



The household. Vol. 9, No. 4 April 1876

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THE HOUSEHOLD
A HUMBLE SOCIETY
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 9.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1876.

No. 4.

THE HOUSEHOLD.
A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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IN THE WOODS.

In the woods when the young leaves budding
Whispered the spring-time near,
When the spirit was light
As the sunbeams bright,
And fancy's sky was clear;
When the young bird's song
Woke an echo long
As the hopes that the heart held dear.

In the woods when the summer's glory
Was wreathed in light and shade,
Through each leafy bough
Clearer sunshine now
With fuller lustre played,
And sweet silence bent
With a glad content
O'er the hush that fulfillment made.

In the woods when the leaves are dropping,
Down dropping one by one
As the hopes that fade
In autumnal shade,
And droop ere their day is done,
And weary of life,
And weary of strife,
Sink down to the rest they have won.

In the woods when the winter hoary
Has spread his snowy pall
O'er a lifeless past
That is laid at last
Where the night-dews softly fall,
Where the moon shines fair
Through the branches bare,
And the heavens are over all.

—Golden Hours.

CISTERNS FOR BARNs.

HE editor of the New England Farmer in reply to a correspondent who writes to learn the particulars about the barn cistern which supplies water for his stock says: This cistern has been built and in constant use some twenty years. It is cemented on the gravel, without bricking or stoning, except on one side next to the cellar wall; here it is strengthened by a thin wall of stone laid in cement. From near the bottom a pipe is run through the cellar wall and carried under ground to a warm and convenient corner of the cellar where it empties into a tub for supplying water to the stock without requiring the labor of drawing or pumping.

The cistern is shaped like a common

set kettle or farmer's boiler, being about ten feet deep and eleven feet across the top, and holds about one hundred hogsheads. It was covered at first with two-inch chestnut plank, laid on chestnut sleepers, but the planks rotted and have been replaced by green chestnut timber, hewed on two sides and laid close together, filling the crevices with cement. These are still sound and bid fair to last many years. Over the timber there is about eighteen inches of loam which entirely excludes frost from the water and sides of the cistern. Owing to an imperfect wasteway, the cistern has occasionally, in years past, overflowed and softened the bank behind the cement, allowing the pressure of water from within to crack the cement shell and cause a slight leak. The leaks were stopped by brushing the cracks over with a thin coat of cement. It has been tight now for several years.

The cost at the time it was built was only about fifty dollars, including the piping and eave troughs on the barn, and a pump for drawing water from the top. Six barrels of water lime were used, without about double the quantity of clean, sharp, coarse sand. The lime cost, at that time, only a little over two dollars per barrel. The pump cost about ten dollars, and the eave troughs a little more, leaving some fifteen dollars for the digging, covering and work of laying the cement. The digging was all done in March, when other work was not pressing.

If we were going to build again we should, by all means, build larger. This has never been dry but once in twenty years, and the number of animals kept has seldom been less than ten and often nearly twice the number; besides, water is used freely for washing carriages, and in dry seasons it is drawn from for washing at the house, and to supply neighbors who are less fortunate in a water supply. Still, there has not been a full supply at all times, because the capacity of the cistern is insufficient for holding all the water that falls on the roof.

The gentleman asks among other questions, "What per cent. on the cost has it paid?" We should say about one hundred per cent. nearly or quite every year since it was built. There is no durable spring within more than a hundred rods from the farm, and that is on the land of another and beyond the adjoining farm. There is no durable water on the farm except in this cistern, although two wells and a spring are seldom dry. The water from the cistern runs by its own weight into the yard, thus saving all expense for drawing and

pumping, which item alone would cost almost as much every year as the whole expense of building the cistern. If we were trying to build the best and most durable cistern possible, we should line it with hard brick or a thin wall of small stones laid in cement. Then it should be covered by a brick arch, and all well plastered over with a good coat of the cement. If the soil is firm and compact, the cement will last well on the earth, but more care will be needed in laying the covering so that it shall not press upon and break in the wall.

As the water cannot run from the bottom of a cistern if it is lower than the cellar of the barn, it is useless to dig them very deep unless the water is to be lifted by force. If they are made very wide it is difficult to support the covering of earth, but we can see no serious objection to building them in an oval form to any desirable extent. The walls of the shell of cement are much stronger if built somewhat circular, than if they are perfectly flat on either side. It seems very strange that more cisterns are not built both for stables and for family use, when the cost is so slight and the work so simple. There is nothing quite equal to a good spring near by the buildings, from which water can be drawn by pipes to every room without labor, but next to this we class a good cistern, so placed that the water may be used by the stock without pumping, and this can be done on nearly all hillside situations.

ORNAMENTING HOME.

The greenhouse, flower-beds, lawns, drives, ornamental trees and shrubs are receiving considerable attention, but not as much as they deserve. Remove all attempt at such things from any place and its value is decreased at once in a very large proportion. It is money well spent. There is no lesson of more importance than to teach the art of making home pleasant. This is one of the ways to keep the boys and girls on the farm and to make them satisfied with their situation.

For the want of something nice many a boy has left the country home, and made a poor lawyer or clerk, who would have made a good successful farmer.—Prof. W. J. Beal.

The London Builder recommends people who transplant trees to mark the north side of each tree with red chalk before it is taken up, and replace it in its natural position. A larger proportion will then live, as in ignoring this law of nature transplanted trees generally perish.



SUNSHINE IN THE HOUSE.

WHICH rooms of the house it shall be where the direct sunshine falls is certainly an important question, as every physician will assure you. Sunshine in a drawing room is, of course, very pleasant when it can be had; it lights up the beauty of the room, it brings out the color of the pictures, it illuminates the marble. It throws all the thousand-and-one charms of the place into relief, but it is not indispensable, for the drawing room is usually occupied less during sunshiny hours than any room in the house is. Sunshine in a library, too, is not a matter of the greatest consequence, welcome though it might be if it were a possible attainment; yet in the library the books should make their own sunshine for you. But sunshine in the daily sitting room, in the dining room, in the kitchen, and in as many sleeping rooms as may be, is absolutely vital. Think what it is to wake up in a room, into which no broad yellow beam streams, to give you good morning and tell you whether the day is fair or foul, to bear away the cobwebs of sleep and afford you the good spirits which such benediction always does! The 'sunshine in your sleeping room at any price!'

Think, then, of the breakfast room where there is no sunlight, where the table, as you come down to begin the day, does not glitter with the cheerful ray, and which seems merely a dismal den for people to enter and eat and hurry away from as if it were a railroad restaurant. Have sunshine in your breakfast room, dear reader. Then think of the sitting room, where more than half the day you busy yourself, where the children find you, where possibly your choicest intimate comes, and where you are at your unrestrained ease, and say whether it would be a pleasant and wholesome room or a dreary and depressing one if the sun did not lie there.

The pleasantest house in which we ever were stood was in such a cornering direction to the points of the compass that the sun rose in one window of the sitting room, and, you might say, set in another! The breakfast room, behind the sitting room, had the morning sun in its eastern window, while a projecting bay-window there caught still a little of sun just before noon; in the sitting room aforesaid, the eastern window of course had the



cheery morning rays, the corner of the house took off the extreme noon sun, and an hour or two after noon it was in at the front windows, and they even had a large segment of the radiance and color of the sunset. Meanwhile the parlor across the hall had all the afternoon sun too, and the full blaze of the direct sunset, while there was even one long, level beam left over for the cellar. What more could be desired?

Certainly there is nothing material—if so heavenly a thing can be called material—so conducive to health and happiness, as a largess of the positive sunshine is; no mere plittance of it creeping in between the curtains, but a broad and generous vivifying sweep of it. We do not know anything about one of the medical practices of sun-baths, so called; but we do know that the house where plants are etiolated for the want of the clear, life-giving presence of the light of the world is not a house where human beings, and especially the little tender blossoms of humanity, for whom we all care more than for ourselves, can ever thrive and flourish. That house-keeper who fears its blanching strength, who drops her curtains lest the pattern of her carpet dulls, and closes her blinds lest her curtains presently hang in streaks, value the color of her carpet and curtains beyond the rose upon her cheek, or on her babies' cheeks, and will pay the price of many carpets and curtains in doctors' and in druggists' bills. Get carpets, gentle readers, that will not fade, or that will not vex you if they do; and if you are going to use your curtains to shut out the first great blessing, prithee go without curtains altogether.

For look abroad and out-doors. What healthy thing in nature shuns the sun? What growth but mushrooms and nettles and darnels and the things that spring rankly on shallow and neglected graves exists without it? See the fields brighten and brighten the longer its light lies on them—see a cloud sweep over a country full of clover fields, and the sun come sailing after and bringing out all the brilliance of the verdure, all the rose and purple of the clover, as if it just leaped into being in the path of that light, and consider, if the rest of the world blooms and smiles and is so healthy in it, whether it is altogether wise to deprive yourselves of such a potent principle of strength and pleasure. Ah no! the fabled bath that gave youth to age, the elixir that bestowed immortal youth, will never be more nearly simulated than by the sunshine with which wise housekeepers and wise architects flood a house.

But, apart from cheerful and hygienic considerations, there is a question of ornamentation in the matter, and that is in the presence of plants and flowers about your rooms. Not many of us can afford conservatories, but all of us, with the sun's aid, can compass the window garden; and what picture on our walls is apt to be half so beautiful as a window where the sun is sifting through the snow and gold of tropical-leaved callas, through the geranium blossoms like scarlet fire, through blue lobelia and yellow oxalis, and rose and carnation,

and the network of all their leaves? What curtains of Utrecht velvet, what hangings of Gobelin tapestry, will be more charming than such a window? And what is there that can be bought that will give such grace and beauty to a room as the vine that winds round pictures and brackets, and lays its lovely length along the cornice beneath the ceiling? Let the sun alone for ornamenting, it is his profession. He will festoon an old stump with beauty, he will turn a broken stone into a marvel of decoration. Bring him into your house, and we do not speak too strongly when we say that he will make an Eden of it. For, other things not working very viciously against him, the house in which the sunshine has its way is filled speedily with that inner sunshine of the spirit too, without which, indeed, all the rest is naught.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ARRANGEMENT OF ROOMS.

Concerning the arrangements of rooms, the Art Review gives the following advice:

"Give your apartments expression—character. Rooms which mean nothing are cheerless indeed. Study light and shade, add the combination and arrangement of drapery, furniture and pictures; allow nothing to look isolated, but let every thing present an air of sociability. Observe a room immediately after a number have left it, and then as you arrange the furniture, disturb as little as possible the relative position of chairs, ottomans, and sofas. Place two or three chairs in a conversational attitude in some cheery corner, an ottoman within easy distance of a sofa, a chair near your stand of stereoscopic views or engravings, and one where a good light will fall on the books which you may reach from the table near.

Make little studies of the effect which shall repay the more than casual observer, and do not leave it possible for one to make the criticism which applies to so many homes, even of wealth and elegance—fine carpets, handsome furniture, a few pictures, and elegant nothings—but how dreary! The chilling atmosphere is felt at once, and we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that we must maintain a stiff and severe demeanor, to accord with the place. Make your homes then, so cheerful that if we visit you we may be joyous and unconstrained, and not feel ourselves out of harmony with our surroundings."

ORDERLY HOMES.

Among the many hints and helps of THE HOUSEHOLD I wish to add one hint and if made useful it will surely prove a help to the many weary ones in housekeeping. One word covers the hint, that word is order. I do not mean a fussy primness in a house that makes one feel on entering it as if they were in a straight jacket, but to have a place for everything and everything in its place.

In many homes the time spent in hunting up things would be enough to put everything in place and leave spare time to rest or read instead of being in a hurry and worry all the

time, and yet never have an orderly house. The one minute spent in putting a thing in place while it is in hand, deducted from the half hour spent in hunting for it, leaves twenty-nine minutes to rest in, and a happy frame of mind besides, instead of being annoyed by not finding it when most wanted.

Again, a room when "all cleared up" and "put in order" by one, will have a mussy untidy look, that an orderly person would remove at once by squaring the table-cloth, books, papers, pictures hanging against the wall, etc., instead of having them look as though a whirlwind performed the work.

PLIM WALKER.



THE TREE.

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No; leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown."
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.
The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind as he swung.
"No; leave them alone
Till the berries have grown."
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.
The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the Girl, "May I gather thy berries, or no?"
"Yes; all thou canst see;
Take them—all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, as he bent down his laden boughs low.

THE IVY—*HEDERA HELIX*.

THE different varieties of ivy present quite a diversity in the size and shape of the leaf, as well as their different markings, colors of veins, etc. Some with their leaves are variegated, blotched with white, silver-edged, white-veined, etc.; some with leaves no larger than an old-fashioned silver five cent piece, others will cover a common tea saucer, and others intermediate. Some or all of these are well adapted for parlor culture, and house adornment. Some of the varieties endure the winters out of doors in the vicinity of New York, where they may have suitable exposure. In its culture the ivy will endure almost any treatment except exposure to a burning sun, or too high temperature, where the leaves show the effect.

As a parlor plant there is no other which produces so pleasing an effect as this climber, when properly cared for; growing luxuriously and trained over the walls of a living room, framing a door or a window, especially a bay-window with light paper and white casements.

Draped above pictures, brackets and other ornaments, it gives a most pleasing effect; trained in festoons on the window frames, it causes a plain one to look much handsomer than a more ornamental one without such adornment. No inconsiderable portion of the effect of this plant as a

room adornment is owing to the taste with which it is trained over the walls, windows, etc.; if trained formally it presents a set, stiff look, instead of a natural, easy one, as should be the case. In training it over the walls of a living room care should be used not to train it across a chimney where smoke pipe or fire enters below, or the heat or other cause will produce disastrous results; the more light they can have the better they seem to thrive, unless we give them the direct rays of the sun.

There is no plant more easy of propagation than the ivy; the vine being furnished with innumerable rootlets, a branch of any length taken from the parent plant and the end placed in a tumbler or bottle of water or moist earth, roots are sent out in a few days and the plant can then be set in a pot of rich soil and will grow rapidly, with suitable care; some of our friends take slips and envelope the ends in moss and put the moss in a dish of water and grow there through the winter season, the only care required being to keep the water supply good and the foliage clean; grown in this way it can be made an excellent plant for a hanging basket. Potted in earth it requires a rich soil and regular attention to give sufficient water; after growing a few seasons the pots become so filled with roots that unless they are soaked once or twice a week the plants suffer for the want of water as when the water is applied at the surface the soil does not absorb it in sufficient quantities for the wants of the plant. Potted ivies should be fed with liquid manure once a week—take a tablespoonful of soot and dissolve in a gallon of soft rain water and apply what the soil will readily absorb, other weak ammoniacal liquid manures will answer the same end.

Enemies of the Ivy.—The first I shall mention is dust; in the living room after shielding the foliage as far as practicable, when sweeping, etc., the leaves should be dusted with a duster as regular as the furniture of the room, and then two or three times during the winter carefully wash each leaf and the whole main stem with a soft cloth or sponge wet in tepid water.

The most invidious and destructive insect enemy of the ivy is found in the "scale;" this to the majority of the cultivators of ivy is unobserved, and frequently gains a strong foothold, sometimes resulting in the death of the vine. Unless one is on their guard and is familiar with this insect it escapes unnoticed, and often the vines eventually begin to look shabby, leaves look as if dying or languishing, and there arises the inquiry, "What ails my ivy?" Let us examine the affected plant; commence at the root and carefully look over the main stem and each leaf and its petiole, look on both sides of the leaves. Do you see that little bunch about as large round as a pin's head flattened? of near the color of the leaf it is on? That is one of those to be dreaded scales; just try it with the finger nail, there, it slips off easily you see; if examined under a glass you will perceive it is endowed with life underneath, and this coat of mail on the outside for its protection; each of these scales protect insects

which suck away the life of the plant and therefore plants languish which are affected with them.

What can I do to rid of them? You can do one of several ways; first I would go over it and remove every scale with a knife or the nail, and then take some soap and water, suds such as you would wash clothes in, and wash the vine and every leaf, take a brush and scrub the whole and you will be pretty sure to reach the foundation, and there will be no more trouble at present, but look out in the future not to let the scale get such a foothold; and you can be pretty sure to keep them at a safe distance by washing vine and foliage two or three times a year with suds which will also do the plant good otherways.

—Homestead.

ANNUAL FLOWERS.

The New York Tribune makes out a very good list of annuals, as far as it goes, and gives some excellent directions for their arrangement and management, but how it should overlook the brilliant, long-flowering petunia, to say nothing of the pure white, exceedingly hardy rocket candytuft, is beyond our apprehension. We know of no flower, not even excepting the phlox, or portulacca, that makes a more brilliant display, than the blotched and striped petunia, growing in masses. This is what the Tribune says:

The list of annual flowers in our seedsmen's catalogues is so lengthy, and the descriptions so captivating, that the novice is frequently puzzled to choose from such infinite riches for his little room. We would suggest the following as among the better kinds, and we think no one can feel dissatisfied with the selection:—German asters, phlox-drummondii, portulacca, balsams (ladies' slippers), cockscombs, ten weeks' stocks, and double zinnia.

To make the most effective show, each of these should occupy a separate bed, and the different colors of each may be placed either in separate lines or promiscuously mixed. We offer this advice for the reason that different species of plants very frequently require different attention. For instance, to grow the balsams in perfection, they should have a copious watering every day, except wet weather, while the portulacca enjoys exactly the opposite treatment. And then, too, large masses of special kinds of plants show to much better advantage by placing them each in a separate department.

Most plants delight in a rich soil, but in preparing it for flower-beds use only well-decayed manure. Cockscombs, more than any other of the flowers named, are benefited by plenty of rich, stimulating food. In preparing the above list our object was more particularly to call attention to a select few for filling entire beds, but we have no thought of discouraging the cultivation of very many more that are almost indispensable, such, for instance as mignonette, sweet alyssum, candytuft, escholtzia, China pinks, marigolds, tropaeolums (nasturtiums), etc.—Ex.

WAX FLOWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In reply to Cora's inquiry about wax flowers, I send the directions for making lilies of the valley.

File to a round end a piece of bone, metal, plaster of Paris, or still better, the end of a round slate pencil; grease this end and dip it half an inch deep into pure white wax, so cold as to be ready to set immediately; cut it round the stick, or form into five teeth. Dip into water when the part at the end will drop off, if assisted by the point of a penknife. This forms the bell or cup shaped corolla. Make eight or ten of these for one branch of flowers, some rather smaller than the others, some you may squeeze into buds. Then have as many fine wires waxed with green, upon the end of each put five very small stamens of yellow. Pass up a corolla from the bottom of the stalk and fasten it close to the stamens. Then unite the whole together into a loose bunch, the flowers drooping in the same direction. The whole must be wrapt in a leaf of bright green wax, as if it grew from the center of it.

I was quite interested to make these and on inquiring among my friends, find this is about the way they are made. I have never made any myself so cannot tell from my own experience. I bought what was called a lily of the valley cutter but can do nothing with it; it cuts a shape I use for forget-me-nots, and I should think would be what is needed for heliotrope, but cannot say for certain.

I should like to ask for a little information. On some flowers, as on the geranium, there are very delicate lines or marks from about the middle to the center of the flower; some say take a coarse needle and crease the wax, but this does not satisfy me, as on the natural flower they are of a decided color, and this I cannot put on with my finger as I color my wax. I bought some camel's hair pencils, or brushes, and tried moistening the paint and putting on with the brush but did not succeed. I hope I have not been too lengthy, but it is a subject in which I am very much interested. I hope we shall soon have a paper from Mrs. J. L. B.

M.

A WARM BATH FOR WORMS AND BUGS.

TO LILLIE L.—The small white worms so destructive to your house plants may be destroyed by putting a tablespoonful of ground mustard in a pint of hot water and applying it to the earth in small quantities; it should be used warmer than you can bear your hand in, and must not touch the plant itself. The number of dead worms this application will leave on the surface is astonishing, and does no injury to the plant that I can discover. I think a little hot water alone used once a week would prevent all trouble from worms.

Weeks since great numbers of small black flies swarmed around the earth in my flower pots (where it was the richest they were the most abundant), and expecting some mischief from their visits I was not surprised to find in time immense numbers of subscriber,

small white worms, hatched, I suppose, from eggs the flies had deposited. On turning several plants out of the pots I found the worms only extended a short distance beneath the surface.

During the summer ants are often very troublesome among house plants and may be driven away by watering the pots with strong tobacco water, adding enough soap to make a suds. Angle worms do not seem to injure plants by their presence in the soil, but I think a few are beneficial in keeping the earth more loose than it would otherwise be. SARA S. T.

Carbon Cliff, Ill.

TO LILLIE L.—To preserve house plants from bugs and worms, shower them in quite warm water every morning, the plants will blossom nicely if you will do so. I have had flowers all winter, and my plants are loaded with buds now. Take pieces of bread, dip in water and lay on the earth, renew them every day; you will find gathered bugs, white worms, etc., from the jars. I have over thirty plants and they are looking fresh as in summer. M. E.

SHELL ORNAMENTS.

H. M. wishes to know what to make of her shells. A very pretty ornament is made by glueing them on suitable wooden blocks in the form of a pyramid. I will describe one I have lately finished. For the lower part I have a block or board two inches thick, cut six sided, measuring four and one-half inches on a side; on this block, in the center, is another six-sided block measuring three and one-half inches through, and two inches on each side; and on this block, in the center, is another pyramidal block, six sided or round at the bottom and ending in a point at the top, this block is seven inches high.

On the first mentioned block, at each of the six corners is a conical block, either round or square at the bottom, ending in a point at the top. The smaller cones are each four and one-half inches long, and three-fourths of an inch through the base; the large cone is seven inches long and nearly one and three-fourth inches through the base. Under each corner of the base block is a spool. The whole, excepting the spools, may be covered with shells, stones, buttons, little glass toys, bits of glass, etc.

It is a beautiful ornament. The whole should be varnished when finished. The tops of the cones should have some pretty buttons or shells on them. A pyramid made entirely of different pieces of stone is very pretty. The blocks should be fastened firmly together and then the shells may be fastened on with glue.

P. B.

One of THE HOUSEHOLD Band wishes to know how to make pretty shell ornaments. When I was at Lake Michigan I found some very pretty little shells, and coating a small oval fig box with putty, covered the box with the shells and have as a result a lovely little match box. From an old

JULIA E. S.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I see among the "Questions and Answers" of your December number that a subscriber wishes to be informed how to make artificial coral.

This is a simple way which I have tried and liked: Cover your foundation with mucilage and immediately cover with rice; hold by the fire a few moments, then cover it, rice and all, with mucilage and another sprinkling of rice, that the foundation may be entirely covered. Having prepared in the first place a stick of sealing wax, any color you prefer, dissolved in a gill of alcohol, paint the rice over once or twice with the solution using a small, soft brush.

Also an inquiry for rustic frames. The shells of leamon walnuts glued on a wooden frame are very pretty.

O. H. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask a favor of Mrs. Asa T. in regard to sea-mosses. I am very much interested in them, and have gathered a great many, but have none from Santa Barbara. Will she exchange some with me, either specimens or dried ones? I have over one hundred varieties from different states.

Bridgeport, Ct.

Mrs. W.

The question is asked in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD, "What house plants will grow at a hot, sunless window." I grow plants at a sunless window, and near the stove. I have ivies, geraniums, fuchsias, and in fact almost any plant but verbenas; they look green and thrifty, but I don't expect blossoms without sun. Respectfully yours,

SUSAN M. B.

Vernon, Ct.

Please tell Amanda to procure some powdered arrow-root and rub each petal before making up her flowers, and they will have the look she wants.

MRS. T.

DEAR SIR:—Can you prescribe an antidote for asthma in canary birds, through THE HOUSEHOLD? and much oblige,

MARY MERCER.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I notice in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD C. M. H. speaks of a nice calla lily. I have one which I think quite as nice. Mine is two feet two inches in height, has one leaf which measures eleven and one-half inches in length from the end of the stem to the point of the leaf, another which measures nine and seven-eighths inches in length and seven and one-fourth inches in width. It is now in blossom; I keep it in a six quart wooden pail and put in fresh soil in the fall; I keep it quite moist and keep it in a south window. It is eight months old.

C. E. H.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters please tell me how to prepare Irish moss for dessert? And also give some directions for the management of gold fish? On what should they be fed, and how often should the water be changed? Any information on the subject will be thankfully received.

Kentland, Ind.

ELLEN.

*"ALLOW FOR THE CRAWL."*

You have often, no doubt, had occasion to note,
Though the garment at first seemed certain to
please,
That, after some wearing, the sleeve of your coat,
Tow'r'd the shoulder was crawling by easy de-
gress;
And that's what the clothier, of course had in
mind,
When he said to the customer, "Long? Not at
all!"
The sleeve is just right—as you'll presently find—
In cutting a coat we allow for the crawl!"

The expression was one wholly new to me then:
But it set me to thinking how well it applies,
Not merely to coats, but to women and men,
In matters of life as they daily arise;
Consider the shrinkage in human affairs—
The promise, how great; the performance how
small.

And, lest disappointment should come unawares,
Remember the sleeve—and "allow for the
crawl!"

The statesman who asks for your ballot to save
Your country, so rashly imperilled to-day,
May covet an office, and not be a knave,
Whatever the fierce Opposition may say;
But the "platform" to which he so valiantly
clings,
By which he proposes to stand or to fall—
"Resolutions," remember, are slippery things—
And in politics always "allow for the crawl!"

You are deeply in love with the sweetest of girls;
An angel in hoops—only wanting the wings!
(If angels could purchase such beautiful curl's!)
Like a seraph she smiles; like a siren she sings!
Ah! splendid and vast are the fancies of youth;
But down to plain facts they must finally fall;
And happy the couple who, finding the truth,
In conjugal kindness "allow for the crawl!"

In brief, recollect that in human affairs;
In social connections, in travel and trade;
In courtship and marriage; in sermons and prayers,
Some grains of concession must always be made,
In fine, be a prudent, though generous man;
Unfriendly to none, and veracious with all;
Believe in your neighbor as much as you can;
But always be sure to "allow for the crawl!"

—John G. Saxe.

DRESS REFORM.

BY A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

WAS very much pleased with Dio Lewis' article in the November number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, and if those who chance to see it, will only believe and heed it they may gain much thereby. I find that "Dress Reform" is occupying the minds of many women, and I shall be most happy to give my experience, hoping that it may give a little light to any who may be seeking after a truly healthful mode of dress. I have for a number of years past, been trying to find a style of dress that would be comfortable, and also suited to the hygienic needs of the body. I soon came to the conclusion that the wearing of corsets was a great injury in every way; although I belonged to that small number who never wear them tight. But, loosely as they may be worn, there is, if nothing more, the stiff bones pressing on the abdominal muscles, impeding circulation, etc.

I will not dwell upon that point now, but will refer any who may disagree with me, to the nearest work on Physiology. The first step in reform that I tried was leaving off my corsets. Still there was that dragging feeling

of my clothes about my hips; most of you know the sensation without describing it. Then I tried buttoning my clothes on to a waist, (I had left off my corsets before); I found that a great improvement, much better than the old way. Indeed, when I first put them on with the weight suspended from the shoulders, I could hardly believe they were mine they seemed so light.

Still they were far from perfect as buttons would fly off, button holes burst out, and they seemed very much like an ill-matched couple, each trying to go in a different direction. But thanks to the inventive ladies of Boston the problem has been solved. I cannot tell, for I do not know, the months spent by them in devising and improving undergarments for women that should do away with the glaring faults of the old ones. There are several styles of reform garments in the market, but the one I wish to speak of is the emancipation suit which was modeled on the following hygienic rules:

First, that the vital organs in the central regions of the body should be allowed unimpeded action.

Second, that a uniform temperature of the body should be preserved.

Third, that the weight should be reduced to a minimum.

Fourth, that the shoulders and not the hips, should form the base of support.

The result is a garment so nearly perfect that we can cheerfully wait until it is improved. It consists of what may be called a waist and drawers, made in two pieces or one. Two rows of buttons, one at the waist line, the other an inch and a half below, give ample room to button all skirts to without having two bands come in the same place. I make my drawers and waist separate, and the buttons to button the drawers on are sewed on the points of the waist an inch or more from the bottom.

Those who wish to do so can make the waist, and by cutting off the bindings of other drawers they may have on hand, can by taking up two or three pleats and facing them around the top, make them do very well. The chemise they will have no need for, but can give them to some poor benighted sister. With my suit I wear their short underskirt, the pattern of which comes separate and costs twenty cents. It is a perfect fitting garment and buttons on to the second or lower row of buttons. On the upper row the long skirt is buttoned and also the dress skirt, unless it is worn with suspenders.

The emancipation suit can be made of any material one uses for underwear. I use cotton, making the waist double for summer, with short sleeves; and of cotton flannel for winter, the waist made single, with a piece of tape sewed on underneath to stay the buttons, and long sleeves. To finish the edges, instead of turning in or hemming, I bind them with white braid. It can be bought for fifty cents a piece containing about thirty yards. This suit can be made perfectly plain or trimmed as elaborately as one wishes.

To those who can procure it, I would recommend an improved button,

called French horn buttons. They are cheap, six cents a dozen. It sews through but has the edge raised somewhat, is smooth and does not wear the button hole.

Under this suit is worn, or ought to be, the Union under flannel, made in one piece and covers one from neck to ankles. Stockings are worn with a stocking supporter, as the old way of holding them up with tight bands is very unhealthy. I will tell you how to make a good kind. Take six common brass buckles, such as men wear on their pantaloons; they are about an inch wide, and some elastic the same width. Double a piece of the elastic so that each end will be about eight inches long; slip one of the buckles on to the middle of this piece, sew it so the ends will spread like the ends of a suspender, sew a buckle on each end to catch the top of the stocking into, slip one end of the elastic through the middle buckle and buckle it, now make this piece as long as you wish to button on to the waist button, sew on the top of it a piece of cotton to work a button hole in. I sew the button on the first seam next the front, half an inch from the bottom of the waist. I have worn these buckles for two years and like them better than any other kind I have ever seen. It is simple, never gets out of repair, keeps the stocking smooth and is perfectly easy. You would not know from the feeling that you had it on, and it does not tear the stocking at all, and saves sewing on buttons. It can be made in any way one wishes at the top, but the buckles are what I wish to call attention to.

I have worn this reform dress for nearly a year, and must say that nothing would induce me to go back to the old way of dressing. And I feel like a new woman, nothing binds nor drags; indigestion, headache, backache and cold feet have disappeared as if by magic. It is a luxury to feel as I do now, that I can sit up straight without the aid of corsets. I know some will say they never wore them, but if they do not, there is the fault of heavy clothes dragging around the hips, and many thicknesses of cloth in bindings around the waist. Clothing unequally distributed, some parts too warmly clothed and others not enough on to keep up the circulation. But in this you are warmly and lightly clothed and there is no feeling of weight in regard to having your clothes buttoned on to this garment. Ladies who are interested in this movement may find much needed light on the subject in a book entitled "Dress Reform," edited by Mrs. Abba G. Woolson.

In regard to the outer dress worn, let us one and all wear our walking dress to clear the ground two or three inches, and made as neatly and plainly as our tastes will allow; then with thick walking boots, made loose enough to allow buttoning with our fingers, we shall cease to be hampered so much by our dress.

TO CROCHET AN INFANT'S SACK.

EDITOR OF *HOUSEHOLD*:—I send you a rule for an infant's crochet sack

of split zephyr. Make a chain of one

hundred and fourteen stitches; first time round, make a chain of two, go in third stitch once, chain two, go in same stitch again; leaving two stitches, go in the sixth stitch once, chain two, go in sixth again; proceed in like way to the end of the chain, making thirty-seven shells. Widen on each end the second row round by crocheting one stitch more in the first and last shells, also in the seventh and eighth shells, counting from the front of the sack, and each side of the center shell in the back. Crochet twenty-two rows, widening every third time round. For the twenty-third row, crochet fifteen shells, make a chain of eight, and crochet in the thirty-eighth shell; this forms the sleeve. Continue widening each side of the center shell in the back, and on the front edge, every third time as before; crochet six rows. To form a slashed sack, you now crochet the front and back separately.

To finish the front. Crochet four rows without widening; this makes the front of the sack seventeen shells wide. Crochet two rows more, narrowing one shell on the front edge.

To finish the back; commence by leaving one shell from the front side, and crochet twenty shells. Crochet eight rows across without widening.

To make the sleeve, crochet twenty-three rows. Crochet the twenty-fourth time by going in each shell once, with a chain of two between; one more row in the same manner.

Finish the sack with a shell border and collar the same way. Cord and tassels of worsted. This pattern takes an ounce of white, and one-half an ounce for border.

J.

Another correspondent sends as follows:

Directions for a split zephyr sack. Materials, one and one-half ounces of white split zephyr and one-half an ounce of blue. Commence with a chain of ninety-six stitches, on it make two double crochet in one chain, miss one, make two double crochet, repeat to the end; then turn, make two double crochet between the two double crochet of the first row, and make four groups of two double crochet; then widen by making two double crochet, two chain, two double crochet in one stitch, or group I call it; then four groups widen, seven groups widen in the middle of the back, seven groups widen, four groups widen, four groups; turn and repeat, but only widen every third row till you have thirteen rows for the shoulder, then for the front make ten groups, eight rows, back eighteen groups, (widen in the middle of the back all the way through) and then eighteen groups more, eight rows, the other front the same as the first one; under the arm join by crocheting all the way across, and widen only in the middle of the back every third row; three rows under the arm. Border; one row of blue, one of white, five of blue, one of white, one of blue and two of white, all around the sack, except the neck; there make a scallop, two double crochet, two chain, two double crochet, in one group, one single crochet in the next, repeat.

To make the sleeve, take up the stitches at the armhole till you have thirty-two groups at the top of the

sleeve; narrow every other row till there are twenty groups at the hand, (to narrow miss one group); the border on the sleeve is included in this; it is one row of blue, one of white, two of blue, one of white, one of blue, two of white, then a blue scallop.

For the collar take up the stitches at the neck, and make one row of white, one of blue, two of white and a blue scallop, then draw a cord of twisted yarn through at the neck, and make balls or tassels to it, and you will have a very pretty little sack.

MRS. T. M. S.

MOTHER'S WORK BASKET.

BY D. E. G.

There in the corner stands mother's work basket. Old and broken it has become with the work and wear of many years. It is none of the fashionable workboxes that can only hold a gold thimble and bit of embroidery. It is like mother, generous and helpful. It has been a member of the family since my earliest recollection. A wonderful history it must have; many strange experiences it might relate were it not so reserved, but it belongs to that remarkable class who teach by their works rather than by their words.

Its exterior is not unusual, it is only a common willow braided in the ordinary manner. It is the interior that has been such a constant source of amusement and wonder to us, from the time we used to be harnessed in twine, found in that self same basket, and be driven through the house for the amusement of a little brother, until the present. A medley will always be found there, which would confuse every one but the owner, spools of thread—innumerable and of divers of colors—all manner of pointed instruments—pins, needles, scissors and knives—buttons, balls of twine and yarn, tape, bits of edging, and patches, to be, such patches, every imaginable color and kind, rolls large and small. You would find such an endless variety you would almost think an exiled Lilliputian kept store there.

No promised amusement ever yielded children more pleasure than the announcement that mother's basket must be put in order, for this afforded the long coveted opportunity to examine the contents. Such wonders as several pairs of bright eyes saw when the contents were poured into mother's lap! So much help did mother get I doubt if she knew where to find her treasures after she had put them in order.

Marvelous work often issued therefrom. I have always suspected some conjurer lived in the unknown depths; some magician who possessed the power of remedying defects; many a pair of stockings have I seen enter that basket minus heel and toe, but they always came out as good as new. Aprons and dresses that would get torn on the garden fence; sunbonnets that were always losing a string; and little shoes that had a habit of ripping, were all put into mother's basket to await a touch of the magician's wand. And, wonderful, most wonderful, always came out looking scarcely the

worse for wear. Then too, I have known whole pieces of cloth to enter that mysterious receptacle and come away nice, comely garments, to say nothing of the setting of dolly's limbs, mending broken wagons, and making of playthings that was performed there. There was also a delicious compound for the healing of cut fingers and bleeding toes.

There came a day when we became the owner of a work basket, one we expected would be just like mother's; (ah! how vain the expectation). The magician did not live in our basket, consequently we were obliged to learn to sew, the little girl's great trial—loss of play; needles that won't go straight; one stitch in the cloth, the next in the finger, thus alternating to the end of the interminable seam, eyes on the clock one moment to see if the half hour is almost out, the next fixed on the romping playmates, so longingly, body cramped and tired and heart aching too.

Oh! for a basket like mother's. But that is impossible; there are none. Mother and mother's work basket are two great mysteries and will always remain so.

CAMBRIC DRESSES FOR SPRING.

The furnishing houses, says Harper's Bazar, are busily manufacturing cambric and gingham suits for spring. These are made of checked, striped, and plaid scotch ginghams, or else of percales or cambries in gingham plaids, of old time pink and white, or blue with gray, or perhaps shaded brown. There is very little of novelty in the manner of making. The lower skirts are arranged so that they train slightly in the house, or may be shortened in the street. One or two bias gathered scanty flounces is the trimming. The overskirt is a long apron sloped to the figure, with full back breadths that are caught up in a puff behind by means of a sash of the dress material. An end of this sash is sewed into the side seams, and then a large long-looped bow is tied in the middle. This draws the front smoothly over the figure, and the back breadths are pulled over the sash in a puff.

This skirt has the advantage of being easily ironed, as the sash and back breadths are readily straightened out. A single, deep, full pocket is on the front. A hem, facing, or other plain edge, such as a striped border, is more in keeping with these skirts than a ruffle or plaiting. The body may be a belted basque or a side-plaited waist, or else the baby waists or blouses once so popularly worn. New belted basques have the side forms of the back beginning on the shoulders instead of in the armholes, thus making the long seams now used in all corsages. The neck is finished with an English collar that is very high behind, and is turned over in wide points in front. The sleeves are ordinary coat shape, with a very simple cuff, or else with a plaiting that falls over the wrist.

The bordered lawns and organdies called centennial lawns are being made up with square kerchiefs or fichus somewhat in centennial fashion. The flounces, overskirts, collar, cuffs, for \$200. But few of these furs reach

belt and pocket are all trimmed with the border that comes near the selvedge of the lawn, or else in separate horizontal bands. Gayly colored ribbons, made into rosettes, are also used on these pretty and simple dresses. Some of the organdies are made of high colored patterns that will wash, and these are trimmed with rows of box-plaited flounces. Dresses that are meant to wash have side-plaited or gathered flounces that are easily laundered. For trimming suits of solid colored lawns in the pretty rose, cream, pale, or dark blue shades, white, machine embroidered, muslin is used in scant flounces or ruffles. This comes in sheer lawn merely scalloped in deep scalloped points, or else dotted with close work, or perhaps in the open compass designs of English embroidery. Bands wrought on both edges, with sufficient plain space between for ruffles, are sold by the dozen or half dozen for a small sum. The newest feature in such bands is to have them in ecru muslin instead of in the snowy blue white.

It is predicted that these colored wash dresses will take the place of the white muslin suits that have been so long the standard dress for summer in the country. It should be remembered that colored hosiery to correspond with the dress, and square toed slippers trimmed with a rosette or a buckle, are part of the gay and pretty centennial dress.

THE RUSSIAN SABLE.

The most fashionable and costly of all furs is the Russian sable, the skin of the *Mustela zibetana*, which is about three or four times as large as the common weasel, to which family it belongs. A choice skin of the sea-otter, or the black fox, may command a higher price than one of the Russian sable; but the cost of the latter will be relatively greater on account of its smaller size. The fur of the Russian sable is brown in summer, with some gray spots on the head, and may be distinguished from all other furs by the hairs turning and lying equally well in any direction. In winter, when the animal is usually taken, the color of the fur is a beautiful black. The darkest skins are the most valuable.

In its natural condition, the fur has a bloomy appearance; but dyed sables generally lose their gloss, and the hairs become twisted or crisped. Sometimes the skins are blackened by being smoked, but the deception is exposed by the smell and the crisped hairs. A dyed or smoked fur may be detected by rubbing it with a moist linen cloth, which will then become blackened. It is said, however, that the Chinese dye the sables, and give them a permanent color without destroying the gloss; in this case the fraud may be detected by the crisped hair.

The best skins are obtained in Yakutsk, Kamtchatka, and Russian Lapland. Only about 25,000 are annually taken, and these command extraordinary prices, the average price of a raw skin being about \$25, while a choice crown Russian sable will sell

the English or American market. The chief demand is in Russia, where the use of the sable is monopolized by the imperial family and the nobility, by whom it is chiefly used for linings for civic robes, coats, etc., and for ladies' sets.—*Appleton's American Cyclopædia*.

THE WORK TABLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A subscriber wishes to know how to whiten old flannel. It can be bleached with sulphur the same as straw. Wash in suds, white soap being best, and hang in a barrel or large box, over burning sulphur, a day or two as may be needed; wash thoroughly afterward. H. M. G.

Oxalic acid will remove the iron rust from Alice Moore's table cloth; dissolve some in water, drop on the spot and lay in the sun; repeat if necessary. L. E. H.

If Ruth will try washing calico in starch water, proportions, one quart to one gall of warm water, do not use any soap, slightly blue the starch you starch it in, and your calico will not fade and will look as good as new.

Will G. A. H. be so kind as to tell me how to make hair flowers? Also, can some one tell me how to make wax flowers? and oblige, BELLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me what will take grease spots out of light brown silk without changing the color of the goods? If some one will give the desired information it will be thankfully received. M. M. P.

To Bleach Beeswax.—Take the yellow wax, melt without boiling it; while warm dip into it a pane of glass that has been wet with cold water, this will take up thin sheets of wax, which lay out and expose to the sun, air and dews, till milk white.

A new subscriber wishes to ask through your columns if a woman can color white fur any color suitable for a child? and if so, how it is done? A. T. E.

THREAD CASE.

Many ladies are annoyed by their white spool cotton becoming gray with the particles of dust that will accumulate in work baskets, but do not feel like spending money to purchase a thread case. Here are directions given in the New England Farmer for making a substitute: Take a small pasteboard box (a collar box is good), cut a piece of thin board to fit the box tightly, bore holes in this at convenient distances for the spools to stand, and into the holes fit small wooden pegs, an inch in height, and of such size that the spools placed on them will revolve easily; then in the sides of the box pierce small holes for the end of the thread to pass through, and you have a spool case without cost, which, if not as ornamental as a bought one, will be equally as useful. If one chooses, the box may be prettily ornamented with gilt paper, flowers cut from wall paper, or any of various methods for decorating fancy boxes.



TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear,
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is a blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away,
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And us'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret,
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more;
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumped by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

—The Aldine.

A CHICKEN-COOP FOR THE BABY.

BY ELLEN LYMAN.

WHAT shall mamma do with the baby this cold weather, when she is busy in the kitchen and has no one to look after that young individual but herself? If she puts him into the crib he will quite likely manage some way to tumble out, supposing he is a smart little fellow who has had his eyes open half a year, more or less, as the case may be. If she sets him on the floor, oh, how cold it is, and even with a blanket beneath him, there is a chilly atmosphere around him; while, if he can creep or move himself around, or even is beginning to walk, he is sure to be into everything, and more too, in less time than it has taken me to write this sentence.

Then mamma is all the while watchful and anxious, and if she tries to put her hands into dough, or anything else that renders them rather soiled to touch baby with, he is certain to get into some mischief or danger, so she must leave her work and manage him in some way as best she can. And if she does not spoil her cooking in having her attention divided between baby and half a dozen other things, her patience is sorely tried and her nerves irritated, sometimes almost beyond endurance.

But something must be done with the baby, for is not he the dearest and most important personage in the

house? at least in such homes as are blessed with the little ones? Tie him into the high chair, and she must watch him every moment lest he tumbles out, or tips the chair over, or slips his little self down out of it in some unaccountable manner, such as only babies know how to do. So it is plain there is no doing much in the kitchen with him there, and there is no doing otherwise—or doing without the darling rogue in the house.

Here is the way in which grandma Williams brought up her baby, and she has been telling her son's wife all about it, in that capital magazine for the boys and girls called, "Wide Awake." And I am going to insert her story here for the benefit of THE HOUSEHOLD mothers, who may not have seen the magazine. Grandma Williams has just said that she brought up her baby in a dry-goods box.

"In a dry-goods box!" exclaimed mamma Williams in horror. "What in the world do you mean?"

"Why I mean it, and a nice time he had, too. I wasn't situated as you are, with horses and carriages and servants, I had a house to look after and no help at all, and if there was any such thing as mischief, Teddy was sure to find it. I used to be at my wit's end sometimes. So one day I planned a dry-goods box. I went down to Harvey's store and I picked out a nice one, and he sent it home for me. Then I went to work; I carpeted it with an old comforter, tacked it down, you know,—I had a great time climbing into it. Then I cut an old quilt into strips and tacked them all around the sides, and when papa came home to dinner, he took his saw and sawed little windows out, about every six or eight inches, not big enough for baby to put his head through by a good deal, but big enough to peek out and see me. Then in those windows I hung strings of spools and keys and thimbles and little tin cups and pails, and about everything else under the sun that would shine or rattle. Then I put him into it, and for the first time since he began to stand alone, I washed my dishes in peace. He trotted around the box as tickled as could be, and there spent as happy a six months as babies often have. He would come to one of his windows and peek out and jabber to me, and then he would laugh with all his might.

I declare he had a happy winter. And when I had to step out to the pump or wood-shed, I went out without being afraid that he would break his neck or burn himself up before I got back."

Mamma Williams listened and laughed.

"Well," she said, "it was a nice idea, no one but you would have thought of it. But I'm sure Cecelia wouldn't be contented five minutes in such a place."

"I don't suppose she would, she never was taught to be contented anywhere."

Here is grandma Williams way, and I give it for others to act upon if they choose. But there is much sound sense in the old lady's last pithy sentence, for many children are brought up to be content with nothing but

their own way, and to domineer over all in the house. There is such a thing as neglecting children and turning them off to amuse themselves. Doubtless a child left in a box, like the one planned, for too long a time, would grow so tired that it might become shy of its nice little house, and cry if put into it another time. A mother's judgment would show her how to use such a resort for baby, without abusing its use, then the place would be a capital one.

On the other hand, there are mothers who think that a child must be humored in all its fancied wants; taken whenever it calls to be, and something new constantly resorted to, to amuse and please it. This method soon makes a slave of the mother or nurse, and at the same time spoils the child. One reason perhaps why little one cause so much trouble to the working mother is, because they are really uncomfortable upon the kitchen floor, where the room is uncarpeted, doors opening, and slops likely around in which they may get wet and dirty, causing after uneasiness, as much as they enjoy being into water, dirt, dough, or anything within reach.

Anything sensible and novel which helps a child to care for itself, is a help as well as relief to the mother; only she must not turn the little one off too long, whatever else she may neglect. Let her try grandma Williams way and see how it works for her baby, and see how safe she feels with her in the box.

THE WAY TO SPEAK TO BOYS.

Many years ago, a certain minister was going one sabbath morning from his school-room. He walked through a number of streets; as he turned the corner, he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys who were playing at marbles. On seeing him approach they began to pick up their marbles and run as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon, and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles, the minister had closed on him and placed his hand upon his shoulder. They were face to face, the minister of God and the poor boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? for that is what I want you to observe.

He might have said to the boy, "What are you doing here? You are breaking the sabbath! Don't you deserve to be punished for breaking the command of God?"

But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said: "Have you found all your marbles?"

"No," said the boy, "I have not."

"Then," said the minister, "I will help you find them," whereupon he knelt down and helped to look for the marbles, and as he did so remarked, "I liked to play marbles when a boy, very much, and I think I can beat you, but I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister of the gospel said:

"I am going to a place, where I think you would like to be—will you come with me?"

"Where do you live?" said the little boy.

"Why, in such and such a place," was the reply.

"Why, that is the minister's house," exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that kind man and the minister of the gospel could be one and the same person.

"Well," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you will come with me I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; I can't go."

Said the minister, "Here is a pump—why not wash?"

Said the boy, "I am so little I can't wash and pump at the same time."

Said the minister, "If you will wash I will pump."

He at once set to work and pumped and pumped, and pumped; and as he pumped the little boy washed his hands and his face till they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are ringing wet, and I do not know how to dry them."

The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean handkerchief, and offered it to the little boy.

Said the boy, "But it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The little boy dried his face and hands with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the house of worship.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in the street of a large city, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said, "You can't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles around a pump? Do you remember that boy being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and your speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?"

"Oh," said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society; and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you, and say it is to your kindness and Christian discretion that I owe, under God, all that I have attained and all that I am worth."

THE LEISURE TIME OF BOYS.

We would suggest, to the many parents who are perplexed with the difficulty of finding the wherewithal to amuse and interest their boys, to give their lads every possible opportunity of acquiring a mechanical trade. The industry and ingenuity of a boy of average ability may easily be made to furnish him with a never-failing source of amusement of the best order. The boy who can produce or make something already begins to feel that he is somebody in the world, that achievement of a result is not a reward received for grown people only. And the education of mind, eye, and hand,

which the use of tools and mechanical appliances furnishes, is of a great and real value, beyond the good resulting from the occupation of leisure time.

Having nothing to do is as great a snare to the young as it is to the full grown; and no greater benefits can be conferred on youths than to teach them to convert time now wasted, and often worse than wasted, into pleasant means of recreation and mental improvement. The boy, whose time and mind are now occupied with marbles and kites, may be a Watt, a Morse, or a Bessemer in embryo; and it is certainly an easy matter to turn his thoughts and musings into a channel which shall give full scope to their faculties. And to most boys the use of mechanical tools is the most fascinating of all occupations.

As logic and mathematics have a value beyond accuracy in argument and the correct solution of problems, in that they teach men the habit of using their reflecting powers systematically, so carpentry, turning and other arts are of high importance. These occupations teach boys to think, to proceed from initial causes to results, and not only to understand the nature and duty of the mechanical powers, but to observe their effects, and to acquire knowledge by actual experiment, which is the best way of learning anything. All the theories culled out of books leave an impress on the mind and memory, which is slight compared to that of the practical experience of the true mechanic.

Our advice is, to all who have the great responsibility of the charge of boys: Give them a lathe, or a set of carpenter's or even blacksmith's tools. Give their mind a turn toward the solid and useful side of life. You will soon see the result in increased activity of their thinking capabilities, and the direction of their ideas toward practical results; and, still more obviously, in the avoidance of idle mischief and nonsense (to omit all reference to absolute wickedness and moral degradation), which are, to too great an extent, the pastime of the generation which is to succeed us.—*The Scientific American.*

SPARE MOMENTS.

A lean, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school and asked to see him. The servant eyed his shabby clothes, and taking him for a beggar sent him round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was told, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Dr.—," said he.

"You want a breakfast more like," said the servant, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy; "I've no objection to a bit of bread, but I should like to see Dr.—, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, maybe you want," said the servant again, eyeing the boy's patched trousers. "I expect he has none to spare, he gives them all away;" and without minding the boy's request she went about her work.

"Can I see Dr.—?" asked this of it.

boy again, after eating his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library, if he must be spoken to; but he does like some time to himself," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into the doctor's presence; however, she wiped her hands and told him to follow her. Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody, sir, who is very anxious to see you," and so let him in.

I do not know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but I know that after awhile the principal put by the book he was reading, took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted for some time. Every question that the doctor asked was readily answered. "Upon my word," said the principal, "you certainly do well," looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy. Here was a poor, hard working boy, with few chances for schooling, yet nearly fitted for college, by simply improving his spare moments. Truly are the spare moments the "gold dust of time."

LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—We gladly welcome you with the new year, for our household would be incomplete without you. You have come to us from month to month laden with valuable suggestions, that have removed many a perplexity.

Thanks to the mothers who have asked for more sleep for the children. I am no longer a child, still I often require several hours to recover from the effects of a sudden awakening in the morning. Let the children sleep.

EDBA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The articles on sleep in the August number were so true and sensible that I hope many will give heed, for sleep is a necessity as much as our food, and to scant our needed sleep is as wrong and foolish as to scant our food. In this busy world we all do not think on this thing as we ought, particularly for children. We never allow our children's sleep broken only upon necessary and rare occasions. An improvement regarding this subject, is certainly noticeable in these days.

C. V. P.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

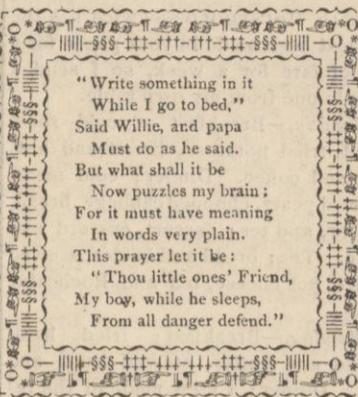
A little girl, only three years old, to amuse a home-sick cousin who was visiting at her house, brought out her choicest playthings. Among these was a tiny trunk, with bands of gilt paper for straps—a very pretty toy—but Freddy bent the lid too far back and broke it off. He did not mean to do this, and when he saw what he had done, he was frightened, and began to cry. Then, dear little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears said:

"Never mind, Freddy; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make!"

That was certainly a great deal better than fretting. She made the best

FOR LITTLE WILLIE.

A subscriber from the far west writes: "Our little five years old Willie would be pleased to see the enclosed, border and all, in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD." The letter contained a sheet of paper on which a childish hand had traced a fanciful border enclosing a place for papa to "write something in it while I go to bed." The beautiful lines there written were readily transferred to our columns, but Willie boy's border was too much for our printer, although he has given it as nearly as the present appliances of the art will admit.



"Write something in it
While I go to bed,"
Said Willie, and papa
Must do as he said.
But what shall it be?
Now puzzles my brain:
For it must have meaning
In words very plain.
This prayer let it be:
"Thou little ones' Friend,
My boy, while he sleeps,
From all danger defend."

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Ecclesiastes, 10th chap. 1st verse. 2. Naamah. 3. Tribulation.

4. K E A T S 5. P L U M
E G R E T L I M E
A R E N A U M E A
T E N E T M E A D
S T A T E.
6. Asp-ire. 7. Cows-lip. 8. Josephine, Mary, William, Francis, Anna, Nathan, Marian, Job, Oliver, Lot, Theodora, Myra, Rose. 9. At; bat; cat; eat; fat; hat; mat; pat; rat; sat; vat. 11. From XX take X and X remains. 12. To the letter V add I and there is VI. 13. Severn, seven.

15. M
B E T
P A R T Y
D E A R E S T
M E R C Y S E A T
M E R R Y A N D R E W
I N C E N T I V E
C O N D U I T
V E R S E
S E T
W
ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of one hundred and thirty-four letters.
My 2, 8, 34, 9, 12, 18, 5, 20, 35, 6, 10, 15, 57 is where this enigma was written.

My 131, 112, 124, 86, 47, 134, 89, 13, 96, 114 is an American.

My 77, 36, 23, 7, 27, 14, 22, 17, 28, 85, 41, 11, 45, 50 was a poet.

My 54, 89, 24, 116, 129, 26, 85, 9, 84, 56, 95, 64, 90, 125, 97, 102, 107, 120 is a distinguished man.

My 65, 128, 93, 122, 40, 38, 132, 4, 1, 30, 110, 129, 54, 130, 126, 113, 115, 71, 63 are near each other.

My 8, 39, 44, 9, 22, 19, 133, 100, 58, 93, 51 is a certain class of people.

My 88, 118, 103, 115, 104, 123, 67, 109, 119 means the same as

My 104, 66, 21, 129, 68, 133, 49, 81, 120, 99, 31.

My 67, 46, 60, 116, 20, 111, 35, 83, 115, 82, 79, 85, 104, 117, 87, 78, 45, 44, 77, 121, 101, 98 is a piece of music.

My 69, 62, 29, 72, 128, 55, 108, 42, 62, 2 is the name of a town.

My 52, 74, 15, 92, 10, 48 is used for food.

My 43, 106, 91, 57, 33, 75 is in Europe.

My 76, 94, 114, 78, 29, 72, 32, 85, 105, 128, 80, 68 is the name of a state.

My whole is in my 70, 127, 59, 65, 6, and was written by the 16, 81, 4, 119 of 108, 53, 14, 31, 77, 65, 44, 120, 16.

My 25, 53, 37 is the name of a river.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in wander but not in stray.

My second is in song but not in lay.

My third is in gulf but not in bay.

My fourth is not in sport but is in play.

My fifth is in sand but not in clav.

My sixth is in tarry and also in stay.

My seventh is in night but not in day.

My eighth is in grain but not in hay.

My ninth is in merry but not in gay.

My whole a sweet flower which blooms in May.

CHARADES.

3. Just a lock of my first, but with blinding tears

My eyes are filled, as through the long years,

My thoughts turn back to that dreadful day

When a precious one was hidden away

From my aching heart 'neath the churchyard tree,

And this was all that was left to me.

Oh! a wrinkled brow and a sallow cheek

Has the lady grand whom I often meet,

As I daily cross the uptown street,

Where the gay and wealthy dwell;

But more showy than those of the merriest girls,

Her teeth are white as the whitest of pearls,

And her black hair falls in the grace-fullest curls;

She uses my second so well.

On druggists' shelves, score after score,

You'll see my whole, and in every store,

Posters and handbills, great and small,

Proclaim the virtues of one and all;

The kinds are legion, but no matter the name,

For every one's puffs read precisely the same,

And as like as two peas is every one's claim,

Each kind is just perfect, every one is the best,

And worthless and hurtful are all the rest.

MARY W.

4. Passing through a dismal street,

Within the city's walls;

A half-starved child I chanced to meet

My first its covering was.

My second in the early spring,

The lilac leaves among,

Its blithest song does gaily sing

As in a merry throng;

My whole I saw but yester eve,

Within a flower bed,

Amid the beautiful green leaves

Lift up its crimson head.



REPLY TO GRUMBLER.

BY A FARMER'S WIFE.

MR. CROWELL:—Please may I say a few words? I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD three years and like it very much, have been tempted many times to write when I have seen things that I liked so much.

Now I wish to say just a few words to Grumbler that wrote the article on Farmers' Tables, in the February number. I don't know where he boarded that month, but I pity him and am sorry he thinks all farmers live in that way. I have always lived on a farm; for twelve years a farmer's wife, and I never saw or heard of fried turnips until I read his article; and never saw a supper anything like the one he tells of. Of all that I read nothing is so strange as this, that farmers do not have good bread. I never made a loaf of saleratus bread in my life, and I think there are many that can say the same; almost all the people about me have good bread and butter, and eat their butter.

Then pies are spoken of; now I like pies, like to make and like to eat them, I do not think I should at the place Grumbler boarded, but would like to have him sit down to dinner some day in a farmer's house I could tell of, where after eating steak that was not fried, good boiled potatoes, turnips mashed with nice butter, well peppered, and hot, white bread as can be found anywhere, and some other nice things that only farmers have, they would give him on a clean plate a piece of pie not all lard, but with crust made with cream, white, with that nice shade of brown that looks good enough to eat.

And if he will stop all night, he will not get thick black coffee, but some that is as clear as amber, with rich cream and plenty of sugar. Now with us vegetables are used in large quantities. In summer it is hard to get fresh meat and we depend on our garden and eggs to take the place of it.

One thing more; my husband is not slovenly. I am sorry to say, too many are careless as to how they look, but not many are as bad as Grumbler would make it appear. It seems to me that he got into a family of not very neat people, or good cooks either, and he judges us all by them, which is not fair. I do not like to have it said, that all farmers like hogs, because some do.

I would like to ask Grumbler how a farmer's wife that does her own work, can sit down to dinner without a red face on a hot or a cold day, if she has done justice to the steak.

If I am not mistaken, there are poor cooks in the city as well as in the country. Once on a time I paid a visit to some friends living in a town not far from Boston; with them we were invited out to dinner. All went well until we came to the dessert,—talk of pies and saleratus bread,—this

was a roll of dough with now and then a cranberry, and called a pudding. And these people would turn up their noses to see a pie on their table.

Now if Grumbler will come up among the hills of New Hampshire, he can find a better place to live in than the one he has tried, and perhaps part of his dream may come back to him.

A WEEK'S BILL OF FARE.

BY MRS. E. I. P.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Twice has the request been made in your pages for a bill of fare for a week, so I send a simple one from my own table.

Sunday.—Breakfast of cold roast meat, fried potatoes, bread and butter, and coffee. Dinner; cold meat, stewed pears, chopped cabbage, bread, butter, and tea; dessert, custard and cake. Tea; bread and butter, stewed pears, pot cheese, tea and Rochester cake.

Monday.—Breakfast; fried ham, bread and butter, stewed fruit, and tea. Dinner; a stew made of the remainder of the cold meat (which is a very convenient dinner for washing day), halve some potatoes and onions in a few slices of salt pork, and some pepper, and when nearly done thicken with a little flour and water, and lay some slices of bread, or pieces of stale bread on just before dishing it, sometimes I add dumplings, and with a cup of tea, and nice bread, with gingerbread for dessert, will do quite well for Monday. For tea; a dish of milk toast, gingerbread, tea, and cold meat sliced.

Tuesday.—Breakfast; ham, potatoes, bread and butter, and tea. Dinner; ham and eggs, boiled potatoes, stewed apples, bread and butter, and tea. Apple fritters for dessert, made with two or three eggs, a pint of milk, salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, a lump of butter the size of an egg, about one-half a pound of flour, a dozen or more of tart apples, chopped, and fry in hot lard in small fritters. Tea; stewed apple, biscuit, cold ham, bread and butter, tea, and little round sugar cakes.

Wednesday.—Breakfast; Indian cakes, ham, potatoes, and coffee. Dinner; fried beef, boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage, bread, tea, and rice pudding. Tea; bread and butter, stewed pears, cake and tea.

Thursday.—Breakfast; fried meat, potatoes, bread and butter, and tea. Dinner; roast meat, potatoes, bread, tea, stewed fruit, and cottage pudding. For tea; cold meat, bread, cake, and tea.

Friday.—Breakfast; hash, bread and butter, and tea. Dinner; boiled ham, bread, vegetables, tea and cake. Tea; mush, bread and butter, cake, tea, and stewed fruit.

Saturday.—Breakfast; fried mush, fried meat, potatoes, bread and tea. Dinner like Friday; and for tea, cold meat, bread, cake, and tea.

PLAIN DIET FOR CHILDREN.

This is what children ought on every occasion to be accustomed to from the first; it is vastly more for

their present health and comfort than little nice things with which fond parents are so often apt to vitiate their appetites, and it will save them a great deal of mortification in after life. If you make it a point to give them the best of everything; to pamper with rich cakes, sweet-meats and sugar-plum; if you allow them to say with a scowl, "I don't like this, or that,"

"I can't eat that," and then go away and make them a little toast, or kill a chicken for their dainty palates, depend upon it you are doing a great injury, not only on the score of denying a full muscle and rosy cheek, but of forming one of the most inconvenient habits that they can carry along with them in after life. When they come to leave you they will not half the time find anything they can eat, and thus you will prepare them to go chafing and grumbling through life, the veriest slaves almost in the world.

Mothers, listen and be warned for the time will come when you will repent, seeing your sons and daughters make their homes miserable by complaint, and raising their children up in the same way.

Nor is this the worst of it. A pampered appetite seeks stimulants, condiments, and other substances which are not food, and this results in dissipation. Oat-meal, rice, wheat meal, barley, corn meal—not starch—with milk, and an endless variety of fruits, and the best vegetables, are the best for children.

WAITING DINNER.

Nothing is more trying to the mistress of a house in any grade of life than to be compelled to wait dinner for the convenience of tardy guests, to say nothing of the discomfort inflicted on other visitors. The busy people of the world are punctual people; the man whose every moment is worth money to himself and the others always manages to be in time. It is hard that such persons as these should be compelled to waste a long time in waiting dinner for the arrival of some man or woman whose unpunctuality is merely the result of an impertinent want of forethought.

The proper mode of treating such persons would be to ignore them altogether. If, when the dinner hour arrived, dinner were served, and the drawlers were compelled by their late arrival, either to go without dinner or to sit down in the middle of the feast—no bringing back of earlier dishes allowed—this evil of careless lateness would soon be remedied. "So sorry to be late," ought to be met by "So sorry we couldn't wait, but glad to have you join us at this stage." If ladies would take this matter in their own hands, the habit of late arrival, which is a positive social nuisance, would soon be cured.

A QUERY.

Will you allow me to make an inquiry of THE HOUSEHOLD Band? I would be much pleased if some one would tell me just how a table should be set. Should the plates be turned bottom up? In what manner should the knives and forks be placed? And how should the napkins be folded and

placed when rings are not used? In fact, I would like to know all about the art of table setting.

MRS. S. J. C. L.

THE DESSERT.

—A bad sign—to sign another man's name to a note.

—When you strike oil, stop boring. Many a man has bored clean through and let the oil run out at the bottom.

—"The one thing," says Jean Paul, "which a maiden most easily forgets is how she looks. Hence mirrors were invented."

—There is nothing to be so highly prized as a soft, sweet voice in a woman, except her ability to take in washing when hard times come.

—Among the improvements noticed by a Western paper, is that "our friend Shaw has set out two shade trees in front of the house he cheated his mother out of."

—As Mr. Owens of Albany, handed the Judge five dollars for mauling a book agent, he remarked that he hadn't had as much fun for the money since Barnum was around.

—There is a man in Nebraska who isn't being worried to death by people who want to borrow his wheelbarrow. His farm is six miles square, and his house sets three miles back from the road.

—We know men who will patiently sit a quarter of an hour for an opponent to study out a move on a checker board, yet will growl if they have to wait five minutes for their dinner.

—A gentleman who rather suspected some one was peeping through the keyhole of his office door, investigated with a syringe full of pepper-sauce, and went home to find his wife had been cutting wood and a chip had hit her in the eye.

—A prominent dry goods merchant of Boston worked half an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give the answer: "If fourteen men build a stone wall in nine days how long will it take five men to build a like wall in six days?"

—A few days since a seedy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help, and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed him the pittance: "Take it, you are welcome; our ears are always open to the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."

—Guest: "How came this dead fly in my soup?" Waiter: "In fact, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came by his death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dashed upon the soup, ate too much of it, and thus contracted an inflammation of the stomach that brought on death. The fly must have had a weak constitution, for when I served up the soup it was dancing merrily on the surface. Perhaps—and the idea presents itself at this moment—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable; this, remaining fast in the throat and producing a choking in the wind pipe, may have caused the death of that hapless insect."



HELP TO HEALTH FOR MOTHERS AND INFANTS.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Number Five.

THE human stomach, like ourselves, is a creature of habit, and the gastric juices soon become accustomed to flow at regular intervals.

There can be no doubt that children and even infants, as well as grown people, digest their food more easily, and consequently derive more strength and nourishment from it when they take it at the accustomed time.

No food, however light, taken into the stomach when the gastric juices are not flowing can be digested. It simply causes inconvenience or pain and gives no nourishment.

Hence we see how objectionable the custom of nursing or feeding a child at any time, without regularity, often it would seem as an amusement to the child. In some cases it has already taken more food than it can digest and as a consequence is uncomfortable and fretful.

The mother endeavors to soothe its cries by offering it the breast. The child with implicit trust in the good sense of its mother takes more food, but alas! only to increase its discomfort. Its delicate digestive organs are overtaxed and weakened, and too often premature disease and death follow. But if the child survives this treatment, the custom of over feeding leads to a habit of fretfulness which may last a lifetime.

But while we note the evil results wrought, morally and physically, by over feeding and feeding at irregular intervals we must exercise great judgment and caution in deciding how frequently the child should be fed. With regard to this no rule can be given which can safely be followed by all mothers and children alike. Each must be governed by circumstances. For example, if the milk of the mother be rich and abundant the child will not generally require to be fed so often as if it were poor in quality or quantity. In the latter case one reason for more frequent nursing is that this has a tendency to cause the mother to secrete more milk.

On the other hand if the child is strong and vigorous he will take more food at once and consequently need it less often than a feeble child who can digest but little at a time. Just as invalids whose digestive organs are enfeebled by illness can bear but little food at once, and must therefore take it more frequently, so a young or a delicate infant must be fed oftener than an older and stronger child. But we must be sure that the food is both digestible and nourishing.

Some very good physicians have undertaken to lay down rules upon this subject, saying that children must at first take nourishment once in two hours; after a certain age once in three hours, and when still older once in four hours, etc.

Dr. Dio Lewis, whose earnestness and good sense in the cause of physical culture have made him a public benefactor, gives us the following rule. "A baby six or twelve months old should be nursed about eight o'clock in the morning, and it should have time to get all it wants. Every three hours, till bedtime or nine o'clock at night it should have a good meal, which should be given with perfect regularity. During the night nothing whatever. In a month the baby will not only become accustomed to this, but upon this system the little chap will flourish as he never did before. More than half of the stomach and bowel diseases, fevers and fits, from which babies suffer and die, come from irregularity and excess in feeding them."

Dr. Dawson also expresses the opinion that the gastrointestinal diseases from which children die in such large numbers in summer are owing solely to a bad custom of over feeding. The agents of the Children's Aid Society on the other hand think the evil in many cases arises from a want of proper nourishment. These seemingly different opinions may be reconciled when we reflect that in the latter case observations were made upon the children of the very poor, whose mothers no doubt are worn down by poverty and privation and unable to secrete a good quality of milk, and who often leave their children many hours without food while away from them at work.

In this case also we see the result of irregularity. The eminent Dr. Donni says: "If diarrhoea is often the result of a poor and unhealthy milk, it is often also occasioned in young children by too abundant or too solid food. When excess of nourishment does not produce disorder in the digestive functions its action is sometimes seen upon the skin; and I cannot doubt, by the examples I have seen, that this cause particularly favors the development of cutaneous eruptions. I have seen this affection occur in children fed on too substantial diet, and depriving them of this superabundance of nourishment has been sufficient to cure them of an affection not very hurtful it is true, but disagreeable and distressing to parents." Dr. Donni goes on to say that the intervals of nursing should be in proportion to the age, and that "if the nurse is a good one it is sufficient to nurse him every three hours, in order that he may be perfectly well fed." He has also the good sense to say in another part of his work, "This regularity cannot and ought not to be observed in an absolute manner."

I might cite rules that have been laid down by other physicians with regard to the intervals that should elapse between the hours of giving food; but to show that such rules cannot always safely be observed, I will mention a case that came under my cognizance a few years ago. A lady of my acquaintance who entered upon her maternal responsibilities with ardent zeal and enthusiasm, studying carefully all such works upon Physiology and Hygiene with special reference to mothers and children, as she was able to procure; determined

to put her knowledge into practice as far as possible, and when her infant was about six months old, chancing to see in one of her books a rule similar to the one I have quoted from Dio Lewis, she determined to adopt it at once by fixing regular hours for nursing the baby.

He was to be nursed at six o'clock, nine, twelve, three, six, etc. Now it chanced that the baby's gastric juices had not been accustomed to flow at just these hours, and he consequently made decided objections to the arrangement.

"What can be the matter with the baby?" asked a friend one day, "I believe he is hungry."

"It is not time to nurse him," replied the mother. "It is a quarter of twelve now. When it is twelve o'clock I shall nurse him. Dr. Hall and other good physicians say we should have regular hours for our children's meals as well as our own."

The intervening fifteen minutes was extremely trying to mother, baby and visitors, for in spite of all efforts to quiet and content him, baby fretted and finally screamed till he received the nourishment he desired, after which he seemed quite happy for some time. But not more than an hour after he began crying in just the same way. In vain were all efforts to appease him. Nothing would serve but the usual panacea.

To make a long story short, suffice it to say that it was afterwards found that the mother's milk was poor and watery in quality, consequently the child derived little nourishment from it and became hungry long before the appointed hour. The baby grew thin and gradually pined away; and notwithstanding his mother's love and unceasing devotion, the following summer he was taken from her by death.

"In avoiding Scylla beware lest you fall into Charybdis," says the old Roman proverb. It is not easy to keep to the right line of duty or to steer safely among the rocks and whirlpools of danger that are so frequently encountered by the young and inexperienced mother.

In the case just cited the proper course would have been to improve the quality of the mother's milk, and if this could not be done to procure a good wet nurse.

That young children as well as grown people should be fed at regular hours we may consider an established fact, but before fixing these hours the mother must take into consideration various things among which we may mention the age and health of her infant and particularly the quality and quantity of her milk. How the mother may best decide upon the character of her milk and how she may improve it must form the subject of another paper.

HEART DISEASE.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

In the matter of the "heart disease," now in fashion, it is proper to say that there is wonderful uncertainty about such diseases. It is usual when there is any special doubt about the true character of a disease, and you at all."

when a name must be given, to call such undetermined ailments "heart diseases," when, in fact, real, organic, or structural diseases of the heart are comparatively rare, and oftener than otherwise, incurable. It is also true that most of the diseases so called, it is believed, are diseases of the stomach, etc., sympathetically affecting the heart, or modifying the circulation of the blood.

It is presumed that most of the sudden deaths, regarded as heart diseases, at least by the people—and some doctors are willing to sanction their whims—are the result of apoplexy, induced by irregular and bad habits; by most of these victims it is said that they were unusually well during the day, and that they ate an unusually hearty supper, at a late hour it may be, in which cases most of the deaths are the result of strangulation, or of diseases of the apoplectic type—sometimes of over doses of very powerful drugs.

Most of the so called heart diseases—in sympathy with a deranged stomach, liver and bowels, when costive,—are the result of bad habits and improper employments. Among the bad habits are the use of tobacco and ardent spirits, (do not get angry, my friends, the victims of the weed and cup) especially the excessive use of either or both of these articles, both of which, if not harmful, are certainly unnecessary, in no respect promoting health. Employments demanding one to be confined in over heated rooms, or exposed to poisonous gases, in the manufacture of lead, zinc, copper, etc., of course must derange the whole system, introducing poisons into the lungs and through them into the whole system, and favor the development of this disease.

But perhaps the most prolific cause of the supposed disease of the heart is connected with derangement of the organs of digestion, easily induced by the use of rich and indigestible food, irregularity of meals, hearty and late suppers, especially if attended by costive bowels, and by intemperance in the quantity eaten. All of these are aggravated by sedentary habits, the want of sufficient exercise to produce proper digestion.

But as the husband is said to be "strictly temperate in all things, never taking anything stronger than water, using no tobacco," it is difficult to determine the cause or causes without a personal examination, or that it is really a heart affection, since none of the symptoms are given. If not hereditary it is not probable that the disease has been correctly named, if all the habits are good.

It is proper to add that when the "heart disease" is not of the heart, but the result of sympathy, the disease of some other organ or organs, there is no great difficulty in effecting a cure, especially if bad habits are corrected—the laws of health observed.

—A physician being asked by a patient if he thought a little spirits now and then would hurt him much, replied, "I do not know that a little occasionally would hurt you much, but if you don't take any it won't hurt the true character of a disease, and you at all."



THE PASSING SHIPS.

BY JANE M. READ.

Over the waves, or thought that roll,
Wild as the sea within the soul;
Over those billows, dark and deep,
Surging forever in the breast,
Ever the same in midnight's sleep,
Ever the same in day's unrest,
Ships, with their pinions white as snow,
Sail on their voyages to and fro.

Over those waters, wild and vast,
Lightly glides back the hallow'd past.
Voices of old, I hear once more,
Clear as the murmur of the sea,
Breaking and falling on the shore,
Waveless that gleam with gladsome glee
Mingling with waves that woful beat,
Wrathing with foam the mountain's feet.

Seaward the ships move down the bay,
Bearing, as thus they pass away,
Back to their far-off, native clime,
Treasures of friendship, love and trust,
Jewels that feel no touch of time,
Gleaning 'mid ores that ne'er can rust.
Peaceful the sunlight's gentle glow
Rests on the waves that outward flow.

GRADED SCHOOLS.

THE importance of the graded system of schools, wherever such a classification can be effected, justifies a special plea in its behalf. "A graded school," says Wells, "is a school in which the pupils are divided into classes according to their attainments, and in which all the pupils of each class attend to the same branches of study at the same time."

The special utility and desirability of this system will occur to every intelligent mind. Let us examine it.

In a thoroughly graded school, perfect classification can be effected. Pupils of the same age, having a common interest and mutual sympathy, are brought together. The influence of class pride and emulation is brought to bear upon them. With fewer classes, more time is given for classification and personal drill, and a more complete supervision of the school is secured.

Under this system school trustees can select teachers adapted and fitted for their own special departments, and can employ them permanently; can provide a uniformity of text-books, and secure more punctuality and regularity of attendance.

None of these advantages can be realized in the mixed, unclassified school; and still this is the condition of a large majority of the public schools in every state in the union.

These schools are thoroughly mixed; all children of school age—"from four to eighteen"—are huddled together. They are provided with text-books of every kind, and upon every subject; and the teacher is expected to govern and instruct this heterogenous assemblage in the most approved manner.

But how can she do this? There can be no system or order in such a school. Everything is at the mercy of circumstances. There are at least three schools in one to be managed and taught—the primary, the intermediate, and the academic; and still there is only one day at a time to be devoted to them all. The teacher

must keep order, adapting her discipline to the child of four years, and to the man or woman of eighteen. A little world, with all the diversities of age and disposition, is under her administration, and for their improvement and culture she is held responsible. From twenty to thirty important recitations must be conducted daily, and at such times as chance may dictate.

What can even a good teacher accomplish under such circumstances? What right have parents to expect satisfactory results from schools so organized?

The graded system secures such a division of labor as will obviate all these difficulties, and enable the teacher to bring order out of confusion, and light out of darkness.

Every one understands the importance of this principle as applied to the departments of industry in practical life. Division of labor is indispensable to success in the arts, as taught in political economy. To illustrate, I will refer to some examples:

In the manufacture of pins ten men are actually employed for the purpose of securing the benefits of classification of the different kinds of labor.

One man draws out the wire, another straightens it, a third cuts it, the fourth sharpens the point, the fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; and the other five men are employed in making the different parts of the head, and finishing the whole. Now, why not require each one of these ten men to make his share of the pins, independent of his fellows? I answer: No one could acquire the necessary skill and adaptation to every part of the work; much time would be wasted in passing from one point to another, and hence comparatively little would be accomplished.

It is stated upon good authority that these same ten men, who, with the proper division of labor, make forty-eight thousand pins per day, could make only two hundred in the same time if each was required to perform every part of the work.

And, in the process of making a watch, we are told that there are one hundred and two distinct branches, which may employ as many different apprentices. Each one of these departments constitutes a separate trade, and the watch-finisher is the only man of the whole who knows how to make a watch in all its parts.

This same principle is applied to the mechanic arts generally. In all our factories, each operative has his own special department, and confines himself to the work assigned. The result is much more efficiency and skill, and hence more productiveness of labor.

And what I here maintain is, that this division of labor should be applied to the management and instruction of our schools.

First, secure as perfect a classification of the pupils in the district as may be, according to their age and attainments; second, assign to each department a teacher who has been thoroughly trained, and is adapted especially to the position to be occupied, and the work to be done; and thirdly, furnish that teacher with the necessary books and apparatus-tools to work with—and the process of education will be successfully carried on.

Having settled the system of school-organization to be adopted, parents should proceed to make careful and thorough preparation for the school.

INDEX RERUM.

Two or three months ago a club was formed in our town, the members of which by paying a certain sum, each have the reading in rotation for a year, of some twelve or fifteen magazines and papers. One of these is THE HOUSEHOLD, the third number of which lies before me. Now I do not suppose that my meed of praise, coming as it does from a stranger will be considered of much value, but I wish to say, in all honesty, that of these various periodicals, and they embrace in their number, Harper's, Scribner's, Lippincott's and other popular magazines, there are none whose pages I read with greater pleasure and profit than those of THE HOUSEHOLD. Somehow it meets a daily want and its valuable recipes and practical suggestions send me repeatedly to my "Index Rerum" to jot them down before they are forgotten.

Now this "Index Rerum" of mine is quite a diversified thing. I do not by any means use it exclusively or mainly for the purpose for which its name indicates it was originally designed, but make it a sort of "Omnium Gatherum," a place to note down various things which I wish to preserve; rare bits of information obtained from reading or lectures; anecdotes, witticisms, recipes, remedies, etc. Sometimes too, incidents in home life, scraps of family history, and even short essays find a place between its covers.

Of course any good sized blank book well bound, will answer the purpose, but a genuine "Index Rerum" with pages already numbered and lettered will be found to possess obvious advantages. The idea, judiciously and perseveringly followed up by any one would result in course of time, in a book which would be not only a treasury of knowledge to its present possessor but a fitting heirloom to be handed down to the next generation.

Grinnell, Iowa.

THE REVIEWER.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS is a neat little book containing, besides sentiment and fiction, a section devoted to Floral Decorations, in which the subject is treated in reference to special occasions, such as Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, Easter, Decoration Day, Birthday celebrations, Weddings, Funeral ceremonies, the Church, &c.; there is also a chapter on Cemetery Decorations, and others on preparing skeleton leaves, drying flowers with their natural colors, autumn leaves, sea mosses, &c. Sent on receipt of 26 cents, by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

THE ATLANTIC begins the third number of the year with a poem nine pages long, "The Legend of Ara-Celi," by T. B. Aldrich, dainty in color and delicate in workmanship. After this, Mr. John Fiske, in a concluding paper on "The Unseen World," imparts a result of modern scientific-religious thought which is full of faith and aspiration. "A Carnival of Rome" is a richly picturesque story in two parts, of which the first is given in this number, but the name of the author does not appear. In a curious account of "The Welsh in America," Erasmus W. Jones presents facts which are surprising, and new to the public. Oliver Wendell Holmes follows with a humorous and tender poem, "Ad Amicos;" Mrs. Fanny Kemble

continues her ever-entertaining "Old Woman's Gossip," giving us a handful of her own letters and memories of her cousin Mrs. Harry Siddons; and Mr. Howells easily attracts one to the delightful windings of his "Private Theatricals," the ninth chapter of which seems to bring the characters into critical conjunction. There is a poem by Edgar Fawcett, and a long paper by Henry Carey Baird, who takes the opposite side of the money question from that so brilliantly argued by Mr. Garfield last month. Probably nowhere else in the same space can the theory of paper money be found so well presented. The titled contents of the magazine end with Charles Francis Adams Jr.'s valuable chapter on "The State and the Railroads;" but there are still more than a dozen pages in the editorial department, filled with vivacious writing. Mr. Howells reviews Browning's "Inn Album;" a number of other books are noticed; and several topics occur in the section of Art. The number is full of quiet strength and pleasant variety.

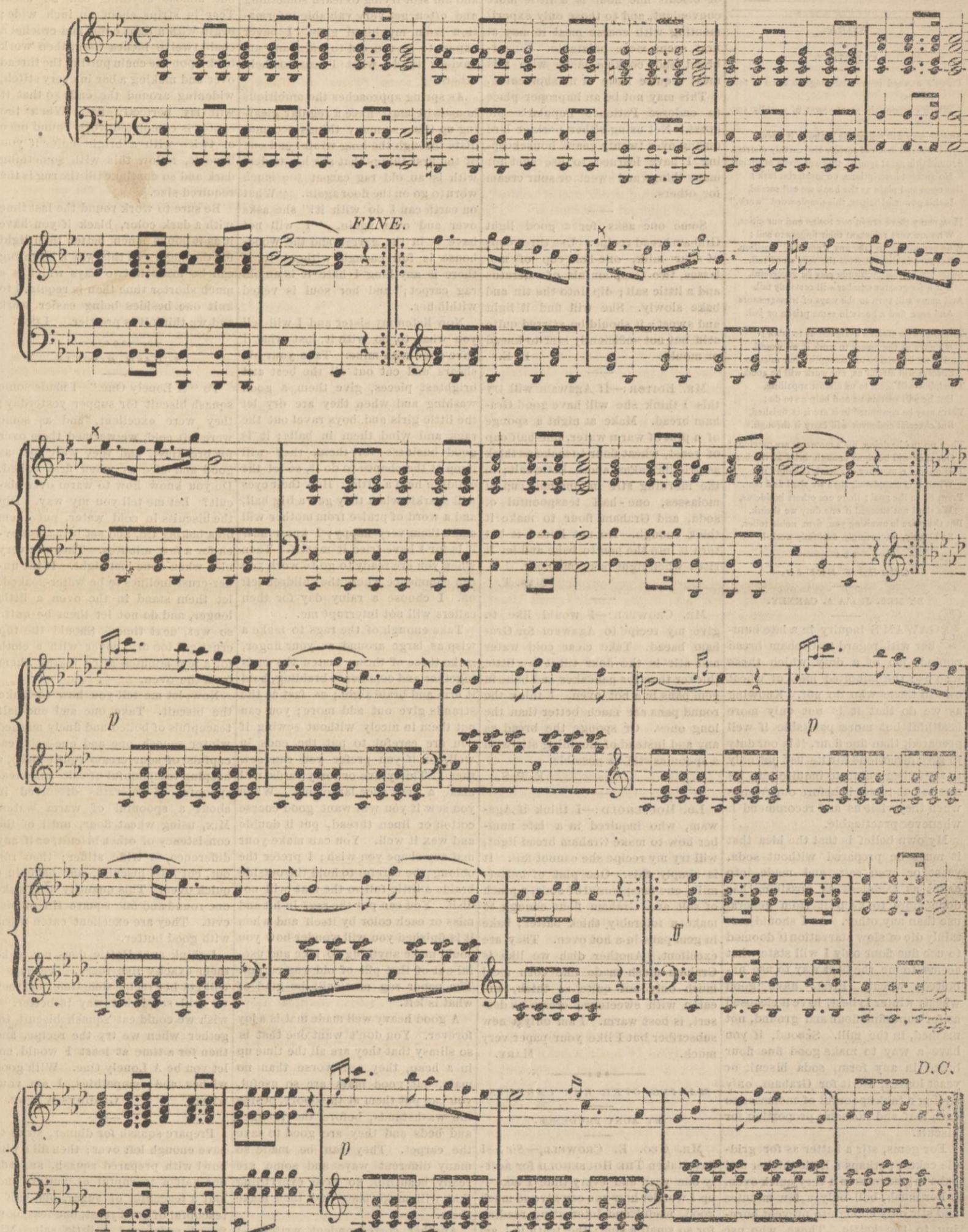
In SCRIBNER for March, a full, illustrated description of is given of the new buildings of Trinity College, now in course of erection at Hartford. These mark a "new departure" in the college architecture of the country. Another installment of "Revolutionary Letters" is given in this number. Rev. Mr. Twitchell, of Hartford, has here a paper "Concerning Charles Lamb," which gives the result of a pilgrimage among memorials and relics of Elia. Five chapters of Bret Harte's "Gabriel Conroy" are published; and two chapters of Edward Everett Hale's story, "Philip Nolan's Friends." There are short stories by Edward Bellamy and George W. Cable. In topics of the time, Dr. Holland discusses "Literary Virility," "The Common Schools," and "Public Halls." A new feature appears in Home and Society, namely, a number of paragraphs on rural topics.

Of the contents of this month's ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. Whittier's poem, "The Pressed Gentian," will probably be the most widely enjoyed. The true and tender verses read so charmingly alongside the bright stories and sketches for the children, and in that position reveal so clearly the child-heart of great man, that the poem certainly appears to excellent advantage. "The Pressed Gentian" is written in a sweet, rhythmic, simple style, and is full of his poetic feeling. It will be welcomed everywhere. Foreign scenery, indeed, enters largely into the composition of the number, since Mr. Charles Dudley Warner gives us a delightful glimpse of the "Festival of Tapers" in an Italian church, with its rollicking, mischievous irreverent, but entrancingly beautiful and melodious choir-boy; Mrs. Oliphant contributes the first of her papers on "Windsor Castle," containing some very interesting details of its early history; and there is given us towards the close of the number, a story of Egyptian life, and there is much other real interesting matter, in the St. Nicholas, of March, including several new features which will attract those who are interested in literature for children. The series "Talks with Girls" by leading American Authors (to be followed by "Talks with Boys") is begun with a paper by Louisa Alcott, (copyrighted) entitled "Helping Along." There is a new department, "The Little Housekeepers Page," by Marion Harland, and a "Young Contributor's Department" has just been introduced. On page 341 is an interesting account of how more than 2000 answers were received to the Biographical Prize Puzzle, "The Race of the Pilots," sent in from all parts of the U. S. and Canada, and also from England and Scotland, for St. Nicholas has its readers there as well as here.

THE ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS for 1876, is published at Albany, N. Y., by Luther Tucker & Son, and mailed to any address for the nominal sum of 30 cents. It is the oldest (and now the only) publication of the time, and contains 150 pages of practical matter, interesting to every resident in the country, illustrated with no less than 164 beautiful engravings, almost all original. Elaborate almanac pages are prefixed, and a very useful feature is the "Farmer's Register," which gives the addresses of all the reliable dealers in everything a farmer needs to buy—live stock of all kinds, seeds, implements, nursery stock, etc., etc. The cover is quite a work of art, and altogether the little book is a gem in its way.

WEBSTER'S FUNERAL MARCH.

BEETHOVEN.





WORK.

BY RUSTICUS.

There's a word in our language, a word of four letters,
Which contains the great secret of worldly success,

And he who will follow the pathway it opens,
Will escape much of sorrow and earthly distress.
Around this great symbol, this wondrous magician,
No ancient inscriptions, no mysteries lurk;
But open and plain as the book we call sacred,
Is this powerful helper, this simple word "work."

How many there are in our towns and our cities,
Who are very reluctant their fingers to soil;
Who are willing to take any "gentle" position,
But turn in disgust from the very word toil.
Some few of this multitude may be successful,
But a far greater number will certainly fail,
And many will turn to the ways of transgressors
And soon find a home in some prison or jail.

The God who created designed us to labor;
He gave us the power to work if we would,
And if we but strive to accomplish our mission,
Success will attend us, our work will be good,
The labor will seem to us almost appalling.
But he will sustain us and help us to do;
Years may be consumed in it ere it is finished,
But cheerful endeavor will carry it through.

Then up and be doing, life's moments are precious;
Our time will be short enough, brief at the best,
Toil on and remember our work is before us;
When it is completed, then we shall find rest.
Press on to the goal; there are others beside us,
We shall not succeed if one duty we shrink,
But the prize is awaiting you, firm, noble toiler,
So bravely, unceasingly, faithfully work!

GRAHAM BREAD.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

AGAWAM'S inquiry in a late number with regard to Graham bread reminds me of a duty which those who use the unbolted meal of wheat owe to those who do not. Knowing as we do that it is not only more healthful but more palatable if well prepared, than fine flour, it is our duty to give directions for its use not only to those beginning to inquire into its merits but to set it before our friends when they visit us and recommend it whenever practicable.

My own belief is that the idea that it must be prepared without soda, yeast or even salt, and made into cakes as tasteless as possible, has done more to keep it from general use than any other. As I should certainly die of slow starvation if doomed to use fine flour only I will state what seems to me the best way to use unbolted wheat. First, have good wheat, winter is best, have it cleansed as for superfine flour and ground, not mashed, in the mill. Second, if you have a way to make good fine flour bread in any form, soda biscuit or yeast loaves, use it for Graham, only adding a tablespoonful of molasses to each loaf and the same proportion for biscuit.

For gems, stir a batter as for griddle cakes, perhaps a little thicker and bake in gem pans in a very quick oven.

For mush, boil only a few minutes and stir only enough to prevent burning to the kettle. Those who use salt or milk risings can take out from the sponge of their fine flour bread after it is light enough to act as yeast for a sponge of Graham meal which

will be ready for moulding while the first is baking, and following it in the oven save some trouble, and be allowed to stand a little longer for a thorough bake. In moulding loaves or biscuit fine flour is a little more convenient, and to those only experimenting with coarse meal it may at first seem more palatable. Gingerbread and cookies made with this meal require little or no shortening.

This may not be an improper place to endorse Patience Popular's pie crust. Not using either pork or lard during over twenty years' housekeeping I have learned to use suet for many things and sweet or sour cream for others.

Some one asks for a good light Graham bread recipe. Use three cups of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus and a little salt; dip into the tin and bake slowly. She will find it light and sweet; it should be stirred quite stiff but not sufficiently stiff to knead or mould.

B. E.

MR. EDITOR:—If Agawam will try this I think she will have good Graham bread. Make at night a sponge of a pint of warm water, one-half cup of yeast, wheat flour to make as thick as griddle cakes and a little salt; in the morning stir in one-half cup of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and Graham flour to make it thick enough. Do not knead it but turn it into the pan to bake and let it rise; when light bake one hour.

MRS. T.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to give my recipe to Agawam for Graham bread. Take clear cold water and stir in the flour till it is a little thicker than for pancakes and bake in gem pans in a hot oven. I think the round pans are much better than the long ones. Or sponge the bread as any and instead of moulding stir with a spoon as stiff as possible.

E. P. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I think if Agawam, who inquired in a late number how to make Graham bread light, will try my recipe she cannot fail. It is simply this. One pint of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt and Graham flour enough to make a tolerably thick batter; bake in gem pans in a hot oven. They are excellent. Another dish we like is Graham mush made like corn meal mush only not quite as thick, and eaten with sweetened cream as dessert, is best warm. I am only a new subscriber but I like your paper very much.

MARY.

MAKING OVER RAG CARPETS.

BY AUNT PRUDENCE.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL, —Sir:—I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD for nearly one year and every time I take it up I wonder how you can give so much good, useful and interesting reading for so small a sum; the truth is I am more and more in love with it every month. I thought perhaps you could give me a corner to say my say in. Domestic duties are of such a variety

that almost any one that has kept house can tell some of her experience that will help some sister that is toiling on in the tread mill of daily life. I have kept house over thirty years and am still trying to learn something and often get very valuable information from my hired girls. I never expect to be too old to learn and am anxious to do what I can to help others.

As spring approaches the ambitious housewife must have a regular clearing up time, so many things accumulate through the long winter and one of the first things that she has to deal with is an old rag carpet too much worn to go on the floor again. "What on earth can I do with it?" she asks over and over again. "I will not have it in the garret and the wood-house is full enough without it; if there is anything I hate it is an old rag carpet;" and her soul is vexed within her.

Now listen my sister and I will tell you what to do with it, just what I have done with mine. Take your big shears and cut out all the best and brightest pieces, give them a good washing and when they are dry let the little girls and boys ravel out the rags and wind them in balls; it is good business for them, they will jump at the chance to do it, so let the children help a little. How their eyes will sparkle when they get a big ball, and a word of praise from mother will make them very happy; I know how it is for I have tried it myself. Then when you are ready to go to work you can commence where the children left off. I choose a rainy day for then callers will not interrupt me.

Take enough of the rags to make a wisp as large around as your finger, make three of these, fasten the ends together and commence braiding, hold it firm and braid tight; as fast as the strands give out add more; you can

put them in nicely without sewing if you are careful to put the ends in well, or if you prefer you can sew them. Thirty-five or forty yards will make a very nice large mat. When you sew it you will want good coarse cotton or linen thread, put it double and wax it well. You can make your mat any shape you wish; I prefer the oblong; be careful to hold the outside braids a little full so the mat will not dish. You can put the rags in hit and miss or each color by itself and when it is finished you will wonder how you could make anything so nice and useful out of that pile of old rag carpet. The paper rag man will be glad of what is left.

A good heavy well made mat is a joy forever. You don't want one that is so slimy that they are all the time up in a heap, they are worse than no mats, but good mats are so useful, you can put them at the doors, beside the washstands, before the lounges and beds and they are good to save the carpet. They can be made so many different ways and some are really beautiful, so save everything that will make mats and then make them.

Another correspondent writes:—I have just been making a rug which is quite pretty and thinking some other reader of THE HOUSEHOLD may like to make one will send the directions.

SQUASH BISCUIT.

To "A Lonely One." I made some squash biscuit for supper yesterday; they were excellent, and as some were left cold, we warmed them over for breakfast, and they were just as good and nice as when first baked. Do you know how to warm over biscuit? Let me tell you my way. Dip the biscuits in cold water, put them on a baking tin, and set it in a hot oven for a few minutes. They are very nice when done just right. If the under-crust inclines to be water-soaked, let them stand in the oven a little longer, and do not let them be quite so wet, next time. Should the top crust get too dry, cover with a cloth for a few minutes after taking them from the oven.

Now, let me tell you how to make the biscuit. Take one and one-half teacupfuls of boiled and finely mashed winter squash, one and one-half teacupfuls of sour cream (quite rich), a heaping teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in about a spoonful of warm water. Mix, using wheat flour, until of the consistency of other biscuit, or if any difference, a trifle stiffer; then roll out, cut into biscuits, and bake in a quick oven. This quantity will make one round and one square tin of biscuit. They are excellent eaten warm with good butter.

I think aunt Hattie does not make them exactly like these. Perhaps I will get her recipe sometime, and then we will see if her way is better. I wish we could eat squash biscuit together when we try the recipe, and then for a time at least I would not let you be A Lonely One. With good wishes and sympathies, I am your friend,

GLADDY'S WAYNE.

Prepare squash for dinner, so as to have enough left over; then fill a pint bowl with prepared squash, and add one-half a teacupful of butter, one-half a teacupful of sugar, one-half a teacupful of good yeast, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Mix while the squash is warm after dinner, working in the flour until it is stiff enough to mould clean on the moulding board. Let this mass rise until

morning, then knead it well, using as little dry flour as possible. Cut into biscuits and bake thoroughly. Then fold in a table-cloth until supper. The squash should be a nice dry one, if wet and watery it will take in too much flour, and the biscuits will be tough. I wish some who try will give their experience in THE HOUSEHOLD.

HANS DORCOMB.

A subscriber asks for a recipe for making squash muffins without yeast. I will send mine.

One cupful of strained squash, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, a little salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of sour milk, flour to roll out. Serve hot.

EMMA.

Some one inquires for a recipe for squash biscuit, here is one we think very good.

To one pint of sifted squash, add a cupful of sugar, a small cupful of yeast, salt, two great spoonfuls of melted lard. Mix stiff with flour, and let them rise a few hours, roll out and bake on flat tins.

EMILY C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I see some of our sisters wish a recipe for cooking squashes. Wash and slice in pieces, the boil or steam until quite tender; then put into a frying pan with butter, pepper and salt, stew until quite dry, then serve, a little sugar makes it much better.

MARY.

Marysville, Texas.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

GEO. E. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*:—I cannot express to you how glad I was when I saw the dear old HOUSEHOLD again. I have been three years without it, and have never missed any publication so much. Now I am determined, so long as I can "scratch" up a dollar never to be without it again. I did not kiss it quite when I saw its familiar face, though it seemed very much like welcoming back some long absent friend.

I have enjoyed reading some of the articles exceedingly, particularly the one in the Jan. No. by Mrs. Mary E. Ireland [Aunt Leisurely]. I liked her pleasant chatty style. It seemed almost like meeting some one I had known and loved before.

Why is it, when the easy simple style is so much more agreeable and acceptable to the common mind, that so many writers persist in clothing their ideas with such a redundancy of words and ambiguity of style, that it seems as hard to arrive at their meaning as to undress an Egyptian mummy? The most successful writers and speakers have ever used the simplest and most natural form of expression. And that is one of the many reasons why I like THE HOUSEHOLD. In it the ladies talk plainly, and sensibly. There are no attempts at the florid, or high flown style. It seems as if each said in her heart, "I'll add my mite to the general good of the sisterhood." And she does it with a free good will. I believe, if you will let me, I shall come occasionally inside the circle.

I too am from the East, and the memory of the dear old rocks and

hills is green and fresh as ever. The name of New England must seem ever dear; and like the exile of Erin, "In dreams I revisit its storm beaten shore."

Here, where I reside, it is one vast prairie. There are hills to be sure, but not within range of the eye. Often have I wished I could import a few from the East, along with a real wide awake, leaping, dancing Yankee brook.

I wonder if the sisters will make me welcome to their circle. I think I might add something occasionally that would prove interesting. And if my letter is not already too lengthy for publication you might try it and see if there is room for a new friend.

MRS. E. E. G.

Effingham, Ill.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Ever since I read the letter from "Heart-ease," I have wanted to reply to one sentence. "God also requires that I make strenuous effort to overcome this terrible feeling, and I have exerted all the strength of will, etc." The very thing that God does not require. Religion and philosophy are both against it. Let us take the religious side first. Never struggle to overcome anything. Oh! if I could only make every anxious Christian realize this. Put your trouble, whatever it may be into God's hand, and leave it there. You have fought with your difficulty long and hard. Has it done any good? Give it up to Christ. Then look at Him, keep hold of Him, rest in Him, and He will conquer for you. As true as God is true, as sure as Christ is sure, this is the way, and the only way that He can take away your load. Put all the hard work into Jesus' hands, and be still.

Take the philosophy of your own mind. The more you struggle to overthrow any morbid tendency, the more surely do you fasten it. If you begin in the morning, and say now I will not think of that again to-day, you have begun by doing the very thing to make yourself think of it. Suppose you were crossing a river upon an unplanked bridge, and kept looking down at the water? or climbing a steep precipice with your eyes fixed upon the ravine? Ten chances to one, if you said to yourself every day, for any length of time, that you would not do a certain thing, you would end in doing it. No, take in something else, and the thought from which you wish to escape, the fear you wish to lose will be crowded out. I was saved from days of darkness in this very way. God bless you, and bring you out. He did me.

TEWKSBURY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—It has only been within the last year that I have become acquainted with the HOUSEHOLD, but already I feel a warm affection for it and all the band sisters who endeavor through its columns to help each other grow stronger and better.

The seeker after heartsease has been already answered, but I cannot agree with the lady who is inclined to lay the blame of all her troubles to that fiend dyspepsia. I think she is as far from being right as was the doctor (considered I) who gravely announced that all suicides were caus-

ed by liver complaint. I know very well that it is extremely difficult to keep cheerful when suffering from either disease, but the same may be said of many other diseases; however this does not by any means go to prove that all discontented, unhappy persons are suffering from some bodily ailment.

It has only been at short intervals in my life that I have known the blessing of good health, and although I have been very much inclined to melancholy I cannot attribute it solely to the above fact, as I see daily around me persons with strong nerves and healthy digestion who are nevertheless dissatisfied and unhappy. I am deeply impressed with the fact "Thou must thyself be true, if thou the truth wouldst teach," yet conscious of many failures in this respect, I feel as if I would like to say a few words to my unhappy sister. Will she not agree with me that much of the trouble lies in our too great attention to self? If we could think less of ourselves and turn our thoughts more to our surrounding friends we would be greatly improved.

If it is not exactly true that "Fly pleasure and it will follow thee," it is very true that the less we think about being happy the more likely we are to be so. Disposition has a great deal to do with it of course, but I am very sure much can be done to change even this, if we turn to that Source of strength, with which Heartsease is already acquainted. I have one friend who in her early years was much inclined to melancholy, so that a great portion of the time she was under its shadow. But by a noble course of self-denial, of unselfishly giving her thoughts, and her life to others, she has so far overcome her natural disposition that her friends turn to her for sunshine, as the flowers to the sunlight; and it is often remarked that whatever befalls her is always the same.

Then this seeker after heartsease seems inclined to dwell on the state of her surroundings; in this I think she makes a grievous mistake. Our surroundings have very little to do with the uniform state of our happiness; it is a good bit as I once heard a person remark, "If you have a mind to be happy, it don't matter much where you are."

But I will not trespass further upon your time at present, though I hope I will be allowed to speak again some day.

BEATRICE W.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*:—It gives me great pleasure to renew my subscription for THE HOUSEHOLD. It has been a welcome visitor in my family for five years. My many duties as

mother of a large family, and as a home missionary's wife, compel me to be a silent member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, although many times I long to respond to the pleasant and instructive letters, and in my turn try to do good, as well as get good, through the columns of your very valuable paper. Yours truly,

Steele City, Nebraska. A. E. D.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been an attentive reader for the past year and feel that I would be ungrateful if I did not acknowledge the great benefit I

have derived from the kind and encouraging words of the sisters as well as their many excellent recipes among which I wish to especially mention M. L. C. for making sponge ginger-bread, E. S. for sponge cake, and Mrs. S. N. C. for pie crust.

Thanks, dear sisters, for these. If ever I am so fortunate as to find out something of importance that I think everybody don't know, I will surely communicate it through THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. ANNIE V.

Lawrence, Ind.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Let me thank all who have a share in rendering THE HOUSEHOLD such a valuable home paper so full of sympathy, instruction, and valuable suggestions, and placing it within the reach of all, it is so cheap. I believe that whatever helps to make our earthly homes pleasant and lovable, also tends to fit us for our heavenly home, and I consider THE HOUSEHOLD one of my helps toward a better life. MRS. ANNIE H.

No. Baldwin, Maine.

MR. CROWELL:—I should like to be granted a little space in THE HOUSEHOLD this month. Would Mrs. Carnay be kind enough to tell me what would be a good remedy for the croup, if a physician could not be had? I should like very much to thank Mrs. Dorr, for her talk in the December number, it has been the means of making one, at least, more reconciled to her lot and try to find more happiness within. There is one blessing we most of us enjoy, that is being able to read; I always find time for a few pages if I do neglect some few things. Books, children, and flowers are my delight.

E. J. B.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to apologize for this intrusion. That ominous blue cross has made its appearance! Blue is suggestive of truth, and the cross of duty. In this case the duty is to give one dollar, and the truth is to receive an hundred fold its value.

Just now comes to my mind a remark of Mrs. Dorr, to Maud: "If you write you write because you must write." Is every one's experience so much alike? I do not write because I want to write, nor because I think I have any particular talent, nor for money, I might as well sit down and fold my hands in idleness and wish for money, without making any effort, as to think of earning anything by brain work. I write simply because I can't help it. How many times I have gathered up a handful of scribbled papers and consigned them to the flames, feeling such a contempt for the worthless stuff, which but a few hours before had drained all the energy from my very soul, and resolved never, never to spend time so foolishly again.

Alas! the frailty of nature. I am overcome by her flatteries, an irresistible desire gains possession of my brains, I try to overcome it as long as possible, but an unfortunate moment in my existence is near at hand; everything is thrown aside and here I am writing again. No "fat and forty" washwoman dives into the soap suds with more frantic energy. Scratch, scratch, scratch, goes my

pen, keeping time to the tune of some good old mother hen providing food for her little ones, but, alas! without any encouraging results as usually crown her labors.

May I be allowed the privilege of asking a question or two. When the "seaside or mountain picnic party" are invited, as suggested by Dr. Hanaford, are borrowers of THE HOUSEHOLD included? If not, I will renew my subscription immediately, hoping that many others will follow my example and subscribe. ALICE E. U.

Corinth, N. Y.

WHITE SPECKS IN BUTTER.

MR. CROWELL:—I wish to ask a few questions through the columns of your paper in regard to butter making, also the white specks we see in butter and buttermilk. What is the cause of them and how are we to remedy them? Any information would be thankfully received from man or woman.

I will tell you a little of my experience with them although I know but little about butter making. Four years ago we milked eighteen to twenty-five cows; our milk room was very good for raising cream, a door at each end, and a window on the side. That summer I was very much troubled with white specks. I used to think good butter makers would have none in their butter as they were nothing but sour milk, and it was not thoroughly worked. But I never was satisfied, so being a genuine yankee I thought I would experiment a little myself.

In a churning of fifty pounds of butter I strained the buttermilk, and put the specks into the churn again, and in about half of an hour I had three and one-half pounds of as good butter as the other was. Another time I had about the same amount of cream as before. I took out the butter this time and gave the hired man the rest of the forenoon to churn the buttermilk, and in one hour I had three and three-fourths pounds of as good butter as the first. Our churn was a half barrel, worked with a spring-pole. You may laugh when you think of such a churn, but we Montana people had to get along with anything we could get at that time.

Last summer we milked only four or five cows, and still the white specks troubled. I tried salt in the cream, but that did not seem to do much good, so next time I put in salt and a cup of water and let it stand twelve hours, and then churned; that time I was less troubled than before.

Now I wish to ask how pans should be washed? Some of the butter makers in this country wash them in cold water and use no hot water. I think my old grandmother's way the best, wash first in cold water, then in hot, and rinse in boiling water. Please tell me the best way. MRS. H. H.

Willow Creek, Montana.

IVY POISON—BED BUGS.

MR. CROWELL:—I am not one of your subscribers, but through the kindness of one of your New Hampshire subscribers, I have had the pleasure of reading several numbers of your excellent paper. I saw in the

September number a request for a recipe for a cure of poison from wild ivy. Five years ago I was very badly poisoned by taking the root of ivy into my hands and tasting the same through mistake. Consequently my hands, arms, face and mouth were badly poisoned. I enquired of our family physician what to do for my mouth as I could not apply any of the many remedies used for poison. He prescribed alum or borax. I used borax for my mouth and found almost immediate relief. I then commenced using it for my hands and face. When I began to bathe my hands, the back of my right hand was one complete blister; I bathed it almost constantly and in less than twelve hours the blister disappeared and it rapidly healed without any further trouble.

If it would have the same effect upon any one else, I would wish the world might be benefited by the recipe. Dissolve the borax in water, strong as it can be.

I see also in your August number Mrs. S. asks for the most effectual means for exterminating bed bugs. I know not but my exterminator has been discussed in your pages; if not tell it to the world, that brimstone burnt in a room, or a house, in May or June, effectually destroyed every bug or egg, and not a vestige to be seen again during the season.

Take some iron vessel, place two pounds of broken brimstone on some kindlings of wood, and then sprinkle on one-half pound of sulphur. Place it in the room, after spreading the bed-clothing, ticks, and mattresses, and all clothing hanging beside of the walls so the smoke can reach every nook and corner. Set the kindlings on fire and leave the room immediately, closing it tight; in four or five hours you can open the room and air it. The smoke will not injure the finest fabric or most delicate color, remaining in the room. If more rooms than one are infested place more brimstone in the vessel, and open the doors leading to the rooms and place the vessel where it will have the best access to them all.

Traverse City, Mich. MRS. P. P.

CHEESE MAKING.

MR. CROWELL, — Dear Sir:—I saw in the columns of your paper a question from Mrs. R. C. T. who wishes to know how to keep the butter from mixing with the whey when she makes cheese. My mother says tell her that the knowledge which she now imparts was kept a profound secret by an old lady who was noted for making the best cheese in the town in which she resided, which she, being a member of the family was enabled to obtain. In the first place when she set the cheese she did not allow the milk to scald, then when the curd was set she was extremely careful not to disturb it and with a very sharp knife cut it across, a tub full, only three or four times and then giving it plenty of time to settle to the bottom. In that way the butter remains in the curd and leaves the whey by itself; then carefully remove the whey, place the curd in the drainer and allow it to drain all it will and you will find it to be what you desire.

MRS. S.

Making Cheese in Autumn.—Many families with a dairy of two or three or perhaps one cow think it impracticable to make their own cheese. The following method shows that very clever sized cheeses can be made with three or even one good cow. The secret in making good cheese (if there is any secret about it,) consists in turning the curd as soon as the milk is drawn from the cow, then it is of the right temperature and contains all the richness. If you have but one pail of milk you can make quite good sized cheeses. Put in the rennet as soon as the milk comes in; when the curd comes cut it across and set it away in a cool place the cooler the better. Proceed in this manner till you have sufficient curd to fill your hoop; put all together and scald and press and no one can tell whether your cheese is made from six cows or one. Try it.

PUMPKIN BUTTER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—As the request has been made through our paper for a recipe to make pumpkin butter, and no answer as yet, I will give my way, hoping if any one has a better way we may hear from them.

I get three good iron kettles to boil in, clean them well, fill them with chopped pumpkin, boil until soft enough to press out the juice easy, and for that purpose you want a box that will hold a kettleful at a time, put in some nice clean straw to strain it the first time, also have some holes bored in the box toward the bottom, and a nice board to set it on, and a board to fit in the box at the top. After boiling your kettles once full take one and clean it thoroughly that there may not be anything burnt to spoil the taste. You should have a nice platform to work on to make it convenient, as you will be tired enough the best you can do. As soon as you get the first mess boiled and strained, commence boiling the syrup in your smoothest kettle, and keep it boiling all the time, or it may taste of the iron.

I always use nice ripe pumpkins for the syrup, it makes the butter much better than poor ones do. Have plenty of water in a tub to wash them in, and a clean board to cut them on. Do not take the inside out, it is much more healthy all cooked up together, and much richer also. Have one good pumpkin or squash well cooked to thicken with. You should strain it again when boiled down strong. Before you put in your pumpkin to thicken, keep it boiling and stirring all the time until done. Use your own judgment as to how strong you make it, also as to seasoning with spices. I always put in cinnamon and cloves.

CLARA BELL.

COCOANUT CAKE.

In response to S. B. M.'s inquiry I send a reliable rule for cocoanut cake. It never fails if the directions are implicitly followed. One cup of fine, white sugar, the best quality of coffee A. will answer if rolled fine, one-half cup of sweet, melted butter, rub these well together, add one-half cup of cold water and the beaten whites of

four eggs; stir this mixture quickly together and add two cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of Gilett's baking powder; the grated rind of a fresh lemon is the best spice. Bake in five or six separate pans as for jelly cake, not too brown. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and add one cup of fine white sugar; beat this together very light; place one of the cakes on a good sized dinner plate, cover with a good thick layer of the frosting and sprinkle grated or desiccated cocoanut on freely, place another cake on top with more frosting and cocoanut and so on making the cake as high as you please. I generally use four layers each half an inch in thickness. Do not press them so closely as to move the frosting; finish the top and sides with frosting and cocoanut. You should use all the frosting, it is not too much for one cake, and always make the day before using to allow the cocoanut to swell and absorb the frosting.

Cut in pie-shaped pieces and serve on the plate upon which it is made with a knife to lift them. This is a splendid cake and looks like a dish of snow.

MRS. T. G. O.

Des Moines, Iowa.

HOP YEAST WITHOUT POTATOES.

MR. CROWELL, — Dear Sir:—I have commenced taking your valuable paper for another year. I find a great many good hints in it. I see in your January number for this year a request from Mrs. E. E. R. of Eastham, Mass., for a recipe for hop yeast without potatoes. I have a very good way to make hop yeast. It never fails, is easily made, and makes delicious, light bread:

I take a large handful of hops, pour two quarts of boiling water on them, and let them boil fifteen or twenty minutes, then put half a teacupful of sugar, half that quantity of salt and a pint of flour in a tin dish, and strain the hops over it scalding hot. Stir it well but do not mind the lumps in it as that will come right. When milk warm add a coffee-cupful of good lively yeast.

If it is baker's yeast there will not be enough to make any material difference as the next time yeast is to be made save some of your old yeast to start with.

Be sure and keep the yeast pretty warm, but not so as to scald it. I generally make mine in the morning and let it rise all day. By the next morning it is ready to put away or use. It need not be kept corked closely, only covered. In the summer this yeast will keep two or three weeks.

Now I hope Mrs. E. E. R. will be successful and if she wishes I will tell her the way I make my bread. Hoping that some of the kind sisters will send me a good recipe for icing for cakes, I sign myself MRS. C. A. H.

San Jose, Cal.

BEAN PORRIDGE.

I saw a call from L. A. M. in a late number for bean porridge: I can tell you how I make it which I think is far superior to the old way of making it of salt meat. I have an iron boiler that holds four gallons and as I always make it in cold weather I make

it full. I take a piece of fresh beef the same as you would take for a soup, you will want three cuts of the meat for that amount, two quarts of beans, one quart of dry hominy. It is nearly an all day job to make it and you will need to put the meat on in the morning; soak the beans over night and parboil in the morning the same as for baking only not quite as much, cook the hominy in a kettle by itself the same as you would to eat with milk.

When the meat is done take it out and dip off every particle of grease, put the beans into the broth and finish cooking them, and fifteen or twenty minutes before they are done add the hominy and stir one handful of meal into that; but before adding these fill up the pot with water and salt it. I never let it stand in iron after it is done, but put it into a large tin pail.

You can use the meat in various ways but I usually press it and it must be done when it is hot; take the meat from the bones, leave the nice soft grizzle in, take off the fat stringy pieces, chop it, season with pepper and salt put it into a pan and press it with flat irons or other weights and set it in a cool place. It is nice to eat cold.

SAMIRAMIS.

CAKES WITHOUT EGGS.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—To Mrs. Dora A., I would recommend the following recipes, having had recourse to them when eggs were one dollar per dozen and none nearer than six hundred miles that we knew of.

Cup cake without eggs.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sour cream or sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in cold water, one teaspoonful of essence of lemon and flour enough for a stiff batter; put in buttered pans an inch thick and bake in a quick oven.

Cream cake without eggs.—Four cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two cups of sour cream, three teaspoonfuls of saleratus dissolved in a little cold water and one teaspoonful of lemon juice; work the butter and sugar together, add the cream and lemon juice, put all into a hole in the middle of the flour, add the saleratus, mix all thoroughly and set in the oven immediately.

Fruit cake without eggs.—Two pounds of flour, one and three-fourths pounds of sugar, one pint of milk, one-half pound of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one nutmeg, one pound of raisins; warm the milk, add the butter and salt to it, work the butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk, then the saleratus and lastly the spice and fruit. This makes three loaves. Yours respectfully.

MRS. B. B. H.

Georgetown City, Colorado.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Casks containing vinegar should never be kept in the cellar, but in some upper room where it is dry. A room that is not plastered is to be preferred; pure air is necessary to have good vinegar.

GRANDFATHER.

Bottles may be cut off by soaking

a string in kerosene and tying it around the bottle and setting the string on fire.

BECKY.

An iron sink may be kept nicely by washing it with dishwater after each meal, and if it is inclined to rust rub it with kerosene occasionally.

BECKY.

One of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD is troubled with her best knives rusting. If she will rub with kerosene before putting them away she will have no more trouble; of course she must not forget to wash carefully before using.

E. A. S.

A sister asks how to clean her best knives; rub with fine sifted coal ashes.

M. S. M.

To improve stove blacking put about six drops of molasses to a saucer of blacking. Try it and you will be pleased with the result.

MRS. E. H. B.

TO CLEAN PIE PLATES.

Please tell Mrs. C. C. P. through THE HOUSEHOLD if she will boil her pie plates in lye she will find it will cleanse them of grease, so I don't think they will taste. It is also a good way to sweeten up old jars or fruit-jugs, after we are done making soap and have weak lye.

E. I. B.

Old earthen ware is unfit to bake pies on, will injure the best. I use tin or iron always for pies with under crust; for juicy fruit pies in warm weather, without under crust, have a lot of yellow bakers, which no meat or greasy substance is allowed to touch.

L. E. D.

MR. CROWELL:—Mrs. C. C. P. wishes to know how to clean pie plates that have become greasy. Take about a double handful of hard wood ashes and put it in any iron vessel that will hold her pans, cover with water and let it come to a boil; do not leave the pans in long or the tin will come off with the grease; if careful she will not be sorry for trying it. Earthen pie plates may be treated successfully in the same manner.

BELLE.

DRIED SQUASH.

MR. CROWELL:—With your permission we should like to inform the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD how to save their squashes. If you find that your squashes are rotting faster than you can use them, put them up. To do this steam and strain them, the same as for pies; spread thin in shallow tins and dry thoroughly in a warm oven.

The best time is in the afternoon when you have not a hot fire. When you come to use it for two pies allow one cup of the dried squash, pour boiling water over it and let it soak over night. In the morning turn off the water and strain it, add one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, two eggs, cinnamon, ginger and salt to your taste.

We always scald the milk for squash pies and think it makes them nicer.

MRS. T.

TO KEEP EGGS FRESH.

I often notice inquiries in your paper and others as to how to keep eggs. My way has stood the test to my entire satisfaction for forty years at least; if any were induced to try it I am sure they would like it. I take a half barrel and put in two quarts of good rock salt, one quart of recently air slacked lime, or a trifle less if it is unslacked, and one and one-half pails of water. If I put fresh eggs in that lime I always find them fresh, no matter how long they have been kept. Our egg tub is seldom empty though I find it quite a temptation to sell close when they are worth fifty cents a dozen. If I need to add brine to cover the eggs I use the same proportions. My home is on a farm; I begin to lay down eggs as soon as the price gets below twenty cents a dozen.

MRS. L. C. C.

PRESERVING MINCE PIE MEAT.

During the winter or spring when we have larger quantities of material than we care to use, we often preserve a share for future needs. Our method is as follows:

Chop the meat and apple as for pies, mix with it salt, pepper and spices, with about the quantity of sugar and molasses needed; then heat the whole thoroughly and fill into stone or glass cans; seal as for canned fruit, and your work is done.

At any time when you wish a mince pie as change from dried apples, you have only to take out a quantity of the prepared mixture, add your boiled cider, butter, water or whatever else on tasting is found needful, and you can have as good pies as in winter.

L. S. T.

IRONING WITHOUT HEAT.

I have read of machines for ironing clothes without heat. Having never seen one I cannot speak of its merits, but I have practiced in the following manner. Try it ye weary heavy-laden overtaxed housekeeper and see if it does not lessen your labor very materially. Fold coarse sheets, towels, and linen tablecloths in just the shape you want them to put away; they will fold much easier if partially wrung first, then put them through the wringer as tight as possible, unfold and hang to dry where the wind does not blow very hard and they retain the folds and need little or no ironing. The tablecloths should be first dipped in old milk diluted with one-third water. This gives them a lustre and they need no starch.

S. T.

HOW TO DESTROY BED BUGS.

If the house is filled with bed bugs it may about as well be burned. But if, as it is sometimes the case, one room only is filled and the rest comparatively free it may be cleansed in the following manner: Remove all the furniture except the bedstead, take off all the old paper and then in the closed room burn three or four spoonfuls of sulphur, all persons leaving the house while it is burning.

After this your room needs repainting and papering and the ceiling a new finish as does also your bedstead.

The smell is quite offensive for some time but with plenty of fresh air it will soon be far more endurable than the affectionate nightly visitants.

M.

TO BLACKEN A STOVE.

Some time ago I noticed an inquiry how to keep the top of a cooking stove black without blacking it. Various answers have been given, but I wish to give my sister housekeepers one that I have not seen published. When the stove is moderately cool, take some coarse sand and with the sole of an old boot or shoe, or any hard substance, scour the top thoroughly, if till it shines so much the better, but that is too laborious a job for most women; then wash in clear water and when the stove is again heated it will be black, and will remain so for several weeks if washed in clear water, when not too hot.

S. E. H.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MR. CROWELL:—M. E. M. asks you to tell her how to make nice frosted lemon pies, and thinking I might know more about pie making than you, I will give her my recipe, which is better for hungry people than for dyspeptics.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, one egg, and one cupful of sugar is the quantity for one pie, baked on a breakfast size plate. I will try to give plain directions so those dear ones born without judgment, may have the benefit of it. Grate the yellow part of the rind, not too closely as it makes the pie taste rather strong; peel off all the rest leaving nothing but the thin skin which confines the juice; beat one egg with a spoon until you can take up the spoon even full, then add one cupful of granulated sugar just stirring them together, then add the grated rind, cut the lemon and squeeze all the juice in, being very careful not to get any seeds in; now remove the seeds from the pulp of the lemon and the pith from the center and the tough skin from each end and chop the remainder of the pulp as fine as you can and add to the rest stirring all together. Now prepare your crust, which requires to be shorter than for other pies; roll quite thin and cover the plate, then from crust prepared as for upper crusts, rolled quite thick, cut narrow strips one-half or three-quarters of an inch wide; just wet the edge of the crust on the plate and place the strips around on the edge of the plate; now put in your mixture and spread it around over the crust. Bake in a slow oven; do not let it boil. As soon as the crust will move around on the plate it is done; remove from the oven and spread the frosting over smoothly with a knife or fancifully with a spoon, which you will have prepared while the pie is baking, as follows. The whites of two eggs, three if you prefer, beaten to a stiff foam so hard that you can manage it in any shape you please, then add two spoonfuls of white sugar and stir together. It is very important that your eggs are fresh and as cool as possible. I like to place them on ice in summer or the bottom of the cellar; I always step into some cool place in summer to beat my frosting and hold my bowl as lightly as possible that it may not feel the warmth of the hand; I use a wire spoon to beat with. Do not get the frosting on the rim of the pie; set in the oven and brown slightly. This recipe makes a superior pie baked with three crusts of rich pastry without frosting. Put half of the mixture on the crust spreading it all over; roll very thin for the middle crust putting on as you would an upper crust; do not cut the edge off until the upper crust has been placed on, cutting both together. Add the rest of the lemon, spreading it around and then the upper crust rolled quite thick. When the pie will move on the plate it is done. If this recipe is satisfactory to M. E. M. will she please acknowledge it through these columns.

I have seen a request for a recipe for biscuits. Mine is very plain and simple.

TEA BISCUIT.—To one quart of sifted flour, add one teaspoonful of saleratus.

pulverized before it is measured, two of cream of tartar or three of yeast powder. Mix thoroughly with the flour, then rub into it a piece of lard or butter the size of half an egg or more if you wish and a little salt. They are nice mixed with water but nicer with milk; do not make the dough any stiffer than it requires to mould it. Work it well together with your spoon so as to avoid much kneading. If you want very nice, roll a little thinner than you wish to cut and spread butter over and sprinkle a little flour, then double it over and roll the thickness you wish. Do not wet your flour until your oven is hot as that is necessary for the perfection of the biscuit. Always fill your teaspoon rounding full of saleratus and a little fuller of cream of tartar as it is seldom acid enough for the saleratus. I always heap my teaspoon with yeast powder so as to insure lightness. I always set my table and prepare my flour while the oven is getting of the right temperature as it requires but a short time to bake the biscuit.

SALLY LUNN.—Nettie, I am glad to tell you how I make my Sally Lunn. I take a piece of butter the size of an egg or larger and two spoonfuls of white sugar and mix together; beat two eggs very light and beat all together and add two cupfuls of milk; mix thoroughly with four cupfuls of flour, three heaping teaspoonfuls of yeast powder or if you have not that use one teaspoonful of saleratus and two of cream of tartar; just pass a knife over your soda before measuring it as you get too much otherwise, have your teaspoon well filled with saleratus, a little fuller of cream of tartar and beat well into your mixture. Previously have your bake pan and muffin rings well larded, fill your rings about one-half or two-thirds full; if you have not rings you can bake in a sheet; just cut through the top crust and break it. Be particular to have your oven hot; they bake quickly; send to the table immediately from the oven if you can. Please let me know if you have good success. P. D. B.

WATERMELON CAKE.—Take one and one-half cups of white sugar, the whites of four fresh eggs, one-half cup each of sour milk and batter, two cups of flour; cream the butter and sugar well together, then add the milk, with not quite half a teaspoonful of soda; immediately afterward stir in a little flour, then a little egg, and so on until all the ingredients are added; the eggs must of course be beaten until very light. This completes one-half of the process; now take one and one-half cups of pink sugar, one-half cup each of butter and sour milk, not quite a teaspoonful of soda and two cups of flour. Flavor the pink part with anything you prefer; seed one-quarter of a pound of good raisins; after you have them prepared rub them well into a little flour when your cake will not be so apt to fall; after your dough of both kinds is ready, spread well the bottom and sides of your pan with the white dough, fill up with the pink, leaving enough of the white to cover over entirely; be very particular in baking, be sure it is well done before removing it from the pan. This is both delicious and a good imitation of water-melon.

AN OLD WOMAN.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Allow me to say to Mrs. J. H. D. that she will find the following recipe for cocoanut cakes a very good one. Beat the whites of three eggs very light and dry, stir into them very gradually ten ounces of powdered sugar, then stir in as much grated nut as will make a stiff paste. Take a tablespoonful in your hands and roll and form it like a pyramid for each cake; place them on papers upon tins and bake them in rather a slow oven till just a little brown. I use Schep's Patent Desiccated Cocoanut and like it much in cakes and puddings.

KATHLEEN.

JELLY CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, beat with one cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda; do not mix too stiff.

BETSEY.

CREAM PIES.—Break in a bowl four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of cream (if I haven't cream I use sweet milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter instead of one) one teaspoonful of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoon-

ful of vinegar; flavor with lemon and bake in pastry, half hour. This makes three pies and are excellent cold.

J. P. B.

Linden Ala.

TO KEEP HAMS.—I would like to answer Mrs. L. J.'s inquiry in the October number about keeping hams, by telling my way. I take them early in the spring before flies or bugs have thawed out. Take newspapers and wrap them up closely and carefully two or three thicknesses so as to be sure there are no cracks in the paper, then pack them in a barrel of dry oats; have the oats three or four inches thick at the bottom and top of them then place a board on top to keep out the mice and your hams are secure.

Rockford, Ill.

WINNIE BAGO.

ALMOND CUSTARD CAKE.—One pound each of butter, white sugar and sifted flour, the whites of twelve eggs, the yolks of seven. For the custard, one quart of sweet cream, one pound of soft almonds, the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth with four spoonfuls of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten with four spoonfuls of sugar, and the cream beaten to a froth with four spoonfuls of sugar; mix the cream and eggs, chop the almonds and add the last thing; flavor with almond or vanilla. Bake the cake in layers and spread the custard between and I think you will find it delicious.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of chocolate, one-fourth cup of milk, one-eighth cup of molasses, one-sixteenth cup of butter; boil down thick, spread on buttered dishes, when slightly cool mark in squares with a knife blade and when cold break in squares.

New Lebanon, Ill. EMMA DE P.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Com. asks for a recipe for pickling onions. I would say, I put mine into an air tight glass bottle with a few pieces of red pepper and fill the same up with clear malt vinegar and cabbage (the purple is the best,) chopped fine with whole clove and mustard seed and a little salt and cover with clear malt vinegar.

S. W. B.

QUICK LOAF CAKE.—One-half pint of milk, one cup of butter, one cents' worth of yeast and flour enough to make a stiff batter; mix well together and let it rise until very light, then add two cups of sugar, one egg, a little soda, raisins and spice to your taste. This makes two loaves.

If you wet the top of pie crust over with a little sweet milk it will give it a very nice brown shiny look.

H. F. JOHNSON.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One cup of good yeast, one-fourth cup of raisins, a little salt, three cups of warm water. Graham flour enough to make a thick batter; mix the batter without the raisins in the evening; in the morning add the raisins and bake in a covered tin from two to three hours.

MRS. KROOK.

PLAIN DOUGHNUTS.—One quart of flour, Graham or white, one cup of sugar and Horsford in the usual proportions; spice to suit the taste; wet with milk and cook in beef suet.

MRS. BALL.

MR. CROWELL:—Seeing several inquiries in the paper I thought I would answer a few that come within my experience.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Connie Cook, I think you will find this recipe to be all you wish for in roll jelly cake; please give it a trial. One cup of sugar, three eggs, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, yolks and sugar well beaten then put together; add the flour gradually, bake on a large dripping pan and when done turn on a cloth and spread on the jelly roll while warm.

LILY CAKE.—One cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, beaten to a cream, the whites of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup of poland or corn starch dissolved in one cup of sweet milk, with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, one and one-half cups of flour; stir together lightly and flavor well with lemon.

THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One pint of nice bread crumbs; add one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs well beaten, the rind of one fresh lemon grated fine, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, then bake until done; now beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, in which has previously been stirred the juice of the lemon spread over the pudding a layer of jelly then pour the whites of the eggs over the top and place in the oven to brown.

SUSAN S.

I will give a recipe for making brown bread for the benefit of those who cannot eat it made in the usual way.

BROWN BREAD.—Mix equal parts of corn and wheat and grind together at the mill and when you wish to make your bread if for a large loaf take about two quarts of the mixture, one and one-half cups of molasses, three cups of sour milk and four level teaspoonfuls of soda and salt to taste; add warm water enough to make a very thin batter and bake or steam it four hours. We steam ours and call it nice.

L. J. M.

LOAF CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of raisins or currants, one and one-fourth cups of sugar, three-fourths of a cup each of butter and milk and one teaspoonful of baking powder. This makes one loaf.

DELICIOUS CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup each of butter and milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, scant teaspoonful of cream of tartar and three cups of flour; stir butter and sugar together and add the beaten yolks of the eggs then the beaten whites, dissolve the soda in the milk, rub cream of tartar and add the last thing.

MRS. S. H. W.

Springfield, Mass.

SALTING CUCUMBERS.—Here is a good recipe for putting down cucumbers. To one barrel of pickles, eight pounds of salt and one pound of alum; cover with water, then cover with a cloth and take it off and rinse every day for six weeks. They will keep nicely.

MRS. J. O.

SAGO PUDDING.—One cup of sago, one quart of milk, five eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two tablespoonsfuls each of melted butter and sugar; soak the sago in cold water to cover it, two hours, drain off the water if it be not all absorbed, soak two hours longer in the milk which should be slightly warmed; when the sago is quite soft beat the sugar and butter together, add the yolks, milk and tapioca and lastly the whites. Bake in a buttered dish and eat warm with sweet sauce.

HARD SAUCE.—Stir to a cream one cup of butter and three of powdered sugar; when light beat in the juice of a lemon and two teaspoonfuls of nutmeg; beat long and hard until several shades lighter in color than at first and creamy in consistency; smooth into shape with a broad knife dipped in cold water and stamp with a wooden mould just scalded and then dipped in cold water. Set upon the ice until the pudding is served.

EDBA.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Can some of your readers tell me how to make double crochet stitch?

Also, how to clean circular rubber combs so as to make them look bright again? and oblige,

E. E. I.

Will Gladys Wayne inform a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD how to color ouch?

FLORELLA.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to inquire what is good to soften and heal rough skin?

EMMA H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask the sisters if any of them can tell me how to color cotton or woolen rags a bright and durable green for a carpet.

JENNIE.

I think if Kate M. G. will stir her cakes stiffer she will not be troubled about their falling; some flour swells more than other,

consequently we must vary a little according to the quality used. Grown wheat bread requires to be moulded, and more flour used than usual, I find by experience.

Will some one tell me how I can put a large silk velvet mantle away for the summer where the moths cannot get into it? I do not like to fold it if I can avoid it on account of creasing.

LIZZIE B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD please to inform through its columns how to make hair switches, and also hair chains? and oblige,

E. B.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you please ask some of your many subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD for a recipe for making charlotte russe? and oblige,

MRS. L. B. D.

Cambridgeport, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one send directions for using wheat meal? I am just beginning to use it, and don't know how to cook it very well.

Please send a recipe for nice, light, gems, with a soft crust.

I would also like a recipe for making sausages, and one for hickory-nut candy. Any information will be thankfully received by

No. Foster, R. I.

A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask the lady who wrote the recipe for railroad bread, why the preparation that is lightened the day before making the bread, will not do as well after the first time?—it will not for me. I like it very much, but cannot get it to make bread the second time as she said it would.

Bowling Green, Ky.

MRS. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me how to take grease spots out of a grey silk dress? I am afraid to use benzine.

L.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD be kind enough to inform me of the best manner of papering over a white-washed wall, so that it will stick, and not crack off as mine does? An early answer would be very desirable and oblige.

MRS. A. CLARK.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. L. I. wishes to know how to keep bugs and skippers from smoked meat? In answer to her inquiry, I would say, mix ashes and black pepper, a tablespoonful of ground pepper to a cup of ashes, make it into a paste, mixing with molasses, and spread over the fleshy parts of the meat before smoking; no further care is required.

I would like to know how to keep lard sweet that is put up in tin cans.

MRS. M. H. C.

Will some good sister tell me how to take the red stains from porcelain-lined kettles? If the recipe has been given in THE HOUSEHOLD I have failed to notice it.

M. L. B.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me through its columns how to knit round rugs? and oblige,

CARRIE N.

Will some tell me where I can procure a stencil plate of rubber and who manufactures them.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Lowell, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please inform me what will prevent the hair from falling? And what will restore grey hair to its natural color, a light brown, that is not a poison? Sugar of lead and lac sulphur is injurious. At thirty-seven years of age, my hair is two-thirds grey, and coming out terribly, caused by sickness and hard times I presume.

And oblige by giving me a recipe for dyeing goods black. And tell me what to do with a black iron grenadine dress that has spotted red.

STELLA.

Plaquemine, La.

A question to the members of THE HOUSEHOLD. Can any one tell me of a glue or paste that would stick very soon, and which is also waterproof? Sisters ask your husbands. It is my husband asks the question.

Chicago.

MRS. W. W. N.



HEREAFTER.

"What I do thou knowest not now but thou shall know hereafter."—St. John 13, Chap. 7.

Christian when the storm clouds gather
Dark and wild upon thy way,
And thy faithless heart is longing
For the glorious light of day;
Though thou canst not pierce the shadows
That around thy footsteps lie,
If in faith thou journey forward,
They will vanish by and by.

Though the bitter cup of sorrow
To thy lips be often pressed,
Yet as each succeeding morrow
Brings thee nearer to thy rest,
Though thou may not see the fountain
Whence these streams of Marah flow,
Never let thy courage fail thee,
For "thou shall hereafter know."

If thy curious mind would fathom
That which God alone may know;
It thy troubled heart would query
Why the ways of God are so;
Why the losses and the crosses,
Which around thy pathway lie,
Be content to meekly bear them
In the hope, that by and by,

Where shall dawn the glorious morning
Of the bright eternal day,
When the mist and cloud and darkness
That enwrap thee pass away,
Thou shall see the perfect beauty
Of the place of life and love,
In its fullness emanating
From the Father's throne above.

See and know the glad fruition,
From the labors and the tears
Spent within the Master's vineyard,
Through the weary lapse of years;
Then press on the path of duty,
Though thou may not see below
Why uncertainties surround thee,
Yet "thou shall hereafter know."

Winona, Ohio.

not the habit of the place in which you live for a housekeeper in respectable circumstances to carry pots of batter and a bunch of turnips, say, through the streets, it is a little puzzling to arrange a meal to the satisfaction of yourself and anybody else, especially when one dollar has to do the duty of five.

"I think," said Mrs. Bowen, slowly, "I think, Hannah, we will have some potatoes and, and—let me see, well, turnips."

"The potatoes is all out ma'am—only two turnips and a half left from Saturday. I don't see why squash, and them cold baked beans, warmed up won't do."

"Mother Bowen never eats squash, you know, Hannah, and we had squash yesterday. I must make some change."

"I can't stop and go and dress, no how!" And Hannah plunged into her tub after a batch of dinner aprons, and rubbed them to within a thread of their lives.

"Why can't you go as you are?" suggested Mrs. Bowen, mildly. "Put on a dry apron, and unpin your frock."

"I'd like to see myself going into the street looking like this! Well I would!"

"Dear me, Hannah," said Mrs. Bowen driven beyond the limit of caution by this determined resistance; "who do you suppose ever looks at you?"

"'Nuff sight better people than comes to this house!" And the "help" wrung the suds from her hands with a jerk, to poke down the bubbling up-heaved garments in the boiler, most vigorously. "S'pose I'm going by the carpenter's shop in an old wash dress? No, I ain't—nor the blacksmith's either, with all them fellers standing 'round. If I've got to go, I've got to dress—that's the hull of it!"

"Well, do hurry, Hannah, for it's a bad drying day, any how; I don't believe you will get the colored clothes out before it rains. A peck of potatoes and a half a peck of turnips—oh, and, Hannah, some carrots to stew the meat with. Mother Bowen cannot eat cold mutton. Oh, and Hannah, there's no whole pepper for the stew either; and get a paper of cinnamon; there was none when I made those apple-pies on Saturday."

Hannah's toilet was not readily accomplished. Mrs. Bowen looked at the clock, and poked the clothes, and made a faint essay at the vacant wash-tub. It took her hand-maid just a quarter of an hour to prepare herself to face the carpenter's shop; it was twenty minutes more before she returned—half-past ten. In the meantime, Mrs. Bowen thought to save time by getting her pudding ready—a tapioca pudding, as mother Bowen considered it "nourishing;" but there was no eggs in the house, and Hannah was out of call. What could be made without eggs? Baked Indian pudding? But that required so much milk—more than could be spared. Apple and tapioca? There was not time for it. Apple-dumplings would take up room on the stove, and washing days there was none to spare. If she only had those eggs; so many things could be made with eggs, nothing, it seemed to her, without them. The whole

twenty minutes was lost in opening boxes that were either empty or nearly so, and ransacking her brain and her cook-book for something that could be made without eggs and very little sugar, for that last seven pounds of brown sugar seemed to last no time at all.

"Might have kept up the fire, at all events," muttered Hannah, setting down the basket with a thump.

Sure enough, the fire was "way down," the boiler had to come off, and it was eleven o'clock before steam was got up again, and Hannah once more arrayed for her post.

"Where's the carrots, Eliza? I don't find any in the stew," inquired Mr. Bowen, when dinner was at last served, and his wife, who had been cook, sat down, flushed and worried, for it was late, and the children clamorous-ly hungry.

"Hannah forgot to get any at the store, and I could not spare her to go all the way back again."

"Humph! I'd like to see one of my 'prentices forgetting orders. Nobody ever heard of a mutton stew without carrots. Miserable potatoes, too!"

"Yes, there was a great deal of waste in them; and Mr. Bennett charges outrageously. Hannah didn't bring home a cent of change. I don't think he treats us well; I wouldn't deal with him any longer."

"Must, as long as he does with me; you ought to send him word. Turnips! I thought you were going to have cabbage."

"Cabbage is worse than turnips, James," said Mrs. Bowen, senior, feebly, "and the potatoes are so watery. I don't see anything I can eat. No, thank you, I'll wait for the pudding."

"I'm very sorry," Mrs. Bowen began. "Hush, Kate! Mr. Bowen please speak to those children. I couldn't make the pudding, mother."

The old lady pushed away her plate with an injured look. "It's no consequence; I can do just as well without eating. When people are too old to work, they ought not to eat, I suppose. Don't ever trouble yourself to get anything for me."

"I should think, Eliza, that mother might have the little she wants. I can do without myself, but my mother isn't going to, so long as she lives under my roof."

Feeling all the injustice of the implied reproach from both, and knowing, moreover, how hard she had toiled, Hannah being "as contrary as possible" after her interruption, an angry reply rose to Mrs. Bowen's lips; but she caught the quick eyes of both the children raised to hers, Kate defiantly ready to take sides against "grandmother," whose feebleness sadly interferred with the noisy play of herself and her school companions. "They must not see us quarrel," thought she, remembering the miseries of her own childhood, and how much of filial respect was lost by her from this very cause; but her manner was cold and repellent, and the first part of the meal passed in silence.

Kate sprung up willingly enough to help remove the meat and vegetables. She was always ready for dessert, and followed her mother into the kitchen

to find out what it was to be. "Boiled rice and molasses? Is that all!"

"I'm so sick of rice, it seems to me I could never taste another mouthful," groaned mother Bowen, from the next room.

"It's too bad, mother," responded her son warmly; "I don't see what Eliza was thinking about. If that's all there is—and he pushed his chair from the table—"I'll be off. I should think, Eliza, you might contrive something a little different."

Mrs. Bowen felt very much like breaking down into a cry, as her husband took his hat and departed for the store, without another word, and his mother settled back into her rocking-chair and drew out her knitting-work. This was the result of a morning's work and contrivance, to say nothing of Hannah's impudent muttering; and yet, scarce as help was, she could not dispense with so neat and active a girl for one fault of temper, especially when mother Bowen needed so much waiting on.

"Old people's a dreadful trouble, I know, Eliza." And the trembling fingers shook more than ever, as they untangled a knot in the yarn. "I never wanted to outlive my usefulness—never. I'm as great a trial to myself as I am to anybody else, though. Its very hard to feel that you are in everybody's way, and no use to nobody; I hope you'll never live to be old and feel it; but its likely you will, though, its likely you will, and then you'll reflect—"

"I think boiled rice and molasses is first-rate, grandma! Hadn't you better have a plateful? Give me some more, mother." And Master John "backed up his plate" as he said this, so did Kate, for all her disappointment; and Mrs. Bowen, refilling them, thought what a blessing strength and a healthy appetite was, and then more particularly of the worn-out body that made a querulous mind.

"It was too bad, mother, when you had set your heart on the pudding," she said. "I was as much disappointed as you was; but it was washing-day, you know, and I did not find out about the eggs until Hannah was gone, and it takes her so long to go to the grocery. Shan't I go and make you a cup of tea and some milk toast?"—for, doing without the pudding, milk was fortunately at hand.

"I don't care if I do have a cup of tea; I feel dreadful gone, somehow. But don't trouble yourself to wait on me; eat your own dinner; when people get old and useless, they can't expect to be waited on."

Mrs. Bowen's dinner had been light enough. It was often so, of late. What with looking to see if Mr. Bowen liked his, and mother Bowen could eat hers, and that the children were not soiling the table-cloth, so that Hannah would be up in arms, and keeping one ear in the kitchen for breakages and the like, she forgot that no one offered to help her, or to ask to be helped, if she happened to notice that her plate was empty.

As for Mr. Bowen, he was as much absorbed in business as any Wall street financier, or Broadway jobber. The town was growing since the Erie railroad had been finished, and trade grew with it. Of late, too, he had com-

MRS. BOWEN'S INVESTMENT.

MRS. Bowen stood in her kitchen and pondered, in rather a disconsolate mood. It was Monday morning in November, a large wash in progress, Hannah—the "help"—cross because of the extra-tablecloths and sheets, occasioned by two unexpected visitors the week before. There was a quilt, too, that Johnny had muddied with unlawful climbing on the bed, and so to an apple on the bureau, and Kate had slipped down and ruined Monday's clean petticoats, so that there were two sets for her in the wash. The tin boiler bubbled and up-heaved, so did Hannah's wrath, with every garment that she plunged into her tub, the same slow, determined, spiteful ebullition.

Mrs. Bowen was making up her mind on the dinner question. There was cold meat, of course, from Sunday's roast; but cold meat needs trimmings to render it acceptable to mankind in general, and besides Mr. Bowen, there was his mother, who was twice as particular, not from a desire to be disagreeable, but because, as an invalid, her appetite was sickly and variable.

Now it is comparatively easy to walk into a good market, with a boy behind you to carry the basket, and no compunctions as to prices, and lay out your dinner; but when your only market is a grocery, where they decline sending home parcels, and it is

menced manufacturing boots and shoes for the Southern market. He was not above work himself, though he had a shop full of apprentices and journeymen; and then, too, his trips to the city for materials added the little change and stimulus that helped him to the brisk, bustling way that told you in five minutes that he was a money-making man. "Yes," he remarked that very afternoon, to his friend, Mr. Gerry, who often dropped in to bask in the genial heat of the great cylinder stove, on the very comfortable lounge provided for lady customers—"yes Gerry, I don't think I'd change with any man I know. I don't believe there's a man outside of New-York that's got better credit than I have in the Swamp, though I say it myself. There's Jones & Mudford, one of the oldest firms in the city. "Come right straight to us," says Mr. Jones, "always, Mr. Bowen, and we'll do as well by you as anybody can. We don't want your money, we want your custom; that's what we want: I'd like to find a few more of the same sort." Now, that's what I call gratifying—ha, Gerry?"

"Very," responded Mr. Gerry, elevating his feet to the fender of the glowing cylinder, and his eyes to the arabesque of boots and shoes on the wall overhead.

"Then, too, there's my wife; many a man's been ruined by his wife. Mine don't spend one cent on nonsense; don't catch her with flounces and furbelows. Every dollar goes right into my business; that's the secret of it you see. I get the best of stock, and plenty of it, and then I can afford to work reasonable; why, there isn't another man in Plumville can begin to manufacture along-side of me. There's Toby, now—"

"Oh, he couldn't lay a straw in your path; he never has what a man wants. I see him coming out of here, every now and then, with a lot of findings."

"That's it, you see. He don't get ahead enough to buy his stock to good advantage, and half the time he gets shaved by some of those outside fellows he deals with. Shiftless kind of man. Runs to New York twice as often as I do, and spends just so much time and money."

This little conversation having taken place in the lull of the day's work, just before tea-time, Mr. Bowen proceeded home to partake of that social meal, in the complacent mood which is the result of recounting one's successful achievements, and quite ready to overlook the failure at dinner. He expected, at least, hot biscuit to atone for it; but on the contrary, he found baker's bread, and he hated baker's bread.

"Flour out, hey? Seems to me fourteen pounds of flour ought to last longer than all this comes to! Not much butter to help it down with, either!"

"It is all there was in the house, and Johnny did not get home from school in time to send to the grocery," said Mrs. Bowen, patiently. "You know you never like to have us borrow."

"No, borrow, no! Go without, twice over; but, I must say, I never saw such providing in my life."

"I had enough, I thought, but Mrs. Toby sent in to get enough for tea,

and I never like to refuse her, you know; so I told Hannah to let her have it, without going to see."

"There's a family that's always borrowing; she must be as shiftless as her husband."

"The Toby's never did get ahead," remarked Mother Bowen. "Tain't in 'em. Old Lias Toby, now, started in business the same time with your father, and wasn't worth a cent when he died. Some folks just live from hand to mouth."

"A pretty miserable way of living." And reflection on his own forethought and free-handedness supplied the place of sauce to the scanty tea-table; though John and Kate, whose imaginations, however active, could not delude them on this subject, demanded the molasses pitcher, to make up deficiencies.

"Not a rag of clothes dry enough to iron," Hannah stated, encouragingly, as Mrs. Bowen went to inspect the progress of affairs, next morning. "I hung them tablecloths up in the garret, and them starched things 'round the fire all night; jist look at 'em, might as well be right out of the tub this minute. That comes of leaving clothes in the middle of the day to run to the store."

"I know it, Hannah, but we must do the best we can. There's some one knocking, go to the door for mother never would hear, and Kate has gone to school."

Mrs. Bowen "felt" the damp garments one by one, without the least brightening of the prospect. Hannah returned presently, ushering in a little girl, with a deep cape bonnet, and a quantity of school books piled up on her arm.

"Mother sends her compliments, Miss Bowen, and if its convenient, she'll come and take tea with you. Jane's gone off again," she added by way of explanation, entirely on her own account, "and I heard mother say to father that when we didn't have a girl was a good time to go visiting, and Sallie and me could come too."

Now it was not the least "convenient," with the ironing so far behind. Usually the clothes were all folded down on Monday night, ready to commence by nine o'clock on Tuesday, when Mrs. Bowen did the fine things and her husband's shirts; but if she should say so, Mrs. Gerry would take mortal offence, especially in the present posture of affairs.

"Very well, Mary Jane, tell your mother that I shall expect her." And as the hall door closed on the juvenile messenger, she added, "I must put off my ironing till to morrow, that's all, Hannah, and make some cake. You can do yours just the same only I didn't want to have to take you off to go the store this morning, since Johnny got the butter and eggs; but there isn't a bit of brown sugar, and Mr. Gerry is so fond of short biscuit. He

always expects some kind of meat, so you'll have to stop at the butcher's and tell him to send a small steak. Oh, and I used the last of the tea this morning, all but a small drawing, but it won't be enough for all those people."

"Bringing their young ones along," said Hannah, spitefully. "They'll eat enough for an army. Just about

as much consideration as some folks have. "Tain't no wonder they never get a girl to stay with 'em! Well if I've got to stop and go, I s'pose I might as well be goin'."

Hannah's unusual alacrity was some relief to the pressure of affairs, but it was accounted for when she returned, after an absence of twice the usual length.

"I thought as the clothes wasn't dry, I might jest as well stop to Miss Taylor and have my new dress tried on; and she found she hadn't quite enough trimming, so I jest ran down to Tripler's and matched it. Didn't take me five minutes, and I shouldn't get out to-night, with all them people coming here to tea."

There was nothing to be said and no time to send back for saleratus or white sugar, both of which were found "low." Mrs. Bowen was obliged to make her cake of the brown, and had the mortification of finding it heavy. The saleratus did not prove to be sufficient for the two pans of biscuit—there must be two pans as the children were coming—and what with the damp clothes and wasted morning, and the interruptions of the baking, the ironing had made slow progress, when Mrs. Gerry arrived punctually at three o'clock, and Mrs. Bowen felt very little like giving up the afternoon to her entertainment. It was a very fatiguing business, for the visitor was one of the ladies who never suggest a topic of conversation, and consequently long pauses intervene when the other party feels herself exhausted; and then, too, Mother Bowen who was fond of company, but whose hearing was impaired as well as her digestion, requested to have each particular remark repeated in a very loud tone. The little Gerrs came from school with Kate, and made so much noise that it was next to impossible to hear one's self think, besides distracting attention to the way they had of handling and looking into everything, much to the detriment of the articles so examined.

"Ah, good evening, Mrs. Bowen. Just in time I see—for with Mr. Gerry's arrival, an appetizing odor of steak was diffused through the sitting room. "I've saved my appetite for you; I always do when I'm coming here. I tell mother 'twould be a sin and a shame to spoil one of Mrs. Bowen's good teas by eating any dinner before hand. How d'ye do Bowen, how d'ye do? Supper just coming in, you see. Where shall I sit? Anywhere. You don't make a stranger of me you know."

"Not commonly." And Mr. Bowen who had a sharp appetite for his share of the good things provided on their account, drew the steel across the carver with an air of keen expectancy. "That's just what I said to mother this morning, when we proposed coming over here to-night. 'Its ironing day,' said she, 'and I don't know as it will be convenient for Mrs. Bowen.' 'Oh, la,' says I, 'they never put themselves out of the way for us; go when you will,' says I, 'such a first class cook as Mrs. Bowen wouldn't mind; always sure to have something on hand.'"

Mrs. Bowen reflected on her neglected ironing, her hurried fretted visitors, she would be arraigned for

day, and judiciously busied herself with the tea things. She could not quite make up her mind to assent, with the cheerfulness it seemed to demand, to Mr. Gerry's statement.

"Do make yourself at home and pass the biscuit," said Mrs. Bowen, to cover this little backwardness. "Have a biscuit, mother? Help yourself to the butter, Mrs. Gerry."

"I'll have some cold bread, Eliza." And Mrs. Bowen's worst fear was realized by the expression of her mother-in-law's face when she said it. "It's as much as my night's rest is worth to teach one of them biscuit; they're just as heavy as lead."

"Dear me, how could it have happened?" Guilty Mrs. Bowen who knew very well how it had come to pass. "Sugar and milk, Mr. Gerry! I am very sorry that there isn't a bit of cold bread in the house. The flour was out last night, and though we mixed right away the minute it came, it's just gone into the oven."

"I suppose I can have a cracker, then," said her mother-in-law, in the usual injured tone.

"Now don't say one word." And Mrs. Gerry made a great show of buttering one of the unfortunate rolls. "I guess you must have got hold of the one that wasn't done. I can't seem to make such biscuit as yours, no how, Mrs. Bowen; father often says to me I oughter come and take lessons; and such beautiful light cake as you always have. I don't see how you manage. Do take a biscuit, father. Shan't I help you to some butter, Mr. Bowen?"

Mr. Bowen having by this time distributed the steak held forth his plate, at the invitation, drew it in, tasted it, examined it and looked very much disturbed. "Bad butter again! Well, I must say Mr. Gerry, that it wasn't much use saving your appetite to-day. Heavy bread and strong butter."

Here a portentous glance was aimed at the tea-tray, but missed fire. Mrs. Bowen knew it was not her fault, and was determined not to take it.

"Seems to me you've lost your knack lately, 'Liza," remarked Mother Bowen, pertinaciously. "There ain't much variety in soda biscuit." And she took one up to crumble into her tea with the air of a martyr. "You don't seem to eat much, Mrs. Gerry won't you help yourself to some of the preserves? Quinces before you, ain't they 'Liza? Plums on the other side. Do have some greengages to help the biscuit down."

Mr. Gerry's well preserved appetite seemed ready to cope with all the difficulties, judging from the quantities he ate; and whether it was the assistance of the plums or not, Mrs. Gerry did not fall far behind, helping herself twice to cake, and passing her cup so often that she had finished the third before Mrs. Bowen had tasted her first. The children who were seated afterwards at the places of their respective parents, did the repast ample justice. But for all that Mr. Bowen's enjoyment of the visit was entirely lost, and his wife's would have been if there ever had been any to lose. She knew that the minute the front door had closed upon their visitors, she would be arraigned for

the failure, and prepared to meet it with what amiability she could.

"Now, you know it isn't so at all, James," she said in reply to an irritated charge of "leaving everything to Hannah," and neglecting her household generally. "You know very well that I hardly stir out of the house, even to an evening meeting. When have I been out to spend an afternoon? Not since we were at Mrs. Gerry's and they've been here three times since."

"If it had been any one but Gerry. I should not have cared so much; but when I like a man, I like to see him at home in my house, and treated as if he was somebody. Mother, too—I don't think she has had a thing she could eat for the last three days. She hasn't got very long to live and it's a pity we can't make her comfortable while she is here."

"I do my best." And Mrs. Bowen said it slowly, with a sigh, to think how little all her worry and care was appreciated after all.

"Well, I know you do, sometimes." Mr. Bowen was not insensible to his wife's patience and uniform kindness towards his mother; besides he had relieved his mind, and the re-action was beginning to change his views of things a little. "Only sometimes it does seem hard that she should not have anything she can touch. I don't see into it."

"I do; it's not having the things I need right on hand."

"Don't you have what you want, I'd like to know? Did you ever come to me for a dollar and not get it? Though I must say it seems to me its pretty much every day about as regular as I come in to dinner."

"I don't believe you'd feel it half so much James, if you'd get things by the quantity and it would be twice as convenient. It takes just about half Hannah's time to run to the grocery to get things by the small quantity, and they don't seem to go half as far. My father always used to get a firkin of winter butter, for instance, and a barrel of flour at a time."

"Flour's seven dollars a barrel! My goodness, Eliza!"

"I guess it's more than seven dollars getting it as we do; and what difference does it make whether you pay for it all at once or a few shillings at the time? How do you do at the shop? I've heard you tell many a time about the advantage in having a large stock and getting the best."

"Oh, that's quite another thing; business and housekeeping are two different things. I can't take money out of my business, and buy a grocery store."

"But it all goes in the course of the year. What difference does it make? If you only knew how I hated to ask you for money! Time and time again, I go without those things because I hate to ask you; and then, when I come to get dinner they are things I want."

"Where are you going to keep them? I've heard you say more than once that you had not closet-room enough."

"I could take the small bed-room in the attic, and have a lock put on the door. I could put a barrel of flour in the kitchen, you know, and

there's plenty of cellar-room for vegetables and such things. I know you could get them better and cheaper from the farmers."

"Dreadful convenient to mount boxes and barrels up two pair of stairs."

"But it would only be once a year, James, and then you could send one of the men over from the shop. If you only knew how much time and how many steps it would save to say nothing of money!"

"I don't see any saving about it." And yet Mr. Bowen stood convicted by his own expressed declaration of the same principle to Mr. Gerry the day before, and the conversation returned rather uncomfortably to mind.

"What do you want now, s'posing you could get it?"

"Well, if we had five or six gallons of oil at once there would be no such a bother about the lamps; and a barrel of brown sugar and a half barrel of white. Oh, I don't know. A small box of tea, you know, just what we use every day of our lives. Don't you believe you'd get a better quality for one thing? Don't you know some wholesale place in New York where you could be sure of a good article?"

"Why, yes, there's Ladd & Coffin. Ladd is Mudford's son-in-law; they'd introduce me, I guess: but I can't spare the money, and 't ain't worth while to talk any more about it."

"You spare the money when you want stock."

"Of course I do. Where would any of the bread and butter come from? I'd look pretty well running down to New York every six weeks, besides it works to better advantage." By which remark Mr. Bowen lost

ground on his side of the argument, and the opposition was not slow to follow it up.

"Well, well, I'll think about it," was his conclusion after another half hour of discussion; "that will do for to-night. What are you going to have for breakfast to-morrow morning—fried potatoes?"

"I don't believe we've enough in the house. Hannah couldn't bring but half a peck yesterday on account of the turnips; and they don't last us any the children eat so many."

"Well, ham and eggs then, it's all the same to me."

"It's too late for Hannah to go for the ham."

"Anything—anything. It's a good while since you've had any corn-bread, though."

"I know it is; but there's always so many things we must have that I neglected to send for meal."

"Get something, then; suit yourself." And, with a glimmering comprehension of his wife's difficulties, Mr. Bowen betook himself to repose, and left her to puzzle it out at her leisure.

It was almost the first of January before he became a final convert to her doctrine, however; and it cost him severe self-denial to refrain from taking four shares in a foundry about to be established at Plumville and apply the money to fill the formidable order presented by Mrs. Bowen on his trip to town.

"A saving in the end," she said, consolingly, as she placed four pocket-

handkerchiefs and two pairs of clean socks in the carpet-bag she was making ready for him.

"Not much saving, I guess; I'll give you all you can make off of this year's expenses, next Christmas; it's cost over three hundred first and last."

Which promise Mrs. Bowen did not lose sight of; and when the time came, claimed twenty-one dollars accordingly, and demonstrated her right to with pencil and paper, much to her husband's amazement.

"It will just buy me a new winter bonnet and a black silk dress, Mr. Bowen; and it's some time since you've had any fault to find of mother either."

"True enough, Eliza; things do seem to go considerably smoother, and I wouldn't have thought it would have made so much difference. Mother was saying only yesterday, that you seemed to have found your old knacks again. White sugar was not out yet, and all that tea left?"

Well, you have managed first rate; pretty near earned it haven't you? Not to speak of how that money would have gone to smash in the foundry; completely fell through, Gerry says I hate to lose a thing dreadfully. I'd rather spend it twice over, any time."

Mr. Bowen ceased to dwell on his own good management, for a time, and made his wife's talent for administration the theme of discourse with his particular friends, the appearance of the black silk dress in company being the signal for relating her little achievement, and, to his eyes she had not had on such a becoming one since her wedding day.

HOUSEHOLD CHATS.

Number Three.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

SUNSHINY FOLKS.

How many of us, I wonder, are striving to carry our faces ever in the sunshine instead of among the deep shadows? And do any fully succeed? Ah! what an achievement would that be, to so rise above the trials, the disappointments and infirmities—the shadows—of life, as to walk before the world and our beloved ones with faces perpetually illumined—a brightness as of the glorious sunlight ever upon them. Though none of us, perhaps, may be able to do this, yet may we not carry our faces in "the sunshine" more than we do? May we not grow more in this "grace" which maketh glad the hearts of those about us?

Our surroundings may be depressing, but let us strive to rise above them and cultivate a cheerful disposition; and while we are cheerful, let us frequently go a step further and be merry. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," averred one of old, who, doubtless, had found cause to feel deeply the truth of this assertion; and since those words were uttered so many centuries ago, I believe there has never been a soul attained to the years of understanding that has not felt their truth. Very many of

"the ills that flesh is heir to," may be dispersed by cheerful company; and

we may be assured that did we indulge in more mirth and less medicine, we should be the better for it, better physically, spiritually and pecuniarily. But do we not all know something of how nearly next to impossible it is to maintain good spirits in the society of some? their presence is a wet blanket to all our animated spirits; while we no sooner find ourselves in the presence of others, than our spirits go up, we are on

"the heights," in the atmosphere of enjoyment and peaceful satisfaction; the trials, burdens and perplexities of life seem to drop away from us, our skies are bright and cloudless, and life seems full of blessedness. Why our minds are so constituted as to be thus differently affected by different persons is a mystery. Should we, generally, be guided by this mysterious attraction, instinct, or whatever it may be, in our choice of associates? Mrs. Dorr, what is your opinion? I suspect that in forming our best, truest friendships, we are, in spite of ourselves, largely governed by this influence. There may be a form of friendship and unity without it, but the real spirit is not there, and therefore no real life.

We are bound by every law of Christianity and universal brotherhood, to treat with kindness, courtesy and Christian affection, the multitude with which we mingle—the multitude that we so often feel is still in one sense afar off and unapproachable; but (and thank God that it is so!) among the multitude, of the multitude, yet to us seeming separate from it, is now and then one to whom we seem to come close in spirit, drawn by this most mysterious attraction. These are our "kindred spirits," we know them when we meet them, for heart speaketh to heart, and with these only are we our true selves. They bring out the best that is in us, and in their smiles is a magnetism which invariably calls forth our own. Perhaps some chord of that mysterious "harp of a thousand strings"—the human mind—gets out of tune, and we feel the discord in all our being; but hark! there is a step outside, the door opens, and lifting our face to greet the comer, eye meets eye, a smile flashes simultaneously from face to face, our heart sends forth and at the same time receives an answering throb, when lo! as if by magic, the inharmonious chord is attuned, and all is right with us once more.

A wonderful thing is this telegraphy between hearts, this simultaneous giving and receiving, a giving without which there can be no receiving, as in this sense, metaphorically speaking, the heart must part with a portion of itself to make room for the corresponding portion of another.

I do not believe in spiritulism, but I do believe in kindred spirits, those dear friends whose presence fills our hearts with sunlight, and with whom we have so many sympathies in common. We do not use the term in that school-girl sense, which, through the rose-colored halo of fancy, sentimentally sees affinities and kindred spirits in one another, but in that truer and deeper sense of the term, of which years or, mayhap, deep experience has taught us the meaning.

The very nature of things ordains that some must and will be more to us than others; yet, because of this, we are not to close our hearts to all beside. We may, if we will, carry our faces in the sunshine for all, withholding from none the pleasant smile and kindly word, so carrying sunlight all along the way, cheering many a weary, saddened heart.

Useful lessons we may learn of the sunshiny folks. Cousin Ray is one of them; always in good cheer and inspiring those about him with his own genial spirits. Long may he live to scatter gleams of sunshine along life's pathway!

Bless the sunshiny folks wherever they are! The good they accomplish is incalculable, and great the happiness they not only secure for themselves, but diffuse to all about them.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

MR. CROWELL:—In compliance with your request I applied the piece of soap you gave me to a garment that had been daubed by white lead paint and dried, and found to my surprise that upon rinsing the woolen, not the least sign of the paint remained. I am only too well pleased with the result of my experiment to give my testimony in its favor.

CATHARINE FERGUSON.
Shakers, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I sent for a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and though I expected *very much* of it, it surpassed my expectations. I had been taught to believe that nothing could be better than the old lye-soap mother and grandmother used before me. Since using Dobbins' Electric, I have been getting some of my neighbors' zeal aroused in its behalf. Some are interested, some old foggy ladies cannot believe that anything can equal old soft-lye-soap. And do we wonder why when so many of our "liege lords" are so slow to see any needed improvement for womans' work? When the contrast in this soap is brought to their notice, as being as great as the mowing machine and the old hand scythe, you hear the reply, "Oh, yes, any woman can write an advertising letter, give her money enough." I tell you women are not so easily bought, and no money would hire one of us to say any article was good unless we found it so.

MRS. CURTIS J. KIBBEE.
No. Randolph, Vt.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I take pleasure in recommending Dobbins' Electric Soap as being the best I ever used, and if every person knew its value no other soap would be used.

MRS. A. P. BARNETT.
Edwardsville, Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Dobbin's Electric Soap is the best I ever used. The little required to do a washing with is

incredible. I use a quarter of a bar to do a week's washing for three people, and it is sufficient, *strictly following directions*. You ask for an "honest opinion" of it. Here is mine: I cannot conceive that a better soap, or one combining every desirable quality, as Dobbins' Electric does, can be produced.

MRS. C. M. KINNEY.
Shingle House, Pa.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap in my house since last May, and it is everything that has been claimed for it. I think a washing can be done in less than half the time required when any other soap is used. I move that we extend a vote of thanks to Aunt Matilda for first calling our attention to Dobbins' Electric Soap.

MRS. A. M. MORRISON.
Brunswick, Me.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap. It is by far the best soap I ever used.

MRS. C. RUDOW.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOW THEY PROPOSE TO KEEP FOLKS AT PHILADELPHIA NEXT SUMMER.

A number of men, mostly connected with the railroads leading into Philadelphia have formed an organization, under the law of the state, to be known as the "Centennial Lodging-house Agency, Limited," and propose to contract with a large number of housekeepers and boarding-house proprietors who are willing to accept a fair remuneration for superior accommodations to furnish breakfast, tea and supper in the American style, a bed-room neatly furnished, with linen scrupulously clean, for each guest sent them by the agency. The accommodations are to be paid for by the visitors, with a coupon ticket, which will be cashed at the central office of the agency; fractional parts of unused tickets will also be redeemed at the same place.

The arrangements for meals can be varied to suit the wishes of the visitor; the prices are to be as uniform as possible, but will be varied to meet the demands of those requiring extra accommodations, and in case of organizations visiting the city in a body. The coupon tickets will be placed on sale in all the cities and towns in the Union and also in Europe. An agent on all the principal trains approaching the city will furnish each passenger holding a ticket with a card assigning him to proper quarters, giving him at the same time minute directions for reaching them. When the guest is gone, the agency will receive immediate notice, and thus be able to utilize all vacant rooms and accommodate hundreds and thousands of visitors.

By this system a visitor can secure his accommodations before leaving home, with a certainty of being comfortably provided for at a defined and reasonable charge, and of being directed at once to his quarters on reaching the city. The cost, it is believed, will be less than the ordinary prices now prevailing at the hotels, the accommodations being equal. The plan has been approved by the Cen-

tennial Board of Finance, a central office has already been opened, and circulars will shortly be sent to housekeepers for the purpose of perfecting the arrangements.

A FEW WORDS TO FEEBLE AND DELICATE WOMEN.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, etc., etc.

Knowing that you are subject to a great amount of suffering, that delicacy on your part has a strong tendency to prolong it, and the longer it is neglected the more you have to endure and the more difficult of cure your case becomes, I, as a physician, who am daily consulted by scores of your sex, desire to say to you, that I am constantly meeting with those who have been treated for their ailments for months without being benefited in the least, until they have become perfectly discouraged and have almost made up their minds never to take another dose of medicine, or be tortured by any further treatment. They had rather die and have their sufferings ended than to live and suffer as they have. They say they are worn out by suffering, and are only made worse by treatment. Of anything more discouraging, we certainly cannot conceive, and were there no more successful mode of treating such difficulties than that, the principles of which teach the reducing and depleting of the vital forces of the system, when the indications dictate a treatment directly the reverse of the one adopted for them, their case would be deplorable indeed. But, lady sufferers, there is a better and far more successful plan of treatment for you; one more in harmony with the laws and requirements of your system. A harsh, irritating caustic treatment and strong medicines will never cure you. If you would use rational means, such as common-sense should dictate to every intelligent lady, take such medicines as embody the very best invigorating tonics and nervines, compounded with special reference to your delicate system. Such a happy combination you will find in my Favorite Prescription, which has received the highest praise from thousands of your sex. Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs; that continual drain that is sapping from your system all your former elasticity, and driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces that renders you irritable and fretful, may all be overcome and subdued by a persevering use of that marvelous remedy. Irregularities and obstructions to the proper working of your system are relieved by this mild and safe means, while periodical pains, the existence of which is a sure indication of serious disease that should not be neglected, readily yield to it, and if its use be kept up for a reasonable length of time, the special cause of these pains is permanently removed. Further light on these subjects may be obtained from "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which I have devoted a large space to the consideration of all forms of diseases peculiar to your sex. This work will be sent (post-paid) to any address on receipt of \$1.50. My Favorite Prescriptions is sold by drugists.

THREE MONTHS (postage paid) for ten cents. See A Trial Trip, on last page.

See A. T. Cookinham's "Charming Variety Offer." These goods are offered exceedingly low and as they are warranted to give satisfaction by a responsible person there is no risk in any one's sending for a package or such portions as they may desire.

The attention of Book Agents and all those desiring employment of that kind, is espe-

cially called to the advertisement of the new edition of Waverly Novels on last page of this issue. We believe this is a rare chance in view of the facts that this is an unusually desirable edition of a very popular work and also that for one canvass the deliveries extend over two years, so that a person getting 50 or 100 subscribers secures a regular income every month for two years that will pay handsomely.

TEN CENTS for Three Months (postage paid). See A Trial Trip, on last page.

SPRING DEBILITY, languor, lassitude, and that low state of the system peculiar to the spring time of the year, are immediately relieved by the PERUVIAN SYRUP, which supplies the blood with its vital principle of life—iron—infusing strength, vigor, and new life into all parts of the system. Being free from alcohol, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent. Sold by all druggists. Pamphlets free. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, Boston.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. The standard remedy for the cure of coughs, colds, influenza, bronchitis, hoarseness, asthma, whooping cough, croup, sore throat, diphtheria, difficulty of breathing, quinsy, phthisis, pain in the side and breast, spitting of blood, liver complaint, bleeding of the lungs, and all diseases of the throat, lungs, and chest, including even consumption. It seems hardly necessary to dilate at length upon the virtues of this favorite remedy for all diseases of the lungs, throat and chest. It was introduced to the public by Dr. Wistar nearly half a century since, and by the wonderful cures which it performed, gained an immediate and enviable reputation, which to this day it has fully sustained. From the gulf of the St. Lawrence to the shores of the Pacific, and in many countries abroad, there are few villages or hamlets without "living testimonials" to the rapidity and certainty of its curative effects. The proprietors, mindful of their responsibility to the afflicted, exercise the utmost care in the selection and compounding of the various ingredients of which the BALSAM is composed; and the sick are assured that the high standard of excellence on which its popularity is based, will always be maintained. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, Boston.

PARLOR ORGANS. The manufacturers of the New Haven Organ Co., whose advertisement appeared in THE HOUSEHOLD for February and again in this number are thus spoken of by the Louisville, (Ky.) Commercial:

"Until within the past few years, the number of manufactorys of cabinet organs was limited, and the list of first-class makers was very small. But like all matters of supply and demand, the organ business has increased with the call for instruments, until the country is dotted with factories, and at almost every turn we come in contact with a new instrument, claiming a share of patronage. With the increase of makers, too, there has been an increase of mediocre and inferior work, which, after a brief day of triumph, passes into the ranks of the second class, or dies out entirely. But there are makers who seek to earn and fix a reputation for first-class work which shall be for all time. Among these may be noted the New Haven Organ Company, manufacturers of the popular Jubilee Organs, which are rapidly becoming known, and which do not fail to hold every inch of ground they once occupy. These instruments have many points of excellence, and so thorough is the inspection of the various parts, and of the whole, that when an instrument goes out of the house a guarantee for five years—long enough to break down and wear out two common organs—is given the purchaser. The Jubilee Organ is eminently an organ for the people."

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5 Goodrich's "Tuck Folders," postpaid for 50c.
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4 Pen Pictures 8x10 in Gold and Colors, 50c.
1 Package of Golden Trophy Tomato Seed, 25c.
1 Package Egyptian Joint Popping Corn XX, 25c.
Yosemite Valley Chromo, 14x20, magnificent, \$1.
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All are the very best, warranted to give satisfaction, and are worth four times the price I ask. Please address AUGUSTUS T. COOKINHAM, Clinton Hollow, N. Y. 14-2adv.

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DEAFNESS RELIEVED. No medicine. Book free. G. J. Wood, Madison, Ind.

Any one going west can get some valuable information and reduced fares by writing to A. C. Call, State Agent of Immigration, Algona, Iowa. 10t

WE TRUST every one of our present subscribers will send us a half dozen or more trial subscribers before April 1st. See A Trial Trip, on last page.

SUDDEN CHANGES IN THE WEATHER are productive of Throat Diseases, Coughs and Colds. There is no more effectual relief to be found than in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

HOW TO SAVE YOUR PIN MONEY. Ladies should recolor their faded dresses, ribbons, ties, etc., by using LEAMON'S ANILINE DYES. Any article can be dyed any color, in a few minutes, without soiling the hands. They can be used for all kinds of family dyeing and never fail. One trial will show you how saving their use is, and how easily they are applied. Faded colors can be revived or new colors given. Splendidly adapted to all fancy articles. Ask your druggist for a book of instructions. He keeps Leamon's Dyes.

FATHER DRUMGOOLE'S PROTEGEES. There is a very worthy Catholic priest in New York whose heart warmed years ago towards the friendless orphans who circulate the great newspapers of the metropolis. Agents as they are, in their small way, of some of the most prosperous institutions in the country, until Father Drumgoole rose up as their advocate, two-thirds of this childish host lived as carelessly as wild beasts. Father Drumgoole established a refuge for them, supplied the lacking care and protection of their parents, saw that they were cleaned and well clothed; and when they came to him, cut, wounded and bruised, as such wretches are apt to be, applied Giles' Iodide of Ammonia Liniment to their sores. This is the only surgery that he uses, and his honorable name is one of its strongest endorsements.

DR. SCHENCK'S STANDARD REMEDIES. The standard remedies for all diseases of the lungs are SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, and SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, and, if taken before the lungs are destroyed, a speedy cure is effected.

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The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs; nature throws it off by an easy expectoration, for when the phlegm or matter is ripe, a slight cough will throw it off, the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal.

To enable the Pulmonic Syrup to do this, Schenck's Mandrake Pills and Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic must be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver. Schenck's Mandrake Pills act on the liver, removing all obstructions, relax the gall bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon relieved.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is a gentle stimulant, and alterative; the alkali of which it is composed, mixes with the food and prevents souring. It assists the digestion by toning up the stomach to a healthy condition, so that the food and the Pulmonic Syrup will make good blood; then the lungs heal, and the patient will surely get well if care is taken to prevent fresh cold.

All who wish to consult Dr. Schenck, either personally or by letter, can do so at his principal office, corner of SIXTH and ARCH STS., Philadelphia, every Monday.

Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists throughout the country. 2t

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THE PRINCIPLE OF THE LITTLE WASHER embodies all the essential points. First, we have the desired heat, which expands the fabric, and causes it to discharge the dirt. Second, we obtain a powerful suction beneath the clothes, which causes a rapid downward current or water force, through and through them, thereby removing the dirt. Third, we use a large body of water, which holds the dirt in solution. Thus we cleanse thoroughly, rinsing the clothes as usual, being all that is required to complete the operation.

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

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"Being all Day in the Suds."

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

Therefore, we confidently say to every housekeeper in the land, You want a ROBBINS WASHER. You cannot afford to be without one. It will pay to buy one.

The Retail Price is only \$3.50.

Sample to those desiring Agencies, \$3.00. The philosophy of the Washer is fully explained in the following circular, which is full of valuable information to housekeepers. We bespeak for it a careful perusal:

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

Art of Cleansing Fabrics,

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

What is it that Removes the Dirt?

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

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

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

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

What Will Explain to You.

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

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

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

Famly size weighs 6 pounds, is only 7 inches long by 5 inches wide by 1 1/4 inches deep. The discharge pipe is 13 inches high over that, and is 1 1/4 inches in diameter, or about 6 inches in circumference. It throws water in a solid, unbroken stream at the rate of 15 to 20 gallons per minute, will work in any common family boiler, and if you wish will do the work in a boiler nearly twice that size, thereby enabling you to do twice as much, or the same amount in half the time. It takes only 3 ounces of soap to 15 or 20 gallons of water, and will wash household linen, such as bed and table linen, a boiler full in ten to fifteen minutes, and do it perfectly; wearing apparel in from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, and will remove all streaks without any rubbing; requires no previous preparation of the clothes, such as soaking over night, etc. We take the clothes dry, and when the Washer gets thoroughly at work we will fill the boiler as full as it will hold, by gently pressing them down with a stick. We use no chemicals, only good soap and soft water. If the water is hard it may be softened by a small piece of borax, which is perfectly harmless.

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

Our Method of Handling.

We want agents everywhere throughout the United States; in every state, county, town, and hamlet. But let it here be understood, we have no territory for sale. The retail price of No. 1 Washer is \$3.50; of No. 2 Washer, \$5. But we will sell sample machines of No. 1 size at \$3; No. 2, or small hotel size, at \$4. Canvassers for this Washer can make more money with it than with anything ever before offered to the public. As, for instance, we established two agencies to test the sale of the Washer

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SPECIAL PREMIUMS!**

Open to All.

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For the Fourth,
either **AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.**

or **A SILVER WATCH, worth \$50.**

For the Fifth, **Prang's Beautiful Chromo,**
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The above selection of Premiums is designed to be equally desirable by ladies and gentleman for which reason a choice of two articles is given in the third and fourth offers.

**ANOTHER LIST
DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.**

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

A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.

or the Second largest list we will give

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For the Third

AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$30.

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For the Tenth

A Gold Pen, worth \$3.

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

To Single Subscribers.

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

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

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.00.

For the Second largest list we will give

A Family Clothes Wringer, worth \$7.50.

For the Third,

A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, worth \$5.00.

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

For the Fifth,

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

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

4thly and to Conclude.

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1	One Box Initial Stationery,	\$0.50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's,	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name, Plate, brush ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Autograph Album,	1.00	3
7	Package Garden Seeds,	1.00	3
8	Package Flower Seeds,	1.00	3
9	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers,	1.00	3
10	Butter Knife, (silver plated,) 1.00	3	3
11	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1.00	3
12	Set Jet Jewellery,	1.50	4
13	One vol. Household,	1.00	4
14	Six Teaspoons, (silver plated)	1.75	5
15	Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated)	2.00	5
16	Six Scotch Pl'd Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
17	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2.25	5
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23	Pie Knife, (silver plated,) 3.00	8	8
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26	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler)	4.00	8
27	Six Tablespoon, (silver plated)	4.00	9
28	Six Dining Forks, (silver plated)	4.00	9
29	Faith scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)	5.00	10
30	1-doz. Tea Knives, (ebony handles)	5.00	10
31	Sheet Music, (Agt's. selection)	5.00	10
32	Child's knife, fork and spoon	5.00	12
33	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g	5.00	12
34	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6.00	12
35	Carving Knife and Fork,	6.00	12
36	Spoon Holder, (silver plated)	6.50	14
37	Folding Chair,	5.50	16
38	Croquet Set,	6.50	14
39	Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler)	7.00	14
40	Clothes Wringer,	7.50	15
41	Webster's N'tional Dictionary,	6.00	15
42	Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated)	8.00	18
43	Six Tea Knives, (silver plated)	8.00	18
44	Fruit Dish, (silver plated)	7.00	16
45	Gold Pen and Holder,	7.50	17
46	1-doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated)	8.00	18
47	1-doz. Dining Forks, (silver plated)	8.00	18
48	Photograph Album,	10.00	18
49	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10.00	20
50	Elegant Family Bible,	10.00	20
51	Folding Chair,	8.00	24
52	1-doz. napkin rings, in case,	8.00	22
53	Child's Carriage,	10.00	25
54	Cash,	6.25	25
55	Castor, (silver plated)	10.00	25
56	Sewing Machine, (Beckwith,	12.00	24
57	Cake Basket, (silver plated)	12.00	30
58	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	10.00	25
59	1-doz. Tea Knives, (silver plated)	14.50	30
60	Photograph Album,	18.50	30
61	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12.00	30
62	Folding Chair,	20.00	40
63	Guitar,	20.00	45
64	Silver Watch, (Waltham,	20.00	45
65	Ice Pitcher, (silver plated)	20.00	50
66	Child's Carriage,	25.00	60
67	Silver Watch, (Waltham,	35.00	80
68	Bickford Knitting Machine,	30.00	75
69	Harper's Pictorial Bible,	35.00	80



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CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written. We will do the best we can in all cases, but if persons will send us puzzles they mustn't be surprised if we don't always guess right.

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AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense

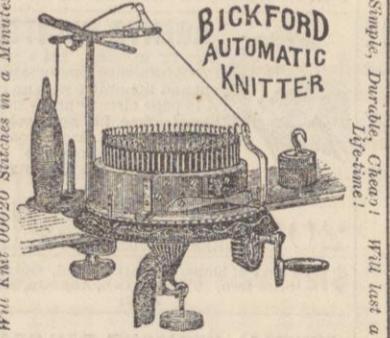
and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 54, 70 and 83 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

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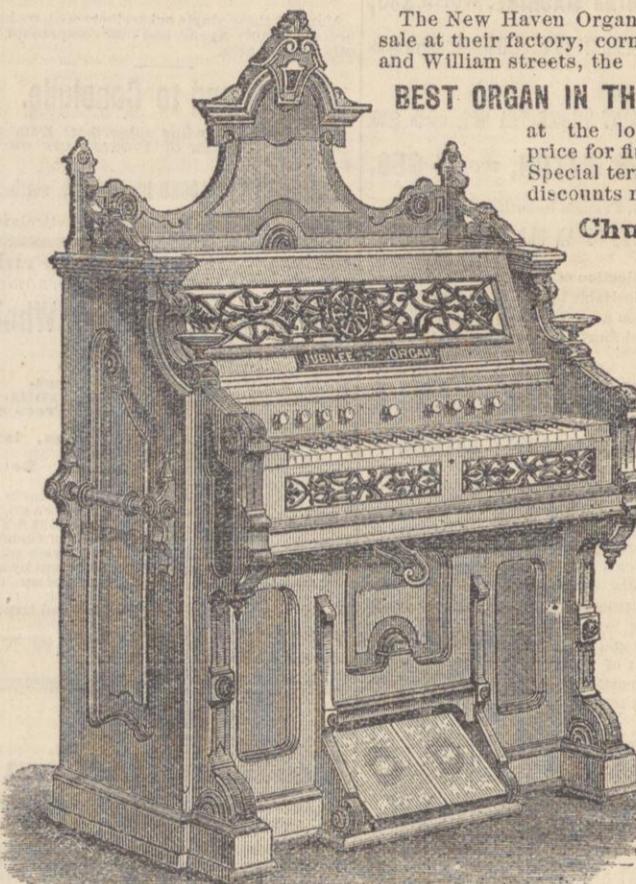
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