the very health and growth of the plants themselves demand this careful attention. Plants fed by their leaves, and breathe and perspire in the same way. Now how can these three important functions be attended to if the surface of the leaf is clogged by dust and foreign matter? A little diligent labor in cleaning plants will repay a thousand fold any one who cultivates them.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have been waiting for some one to tell whether they dried the grasses before they dyed them or not. I suppose they have to be dried. MRS. W. A. K.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Having read the directions given by Amy in the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD, I would like to send you some different ones which likewise make very pretty baskets.

Take raisin stems; the larger and more scraggly they are, the better; prepare a slight wire frame and weave the stems in among the wires, until they are as thick as you may wish. Then prepare wax and vermilion as Amy described and dip the basket into it until enough wax has adhered.

Many other articles besides baskets can be made in the same manner. One of the prettiest I ever saw was a frame for a photograph; it was made with a support behind so that it could be placed upon the table in an upright position.

Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me through its columns, how much alum must be dissolved in a quart of water to have articles suspended in it crystallize properly, and oblige, Y.

Coventry, Vt.



CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

MR. CROWELL:—Thanks to the members of the Band for their assiduity on the bed-bug questions. I have been very much troubled by them as upon two of my little daughters their bites swell up like stings, and the old house was infested with them. I would add one cure to the list, one always accessible and safe—I'm nervous about using poisons—cayenne pepper tea, a tablespoonful to a pint of boiling water, applied immediately with a feather to all crevices. We do this every Saturday morning and feel encouraged. Hans Dorcomb says one thorough scour out accomplished the work for her, and when we clean house I'm going to try her plan.

A great deal has been said upon the subject of preserving the recipes of THE HOUSEHOLD. Why not take our grandmothers' plan; invest a small sum in a book and copy off. After using a recipe a few times it is fixed in my mind so I need not have it before me again. Every one ought to try some new dish every week, however simple; it helps make variety and comes very gratefully to tempt the appetite where one is tired of a set routine of dishes.

How shall we use up the scraps? In many families enough for one fall meal for all the family goes to the swill pail every week, scraps of bread, meat and vegetables. I allow nothing of the sort, scraps of bread are wrapped carefully in a cloth till a small crock full have been gathered then put to soak in milk over night, in the morning we add a teaspoonful of baking soda and one egg. Stir till smooth and add salt to taste, and enough wheat or corn meal to make a nice batter, and you have excellent light griddle cakes. If you save in a covered vessel scraps of meat, salt and fresh, fried, roasted, boiled or broiled, for the same length of time, and mince all finely together with a small lump of butter, if you have no gravy or beef drippings, and water to stew nicely, and add to this salt and pepper and one sliced onion, or a teaspoonful of allspice and one of vinegar if you dislike onion, a little thickening if too thin, you will have nice gravy for your griddle cakes and a very palatable breakfast for all at small expense. When we say scraps we don't mean nice roast or boiled meat that ought to be eaten cold, or large bits fried or broiled fit to warm over for the next day's breakfast, but simply scraps where there is not enough to put upon the table, so respectably. Do any of the sisters get up dishes of necessity? I often find myself at my wits' end for materials to follow the recipes, and so gravely stir up something and set it before my family and never enlighten them as to its origin in my extremity—unless it proves very satisfactory. The other day I learned I was to have a lot of workman to dinner and set about preparing for their extensive appetites. I had a lot of apples sliced up for pies, but thought

it would take too long now to roll crusts, so heaped them in a pudding pan and stirred up a batter with four eggs, a quart of milk, half a teaspoonful of soda and flour to make it tolerably thick, this, after a sprinkle of cinnamon, I poured over the apples, covered over with another pan and set in the oven and left it then nearly the two hours I had to prepare vegetables, meat, lay table and see after my babies from the time I knew of their coming till dinner must be on the table. It was excellent and I shall make another.

My mother used to make a similar pudding with whole apples peeled and cored and a much richer batter which she called "bird's nest." We eat it with butter and sugar and found more "fill up" about it than in most puddings. Just here I might say that the great objections to these fancy puddings is that they are expensive, tedious to prepare, and for working men are too unsatisfactory. I heard a man say after eating of a nice frosted merengue at my table, "That was prime, but I could have eaten it all myself." I thought I helped it out liberally but learned after that to prepare more substantial desserts.

Ere this reaches the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD the sisters will have finished their housecleaning and preserving and be very busy sewing for their families. Now before we begin to clean house, or for that beginning, I have out all the winter garments and every spare moment I spend in looking them over, put on buttons or patches, or cut into carpet rags those that are too bad to pay for patching, and so when this reaches you I will have sold my rags and like yourselves be busily engaged making new garments. I shall try to have all out of the way so as to devote two weeks before Christmas to preparing pleasures for my little folks, and to enjoy them with them as true mothers should.

ROSAMOND.

MR. EDITOR:—I have just received the October HOUSEHOLD and find several things in it about which I wish to write. No doubt I am very stupid, but I do not quite understand about the charm quilt. Will L. F. tell me whether the pieces differ in size, shape or material, and if they are all of a size, please tell the dimensions. I wish to endorse Mrs. W. C.'s directions for scrap-books, as I followed the same method with success. If any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters do not happen to have gentlemen friends to supply them with ledgers, they will find at the book-stores, books designed expressly for scrap-books. They are made of soft, colored paper, with guards at the back and cost from one dollar upwards, according to size and style of binding.

I hope Miss Annie M. A. will not be offended if I take exception to her directions for double crochet. Here are mine. With a stitch on the needle, put over the thread, insert the needle in the stitch to which is to be joined and draw the thread through the stitch. There will be three stitches or loops on the needle. Draw the thread through two of these, leaving two on the needle, then draw the thread through these two and the d. c. stitch is complete.

I think Helen Hunt's "Bits of Talk" is published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass. If C. will write to them for a catalogue, (sent free on application) she will find the name and price of the book in the lists.

I am very glad to read the suggestion of Clara E. Samuels about literary discussions. I am sure the opinions of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters would be quite as valuable as those of the professional critics. When Jean Ingelow's novel, "Off the Skellige," was published, I read an adverse criticism on it, which deterred me from reading it until quite recently. To my surprise I enjoyed the book very much and in future shall not be influenced by the critics. So please sisters, give us the benefit of your reading. Do any of you keep an extract book? I think you would find it a source of enjoyment. Sometime I will send some gleanings from mine, if Mr. Crowell will print them. In conclusion, I wish to thank B. P. for the words of that poem, and Melva for the companion piece. They will have a place in my extract book. VIVA STARR.

FRIEND EDITOR:—In the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD I see a sister wished to know if the Michigan lady was right about the smoke from brimstone and sulphur not injuring clothing, etc. I will say for one it will not, as I know from experience. The bedding needs smoking as well as the rooms. But I would say one thing more. I think the smoke cannot penetrate the paper (if the room is papered as it should be,) and if I was to go thoroughly I would tear all the paper off so the smoke could have free access to all the cracks.

I also wish to return thanks to my Wisconsin sister (a farmer's wife) for her kind reply to my inquiry about white specks in buttermilk. I think her ideas are about the same as mine. I also return thanks to sister S. E. C., but she says her experience teaches her that they are sour milk. If she can make butter out of sour milk I wish she would export some of her cows to Montana, for I cannot, but can make it from the white specks; I always stir my cream every time I skim milk, and in the summer when the weather is very warm, I put in salt.

I also join with sister Mary, from Michigan, about the Grumbler. If he, or she, will come to Montana, I will show them that farmers have things fresh from their gardens and dairies, and do not have to take them second handed, as city people do. I think if he would get up in the morning and milk five or six cows, he could relish his breakfast, and would not mind the ladies' roasted faces and the gentlemen's shirt sleeves.

I will try to renew my club for THE HOUSEHOLD, for I could not keep house without it. Mrs. H. H. Willow Creek, Montana.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read the letters in THE HOUSEHOLD with interest, every time my paper has come, and have often had my heart and brain filled with many questions to ask, and answers to some of your queries, but there are always so many to write,

that I have waited for a vacated corner to creep into, but all in vain.

But I come crowding in now to ask all the readers (the ladies of course) to tell me where I can procure those handsome spatter letters, such as they have for a motto?

There was a lady last Christmas time in Uxbridge who offered through your columns to send letters for one motto and gave her address—I sent and got them—"God bless our Home," very pretty, but I am anxious for a different one. The letters in the "Traveller," "Providence Journal," etc., are too small capitals, but I could make out with the small ones if I could get no other.

I haven't ingenuity enough to cut them out, so be careful not to tell me to do that.

Then can some one inform me what pretty, simple and neat thing, I can give to a gentleman for a Christmas present (if I choose to keep it till then)? I have given slippers, and shaving cases, worked handkerchiefs, wristers, collars and cuffs, till I, for one, am tired, and would like some new idea—something I can make, and in return if any one desires, will give lots of pretty patterns of tatting, popcorn tidy, scrap-bag and a cunning little match safe of all cardboard; all these are simple, neat and pretty.

I would like to tell the lady (I have forgotten her initials) that as soon as she drops another spot of grease or oil on a silk, woolen or any other nice dress, to scrape fine a piece of tailor's chalk, slate colored, over the spot, spread it out of your way and let it lie for nearly a week and then after shaking the chalk off, the spot will all be gone and the material left without injury.

If any one desires any of the above patterns, please give your address and I will send them with necessary directions. MERRY.

WHITE SPECKS IN BUTTER.

BY MRS. W. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. S. E. C. in answer to the query of Mrs. H. H. as to the cause of white specks in butter, says they are sour milk.

Now as butter making is a subject we should like to see more discussion upon, in order to "keep the ball rolling" with your permission we would beg leave to differ with Mrs. S. E. C. by offering our explanation of the difficulty.

Our experience teaches us that they are dried cream, which is proved by Mrs. H. H., who says that after churning those specks again, butter was produced, which sour milk could not have made, and cream would. Now as to the cause of them.

By observation we find that in windy weather milk which is set where there is much circulation of the air has the surface very much crusted over; this is the white specks we find in the butter and buttermilk. The cream becomes so hard and dry that it will not make butter as soon as softer cream, and no amount of stirring of the cream previous to churning we have found will remedy it. But we partially overcome the drying of the surface of the milk by covering it with papers folded the width of the row of pans.

In warm weather, when we cool the

milk by adding water, the cream seems to dry much less than otherwise.

Milk kept in cellars is not so subject to crusting over, by reason of its being damper and but little direct circulation of air.

Rooms for setting milk should be so constructed as to give a good circulation of fresh air, but not directly over the surface of the cream.

Mrs. H. H. said she had got butter from the specks after churning again. We pursue a different course. After washing the butter we strain the water and buttermilk through a pail made of perforated tin, (any tinner will make one for you,) after pouring water through the cream to remove all traces of buttermilk, we melt it; which after it is cool makes a sort of butter, and we use it for shortening, and find it much better than either lard or cream for that purpose.

When these specks are present in sufficient quantity to warrant this trouble we think it a great saving even though one of our neighbors tells us "the hogs must have something to eat so give the buttermilk without straining to them, and you will get it all back in the pork without all this fuss."

Now in regard to washing pans; we first rinse in luke warm water and then wash with moderately hot water, (rinsing a pan then washing at the same handling thus saving time and also wear on pans,) being careful to remove all sour milk from creases, etc. After using waters enough to thoroughly cleanse the pans, for you will need to wash them through more than one water, if the number of pans is large, we scald them well with boiling water, then wipe edges and outsides well, but not the insides, as we contend that if the last water is perfectly clear after used, they will be much clearer than any number almost of wiping towels will make them. They are then so placed in the sun as to allow them to dry, and also a free circulation of air. We prefer tin to earthen pans as being more easily kept sweet.

SCIENCE IN THE KITCHEN.

Man is defined as "the only animal that cooks his food." It has been said that good cooking is the first element of civilization, and the better the cooking the higher the civilization. Says Dr. Willard Parker, of New York: "If you wish your son to be a tiger, feed him on meat; if you wish him to be a lamb, give him bread and milk." Says another: "Tell me what a man eats and I will tell you what he is."

May I ask if we are not quite as dependent on the quality and preparation of the food we eat, as on its distinctive nature? Are not the dishes of our tables wholesome or hurtful as the ingredients are good or poor, and as they are well or ill prepared? Let us take the beefsteak, bread and rice of daily use; does not a thick tender beefsteak, well broiled, rare, and served hot, simply in its own juice, give strength of body and corresponding buoyancy of spirits, while on the other hand, a thin, tough beefsteak, fried until its flavor is gone, and served lukewarm, half covered with fat, cause weakness of body, depression of spirits, and irritability

of temper? Does not bread made from good flour, mixed with the right proportions of salt, yeast and water, then raised, baked and properly cooled, gratify the taste and easily accomplish its work of nutrition? How striking in contrast is bread made of poor flour, mixed without regard to proportions, allowed to stand until its sweetness is not only gone but has given place to an acidity which is more than destroyed by an over quantity of soda, then, insufficiently baked, and, when taken from the oven, so covered that the crust becomes soaked, losing all its crispness! This bread is eaten from sheer necessity, and its assimilation is labored and meager. Does not good rice, (used as a vegetable,) well washed and so boiled that every grain stands out white and alone, tempt one by its mere beauty to appropriate its nutritive qualities? Whereas poor rice, unwashed, boiled into a soggy, bluish mass, is so unattractive that, if eaten at all, it is without that relish which adds greatly to the good effect of our food.

Let the kitchen be directed by intelligence and skill, and it becomes a "well-spring of joy" to the whole house! We must have good tables if we would have health, happiness and refinement. Not that the tables should groan with rich and costly viands—not that there should be a great variety; but the two, three or four dishes should be well chosen and perfect of their kind, both in their cooking and the serving. This, in connection with the neatness and order which are indispensable to the comforts of the table, will give it the high rank to which it is justly entitled. That it is a great power in the family all must admit; whether for evil or good depends not only on the manners and conversation of those who surround it, but also on the preparation, arrangement and appearance of the dish. If poorly cooked and badly served the influence is on the side of evil; but if well cooked, savory and inviting, the effect is to scatter clouds and gather sunshine; and if it is our habit to eat moderately and slowly, this influence will deepen into our lives, helping to make them genial, loving and strong.

—*Science of Health.*

FANCY COOKERY.

A correspondent who signs herself "Farmer Girl," in writing to the New England Farmer, gives some excellent hints on fancy cookery, to wit: Housekeepers who do their own work avoid much inconvenience by keeping one or two kinds of pastry in the house made rich enough to keep some time, so that if unexpected company finds them with a small stock of food (as it is apt to do in warm weather) they will not have to cook everything for a meal.

Tart crusts are excellent for this purpose, as they look nice on the table, and are relished by most people better than cake. By the following rule they will remain good many months in a place dry enough to prevent their moulding. I think a cellar would be too damp, though I never tried it, having always kept them in a stone jar set in a cool cupboard; unless to keep a great while, it is needless to make so rich. With one pint of flour use one-

half pint of lard, a pinch of salt and the beaten white of one egg, adding a little water, if any liquid is needed; roll thin and cut in rounds, wetting the edge of each before putting on the rim, which is made from a strip of dough cut one-third or one-half inch wide, set up edgewise and neatly fitted on.

Another very pretty way of making them is to take two round pieces of dough, cut three or five holes in them with a thimble, and lay it on the other so they will hold together firmly when baked; when wanted for the table, fill each tiny hole with jelly. This is an easier method than the first, but not as good if one wishes to fill them to carry to a levee or supper away from home, as they cannot be placed one upon another when filled, like those having high rims around them.

Ginger-snaps are another kind that are excellent to keep. A friend told me she meant never to be without them; she had kept them six months by moving them down cellar when they became dry, and if they grew too moist there, would dry them a little in the oven. Boil two cups of molasses, and when slightly cooled add one cup lard, pork fat, or butter, one large teaspoonful of soda, and some ginger; mix hard as possible, roll thin and cut in rounds. For immediate use they are good enough if one-half cup of water is added to the mixture.

FARMERS' WIVES AND DRUDGERY.

We often hear this remark, "What a drudge that woman is!" Most generally "that woman" is a farmer's wife. Is it necessary for a farmer's wife to be a drudge?

It is not called drudgery to sit hour after hour in a hot room, gathering, plaiting, flouncing and ruffling the last new dress. It is not called drudgery to rip the flounces from a dress, sponge, iron, shirr, cord and put on again, just because the style this year has changed. Oh no! And why? Just because we love to do it. Now please let me define drudgery: it is work we do not love to do. There you have the whole thing in a nutshell.

No woman is a drudge if she elevates her work to her own standard. If she works and groans because she must, then she is a drudge—a slave, as Webster defines it. If taking care of the chickens, feeding the pigs, straining the foaming milk, skimming the luscious cream, and making into pretty pats the golden butter, is drudgery, it is because the mind of the woman makes it so.

The same is true of general housework; it is not below us; it is not "mean, servile work;" it is a pleasant occupation—if we but choose to make it so. While the hands are busy from early morn till dewy eve, the mind can also work unhindered, if not clogged by vain regrets and foolish complainings.

The work performed in love is easily done. The hours slip by, the days speed on, and all too soon we shall find our work done. Then let us draw comfort—good, solid comfort—from our toil. Let us not neglect the housework to trim the dress or read the latest novel. Let us retire early and waken with the birds, not spend the

evening chatting pretty nothings with one and another, but rest mind and body, devoting ourselves to our families and our work, that we may hear at last the pleasant sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"—*Country Gentleman.*

THE WAY TO USE CLOTHES WRINGERS.

The proper way to use clothes wringers is to adjust the pressure according to the thickness of the garments to be wrung. "Well, who don't know that?" But who will do it, even if they do know it? More than this, large and heavy articles should be folded the long way into a narrow strip, so that they can pass smoothly between the rollers. "Yes, I know that as well as any editor can tell me." Then why not fold large articles straight and smooth, so that the bunches, wrinkles and rolls of the clothing will not strain the rollers and springs?

We have seen smart and intelligent women snatch up a corner of a large and heavy coverlet, thrust it between the rollers when the pressure was adjusted to wring collars and light fabrics, and then jerk and yank on the crank when large folds and wrinkles would obstruct the free movements of the rollers until the rubber would be torn from the iron journal. Untold numbers of good clothes wringers have been rendered worthless simply by such harsh and inexcusable usage. Which is the better way, to fret and worry when using the wringer and rush clothes between the rollers in large bunches and damage the wringer, or spend three minutes more per day at folding the clothes properly into narrow strips and thus keep the wringer in good working order?

It requires exceedingly rough usage to separate the rubber from the iron journal. Still manufacturers of wringers do a large business at repairing rollers that have been damaged by improper usage. We frequently stand by the washtub and direct the operator to fold coverlets into long and smooth strips before they are put between the roller. Then they will slip through without straining any part of the wringer beyond its strength. Clothes wringers would last a lifetime if they were used properly.—*N. Y. Herald.*

SETTLING COFFEE.

This can be done without anything being put into your coffee to settle it. It only wants to be known how to handle it. Put your ground coffee into the coffee-pot, and add cold water, sufficient for use if but a few cups are wanted. Set on the stove and keep there until the boiling point is reached, but in no case boil. This requires some watching toward the last. Better set off a few moments before boiling than have it boil up.

Immediately when set off stir the surface with a spoon. This can be done two or three times in as many minutes. Then let it rest. In about ten minutes' time it will all be sunk to the bottom and fit to pour out. Where more than a few cups are wanted, more water (hot) may be added when the coffee-pot is removed from the stove, or hot water may be used to dilute the

coffee when it is poured out, as is sometimes done with tea.

In this way your coffee is clear and sparkling, and what is of equal importance, it will retain all its fine flavor and exhilarating properties, which, had it been boiled, would have been thrown off. Be particular in carrying out directions to the letter. You will soon get the hang of it and thank us for the directions, simple as they are. —*Indiana Farmer.*

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, two and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, the whites of five eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar; flavor the cake with lemon or vanilla. Stir the cake several minutes. Bake in round shallow pans, and when cool spread frosting between each layer. I have no regular recipe for frosting, but usually use six or seven eggs for frosting inside and top.

WHITE CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup of milk, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour, and one-half teaspoonful flavor.

CREAM CAKE.—Whites of four eggs (save one for frosting), one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in round tins.

For Cream.—The yolks of three eggs, one-half pint of sweet milk, butter the size of an egg, four teaspoonfuls of corn starch, and sweeten to suit the taste. Boil the same as custard, and when about half cold flavor with lemon and spread like jelly cake. —*A. Ballston Spa, N. Y.*

POP CORN PUDDING.—Soak for two or three hours two quarts of popped corn, popped nice and light, in one and one-half quarts of milk, add two eggs, two-thirds cup of sugar, salt and spice. Bake one and one-half hours.

For H. E. B. I send the following two recipes for frosting, both of which are good:

COMMON FROSTING.—Whites of two eggs beaten till perfectly light, add powdered sugar sufficient to make it thick enough to spread with a knife, and one tablespoonful of starch or powdered gum arabic. Put it on the cake when hot from the oven, smooth with a knife wet in hot water, and set it in the oven a few minutes to harden. Flavor with lemon.

GELATINE FROSTING.—Have one teaspoonful of gelatine three tablespoonfuls of warm water. When dissolved beat into it slowly one cup of powdered sugar, and continue beating it till it is white and light. Put this on when the cake is cold and set in the wind to harden.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVE.—Choose the tomatoes of the small cluster kind, just turning white, as they do before ripening, wipe clean and put them into a boiling syrup made from four pounds of sugar (coffee-crushed or granulated), to six pounds of fruit, and just water enough to dissolve. Boil till transparent, skim and boil the juice till thick as honey when cooled, then put the fruit back again and boil a few minutes. When taken from the fire add one or two lemons sliced thin.

A. A. F. can use any sponge cake for roll jelly cake by baking it on a large bake pan, very thin. When done lay on a clean cloth, spread thick with jelly, and roll it up.

CHILI SAUCE.—*Dear Household:*—I have just been making Chili sauce and thought perhaps some of the sisters would like my recipe; it is very nice. Nine large tomatoes stewed and sifted, four onions and two peppers chopped fine, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, clove and salt, boil one hour. I usually double the recipe four times which makes a little over four quarts.

QUINCE PRESERVES.—Pare, core and quarter your quinces, steam until tender,

then fill up your can with first a layer of quince then a layer of dry sugar.

If it is not asking too great a favor, will F. M. K. explain about the board referred to in her directions for making a hair chain, in September number, either through THE HOUSEHOLD, or by mail, she will greatly oblige, —*Franklin, Mass. A. M. M.*

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—One ounce of isinglass, one-half pound of white sugar dissolved in a glass of warm water, and strain them through a fine sieve. Beat in a separate bowl five eggs, add one quart of fresh cream; beat this all together with a wire whip until it is hard. Line your dish with slices of sponge cake, pour in the mixture, and put it on ice until ready to serve. Flavor with what you please. —*MRS. MARY P.*

CLAM CHOWDER.—One and one-half quarts of water, one pint of clam broth, one heaping quart of potatoes, four good sized onions, seven ounces of pork, sliced and fried lightly, a piece of butter, the size of an egg, eight crackers moistened in milk, one rounding tablespoonful of flour, and one heaping quart of raw clams dressed and washed clean. Pepper to your liking. Slice the potatoes and onions in pieces of about one-quarter of an inch in thickness, and put into the kettle when the water is hot, skim off what rises to the surface, and then add the pepper, pork and fat. When the potatoes are done (not soft), add the crackers, then the flour, mixed in about one-half cup of water or milk, as preferred, and lastly the clams, which to scald sufficiently must be carefully covered with the soup; remove from the fire, and let them scald in the kettle about fifteen minutes, when the chowder is done. I hope M. B. C. will have good luck in making it. —*L. K. A.*

KEEPING GRAPES.—*MRS. R. P. C.* would like a recipe for putting away grapes whole. Here is one which I have tried and found it very good indeed. Cut the grapes from the vine with a pair of scissors, seal the stem up immediately, by dipping the end of it in hot sealing wax. If any of the grapes have been broken off seal the stems in the same manner. Lay the bunches in a box with cotton between, and they will keep any length of time. —*LULIE C.*

ANOTHER WAY.—In the October number I notice a request from *Mrs. R. P. C.* for keeping grapes for winter use. If she will tie a string around the bottom grape, (that is, turn the bunch upside down,) and then hang them in a cool, dry cellar, where it will not freeze, I think she will find it satisfactory. In this way each grape remains by itself, whereas hanging by the stem they cling together. —*MRS. A. F. L.*

CRAB APPLE JELLY.—Nip out the blossom end of the apples, put them in a pan with water to part cover them, then cover close and let them cook until soft. Take a piece of thin muslin, (such as is used in California for house lining is best,) and press out all the juice, add to each pint of juice one pint of number one refined brown sugar, set over the fire, and let it cook until it thickens. If one teaspoonful of dissolved gum arabic is added to each quart of jelly it will improve it.

CHOW CHOW.—One peck of green tomatoes, one-half peck of onions, one-fourth peck of green peppers, chop fine, mix well together, sprinkle with salt, press it down and let it set all night, then strain off the brine, and add two tablespoonfuls of mixed mustard, one tablespoonful each of cloves, mace, cinnamon, and allspice, add good vinegar till it will stir easy, then put it over a slow fire and let it scald thoroughly. When cool put in a jar and keep in a cool place. —*Jackson, Cal. MRS. S. H. B.*

MOTHER'S FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of sweet milk, one pound of chopped raisins, one cup of currants, four eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, spice as you like, and flour according to your judgment, five cups being nearly right. This cake will keep six months, if you will let it, although we find trouble in keeping it—not from mould, but from hungry mouths.

MOTHER'S COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus,

two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and flour to make stiff enough to roll easily. Add seeds or currants if desired. These, like the cake, will keep the same length of time, or longer.

SISTER A'S SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat thoroughly and bake carefully. —*ARIETTA.*

HOME-MADE RAISINS.—Take the sweetest apples you have, cut them in suitably sized pieces, stew them slightly in melted sugar, then dry them and preserve in a box to use when required, same as raisins. —*D.*

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—In the October number of THE HOUSEHOLD *Mrs. G.* asks for the recipe for making frosting without eggs, and for chocolate cake. I give mine. It is very nice, is easily made, and although I have used it constantly for two years, have never known it to fail, and have often made it after dinner and had it ready for tea by putting it in a cold place. For two loaves of cake take one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, one cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Chocolate for inside of one loaf, two squares of German chocolate, (if you use sweet chocolate leave out the sugar,) two-thirds cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, let it boil slowly until thick, then add a little vanilla. When both cake and chocolate are cold, slice your loaf twice lengthwise, spread your chocolate, put together again, and flour the bottom of your loaf slightly, ready for frosting.

Frosting Without Eggs.—Dissolve in steam one square of chocolate; when dissolved add one pound of powdered sugar and a heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch or common starch powdered fine, then pour over it about one-third cup boiling water in which one-fourth sheet of isinglass has been dissolved. Spread on your loaf with a wet, broad knife and when it has stood ten or fifteen minutes, mark off your slices with a wet knife. Your frosting only wants to be wet enough to cling together, and if it seems thin enough to run in the least add more sugar. White frosting is made the same way, only using flavoring in the place of chocolate. Hope *Mrs. G.* will be successful; if so, will she kindly let me know through THE HOUSEHOLD?

CRAB APPLE JELLY.—*MRS. H. B. L.* asks for a recipe for crab apple jelly. We have had good success making ours as follows: Put your apples on with water enough to cover them, let them boil slowly till soft enough to put a straw through, strain the liquor, put a pound of white sugar to each pint of juice, and let it boil moderately twenty minutes. One peck of apples should make from four to five quarts of jelly. Wish you good success. —*FLORENCE. Boston, Mass.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to hold up both hands in favor of *Frances A's* suggestion in the September number about putting the music and the recipes on one side of leaves devoted to advertisements on the other side, so they can be separated from the paper without mutilating it. I wonder if all the sisters would not say the same? I have often thought of it, but it never occurred to me to suggest the change. I always take out the music, because I must have all my music together, even at a sacrifice of something else, but I always do it reluctantly. Will not our good editor be kind enough to gratify us in this respect, if possible?

In the same paper *L. B. P.* says if any of us wish to have a baked Indian pudding that is worth eating, try the recipe given in the November number, on page 254. So I thought I would try it. But I have searched the November number in vain for any such recipe, either on page 254, or any other page. So I am still in the dark, and know not where to look for this "ne plus ultra of all such puddings." Will *L. B. P.* please enlighten us. There is a recipe on page 255 for a "boiled Indian pudding," but I don't suppose she means that.

On page 15 of the January number *F. H. F.* says that to pickle blueberries she fills a jar with fresh berries and simply covers them with cold water. How in the world fresh berries covered with cold water can ever make

good pickles is beyond my comprehension. I should think they would rot and spoil in a short time. Am very sure they would if I put them there. Does *F. H. F.* mean simply this and nothing more, or is there something else which I am too stupid to know without being told. —*MRS. L. S.*

MR. CROWELL:—Having seen lately in various papers, THE HOUSEHOLD included, considerable as to what is the cause of white spots or streaks in butter. I will tell what my experience has been. I find that if I do not keep the cream well put down that sticks on the churn I have the white spots, and if I do my butter is free from them. I have supposed it was because that portion of cream did not get so thoroughly churned as the rest. I may be mistaken as to the philosophy of it, but that has been the fact. —*MRS. R. N.*

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I take the liberty of asking for a recipe for mending iron. My boiler to the range leaks in the seam. The plumber says I must have a new one, which only eighteen months ago I paid twenty-five dollars for. These hard times make it too large a sum to pay because of a little leak. If possible answer and relieve —*A DISTRACTED HOUSEKEEPER.*

If *Marguerite* will lay brown paper on her carpet and iron it with a moderately warm iron, the grease spot will run into the paper, which must be renewed as long as it will absorb any grease. —*G. F. L.*

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would say to *Hattie* that we have tried *Sister Jessie's* way of making salt rising bread, given in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, and find it most excellent. We set the dish of rising somewhere near the stove during the night, and in the morning it rises in a short time. Thanks to *sister Jessie* for the recipe.

As to other kinds of yeast *Leonore Glenn's* recipe, in the July number, comes as near perfection as any we ever tried. The bread is very nice, "good enough for a king." I will go still further and say it is good enough for the one you love best. Besides, it is so easily made. It has been our "standard" bread ever since we tried it. *Leonore*, please accept our thanks.

I would also thank *U. U.* most heartily for the article in September number, entitled "Pen-Work and Its Pay."

The remainder of THE HOUSEHOLD Band who have given us words of sympathy, help and cheer, I have not time to thank individually, but I hold them, each and all, in grateful remembrance. —*GLADDYS WAYNE.*

Will some of your readers please tell me what is good to keep moths out of carpets, when down on the floor. I have had one almost destroyed by them this summer. —*M. Q.*

Will some one send me a good recipe for ginger snaps? —*A. C.*

MR. CROWELL:—Having lately joined the Band, and wishing to contribute my mite, I send the following answers:

To cement lamp burners on lamps, make a mixture of plaster paris and water, about the consistency of thick paste; after having scraped the old cement out of the burner, fill the same place with the fresh mixture, then press the burner on the lamp and in one day you can use your lamp the same as when it was new.

If *Crusader* will rub her sheet iron stove with coal oil when the stove is cold, all the spots will disappear, then she can polish it just as she would any other stove. —*ISIE.*

MR. CROWELL:—Can any of your readers tell me what will prevent my hair from coming out? It comes out every fall until quite thin. If some one can give me a remedy to prevent it, they will very much oblige me. —*Gilroy, Cal. MRS. B.*

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how to take care of Russia stovepipe to keep it nice and smooth? And in salting cucumbers, how much salt should be used for a bushel of cucumbers? I have salted nearly a barrelful and they are covered with brine, but quite a number appear soft and rotten; can some one tell me what is the cause? —*MRS. W. C. M.*



MY WIFE.

BY CORA B. BRITTON.

She is not beautiful I know,
Her cheeks have lost their deep, rich glow;
The face, that once was fresh and fair,
Is faded now with grief, and care.

Her eyes are not of "deepest blue,"
But, ah, a heart more pure, and true,
A soul that's whiter than her own.
The broad bright earth has never known:

And as I watch her here, to-night,
Moving among the beauties bright,
Fairest to me, she seems, of all
That throng the richly gilded hall.

What though her hands are rough and warm,
From many a breast they've plucked the thorn,
And many a stone removed that lay
Within a weak, worn brother's way.

And if those hands are not so white,
They lead me toward the realms of light.
Yea, doubly blest, the treasures given;
What gave me her, gave a'so heaven.

SMILES FOR HOME.

TAKE that home with you, dear,"
said Mrs. Lewis, her manner
half smiling, half serious.

"Take what home, Caddy?" and Mr.
Lewis turned toward his wife seriously.

Now, Mrs. Lewis had spoken from
the moment's impulse, and already
partly regretted her remark.

"Take what home?" repeated her
husband. "I don't understand you."

"That smiling face you turned upon
Mr. Edwards, when you answered his
question just now."

Mr. Lewis slightly averted his head,
and walked on in silence. They had
called in at the shop of Mr. Edwards
to purchase a few articles, and were
now on their way home. There was
no smile on the face of Mr. Lewis now,
but a very grave expression instead—
grave almost to sternness. The words
of his wife had taken him altogether
by surprise; and, though spoken light-
ly, had jarred upon his ears.

The truth was, Mr. Lewis, like a
great many other men who have their
business cares and troubles, was in
the habit of bringing home a sober,
and, too often, a clouded face. It was
in vain that his wife and children look-
ed into that face for sunshine, or list-
ened to his words for tones of cheer-
fulness.

"Take that home with you, dear."
Mrs. Lewis was already repenting this
suggestion, made on the moment's im-
pulse. Her husband was sensitive to
a fault. He could not hear even an
implied censure from his wife. And
so she had learned to be very guarded
in this particular.

"Take that home with you dear!
Ah me! I wish the words had not
been said. There will be darker clouds
now, and goodness knows they were
dark enough before. Why can't Mr.
Lewis leave his cares and business be-
hind him, and let us see the old, pleas-
ant smiling face again? I thought,
this morning, he had forgotten how
to smile; but I see that he can smile,
if he tries. Ah! why doesn't he try at
home?"

So Mrs. Lewis talked to herself as

she moved along by the side of her
husband, who had not spoken a word
since her reply to his query, "Take
what home?" Square after square was
passed, and street after street cross-
ed, and still there was silence between
them.

"Of course," said Mrs. Lewis, speak-
ing in her own thoughts, "of course
he is offended. He won't bear a word
from me. I might have known before-
hand talking out in this way would
only make things worse. Oh, dear!
I'm getting out of all heart!"

"What then, Caddy?"

Mrs. Lewis almost started at the
sound of her husband's voice, break-
ing unexpectedly upon her ear, in a
softened tone.

"What then?" he repeated, turning
towards her, and looking down in her
shyly upturned face.

"It would send warmth and radi-
ance through the whole house," said
Mrs. Lewis, her tones all trembling
with feeling.

"You think so?"

"I know so! Only try it dear, for
this evening."

"It isn't so easy a thing, Caddy, to
put on a smiling face, when thought is
oppressed by care."

"It didn't seem to require much ef-
fort just now," said Mrs. Lewis glanc-
ing up at her husband, with something
of archness in her look.

Again a shadow dropped upon the
face of Mr. Lewis, which was again
partly turned away; and again they
walked on in silence.

"He is so sensitive!" Mrs. Lewis
said to herself, the shadow of her hus-
band's face darkening over her own.
"I have to be as careful of my words
as if talking to a spoiled child."

No, it did not require much effort
on the part of Mr. Lewis to smile, as
he exchanged a few words lightly,
with Mr. Edwards. The remark of
his wife had not really displeased him;
it had only set him to thinking. After
remaining gravely silent, because he
was undergoing a brief self examina-
tion, Mr. Lewis replied:

"You thought the smile given to
Mr. Edwards came easily enough?"

"It did not seem to require much of
an effort," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"No, not much effort was required,"
said Mr. Lewis. His tones were slight-
ly depressed. "But this must be tak-
en into account; my mind was in a
certain state of excitement or activity,
that repressed sober feeling, and made
smiling an easy thing. So we smile
and we are gay in company at a cost
of little effort, because all are smiling
and gay, and we feel the common in-
fection of excitement. How different
it often is when we are alone I need
not say. You, Caddy, are guilty of
the sober face at home as well as your
husband." Mr. Lewis spoke with a
tender reproof in his voice.

"But the sober face is caught from
yours oftener than you imagine, my
husband," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"Are you certain of that, Caddy?"

"Very certain. You make the sun-
light and shadow of your home. Smile
upon us; give us cheerful words; en-
ter into our feelings and interests, and
there will be no brighter home in the
land. A shadow on your countenance
is a veil for my heart; and the same
is true as respects our children. Our

pulses strike too nearly in unison not
to be disturbed when yours has lost
its even beat."

Again Mr. Lewis walked on in sil-
ence, his face partly averted; and
again his wife began to fear that she
had spoken too freely. But he soon
dispelled this impression, for he said:
"I am glad, Caddy, that you have
spoken plainly. I only wish that you
had done so before. I see how it is.
My smiles have been for the outside
world—the world that neither loved
nor regarded me—and my clouded
brow for the dear ones at home, for
whom thought and care are ever-living
activities."

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were now at
their own door, where they paused a
moment and then went in. Instantly
on passing the threshold, Mr. Lewis
felt the pressure upon him of his usual
state. The hue of his feelings be-
gan to change. The cheerful interest-
ed exterior, put on for those he met in
business intercourses began rapidly to
change, and a sober hue to succeed.
Like most business men, his desire for
profitable results was even far in ad-
vance of the slow evolutions of trade;
and his daily history was a history of
disappointments, in some measure de-
pendent upon his restless anticipation.
He was not as willing to work and
wait as he should be; and, like many
of his class, neglected the pearls that
lay here and there along his life path,
because they were inferior in value to
those he hoped to find just a little way
in advance. The consequence was,
that when the day's business excite-
ment was over, his mind fell into a
brooding state, and lingered over its
disappointments, or looked forward,
with failing hope, in the future—for
hope, in many things, had been long
deferred. And so he rarely had smiles
for his home.

"Take that home with you, dear,"
whispered Mrs. Lewis, as they advanc-
ed along the passage, and before they
had joined the family. She had an in-
stinctive consciousness that her hus-
band was in danger of relapsing into
his usual state.

This warning was just in time.

"Thank you for the words," said he.
"I will not forget them."

And he did not; but at once rallied
himself, and, to the glad surprise of
Jenny, Will, and Mary, met them with
a new face, covered with fatherly
smiles, and with pleasant questions,
in pleasant tones, of their day's em-
ployments. The feelings of children
move in quick transitions. They had
not expected a greeting like this; but
the response was instant. Little Jen-
nie climbed into her father's arms.
Will came and stood by his chair, an-
swering, in lively tones, his questions;
while Mary, older by a few years than
the rest, leaned against her father's
shoulder, and laid her white hand soft-
ly upon his head, smoothing back the
dark hair, just showing a little frost,
from his broad and manly temples.

A pleasant group was this for the
eyes of Mrs. Lewis, as she came in
from her chamber to the sitting room,
where she had gone to lay off her bon-
net and shawl, and change her dress.
Well did her husband understand the
meaning look she gave him; and warm-
ly did her heart respond to the smile
he threw back upon her.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples
of gold in pictures of silver," said Mr.
Lewis, speaking to her as she came
in.

"What do you mean by that?" asked
Mary, looking curiously into her fa-
ther's face.

"Mother understands," replied Mr.
Lewis, smiling tenderly upon his wife.

"Something pleasant must have
happened," said Mary.

"Something pleasant? Why do you
say that?" said Mr. Lewis.

"You and mother look so happy,"
replied the child.

"And we have cause to be happy,"
answered the father, as he drew his
arm lightly around her, "in having
three such good children."

Mary laid her cheek to his, and whis-
pered, "If you are smiling and happy,
dear father, home will be like heav-
en!"

Mr. Lewis kissed her, but did not
reply. He felt a rebuke in the words.
But the rebuke did not throw a chill
over his feelings; in only gave a new
strength to his purpose.

"Don't distribute all your smiles.
Keep a few of the warmest and bright-
est for home," said Mrs. Lewis, as she
parted with her husband on the next
morning. He kissed her, but did not
promise. The smiles were kept, how-
ever, and evening saw them, though
not for the outside world. Other, and
many evenings saw the same cheerful
smiles, and the same happy home.

OUR GIRLS.

BY WINNIE WILDWOOD.

Yes, we were neighbors, farmer
Goodrich and I—he with his well tilled
acres, and domestic, frugal wife, with
his sturdy sons and blooming daugh-
ters, just a pair of each. My own cot-
tage was just a little distance beyond
and as I had only myself, my cat, dog
and canary bird, I naturally sometimes
felt lonely and reciprocated the neigh-
borly manifestations of my neighbors
with a very hearty cordiality. Espe-
cially for the girls, Ella and Bertha, I
felt a strong attachment and my de-
sire for their good increased with our
intimacy. Somehow, I am never quite
able to rid myself of the impression,
that, through somebody's fault, the
girls are not properly brought up.
That the pretty girls with their rosy
cheeks and dancing eyes, their sing-
ing laugh and bounding steps, their
winning, frolicing, tantalizing eager
ways, are, many of them, dwarfed and
stunted and deformed, morally, physi-
cally and intellectually.

Sometimes when alone in my little
snuggery, I chance to read a paragraph
like the following. "The poor wo-
man was vainly striving to support
herself and two small children by
making overalls at a dollar a dozen,"
"O, what a pity," I cry out. "More
dwarfed deformed girls, ripened into
helpless women and suffering depen-
dent mothers. Verily the sins of the
father are visited upon the children
unto the third and fourth generation."

"Why, Mrs. Grey," calls out the
cheery voice of Ella Goodrich, who,
coming softly around the veranda had
overheard my colloquy with myself,
"how do you know anybody was to
blame about it. I suppose the poor

woman's husband was dead and she was left alone to support the children, poor thing. How dreadful. Let's not talk about it, it really gives me the blues. I don't see who's to blame."

"Well, my dear," I reply, "if you were going to the mountains or the seashore and should only carry muslin and tarlatan dresses, you would suffer much inconvenience and trouble. But you would not be nearly so silly as a young girl who goes into the world equipped for life with only pretty, showy accomplishments. Every girl should first of all possess a good, strong, vigorous constitution and a knowledge how to preserve it. In addition to that a thorough knowledge of two or more branches of business by which she can earn, if necessary, an independent livelihood. Take yourself, for instance, Miss Ella; you are a farmer's daughter, and such have many advantages in point of health over city girls. But what can you do to earn yourself a respectable support? You are a very good scholar, but is your education sufficient to meet the requirements of a teacher? Then have you the necessary tact and skill to control a school of romping boys and girls, to stimulate a love for study and a veneration for everything good and grand and beautiful. Asking the text book questions, solving difficult problems, making out the reports and taking the pay at the end of the term are the smallest part of a teacher's duties. She, who undertakes a teacher's life, should do it with a thorough appreciation of the nobility of her work and a strong resolve to do a good work well."

"O, well, Mrs. Gray," replied Ella, briskly, "I don't think I ever shall teach school. Mother says she doesn't think I'd have patience enough, and she says, for her part, she'd rather do anything than teach."

"But, seriously, Ella, if you do not mind my inquisitiveness," I reply, "what do you think of doing?"

"O, I don't know," she answered. "We help mother about the housework and sewing, and you know we have a good deal of company."

"Well," I persisted, "what are Frank and Walter going to do?"

"O, Frank's determined to go to college, and Walter means to be a carpenter," she replied.

"They are noble, promising boys, Ella," I answered, "and I don't wonder you are so proud of them. But what of Bertha? I haven't heard anything about her plans; has she made her choice yet?"

"O, I don't know, Mrs. Gray," answered Ella. "She isn't much of a scholar, and she doesn't fancy housework or sewing."

Though Ella did not say so, I knew that the petted Bertha was far too indolent and too careful of her pretty hands to do much work. So here we have a sample of a majority of the boys and girls. Young men see the broad world with its bustling cities, its far stretching prairies, its boundless oceans, its mines of untold wealth stored fathoms below the surface of busy eager crowding, jostling human life; they hear of the daring exploits, the brilliant successes, and extraordinary achievements of the world's heroes, and the young blood bounds and

throbs in their veins to "be up and doing" in the world's broad field of battle. They are restless and eager to enter the ranks of contestants, to dare and to do something, some noble thing, while their sisters, had they been as well taught, had they received as good a physical education as their brothers, would be just as ready to undertake the many things for which women are, or ought to be, peculiarly fitted; but who, not being fitted for any particular thing, shirk the responsibility and timidly exclaim, "O, I couldn't!" Then they, and indeed the whole family, have a constitutional horror of doing anything not eminently popular. So between the things they might do if they were considered popular, and things they might do if they had a fitness for them, they settle down like dead weights in the family, turning their old dresses and waiting for somebody to fall in love with their pretty faces and white hands. Eventually their patient waiting meets its reward—the girls are engaged. What a relief to the family—hardly a relief either. How the not very abundant resources are strained to procure the wedding trossau. But the thing is done and excites the usual amount of gossip of friendly and adverse criticism.

The wedding over boarding for the first year is considered eminently proper, so the young couple secure board in quite fashionable quarters and all "goes merry as a marriage bell." A year passes quickly over the spirit of their dream and a close investigation reveals the unpleasant fact, two months board in arrears, wedding clothes getting seedy. The elegant Orlando don't know what to do, so as men will in such extremities he decides to go to Boston. Surely, he thinks, among so many places of business he can find some employment. A little success attends his efforts and now they take a single room and commence housekeeping.

A darling baby boy, that should be a cheer and comfort, is to them a source of much anxiety and perplexing care. Misfortunes never come singly—sickness and death follow, and the young lady who could not support herself is left to provide for and take care of herself and child. We are sorry for her disappointments and sufferings, and sympathize in her bereavements, but let us go back a little and review this bankrupt life and find out where the wrong began. So far as these parties are responsible, the girl was to blame that she had never fitted herself for anything. Another error is the prevailing fashion among common people of spending on a wedding outfit more money than can well be afforded, and the custom of bestowing bridal presents that are not necessary or convenient for a young couple to have who must expect to make their own fortune. Having launched out in such gay style every cent must be spent to keep up appearances and nothing can be saved even under the most propitious circumstances. Such a constant worry how to keep up appearances and make two ends meet must result in failure somewhere—it sometimes happens in the failure of their honesty. Here is one secret of the dishonesty of so many promising

young men, clerks, book-keepers, bank officials. The great desire is to make a show and everything is sacrificed to appearances. Laboring people, planning and contriving how to live as stylishly as people of wealth, are injuring themselves and every body else.

When shall we be able to inaugurate a new fashion, that shall require young people to begin life where they are and have a right to be, rather than with the appearance of wealth that has nothing to support it?

But girls (owing to their false education, they are not entirely to blame) do not and will not look at things in a sensible way. They have read, indeed most of their reading has been of the sensational sort, where the heroines had languishing eyes, exquisitely rounded arms of alabaster whiteness, masses of rippling curls, tinted with the golden sunshine, and exquisite hands, rivaling the perfection of Canover's workmanship. These heroines never had to sweep or dust, make beds or cut dresses and as these are the divinities before whom our girls (too many of them) bow down in sincerest admiration, unconsciously striving to imitate, how can they be wearing dark calico dresses and getting their pretty hands all stained with vegetables and berries and red in the hot dish water? Or, how can they be studying book-keeping when they must keep an eye upon the young gentlemen of distinguished appearance and graceful manners?

Quite forgetting I was not alone I had indulged the latter part of my musing quite audibly.

"Why, Mrs. Gray," exclaimed Ella, "how do you know the girls do keep an eye on the young men?"

"Well, Miss Ella, my advice to you is, do not read a novel for six months, and do give your undivided and earnest attention to some good business. Just take your fate in your own hands, (looking reverently to the Disposer of events,) as your brothers do. Do something worth doing and do it well. Then as there are more women than men in the country it follows that some must remain single. So here is another reason why every girl should look out for a pleasant home of her own, some cozy spot where she can gather her treasures and bring her sunshine, and welcome her friends and rest, when weary of the rub and bustle of life, as every body sometimes is. The resolve to do, the aim, the effort will make you nobler and better and if a man you truly respect and love asks you to bring your sunshine to gladden his home you can do as you please without having your acquaintances whispering that you married him for the sake of a home. And in the event of widowhood you would not be reduced to the necessity of making overalls at a dollar a dozen."

THE VICE OF HURRY.

Hurry is the modern Old Man of the Sea. It is forever with us. We cannot unclasp the clinging talons that suffocate us. Heavier and heavier grows the burden day by day. We are hurried on to our work; we and driven in our very sleep; and if we ever pause in predetermined idleness, it is to find ourselves, like Miss Preston's hero, "resting like fury."

Haste makes waste, says the proverb. Surely it does: waste of tissue, waste of nervous force, waste of temper, waste of the fair sights we move too fast to see, of the pleasant experiences we are too hurried to accept. The wise Romans cherished the maxim, "Hasten slowly." It was well enough for them, we think, when the habitable globe was a little strip of earth, and science was not born, and invention waited to be understood, and life was a simple and luxurious estate, without past and without future. But what are we to do in an age when the patriarch's span would not suffice to learn and to accomplish all that the time commands, and when a historic past and an illimitable future lay each its tax upon us? Hurry as we may, we cannot overtake that Duty with whom we meant to keep even pace. Were we to lag, we should lose even the path her feet have trod.

If all of life were doing, there might be reason for this wail. But being is a far better, more fructifying, more helpful state. More than half the things we count essential to be done might be left undone with profit to ourselves and our kind. And the remaining fraction of imperative undertakings that now dominate and worry us can be easily accomplished if we take them in the right way.

Goethe filled out and supplemented the ancient wisdom in his motto, "Without haste, without rest." It is the deliberate, regular, unbroken toil which tells on the work, but not upon the worker. Walter Scott, who was a miracle of accomplishment, wrote to a young friend: "Do instantly whatever is to be done; take the hours of reflection or recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray mind this—it is one of your weak points; a habit of mind it is that is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not filled up regularly, but is left to their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion."

There is the whole philosophy of large accomplishment. Yet, until misfortune compelled him to err against his better judgment, Scott seldom worked more than two or three hours a day. He completed volume after volume at this easy rate of speed, and had abundant time for other interests, because the sun was not more punctual in the skies than he at his appointed task.

Dr. Bowditch, a very busy man, translated the great *Mecanique Celeste*, giving it less than two hours of work a day. But then the planets he explained did not move in their prescribed orbit more evenly than he in his. Nothing was suffered to interrupt or postpone those daily two hours. Dickens said that he owed whatever success or reputation he had made to

the habit of sitting down regularly to his work, and sticking to it a certain time, however much he might be tempted away, either by external attractions or by the feeling that he was not in the mood for writing, and had nothing to say.

If, then, head-work, which is proverbially subject to outside conditions, can be thus regulated by will and made available, far more can all other forms of industry. If the housekeeper have method and a correct perspective, she can make her thousand cares fall into line and obey her. The mother who will learn to systematize shall have some delight of leisure, though her offspring equal in numbers the historic matron's who lived in a shoe. The woman of society, with her hundred engagements, may thus find time for books and work and healthful play. Nor need the harvest-driven farmer's wife despair.

For hurry is commonly a curse self-imposed. Either we try to do too much, or we try to do our moderate stint in the wrong way. It is not so much the pressure without as the entanglement within. A little pruning here, a little straightening there, and the gain in health and comfort would be incalculable. It was not meant that we should be ruled by our affairs, but that we should rule them. That was a fine saying of Sir Amyas Paulet, and worthy of all acceptance: "Let us stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner."—*Harper's Bazar*.

CONSCIOUS AND UNCONSCIOUS.

I remember going through a large lumber-yard once where piles of every variety and kind of wood lay waiting for use; waiting to become conscious, to be converted and made available.

Oh, I thought if I could just follow all these green, rough boards through the different planing machines and polishings they will get; if I could see them after they were worked up, beautified and made into useful things, I might then be able to tell something of the difference between conscious and unconscious; something of the inert dullness and stupidity that holds them now, and the glory they will thrill with when created anew and pass from death to life.

Then I dreamed of the busy warm hands that would caress or handle them roughly: of the elaborate and cosy homes they would make; or the admiration they would receive; of the joy and sorrow they would hear; of the living and dead they would carry; of the worship and guilt they would listen to; of the truth and lies they would be cognizant of; of the grandeur and renown, the pride and poverty, the ruin and decay, that would constitute the warp and the woof of their existence, and through which they, like everything else, must pass before they became conscious, or could really know what they were intended for.

How like a city full of people they seemed to me. How they reminded me of a graveyard wherein the dead were laid away neatly and in order. How I imagined the power it would take to resurrect them. How I compared the different piles to the unused lives about me, to the idle hands, the dull irresolute brains, the pulseless hearts that are alike ignorant of

uses or abuses, who are contented to be put away and taken care of in some safe place without ever questioning the right of any one to do so, or wondering why they are so passive.

What kind of a house, table or chair could be made of such green, rough material? Would they not crack, shrink and shrivel into shapelessness? Would the eye or heart be pleased with their symmetry? Would we be able to recommend them to others, or depend on them ourselves? Would we not find them leaky and rickety? Could we live without murmuring at their insufficiency? Would we not blame ourselves for not waiting till the sun had dried it beyond all possibility of shrinkage, till the storms had inured it to all sorts of weather, till it had felt the sledge and hammer, and the keen edges of the different tools shaping, turning, twisting, planing, polishing and beautifying it, so that it might be crowned with the knowledge that it at least was perfect after its kind?

But this is just what some of us do with our lives. We cannot wait for age or experience to teach us before we set ourselves up to be something. We want to do, to say, to feel that we are made over into some kind of an article, it matters not what, if we are only blocked out as different as possible from what we really are, and then palmed off on somebody as ignorant as ourselves for the real thing. Soon, however, they find how shaky, helpless, insecure and unreliable we are, and so far from being of any use that we are merely considered stumbling blocks. Whereas had we waited till the summer suns and winter storms had seasoned us, till we had been taught by observation, culture, and surroundings our proper places, and uses, we might have been filled with invisible supplies, and had a thousand streams of light flooding the darkness; and incompleteness about us might have been like the strong, brave men and women who have buffeted their way through untried paths, who walk alone and unaided, through sun and shade, conscious of the power within them, knowing that they are fire-proof, water-proof, man-proof, devil-proof, and that all those who put faith, or trust in them find them like the rocks, immovable and secure, simply because they have become conscious of life, and its meanings, and so must be ready to be used in the make up of the world, seasoned and dried for their places, prepared and fashioned in the crucible of experience, without which no heart is perfect, no life full, no man or woman fit either for use or ornament.

What a pity there is not more of such material in God's great lumber yard.—*Ruth, the Gleaner*.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY C. B. W.

When he's sick he don't drag himself out of bed "to see about breakfast." He has better judgment than that. As soon as he can sit up he don't say, as she does, "Mary Jane, you bring me the mending basket and I'll try to mend those stockings;" or "Hand me that embroidery and I'll try to take a few stitches. O-o-o dear!" Or, "Give me that ruffling and I'll baste it; for

poor little Lizzie hasn't clothes to keep her comfortable. Just as soon as I'm able I must go out and get her a sash for she hasn't anything to wear." He don't tell us to bring that gate that's wanted a hinge for the last six months and he'll fix it. And he don't want the hatchet brought so he can sharpen it and split kindlings enough to last a month. He don't ask for his pants to sew on the missing buttons, and he doesn't allude to the window with the broken spring that he has been asked to fix so many times. What does he do? Just what every body who is sick ought to do—lies around and is waited on. Though it's a little vexatious, just as you get the camphor and water to bathe his head because "it aches like sixty," to have him conclude he "won't have it bathed now, my dear, but will take a little walk." So he goes down town and walks around a little, comes home feeling better but awfully tired, lies on the lounge the rest of the day and probably, next morning, feels able to go to work.

Why don't she do that way? Why will she persist in exhausting her vitality till nature despairs of recuperating her worn-out powers? Don't you know why? I'll tell you a little story: I knew one woman that did—actually took a walk after she had lain in bed half the day. She left her house unswept, her bed unmade and a great pile of sewing undone. She thought the men felt so well that she would try their way. And behold! all the neighbors looked out and saw and one said to another, "I do declare, if there ain't Miss Hall gaddin' the streets. Did you ever! I think the next time I go in as I did yesterday and help her I'll know whether she's sick or only playin' it." And another lifted up her voice and said, "Poor Mr. Hall! he seems to be such a nice man. How I do pity him for having such a slack wife. He had to get his own dinner to-day, for he told my husband so; and there's his wife, as soon as he's well out of sight, a spinnin' street yarn." And a third made answer on this wise, with a sad shake of the head and a rolling of the eyes, "But they do say he just bears her out in it and tells her if she don't feel able to do her work and go for a walk too, to leave her work and he'll help her at night." Then the one who had first spoken spake again with divers nods and winks, saying, "Well then, you depend on it; he's so 'fraid of her he daren't do any other way. They say she's women's rights; and now I think of it I believe she is from some things I heard her say yesterday." And other neighbors looked out and one said this thing and one that; and they agreed that she ought to be made to stay in the house till her sewing was done, for if she was able to walk she must be able to work. The day following one of these kind neighbors came to "Miss Hall" and told her all that had been said.

Now don't you see why women stay in hot kitchens and work till their backs ache so they can't stand up, and then sit down and sew till their eyes ache so they can't see? They alone are responsible. They make it law for women to do so, and if one of them refuse to abide by the law, out upon her for a slattern, a gadder or some-

thing worse. Well, be a slattern—better be anything than a sick slave. Women, when will you do better?

"WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS I THEE ENDOW."

Not many days ago, when the crowd was crushing and pressing through the Women's building, an old couple from the country were stopped in a narrow passage close by some woven goods shown for sale. The man was large, hard-featured, and prosperous. She was stout and comely. About her face were lines of care, and the mark of hard work was upon both. But her eyes brightened as she took up a soft blue-and-white shawl, and looked at it with longing admiration. Over her arm was a waterproof, but this pretty fluffy thing in her hand was dainty and different from waterproofs and the plaid shawls of her home life. Her husband worked his way on a little further, turned, looked over his shoulder at her, and said: "Come on." "Isn't it pretty?" she answered, still lingering. "Yes, yes! come on." "But Burt—" she said it a soft, entreating tone. He shook his head. "Indeed, I would like to have it." "Well, you can't," he curtly answered, and she laid it softly down. It was not simply that she was refused something that was to her beauty and grace, although the possession would have counted for no little in a life that, it was plain, had been denied almost everything but anxiety and hard work—it was not because her husband cared so little to gratify her, that the faces of some women standing near grew warm, and their eyes flashed. It was a coarse example of what the business relation between man and wife can reduce the wife unto. When the man promises to endow his bride with all he owns, it is a pretty and pleasant thing to do, but, when they have fairly started life together, she is likely to find that she is simply his agent, spending his money as he gives it to her, sometimes, perhaps, using her own judgment, but always accounting to him. When individual tastes are to be exercised, they are more frequently the husband's than the wife's. He may buy a plow to his liking, but she must consult him about the churns.

It was a wise little wife who, when talking over business matters with her husband, when he told her that she should never be deprived of anything that she desired if he could obtain it for her, asked him to give her blank checks to fill up as she needed. She knew she could be trusted to draw his money, just as well as she could be to spend it, and she would be happier in feeling free to make her own discreet margins. But if he had gone a little farther and made the deposit in her name, and had then consulted her upon the purchase of his crayons, his canvas, and his oils—for he was an artist—if he had explained to her the reason why he bought his engravings, and why it was not extravagant to spend a little surplus fund on the etchings of Raphael's *Il Spasimo*, he would have realized as so many women have, that the early settlement of the question of "pin money" is not as unnecessary, nor distrustful, as some brides, and some husbands, are apt to consider it.—*The New Century for Woman*.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—To Rosamond E. Dear Rosamond: Your letter in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD interested me very much. I could think of no helpful suggestion in reply, but resolved to write, and at least give you my heartiest sympathy; however, I delayed doing so, though you were often in my thoughts. When the May number came I felt very deeply for you, my first impulse being to write immediately, but finally decided to wait until you had spoken. And so, having watched anxiously for its coming, your letter in August number seemed almost as if from some dear friend. It leads me to think you have learned to go to "the Strong" for strength, and have won that priceless treasure, a forbearing spirit. We are often tried and tempted, sometimes sorely wounded at heart even by those we love; but from Him who is our only sure refuge we may, if we will, obtain the "grace sufficient." And the next thing we must do is to try to forget all about the hurt. Let us ever strive to be in spirit like unto Him, and may He help us to be truly wise in wandering not from his side.

In that first letter, speaking of your children as you did was just what won my heart, I like and respect you because unlike so many women of our day, you evidently feel it no disgrace to be the mother of the children God gives you, be they few or many; and—being a true wife—look upon motherhood as a blessing instead of a curse.

I believe in large families. And I should like right well to see yours. Being fine, intelligent children, you have reason to be proud of them. They may be a great care but they are a great comfort to you as well, and you certainly have none to spare. It sometimes happens that of a large family one of the youngest, perhaps the one that required most care and caused the parents most anxiety, is the very one that proves their strong and loving support in old age. I trust your children may become true, noble men and women, a blessing to the world, and a stay and comfort to you in your declining years.

Surely a mother can find no nobler life-work than the right training of her children. As to the rest, I think that making the most of what your husband can provide, and helping him plan to the best advantage, is doing your part, and a noble part, even if you do no more; perhaps as the children grow older, you and they together can solve some of those problems concerning the "wherewithal." Meanwhile, you will do the best you can, I know (that is all that is required of any of us); and if any plan occurs to you, will not be slow to improve it. But in any case, do not let it worry you if you can help it, and take all the rest you possibly can. If I could step in and we could talk it all over, perhaps we might think of something; but under the circumstances, writing seems like groping in the dark.

Speaking of "brain tonics." Would you mind telling me something about what you would get? Just now I am reading "Martin Chuzzlewit," for the third time. It is a royal book. How it does spy out the ugly grains of self-

ishness in one's heart! I know it is doing me good. Have you ever read it? I suppose you would not like to give your address in THE HOUSEHOLD? I should be glad if you could do so.

But I fear my letter is already too long, so will say good bye. Remember that in THE HOUSEHOLD Band you have at least one warm friend.

GLADDYS WAYNE.

Girls, once in a while we speak and a good many times we keep still, but we think—and don't these letters to THE HOUSEHOLD give us some strange things to think of? Take for instance the way some write to and of the sad unloved wives. I don't think they get much comfort from the answers, do you? Have you minded in the letter from "A Watching Sister" this remark? "Young wives mourning over lost attentions, which had been given them, and belong only to the early wooing days." That belonging only to the early wooing days is what troubles me, why shouldn't attentions belong to all the days of a married woman's life?

I may as well tell you, girls, that I think a good deal of one Tom and he says he thinks a good deal of me, but I am a little afraid of this marrying business, it seems to me that people are not as happy after as before it. Lovers and husbands appear so differently.

Sister Nellie was married two years ago. We all thought George was so nice, he was always so respectful to and tender of Nellie, and we thought he'd make her a good pleasant husband, but I don't think he does; Nellie doesn't say anything but she looks paler and sadder every day; and when I go in there as it is "Nobody but Bessie," he doesn't mind me and I see and hear a good deal I don't like; he orders Nellie about and finds fault and never says and does the pretty little nothings he used to, unless somebody happens to be there.

Now I don't believe he ever told Nellie he was going to leave off his attentions after they were married, and I don't believe she ever thought he would, and I am sure if I marry Tom and he does by me as George does by Nellie I shall be miserable; and how am I to know? People said George would make a splendid husband, and that is just what they say of Tom.

Girls, I don't think I am wise enough to succeed where so many women have failed, and I don't find many happy wives, do you? I don't see many homes where I think I could be happy as the mistress.

And if it is true that the love and attention only last through the wooing days and honey moon, what is coming then? Is it going to pay to risk our hearts for so little?

It seems to me children would be happier, better, in loving homes, and I don't think a home can be loving when the husband and father is cross, selfish and gloomy, and worse still when the father pets and caresses his child to the open and utter neglect of his wife; when I see that, my cheeks always burn and I think.

I don't want to put myself in a place where I can't help myself and then find no mercy. It isn't like trusting Jesus,

for we know he never takes advantage of our weakness. Girls, which do you suppose our lovers are in love with, themselves or us? BESSIE BROWN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I, too, be permitted to speak, and also to ask advice? From experience I can deeply sympathize with Lira, who spoke to us in the October number, and am anxiously awaiting the replies. M. J. W.'s suggestion in regard to "Study Clubs" is a good thing. Cannot some one map out for us how to open and conduct a club for the study of English literature? A set of questions upon each author for leaders, and a list of reference books such as might be found in most village libraries? What a world of good such a society might do, and what could better counteract the effect of dime novel literature! But how to begin! Let us know that. We fully agree with "U. U." in the September number that penwork "as a means of culture is most valuable to any one of literary taste," and we have found "writing for amusement" beguiling to many invalid hours. In Lira's situation the question arises, "Can it be made to pay?" On page 202, September number, we find a copied article entitled "Magazine Literature," in which we are told that "The most scarce class of contributions are good short stories. These are in great demand, and any one who can supply them need have no trouble about finding a market."

But again, how to begin! Will some one be more definite in their "Directions to Young Writers." We know that we must write on but one side of the paper, that we must "write plainly," "be concise," etc., etc. We all of us have those "hold up your heads and turn out your toes" directions by heart. How are we to choose among the thousands of papers and periodicals in the country? Where shall we offer our mite? Do Harper's, Godey's, Peterson's, and such, condescend to note the pigmy "new writers?" Or is there a primary school publication wherein they are expected to learn their a, b, c's? Speak ye who know! Then we are told, "prices vary with matter and merit!" Strange! how are we to credit that axiom? We take up a story paper and find in it an advertisement for new contributors. Here then is a chance for us. We read on, "No manuscript opened unless accompanied by price." We pause staggered. Our story is written "on one side plainly" and is sufficiently "concise." We read it over again carefully. We are sure it is an average production, neither more or less. Here is a publisher calling for it. Still we are completely bewildered. We never in our lives knew the price paid for any one piece of literary work. How then can we select a price anywhere from fifty cents to fifty dollars. Take a Hottentot into a jeweler's or a lace store and see.

Again I say, speak ye who know. Tell us what has been paid for just such a piece of work as I describe. Is the price usually set by the piece, the manuscript fool's cap page, the printed column, or how? We have books for instructions in almost everything. Is there no "Book of Instruction for the use of Young Writers,"

telling us how to get into press? If so, what is it, and where may it be obtained?

An answer to these questions may be not only bread and meat, but also doctor's bills to some poor dependent invalid. Thanking you all for courteous attention, I will now retire and make room for others. TYRO.

TWO POEMS.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I wish to know if the lady who answered "A Subscriber" in your last, is the author of that exquisite little poem, Ocean's Shell, by Clara Eva Samuels.

What are the sea shells saying to you?

Hold them close to your ears and hear—

Come grey eyes and brown and eyes of blue,

Do they tell you of sea-weeds near?

"Oh, it tells me of lands across the sea

Where the summer-sun doth shine—

Italian lands and Italian skies

In a beautiful sun-bathed clime.

It sings to me of the grand old sea

And naught in the world beside,

It woos me and lures and says to me:

'Come and I'll be thy bride.'

I can only hear the south wind's song

Borne lovingly on the breeze,

And catch a breath of orange blooms

And scented Japonica trees.

And thus it sings a different song,

And sings as we long to hear;

For other lands have a charm for us

And naught of the briny tear."

And "Weaving Sad Fancies, Dear?" also by the same author, which is very sweet. I have seen her name in Chicago, Ill., papers, and I would like very much to know if she is the same who writes for THE HOUSEHOLD.

Omaha, Neb.

E. V. H.

IRRITATING DAYS.

There are times when everything seems to go wrong. From seven o'clock in the morning, till ten o'clock in the evening, affairs are in a twist. You rise in the morning and the room is cold, and a button is off, and the beef-steak is tough, and the stoves smoke, and the pipes burst, and you start down the street nettled from head to foot. All day long things are adverse. Insinuations, petty losses, meanness on the part of customers. The ink-bottle upsets and spoils the carpet. Some one gives a wrong turn to the damper and the gas escapes. An agent comes in determined to insure your life, when it is already insured for more than it is worth, and you are afraid some one will knock you on the head to get the price of your policy; but he sticks to you, showing you pictures of old Time, and the hour-glass, and death's scythe, and a skeleton, making it quite certain that you will die before your time, unless you take papers in his company. Besides this, you have a cold in your head, and a grain of dirt in your eye, and you are a walking uneasiness. The day is out of joint, and no surgeon can set it.

The probability is that if you would look at the weather-vane, you would find that the wind is northeast, and you might remember that you have lost much sleep lately. It might happen to be that you are out of joint instead of the day. Be careful and not write many letters while you are in that irritated mood. You will pen

Hall's Hair Renewer
Turns gray Hair dark. Removes dandruff,
heals humors of the scalp and makes the
Hair grow thick and glossy.

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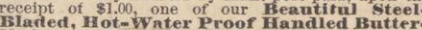


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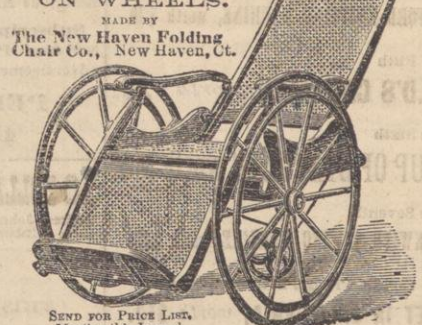
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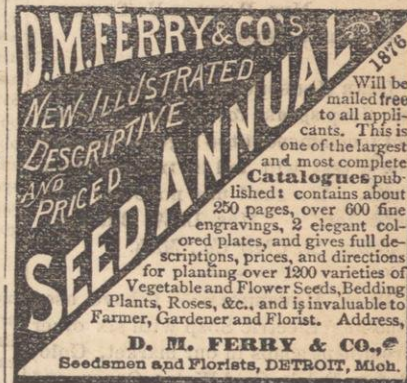
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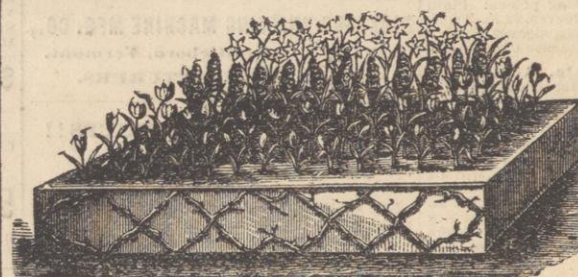
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