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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 19.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JANUARY, 1886.

No. 1.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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The Veranda.

THE NEW YEAR.

I know not if the year shall send
Tidings to us-ward as a friend,
And salutation, and such things,
Bear on his wings,
As the soul turns and thirsts unto
With hungering eyes, and lips that sue
For that sweet food which makes all new.

I know not if his light shall be
Darkness, or else light verily.
I know but that it will not part
Heart's faith from heart,
Truth from the trust in truth, nor hope
From sight of days unscaled that ope
Beyond one poor year's horoscope.

—A. C. Swinburne.

WINTER PROTECTION OF STOCK.

THE protection of cattle does not receive the attention that it deserves on most farms. At the north, where the cold is so intense that the animals cannot live without protection, they are cared for, but in the south, where the cold is not intense enough to actually kill them, it is the rule that they have little or no protection against the sleet and cold rains of winter. Preparations should be made early for the care of stock, yet instead, too often the cold weather comes on, the ground becomes covered with ice, while the cattle are still allowed to run at large, shivering in the frosty air, and gleaning as they best can from the frozen earth the few blades of dead grass to alleviate their hunger. How often we see animals, during cold spells of weather, go without drink for unnaturally long periods, or encounter such obstacles to get it, as nothing but great thirst would prompt them to face.

As far south as the 32d parallel the ponds and branches are often frozen over during the winter, and cattle can get drinking water only by crushing through the ice. Now the exertion of tramping through a cold bog, and breaking the ice, together with drinking water only a few degrees above freezing, work great injury to animals, and in the end cause losses that can hardly be borne by a prudent man, and that a little care and inexpensive shelter will always prevent. Cattle, as well as men themselves, feel the necessity of protection from cold at the beginning of winter more than after their systems have become accustomed to the cold. And there is no time of the year when care and attention are better rewarded than in the setting in of winter.

It is much easier, and much less food

is required to keep stock in good condition, than to restore them after they have become lean. Instead of keeping their forage until March, as so many farmers do, to restore the animals after their flesh and fat are nearly all gone, it is better economy to feed enough in the beginning and middle of winter to keep them in good condition, so that when the bleak winds of March make them tremble and shiver, they may be able to withstand the stress of weather. Good sheds or stalls are indispensable. Occasionally animals that are unprotected come through the winter in fair condition, but these are generally only of the hardiest breeds, and exceptions. Commonly those that have had no protection and scant food, present a very skin and bone appearance before the advent of spring. One of the most important uses of food is to give warmth to the animal's system. And where this result is aided by the use of good, warm houses, a smaller quantity of food is required. Comfort and warmth are essential to the maintenance of flesh and fat; and the farmer who allows his stock to remain exposed to the wintry elements is not only deficient in kindly feelings, but acts contrary to his own interest. Milch cows especially should be carefully housed and protected from inclement weather. We have found it good economy to bar up each cow nightly, in her own stall, and supply her with an abundance of warm bedding. Cows learn their own stalls very soon, are grateful for any care, and repay for the trouble by a great increase in the quantity of milk yielded. When even the common cows of the country are carefully treated in this way, they are apt to develop into surprisingly fine milkers.

In those fortunate sections of the country where the stock law is in force, and farmers are compelled to keep up their cattle, they are better housed and cared for. Four years ago the South Carolina legislature passed a general stock law for the whole state, and the result has been that while the actual number of cattle has decreased, the quantity of butter, cheese, and beef marketed is greater than ever before, and the aggregate value of the fewer cattle now kept is greater than of the larger number that used to roam at large before the present stock law was enacted. Thus it is proved that the care necessary to cattle under restraint has redounded to the manifest advantage of the owners. Every farmer should have a good patch of ground devoted to pasturage, whether the laws of his state compel him to restrain his stock upon his own land, or permit him to intrude them unjustly upon his neighbors.

The value of a good winter pasture can be scarcely overestimated, affording as it does not only food, at a time when other food is scarce, but food of a particularly wholesome character. Of course in the far northern states, where snow covers the ground for several months, such pasturage is impracticable, but below what may be called the snow line it should be always provided.

It is manifestly to the interest of farmers to pay more attention to the comfort of their stock than they usually do. It is often better to keep fewer cattle, and keep them more carefully. One milch cow well fed and warmly housed, is more profitable than three half starved anatomical specimens shrinking by the lee side of a rail fence in the sleety nights. In short, without care, there can be no profit from stock.

A. P. F.

Aiken, S. C.

COLD IRON BITS.

"An Experienced Horseman" in the Kentucky Live Stock Record reminds those who have the handling of horses of the cruelty of which they may be carelessly guilty:

"Let any one who has the care of a horse these cold, frosty mornings, deliberately grasp in his hand a piece of iron; indeed, let him touch it to the tip of his tongue, and then let him thrust the bit into the mouth of the horse if he has the heart to do it. The horse is an animal of nervous organization. His mouth is formed of delicate glands and tissues. The temperature of the blood is the same as in the human being, and, as in man, the mouth is the warmest part of the body. Imagine, we repeat, the irritation that would be to the human, and, if not the same degree, still the suffering to the animal is very great. And it is not a momentary pain. Food is eaten with difficulty, and the irritation repeated day after day, causes loss of appetite and strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause but this. Before India rubber bits were to be had I myself used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed with it in freezing weather."

—Much care should be exercised in saving all the wood ashes as they are among the best fertilizers for the farm and garden. It has been truthfully said that they are to "the earthly parts of vegetables what milk is to the animal system, or barn-yard manure to the entire crop. They contain every element, and generally in the right proportions, for insuring a full and rapid growth."

—There is no more desirable vine for covering trellises, and porches than a wisteria. It is strong, and a rapid grower. When well established, it will grow twenty feet or more in one season. It flowers profusely in long, graceful clusters. A large plant in bloom is a beautiful sight.

—It is a well established fact that rotten and rotting potatoes are a prolific cause of disease, especially diseases of the diphtheria nature. No potato should be used which has the least indication of rot. All who desire to avoid sickness in the family should exercise due care.

—The harvest gathered in the fields of the past is to be brought home for the use of the present.

The Drawing Room.

HOUSE DECORATION.

BY ALLIE E. WHITAKER.

THROUGH the popular craze for decoration our homes are beginning to look "cluttered" as an old-fashioned housekeeper would say. Aside from the care of so many ornamental articles, a cultivated taste and an eye for the beautiful are necessary to the proper arrangement of them. These are often lacking, but more frequently the cramped rooms in our homes have no suitable place for the bestowal of such articles. We move at the risk of hitting something which we ought not and children are an object of terror in one of these homes that has been given over to the decorative mania. There was wisdom in the advice of the mother who the other day said to her daughter, who is taking painting lessons, "Now don't paint any thing more to set round." So many movable decorations adorn some homes that one is reminded of a bazaar or museum.

The love of fancy work in one line or other is inherent in nearly every woman. Some like it from the mere pleasure of making ornamental articles, others from a desire to possess all that is "the rage." Many like to hoard it up, forgetting how quickly each little fashion goes by, and that only the really elegant piece of work outlives the caprice of the hour.

This was never better illustrated than in a room which the writer was destined to occupy last summer while making a stop over night in the midst of a long journey. Thoroughly amused at the decorations I sat back in a rocking chair and proceeded to trace what had been the rise and fall of the various fashions in ornamental fancy work. Beginning away back, there were hair flowers in one deep glass frame and wax flowers in another, such as we remember seeing made when a child. There was the red cashmere pin cushion with great white bead flowers and a watch case to match. The tissue paper mania contributed fringed mats and shaving papers; there was also some shell work with the glue giving away and a picture of the presidents in a cone frame. Perforated paper furnished mot toes, match scratchers and hair receivers, card board pinked out on the edges assumed several useless forms, and there were also crocheted tidies of bright colored worsteds. The Java canvas fever had raged badly, and the rugs were of every form and color, braided, crocheted, drawn in, sewed on, and knit. Macrame fringe hung from the edge of the small table, seine twine was crocheted in various patterns, and lastly there was that sham of all shams—a sham towel. To be accurate I counted the articles on the mantel and found thirty-two, while seventeen were on or hung from the bureau, and other portions of the room were as

profusely ornamented. It is not strange that I slept badly, and not improbable that the calculation of how many months had been spent over these fading trifles followed me into my dreams.

On leaving the next morning a glance at the parlor revealed décalcomania, card scrap books, drawn work, a mantel lambrequin, ribbon and Kensington embroidery so that it seemed that the upper room had been used as a storage place for the overflow from the rooms below. Whoever the busy worker was (for I was a stranger and only lodged in the house) she had lived to follow the ideas of two generations as marked out by her handiwork.

It is hard to resist the desire to make the pretty things which others are at work upon, but it is often wise to refrain from it entirely, and when the novelty of the last craze is worn away we are thankful that we did not give up to it. The popular fancy work has never required more expensive materials than now, and there is danger of letting your purse be run away with as well as your time.

It is often the wiser way to buy already finished some one or two really good bits of decoration that have been made by one having skill in that line rather than take the trouble to learn what perhaps you can only do indifferently. Most people think otherwise and each and every one must paint or embroider regardless of their ability.

Light needlework, knitting or crocheting, are sometimes a panacea for nervous feelings, for a troubled mind, or as a restful change from hard work, and there is much to be said in favor of fancy work, with always a hint added as to the need of moderation.

COURTESIES AND DISCOURTESIES.

There are many courtesies which a gentleman should render to a lady, the absence of which is at once felt, and causes people involuntarily to remark inwardly to themselves, if not aloud to their friends, "That man has not good manners." I passed that judgment the other evening when I was sitting with a friend by her fireside. A gentleman was ushered in who was well known to my friend, but a comparative stranger to me. He shook hands with her first, which was, of course, the right thing to do, and then, while speaking to her he shook hands with me. The breaker of this law of courtesy was a young professional man, well endowed with this world's goods. I should not record this little rudeness if it was only of rare occurrence, but I often notice people guilty of this discourtesy—namely, that of shaking hands with one person while they are speaking to another person. If you wish to say more than "How do you do?" to your hostess, or to any one else whom you greet at first, it is less discourteous to continue your conversation with her for a few moments before taking notice of any one near her, than it is to stretch out your hand and shake that of her neighbor while your face is turned away and your lips are addressing another person.

The discourteous young man to whom I have alluded gave me another reason for my verdict, and as in this respect also he is by no means the only offender in general society, I shall mention the little rudeness. There are three, if not more, separate syllables and sounds which some people utter or make when they have not heard what has been said to them, or when they wish to express assent. These are—What? Eh? Uh? and a guttural sound of the letter m, which cannot be expressed in writing. "I beg your pardon," or "What did you say?" are sentences which should certainly be said

when a repetition is asked for; and "Yes" should not be replaced by a grunt when an assent is given.

There are numerous little acts which a man of courtesy will perform. While he is calling at a house, he will rise and open the door for any lady who leaves the room, even if she is an entire stranger to him; in his own house he will not only open the door of the room, but accompany the lady to the hall door, and open that, if there is no servant at hand to do so, for a departing guest, whether lady or gentleman, should not be left to find their way alone. Neither should they be allowed to find their way into a room. When you act as a host, and your guests accompany you into the drawing room, do not you, my dear sir, follow the practice of some forgetful or neglectful men, who walk in and march straight up the room, leaving their one guest, or a train, as the case may be, to follow and to close the door. A host should open the door, and shut it after his guests have entered the room.

Amongst other small courtesies a gentleman will rise from his chair, however luxuriously comfortable, and offer assistance, if need be, to a lady if she goes to put coals on the fire, or if she tries to open or close a window. When he escorts her into a room, he will see that she is seated before he looks for a chair for himself; when he escorts her to a table, he will wait to arrange for her comfort, hold the chair, or push it backwards or forwards as required, before he takes his own seat. And during the meal he will see that she is provided with all she is likely to want. The lady ought not to be obliged to ask for salt, for water, for another cup of tea, or, in fact, for any thing that is on the table.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

BEAUTY.

There is something in beauty whether it dwells in the human face, in the pencilled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes nearly to us in our sorrows, and, leading us away from the path of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.

HOME.

Home is the one place in all this world, where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unserved communication of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which his heart untrammelled fondly turns. He is to double all pleasure there. He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities.

—There are ten things for which no one has ever yet been sorry—for doing good

to all, for speaking evil of no one, for hearing before judging, for thinking before speaking, for holding an angry tongue, for being kind to the distressed, for asking pardon for all wrongs, for being patient toward every body, for stopping the ears to a talebearer, and for disbelieving evil reports.

The Conservatory.

THE SNOW STORM.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

Lightly and whitely
As wheat from the grain,
Thickly and quickly
As thoughts through the brain.
So fast and so dumb
Do the snow-flakes come;—
Swift, swift as the lays drop
From glad poet-lips,
Soft, soft as the days drop
From Time's finger-tips.
Oh, so many, so many!
Yet no sound from any.
Oh, so fast, oh, so fast!
Yet no track where they passed.
Oh, so fragile, so frail!
Yet no force can prevail
To speed them or stay them.
No prayer can out-weigh them.
They fall where they must,
Through the fathomless gray.
And bring to earth's dust
What of heaven they may.

—St. Nicholas.

WAYSIDE FLORA.

BY A. E. WINSHIP.

SPENDING the latter part of July and the first of August in a New Hampshire town, my thought was directed to the wayside glory of that region, particularly rich in gratuitous floral decorations. Though fully appreciative of the difficulty of making an article upon such a subject readable, I venture to attempt it, by omitting everything technical, and weaving in the thoughts that came to me in a study of them in their native soil. It seems hardly accountable that, in that one town beside the roadway, were nearly a hundred and fifty varieties of flowers in blossom at one time; and it was a treat to see them in their rare beauties interweaving their varied colors beside us wherever we walked or rode.

The golden-rod was the most attractive of all flowers, as it was most common. When one first looks upon it, as with limitless profusion it gilds the landscape with its spray-like head bending beneath the beauty of its crown of gold, it seems as though we might take it all in at a single glance; but when we begin the study of this regal plant, we find it to have many brothers and sisters, each claiming to be of the same royal family, each claiming the right to rule and reign in the admiration of the botanist. There are not less than sixty-one varieties of golden rod so distinct as not to be confounded one with another, and yet so like each other in general form and feature, as to be clearly of one parentage. More than half of this array of glory-crowned herbs are to be found in New Hampshire, and more than a score of them have their summer home in that one town where we were entertained. He who has only seen the golden-rod as by a bird's eye view, without running his study down among the individuals of the group, does not know what a perfect museum of elegance this one family presents.

The asters, though less brilliant, are more fascinating in the charms they weave around the heart of him who becomes an admirer of them through a study of their varieties. There are seventy-two varieties of asters, so asterial in their facial expression as to leave no uncertainty as to their identity, and yet so individual in their expression as to be in no dan-

ger of being mistaken for another. By the roadway everywhere, between the ruts and path, the slender, tiny white aster bloomed in abundance, while near the bushes the tiny lavender aster with brown center, hid itself; while among the bushes a beautiful large-faced purple aster looked pleasantly forth, while back by the wall a tall white aster loomed above the bushes. Thus, on every hand the golden-rod and asters vied with each other in beautifying the highway to make the good old town attractive to the vacation sojourners.

In the study of these two flowers I found much of comfort. In all their rivalry for admiration they never trenched on the domain of the other. The golden-rod, sticking to his own style of stem, leaf, and manner, was content to hold sway in the thought of those who seek the glistening rays of golden glory, in only a few instances mellowing the complexion of a sister into creamy white. So the asters contented themselves with charming those who prefer the gentler shading and tinting of white, lavender and purple. Each wreath their peculiar beauties into more than three-score varieties of bloom, yet neither envious of the other. When will man learn to be content to sway men with the influence within the reach of his native talent, and not chafe and rasp the world because those not attracted to him will not admire? If we cannot all be brilliant, perhaps we can be gentle. There is a field of influence for each; let us cultivate it, and not get crumpled because everybody does not smooth us out with the warmth and cordiality of praise.

Dog's-bane is in contrast with the above, in that it contents itself with one revelation of its beauty instead of boasting many varieties, and, unlike them, hangs its modest, tinted, delicate, bell-shaped blossom amid a profusion of leaves from an elaborate branching herb. Many a tourist pronounces this the most beautiful flower by the country roadside. Success in life does not require much blossom if only it be beautiful.

The hardhack, though of a single variety, rivals the golden-rod in the abundance of its brilliancy, reveling as it does in the presence of cattle, whose pastures it paints with the radiant pink of its conical head waving above the dusty leaves and rusty stalk of the plant.

The willow-herb or rose bay, often called fire-weed, because of its abundant growth on land recently burned over, is, all in all, the most brilliant of all the upland flowers, because it holds its large, bright purple head so high, and is so profuse in its growth and blossom, rewarding a nearer study with a revelation of a peculiarly beautiful blossom.

The immortelle has no rival in simple, ideal beauty as it grows in Sandwich. It is about twenty inches in height, and from a simple stem of drab velvet it opens a cluster of small white flowers, so pure, that you would know from the glance at them that they would be immortal. How instinctively we expect the pure to live always.

The clematis, that vine of exquisite delicacy of blossom, entwines its beauty along the walls, over the fences, upon the shrubs and bushes, until it seems as though, in its season, there were no briars, thorns, and rocks along the way. How easy, by inweaving cheer and love into the every-day work of life we can make the wayfarer forget how hard the journey of life is!

The jewel-weed, or touch-me-not, dangles its orange, drop-like flowers in great numbers beside the walls. By-the-by, it is interesting to see how the seed-pods of this plant will snap open when you touch never so lightly the end of it. The chicory, with its aster-faced, purple blossom,

gives little indication how deceitful the root is when ground and served as coffee. The clovers, red-headed, white-headed, and yellow, are all abundant, but the latter is most common, and the way it dies makes one think of it as a species of everlasting. Yarrow always looks as though it had an unwashed face. Its head is so broad that it might be attractive but for its dirty-white color. Johnswort is as untidy, though from another cause—its indolence in shedding its defunct flowers. It always reminds me of people who are uncongenial because parading their disappointments like dilapidated petals and sepals before everybody. If folks only knew how much all enjoy fresh, cheerful people, they would be more agreeable.

The daisy is past its season, though it may be seen occasionally. The ox-eye daisy with its brilliant, yellow, brown-centered face, occasionally strays from the field into the roadway. The blue-curls, with a head out of all proportion to its lowly position, is not as pretty as we should expect from its name. The mountain-hollyhock, a sort of wild morning-glory, looks as though it might have been cultivated. The mallows, both the purple and white varieties, with their tissue-like faces are common. The wild mulberry is a prettier flower than such a coarse, sticky, large-leaved plant ought to bear. The purple vervain is a neat array of delicate, deep colored blossoms, arranged on a very slight spike. The purple-fringed orchis is one of the loveliest flowers that met our sight. Spotted eupatorium is one of the abundant lowland flowers with some beauty when closely examined, but a rusty, musty-looking, large-headed flower as seen by the roadside. The elderberry is a large, wide-spreading head of little white flowers. Elecampane reminds one of an amateur sunflower.

The cardinal flower is the most brilliant of lowland beauties, arranging itself along the brooklet's banks. The snake's head is too beautiful a flower, coming up by the roadside, to bear a name so offensive to poor humanity. The white is more pleasing than the purple. Aaron's rod is very attractive, with its dense, purple head crowning its tall stem, encircled all the way with houseleek-like leaves. The ground-nut is a unique, indescribable, brownish flower, about the size of a shell-bark nut. The wild rose blossoms still, though its cheery face looks a little out of season. The wild carrot holds its white blossoms like a delicate sunshade. The primrose blossoms freely, though it is less beautiful here than in Massachusetts. The dandelion is rare, but the golden-crowned buttercup is abundant. Why cannot we agree to call it golden-cup, as they do across the water? The wild mustard, with its slender, golden-tipped, tree-like branches, is everywhere. Bouncing Bet grows rank, with its large clusters of pink-tinted flowers. Lobelia with its tiny blue blossoms; the modest false violet, and her companion, the false strawberry, are found by sharp eyes. The catnip, peppermint, spearmint, array themselves around the barns, as the thoroughwort and motherwort do around the ruins of old buildings.

But we must stop somewhere, and though our list is not exhausted I fear your patience is. If you have never seasoned your vacation with a careful study of the wayside flora, you have no idea how full it is of inspiration as well as interest. I only wish I could impart a fractional part of the pleasure received in a month's incidental study of these flowers.

IN THE GARDEN.

As I told you in a former number about my seed planting, perhaps it will not be amiss to tell of the flowers we had last

summer, though their beauty has long since departed. We live in a thickly settled portion of the city, our garden is, therefore, necessarily small. So in selecting seeds I chose those which have the longest period of bloom, so as to have plenty of blossoms the entire season.

Although I bought most of my seeds in the spring and quite a number of bulbs, the cost of all did not exceed two dollars, and we had flowers in abundance for ourselves, friends and neighbors. The spring was very backward, and I could not transplant the seedlings until after the first week of June, but as it was quite warm then, they soon commenced to bloom, and I think we never had such fine annuals.

The zinnias, both tall and dwarf, were double as dahlias, and of choice colors—pure white, scarlet, crimson, rose, salmon, buff and orange—and were constantly in bloom from early June until frost killed them.

Never before did we have such balsams, so very large and perfectly double—scarlet spotted with white, rose mottled with white, crimson spotted, pale rose, white, and one of dark crimson, variegated with here and there a white leaf, and a very handsome white one, with fine stripes of scarlet. Only the largest and finest balsam seed should be planted if large double flowers are desired.

The Chinese pinks, the *D. Heddewigii* of the florists' catalogues, were wonderfully fringed and variegated, and of all shades of crimson and scarlet. Most of the blossoms were so heavy that the slender stems refused to support them, and bent almost to the ground.

My mignonette, New Golden Queen, was a marvel for the size and fragrance of its blossoms.

Ten-weeks stocks were all of one color, crimson, nearly all double and as fragrant as carnations.

The bed of *phlox Drummondii* was a blaze of brightness—flowers large and bright scarlet, white, striped, and rose color with large white eye.

Verbenas were all from self-sown seeds and of every color from pure white through all the shades of pink, crimson and scarlet to a deep, dark purple, almost black.

The late rains freshened up the pansies and they bloomed profusely till very late. We had them of every variety of color, but most beautiful of all, we think, was one whose three lower leaves were dark royal purple, the two upper ones being pale lilac veined with the purple, and a bright orange eye.

Last, but not by any means least among my annuals are the China asters. In the three beds there were over seventy plants covered with countless blossoms, double to the very center, and of shades of pink and purple, pure white, and here and there one of white with petals delicately tipped with pink.

I tried some tigridia bulbs this season. The flowers were very showy, resembling somewhat a tiger lily, but lasted only a day.

I bought also a collection of ten named gladioli, and they were so beautiful that I cannot refrain from describing two or three. Madam Monneret, most lovely of all, blossom very large and a pure, pale pink. Isaac Buchanan, golden yellow, faintly striped with red. Lord Byron, vivid scarlet with white throat. Looking downward into the pure white, folded petals of Angele, one is reminded of angels' wings. Every one should cultivate gladioli, they are so little trouble, and once planted require no further attention, excepting perhaps simply tying to a stake. They are certain to bloom and give abundant satisfaction.

MILLIE K.

Chicago, Ill.

THE IVY.

For decorating purposes the ivy has no equal. It is easy to cultivate and train and will live long in one pot without change of soil or position. A florist thus describes its uses:

"A single root has been known to wreath a bow window with thick garlands, and then strike off into lovely, independent paths along picture cords and above cornices, till the room seemed all a-bud, like Aaron's rod. It will cover a screen of wire, curtain a curtainless window, festoon a pillar, frame a favorite picture, arch a door, climb and twist about a window-sill, and swing in long-looped tendrils from a bracket. There is no end to its beautiful uses."

The ivy requires rich soil and must have strong food. Guano is an excellent dressing for this plant. If allowed to stop growing the leaves will drop off and present the straggly appearance of which a member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band complains. The best thing to do with a plant in that condition is to nip off the terminal shoots, thoroughly cleanse the few leaves that remain, and re-pot in rich soil in a little larger vessel. Cover the bottom of the pot with bits of charcoal before making the transfer. The ivy should have a uniform temperature and be kept moist.

A picture frame can be ornamented with an ivy by fastening a small vial of water to the back and immersing in this the stem of the plant, with a number of vials quite a display can be made. Care must be taken, however, to keep them filled with water. A little charcoal in each vial will sweeten and purify the water and make the plants grow faster.

Portland, Me. ELIZA H. MORTON.

SOME BEAUTIFUL BIRDS.

As a rule the plumage of singing birds is very plain, brilliancy of feathers being the perquisite of the silent of the bird race. In these songless but beautiful birds there is quite a large business done in this city, many of our wealthier citizens considering their home elegance as incomplete without an aviary filled with different kinds of foreign and domestic birds famous for their beauty. Among the most popular are the African finches, of which there are about twenty different varieties, which vary in value according to the brilliancy of their plumes. Of these the veda, or widow-bird, whose tail feathers frequently measure a foot in length, and which on that account is sometimes misnamed the bird of Paradise, is a favorite. The weaver bird is also in good demand, not so much on account of its beauty, as because of its wonderful ingenuity in utilizing thread material in connection with the wires of the aviary which it weaves together, the cloth it manufactures being so dense and finely interwoven that it can only be removed by cutting it with a sharp instrument. There are three kinds of weavers, known as the Napoleon and Bishop, which are very richly plumed, and the common weaver, which is a plainer bird. Among the African finches may be mentioned the St. Helena, the silver-beak, the wax-bill, the orange-cheek, the cut-throat, and others whose names suggest the peculiarity after which they are called.

SYMBOLISM OF FLOWERS.

Among the Romans the lily and the oak were the emblems of power; the myrtle and rose of love; the olive and the violet of learning; the ash of war, and the grape leaf of festivity.

Even the days of the week, as we use them now, are named from deities who had each his special flower: the Sun (Sunday), the sunflower; the Moon (Monday),

the daisy; Tuesday (the god Tui's day), the violet; Wednesday (the god Woden's day), the blue monkshood; Thursday (the god Thor's day), the burdock; Friday (the goddess Freia's day), the orchis; and Saturday (Saturn's day), the horse-tail.

We also find that in our time the sacred days in the calendar of the English Church have all their flower or plant emblems, the principal of which are the holly for Christmas, the palm for Palm Sunday, and the amaranth for All Saints' Day.

Monarchs and nations have often had their symbolic flowers. The thistle is the emblem of Scotland and the shamrock of Ireland. The fleur-de-lis is the badge of the royal house of France, and the amaranth of that of Sweden. The rose blooms forever on the royal coat-of-arms of England.—*Exchange*.

—The condition of successful growth with the cactus are plenty of heat and moisture when in a growing state, and absolute rest at all other times, during which any warm, out-of-the-way place will answer. Give water very sparingly, just sufficient to keep the soil from becoming dusty. The flower buds are formed while the plant is in a growing state, and if perfect they will, at the proper time, begin to develop. Then give the plant a sunny situation and liberal watering.

Gladioli do not degenerate, that is, they do not change from good to bad. We have never known a bulb producing one flower to change and produce one of another color. The difficulty which some amateurs complain of may arise from the fact that all our best light colored varieties of gladioli have not as vigorous constitutions as many of the dark ones and will die out, while the dark colors increase rapidly.—*Floral Cabinet*.

—A German gardener, who thinks too much watering of pot plants is about as fatal as a lack of supply, writes as follows: "It will be evident that they require wetting if on taking the earth from the pot it crumbles like dust; a sure sign is to knock on the side of the pot, near the middle, with the finger-knuckle. If it gives forth a hollow ring, the plant needs water; if there is a dull sound, there is still moisture enough to sustain the plant. Plants must not be wet more than once or twice a day. On dry, clear days they require more water than on damp, cloudy days. On the other hand, the earth must not be allowed to dry out entirely, for that is also very injurious. If the earth gets too dry, it is best to place the pot in water, so that the water will saturate the soil very gradually."

—The common witch-hazel is a more remarkable plant than most people are aware. Who knows that it blossoms late in the fall after all vegetation is lifeless, and that its flowers are conspicuous and beautiful. When every leaf has fallen and the "melancholy days are come," this modest shrub brightens the landscape. Few are aware that such an anomaly exists in every wood lot. If the shrub is neatly trimmed its summer habit is also attractive. It bears transplanting and moderate cultivation well.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—How should a Turk's head cactus and night blooming cereus be treated? We have had the first, seven or eight years, and it is about the same length of time since the other was potted, a well rooted slip. Neither have ever bloomed. E. A. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please say to Mary in the November number, if she will take her geraniums out of the ground, shake the dirt lightly from the roots and hang the roots up in the cellar in a dark corner, I think she will find them all right in the spring. To be put out as soon as the frost is entirely out of the ground. F. E. Rhode Island.

The Nursery.

THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Said the child to the youthful year:
"What hast thou in store for me,
O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures: the winter's snows,
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,
And the summer's perfect rose.

All these and more shall be thine,
Dear child—but the last and best
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

Wouldst know this last, best gift?
'Tis a conscience clear and bright,
A peace of mind which the soul can lift,
To an infinite delight.

Truth, patience, courage, and love
If thou unto me canst bring,
I will set thee all earth's ills above,
O child, and crown thee a king!"

—St. Nicholas.

ELIZABETH GOOSE; HER HOUSE.

BY MAXFIELD.

DEAR old lady! Thy memory is ever green in the hearts of those whose childish days were brightened by the perusal of thy quaint jingles. And even now in more mature years few of us can recall without a passing smile such effusions as,

"There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket,"
or,

"There was a little old man clothed all in leather,
Clothed all in leather from his heels unto his chin.
How do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do
again?"

Of vivid imagination and versatile genius she was an adept at all homely household occupations and then anon mounting the "cock horse" or some other Pegasus she soared to poetical heights, as witness her

"Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

Brilliant the imagination and bold the thought that projected those lines, for does it not require an unusual flight of fancy to conceive the staid family cow as performing this unrivalled feat never before nor since attempted? While the picture of the little dog as he sits on his hind legs and convulsively grasps his sides in a cachinnatory paroxysm, and the sly dish as it deftly grasps the spoon, pretending to get away with it while the cow and dog are pre-engaged, will provoke mirth in any heart not entirely oblivious to the ludicrous.

We have it from good authority that Mother Goose was all her life given to rhyming, but it was when she, in the full plenitude of grandmotherly love and devotion held her first wonderful grandchild on her knees that her poetic fancy reached its climax. And when at the proper time the lids of this infant refused to doze in balmy sleep, instead of crooning some old cradle song she beguiled the little one with such delightful extemporaneous effusions as,

"Bye-bye baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
Gone to get a rabbit skin
To wrap the baby bunting in."

or,

"Rock-a-bye baby upon the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down come baby, cradle and all."

What properly constituted child could be expected to sleep when such entrancing rhymes could be heard for the waking? Not that one I am sure, for at this stage of proceedings its rosy toes had to be counted to the jingle of

"This little pig went to market,"

and when it disdained its nice mush and

milk was charmed to good behavior by recital of the methods of eating practiced by the notable Jack Sprat and his wife.

The children found these rhymes very amusing and the old lady was so pleased with the sound of her voice and the exercise of her imagination that she was seldom silent. Mr. Fleet, the father of this wonderful baby, and son-in-law of Mrs. Goose, was a printer at Pudding Lane, (now Devonshire street) Boston. Like many a man since, he was hurried and worried with business cares and felt that a little quiet would be more acceptable of an evening than this "continual racket," as he dubbed it. He remonstrated, ridiculed and scolded but the old lady could not be suppressed, so he resolved to get even with his poetical relative and at the same time turn an honest penny. To this end he collected all her songs and nonsensical ditties, publishing them in 1719 under the title of "Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for the Children." She was only fifty-four years of age at this time, and of course her melodies were few to what they were later, as the rhyming habit clung to her through life.

Many editions of this book have been put upon the market and not long since one handsomely illustrated was gotten out and dedicated to John Fleet Eliot, the great-great-grandson of Elizabeth Goose. Mr. Eliot is said to have furnished the compiler with much valuable information regarding the family and its connections.

Perhaps you think Mother Goose an altogether fictitious person, but I assure you that she was a real live woman and when you are in Boston if you will go to the old Granary burial ground you can see the grave in which she has peacefully slumbered for a century and a quarter. She belonged to one of the most wealthy families of Charlestown, Mass., and her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. At the age of twenty-eight she married Isaac Goose and moved to Boston. Of Mr. Goose we know little and Mrs. Goose would be forgotten had she not grown famous through her numerous melodies which have charmed so many generations of children. She died in Boston at the ripe age of ninety-two years.

She was a devout woman and a member of the old South Church, where not long ago was to be seen an exact copy of the little cottage where her last years were spent. The house was a long, low, wooden structure, painted red after the then prevailing style. The roof was of Gothic design with a covering of red tiles. The windows on the ground floor were square, and dormer windows ornamented the roof, the panes of glass in all being diamond shaped. There was no door plate, but painted over the front entrance was the curious inscription which stands at the head of this article.

Several birds suspended by wire seemed to be flying about, and little Morris asked if I thought one of these was the black-bird who nipped off the nose of the maid while that personage was engaged in the useful employment of hanging the royal garments on the line to dry. However, a closer inspection reveals the fact that they are the pet pigeons of the good old soul. At one side of the house a large hand bell rests on a post, the whole covered by a little conical roof. This bell was no doubt the family dinner bell and also served to summon the dame to the door whenever a chance caller desired an interview.

We walk slowly about taking careful note of each article and so real does it seem that we are scarcely surprised on passing the kitchen window to see the dear old dame herself, her wrinkled, smiling face framed in its double ruffled cap and ornamented by large, round, iron-bowed spectacles gazing placidly on us

through the small, diamond panes. She looked so pleasant that Morris said he didn't believe she ever scolded when the children in their anxiety for stories begged for "just one more."

But I think that even her fertile imagination failed at times for some of these "stories" are decidedly brief, and though in a sense complete, one cannot help wishing for details, as for instance in the following:

"There was a man who had a calf,
And that's half.
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall,
And that's all."

"BUT THEN."

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

It was a queer name for a little girl, and it was not her real name—that was Lizzie—but everybody called her "But Then."

"Course my real name is prettier, but then, I like the other pretty well," she said, nodding her short brown curls merrily. And that sentence shows just how she came by her name.

If Willie complained that it was a miserable, rainy day, and they couldn't play out of doors, Lizzie assented brightly:

"Yes; but then, it is a real nice day to fix our scrap books."

When Bob fretted because they had so far to walk to school since they had "moved to this horrid out west," his little sister reminded him:

"But then, it's all the way through the woods, you know, and that's ever so much nicer than walking on pavements."

When even patient Aunt Barbara pined a little, because the rooms in the new house were so few and small compared with the comfortable eastern home, a rosy face was quietly lifted to hers with the suggestion:

"But then, little rooms are the best to cuddle all up together in, don't you think, auntie?"

"Better call her 'Little But Then,' and have done with it," declared Bob, half-vexed, half-laughing. "No matter how bad any thing is, she is always ready with her 'but then,' and some kind of consolation hitched on to the end of it."

And so, though no one really intended it, the new name began. There were a good many things that the children missed in their new and ruder home in the west. Money could have bought them even there, but if the money had not gone first their father would scarcely have thought it necessary to leave his eastern home. They had done what was best under the circumstances, still the boys felt rather inclined to grumble about it one winter morning, when they were starting off to the village on an errand.

"Just look at all the snow going to waste, without our having a chance to enjoy it!" said Will. "And the ice too—all because we couldn't bring our sleds with us when we moved."

"But then, you might make one yourself, you know. It wouldn't be quite so pretty, but it would be just as good," suggested little But Then.

"Exactly what I mean to do as soon as I can get money enough to buy two or three boards; but I haven't even that yet, and the winter is nearly half gone."

"If we only had a sled to-day, Sis could ride, and we could go on the river," said Bob. "It's just as near that way, and we could go faster."

"It is a pity," admitted the little girl, with a momentary clouding of her bright face. "But then, I've thought of something—that old chair in the shed! If we turned it down its back would be 'most like runners, and so—"

"Hurrah! that's the very thing!" interrupted the boys, and the old chair was

dragged out in a twinkling, and carried down to the river. Then away went the merry party, laughing and shouting, on their smooth road between the snowy hills, while Gyp followed, frisking and barking, and seeming to enjoy the fun as much as any of them.

"Now we'll draw our 'rig' up here close under the bank, where nobody will see it, and leave it while we go up to the store," said Bob, when they had reached the village.

Their errand was soon accomplished, and the children ready to return; but as they set forth Will pointed to a dark spot a little way out on the ice.

"What is that? It looks like a great bundle of clothes."

It was a bundle that moved and moaned as they drew near, and proved to be a girl a little larger than Lizzie. She looked up when they questioned her, though her face was pale with pain.

"I slipped and fell on the ice, she explained, "and I'm afraid I've broken my leg, for it is all twisted under me, and I can't move it or get up. I live in the village. That's my father's carpenter shop where you see the sign. I could see it all the time, and yet I was afraid I'd freeze here before any one saw me. Oh, dear! it doesn't seem as if I could lie here while you go for my father."

"Why, you needn't," began Bob; but the girl shook her head.

"I can't walk a step, and you two are not strong enough to carry me all the way. You'd let me fall, or you'd have to keep stopping to rest; and putting me down and taking me up again would almost kill me."

"Oh, but we'll only lift you into this chair, just as carefully as we can, and then we can carry you easy enough," said Will.

And in that way the poor girl was borne safely home, and the children lingered long enough to bring the surgeon and hear his verdict, that, "Young bones don't much mind being broken, and she will soon be about again, as well as ever."

"But I don't see how you happened to have a chair so handy," said her father to the boys. And when they explained that they were using it for a sled, he added, with a significant nod of his head, "Your sled, was it? Well, I shall be surprised if my shop does not turn you out a better sled than that, just by way of thanks for your kindness."

"But then, wasn't it good that it was only the old chair that we had to-day?" asked little "But Then," as she told the story to Aunt Barbara at home. "Oh, auntie, I had the nicest kind of a time!"

"I believe you did," answered Aunt Barbara, smiling, "for a brave, sunny spirit that never frets over what it has not, but always makes the best of what it has, where it is, is sure to have a good time. It does not need to wait for them to come—it has a factory for making them."—S. S. Gem.

A LETTER TO THE BOYS.

"Kind words can never die,
E'en though they fade,
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made.

"Be what you say; and within the rules of prudence say what you are."—Dean Alford.

There is a certain influence in a single word of kindness; it costs little effort, but, oh, how much inexpressible pleasure it often brings. I often wonder, as I listen to words and expressions from boys and girls, whether they realize how important it is to speak kindly, correctly and slowly. "Take time to think" is a motto which fits in with this subject practically as well as with many others, for we are all apt to speak hastily. It is a fault peculiar to Americans, therefore should be eradicated, or improved.

In speaking hastily we forget kindness, grammar, and that in our haste we render our sentences unintelligible. It may seem a trivial affair. A word more or less, what does it matter? Life is too short to waste it in any such notions. All this and more I have heard from different sources. But we have one infallible rule by which to go, in such cases; "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." Nothing more. So short and yet so very complete. We don't like it if people are unjust or speak unkindly to us. Yet how many times have we thoughtlessly done the same thing? Can we expect better in return? To be sure we may hope to have good returned for evil, but, will often find that if we speak hastily or unkindly ourselves, others will be sure to notice it and remind us of our failings. But is life too short? We can extract more pleasure from everyday life if we try to make others happy. We are too apt to fall into the notion that we have got to make it a cross to bear. Are we daily trying to reach up toward a higher sphere of life? It is our part to so mold our language that it may never bring other than good cheer. Next to this habit of speaking kindly do not forget accuracy of speech. Habits formed now are seldom broken and once mastered there is nothing that we like more in this world than to hear young and old speak correctly. Not to violate any grammatical law, and above all not to clip your words. Day after day we hear people who consider themselves accurate, who say "thinkin," "blowin," "drinkin," etc. It is mere slovenliness. We can just as well sound the "g," or whatever the letter may be. It is equivalent with me to a man, woman or child who goes around, day after day, with greasy clothes, or soiled linen and dirty boots.

In St. Matthew we find this verse, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If this be true we are judged righteously. For we are supposed always to speak from the heart. A man who says one thing and acts another, is a hypocrite. We want therefore to be free from that imputation, for we are, or should be striving to grow up free from every thing that will tend to make us any thing but noble, great-hearted men. In this matter of words, whether talking or writing, always remember that to clearness of speech and composition every one can attain. A friend of mine, now in Amherst college, owes much of his success as a speaker and writer to his habit of speaking clearly and using words that all can understand. Large words are seldom in place. Dean Alford says, "It may seem well at first to call a spade, a well known, oblong instrument of manual husbandry, but, upon second thought you will see how very badly it sounds." There are habits of speech into which we fall so readily that we must be on the outlook for them every day. We use slang too, to a greater or less degree. It is expressive and oftentimes much more brief. It is not elegant, and when we think of it are we not fixing habits of which we shall be greatly ashamed in later years? Can we not find words in our English vocabulary without coining new ones? It may require an exercise of self-control, a little watchfulness, but, after a time we have fixed the habit of using clear English, in no wise perverted.

As a rule, we are too apt to think of what our friends will say. If we persevere in the right, they will encourage us, or at least respect us. What we want to do, is to be firm in the right, and then we shall have a clear conscience and the days will all be sunny. A friend who does not encourage us in our nobler aspirations is not worth having.

Our motto must be "upward and onward." B. E. CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

A MORNING IN FLORIDA.

One morning while Harry and his twin sisters Rose and Lily were playing out in the yard, building forts and houses in the sand, for they lived in Florida, where all the children have plenty of sand to play with, for that is all the soil there is there, their little friends, Sydney, George and Milly came in to play with them.

"Come Syd," called Harry "let's make trains with my blocks and play we are engineers."

"That will be lots of fun," said Syd; "I am ready."

"So am I," said George.

They all went up on to the veranda, which is one of the principal parts of a house in Florida. George found some books there that the children had been looking at and was soon deep in the story of the "Enchanted Princess," and no noise of the trains or calls of the other boys could disturb him. Rose and Lily took Milly to one side, where they had their dollies, and they had a delightful time, dressing their dolls and then playing going visiting with them.

Harry ran in and got his basket of blocks; there were all kinds of blocks for they had been given to the children at different times and they put them all together, so as to make better houses, with them. There were the letter blocks of the twins, and Harry's "Exploded Fort" blocks and soldiers, his "Pieced Animal" blocks and Rose and Lily's Crandall blocks. Harry and Syd soon had two fine trains built and ready to start a passenger and a freight, the boys said.

Harry's train soon began to get up steam. "Any freight for New York?" he cried out.

"Yes, this box and bale and this barrel," said George.

"All right; get them on board," and Harry piled the blocks on to the trains. "Puff, puff, here we go," and the train rushed along.

"Grove Park," shouted George. "Any passengers to get off here?"

"Yes, here are some soldiers for this place," and the battered remains of the Fort soldiers were put off, poor things; no wonder they had come to a mild climate, they looked as if they needed something to restore them, but I am afraid even the Florida climate would not renew the missing arms and legs.

Pretty soon there was a grand collision between the freight and passenger trains and a general smash up, which strange to say was greeted with shouts of laughter by those—I'm afraid I must say it—heartless boys.

By this time they thought they needed some refreshments, so they all, girls and boys, found their way round to the kitchen where they found Nannie making fried cakes and gingerbread, as they had suspected from the spicy odor, which had drawn them, like flies to honey.

After Nannie had given them each one they went to the pomegranate trees and Harry picked a big rosy one for each of them, and then they had a little picnic under the shade of the trees.

I wish I could show all my little readers a pomegranate, it is such a pretty fruit. The rind is very hard, and when ripe is yellow and red, very like an apple. When one is cut open, it is found to be full of white seeds that are covered with a transparent rose-colored pulp. The seeds are quite separate from each other, but are packed so closely into the compartments formed for them by the shell that they look quite like a piece of mosaic of the two colors. It is quite beautiful. When the pomegranate is squeezed until soft and the juice sucked through a small hole in the side, as an orange is eaten here in Florida, it is very refreshing. After

they get most of the juice out in this way, the children break them open and eat all the pulp off the seeds.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.

OUR BOYS.

The question of "What to do with Our Boys," has of late been greatly agitated, but the conundrum seems to be as far from a satisfactory solution as ever. There is an old, but trite saying that, "Those who never were fathers know best how to manage their children." There is more truth than poetry in that statement. Every child is but the advance of the man to come, and every man is essentially different from all other men. To say what we shall do with our boys, to lay down any sweeping rules for their management, would be as ridiculous as to lay out a certain line of conduct and compel every man to follow it. Boys should have some volition of their own. It would be a wrong to them to parcel them out and say to these, "You must learn a trade;" to those, "You must study for a profession." The remedy for the hoodlum element is not in compelling them, after they have grown up in an outdoor school of vice, to learn a trade. It is rather in making his home too pleasant for outside influence to prevail. If parents would teach their children to remain at home from the beginning, and devote a very little time toward their pleasure and comfort, and spend a little money in providing their sons with material for amusement at home they would not care to go abroad.

There is no boy born into the world who does not before he is five years old, exhibit the natural bent of his mind. Let the parents then understand that, and provide him with books or tools as the case may be. If boys were rightly understood while very small, and their natural inclinations fostered, we should not have to make the great mistake of placing them to learn some trade for which they were utterly unsuited, and at which they would not work. Their choice would be made, and they would unconsciously acquire a certain degree of knowledge of what they would like before they were placed as apprentices to something which, when understood, would be distasteful. Every boy ought to have a chance to learn the trade he prefers and for which he has a natural taste, no matter what the condition of his parents. This remedy is not for the boys of to-day who are almost men, but for those of to-morrow, who are still under their mothers' jurisdiction. A few dollars more or less, a little more noise about the house, is all the price she has to pay for the privilege of future years of happiness with her grown-up boys. With the mother rests the largest share of the responsibility of the character of her children. Home influences, when good, are more powerful than all others. Every woman has it in her power to make home an abode of pure delight to her boys, and to keep them there away from the evils of the street. In that alone rests the solution of the query of "What shall we do with our boys?"—*Budget*.

—We should share our children's sports, and, though it may be any thing but play to us at first, we shall find it not only a wonderful help in winning our children's hearts, but the effort will save us many a doctor's bill.

—Hall's Journal of Health says that, before going on the ice to skate, bathe your feet in cold water, dry them perfectly, and give them a good rubbing with a crash towel, put on a pair of woolen, or heavy cotton stockings, and your feet will remain comfortably warm for three or four hours in the coldest weather.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—To my mind there is no part of THE HOUSEHOLD more important than this corner where mothers are allowed to give and receive thoughts and ideas mutually beneficial. It seems to me more should be said and written by those who are competent, by age and experience, upon the all important subject of the care and training of children, that we young mothers who are so anxious to do our whole duty by our little ones, and train them up in wisdom's ways, may have the benefit of their riper judgment.

Oh, the weight of responsibility resting upon all those to whose charge are committed these precious little immortals. The gold of Ophir could not compare with the value of one of these precious souls that we have in our power to mold for good or evil, for weal or woe. In our hands God has placed the material, little, yielding, tender, trustful hearts, either to be hardened into sin and indifference to the good and pure, by our precept and example, or on the other hand made to unfold in beauty which shall be a joy forever. Eager, inquisitive minds, which we mothers may feed with suitable material, or leave to themselves to assimilate that which is poisonous and ruinous to both soul and body. Character yet unformed which we may mold at our pleasure. Oh, we cannot too deeply feel our responsibility, our work is not for time alone but for eternity, aye, the judgment fires shall try it.

There is one thing I wish to speak of that seems to me of great importance, and that is that mothers should have the perfect confidence of their children. When I was a child my good mother taught me from my earliest recollection not only to have perfect confidence and faith in God and to often lisp to Him my baby prayer, but also to confide to her every childish secret. She led me to believe (and I think rightly) that it was as wrong to conceal any act of naughtiness from her as to commit the act itself. And in this way my mother came to be my confidant, my confessor really, from my earliest recollection. The conversation of my playmates I was sure to repeat to her, and so she soon found who were fit associates for me. Any wrong advice given me she could speedily right, every evil seed sown in my childish mind she was quick to uproot. Oh, I have thanked God a thousand times that my mother won my confidence in this way. He only knows the snares I have been saved from by telling mother everything. She was naturally cautious and prudent, with excellent judgment, and a long experience in life, and as I grew up was not slow to hold in check my impulsive, confiding disposition, and teach me that all were not honest, as good and truthful as I imagined them to be, just because they seemed so. Most of children will make a confidant of some one, and who can compare with a wise and loving mother as the adviser and counselor of youth.

Mothers, do you win your children's confidence in this way, so you may know the most secret thoughts of their little hearts? If you have thus become their trusted counselor and adviser, oh, what may you not with God's help make of them? Dare we call these little ones our own, when God has only loaned them to us for a season and will require them again at our hand? Dare we take the time that should be bestowed upon the culture of their minds and hearts, and use it in vainly and foolishly adorning their little perishing bodies for mere outward show, thus sowing in their inmost hearts the seeds of vanity, that only too soon spring up and bring forth bitter fruit. Remember "The Lord will require it at thy hand." HETTIE L. ANDERSON.

The Library.

CONSOLATION.

[Job xv.: 11 and 12.]

When trouble lays thee very low,
And anguish fills thy breast with pain,
Dost thou no way or solace know
That peace may rest with thee again?

Are Christ's sure consolations small,
That they should be the while forgot?
Thou canst not think thy secrets all
Unknown to One who holds thy lot!

His pitying love is ever thine;
So well thy oft infirmities
He feels, and thy sick soul's decline;
Thy thoughts are treasures too of His.

Why let thy heart lead thee away
From consolation true and kind?
Look up, and for God's patience pray,
And sweetest answer thou shalt find.

HAZEL WYLDE.

THE C. L. S. C. '84 AND '85.

BY JEANIE DEANS.

A REVIEW of the year's work is what we now propose. The symbol, C. L. S. C., is a nomenclature that strikes a chord in the heart of every true Chautauquan. Who does not cherish his *alma mater*? Shall Chautauquans do less? To the '85's throughout the land, who have now finished the four years' course, I will not say completed the work, we send greeting. And who is there among us that for a moment hesitated, or is in the least sorry the attempt was made four years ago, and they are now members of the Hall in the Grove?

The year of '84 and '85 has been a most delightful season. Together have we wandered to the shores of Ancient Greece, and there found her heroes and poets, statesmen and philosophers. Early in the year came the "College Course in English," where we lingered long in the light of other years, in the realm of a far away period. Herodotus and Thucydides, historians of their time! Mount Olympus itself holds not greater attractions. We are told that Herodotus was born about 484 B. C. He resided for some time at Athens, whether before or after his travels is unknown. But it was during that "golden prime," the age of Pericles, that he left Athens behind him, and a brilliant society of intellectual peers. The "Greeks and Barbarians" made up at that time the whole world of mankind, at least to Herodotus. Thucydides gives the history of the Peloponnesian war, in connection with other matters, and the oration of Pericles upon the illustrious dead of Athens at the close of the first year of the war is a fine specimen.

Did I say we lingered long in Greek literature? Now at least we must not linger for more than brief mention of Plato, wisest of pagan philosophers, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, writers of plays, and together with Pindar and Sappho, renowned as poets of their time; then Æschines and Demosthenes of immortal fame. What a grand and mighty orator was Demosthenes and his words still echo along the corridors of time! "Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power." Ancient Hellas and the Greece of to-day present a most striking contrast.

Along with this College Greek in English—written by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson—we read "Glimpses of Ancient Greek Life," and "Greek Mythology," papers published in the Chautauquan, the magazine of the society, well known to the many thousand readers.

This magazine has also published during the year, to be read in the "Required" the following: "The Temperance Teachings of Science," by Dr. Felix Oswald, "Talks About English," commenced by Richard Grant White, the eminent language

scholar, who died before they were finished, "Home Studies in Chemistry," and "Studies in Kitchen Science and Art," "The Circle of the Sciences," and "Easy Lessons in Animal Biology." These are the principal, but there is a good amount and a large amount of other valuable matter. The one dollar and fifty cents paid for this magazine cannot fail to bring a high rate of interest. After the Greek, or I had better say along with it, came "The Life of Cyrus and Alexander." Let no one suppose this a dry record of events. It is a very bright, entertaining book, and read with pleasure.

Then comes the little book, "The Character of Jesus," by Dr. Bushnell, thoroughly orthodox, and the only book of this nature in the course.

"How to Help the Poor," a small work by Mrs. Jas. T. Fields is suggestive, and cannot fail of being helpful in its way.

"Appleton's Chemistry" claims our attention about this time, and those of our readers who enjoy the benefit of local circles doubtless obtained greater knowledge from this than those not so situated, for there is almost always some one in the circle, high school teacher, perhaps, who can perform some of the simpler experiments thus giving greater benefit. Appleton's Chemistry, however, is clear and simple. The wonders of the chemical kingdom are set forth in a manner that the uninstructed mind can grasp.

And now Hurst's "History of the Reformation," bursts upon us. It is a small book, but the subject it embraces is mighty. Here are the names and short sketches of the great Reformers from the earliest dawn of the Herald and his successor on to later times. The book in the course is no more than a handbook, a mere index to the history, but it is a starting point from which one may wander, taking larger works upon these great names and lights, at will. In addition to the works already mentioned, is Dr. Townsend's "Art of Speech," Vol. I., Vol. II., for the '85's having been read in the first year of the four. The '86's, '87's, and '88's will read Vol. II. at some future time. This book is full of instruction in the "Art of Speech." The name of its author is sufficient, Dr. L. T. Townsend of Boston University.

This completes the list for the year. Is it not indeed a garden of delicious buds and flowers? And what an army gathers therefrom. From the pulpit, the office, the school room, the work shop, and field, they come. Yea, more, from the very center of home, the life hope of the republic, they come. And for thousands, the class of '85, the summer fruitage is gathered.

The examination, including the White Seal, has been taken, and I can speak for at least one, when I say it was not the simplest thing in the world, but it was a good thing. One cannot fail to add to his stock of knowledge by faithfully searching for the answers.

The diplomas have been received, and is Chautauqua finished? Not at all. There are the seals. The Garnet Seal spreads an interesting program, but aside from these, there is the regular course for 1886. How abundant and excellent, it can speak for itself. It embraces the following: "History of Rome," "Preparatory Latin Course in English," "College Latin in English," "A Picture of Roman Life," "Political Economy," "Studies in Human Nature," "Pomegranates from an English Garden," and "The Bible in the Nineteenth Century."

The above are separate volumes. Then in the Chautauquan, we find the following: "Wars and Rumors of Wars Today," "Relations of Rome to Modern History," "Modern Italy," "Italian Biography," "The Age we Live in," "Electricity—Past, Present and Future,"

"Home Studies in Physical Geography," "Philosophy Made Simple," "Moral Philosophy," "Mathematics," "Art," "Religion in Art," "God in History," "Sunday Readings," "Parliamentary Practice, and International Law."

Nothing of this includes the reading of the past four years, aside from "Preparatory Latin Course in English." The remainder is entirely new; thus the graduates may still be reckoned, although not entered at the general office at Plainfield, N. J.

To one who has been pursuing this for four years it is already to "heart and memory dear," and not easily let go. What is Chautauqua doing for its pupils? Indeed, what is it not doing?

Persons wishing to become members of this Institution may very readily do so, though situated away from the great centers of society, or from towns in which circles are formed. All that is necessary is to address a card to Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., stating information is desired concerning C. L. S. C. She will forward all needed.

To those who have never been enrolled I can only say, "What answer can you give yourself, if you neglect so great an opportunity for self-improvement?" If circumstances will at all admit, delay no longer. To those who have already responded to the roll-call, the right hand of fellowship and sympathy is extended.

Chautauqua was bright from the beginning; it has grown brighter each year; its brightness now is a refulgent beam that circles the globe.

STUDYING FRENCH WITHOUT A TEACHER.

BY IDA BELL VAN AUKEN.

An English student meets two considerable difficulties in learning French, *i. e.* the verb and the pronunciation. The former may be overcome by persistent study, the latter can only be obtained by intercourse with educated Frenchmen. It is difficult for the English tongue to capture the delicate vowel shadings connected with the nasal sound, and the *liaison* which causes the language to fall from the lips of a Frenchman in a smoothly flowing stream. In vain we practice and imitate the elegant manner in which he talks as "if his nose were shaven off."

Coming to the conclusion that only a long sojourn in France can perfect our accent—but, alas! that cannot be—we boldly take up a French grammar, and armed with a Spiers and Surenne's dictionary boldly wade into the depths of the French language, deciding it were better to read and write a language than not to know any thing of its literature, because we cannot speak it.

Three years ago I began French without a teacher. As I lived in the country, I could not avail myself of the assistance which can be obtained in town or city, where good French teachers are common. How delighted was I when Katie L. came to live a short distance from me. She was educated at a French school, and spoke like a Parisian. She gave me material aid. If the student, like me, lives in the country, let her wait patiently until she meets some one who can give her an example of pure pronunciation. Better not speak at all than to err, it takes so long to undo bad habits. One cannot learn to speak French from books, however explicit the instructions. The knack must be caught from the lips of a good teacher.

From experience I would say to any one studying a language alone, to learn the first hundred pages of the grammar, review and review, write and re-write the exercises, until they are thoroughly understood. The study of the verb should begin early, spending some time on it

each day, if only to learn one tense. After the first hundred pages of the grammar are learned, the student may begin to read short stories, fables, anecdotes and comedies, writing them out in English, always keeping the grammar well in mind by review.

Most French scholars never pass the Paul and Virginia period. They only dip into the surface of a language which possesses a grand classic literature remarkable for elegance and beauty. One does not find in its fables and love tales the strength of a language, not in the tales of Fenelon or La Fontaine, but in its poetry, works on art, travels and history does one see the reason why French stands in foremost rank among modern languages. Too often is it studied in a superficial manner, simply for an accomplishment, "the sweet girl graduate" and the noble boy graduate stammering over the sentence, *Parlez vous Français?*

Since I began the study of French I have been interrupted weeks, nay, months at a time. Often I could only snatch time amid the pressure of home and social duties to learn one rule, one word, but my grammar ever lay ready to be taken up if I found a moment to study. Pursuing a study at home resembles a dog gnawing a bone. One has to show the same fierce tenacity in husbanding time. One could not learn much of a language in one moment, but the saved, accumulated moments of three years will conquer almost any study. The pleasure I now derive in reading Chateaubriand alone repays me for the slow, toilsome progress. My study, however, stimulated thought, inspired ambition, and purified taste, making dish washing and all the daily routine any thing but drudgery.

AN OLD TIME ABBESS OF PARMA.

At the close of the fifteenth century the post was held successively by the three ladies belonging to the noble family of the Bergonzi. All these were distinguished by their love of splendor, and scholarly and artistic tastes. The first, Cecilia Bergonzi, surrounded the convent with lofty walls, for the better protection of her rights, and left her name and armorial bearings in various parts of the convent which she adorned. Her successor, Orsina, also a member of the house of Bergonzi, rebuilt the convent church, and employed the best master in Parma, Alessandro Araldi, to paint the altar-piece. On her death, in 1470, she was succeeded by Donna Giovanna (or Joanna), daughter of an illustrious nobleman of Parma, named Marco da Piacenza, and a near relative of both the last two abbesses, through her mother, Agnese Bergonzi. This lady, who was abbess of S. Paolo in Correggio's time, outdid all her predecessors in extravagance and luxury. She had her separate table and household, regardless of the monastic rule which enjoined common life, and not content with faring sumptuously every day, she planned and built a whole suite of rooms for her own private use. Under her rule the disorders of the community rose to so great a pitch that public attention was drawn to the conduct of the abbess, and on one occasion the city magistrate felt constrained to interfere.

Her first action was to depose a member of the Garimberti family from the office of administrator of the convent estates, held during many generations by one of this noble house, and to appoint her own brother-in-law in his stead. A violent quarrel ensued between the two families, which ended in the murder of the former intendant by Joanna's own brother. The assassin took shelter in S. Paolo, and the governor of Parma, then under the rule of the Sforzas, himself forced an entrance into the convent with a body of armed

followers. His search appears to have been unsuccessful, and when, in 1512, Parma passed under the papal dominion, the municipal authorities appealed to the popes to help them put an end to the scandal. Both Julius II. and Leo X. threatened to close the convent, but Joanna, in return, claimed the ancient privileges by which the community was exempt from external jurisdiction, and from behind her convent walls boldly defied her foes. Soon afterwards Parma fell into the hands of the French king, Francois I., who on Ludovic Sforza's death seized the Milanese. In this troubled state of the country, Abbess Joanna, feeling secure from further molestation, turned her attention to pleasanter subjects, and called in all the best artists in Parma to assist in the decoration of her newly erected apartments.—*The Magazine of Art.*

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the words of a song the first verse of which commences,

"If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green,
If I had but a thousand a year,
What a man would I be, and what sights would I see,
If I had but a thousand a year?"

The song is for two boys and there are six stanzas.
Mrs. S. H. BALDWIN.
Kendall, Orleans Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band send me the words of an old poem called "John Barnadoote," also another poem of which I do not know the name, but the following words are found in it,

"Ring, grandpa! ring!
O, ring for liberty?"

I will return the favor any way I can.
Mrs. A. V. LOOP.
Savanna, Carroll Co., Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band send me the poem containing these lines:

"Lips that touch wine,
Shall never touch mine?"

I will return the favor in any way I can.
East Franklin, Vt. CARRIE NOBLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD send me a copy of an old-time hymn, in which occur these lines:

"Jesus who lives above the sky
Came down to be a man and die?"

I will gladly return postage.
Mrs. ISAAC KNOWLES.
Lock Box 853, New London, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD furnish me with the words of a parody on "The Inquiry?" The first lines are something like these:

"Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some place where smokers go no more?
Some quiet, pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where free from pipes and smoke, a soul in peace may rest?"

The loud winds dwindled to a whisper low," etc. etc.
Any one sending me the lines, I will repay by returning a like favor, or in whatever way they wish.
Mrs. E. F. GILL.
Box 32, Eastham, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the poem entitled "The Corn Flower," by Minnie W. Carpenter?
West Burke, Vt. Mrs. J. F. RUGGLES.

—In reference to painting, the public are taught to look with delight upon murky old masters, with dismally demonic trees, and dull waters of lead, colorless, and like ice; upon rocks that make geologists wonder, their angles are so impossible, their fractures are so new. Thousands are given for uncomfortable Dutch sunlights, but if you are shown a transcript of day itself, with the purple shadow across the mountains, and across the still lake, you know nothing of it because your father never bought such; so you look for nothing in it; nay, let me see you in the actual place, let the waters damp your feet, stand in the chill of the shadow itself, and you will never tell me the color on the hill, or where the last of those flying crows caught the sinking sunlight. Letting observation sleep, what can you know of nature? and you are a

judge of landscape, forsooth. So it is that the world is taught to think of nature, as seen through other men's eyes, without reference to their own original power of perception, and much natural beauty is lost.

—It is no more possible for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge than it is possible to keep together a certain stock of ice exposed to the meridian sun. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an inference; and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it.

THE REVIEWER.

All the story readers are glad when Mrs. Whitney writes a new book, and while BONNYBOROUGH is not quite what we have grown to expect from the writer of "Faith Gartney," it has many of the excellent qualities of that and others of the author's earlier works. The heroine with her contradictory temper, and her equally contradictory name, the grave and learned doctor who poses as the hero, Lyman and Serena, the rector and his spirited little wife—all these and many other of the characters are well known to us. They are Mrs. Whitney's people. The story has a sweet and wholesome tendency and the young readers will pass by without criticism the occasional puns which mar its pages. Price \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A WOMAN'S INHERITANCE, by Amanda M. Douglas, is in many respects—weak and sensational though the plot may be—the best of the author's works since she wrote "In Trust," the best of them all. The heroine—strong willed and impulsive as a girl, still strong willed and impulsive and lovable as a woman—is made almost too much of a contrast to the young cousin, whose character is, we hope, an impossible one. Of the men in the book Philip Donaldson, the firm friend and true gentleman, is more of a hero than he who occupies that position in the story. Society is not all on such an overwrought scale we are glad to know, although many writers deem it necessary to portray it in this manner. Price \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

THE GOLDEN WEST, by far the best of the many books written by Margaret Sydney for young people, is the story pleasantly told of a trip to California by the Ridgway club, said club consisting of the Ridgway family and a few friends, and being the means, under the able guidance of Aunt Penelope, of awakening a real interest in the different scenes through which they pass. The geography of their own country can scarcely be learned in a more agreeable manner by the children than by the aid of this very instructive and entertaining book, the descriptions of the old cities in New Mexico and southern California, being given with careful reference to history. All together it will be a great treat to the "stay at home" young folks. \$1.75. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

BRATTLEBORO IN PROSE AND VERSE is the attractive title of a dainty little volume which will be given a warm welcome by those who know the old town with its blended beauty of river and hill. The little book is compiled by Cecil H. Howard from the prose and verse called forth by our local attractions. Tied upon the quaint, antique cover by a ribbon bow is a fine engraving of a part of Mt. Wantastiquet, and the bridge over the turbulent Whetstone brook. Design and finish are alike artistic and charming. Price, 50 cents. Brattleboro: Frank E. Housh.

A CAPTIVE OF LOVE is the title of a story by Edward Greey, founded upon Bakin's Japanese romance, "Kumona Tayama [Amo Yo No Tsuki]." While it can hardly be called a translation, Mr.

Greey has followed the old romance as closely as possible, and it gives the reader an excellent insight into the thoughts and methods of the Japanese five centuries ago, their superstitions and manners, which with the curious illustrations reprinted from the original renders it an interesting study. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

Among the illustrated and beautifully printed gift books of the season, is OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN, a series of sonnets by William C. Richards, each sonnet having a special illustration. The subject should be dealt with more reverently than by the artists whose rude touches shadow many of the really fine sonnets. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

IN TEN BOYS WHO LIVED ON THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW, Miss Jane Andrews has given the young people a capital book. Beginning with the story of Kablu, the Aryan boy who lived four thousand years ago, taking up others of more recent days, one by one, until the boy of the present day is reached and his advantages contrasted with those which were given the other nine boys of the story, or links of a story, it makes a study which cannot fail to interest. The little book is extremely well written, and can be given to the children without the previous careful looking over by parents or teachers, so necessary in most books now written for the young. \$1.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

We have not for a long time seen a book containing so much that is interesting and instructive in such condensed form as the little volume, "TALKS ABOUT THE WEATHER," the first book in the required readings of The Chautauqua Town and Country Club. The design of the book is to give a series of easy, simple and inexpensive experiments in the study of the temperature, the atmosphere, the wind and rain in their relation to the care of plants and animals. That the author, Mr. Charles Barnard, has made it a most valuable book will be the verdict of every reader. 75 cents. Boston: The Chautauqua Press, 117 Franklin St.

WHITNEY AND LOWELL CALENDARS FOR 1886. The fact that the writings of James Russell Lowell and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney are used for these two new calendars (published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston,) is in itself enough to make them unusually attractive; but apart from this the calendars are among the prettiest in their decorations that have yet appeared. The Lowell Calendar has an excellent portrait of the poet and a view of Elmwood, his house in Cambridge. The Whitney Calendar is printed in gold and light tints. The design is emblematical of the four seasons, which are symbolized by figures of little girls dressed in "Kate Greenaway" style, bearing a garland of spring and summer flowers, autumn fruits and winter holly. The calendars measure nine by twelve inches. Price \$1.00.

AFTERNOON SONGS is the title of a dainty volume of verse, by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr. Though lacking, perhaps, the sweetness of some of her earlier poems, there are many tender and beautiful. "Silence," one of the collection of sonnets with which the book opens, "Foresadowings" and an "Old-fashioned Garden," are poems which every one likes to read and remember. The little book is very prettily bound, and will make an attractive addition to the list of gift books of the season. Price \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Excellent of their kind are two little books, FIVE-MINUTE RECITATIONS and FIVE-MINUTE DECLAMATIONS, selected and adapted by Walter K. Forbes, for the use

of school and college. The selections are unusually good, and will be found very helpful and convenient for young readers and speakers. Price 50 cents each. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

The volume of LITTLE FOLKS for 1885 will be a treat to the young readers to whom this little magazine is a stranger. Charming alike in stories and illustrations its contents embrace those suited to the wee ones as well as to their elder brothers and sisters. The pretty illuminated cover adds greatly to the general attractiveness. \$1.25. New York: Cassell & Co. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

We have received copies of numbers 15 and 16 of THE READING CLUB, each containing 50 selections in prose and poetry for readings and recitations, edited by Geo. M. Baker. Price 15 cents each. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

The C. Y. F. R. U. supplements to Wide Awake for the past year are issued in a handsome volume, under the title of THE CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' ANNUAL. Those who have read these helpful studies each month, need no description of the book. The less fortunate young people will find the little book full of interest and instruction. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

BO PEEP is rightly called "A Treasury for the Little Ones," as its many pages filled with stories, poems and pretty pictures testify, and the little folks who cannot read "grown up" stories will be delighted that they are remembered in the abundance of Christmas books. Price \$1.00. New York: Cassell & Co. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

We have received a volume of THE QUIVER for 1885 which makes a very attractive appearance in its handsome binding. Of its inner worth we have often spoken in this column. \$2.25. New York: Cassell & Co. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

We have received a copy of Part Second of PARLOR VARIETIES, by Emma E. Brewster and Lizzie B. Scribner, containing plays, pantomimes, and charades. Price 30 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

THE CENTURY for December is a number of special interest. It opens with the first of a short series of delightful sketches, of "The City of Teheran," by S. G. W. Benjamin, the fine illustrations aiding the fine pen pictures. Henry Eckford contributes an artistic paper on "The Lamia of Keats, and the illustrations by Will H. Low." Prominent among the more interesting papers is the sketch of Mrs. Jackson, ("H. H.") a portrait of whom is given as the frontispiece of the number. Mr. Boyesen gives one of his characteristic sketches entitled "A Child of the Age," and Mark Twain tells "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed." In fiction the second installment of Mary Hallock Foote's strong serial, "John Bodewin's Testimony" leads in interest. "The Monitors: Their Construction and Work," by John Ericsson will command the attention of many readers, as will the following paper, "The Loss of the Monitor," by Francis B. Butts. George P. Lathrop contributes an able sketch of Governor's Island in "An American Lordship," finely illustrated. There is a long installment of "The Bostonians." The number is rich in fine poems, and the editorial departments offer much that is well worth reading. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

The beautiful engraving of "The Cascade with the Watch Tower" from Ruysdael's celebrated painting, which forms the frontispiece in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for December is one of the finest given during the year. In reading as well as in illustration it is an excellent number. David Hannay's paper on "The Lower Medway," with its five, beautiful illustrations is prominent among the best articles, followed closely in interest by Alfred St. Johnston's paper on "American Silver-Work" and William Halmeden's artistic sketch of "Art in Egypt," the fine illustrations lending interest to both articles. A fine sketch of J. W. Waterhouse, the well known English artist, is contributed by J. Arthur Blackie with three engravings from the artist's best works. "The Beginnings of the Royal Academy," by Harry V. Barnett, and "A Chapter on Chairs," by J. Hungerford Pollen, are full

EVER OF THEE.

FOLEY HALL.

Andante.

Arr. by BERG.

of interest. There are other articles of excellence, many fine engravings and an unusually full Chronicle of Art and chapter of Art Notes. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL for November opens with a long and very interesting paper on "The Growth of Symbolism," by Stephen D. Peet, which treats of the totem system, and is helpfully illustrated. "The Alligator Mound and Its Surroundings," by Isaac Smucker, is another illustrated article interesting to all followers of scientific explorations. The Museum is devoted to the interest of collectors, and the variety of Notes, editorial and otherwise, which nearly fill the remaining pages of the number are full of value to the student of antiquarian literature. \$4.00 a year. Chicago: F. H. Revell, 150 Madison St.

SUNBEAMS FROM THE GOLDEN LAND and CHRISTMAS PEARLS, by Frances Ridley Havergal, contain the choicest selections from this favorite authoress. They are

artistically bound in Antique Covers, on which there is a photograph of Miss Havergal, and a fac-simile of her autograph. Price 75 cents each. Boston: H. H. Carter & Karrick, 3 Beacon St.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS, (30 cts.,) by Newberry and Towne, and the CHRISTMAS GIFT, (25 cts.,) by Rosabel, are two pretty little cantatas for children. Both are simple, contain good songs and dialogues, and introduce Santa Claus and his gifts. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

We have received, too late for an extended notice, the following books:

THE LOST LOVE and other verse, by Wm. A. Clark. Boston: Wm. Adolphus Clark.
The Dayning, a novel. Price \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

DANGER SIGNALS, or the enemies of youth. Price, \$1.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

CONSPIRACY, A Cuban Romance, by Adam Badeau. New York: R. Worthington.

THE SCIENCE OF THE MIND APPLIED TO TEACHING, by U. J. Hoffman. New York: The Fowler & Wells Co.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for December. \$5.00 a year. New York: The North American Review.

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

OUTING for December. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The Wheelman Co.

THE BAY STATE MONTHLY for December. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The Bay State Pub. Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for December. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for December. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE QUIVER for December. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

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

WIDE AWAKE for December. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for December. \$2.00 a year. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

THE MUSICAL RECORD for December. \$1.00 a year. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

THE FOLIO for December. \$1.60 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

THE MUSICAL HERALD for December. \$1.00 a year. Boston: The Musical Herald Co.

The Dispensary.

HEADACHE.

A READER OF THE HOUSEHOLD, writes to say, "Reading your article in the October number, 'How to grow strong,' as well as many others of your writing, I resolved to write you and see if you could give me a remedy which will cure my headaches, which cause me so much suffering. I have heard of a remedy something like this: Take a certain quantity of soda once a day for a week or so, but have not tried it," etc.

Headache is not a disease. It is simply a symptom of some disordered state of the system. It would be impossible to prescribe one remedy for headache, because there are so many causes for it. The first thing to do is to try to find out what makes your headache, and then avoid the cause.

One person may have headache in consequence of taking cold, another may have it from eating what disagrees with her, a third from constipation, a fourth from too close confinement at sewing, study, or in-door work, or from want of fresh air and exercise, a fifth may have headache from want of sleep, and a sixth from care, anxiety, or grief. And besides all these are various other causes which may produce this result. There are in fact so many causes of headache that it would be impossible to prescribe any one remedy which would cure all cases. It is like asking me to tell what will keep a baby from crying. I can only say, make it comfortable.

Pain is really a crying out of the nerves. It simply shows us that something is wrong. We must find out what it is ourselves and remedy it if we can. Pain is often a blessing, for which we should be grateful to God; although it may be hard for us to see it in that light. But if we had no pain we should continue to do what was injurious until death would result. A child puts its finger into the fire. If it felt no pain it might keep it there until it was destroyed. It is a danger signal which should always be heeded immediately.

The nerves are the telegraph wires of the system. They convey messages to the brain, which is the central telegraph office, sending messages to all parts of the system, and receiving messages in return. We cannot write or speak a word, walk a step, make a motion of any kind, or even stir, without an order from the brain. Nay, more, we cannot digest our food, breathe, or perform any of the functions of life, without these telegraphic messages. The brain telegraphs to the stomach to know how all is going on there, and if anything is wrong the message sent back is pain; and the same sympathy and communication goes on between the brain and every part of the body, external or internal.

While we are busily occupied with our own affairs, working, reading, writing or attending to various duties, the brain and nerves are very busy too, not only helping us incessantly, but also giving commands to the internal organs and receiving messages in return. The brain is sending word to the gastric juices to flow in order to create the feeling of hunger that will lead you to leave your employments, and take appropriate nourishment, and perhaps you do not attend to the call, thinking you will finish your work first, or at least do a little more and eat by and by; and then it is too late, for the gastric juices have ceased flowing, and what you eat cannot be digested. Or perhaps a telegram is sent to you in the form of a sensation of weariness; that means you must stop and rest, for the waste is going

on faster than the renewal of the tissues. If you pay no attention to it you must surely suffer pain in some way.

Two reasons why animals are so well and free from disease is because they have an abundance of fresh air and because they always rest when they are tired. There is no doubt that many of our headaches are from overwork, want of sleep, want of recreation.

But another prolific cause of headache is the retention of waste, poisonous matter in the system, which should be thrown off by the eliminatory organs.

The eliminatory organs are those that eliminate or get rid of that which is not wanted in the body. They are, 1, the perspiratory ducts, little minute tubes that convey away foul and effete particles in the perspiration; 2, the lungs, that throw off a vast amount of impure matter in the breath at each expiration, 3, the liver, 4, the kidneys, and 5, the bowels.

If the waste matter is not thrown off freely by these organs we cannot be well, and if any one of these avenues be entirely closed so that these poisonous excretions are retained, death will surely result. Too much attention cannot be paid to this subject. It is well known that not only headache and a countless number of bodily ailments result from defective elimination, but insanity is very frequently a result produced from this cause. In order to keep the perspiratory tubes open we should attend regularly to bathing, wear flannel according to the weather, thick or thin, exercise moderately, avoid taking cold, etc.; to keep the liver in good condition we should avoid eating rich, high seasoned food, and take fruits in their season, and vegetables, and avoid what by experience has been found indigestible. It is especially important for people who are liable to headache to keep the bowels free; and this should be done, not by medicines, but by suitable food and such as tends to that result. The old proverb says, "Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open and the conscience clear, and you'll live forever." Those old sayings contain a vast amount of good sense.

We should eat fruit, vegetables, oatmeal, hominy, and coarse bread, rather than that made of fine flour, as all starchy articles of food are liable to produce constipation, which is incompatible with perfect health and vigor of either body or brain.

As regards soda as a remedy for headache, I would not take it. The less medicine we take the better. Soda taken in large quantities is always injurious; being a powerful alkali that, unless neutralized by acid, would eat away the delicate coats of the stomach. A case was brought to my notice not long ago of a man whose stomach was examined after death, and it was found that he had died from taking too much soda. It had destroyed the inner coat of his stomach. A similar effect is produced by taking intoxicating drinks. In both cases the powers of digestion are destroyed. For people who are of a nervous temperament soda is particularly bad because they have already a preponderance of alkali, they need acids to quicken the action of the liver.

But others of a different temperament cannot take acids at all, being already too acid themselves. There are often people who are inclined to rheumatic pains; rheumatism being caused by too much acid in the system. These are the only people who may sometimes with benefit take a little alkali now and then; but even in this case it is usually better to take the alkali in the form of a few drops of ammonia in water, and apply a liniment of oil and ammonia to the painful part with gentle friction.

One of the very best remedies for headache is plenty of good, sound, refreshing sleep. But as this very desirable restora-

tive is not always easy to obtain, and as sleeplessness is an evil that of late has been found to be alarmingly upon the increase, in a future article it may be well to consider this subject and to offer some suggestions with regard to the best way of securing this invaluable blessing.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

CREAM AS FOOD AND MEDICINE.

Few seem to appreciate the value of cream as an article of human diet, most people preferring to use milk fat, in the form of butter. Though good and properly made butter may fairly be conceded to be the best and most wholesome solid fat in use, it is quite inferior to cream in respect to both economy and health. The superiority of cream over butter, or any other solid fat, consists first, in its being not exactly in a liquid form, but in a condition allowing of great mobility between its particles permitting the gastric juice to mix with it in the most perfect manner, and with whatever else the stomach contains, thereby facilitating digestion. Its behavior is quite different in this respect from that of butter and other pure fats. As soon as they become melted they grease over the other contents of the stomach, obstructing, in a measure, the contact of gastric juice, and hindering, rather than hastening, the progress of their digestion.

Cream is also superior to butter and other fats from its being intimately incorporated with albuminous or flesh-forming matter in a condition favorable for easy and perfect digestion, so that while it serves the purpose of all unctuous matter in developing animal heat and force, it carries along with it nutriment in a most readily available form, a very important consideration in the case of invalids. It is a fact in the functions of the human stomach that neither fats alone nor albuminoids alone are digested by it as well as when the two are mingled together in certain proportions. It does not seem to cope with any kind of grease alone, and pure albuminoids it digests with great difficulty. The flesh of lean animals which is defective in fat, never digests as well as that of animals in better condition, in whose muscles fat is mingled. The palate instinctively recognizes the difference between fat and no fat in the flesh of animals when used for food, always preferring that marbled with fat. A more perfect combination of fat and flesh-forming food could hardly be imagined than exists in cream, each fat globule of which it is composed being enclosed with an envelope of albuminous matter, and besides this, being suspended in a serum of a similar character, making the incorporation of fat and nutrient matter as intimate as it is possible to make it.

CORN CURE.

P. Vigier, (*France Med.*) gives the following: One gramme of R. salicylic acid, five-tenths gramme of alcoholic extract of *cannabis Indica*, one gramme of alcohol (ninety degrees), two and five-tenths grammes of ether (sixty-two degrees), and five grammes of elastic collodion. Mix, and put in a well corked bottle. Apply with a brush or a match three times a day for about a week, when the whole corn can be easily wiped off.

—Half our colds would be avoided altogether if we did not allow ourselves to get gradually chilled by going with insufficient clothing, or sitting in chilly rooms, allowing an uncomfortable condition of chilliness. A brief, sharp exposure is less dangerous if quickly followed by the proper temperature. This should not be a hot-house atmosphere or a sum-

mer climate in our homes. In that case the change is too great from the out to the in-door atmosphere.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

H. B. W. *Varicose Veins.* The causes of this difficulty may be a general depression of the system, imperfect or obstructed circulation of the blood, that of the surface, more especially, with a general inactivity of the smaller vessels of the skin. In advanced life, this is difficult of cure. Some improvement may be secured by pressing on the veins, rubbing toward the heart, so pressing the blood along that it may circulate better. The other case to which you refer is similar, the veins being differently located. A part of the treatment is to carefully avoid all physis, change of the diet, living on the coarser foods and fruits, regulating the stomach and bowels. When the digestion is good, the bowels in a natural condition, this will disappear, though present comfort may be secured by the application of cold, wet cloths. Much sugar, fine flour bread, rice, tapioca, and such "binding" articles, will be unfavorable. The whole wheat bread not only contains more nourishment than the fine, but will better regulate the bowels. Whatever improves the general health will aid in the removal of this difficulty. A plain and simple diet, the use of really wholesome food, avoiding pastry, rich food in general, doughnuts, sausages, pork in all of its forms (lard included), unripe and decayed fruits, breathing an abundance of pure air, by day and night, with gentle and active exercise, will be favorable.

A SISTER OF THE BAND. *Asthma.* One reason, perhaps, that the asthma is so seldom cured, is that it is not so much a disease, as a sympathetic expression of various diseases. It rarely proves fatal, at least, till it assumes another form. If a symptom of some other disease, when such a disease assumes a formidable aspect, it is reasonable to infer that this expression of it may be equally serious in its nature. While dust in the lungs, with various other foreign matters, may prove the more immediate cause of this distressing affection, errors in diet, with consequent derangements, enlargement of the liver, etc., may be the more prominent of the remote causes. At all events, I should never think of attempting a cure without demanding radical improvements in the diet. Among the causes given by an author of great discrimination and ability, are the following: "It is frequently caused by a turgescence, or swelling of the liver and spleen, which impedes the motions of the diaphragm, or interrupts the supply of the nervous influence. Strong mental emotions, repelled eruptions, suppressed discharges, rank odors, foggy, misty or damp weather, indigestible food, and other dietetic errors, are the frequent exciting causes. The predisposition is sometimes occasioned by malformation of the chest, the small size of the glottis, dyspepsia, all of which may be conditions of hereditary descent." The same distinguished author says: "It is true that expectorants and nauseants as squills and antimony, and relaxants, debilitants, as tobacco, coffee, gin, saltpetre, and bleeding, generally relieve the paroxysms for the time, at the expense, if frequently repeated, of the total ruin of the digestive powers and nervous system; and that emetics, especially of lobelia, have entirely suspended the symptoms of the disease in the humid form, for a longer or shorter period, without any great injury to the constitution; and this is all that can be said in favor of such treatment, I believe."

Care of the skin is of the greatest importance, keeping the pores open and active, which may be done by the use of a flesh-brush and reasonable bathing. I agree with the above author, who says, "equally important is the diet. In all cases the diet should be simple and unconcentrated, and in those cases connected with or caused by diseased livers and spleens, or primary dyspepsia, it must be rigidly abstemious; it is advisable to use the fruits and grains freely, taking all food as dry as possible." I also favor applying wet cloths to the chest, on which a thin coating of mustard has been sprinkled, wet thickens enough back of it to remain wet all night, the whole to be sufficiently covered by dry flannels to promote comfort.

I will answer your questions, briefly: It is best to wear sufficient clothes to keep you warm, changing all morning and night, airing them; it is very important for you to sleep in a large, well ventilated room; you can improve your ventilation by having the attic windows more or less open, having the doors so open that a current of air may constantly pass up the stairway; it is well to eat your supper as "early as five," unless you eat a much lighter supper, two or three hours before retiring; "eight hours of sleep" are none too much for you, while you do well to be much in the open air, well wrapped, though it is possible to wear too much clothing, to be uncomfortable; I approve of the "eggs," but the nearer raw, the better; do not approve of the pork, either fresh or salted, as it is very difficult of digestion—especially objectionable in your case. I do not advise any of those "seasonings" for you; of the vegetables referred to, I approve particularly of the potato, the beet, and the finer grained turnip.

The Dressing Room.

SOME OF FASHION'S FANCIES.

BY GOSSIP.

THE fashion books boldly assert in their opening lines that simplicity is the key note of this season's styles, but a look at the plates, or a peep into a ladies' stylish furnishing emporium, will cause some of us to ask, "What is simplicity?" True, there are some tailor made costumes and the tendency is really to use less elaborate flouncings and draperies, but the cloth is so handsome, the trimmings of embroidery, braid, passementerie, bead work, chenille and lace so elaborate, and most of the dresses so complicated, that the vaunted simplicity is not apparent.

But, happily, the dress of the average woman, the mass, is constantly becoming more practical, and better adapted to the duties she is called on to perform, materials that are cheap, durable and pretty are in the market, and a woman may dress comfortably, suitably, healthfully and becomingly, and keep within the pale of fashion.

At this season, woolen dresses are more used for street wear than silk, which is comforting information to those who cannot gratify themselves every season with a silk or brocade dress. But those who have handsome silk costumes, need not hesitate to appear in them whenever inclination or convenience dictates, for this is an era of a certain kind of independence in regard to dress, and one asks first of an article, "Is it becoming?" next, "Is it fashionable?"

Homespun, flannels, tricots, and boucle or "nigger head" cloth as some dealers call it, are extremely stylish, as are also velveteen and plush. There are so many good kinds of the former that it is folly to purchase the cheap silk velvets as they look no better, and do not wear as well. Particularly rich and effective suits are fashioned of noupaveil velveteen and corde-la-reine, a new material somewhat resembling corduroy. For these silk embroidery or a rich passementerie is suitable trimming.

The beauty of a velvet garment depends in a great measure on the way it is cut. Great care must be taken that it all shades dark alike, in looking from the top downwards. This can be ascertained by holding it in the hand and looking selvedge-way down it. One way the shade will be much lighter. Another way is, to ascertain which way the nap runs and then cut it so that it will run up, or in just the contrary direction to what you would make a ladies' cloth or flannel. Cut in this way, the pile will feel rougher as you pass your hand downwards over it, and when you brush it pass the brush up instead of down. Use a soft brush, and give it a slight twirl or flit the better to dislodge the dust. In cutting crosswise bands of velvet or other material, be careful to get a true bias before you begin, and, as you cut, examine occasionally to see that the angle is preserved. No amount of pains and work will make folds and bands set properly unless they are properly cut.

The leading colors are seal brown, Havana brown, garnet, olive, sapphire, myrtle, marine and navy blue, while in the homespun these colors are so mixed as to look like a plain color at a distance of a few feet.

House dresses of striped jersey cloth in various combinations of shades and colors are a novelty. They are best made tight in the back but with skirt plaited in very full, and plain, tight front with basque effect. They should have no trimming except the buttons. A handsome wrapper shown at one of the New York

openings was a lovely shade of all wool brown tricot, cut "Mother Hubbard" front, tight back, and elaborately braided over almost the entire front to the side seams with narrow braid the same color but a shade darker, while the yoke, collar and cuffs were a solid mass of embroidery. The price of this elegant robe de chambre was \$12, but one could be gotten up at home just as good for \$8, if one was expert with the needle and had time at command.

A handsome walking costume of brocade and plain velvet is made as follows: Front breadth of the brocade, and bordered each side with a wide band of Hudson Bay beaver fur; side breadths entirely plain, and of the plain material. Large pouff at the back, which commences on the hips under the fur band. Under this pouff the back breadths fall plain, but are draped at the top so as to show the sides which are lined with rich silk. Plain basque, with short pointed back, double pointed front, vest, collar and cuffs of brocade, revers of fur reaching top of biases, from there a lacing of rich silk cord crosses the vest to the bottom; no buttons. This was one of the plainest dresses I saw, and might be called an example of rich simplicity as the price asked was only the modest sum of \$118, but it will be a good model for some of the sisters to pattern after in cheaper materials.

Wraps are both long and short, and if there is a prevailing style it is the Newmarket. Many of these have full or plaited fronts, with fancy clasps. The short wraps are more elegant and better display a handsome dress.

Furs were never cheaper or more universally worn than at present. Seal skin still takes the lead, but there are other cheaper furs which are equally stylish in their way. A short wrap made of best Russian hare, lined with heavy quilted satin and trimmed with a fringe of tails costs \$9.00, while the same style in XXX Hudson Bay brown costs \$30, and seal skin \$49. A good ottoman silk circular with fur lining, and edging and collar of fur, can be bought for \$20. You can get them as low as thirteen dollars, but these are not desirable as the lining is a cheap fur, not thoroughly tanned, and apt to have an unpleasant odor in a warm room. Muffs of medium size are worn together with boas, shoulder capes and Eugenies, a cape with long tabs. Fur caps and bonnets are much used for the street, sleighing, etc.

Bright linings are frequently seen in wraps, and seem to be gaining favor over those which match the outside in color. These linings may be either plain or quilted. If the garment is made at home a good way is to lay a thickness of light flannel over the silk, and then with a silk thread of the same color as the lining catch through both. Do this with the flannel on top, and there will be a very short stitch on the silk. Do not cut the thread, but let it extend to the next stitch which should be about one inch from the first, and so on.

Black is so universally worn, and dull jet and crape stone have so often appeared in combination with chenille, braid, etc., that nothing except crape is considered mourning.

A novelty in braid trimming is a set of ornaments in mohair braid. These consist of collar and cuffs, and two other pieces, each eighteen inches long by ten inches wide, to be used on the side of the skirt as panels.

Hats have higher crowns, and the trimmings are so arranged as to increase the height. Bonnets, especially capotes, are closer at the sides. Don't buy a hat or bonnet, however stylish, till you have tried it on and made sure that it is becoming, and if you can only have one best bonnet, let that one be of some quiet

color, and devoid of gaudy ornaments. A light, be-feathered, be-ribboned, and be-flowered bonnet is no more fit for ordinary and continuous wear, than a rose color and silver brocade satin, lace trimmed and trained dress is fit for street wear.

It may interest you to know that the Parisian dames are trimming their high hats on the back instead of on the front as here, but the trimmings are put on so as to fall over the top and reach the front of the crown. Beads are universally used on millinery, and a beaded Astrakhan fur bonnet is one of the novelties, and in one ultra fashionable store I saw hats covered with imitation alligator leather and banded with velvet, and bonnets covered with jersey ribbing. Bonnet ties are wide and short and usually tied under the left ear, or at least a little to the side.

Buttons on imported dresses are conspicuous by their absence. Many of the fronts have a fold of silk or lace down the middle, or a shirred jabot confined by ribbons. Buttons, on cloaks, however, are numerous and of immense size, some of them measuring fully three inches in diameter.

The Jersey, which in the early winter seemed going out of favor, has taken a new lease of life, and now appears in a multitude of forms and fabrics, is cut with as many seams as a basque, has velvet or leather cuffs, collar and vest, is spangled with silver or gilt crescents, or is braided, beaded, or otherwise ornamented. You remember, perhaps, that I prophesied that a garment so universally becoming and easily obtained would be given up with reluctance.

Dog collars are more worn than ever. These are merely a deep band of velvet cut so as to fit smoothly over the dress collar, lined with silk and an inner lining of wigan. The top edge has a trimming of beads, the same on the bottom, or a fringe of the beads may be used. The center is left plain or dotted with beads, while a bow of ribbon fastens this collar on the side. If of black the bow may be of some bright color, and a bow of the same ribbon tied in one of the button holes over the bust is an addition. Necklets and wristlets of narrow, bright-colored velvet and ribbon are suitable for misses and young ladies. These are tied on the neck above the collar or ruche, and should have long loops and longer ends, while for the wrists the loops must be short with ends the same length. A plump, dimpled wrist looks whiter and plumper for the addition of a tiny band of black velvet, while it is always flattering to those less round and delicate.

Plaited lace and folds of etamine are used about the neck, and to finish the fronts of basques where the vests are set in. Little knots of colored silk floss caught in the etamine give it a pretty, light look, and beads and gold thread are intermixed with lace for neck ruchings.

Collars are worn as high as individual necks will allow, and vests or jacket effects are universal. Vests are often buttoned in, thus giving variety to a plain costume.

A bright colored silk handkerchief, usually of some clan plaid is worn thrust rather high in the front of the dress, if that be black, if not it should be of some color to harmonize or contrast pleasantly. A pretty finish is to fringe the edge for an inch or more. Still prettier is to take a fine linen handkerchief with a deep border of plain black, and on this border work oxeye daisies in yellow silks, have them quite close together, and when worn adjust so that nothing but the embroidery can be seen.

The perfumed glove is something new and found at only one or two places as yet. It comes only in the more expensive kinds, and will be much sought for, if, as

it is said, the perfume is lasting, as it certainly ought to be, being incorporated during the process of tanning.

In jewelry the bizarre styles are most desirable. Pearls are in such demand that prices are higher than for years, and coral, long tabooed by fashionables, is much used by young ladies, for evening wear with light costumes.

Fancy hairpins are in high favor, and are not only ornamental but useful in helping to confine the hair. Those of tortoise shell are very pretty, but for full dress there is nothing like those of silver set with brilliants, especially in dark hair. One particularly elegant is a silver spray with three hammered balls, and five pendant Rhine stones. Another is a crescent enclosing a star, with a setting of six brilliants. These pins are of solid silver, and the price is \$2.25 each.

Oxidized silver dog collars of antique coins come in a variety of patterns, and some very pretty ones can be bought as low as fifty cents. These are just as good as more expensive ones, as they are only a passing fancy and will last till out of style. Then there are bracelets of the same material, with pendants, which can be joined to form a dog collar for the neck if desired.

INSERTION AND SHELL LACE.

Cast on thirty-two stitches, knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit six, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over three times, narrow, knit six, over twice, purl two together.

2. Thread around the needle, purl two together, knit seven, knit first loop, purl second loop, drop the third loop, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit fourteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

3. Slip first stitch, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit eleven, over twice, purl two together.

4. Thread around the needle, purl two together, knit eleven, over twice, purl two together, knit fourteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over three times, narrow, over three times, narrow, knit five, over twice, purl two together.

6. Thread around the needle, purl two together, knit six, knit first loop, purl second loop, drop third loop, knit one, knit first loop, purl second loop, drop third loop, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit fourteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together.

8. Thread around the needle, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit fourteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

9. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit six, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over three times, narrow, over three times, narrow, over three times, narrow, knit five, over twice, purl two together.

10. Thread around the needle, purl two together, knit six, knit first loop, purl second loop, drop third loop, knit one, knit first loop, purl second loop, drop third loop, knit one, knit first loop, purl second loop, drop third loop, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit four-

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

11. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit fourteen, over twice, purl two together, knit nine, cast the remaining stitches, with the exception of the last two, on to the next stitch, then knit the stitch they were cast on to, thread over twice, and purl two together.

12. Thread around the needle, purl two together, knit ten, over twice, purl two together, knit fourteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

There are now thirty-two stitches ready to begin at the first row again.

I am knitting some out of No. 100 cotton, and think it very pretty. I have tried to make the directions plain. Will some one please try and report.

New Hampshire. NELLIE MABEL.

WIDE SMYRNA LACE.

Cast on twenty-seven stitches and knit across plain.

1. Knit four, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

2. Knit nine, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit fourteen.

3. Knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

4. Knit eleven, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit thirteen.

5. Knit six, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

6. Knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit twelve.

7. Knit seven, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

8. Knit fifteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit eleven.

9. Plain knitting. There should be thirty-one stitches.

10. Knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit five.

11. Knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit twelve.

12. Knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

13. Knit fourteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit ten.

14. Knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three.

15. Knit fifteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit eight.

16. Knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two.

17. Knit sixteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit six.

18. Plain knitting. There should be twenty-seven stitches.

Begin again at the first row.

This is the handsomest pattern I have seen. I hope the sisters will like it.

Mrs. W. H. MURRAY.

Roseville, Cal.

CROCHETED HOUSEHOLD LACE.

Make a chain of twenty-five stitches for the foundation.

1. Make a shell of three double crochet, one chain, three double crochet in fifth chain from you, (all the shells are made the same way,) five chain, one single crochet in the fifth stitch from shell, five chain, one single crochet in fifth chain, five chain, one shell in fifth chain, three chain, one single crochet in last stitch of foundation chain.

2. *Nine chain, slip stitch in last stitch of shell, drawing it tight, shell in the cen-

ter of the shell of the preceding row, five chain, one long double crochet in loop of five chain, five chain, one single crochet in last stitch of shell, shell in top of shell, *five chain, one single crochet in point of shell in last row.

3. Twelve chain and one single crochet five times alternately in loop of five chain, *shell in top of shell, five chain, one single crochet under five chain just before long double crochet in last row, five chain, one single crochet after long double crochet, five chain, shell in top of shell of last row, three chain, one single crochet in third chain in loop of nine chain of last row*.

4. Like second row from * to *, then two chain, one single crochet in top of loop of twelve chain, then five chain, one single crochet in each loop after the last single crochet, six chain for the first scallop and two chain for the second scallop and attach to the preceding scallop with slip stitch wherever it chances to come and be smooth.

5. Six chain, one single crochet under five chain of last row after last single crochet, two chain, then like third row from * to *.

6. Like second row from * to *, then six chain, three single crochet under chain of six in the last row.

For the first row make six chain to turn on, and for succeeding rows only one-half the number, and attach to scallop. This rule holds good for all.

7. Six chain, three single crochet under six chain of last row, but only one single crochet before shell, then same as third row from * to *.

8. Same as second row from * to *, then two chain, three single crochet under six chain of last row, five chain, three single crochet under six chain, five chain, one double crochet in center of three single crochet in the last row.

9. Four single crochet over each five chain, five chain, catch back into last single crochet making a picot over each double crochet and each single crochet, then same as third row.

For the next scallop begin at second row.

I use this insertion for a variety of edges, it also makes beautiful insertion by leaving off the scallop and finishing the edge with the nine chain.

Mrs. E. A. ALGER.

La Grande, Union Co., Oregon.

BABY'S SHOES.

One-half ounce of pale blue Andalusian wool, and one ounce of white. Cast on thirty-eight stitches with No. 15 steel needles.

Knit four plain rows.

5. Slip one, knit two together, knit plain to within three of the end, knit two together, one plain.

6. Plain.

Repeat the fifth row twice more knitting one plain row between each.

9. Slip one, knit two together, knit plain to the end of the row, then pick up five stitches along the slanting side, knitting them as you go.

10. Plain.

11. Slip one, pick up the thread under the second stitch and knit it, knit all the rest plain.

Knit back plain; repeat this until there are forty-two stitches on the needle. Knit sixteen, leaving the other twenty-six on the needle, and knit backwards and forwards for twenty-three rows. A third needle will be needed.

24. Knit fourteen, cast on twenty-six stitches, knit to match the other side, and when there are thirty-three stitches on cast off five at the heel, then pick up one at the end of each row, when there are thirty-three on, knit one plain row and cast off. Pick up thirteen along the front

and knit to and fro taking one from each side every other row and cast it over, only keeping thirteen on the needle, till there are eighteen on the other needle.

Pick up eighteen on the other side, knit one row plain, then a row of holes, (thread over, knit two together,) plain row, then narrow three times every other row, one on each side; there should be forty-two or forty-three stitches on the needle. Knit twenty-eight or thirty ribs, and finish, if liked, with a little edging.

When I knit mine, on picking up the thirteen stitches along the front, I made one row of holes, and knitting the leg I formed various patterns, and knit it long enough to turn over, and made a little trimming in the same way as for the hood only casting on two stitches and widening on one finger. I made a little rosette for the toe in the same way, and ran a pale blue ribbon through the holes at the ankle.

BASKET KNITTING.

Cast on twenty stitches and knit across once plain.

1. One stitch plain, set the needle in to the next stitch, and put the wool three times round the needle and knit it; repeat this to the end of the row, and knit the stitch left plain.

2. Knit one stitch plain, take off six without knitting, pass the three back ones over the other three, replace them on the left hand needle and knit them, proceed thus twice more and knit the last stitch plain.

4. Plain.

5. Plain.

Commence again with the first row.

England.

GIPSEY.

DOTTED INSERTION.

Cast on twenty-one stitches.

1. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

2. Knit three, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit three, over, slip one, narrow, throw over slipped stitch, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, narrow three together, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

4. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, over, knit three, over, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

Repeat from first row.

SUBSCRIBER.

NORMANDY LACE.

Cast on fifteen stitches.

1. Knit eight, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit two.

2. Knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit seven.

3. Knit six, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

4. Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit five.

5. Knit four, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

6. Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three.

7. Knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow.

8. Cast off one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit six.

9. Knit seven, over, narrow, knit one,

over, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, over, knit one, narrow, knit one, narrow.

10. Knit two, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit eight.

11. Knit nine, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three.

12. Cast off two, knit one, over, knit three together, over, knit ten.

KNITTED ERINGE.

Cast on fourteen stitches.

1. Knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit seven.

2. Knit eight, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

Repeat these two rows.

The first eight stitches are for the heading, the six plain are to be dropped from the needle when the fringe is of the required length. The remaining eight to be cast off. The six dropped are to be unravelled for the fringe.

Vevay, Ind.

MRS. I. S. KNOX.

PRETTY SCRAP BASKET.

Select a medium sized Japanese umbrella. One with a plain ground, and gilt figures is prettiest. The knob or point is to be securely glued into a large square or circular block, which it will be necessary to have made by a carpenter, as it must be smoothly finished to look well after it has been painted. This block must also be heavy enough to act as a stand for the umbrella, to hold it steadily in its upright position that it may not be easily knocked over. The block is then to be painted the color of the umbrella, and decorated like it with gilt figures. To prevent the umbrella from pulling open, the points of the ribs which project beyond the paper covering are interlaced with satin ribbon. Either several shades of the narrowest ribbon are turned in and out of the ribs or sticks like basket work, or a wide ribbon may be used instead of the narrow. Sew the seams with silk to match the shade of the ribbons. The umbrella should be not quite half open. A piece of gilt paper is cut to fit round the inside of the umbrella to cover the sticks, and thus prevent papers and scraps from falling through to the point, from whence it is difficult to remove them. If narrow ribbons are used for the lacings, tie a bunch of them round the handle with long loops and ends, and their many colors make a gay trimming, or, should the wider ribbon be used, tie a full bow of it round the handle. The gilt paper which is used as a lining to cover the sticks and hold the scraps must be glued to keep it in place. This can easily be done without injuring the covering of the umbrella, by touching each stick with a little strong glue or gum, and press the paper against it. When it dries, the paper will adhere and keep in place nicely. They are very odd and pretty scrap baskets, and are not difficult to make.

Mrs. B. F. N.

San Francisco, Cal.

CROCHETED LACE.

Crochet loosely. Make a chain of twenty-eight stitches, turn; treble crochet in eighth stitch of chain, three chain, treble crochet in twelfth stitch, three chain, treble crochet in twentieth stitch, two chain, treble crochet in same stitch, three chain, treble crochet in twenty-fourth stitch, two chain, treble crochet in the same stitch, three chain, treble crochet in the last stitch, two chain, treble crochet in the same stitch, three chain, turn; make a shell of three treble crochet, one chain, three treble crochet in the two chain of first row, make a shell of three treble crochet, one chain, three treble crochet in the next two chain, make a shell of three treble crochet, one chain, three treble crochet in the last two chain,

three chain, treble crochet in the first bar of first row, three chain, treble crochet in second bar, three chain, treble crochet in third bar, three chain, treble crochet in third stitch of chain at the top, six chain, turn; repeat from the beginning.

MRS. B. F. HOLLAND.

459 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HANDSOME LAMBREQUIN DESIGN.

Make a chain of twenty-eight stitches.

1. Three double crochet in fourth chain stitch, three chain, three double crochet in next chain, seven chain, miss nine chain, make three double in next chain stitch, seven chain, miss nine chain, three double in the next chain, which should be the last one of the foundation chain.

2. Turn, make three chain stitches, three double around chain made by three chain in last row, make three chain, three double around same chain, seven chain, three double around the next chain of three, three double around the same chain, seven chain, fasten to the end of the first row, twelve single crochet in chain made by last seven chain.

3. One chain, three double around the last chain of three in the second row, three chain, three double around the same chain, three chain, one single crochet through the middle stitch of chain of seven of first and second rows, three chain, three double around next chain of three, three chain, three double around the same chain, three chain, one single through middle stitch of next chain of seven of first and second rows, three chain, three double around next chain of three, three chain, three double around the same chain.

4. Turn the work, three chain, three double around chain of three, three chain, three double around same chain, seven chain, three double around next chain of three, three chain, three double around same chain, seven chain, three double around next chain of three, three chain, three double around the same chain, seven chain, fasten to loop made by the one chain at the beginning of the third row, twelve single around second scallop.

5. One chain, three double around chain of three, three chain, three double around same chain, seven chain, three double around next chain of three, three chain, three double around the same chain, seven chain, three double around the next chain of three, three chain, three double around same chain.

6. Turn the work, three chain, three double around chain of three, three chain, three double around the same chain, seven chain, three double around next chain of three, three chain, three double around same chain, seven chain, three double around next chain of three, three chain, three double around the same chain, seven chain, fasten to loop made by one chain at the beginning of the fifth row; turn, six single crochet; turn, seven chain, fasten in the middle of second scallop at the bottom of the work, seven chain, fasten in the middle of the next seal; turn, twelve single around chain of seven, six single crochet around next seven chain; turn, seven chain, fasten in seal; turn, twelve single crochet around seven chain, six single crochet around half finished seal, six single crochet around next half finished seal, one chain, three double around chain of three in the preceding row, three chain, three double around same chain, three chain, one single through middle stitch of chain of fifth and sixth rows, three chain, three double around next chain of three, three chain, three double around same chain, three chain, one single in middle stitch of chain of fifth and sixth

rows, three chain, three double crochet around next chain of three, three chain, three double crochet around same chain.

Fasten fringe in every other stitch of the bottom edge. To make fringe cut in equal lengths by winding the twine around a block the desired length, and cutting with a knife or scissors.

Get No. 12, 16 or 20 cream colored seine twine, for lambrequins, a five-inch fine needle, and ribbon to run through.

Geneva, N. Y.

HATTY.

CROCHET TORCHON LACE.

Chain forty-three.

1. Single crochet in eighth stitch, four chain, single in thirteenth, four chain, single in eighteenth, four chain, single in twenty-third, four chain, single in twenty-eighth, four chain, single in thirty-third, four chain, single in thirty-eighth, four chain, single in last stitch of foundation, turn.

2. *Five chain, single in first single, nine chain, single in third single, eight double crochet (thread over once) in fourth single, single in fifth single, nine chain, single in seventh single, eight double in last hole, turn.

3. Three chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of nine chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of nine chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in fifth stitch of five chain, turn.

4. Ten chain, single in second single, eight double in third single, single in fourth single, eight double in fifth single, single in sixth single, nine chain, single in eighth single, eight double in three chain, turn.

5. Three chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of nine chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in fifth stitch of ten chain, four chain, single in last stitch of ten chain, turn.

6. Five chain, single in first single, eight double in second single, single in third single, eight double in fourth single, single in fifth single, eight double in sixth single, single in seventh single, nine chain, single in ninth single, eight double in three chain, turn.

7. Three chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of nine chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in last stitch of five chain, turn.

8. Ten chain, single in second single, eight double in third single, single in fourth single, eight double in fifth single, single in sixth single, nine chain, single in eighth single, eight double in fourth chain after ninth single, turn.

9. Three chain, single in center of eight double, three chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of nine chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in fourth stitch of ten chain, four chain, single in ninth stitch of ten chain, turn.

10. Five chain, single in first single,

nine chain, single in third single, eight double in fourth single, single in fifth single, nine chain, single in seventh single, eight double in three chain after eighth single, turn.

11. Three chain, single in center of eight double, three chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of nine chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of nine chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in last stitch of five chain, turn.

12. Ten chain, single in second single, eight chain, single in fourth single, eight chain, single in sixth single, turn.

13. Four chain, single in center of eight chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of eight chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of eight chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in fourth stitch of ten chain, four chain, single in ninth stitch of ten chain, turn.

14. Ten chain, single in second single, nine chain, single in fourth single, nine chain, single in sixth single, eight double in three chain after seventh single, turn.

15. Three chain, single in center of eight double, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of nine chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in center of nine chain, four chain, single in next single, four chain, single in fourth stitch of ten chain, four chain, single in ninth stitch of ten chain, turn.

Repeat from *.

ABBIE.

New Mexico.

CROCHETED POINT LACE.

Chain thirty.

1. Two double crochet in the sixth stitch, one chain, two double crochet in same stitch (making a shell), two chain, skip two, one double in each stitch of chain till there are eleven, two chain, skip two, shell, *two chain, one double in the third stitch, three chain, one double in the same stitch, repeat from * once, turn.

2. Chain four, six double round the three chain, one chain, six double round the next three chain, two chain, shell in shell, two chain, four double over first four in last row, one chain, skip one, one double, one chain, skip one, four double, two chain, shell, one double in chain at top, three chain, turn.

3. Shell, two chain, two double over the first two, two chain, one double in one chain, one chain, one double in the one chain, two chain, two double in the last two, two chain, shell, *two chain, one double over the first one of the six, three chain, one double in the same place; repeat from * twice, the last time looping into the four chain, turn.

4. Like the second row with three thick places in the point.

5. Shell, two chain, eleven double, two chain, shell, repeat from * to * in third row four times, turn.

6. Like the second row with four thick places in the point.

7. Like the third row. Go clear down on the point.

8. Like the second row with five thick places in the point.

This completes one point. Begin again with the first row.

It is very pretty and easy. I hope I have made the directions plain. The top is pretty for insertion.

Will some one please send more patterns for crocheting?

R. E. G.

Heath, Mass.

ANCIENT POINTED LACE, REVIVED.

Cast on twelve stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow,

knit four, over, narrow, over twice, knit two.

2. Knit three, seam one, knit two, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow.

3. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit four.

4. Knit six, over, narrow, knit, four, over, narrow.

5. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow.

6. Knit two and seam one twice, knit two, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow.

7. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit six.

8. Knit eight, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow.

9. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over twice and narrow three times.

10. Knit two and seam one three times, knit two, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow.

11. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit nine.

12. Knit eleven, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow.

13. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over twice and narrow three times, over twice, knit three together.

14. Knit two and seam one four times, knit two, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow.

15. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit twelve.

16. Bind off ten (not too tight), knit three, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow.

The smooth side is the wrong side.

NELLIE MAY.

THE WORK TABLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give directions for making a worsted sack for a child of two years, afghan stitch? MARION.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please give me directions for making a shoe bag? New York. LILLIAN D.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—The eleventh row of Normandy Lace, in April number, 1885, should be: Nine plain, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, three plain.

It is beautiful lace. I find the twelfth row to be correct. SARAH A. COLLIER. Kent, Litchfield Co., Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to send me a pattern for a worsted quilt of a variety of pieces.

MRS. C. T. JEWELL.

Pine River, Waushara Co., Wis.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Sister Shearer please tell me how many stitches one must have in row 56 in knitted bedspread? I commenced one square but did not have as many stitches as that row calls for. MRS. ANNA HILL. Wauconda, Ill.

If M. M. Lustison, of the August HOUSEHOLD, will write to Mrs. Isaac Campbell, Moorefield, Harrison Co., Ohio, she will receive all the information necessary for both hair watch chains and hair jewelry.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish all the kind sisters who send directions for the different patterns of crochet work, would use the same term for the same kind of a stitch. The correct terms were given in the August number. There are so many patterns given where the term double is used, instead of the term treble, or else they should say at the beginning if their kind of stitch means put the thread over or not. (Some of the sisters have done so.) I have known how to crochet for twenty-five years, and yet it troubles me very much to make the patterns from THE HOUSEHOLD on account of the wrong term being used. I know in knitting that purl and seam mean the same, but we do not say knit a stitch, when we mean purl a stitch, and yet it is just as bad to say make a double crochet, when it is really a treble.

A CONSTANT READER.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Fifty-One.

"PLEASE tell us how to make the 'plain' cheap dishes from soup bones and cheap meat etc., so that they will be good enough to eat. There are doubtless many among the Band besides myself, who are obliged to practice economy; but when we have made something by one of these cheap recipes and find that no one will eat it, I fail to see where the economy comes in."

This is a text from which many a long chapter might be written, and, indeed, we read many, as it is at present a very popular one. But many of the readers who try the economical recipes contained in them, find like THE HOUSEHOLD sister who writes me the above sentence, that they have "made something cheap that nobody will eat." Now while in isn't at all necessary that the least extravagance should be indulged in order to make things palatable, it is necessary that the other extreme is not reached, and we become worse than extravagant, wasteful.

For many of these so called cheap dishes are not fit for mortal man to eat, nor mortal woman either, for that matter. And she who has to throw food away because it isn't good enough to eat is the most extravagant and wasteful of housekeepers, often, however, to be pitied instead of blamed as she generally has tried to be very economical, and failed because she didn't know just how.

From the soup bones and cheaper pieces of meat many a wholesome and savory dish can be prepared, and also many which are any thing but palatable. Soups which are greasy, watery and improperly seasoned, stews which are stringy and tasteless with pieces of bone and gristle plentifully interspersed, unpleasant alike to sight and taste, these things surely do not come under the head of economical cookery!

In making soups from "soup bones" choose those which are very fresh, and with a plentiful supply of meat, and remember that boiling too long gives a disagreeable gluey flavor which is by no means desirable. The bones and meat should be nicely washed and put in a kettle with cold water to rather more than cover, adding one-half teaspoonful of salt to each quart of water. Heat slowly, skim carefully as it nears the boiling point and boil not more than four hours. Remove the bones and meat and strain the broth into a large bowl. Cut the meat from the bones, carefully removing any bits of gristle, and when cold cover closely.

The next morning remove the fat from the cold broth (it should be clarified, and will be found excellent for "shortening") and put it in a porcelain kettle, adding water to make the desired quantity and a tablespoonful of rice for each quart. Peel and slice two or three potatoes, a carrot, two if small—and an onion, if liked; cut a slice of turnip in small squares and shred quarter of a small cabbage fine, and add them all to the soup when it begins to boil. Cover and simmer for an hour, add if desired a little of the meat cut in small pieces and let it just boil up. Of course, more salt and pepper, if liked, is to be added if the soup is not sufficiently seasoned, and two or three stalks of celery chopped rather fine, and added a few minutes before serving improve it for many tastes.

If any is left it will be just as good "warmed over" for next day, or, part of the stock can be kept for a different soup, using the rice but no vegetables

and, adding, half an hour before dinner time, a pint or more of canned tomato and one tablespoonful (heaping) of browned flour mixed to a paste with cold water. Strain, and serve with toasted bread cut in small squares, or browned crackers.

In former "Notes" I have given directions for browning flour which is very nice to thicken and flavor any but white soups. From this stock a variety of soups can be made. By using different flavors and vegetables one can vary the order indefinitely. The best bean soup I know is made as follows. Look over and wash a pint of beans and put them to soak over night in a quart of warm water. In the morning drain and put them in a kettle with water to cover and let them come just to the boiling point. Stir in one-fourth teaspoonful of soda and carefully remove the scum which will soon rise. Then drain and put them in a porcelain kettle with a quart of stock and one of water, and a teaspoonful of salt. Cover and simmer for three hours. Then pass the soup through a sieve and return to the kettle. Mix to a paste a tablespoonful of butter and a heaping tablespoonful of browned flour and stir in when the soup boils. Add more salt if necessary and a very little white or cayenne pepper, and pour into a warm tureen. Serve with toasted bread or crackers.

The bread may be cut in small squares and browned delicately in a very hot oven. It is less trouble than to toast it. Fold a napkin in any fanciful design and put on a plate, then pile the bread upon it, and pass about the table to serve. It is nicer than when the soup is poured over it in the tureen, and if the table be somewhat scantily furnished, as is often the case with a soup dinner, it makes another dish.

The meat which is left can be made into the vegetable stews or meat dumplings—recipes for which have been given in previous visits to our HOUSEHOLD dining room, or a very savory pie may be made. Line a deep baking dish with a rather thick crust; (if your oven does not bake well at the bottom, put the crust only around the sides of the dish) and put in the meat prepared in this manner. Cut it in as even slices or pieces as possible—it won't be possible to carve it very handsomely—and put it in a stew pan with a cup of the stock (it is a good plan to keep a pint, when making the soup, to use in warming up the meat) and sufficient water to cover the meat. Add a tablespoonful of butter, and salt to season just right; always adding the salt after the butter is well mixed in that it may not be made too salt. When it boils take out the meat and put half of it in the pie dish, sprinkle over it a heaping teaspoonful of flour, then add the rest of the meat, pour over it a scant cup of the gravy, sprinkle over it a teaspoonful of butter cut in bits; put on the top crust, which should be cut two or three times across the center and bake three-quarters of an hour in a steady oven. Heat the remainder of the gravy, adding a little water if necessary, and stir in a tablespoonful of flour mixed smooth with a little cold water. When it thickens pour into a warm gravy dish and send to the table immediately.

Space is growing beautifully less and the subject is scarcely begun, but it must be laid aside while I give a western reader directions for making the cracker pies she thinks will be a change from dried fruit, the only "pie material" which she can procure. If one has a lemon or two in the house the pies are a little nicer, but an ounce of citric acid which can be bought of any apothecary for a few cents an ounce will last a long time and is the best substitute for the fruit, being prepared from the juice of lemons or limes. This is sometimes called "green apple

pie," and, if, as the "Marchioness" said of the lemonade, "you make believe, very hard indeed," it does resemble one.

Roll three good sized crackers not very fine, dissolve one-fourth teaspoonful of the acid and three tablespoonfuls of sugar in one-half pint of cold water and pour over the cracker. Let it stand half an hour and pour into the crust, grate a little nutmeg or lemon peel over it, or add a few caraway seeds if preferred. Cover with a top crust and bake like an apple pie.

Another is more like a mince pie. Use six crackers, and to the half-pint of water add one-half teaspoonful of acid. Omit the sugar, using one cupful of molasses; melt a tablespoonful of butter and stir all well together; add one-half cup of currants, and the same amount of raisins seeded and chopped; one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of clove, a pinch of salt, and a little nutmeg. This amount will make two pies.

EMILY HAYES.

TABLE MANNERS.

So much is being written at the present time concerning the lack of table manners, that one is led to believe that they are living in a semi-barbarous age, instead of the enlightened nineteenth century. While we freely admit that our scope of observation may not be as large as some who write upon the subject, yet we hope these evils are not as wide-spread as they seem to be, and that they apply in a large degree to our foreign population, rather than to our own educated and intelligent classes.

While it is comparatively easy for people of wealth and leisure, with trained servants at their command, to observe every detail which belongs to polite table etiquette, it is quite different with the laboring classes, who must dine in as hasty a manner as decency and good breeding permit, as their immediate supervision may be required at the office, workshop or field.

Admitting that our table manners in some instances do not come quite up to the requirements of genteel society, we have no reason to despair, but rather to be encouraged at the improvements that have been made in the last two or three centuries. We have only to open the pages of English history to learn that our ancestors were not over-nice in their table manners. Civilization and table manners may be considered to have advanced together.

At the time of which we are writing the floors of the nobility were strewn with rushes, in which were only half hidden the odds and ends thrown from the table, and mingled with the mire that was brought in by ill shod feet from the unpaved roads. A whole quarter of beef, a haunch of venison and a boar's head, frequently graced the table at the same time, while thick slices of brown bread were used as plates, and fingers and teeth largely took the place of knives and forks. The capacious punch bowl held a conspicuous place on the table, while gluttony and intoxication went hand in hand. To get merry was considered no disgrace but rather as an appreciation of the host's hospitality. After revelry and misrule had held their sway to stupefaction, the servants gathered up the slices of bread which had served as plates, in baskets, and dealt them out to the gaping poor, who like hungry dogs stood waiting for it on the outside.

As civilization advanced, and with it the arts and sciences, table manners improved, and have progressed until a measure of decency is practiced by nearly all the civilized and enlightened nations of the world. The fork innovation is of recent origin; and while it is well to teach

our children its modern use, because it is the custom (in our opinion) it would be a breach of good breeding and a disregard of respect, to suggest a change with the aged members of the family. The power of example may do something toward making a change in the handling of the knife and fork, but it would be treading on dangerous ground to even make an allusion to it to our hired help, especially if they happened to be free and independent citizens of these United States. While many take to the fork innovation naturally because it is the custom, others equally as well bred and refined insist upon using them the old way.

If custom had demanded the Father of our Country to have conveyed the food to his mouth from the tines of those small steel forks now black with age, as shown in his camp chest at the patent office in Washington, dining would have been a matter of time. But it did not, he used his knife and fork as many elderly gentlemen do at the present day, and will continue to do so notwithstanding so much is said against it. But at the same time what might be considered admissible for the aged, would not be so construed for the younger members of the family, and we trust none of our educated sons and daughters will ever be found remiss in the proper observance of table etiquette.

A. B.

Meridian, N. Y.

THE DESSERT.

—Awkward idiot—"Your train is quite long, Miss Lucy." Miss Lucy—"It will not be so long if you take two feet off it."

—Lady caller—I much prefer colored servants to white ones, don't you, Mrs. B.? Mrs. B.—Well, really, Mrs. R., it depends upon the color, you know. I can't endure green ones.

—Little Tommy was having his hair combed. "Why, Tommy, you oughtn't to make such a fuss. I don't mind when my hair is combed." "Yes, but your hair isn't hitched to your head."

—"On what grounds do you leave me without the customary week's notice?" indignantly asked a boarding-house mistress of a leaving boarder. "Coffee grounds, mum, coffee grounds," he tartly replied.

—When little Willie L. first heard the braying of a mule in the south he was greatly frightened, but after thinking a minute he smiled at his fear, saying, "Mamma, just hear that poor horse wiv the whooping cough!"

—A grand juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of his deafness, the judge said, "Could you not hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense of it." He was "excused."

—Two village worthies met on the street one day. "Jamie," says the richer of the two, "are ye never gaun to pay me that account? I'm ill off for siller the noo." "Oh," says Jamie, "I havena seen you this long time. Could ye cheenge a twenty-pound note?" "Ay, could I," says the laird, drawing out his pocket-book. "Ah weel," says Jamie, "you're no needin' siller then," and walked on.

—A newly married lady who recently graduated from a well known college, is not very well posted about household matters. She said to her grocer not long since: "I bought three or four hams a couple of months ago, and they were very fine. Have you any more like them?" Grocer: "Yes, ma'am, we have ten more left." "Are you sure they are all off the same pig?" "Yes, ma'am." "Then I'll take three of them."

The Kitchen.

WORKING IT OUT.

BY HOPE HARVEY.

THIS working out was on a line of three p's, namely these: Pickles, patching and providing. I had to work it out to-day, or not at all, according to the conditions of the problem. And an all day's job it has been, and a hard one, too! It took patience, and perseverance, and prudence, another set of p's to work it out, and now this tired evening I will take my pen and make my report of peace and profit. How those p's do keep coming along! But I can't help it. Perhaps it was part of the problem I was trying to solve.

But hadn't I better begin at the beginning instead of the end of my story? It was this. Before I began my forenoon rounds, my eyes fell on these sentences. By the way, I almost always take a bit of reading with me into the kitchen. It gives me something to think of, and makes things move easier, acting as a sort of lubricator to the domestic machinery. But this morning's portion was rather startling.

"The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by human being. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal; work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free."

Wasn't that a puzzle! What was I going to do about it? Could it be studied out, or was it only a sham question, designed to mislead and perplex, with a mocking, "ha! ha!" at the end of it? Or was there divine truth in it? For wherever there is truth there is divinity. So I looked over the "situation," and compared it with the text. Yes, my situation to-day held its "duty" plainly enough, but that it was capable of its "ideal" was another matter.

What if my ideal was to write or begin a poem to-day which should make me celebrated for all time? What if my ideal was to play the lady, and be the wit and beauty and dress attraction of a gay party? Or what if I wanted to sit at ease in my best room, and be to my guests and family their idol and benefactor, dispensing favors and gifts bountifully, and being blessed and honored accordingly? Or what if I would take a journey across the continent to spend the winter in a warmer clime? But for me these were impossible ideals, and I might as well at once bid them an affectionate farewell. I was neither wise nor accomplished, beautiful nor rich enough for any thing of that sort, but I might try to be sensible. I could be that, moderately!

Well, by the time I had gone so far in my train of thought, my half bushel of tomatoes were cut and ready for cooking. My seasoning materials were collected, cloves, cassia, mustard, pepper, and the like, but before I measured them out, I would take another peep at that dreadful declaration of independence of environment, as one might term it. Perhaps a second look would be more encouraging. "Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal."

At that I rebelled. I had, when I first awoke, called my "actual" some of those very names, but I wasn't going to have anybody else talking so! True, I was "hampered" in a hundred ways. I was pretty "miserable" with a headache already six hours old, and promising to live to a good old age, but all that was no one's concern but my own. And as to my "now standing" in a "poor actual," I

would resent that, if actual was another word for kitchen. It was rich; rich compared with many, rich in opportunity for work and results, and especially rich in invention. Invention's "Mother Necessity" has worked for me considerably, and her children have a way of dodging around in my rooms right merrily. Other young voices are there too, which make my "actual" very rich; certainly without them I should be poor indeed. And it isn't every one who can have pickles, and a kitchen to make them in. Such comforts are not to be overlooked. "Despicable," is it? While honesty, good nature, temperance and industry dwell in my "actual," nobody shall despise it, much less will I set the mean example.

As for pickles, why pickles are my present "duty," therefore for the next two hours pickles are my "ideal." Isn't that good logic? For duty, as I understand it, done promptly, willingly, bravely, and done just exactly as well as one knows how to do it, that is one's ideal. What else can it be? What chance is there around, or above, or below, to find it in any thing else? Many people have very queer and wholly false notions of what ideals are. Impossible imaginings are not ideals in any sense of the word. True ideal is rational, and I believe very largely attainable; simply doing one's very best under existing circumstances in present places.

That is the way I talked over those fragrant pickles. "Now," said I, in application of my theory, "how shall I idealize these pickles? To be the best that I can possibly make them, they must be cooked neither too much nor too little, they must be sour, salt, spicy, in just the right proportions so that no flavor shall predominate, but each shall begin just at the vanishing point of the other. At the same time, I must be calm and equable in spirit, giving due attention to my now simmering pickles, yet holding myself in poise for any exigency that may arise in my household demanding ready adaptability."

So in time those pickles, detestable in prospect, but quite delightful by the new process, were done. Were they perfectly idealized? Now please don't any one press that question too closely. 'Tis an axiom in common law that "one is not obliged to testify against one's self," and I'm glad, too, that one may testify for self, and so I will say that there was a far nearer approach to perfection in pickles and in accompanying conduct, than there could have been had I not pondered upon that strange sounding paragraph.

Patching next. Adjourned to the dining room. Ah, patching! Why must things wear out? Why need that little tearing Tommy have taken just this time to rend his pants, fray his vest, and punch his elbows through his jacket sleeves? It was the only time, I was sure, before the early snows, to take a walk in the woods over the fallen leaves, to meditate and muse over fading and decaying nature, and all the rest of it, according to the approved program in autumn time. But no, I must meditate over these decaying garments instead, and I had half a mind to take the tongs and poke them into the open fire.

As I had reached that desperate and improper frame of mind, I remembered my "actual," and began to be suitably ashamed. I sighed over my failure in not at once appreciating and seizing my ideal, but "better late than never," I said, as I examined the "situation" and realized the appalling fact that "here or nowhere" was my ideal.

Now I do not propose to detail the mental, likewise spinal, manual, and digital processes by which I wrought in trans-

forming that dingy, dismal "actual" into a decent "ideal." Perhaps not even the most sympathetic observer or auditor would believe or comprehend me, if I should try. But I will say to all whom it may concern, that if with sincere and patient endeavor they will attempt to raise a pair of tattered trousers into the region of sublime ideal, they will be surprised at the result! It takes time, I admit. It takes strength, it takes stitches. It takes cheerfulness. It takes many a tremendous effort. It takes love, love in large and unlimited quantities. But if these have all been well and faithfully used till the mending task is done, I think the recording angel will not write it down under the head of "patched pantaloons." I think it will have some different, beautiful name, with a gracious halo all around it.

The providing came last. It was near sunset, and I must make out several orders for groceries and dry goods, to be sent to the village this evening by a trusty messenger. My "men folks" are not dead, but it happens in a way not necessary to explain here, that I now make the purchases for the family support. I would not be caught napping this time on that ideal subject, so I set my wits to work to make out how I could idealize a barrel of flour, a can of kerosene, or a jug of molasses. And somehow it seemed ridiculous, as it also did to work out an ideal from the yellow-eyed beans and side of pork that I was expecting to trade for them in barter. But pretty soon it all came around clear to me, and it was the prettiest ideal of the day. Was I a provider? Then I was a providence to those under my care. And just what the great, supreme, bounteous, brooding Providence above, is to His creatures on earth, so was I, or so should I be, to my family. In my small measure and way I was a providence. Wasn't that a grand idea? Didn't that lift me up? Duty was rather a hard, tiresome word, but when I called it providence as another name for ideal, it was as light and bright and many colored as a rainbow. My list of common edibles and plain fabrics for winter wear grew almost luminous.

"I must endeavor to be like the providence of God," said I. "I must be impartial in bestowing. I must be wise to choose what is best for each one of my household. I must be fore-seeing and far-seeing according to my clearest judgment. I must be seasonable in meeting oft recurring or unusual wants. I must exercise thorough economy, but it must be like the Divine economy, appropriate, sufficient, generous, liberal. There must neither be extravagance nor stinginess. Let me keep repeating this good, enlivening thought that I may not forget it. I am a providence."

Have I not rightly solved by my day's study, the problem of "this poor, miserable, hampered actual?" Have I not found the ideal "here?" Then let me remember to look for it always in the same place, instead of reaching for the unattainable, or vainly longing for the unreal. Let me work out the truest, purest, highest possibility of living, from my present position. And working thus, believing humbly, let me and all who will, "live, be free."

FRUIT IN FLORIDA.

Two weeks ago we went "down to Mason's" on our annual trip for grapes. Here is the largest grape vine on this side of the Ocklawaha river, the main vine is perhaps ten inches in diameter and covers an immense arbor some forty feet square, the grape is of the Flowers variety, said to be a seedling of the Scuppernong, this last, however, is a white grape, while the Flowers is a dark purple. They

are borne in clusters of not more than ten or twelve, oftener two or three grapes in a bunch, the yield is enormous, they commence ripening in August and last till October. As they are unlike the northern varieties in habits of growth, they are quite different also as to the character of the fruit, the grape in addition to the pulp, possessing a quite fleshy hull, which somewhat resembles, and can be used in place of the plum, making a very fine flavored sauce or preserves. The pulp is white and makes when used alone, a very superior and beautifully transparent jelly.

We found Mrs. Mason in her detached kitchen—the kitchen here among the natives especially, is almost invariably a smaller building standing some little distance from the house proper. Her clean, freshly sanded floor was strewn with the refuse of a couple of nice palmetto cabbages she was preparing for dinner. The terminal bud of the palmetto tree is enveloped by sheathings in successive layers, to the thickness of four or five inches. The outer of these being removed, the cabbage is disclosed, smooth and white as ivory. It is so brittle that a large portion of it can be broken up easily with the fingers; when uncooked the bud resembles a green chestnut in taste, but once let it be properly cooked, stewed with ham or breakfast bacon, and served with a dressing of butter and a sprinkling of pepper—oysters and green corn sink into insignificance, here is combined their flavor, and in a very convenient form for assimilation. In a large pot on the stove was simmering a stew of the cassava with fresh pork, the savory smell of which was really quite an incentive toward accepting the lady's kind invitation to dine with them. We had intended driving around by the hummock road, hoping to secure a specimen of the yucca or Spanish bayonet, which is quite rare in this vicinity. On mentioning this fact Mrs. Mason exclaimed, pointing to the corner of her yard, "Yonder's a plenty of that ar', an' you're welcome to all you'll have without goin' to that pesky hummock for it."

That settled the matter and we spent a pleasant hour rambling around the quaint old place which has been settled "nigh onto thirty-five years," as the old gentleman informed us. One side of the old yard was completely overrun with the vines of the *passiflora incarnata* in whose striking, and very peculiar blossom the early missionaries of South America fancied they saw a representation of the implements of the crucifixion. The fruit is the size and shape of a hen's egg, with a decidedly strong smell, but much esteemed by those who have learned to like it.

After dinner, having secured our yucca, and stowed away our grapes in the boxes we had brought for the purpose, we set out for home, taking the road which borders for some distance on the "Big Scrub," a tract of sandy land, rising to a considerable elevation in places, covered with a thick growth of scrub oak, small pines, and a great variety of shrubs and flowering plants, interspersed with saw palmetto, prickly pear, etc., with here and there a long reach of taller growth, proving that the land has strength for more than the stunted scrub, which is the survival of what best withstood the constant burnings of the past, sometimes occurring through accident but oftener by the carelessness of the hunter for whom this tract is a veritable paradise.

It has already been demonstrated that the orange can be very successfully grown on this land. Florida, though the first state discovered, is the newest in being opened. It is hardly ten years since the superior quality of her oranges, and the adaptation of her climate for producing other fruits has been understood. Among

the principal needs of Florida for the development of the resources of the state are industrious and enterprising settlers who are not mere speculators; experienced farmers and truck gardeners; dairy farms for the supply of milk, butter, beef, etc.; experimental farms, nurseries and apiaries, to these needs may be added cheaper and more direct transit for the bringing of the crop to the northern market, and lastly the obliteration of a good deal of needless and puerile rivalry as between different sections of the peninsula.

We have had this year a most tempting succession of fruits, commencing with the strawberry, which ripening in January, continues bearing until June. The dewberry, whose white blossoms have starred the nooks and corners, and made even the old fence rows, bowers of beauty, ripen in March and April. These are succeeded by the huckleberries, both blue and black. The banana ripens its fruit at almost any season when it attains the proper growth and age, and as the fruit can be prepared in so many different ways for the table, it is always in great demand. In March the Japanese plum is in season, though not always in market, for it is in Florida as in most of our sister states, the successful culture of a variety of fruit, is by no means so general as a list of the availabilities would indicate. In May we have the Chinese or Peento peach, an odd-looking fruit, resembling a little biscuit in shape, and of splendid flavor. These are not at all common, and bring a high price. The common peach also does well in some localities, ripening the latter part of July. The pomegranate and fig also come in July. Of the former there is little to be said, except that the tree is in bloom, and with fruit at the same season and is desirable as one on the list of semi-tropical fruits; the pomegranate as an edible is a delusion, one breaks the brown rind to find what appears like grains of rice embedded in a pinkish jelly, this has a very fine sub-acid flavor, but there is so very little of it compared to the worthless seed, they are consequently not in much demand.

Of the fig, however, the very reverse is true. This useful and wholesome fruit is quite inconspicuous. It appears from the axils of the leaves, the thick stem gradually shrinking until when fully ripe, a touch will remove it. The preserves made from the ripe fruit is the most delicious we have, while eaten freshly plucked from the tree, or as dessert with sugar and cream they are delightful. Indeed, too little attention is given this valuable fruit. The orange in fact, monopolizes the public, to the great detriment of many of these smaller items, though quite as important in their way.

Plums, I should have mentioned, ripen in May. They are of fine quality, and bear well, the trees as yet being free from the ravages of the curculio, etc. The guava ripens in September and is famous as a fine jelly fruit, it is very fine also as a dessert, eaten with sugar and cream, and the guava canned, will undoubtedly be placed in our northern markets ere long. The Japanese persimmon ripens in October. This comparatively new fruit is, as many of our esteemed varieties, a native of Japan, and bids fair to be very popular when better known. Limes and lemons begin to come on in August. Some of the earliest varieties of the orange are to be had in October.

The orange season in Florida, from October until April—and until June with some of the new late varieties—King Orange reigns supreme, while the attendant grape fruit citron, bitter, sweet and sour orange supplement and round out the citrus season.

S. T. L.

Riverside, Fla.

ODDS AND ENDS.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

I would like to say to S. D. C. who asks how to keep copper from tarnishing, that occasional rubbings with chamois skin and fine emery powder will keep it in good order. Copper or brass which has already become tarnished should be rubbed with a solution of oxalic acid, and then with fine emery. This will make it look like new.

Mrs. Mattie Ambrose can remove the ink stains from her white cotton goods by soaking them in a solution of oxalic acid. A very weak solution should be used at first. After soaking a few minutes, rub the stain carefully with the hands. If it does not disappear, make the solution a little stronger and rub the stain again. But this acid must be used with care. If too strong, it will eat the goods, and the hands also. When the ink is still fresh and wet, it may be removed from the goods with sweet milk. Put the stained portion of the goods into milk, and wash out carefully. If for any reason this does not seem best, put milk on the stain, soak it up with a soft rag, apply more milk, rubbing it well in, and soak it up as before. After a few such applications the stain will entirely disappear.

To May Bee who asks about the care of pianos, I offer a few suggestions which I hope she may find useful. I think that if it can be avoided, it is better never to put water on the keys of a piano or organ. We all know how quickly ivory knife handles turn yellow when they are put into water, and we may expect ivory keys to do the same if frequently wet. When the keys are really dirty, they may be wiped off with a soft cloth wet in alcohol, which cleans them more speedily and effectively than water. Though the alcohol dries quickly, it is best not to leave the keys wet with it. After a key has been cleaned rub it dry with a dry cloth.

It is better, however, that there should be no necessity for such a cleaning. The keys should not be allowed to become soiled. How is it to be avoided? In the first place always wash the hands and wipe them perfectly dry before going to the piano or organ. In the second, have ready a piece of chamois skin, and after the practice is over, carefully wipe the keys with this, rubbing briskly and with some force. It is well to do this after every time of practice, however short, that the moisture left by the fingers may be removed from the keys before it has time to dry on. But if this is impracticable, keys should be rubbed off before the instrument is closed for the night, that is, at least once a day. If this practice is begun with the first use of the piano, and if the sunlight is fully admitted to the keys, they will not turn yellow.

Some one may say that this is a great deal of trouble to take for a small matter. But really, it is very little trouble when you have once accustomed yourself to remembering it, and to rigorously ignoring those insubordinate little mental imps which are always rising to remark: "What's the use of fussing?" "You're in a hurry and can't stop now." "What's the harm of letting it go for once?" *et cetera.*

The chamois skin—or soft linen cloth, which may be substituted, but is not quite so good—may be kept close at hand, in a drawer of the music stand, a fancy box on the piano, or a pretty wall bag; the rubbing will take only a minute or two, and become such a matter of habit that it will all be done and over with before you stop to think whether you are in a hurry or not.

One correspondent, I notice, says that

the keys may be whitened when yellow, by wetting them with water, and then exposing them to the sunlight. The sunlight is good for them I know, but I should be a little afraid of the water.

I will give a recipe for whitening piano and organ keys which is said to be very good. If May Bee tries it will she please report the result?

Mix together prepared white chalk, a little sweet oil and sal volatile into a paste. Rub on while wet with a piece of wash-leather or chamois skin, let it remain on till dry, and then remove the powder with a camel's hair brush.

Before I leave the subject I will quote from a scrap I read the other day, the words of an expert, relating to the care of pianos:

"People will not learn that a cover on a piano, no matter how much high art needle work there may be on it, is almost useless unless it is waterproof. Have as fancy a piano scarf as you like; but keep one of the plain and homely drab rubber covers under it, or you won't keep your piano. The better your instrument is, the more susceptible it is to the effects of moisture."

And now to jump, as housekeepers are always having to do, from the parlor to the kitchen, I want to ask if all THE HOUSEHOLD sisters know what delicious sweet pickles can be made of watermelon rinds, so generally thrown away as refuse? If any one feels inclined to test the matter, let her proceed as follows:

Pare the rinds and trim off all soft places, then cut them into strips of the desired size, remembering that they will shrink considerably in cooking. Sprinkle a little salt—a very little—over them, and let them stand over night. Then soak them a few hours in cold water to remove the salt. Steam them until a fork will go through easily, then drain off all the water. When well drained, put them into a stone jar, and pour over them the hot prepared vinegar, which should be ready and waiting over the fire. This vinegar is prepared as for any sweet pickle. We use about three pounds of sugar to two quarts of good vinegar. Use a sliced lemon, and whole cloves and stick cinnamon to taste. Heat this and turn it hot over the melon rinds. Let it stand a few days, then pour the vinegar off and heat it again. It may be necessary to repeat this several times if the weather is very warm. Cover the jar closely and put it away in a cool, dry place. The pickles may be canned, if one likes, and has spare cans.

Mary H., who wishes to make flaky pie crust, should sift a little flour into a pan, perhaps two quarts, and into this put a cup of cold lard cut into small pieces with a knife, and a cup of cold water. The water should be as cold as possible; many use ice water. If the lard is fresh, she should dissolve a pinch of salt in the water before pouring it into the flour, and also, if she likes, a smaller pinch of soda—I must say pinch, for that is just what it is, taken up between the thumb and forefinger. If she objects to soda in pie crust, she can omit it. Pour the cold water over the shortening in the pan, and mix all together quickly, working in enough flour to keep the dough from sticking when it is put on the board, and to make it roll nicely, but not enough to make it stiff and hard. The success of the operation consists chiefly in the celerity with which it is done. The ingredients should not be mixed, as we understand the term, but just thrown together, and rolled out as quickly as possible.

If Mary H. will wash her oil-cloth in milk and water, she will find this will keep it bright and preserve the varnish. Soap should never be used on an oil-cloth.

I think some one has made inquiries concerning the best method of cleaning an oil-painting. A dealer says the right

way to clean an old painting is to take a soft cloth and wash it very gently, using plain soap and tepid water. Others recommend milk and water, which is good for all ordinary cases of soil, and can do no harm. A method of which I lately read, is given on excellent authority, and I think might prove very good indeed, though I have not tested it. It is worth trying, however, and so I give it.

Dip a soft cloth into finely powdered and well sifted Spanish white, and rub the surface of the canvas gently with it. This will remove smoke, dust and fly-specks. Then wash the surface in barely tepid clean water and a soft sponge, and rub it dry with a piece of soft chamois-skin. This, it is said, will give a clean, bright surface to the painting.

It is said that gilt frames and other gilded articles should never be touched with a cloth, but dusted always with a soft brush. An excellent way to clean gilt frames is to put a gill of good vinegar into a pint of cold, soft water. Then after the frame is freed from dust, dip a large camel's-hair brush into the liquid, squeeze it partly dry, and brush the frame, a small piece at a time, lightly up and down, until the gilding is bright and clean. The brush must be constantly washed, and the liquid renewed when dirty. In finishing, squeeze the brush dry, and brush the gilding until it is wholly dried.

In commenting on my decorated window-pane, which I described for HOUSEHOLD readers a year or two ago, Theresa expresses a doubt as to its durability, thinks the leaves must have peeled off after frost came. But they did not, Theresa. And we do have frost here, plenty of it; mercury down to 20° and 30° below zero a good many times last winter. The decoration lasted through two winters, and was pulled off by main force—and some soaking—during the rage of the last spring house cleaning, having through the course of time, become somewhat less decorative than when first arranged.

It was, therefore, quite as durable as any one could desire, I think. Perhaps its permanence was owing to the fact that in fastening the engraving and leaves to the glass, I used thick flour paste instead of glue or mucilage. These latter will dissolve with moisture, and crack with heat and cold.

I find the thick flour paste better than any other adherent for work which is desired to last any length of time. When it is once set and firm, it cannot easily be removed, and it is not affected by heat or cold or moisture, unless these are extreme.

HOW WE GOT ALONG.

I was much interested in Anna Holyoke Howard's reply in the October number to the dear sister who "wished to get strong." The writer has my earnest thanks for the good her letter did me, and I hope the inquirer was also helped by it.

Having deep love and sympathy for all invalids and especially for those who feel that they must "keep up," I am prompted to give a few notes from my own experience, hoping they may be helpful to some one.

Last spring I knew that I would be a semi-invalid during the summer, a severe attack of malarial fever having left me so weak that my physician said I would be a long time regaining my health, and must use the greatest care.

The prospect was not very bright. In our country neighborhood it was almost impossible to get good help, and a poor servant now, would be worse than none. Could we get along without any? I resolved to try, and announced my decision to the family. As I expected, I met with much opposition, but I plead for my own

way, promising that if I found my strength overtaken, they might bring in a whole regiment of half-grown girls, or Irish girls from the city who had "no objections to the country." Our family consisted of four persons, husband, self, and two boys aged four and seven.

Well, I tried my plan. Our home circle was undisturbed except by pleasant visits from friends, our expenses were greatly lessened, and now in October, I feel strong and well again, and look back over the summer with great pleasure.

How did we manage? I will give a few hints. In the first place, every morning, on rising, I prayed for grace, wisdom, strength and skill. Grace to overcome feelings of fretfulness or impatience that might beset me, wisdom to decide what was best to do and what to leave undone, strength to perform the necessary work, and skill to do it in the best possible way with the least expenditure of time and labor.

Before leaving my room, I spread the sheets smoothly over my bed, and arranged the pillows in their places, then placed the folded quilts on a chair near the window. In this way the bed was well aired and the room had not the untidy appearance that an unmade bed gives. I taught my little boys to arrange their room in the same way, and to hang up their gowns, and place soiled towels or garments in the clothes bag, ready for the wash.

I swept the rooms thoroughly on Monday (having had a good rest on the Sabbath), the little boys moving the furniture and replacing it for me. A little brushing up on Thursday kept things neat. Tuesday was wash day, and this was the big job of the week. But a good machine, plenty of rain water, and assistance from John or the boys in turning the wringer, made this comparatively easy. I thoroughly tested the non-ironing plan and heartily endorse it, though I confess I do love to see every thing on my clothes rack and in my drawers, hanging in the straight lines or lying in the compact folds which can only be produced by good ironing. But care in hanging out the clothes and in bringing them in, made it possible to fold away towels, sheets, coarse underwear, etc., in comparatively good order, and we were just as happy as if they had been done up by the most skillful laundress.

Wednesday and Saturday I baked bread and cake and churned. "John" did the churning when he could, but when he could not find time, the boys and I made a frolic of it by "churning a hundred time about" and there was always great excitement over who should "bring the butter."

Our meals were very simple; a few dishes, well prepared and of good materials. For breakfast we generally had steak, fruit or jam, bread and butter and coffee. For dinner, a nice roast, one vegetable, with onions or salad from our garden, apple sauce, and a simple dessert, were our standard dishes, varied according to circumstances. For supper we often had only bread, butter, berries and cream, and tea.

We were all watchful to prevent unnecessary litter about the rooms and careful to replace articles when used. Brain work often saved much physical exertion and we all feel that the summer's campaign has taught us some good habits which we are going to try to retain.

Were there no hours of weakness, or days of discouragement? Did everything go on smoothly at all times? Ah! there were a few dark days, for there were still bodily ills and spiritual failings to combat, but "My grace is sufficient for thee" was often proven true, and in those gloomy hours "strength in weakness" was asked and received, and was then a doubly precious gift.

Iowa.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

"Where shall I keep my jellies and preserves? There must be a choice of place for such long keeping; weeks, months, and sometimes years before using. Meanwhile, where shall I deposit when the covers are all securely screwed and the tops to the jams well pasted?" A young housekeeper asked this question with an eagerness that proved the answer forthcoming.

"Well, anywhere, many housewives say, but it is not the best rule. A dry, cool, dark place is certainly most desirable for long keeping. The upper shelves of an up-stairs closet. Here it will be dry and the temperature cooler than on the first floor where the fires are usually built. It is also quite dark and away from general use. Keep these directions in mind when storing your preserves if you do not follow minutely as to the upper closet."

This young housekeeper received many wise and timely suggestions from friends, and being quite ready with her pen often preserved them. These "Hints" I offer are taken chiefly from her note book. It is a most excellent rule to make such a book even if it is a little trouble and costs extra effort, it will pay.

When cleaning tin dishes and utensils, a little cooking soda on the dark spots with thorough washing in hot suds, is almost equal to a regular scouring. I do not mean at the time of general cleaning, but in the daily dish washing and every day work. This is a very easy method and worth knowing.

In washing dishes it is also wisdom not to use soap when washing cups and saucers; when the next hot tea is poured, there is danger of a soapy taste, not specially agreeable to the palate. It is worth while to practice and know even a little thing. There are many practical things about dish washing; in fact, theories extant are many, but the thing is the doing. One little point, however, worthy my note-book is a clean dish cloth. It is not to be supposed a member of this large and interesting HOUSEHOLD, would for a moment tolerate an unclean one, but I've often noticed dark, untidy looking ones, even among those who professed better things. Use a well washed, rinsed, and dried cloth, change often enough to keep from getting grim and dirty, and "death in the dish cloth" cannot be laid to your charge.

In blacking and polishing stoves, for many years we have put on an old glove or mitten. This was better than getting one's hand so black and grimy, but a more excellent way has dawned. Of course everybody keeps their old paper bags handy. Envelope the hand in one of these, grasp the brush and proceed. The bothersome glove, and thick, woolly mitten are both dispensed with. This is a little thing, but the little things and small matters in life go far in the grand whole.

How the changes have rung on the ironing question in our paper from time to time, and now I propose another chime. Scientific non-ironing! Isn't that a ring?

Well, to do a job that is not to be done. Let the clothes, like common bed linen and common wearing (body linen) remain out until thoroughly dry. Sun and air are great purifiers, and the theory is that sun dried garments retain the strength and magnetism obtained from the sun and impart it to the body if used not ironed, whereas the heated irons absorb and render less healthful. Of course spare beds and clothing to be laid away would look dreadfully unorthodox treated in this manner, and must be well and thoroughly ironed. Still, if unironed sheets are best for daily use, why not give our visiting

friends as good? For my own part I have not yet wholly accepted the non-ironing practice, but if such hard, tiresome work can be lightened, why, let it come. The world moves, and the age of progression is on the march, and housekeepers will not be in the rear.

The many inventions for labor saving are helping on the needed reform in woman's work, that is, domestic work, and the intelligent American woman in the midst of her domestic world, is a mighty lever for the health and well-being of the nation. Is it not worth while that inventions should be sought out for help in this department?

There is one great enemy to the strength and happiness of many, namely, worry. Said a lady to me recently: "It is not so much the doing of my work that tires me, but the worry."

This I am positive is a wrong tired. The muscular tiredness from exertion, if not too great, can be recuperated, and healthful activity of mind and body be felt, but the rest from worry is a different matter. "Carking care," of which poets sing, has more prose than poetry in its make-up. It furrows the brow and lines the cheek with wrinkles before their time. It sits at the feast and roams in the dreams of the sleeper. A bed of roses is full of thorns with this destroyer of peace in its midst, the music of life is a prolonged symphony where the chords are forever at discord. Away with this demon! Learn and practice doing work well, and await not, but leave the result.

Doubtless a large majority of people use coal of some kind as fuel, and doubtless many are acquainted with its nature, and understand that escaping coal gas is a very hurtful thing to breathe. Still, when the fire is getting pretty red and hot, I have often seen people lift the covers from the stove, when the back drafts were shut, thus allowing a plentiful supply in the room, which is taken more or less into the lungs of the occupants. It is bad business, and the old custom of leaving off stove lids to "deaden" the fire had better be done away with. Good air is the first requisite of life, and it is free. Shall we not cling to the unpoisoned? Speaking of air reminds me. My little note-book holds many wholesome recipes besides those for food or medicines, for instance, the following:

"Every housekeeper needs abundant exercise in the open air. A short walk in the morning or afternoon, and when the weather is practicable let whatever of the work, like paring vegetables or fruits, be done out of doors. Have a little rustic seat arranged in a shady nook, and here sit as much as possible. The elixir of life, to be found in the free air will creep through your system and awaken your powers oftentimes to a marvelous degree. Let go, if need be, many things in-doors before giving up time for life outside."

How to prevent moths in carpets is a vexed question with many. Here is a very good way. Sprinkle fine salt and pepper, mixed, nicely around the edge, spread paper over the floor, old newspapers will answer if thick, brown paper is not at hand, and a good preventive is had.

A neighbor called to-day who had followed this course, and then, to our surprise, said she had put down her carpet without assistance. It was a large carpet, a new one, bought and made by herself. The "handy man" was not called in, neither did a carpet stretcher aid. A woman can often do more than she imagines. Energy and perseverance at the wheel, the result is pretty sure to follow.

I think as a rule, housekeepers are more effective in an emergency than women in other occupations. Somehow the thing has to be done, and they do it. Worthy a wise general who plans well, both in

large and small detail, is the skill and force displayed by some women.

In sickness as well as health is the good housekeeper needed, and she must be effective and possess knowledge of this herb and that remedy. Surely in the sick room we need our thoughts, and a few simple domestic recipes may not come amiss.

Excellent Cough Medicine.—Steep equal quantities of thoroughwort, flaxseed, slippery elm bark, and licorice root, strain, add equal parts of molasses and sugar, cook to a syrup. This is very good for a cough.

Unfermented Grape Juice.—Cook the grapes, strain the liquid, sweeten and cook a few moments. Seal in air tight jars the same as fruit preserving. If perfectly done this will not ferment, and mixed with a little water is a good thing for the stomach in many instances where a tonic and not a stimulant is needed.

A neighbor was once suddenly stricken with heart trouble. The stomach was also affected, and little or no solid food could be taken. We sent a little bottle of the juice. He found he could bear it, and that his stomach was strengthened. As he afterwards expressed it, "It went to the right spot," and when grapes were ripe his good wife came with fruit and sugar to make the wine. We told her how, and for aught we know she has ever since had a supply on hand in case of need.

These two home-made medicines, the cough mixture and the grape juice, I have wanted to tell the HOUSEHOLD people about for sometime, for, to those not already acquainted, it is really worth knowing.

Many times in mild cases of illness simple remedies and a little knowledge of good nursing goes far toward helping on a recovery and saving much expense and suffering, and woman seems especially adapted for this work.

"Oh, woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

With this I close my note-book.

WHAT MOTHER HAS LEARNED.

BY JULIA SARGENT VISHER.

That is a very significant bible verse, "To him that hath shall be given." Perhaps it is the reason why mother who has all her life practiced a thousand ingenious devices and labor-saving methods of work should be continually learning something new. There is no young housekeeper of my acquaintance who is so ambitious to do every thing in the best way. After I had sewed on buttons for half a century, I believe I should think I had nothing to learn in that direction at least. But this very night mother sat down to sew some on the Canton flannel nightgowns, a new idea of hers which is most sensible for old or delicate ladies, with the remark:

"I read the other day that it was the best way to sew buttons on over a coarse needle and I mean to try it."

"What is the use of all that trouble?" I asked.

"Why, don't you see, it holds the threads loose so that it will button easily the first time, and be less likely to pull off? I think it is a sensible idea."

When I came home this time, a little whisk broom, worn to a stub, but clean, and hung, like every other article in use about the stove, upon the most convenient nail, excited my curiosity. Mother has learned that a whisk broom, too much worn for other uses is just the thing with which to sweep the half burned coals upon the fire shovel. This saves soiling the hands in building the fire and also the disagreeable work in the coal shed, for the ashes need no further sifting.

Mother has learned that a little sugar in the stove blacking prevents its burning off, and a few bits of charcoal in the water lessen the odor from boiling cabbage.

My freshly ironed collars disappeared from the ironing board, and came back nicely shaped to the neck, and uncommonly stiff, because mother has learned that the best place to dry them is in a small tin pail, hung from the stove pipe damper.

And that reminds me to say that mother has learned to economize her steps in doing housework too well to keep the tins and other cooking utensils in common use upon the shelves of the distant pantry. Two such small boxes as canned fruits are packed in, stand, one above the other, within a step of the kitchen stove, where they are used, and the sink where they are washed. Fitted with shelves and neatly papered, with an enameled cloth on top, this stand and cupboard combined is a convenience which no one who has used it would want to do without. Here also are kept the materials for tea and coffee.

The teapot, looking so new and yet familiar, led me to ask how long it had been in daily use for tea.

"Only four years," said mother.

"Only!" I replied. "If you could see a few of the new teapots I have had to drink tea from in my wanderings!"

"Yes, I know how soon they turn black if the tea is allowed to stand in them. But I have never once left tea in this over night. I have learned that rinsing the coffee pot is not enough, but if it is well washed after being used each day, there is never any thing disagreeable about it. It reminds me of the boy who did not see how folks could stand it to comb their hair every day. He combed his once a week, and then it almost killed him."

Mother has learned that "roily" and impure water is made clear and sparkling by the addition of two grains of alum to a gallon of water. She dissolves one-half ounce of alum in a quart of boiling water, and keeps this solution in a bottle labeled "Alum." One teaspoonful of this is sufficient to clarify one gallon of water.

SMALL ECONOMIES.

Small leaks are worse than large ones, in that they are not as plainly seen, and therefore not so energetically stopped. It is the same in housekeeping; the almost unnoticed waste that is seen in many families is distressing, and it is generally those who are the first to complain of hard times, and how much it costs to keep a family. I had occasion lately to notice the children in a family of my acquaintance, and I discovered that they wasted more bread and butter, cake and confections, than would supply the requirements of two more children if properly served. Children can be taught early not to take food they do not require, and to ask for only such a quantity as they can use—and to clean their plates.

I remember a little girl who had been so brought up, who, when taken for the first time to the dining table of a steamboat, and noticing the plates that men removed with unfinished food on them, called out loudly: "If grandpa was here he'd make you clear up your plates;" and I have thought there was need of a "grandpa" with good old-fashioned ideas, very often, to teach the sin of wastefulness. The cellar, laundry and kitchen need constant supervision that everything is used to the best advantage, and that nothing is discarded that can be used. The waste in soap and starch week after week is immense in some families, and clothes lines and pins are uncared for till more money must be expended to replace

those that are spoiled by mildew and weather changes.

In preparing vegetables for the table it is often the way to pare the potatoes and squash too thick; carrots are not carefully scraped, and when fruit is used, the apple peelings are, in like manner, too thick. Of course, if they are put into a jar, and covered with warm water, to be set in a warm place and turned into vinegar, it makes a difference; but if thrown away heedlessly, it is one of the small leaks that keep a housewife's hand forever in her pockets when marketing has to be purchased. Careless using of a stove or range is another leak that is not fully appreciated; nothing is worse than spilling cold water on the iron when it is red hot; a crack is almost sure to be the result, though not noticed at the time.

It is also injurious to allow the wood to be piled above the lining bricks of a coal stove, liable to fall over on the inside plates, as it soon burns out the lining and warps the iron. If we could calculate the waste in one year, the result of carelessness or depraved appetite, how very much astonished we should all be. The man who uses tobacco could purchase a small library with the money; the woman who allows the pieces of soap to be thrown out after wasting in the water, and the children's food to be thrown in the ash barrel, might be able with the saved amount to take a newspaper that she wishes for but cannot afford. I have seen as many cotton rags lying around an untidy door-yard as would procure a new dipper for the family use, while they were using one with a hole in the bottom that let out a stream of water all over the floor. Yet I doubt if the girls in this family could be induced to take care of the pieces of cloth, and send them to the tin man, though not ashamed of the sloppy dipper. All these things but go to prove that it is necessary for every one to study small economies in their own particular need, to learn when they can justly save in order to make the best of everything. Train the young people with this idea, and we shall have less extravagance, less useless expenditures and needless outlay. For there is no better maxim than that "A penny saved is a penny earned."—*American Rural Home.*

HOW TO PREVENT FIRES.

The following directions for preventing the occurrence of fires in dwellings, office buildings and other places appear in an exchange, and are worthy of being posted up in conspicuous places:

1. Always buy the best quality of oil.
2. Never make a sudden motion with a lamp, either in lifting it or setting it down.
3. Never place a lamp on the edge of a table or mantel.
4. Never fill a lamp after dark even if you should have to go without a light.
5. See that the lamp wicks are always clean and that they work freely in the tube.
6. Never blow out a lamp from the top.
7. Never take a light to a closet where there are clothes. If necessary to go to the closet, place the light at a distance.
8. Use candles when possible in going about the house and in bed rooms. They are cheaper, cannot explode, and for many purposes are just as good as lamps.
9. Matches should always be kept in stone or earthen jars, or in tin.
10. They should never be left where rats or mice can get hold of them. There is nothing more to the taste of a rat than phosphorus. They will eat it if they can get at it. A bunch of matches is almost certain to be set fire to if a rat gets at it.
11. Have perfectly good safes in every place where matches are to be used, and never let a match be left on the floor.

12. Never let a match go out of your hand after lighting it until you are sure the fire is out, and then it is better to put it in a stove or earthen dish.

13. It is far better to use the safety matches, which can only be lighted on the box which contains them.

14. Have your furnaces examined carefully in the fall and at least once during the winter by a competent person. All the pipes and flues should be carefully looked to.

15. If there are any closets in the house near chimneys or flues, which there ought not to be, put nothing of a combustible nature into them. Such closets will soil silver and crack crockery and burn bedding. They form a bad part of any house that contains them.

16. Never leave any wood near a furnace, range or stove to dry.

17. Have your stove looked to frequently to see that there are no holes for coal to drop out.

18. Never put any hot ashes or coal in a wooden receptacle.

19. Be sure that there are no curtains or shades that can be blown into a gas-light.

20. Never examine a gas meter after dark.

Fires, of course, arise from other causes than those we have stated. Smokers burn up much valuable property that is not in the shape of cigars. Bunches of oiled rags of the most inanimate nature in themselves still perform the most wonderful feats in the destruction of property. Tramps with their old pipes, will creep into barns and hay-mows, and servants will be careless in thousands of ways, but if every person who owns property will give the subject attention, and see that these reasonable rules are always obeyed, many thousands of dollars could be saved annually which are now burned out of existence.—*Exchange.*

A GOOD WASHING FLUID.

I am a new subscriber and would like to join THE HOUSEHOLD Band, therefore I will introduce myself by contributing my mite before I ask help of the sisters. I am going to tell you how I wash clothes by a labor-saving method which not only cleanses and bleaches the articles but makes them last much longer than the old-fashioned rubbing.

Washing Fluid—One pound of lime, two pounds of washing soda, and eight quarts of soft water. Put the mixture in a tub, not a painted one, or stone jar, and let it remain over night. Stir it with a stick once or twice during the evening. In the morning dip off the clear fluid carefully and put it in jugs or bottles. It is now ready for use.

Fill your boiler about two-thirds full of water and let it boil. Dip your white clothes in cold water, wring slightly, then soap them well, being careful to put plenty of soap on all the streaks, stains, etc. Put one quart of fluid in your boiler of boiling water and put your clothes in, putting the least soiled into the first boiler. Let them boil twenty minutes, then take out and put in a tub of cold water, and fill the boiler with clothes again in the same water. Look the clothes over in the tub and you will find very few of them need any rubbing. Wring and put them through a rinsing and bluing water. When the clothes are first hung up on the line they have a yellow cast, but they dry very white. The fluid does not injure the finest clothes, and they are improved by its use. We have used it in our family for years. After the white clothes have been put through the first water, the colored clothes can be washed in the same water, and you will find they wash easily and the colors are brightened. It is equally good for the flannels. If you

have a floor to scrub, one-half cup of the fluid to a pail of hot water makes the floor white.

I use rubber gloves for washing and all hard work that requires my hands in water. They can now be had at the rubber stores in different sizes at \$1.75 per pair, and I find they are very durable. They keep your hands from chapping and from getting hard and rough. I have been greatly troubled with chapped hands in winter, and I have found the following recipe the best of any thing I have ever used and much more comfortable than wearing gloves at night:

For Chapped Hands.—Wash the hands clean in warm water, then rub them well with a lotion made of equal parts of glycerine and rose water, then apply corn starch. Use just before retiring.

Now I would like to ask how to make good starch for shirts and collars. I have been in the habit of starching before drying and dipping in cold starch a little while before ironing. If there is a way of starching but once and making the collars and bosoms real stiff, I would like to know just how the starch is made. I have used the gum arabic but cannot get a nice gloss. I would also like to know if the shirts should be dampened over night.

A. E. C.

Connecticut.

TO TAKE BRUISES OUT OF FURNITURE.

Wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it in the warm water, and lay it on the place; apply on that a warm, but not hot flat-iron till the moisture is evaporated. If the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. After two or three applications, the dent or bruise will be raised to the surface. If the bruise be small, merely soak it with warm water, and hold a red-hot iron near the surface, keeping the surface continually wet—the bruise will soon disappear.

—A New Haven woman has invented a compartment pot, in which corned beef, fresh codfish, potatoes and plum pudding can all be boiled at the same time.

—While it is not necessary that, the kitchen should be the pleasantest and sunniest room in the house—the family sitting room should be that—it should always be light, with no dark corners, and well aired.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—After reading what Brownie Hart has to say in the November number I made up my mind that there was some one to agree with me. I would not let her share the fate of the lemon pie man alone. I have only John and my humble self to cook for and for the year which we have been keeping house have expended just seventy dollars and twenty-nine cents. But thinking I may have omitted something from my account book, and having a liking for reckoning in even numbers, I called it seventy-two dollars, exactly one dollar and fifty cents per week. Now Brownie do not throw this by but keep on to the last. I did not try to see how cheaply we could live. We bought freely of every thing we wanted in their season. From February until June we used oranges all we wanted. During the hot weather lemons, and in the fall grapes. Berries of all kinds we use all we want and I can a good many to make pies of during the winter. We believe pies, if properly made and baked are no more unwholesome than good bread. I am not very fond of pies myself but John is and he often eats pie three times a day. He never eats cake. I believe the people who find pie so very unwholesome eat something else and it hurts them,

then they lay it all to pie, or it's not well baked. We would not think of keeping bread till it was the very next stage to moldy, and why pie? No one would put on their table bread that was not well done on the bottom as well as top, yet how often we who board a few months in a place (I used to) find pie so nice (?) and white on the top and almost raw on the bottom. I will defend John's beloved pies (not mine.)

We use many of the cereal foods. Coarse wheat meal is our favorite for breakfast. It is very nutritious and easily as well as quickly prepared, requiring only five minutes to cook.

I will give a few prices of the more common articles of food. I wish others would do the same. For butter we pay from eighteen to twenty-four cents per pound. For milk five cents per quart the year round. I take a quart a day and buy extra to use baking day. Chickens are about twenty-five cents apiece. We live in a country village and I get one of the farmer's wives to kill and dress a chicken for me when I want it. Eggs of course vary much in price, from twelve to thirty cents. The very best steak costs from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound.

For breakfast we use coffee, one heaping teaspoonful for each cup of coffee and one for the pot. Throw in an egg shell to settle it and if you use the best Java coffee as we do, you cannot complain that your coffee is muddy. At noon we drink a glass of milk, except in hot weather, then lemonade, and for supper crackers and milk with, for eight or nine months of the year, sweet baked apples or sometimes hulled corn. Of course if we have company I have for tea perhaps tea or chocolate, bread, butter and cold sliced meat, pickles, canned peaches or some of my canned berries and cake. But few people are as fond of milk as we are. If I had company and knew they were fond of milk I should not change supper one bit for them.

Now for the comfort of Brownie Hart, let me whisper. My John has a grocery store, or one dollar and fifty cents a week would not have set my table as it always is, for I do not allow profit on groceries, and even that multiplied by three would be four dollars and fifty cents. If Mrs. H. set her table for six on four dollars, Brownie, I believe there must be a grocery store in close connection with it somehow.

We know, you and I, Brownie Hart, that all the comforts and a few of the luxuries do not grow wholly on soup bones and cheap pieces of meat, and that with the closest saving of material on hand one-third of four dollars would not last from Sunday morning till Saturday night, and our table be set in the way we would like and the way conducive to good health for one year. One might get along comfortably for one week or even two, but for fifty-two weeks, it cannot be done where I live.

DOLLY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am getting to be an old subscriber to "our best of papers," but this is my first attempt at letter writing for it, though I have often been moved to do so. I enjoy all the different parts so much and have found it to be of incalculable benefit to me and to my husband's purse, for I was a schoolma'am up to within a week of my marriage, and knew no more of housekeeping than a girl of ten years old ought to. I could tell of lots of spoiled dinners, dreadful times with yeast and bread, and every thing in fact, but with THE HOUSEHOLD as my daily adviser and companion. I have conquered such inanimate stuff, and now can safely call myself a successful housekeeper at least. I feel so thankful to all the sisters.

Charity Snow I want especially to thank

you for your article on "Pies," in the September, 1885, HOUSEHOLD. I tried the crust by the "boiling hot" water and lard process and found it a complete success; such a saving of time and shortening, and such nice crust. I have told my neighbors and they are doing likewise. Yesterday I used baking powder instead of soda and found it better in just one respect. It made the crust whiter.

Lucy Palmer in the same number has such a good "Chapter on Potatoes." We have tried all the various ways, and are delighted.

Christie Kriss I am making various cakes by your one recipe in "Four Dollars a Week," in June, 1885, HOUSEHOLD, and am more than pleased. I never guessed before that cold water would make such a nice cake.

Patty Pitkin, why don't you ever write again and tell us what happened when that old boot was forced to give up the shirt? I believe I knew you and your six brothers years ago.

Now I will add my mite and hope it will be of real benefit to some one.

Bread Pancakes.—Crumb six slices of dry white bread in a cake bowl, add a pint of sour milk or buttermilk, let it stand a few minutes, mash all the lumps of bread, add an egg beaten light, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt and a little flour, bake on a hot griddle. Dyspeptics who cannot eat the ordinary griddle cakes, do not object to these.

Graham Bread.—Two and one-half cups of sour milk or buttermilk, one-half cup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, four cups of graham flour, set in a warm place and let it rise three-fourths of an hour then bake three-fourths of an hour. I have to double the recipe and then bake nearly every morning. When I pass nice white bread to visitors and workmen I get the same answer. "No, I thank you, I can get such as that at home," and very liberally help themselves to the graham. Please try the above recipes and report.

KATHIE KRINGLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For three years I have been a reader of "our paper" and have found much help and encouragement in its columns. Every part is replete with that which is good and instructive, and I agree with those who say they consider it the very best paper for housekeepers and homemakers that is in circulation.

I would like to add my mite to the general information column, and I send a recipe for a cough syrup which I hope may prove of as much benefit to some one who tries it, as it has to my own family.

Take equal parts of whole flaxseed, slippery elm bark, and yellow liquorice. Strip the two last into small pieces, and put all into a bowl, and more than cover them with boiling water. Cover the bowl closely and place in a pan of hot water. Steep two or three hours, stirring it occasionally to thoroughly blend the mixture. Strain through a fine sieve, add molasses to make quite sweet, and simmer another hour. (Sugar may be used if molasses cannot be taken.) Drink freely of this.

Of pulverized flaxseed I make a poultice with warm water, spread it on a cloth and drop over it a little sweet oil, then cover it with thin muslin and apply it to the chest, covering all with two thicknesses of flannel. I have seen this tested in severe cases of cold on the lungs, and in bronchial troubles, and when given a thorough trial it never fails.

I wonder if any of the mothers in the Band find the trouble that I did to get undervests for their little ones that will not chafe the tender skin? My baby has a troublesome humor while she is teething,

and even the light summer undervests were very trying to her. I finally turned them wrong side out, and since then she has been more comfortable. Even the heavier winter ones do not cause irritation. They do not look quite as well I know, when turned, but surely baby's comfort is of more consequence than appearances.

Mary of Massachusetts, if you will put your geraniums in a box and cover the roots lightly with soil, I think you can keep them in your cellar during the winter if it is warm enough there to prevent freezing. It would be well to water them a little once or twice during the winter.

Adelia Jane of Pawtucket, I wonder where in our large town your home is. I am going to try the dessert of apples, you recommended so highly, at the first opportunity.

CARRIE E.

Pawtucket, R. I.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Perhaps a letter from "Merrie Old England" might interest some of your readers. I have not been long in this country, my home formerly being in Canada. I find a great difference in many things to what I have been accustomed. The summer has been a delightful one, cool, with little rain, the autumn somewhat chilly and wet. A cousin of mine, who had been in England, said to me that if I lived here moss would grow on me. As yet it has not made its appearance although the climate certainly is damp.

There are many places of interest to visit considering the size of the country. I have visited several and still have a lot to see. Among the places I have seen I might particularly mention Stratford-on-Avon, and Warwick. Stratford is a quaint old town, there are many old houses built with the timbers showing, the spaces between being filled with brick or plaster. The timbers are either black with age or painted, thus forming a striking contrast. Shakespeare's birthplace is built in the same way. The entrance is through a little porch the door opening into what used to be the kitchen. There is a huge fire-place with a seat on each side of the chimney formed out of stone. I sat in one of them and think Shakespeare must have found them uncomfortable, I know I did. There is an adjoining room at the back, the stairs and two little rooms leading out of it. Mounting the stairs and turning to the left through a low door is the room in which Shakespeare was born. The ceiling and walls are covered with the names of visitors. People are forbidden to write or scratch their names now. On one of the little window panes Sir Walter Scott scratched his name with a diamond point, Longfellow's name is on the wall in a corner near the fire-place. The floor of the room is of oak and greatly worn. In the room over the back part, is an oil painting of the great poet, it is kept in a fire proof safe and securely locked every night. The attendants take great pride in relating little anecdotes about Shakespeare and the house. There is a museum in connection with the house where there are a lot of curiosities of Shakespeare's time. One thing I particularly noticed was a punch bowl of Venetian glass all the ornamentation being scratched with a fine point of diamond it is very beautiful. The church where Shakespeare was buried is a pretty one situated on the banks of the Avon. I sat on the church-yard wall and looked down into the river as its waters glided swiftly by and thought what a pleasant spot for one's last resting-place. But Shakespeare was buried in the chancel of the church, a stone with an inscription cut on it forms a bit of the floor above the exact spot where his body was laid. The inscription is so worn that it is impossible to read it.

Warwick is similar to Stratford in its quaintness but is built on a hill. What pleased me most while there was my visit to the castle where the Earl of Warwick resides. Visitors are only allowed to visit the castle and grounds when he is absent. The entrance leading to the castle is grand, being cut through solid stone, in some places twenty feet in height and covered with trailing ivy and shrubs, huge trees meet overhead forming an archway. A deep moat runs around the castle once filled with water, but now overgrown with grass. To reach the main entrance we passed through the castle gates, above our heads was a portcullis with sharp points, it seemed uncanny. I felt as if it might drop on us unawares. The lawn is large and a beautiful green when I saw it. Peacocks were wandering about at will. It looked like a picture. The gardens are nicely kept, filled with lovely flowers. In a conservatory there is a huge solid marble vase, called the "Warwick Vase;" it was found in the bottom of a lake in Italy (I have forgotten what lake) and given to the present Earl by some friend. We climbed the tower known as Guy's Tower. The view from the top would have been

magnificent but for the misty day. The dungeon we went down into I did not at all fancy, and pity the poor wretches who used to be imprisoned in them.

The state apartments are well worth seeing. The walls are nine feet thick making deep recesses to the windows. The hall is a large room, old armors are arranged around the walls, worn by former earls and lords belonging to the family. The view from the windows is charming. A little waterfall in the Avon adds greatly to the charm. One room (the cedar room) is beautifully panelled with sweet cedar, it smelt so nice as we entered it. There are old cabinets filled with curiosities, quaint furniture, etc. A table standing in the center of the room is worthy of any one's admiration. The top is inlaid with precious stones, to form various designs. There are most beautiful slices of *lapis lazuli* quartz of an inch thick, irregular in shape, also large slices of purple amethyst. It is valued at £10,000 or \$48,000. When we reached the last room of the suite I expected the attendant would take us back the same way in which we came, but to my surprise he opened a door apparently part of the wall, which led into a long passage, and thus back to the hall, all the rooms had doors leading into the same passage. Huge cedars of Lebanon supposed to have been planted by the Crusaders, towered high above the windows.

I have also visited Windsor castle. As the train glides into the station at Windsor one has a splendid view of the royal pile. The view from the upper terrace is fine. Sentries and soldiers are always on duty. St. George's chapel is beautiful. In the choir the stalls and organ are rich with carving. The monument in memory of Princess Charlotte is most beautiful, being of pure white marble carved to represent the princess lying covered with a shroud, and four figures kneeling as if weeping, also shrouded, above are two angels, one with the baby in her arms, the other assisting the spirit of the princess in its flight. The whole looks so natural one can hardly realize it is really marble, there is so much life expressed in the figures. The state apartments, I was disappointed in, it is all very grand and the wood carving by "Gibson" is magnificent, so beautifully is it done. We climbed the Round Tower (which, by the way, is not round but slightly flattened on two sides) and could look down into the parks which stretch away in the distance as far as the eye can reach. There are two walks, Queen Ann's and the Long Walk four and three miles long respectively. The Thames looked very pretty in the distance winding in and out.

England.

GIPSEY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been thinking for a long time I would take advantage of your invitation and make you a visit, but first I must hie me to the editor's office and add another "Thank you, sir, for my wedding present," to his basket already overflowing with letters of gratitude.

Now, dear sisters, please do not think me too odd if I ask to be admitted first at the back door, into that wonderful HOUSEHOLD kitchen, and take a seat beside that wonderful HOUSEHOLD range on which so many culinary wonders have been performed to gratify the various tastes of all the Johns who dine at the HOUSEHOLD table.

I believe there is a good deal of truth in the old saying that "misery likes company," so I want to tell poor Katie Didn't that she is not the only one who works very hard and accomplishes very little, for here is a sister just like her. It comforts me some, however, to read that there is once in a while a sister who appreciates our case and does not condemn us as lazy, though we have nothing to show for our day's work but what must be repeated again next day.

Mrs. Moses Mott, I am glad to know there is one sister who agrees with me in regard to pork as food. I should like to know how you bake your beans without it. The first of my house-keeping I was troubled to know what I should use as a substitute for lard, as butter at forty cents a pound was found to be too expensive, but now I use cotton seed oil, which I get for ten cents per pound. I should like to know if any of the sisters have tried it. I think if you should once use it you would not care to return to lard, unless you have that you prepare yourselves. We have some sisters in the cotton growing states, will they not tell us whether it is used by them for cooking?

I have tried the Dakota preserve, given by Nellie E. Stuart, which was pronounced very nice but we found it improved by the addition of a little lemon juice. The little cakes given in The Dining Room by Emily Hayes are also very nice.

If the sister who asks how to clean zinc will try kerosene oil, I think she will be satisfied with the result. So much for the kitchen.

Now may I go over your house and take a peep into every apartment? But, stop, that will make my visit too long. I am very much interested in all departments of THE HOUSEHOLD, but most in The Letters and The Mothers' Chair. The latter has been a great help to me in the beginning of my maternal duties. At first my John thought it beneath his dignity to read a woman's paper, but I used to take pains to point out some particular place now and then, for I could not help thinking as I read them, these ideas would

be just as beneficial to the fathers as to the mothers, if they could only be induced to read them, and now I believe he thinks most as much of THE HOUSEHOLD as I do.

I just want to say my say on that much debated subject of admitting the "Johns" to our HOUSEHOLD Band. Doubtless, there are good arguments on both sides of the question, as you will admit after comparing the letters of Connecticut Boy and L. Farnsworth of lemon pie fame. As we want the "Johns" to be readers of our paper, how can we deny them the privilege of being writers, too, if they choose? If any "John," be he man or boy, has any thing helpful and encouraging to say, let it be accepted by all means, but if fault-finding be his only object in writing, let him beware, for 75,000 women when banded together for a special purpose might be able to subdue even a man.

I admired Connecticut Boy just as much as the rest of you, and it is my opinion we might have more such, if mothers took the right way—and fathers, too, for I am not a believer in the theory that all responsibility rests upon the mother and none upon the father. If boys were taught from childhood, as girls are, to improve each moment, and instead of spending their evenings and leisure moments in idleness, to have some work which they could take up and lay down at short notice, as women do their knitting work, how much better it would be both for the mothers and the boys themselves. If boys would learn to sew on buttons, and mend stockings, no doubt they would find that knowledge very useful upon many occasions. How many times, too, would their employment prevent their sauntering off down town, in quest of amusement. But though the mothers do teach their boys to help them about household duties when they are small, the assistance of the father will be found necessary lest the boys as they grow up, should take a notion that it was unmanly to be found helping the "women folks," as, of course, they will notice whether their father does or not, and it is every boy's ambition to do as his father does, be it right or wrong. FLORA FLAGG.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—When we receive a new number of THE HOUSEHOLD we usually turn first to the letters, and we always wish there was more of them, or that they were longer. Some are so kind and just filled with goodness, others bright and cheerful, while all are helpful in one way or another. We often wish we could talk things over with the writers; I think we do in a certain way.

Won't Jael Vee tell us more about those first five years in Texas? Can she give us some practical hints? We were much interested in her letter and very glad she has succeeded so well. We, too, became very tired of paying city rents and very much desired some land of our own, to improve and beautify to our heart's content, and where we could build a house of our own planning.

We would like to tell Betsy Bunker that we pity her, but probably she would scorn pity; but you don't know, Betsy, what a "glorious privilege" it is to have a man "puttering" round the house. Though I can remember when I thought it must be an awful nuisance.

Fanny Fern says: "It is only the privileged few who can secure a pair of corduroy to mend and trot by the side of, or a pair of coat flaps alternately to darn and hang on to, amid the vicissitudes of this patchwork existence."

Honolulu, I know just how nice it is to lie in state and be waited on, feeling all the time that the bread is being baked without any "mussing" and fires made and ashes taken up without any litter.

Lucy Bel you may add to that list two more wonderfully good boys; my own who really is "one in a thousand," and a friend's husband, who works early and late, and yet finds time to wait on his wife and study her wishes.

Like Hal Glen, I, too, "like the boys," and think their letters might add some brightness and breeziness to our paper. Among so many women, they will be on their best behavior. We do not need them at all; we are quite able to conduct a first-class paper without their help, but, that being acknowledged by all, we shall be glad to hear what they do to lighten daily work or brighten the home. We were glad to hear of the taste and care that were given to papering that kitchen; wish our kitchen was papered in "crazy work."

Perhaps, too, the letters from the very helpful Johns will set some of the careless, thoughtless ones to thinking, and when they once begin to think and notice the many things a housekeeper's hands find to do and the many steps she has to take, they will begin to give a little help here and there. It seems to me if one's husband is quite willing to help, that is better than to keep a hired girl; especially if the family, house and salary are small.

My housework is "running on the independent line." I think too many people spend hours in the kitchen that might be better employed, still, perhaps it is better to be too nice than too slack, and each one must decide for herself how much time and strength she can afford to use in cooking, ironing and cleaning. I will quote a few lines from Arthur Helps for the benefit of some

who go and lie in the hammock instead of washing down the back stairs.

"For any person to be thoroughly popular and livable with, there should be a little touch of untidiness and unpreciseness, and indifference to small things."

I have not even the excuse of poor health now for neglecting housework, thanks to Florida breezes, out-door life and change of climate; but I dislike it and grudge the time I spend over it. There are some neat housekeepers here who iron very little; finding the clothes very sweet and clean taken right from the line and nicely folded.

I never did any washing and was not able to iron much in the north but always had good washer women. There is a settlement of colored people about four miles from here and women will come and wash, but they must have breakfast and dinner and as soon as they have earned a little money they decline to work any more. I sent mine out for awhile, but "Amelia" soon tired of it; then "Violet" promised to take it, but like so many of her race she failed to perform. I tried others but clothes I wanted starched came back starchless, and often there was an odor that did not belong to clean clothes. But my troubles in that line are over for awhile, as we now have a laundry in town; prices very reasonable. We send the large pieces and do the small ones at home.

I think I should enjoy camping out with Shad-dah on Puget Sound; it must be a complete rest. I wish some of the tired mothers and invalids of our HOUSEHOLD could take such an outing. Perhaps many of them have.

We miss the sight of old ocean very much, but we have had a pleasant summer; it has been all most like camping out, the house has been so open. LORRAINE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I come in and tell you all, that last Monday as I was sitting on our vine-shaded porch with the last number of THE HOUSEHOLD in my hand I happened to raise my eyes and was considerably surprised to see a real bona fide black bear come leisurely loping along at a distance of about five hundred yards. To call the children from their play in the yard was but the work of a moment, but during that time Mr. Bruin had disappeared behind some bushes in a little ravine. Bidding the children remain on the porch, I ran hastily down through the yard. The lower fence runs close along the edge of a short but steep hill, here as I expected, I again saw the bear, not over fifty yards distant this time. I got up on the fence in plain sight of him, clapped my hands and shouted. He stopped, looked at me a moment, then turned and ran rapidly away. I watched him cross a small stream, run up another hill and disappear in some timber. Had my better half been at home a ball from his rifle, guided by his unerring aim, would have laid the bear low, and furnished our little sitting room with a nice rug made from his skin. The same evening my Ichabod (that is not his name, but some of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters call me Rosamond E., number two, so of course I must have an Ichabod) told me that the night before a bear had attacked a large hog for a neighbor. The man heard the noise and ran out, when the bear ran off.

During a residence of almost eight years in this place I never before saw a live bear, but saw one after it had been shot, also the skins of several, among them that of a real grizzly. He must have been nearly as big as an ox, judging by his skin. I also saw and had a grizzly bear claw nearly three inches in length.

We often see deer only a short distance away, during the fall and early winter a dish of venison steak or a stew is by no means new to us, but the most delicious of all is to dry the hams, dried beef is not to be compared to it.

Thanks to the lady in the August number who sent recipe for pie plant pie, we pronounce it good as green apple pie.

If I had a binder my HOUSEHOLDS would be in a more suitable condition for reference than at present. This is my fourth year's subscription and the blue cross shall never make its appearance.

Dear Rosamond E., come oftener with those notions, I need them in training my little olive branches, which are so numerous that I have received my nickname of Rosamond number two on that account. WHIRLWIND.

Glenwood, Idaho.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

WHITE CAKE.—One and one-fourth cups of sugar, butter the size of an egg, creamed, whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with two cups of flour. Flavor with lemon. H. A. F.

TO CLEAN WINDOWS.—Wash with lukewarm water, rub with any clean, dry cloth to take off the first dampness, then finish with a piece of chamois. A large one can be purchased for fifty cents, and it will last a life-time and save so much hard work. When soiled, wash in soap suds, rinse well and dry, then rub it in the hands to make it soft. For silver it is unequalled.

Also wring it in tepid water, and use it to rub off the finger marks on the piano, then rub with a dry one.

A GOOD SPONGE CAKE.—Three well beaten eggs, add two-thirds cup of sugar, then beat a moment one and one-half cups of sifted flour with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in, and two tablespoonfuls of ice water. Flavor to taste. I bake in three tins, and use different fillings. If wanted richer, add a tablespoonful of butter. MRS. H. W. B. Jackson, Mich.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint each of Graham flour, Indian meal, and buttermilk, two-thirds cup of molasses, and one teaspoonful each of soda and salt. Steam three hours. Sour milk may be used adding a little shortening.

FRIED CAKES.—One beaten egg, three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, six tablespoonfuls of sour milk or buttermilk, one teaspoonful of salt and one small teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with nutmeg. Flour to make as stiff as biscuit. SUBSCRIBER.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, two and one-fourth cups of flour, two eggs with whites beaten to a stiff froth, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Add the whites last.

Filling.—Whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup of pulverized sugar, and three-fourths cup of cocoanut.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—I will give the sisters the benefit of my tapioca pudding, which I like better than any I have seen in THE HOUSEHOLD: One cup of tapioca, one quart of milk, four eggs, whites and yolks separate, and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Soak the tapioca over night in one-half the milk, beat the butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar together, and add yolks, milk, tapioca and then whites, and bake one hour.

Sauce.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, and three tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Set in water, heat hot, but don't let it boil. BERTHA.

Prophetstown, Ill.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Cream together one cup of butter and two cups of sugar, add well beaten yolks of four eggs, one cup of sweet milk and three cups of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir in lightly the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in jelly cake pans.

Icing.—Beat whites of two eggs, thicken with powdered sugar, and add grated chocolate until the desired color. Flavor with vanilla. If dark brown icing is desired, use yolks of eggs and more chocolate.

BROOKLYN CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, one cup of raisins, five cups of flour and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in one large pan or two small ones. This cake keeps well.

JELLY CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, four cups of sifted flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers, put tart jelly between them and ice the top.

WHITE CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of desiccated cocoanut soaked in hot milk, just enough to cover it, one cup of corn starch, two cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and the whites of eight eggs. Bake in a large cake pan. Ice bottom and sides with white icing, and sprinkle thickly with cocoanut.

GINGERBREAD.—Stir together one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, and one large tablespoonful of butter, warm slightly and beat until the mixture is much lighter than when you began, add one cup of sour milk and two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in hot water, then mix in thoroughly three cups of flour and a tablespoonful of ginger. Bake in a broad, shallow pan in a moderate oven.

GINGER DROP CAKES.—One pint of Orleans molasses, one large tablespoonful of lard, two-thirds cup of sour milk, one tablespoonful each of soda and ginger, and one egg. Mix with flour just stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Drop on greased pans leaving space for cakes to spread. ERIN.

Iowa.

CHEESE CAKE.—Take two cups of cottage cheese, mash well with the back of a spoon, add three eggs not beaten, one at a time, sugar to suit your taste, one tablespoonful of flour, grate in a little nutmeg, add salt and milk enough to make it a little thicker than custard. Bake with an under crust. When ready for the oven sprinkle cinnamon on top. I make mine an inch thick. We like it very much.

PEACH SHORT CAKE.—Slice the peaches, and make the shortcake as for strawberries, and

for the sauce take one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one egg and one pint of milk. I boil this in a farina kettle, and just before serving flavor with vanilla.

Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. HARRY W. GREAR.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me of an economical way of making a good stove blacking at home? ANNA M. PALMER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters tell me how to keep a mocking bird in good health and song? Also what to do for my canary singer? he cannot get his voice when he wants to sing. A HOUSEHOLD FRIEND.

Will the lady who gave the recipe for cold starching shirts with borax and beeswax mixed with the starch please confer a favor by sending recipe in full to Mrs. C. H. BROWNE. 1921 South Tenth St., St. Joseph, Mo.

M. D., use gum arabic mucilage on your cards, put it on the corners and let it dry, then wet with as little water as possible and fasten in your album. AUGUST FLOWER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band inform me how to make bisque glace pies? also how to can green corn in glass cans with success? Dancyville, Tenn. EMARETTE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—A New Subscriber asks what will remove ink stains from a blue figured lawn without injuring the color. Place the part that is stained, in sweet milk over night, and I don't think she will see the stain in the morning. I think it is as cheap and simple a recipe as can be found.

I would like to ask if that sister who told how to put gloss on shirts by using gum arabic will please write it again, and oblige H. A. F. Kent, O.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell how to make good mince meat? If they add the liquor in which the meat was boiled? How to make pumpkin pies, what flavoring to use? They are so tasteless. How to make barley bread and barley soup, and boiled frosting, should it be put on the cake warm? also how to have a layer of white boiled frosting and one of chocolate? And how to cook and serve carrots? There must be some amongst all our sisters that can give such information. PEA BLOSSOM. Portsmouth, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Boston sisters please give their recipe for baked beans? In answer to Mrs. Mary Bisch: Divide the number of the year in which the event took place, by four. Add the quotient thus obtained (omitting fractions) to the number divided. To this sum add the number of days from the first of January to the date of the month of the occurrence, (always counting February twenty-eight days.) The result of this we now divide by seven, and here the fraction gives us the exact day of the occurrence, one counting for Sunday, two for Monday, and so on, cipher counting for Saturday. MRS. JERRY. Dakota.

Dear E. B., if your hair troubles you by falling out wash the head thoroughly once a week or so in tepid water in which common salt has been dissolved, about a teaspoonful to a pint. Wet the hair as little as possible and use gentle friction with tips of the fingers. Absorb the moisture by clapping the hair lightly between the folds of a towel and let it hang over the shoulders until dry. Then brush and do up loosely. It is absolutely necessary that no "extra" hair be worn as it heats the head and prevents the follicles from recovering their normal tone. As the scalp regains its vigor the gray hairs ought to disappear if they are the result of weakness. If not, take the gift the gods provide thankfully. There is nothing so distinguished looking as a handsome gray head. P. V. Massachusetts.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell Mrs. Mattie Ambrose how to remove ink stains from white goods. Dissolve a few crystals of oxalic acid in a little hot water, have enough water to thoroughly wet the stained part, put the cloth in and let it be a moment, then take out and rub slightly with the fingers. If not out repeat until the stains are gone. I have known it remove stains after the goods have been put into hot soap suds. Rinse thoroughly to remove all the acid.

Miss Lucia Jordan, Rouen ducks will weigh from sixteen to eighteen pounds per pair. They are great layers and are easier to raise than the Pelican ducks. We have one that my little girl calls her Francis duck, that has set and hatched twice in one season. Running water is not needed, at least they can be raised well enough by giving fresh water in large dishes. New York. MRS. WITTER.

The Parlor.

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away—
O sweet, fond dream of human love!
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known—
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the universe,
A miracle our life and death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan;
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind is man!

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And like a weary child would come,
O Father, unto Thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day.

—John G. Whittier.

HELEN SOMERS.

"O, MAMMA papa says that he has got to go to Bolton this afternoon, and he will get a large carriage and take us all with him, if you can go; and you can, can't you, mamma?" breathlessly and rather incoherently exclaimed little Annie Somers, bursting into the room where her mother was preparing dinner.

"Annie, how often must I tell you not to be so noisy," said Mrs. Somers, severely. "But you will go, won't you, mamma? We have not had such a nice, long ride this summer, and I do love to ride!"

"And I want to go, too, and perhaps papa will let me drive the horse just a little," chimed in little Robbie.

"You will go, won't you, mamma," said the little pleading voice again.

"Indeed, I shall not. I have something else to do," replied the mother, decidedly.

When Mrs. Somers spoke in that tone, her children knew that further pleading was useless, and Robbie broke into a loud wail, while Annie stood with great tears rolling down her cheeks, until a familiar step sounded on the piazza. Then she sprang into her father's arms, and sobbed, "O, papa, mamma says she cannot go, and Rob and I are so sorry! Can't we go, papa? We will be real good and not trouble you at all."

"There, there, darling! don't cry any more. We will see what can be done about it." But a cloud came over his face, and turning to his wife, he asked, "Why can you not go, Helen? The day is fine and the drive would do you good. Mr. Davis is going to take his family along, and I thought it would be very pleasant if we could all go together."

"Well, if Mrs. Davis can spend her time in that way, I am quite willing she should do so, but I cannot. My sewing would never get done, if I were to go as much as she does."

"Helen—if you or the children are in need of new clothing, I will hire some one to help you sew. I have often told you that I did not wish you to confine yourself so closely to your work. It is not necessary."

"It is only my new dress for the Sabbath school concert, papa, and I don't care if it is not done. My old one is plenty good enough," exclaimed Annie.

"Helen, cannot you leave your work just this one afternoon, and give me the pleasure of your company? I am obliged

to go to Bolton as you well know. Must I always go alone, while you spend your time in working on useless ruffles and furbelows?"

"Dinner is ready, Mr. Somers, so we will drop the subject, if you please."

The tone was icily calm, and Mr. Somers, like the children, knew that further attempt at persuasion would be useless. So the dinner was eaten in moody silence, and when they arose from the table, Mr. Somers turned to his wife and said, "Helen, I shall be here with the team in half an hour, and I want the children to be ready. They, at least, shall not be disappointed. You can go or stay, as you choose, but I give you fair warning that if you do not go, it will be a long time before I shall ask for your company again."

In all the ten years of her married life he had never spoken to her so harshly, and she stood looking after him in mute astonishment, until Annie's timid "Please, mamma, won't you go?" recalled her to herself, and she answered angrily, "No, child, I will not go. Now don't say another word about it."

Anger acts like a spur upon some people, and Helen Somers was one of the number, so her work was soon dispatched, and when the carriage arrived the children were all ready, and she was seated at the window with her sewing.

Mr. Somers gave her a questioning glance, but she did not raise her eyes from her work, so he turned away without speaking. Annie and Robbie soon forgot in the excitement of the drive their mother's unkindness, but their father could not forget so readily. He was a loyal husband, caring little for any pleasure which his wife could not share. He had readily assented to his friend's proposal that they should take their families with them, and thus combine business with pleasure, and he felt hurt and disappointed.

When he married pretty Helen Ross, ten years before, people thought him a very fortunate man. Indeed, a few went so far as to say that she might have done much better than to marry the penniless young lawyer. But they were each well satisfied with the other, and were very happy. What if they were poor and obliged to economize in every possible way? They were young and well, with an abundance of hope and confidence in the future. Helen had a piano, a present from an aunt, and it was a source of great pleasure to them both, during the long winter evenings. Then Mark was a fine reader, and he often read aloud while Helen sewed.

At the end of two years, little Annie was born, and their cup of happiness seemed full. At first it seemed perfectly right to Mark that Helen should devote her whole time to the baby, and though he protested against her undertaking the kitchen work also, as soon as she recovered her strength, he ended by allowing her to have her own way, and bravely transformed himself into a nursery maid during his spare hours, while his wife busied herself with domestic cares. But after a while he wearied of this. He missed the companionship of his wife—the cozy talk, the singing together, the reading of their favorite books together. It annoyed him to see Helen so constantly at work. When the labors of the day were done, and baby asleep, she was so tired that she could not read or talk much, and usually retired early. After Robbie was born, matters were even worse. Helen never looked in book or paper now. She was a model housekeeper, and her children were the very pink of neatness. In all that pertained to the bodily welfare of her family, she was faithful, but, unconsciously, she was growing sharp-featured and sharp-voiced. Her youthful

prettiness was gone—the bright, happy expression had given place to an anxious, worried look, like that of "Martha, burdened with many cares."

After her husband and children had gone, Helen sewed steadily for some time. Strive as hard as she might, she could not prevent her thoughts from wandering after the absent ones. She thought of the green meadows, with their wealth of wild flowers, the songs of the birds, and all the beauty of the perfect June day, and was just asking herself if she had chosen wisely, in giving up all this pleasure for the sake of a few "useless ruffles" when the loud ringing of the door bell brought her to her feet. She found her visitors to be a Mr. and Mrs. Irving, an elderly couple for whom Mr. Somers entertained feelings of profound respect and esteem, they having been very kind and helpful to him while he was pursuing his studies. Helen had never met them before, and was not especially glad to see them now, though her greeting was outwardly cordial. They had only recently returned from abroad, and were on their way to visit a daughter. Helen could do no less than ask them to stop until the next day, which invitation they gladly accepted, as they were unwilling to lose this opportunity of seeing Mr. Somers. They were cultivated people who had traveled much and made good use of their time, and though their early life had been spent in hard work, they were now in easy circumstances. They had been very fond of Mark Somers in his college days, and had looked forward with very pleasant anticipations to a renewal of the old friendship, and meeting his wife and children.

As the afternoon wore on, Helen felt instinctively that her visitors were disappointed in her, though they certainly gave no outward sign of disappointment. But there seemed to be no common ground on which they could meet. Literature, art, science, and even politics, failed to interest. Mr. Irving talked of their travels in foreign countries, but Helen's world had been confined within the limits of her own county for so many years that she felt but little interest in any thing farther away.

Mrs. Irving asked for music, and Helen was obliged to confess that she had not played for years, then seeing her visitors' looks of surprise, she hastened to add, "Mr. Somers is very fond of music, but my time is so occupied with my work and my children that I was obliged to give it up; and my little girl has no musical taste, so the piano is rarely opened now."

She felt vexed with herself after she had made this confession, and her husband's oft repeated words, "There is no need that you should confine yourself so closely to your work," came back to her with new force. She was glad when tea time came, for she knew that there, at least, she would not be "found wanting," and her visitors did ample justice to the tempting viands. Soon Mr. Somers and the children came. He was heartily glad to meet his old friends, and the evening passed pleasantly. Mr. and Mrs. Irving continued their journey the following afternoon, leaving Helen in a strangely dissatisfied mood. Annie's dress was still unfinished, but she could not work upon it now. She was restless and unhappy. For the first time in many years, she wondered if she was doing right, and when her husband came home and told her he was suddenly called away upon pressing business, she felt a sense of something very like relief. But after his departure she felt lonely and depressed. The children retired early, but she sat for long hours, in her lonely room, her thoughts busy with the past. She reviewed her whole married life with eyes from which the "scales had fallen," and on her knees

by her children's bedside, she asked God to help her to be a different woman, a truer wife and mother, caring more for the inner and spiritual life, and less for outward adorning.

She arose in the morning, looking pale and tired, but she dressed herself with scrupulous care, and went directly to her parlor instead of her kitchen. She opened her blinds and let in a flood of morning sunlight, then seated herself at the long-unused piano, and half timidly touched the keys. The first touch awakened a host of memories, and the old musical instinct, so long dormant, asserted itself, and she tried one after another of the old, familiar tunes, until she forgot the present, and seemed to go back over the vanished years to the early days of her married life. A light touch on her arm aroused her from her reverie, and there stood little Robbie, in his white nightdress, his little hands clasped together, and a look of perfect ecstasy on his sweet face.

"Please, mamma, make some more music! It is so good! Please do!" The look on the child's face brought tears to the mother's eyes.

"Are you then so fond of music, Robbie? I did not know it. I will play one more piece, and then you must have your clothes on."

She played and sang a simple cradle hymn, and Robbie's happy look repaid her, while it brought another pang to her heart. She did not know that Robbie was fond of music—had never sung to him since he was a tiny babe. "But now," she thought, "God helping me, I will make amends. To-day I will begin a new life." And she did. When Mr. Somers returned, ten days later, he was surprised at the change. His family were not expecting him at that hour, and as he neared the house he heard the sound of the piano, blended with a woman's voice that sounded strangely familiar.

"Helen must have company—who can it be, I wonder?" was his first thought.

He stepped up on the piazza, and glanced in at the parlor window. Helen sat at the piano, with Robbie standing by her side, leaning his head against her shoulder, and Annie in a chair near her. The pleasant home picture brought tears to his eyes. It was so long since he had heard Helen sing, he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses.

After the children were in bed that night, the husband and wife had a long talk together, and this was, indeed, the beginning of a better and truer family life. Helen tried faithfully to be a companion for her husband, his friend and confidant in all things. It was hard work at times, for the force of habit is strong, and new ways are hard to learn. She was often tried and discouraged and tempted to give it up, and go back to the old way again, but better feelings triumphed, and at last she won the success that perseverance always brings. Ten years later, Mr. Somers was heard to remark to a friend, "My wife is a remarkable woman. Few men in town are so well read in all the current literature of the day, and scarcely a subject can be mentioned, upon which she cannot converse with ease and fluency. I am proud of her." M. E. D.

FAMILY VERSUS COMPANY.

The new minister had come, and of course every one was anxious to become acquainted with him as soon as possible. In Woodleigh the recognized way of doing that was to have him come to tea and spend the evening. Accordingly, for nearly a month the Rev. John Dent's face had been missing from the tea table of good Mrs. Dodds, in whose family he had been received as a member until his plans for the future should be decided upon. In that time he had been handed around

From one member of the congregation to another, in much the same way that a new book or the latest styles in millinery would have been. He had talked literature, art and fashion with the mothers and daughters, and politics and church finances with the fathers and sons. He had sat down to daily suppers of fried chicken and waffles, until his stomach began to rebel, and to insist on a rest or a change of diet. Then he began to look around to see how much longer it was going to last. Tuesday, Deacon Smith had spoken for him. Wednesday he had promised to the Martins, while Thursday had been set apart by the Lawsons as the only day on which the new pastor should break bread with them.

This would take him nearly around. True, there were a number of families whom he had never visited beyond mere calls, but they belonged to the poorer part of his charge, and were of that class who scorned to make a feast unless they could make it in every way as good as their wealthiest neighbors. Mr. Dent hoped most devoutly that they might not see their way clear, until he had, by a judicious course of crackers and tea, restored his stomach to its natural tone.

Deacon Smith's supper and the nightmare that followed it, were both safely past, and he was on his way to fulfill his engagement with the Martins, walking briskly along with the light step and cheerful countenance of a man who had made up his mind to do his duty, no matter what it cost him. Suddenly the brisk walk ceased and Mr. Dent stood staring down at the apparition which had unexpectedly risen from a thickness of weed by the roadside. It was not one from which Mr. Dent or anybody else would be likely to recoil, for it was small and freckle-faced, and, moreover, was so badly frightened itself, that it barely had breath enough to make the following announcement:

"Please, sir, Aunt Polly has been took awful sick, an' mother's had to go off in a tearin' hurry, an' come to our house another time."

Of course Mr. Dent didn't care, and another time would do just as well if not a little better, and having quieted small Tommy Martin's fears by a winning smile and hearty handshake he turned around, and a started off in the direction of the Lawsons, without even asking himself whether or no this sudden change of arrangement would make any difference to them.

It was fore-ordained, I suppose. At least, that was the only way Mr. Dent could ever account for his doing such an utterly stupid thing as cutting across lots, vaulting the back fence, and presenting himself at Mr. Lawson's back door at an hour when he was supposed to be calmly eating chicken off Mrs. Martin's best china.

The Lawsons were about to partake of their evening meal. Mr. Lawson, Sam and John were already at their plates. Mrs. Lawson was arranging cups and saucers, and Mary Jane was filling up the teapot, preparatory to sitting down, when the double rap was heard at the door. "The Grimeses to borrow something! I wish we could get through one meal without them," added Mrs. Lawson, tucking her soiled apron aside, as she went to open the door.

Before she gets it open, I would like to introduce you a little more fully to the Lawson family, that you may understand how matters stood on that November evening when fate sent Mr. Dent to their back door.

Mr. Lawson was an intelligent, well-to-do man, honest in his dealing, social in his relations with his fellow men, and of considerable influence in the church. Mrs. Lawson was kind and motherly, invaluable in a sick room, and an authority on all matters pertaining to pickles and pre-

serves. Mary Jane was quite a society leader, and her way of preparing her dresses and doing up her hair was always accepted as "style" by her girl friends. The boys were good-natured and fond of fun, and were decidedly popular as such boys are apt to be.

As a family, they would have been regarded perfect, if it had not been for a bad habit that they had—too common with a great many other people—of putting the best foot foremost.

When company was coming they spared themselves no labor or trouble, that every thing might be as pleasant as possible. They scrubbed and swept and dusted with a will; got out their best glass ware; rubbed the spoons and the forks which constituted their stock of silver, until they shone again; ransacked their brains to invent dishes which would please the palate, and have an abiding place in the memory of their guests forever; arrayed themselves in their best, talked their best, acted their best; in short, they did every thing—cheerfully and heartily too—that could be done to add to the general pleasure.

But when they were alone they were different. It took so much work to keep the parlor in order, and it was such a trouble to carry every thing in and out of the dining room, and it was such a bother to dress twice a day. So as a general rule they took their meals in the kitchen, and spent their evenings, when at home, huddled around the cheerful kitchen stove, and their toilets were not what are usually regarded as evening dress, and, moreover, they were apt to betray the manner of work in which the wearer had been engaged during the day. The folds and creases, too, gathered and retained all the pleasant odors of the kitchen, so that any one with an acute sense of smell might have given the Lawsons' daily bill of fare to a dot.

On this particular evening things were a little worse than usual, for they were saving themselves for to-morrow, when the whole house was to be put in order to do honor to the new pastor.

You can imagine much better than I can describe, Mrs. Lawson's feelings when the open door revealed to her astonished gaze, not the familiar, dirty visage of John Grimes, but the handsome, smiling countenance of their new minister. She retreated a step, then stood smiling in silent dismay at the unexpected visitor. Mr. Lawson and the boys scrambled up and began to look for their coats, while Mary Jane added to the general interest of the scene by pouring a stream of hot water on the back of the sleeping cat, who, with a loud "meow" at being so rudely awakened, started in a straight line for the door, Mr. Dent involuntarily stepping aside to let it pass.

At this critical juncture Mrs. Lawson's wits returned to her. Stepping forward she shook hands with Mr. Dent, assuring him that it made no difference, and that she was real glad to see him—a breach of truth, by the way, for which she suffered many a conscience pang. Mr. Lawson blundered promptly after her, and was likewise called to account by his conscience. Sam took his hat and coat and deposited them on the dusty table in the next room, while Johnny obligingly moved along to make room for the plate, knife and fork which Mary Jane brought from the cupboard behind whose screening doors she had remained long enough to tear down the rows of curl papers across her forehead, and to tuck the end smoothly away.

Mr. Dent saw through it all at once. His experience in boarding houses, and "as one of the family," had been wide and varied, and included more than one presentation of the "worst" as well as the "best foot." He felt sorry for them

all, especially the pretty young girl, whose scarlet cheek and downcast eyes told how keenly she felt the awkwardness of the situation in which his thoughtlessness had placed them all. Nevertheless he managed to make a hearty meal. The plain bread, and the fresh, sweet butter, the cold, juicy meat, and simple sauce, were a great deal more to his taste than the heavy, indigestible food to which he had been accustomed of late.

Little it mattered to him just then that the table cloth was on awry, besides bearing the marks of several days' usage, that the cup that Mary Jane's trembling hand passed him, had lost its handle in some past conflict; that the meat dish had cracks enough to render it almost sacred in the eyes of those harmless lunatics, the china collectors.

Their embarrassment and their efforts to keep up a conversation were so evident that Mr. Dent concluded it would be an act of mercy to shorten his visit as much as possible, so shortly after tea was over, he shook hands all around, and was escorted to the door by Mr. Lawson, who, for the first time in his remembrance, was heartily glad to see the door closing on a guest.

The next morning, the boys noticed that their mother and sister, who sat up talking the night before, long after the others had retired, appeared in clean dresses and aprons. Also, that Mary Jane had forgotten to put her hair in paper, and that her eyes and nose were red and swollen, as though she had been crying.

With a presentiment of something—they hardly knew what—they hurried home the moment school was out. They found the kitchen empty, but the door between it and the dining room was open, and, peeping in, in search of their mother, they saw, much to their astonishment, a pretty, white-draped dinner table, with a row of chairs placed invitingly around it. A second glance revealed the fact that the best dishes were all there, even the cherished celery glasses.

"I wonder who's come! Not the minister again, I hope," and Sam tiptoed across the room, and cautiously peeped through the crack of the door into the hall.

"It's not a man, any way, for there's no hat there but father's old straw." Continuing his investigation, he crossed the hall and looked in at the open parlor door. A fire was burning pleasantly, but the cat was the only occupant.

Meantime Johnny had been counting the plates, and when Sam returned from his unsatisfactory tour, he was met with the information that there was nobody coming after all, for there were only five plates.

"What does it all mean anyhow?" was the question which the boys' lips and Mr. Lawson's eyes asked, as they all gathered around the table.

"It means," said Mrs. Lawson, with a glance at her daughter, "that Mary Jane and I have talked it over, and have determined that we will never be caught again as we were last evening. So from this time forward we are going to look on ourselves in the light of company. We will use all of our house instead of the kitchen only, eat the best food, and wear the best clothes that we can afford, and when our friends come, they shall have as good but no better than we have ourselves. I think we'll all be happier for the change, and we will have no fear of last night's experience being repeated."

Presently the gossips of Woodleigh began to whisper among themselves that the Lawsons were getting some high notions, in their parlor in the evening, so it was said, and their dining room carpet was getting awfully scuffed. Moreover, it was a settled fact that Mary Jane put on her brown cashmere and white apron

every day as soon as the after dinner work was done up, and that Mrs. Lawson managed to look neat and tidy even on wash days. So different from what it used to be, you know. These bits of gossip, carefully gathered up and neatly put together, went from lip to lip, and in the course of time made the circuit of Mrs. Dodd's tea table. Mr. Dent smiled a knowing smile, and said something to himself which I won't repeat, though I know very well what it was.

A year later he took tea for the second time with the Lawsons. A few friends were also gathered around the table, and beside him, blushing and lovely, in her simple white dress, with orange flowers in her hair, and a wedding ring on her finger, sat Mary Jane, who had taken the vows of wife one short hour before.

At first Mr. Lawson thought the marriage of his only daughter must be a grand affair, and talked of invitations and orders to the florist and confectioner. But Mary Jane, in whose mind the lesson of a year ago was still fresh, begged with hot cheeks and burning eyes:

"Don't! please don't, father. I never could look John in the face again if you made all this fuss."

And so it happened that the rooms wore their own homely, pleasant look and that the table, with the exception of the huge bride's cake, with a pair of clasped hands, presented no unusual appearance on that pleasant autumn evening, when the Lawsons gave away their daughter, and John Dent received his wife.

LINKS: A STORY FOR GIRLS.

BY ELLEN LYMAN.

"What! give up your music lessons next term when you are doing so nicely, and can by continuing, soon begin to teach in a small way yourself?"

"I see no other way," replied the young girl thus addressed by her teacher. "Mamma has lost quite a little sum of money you know, then two of her lodgers have left town and none as yet have taken the rooms, while winter is coming on and she scarce knows how, with the strictest economy, to meet our needful expenses. I do not wish to plead poverty, but really it seems impossible for me to go on with my lessons for the present. I tell you this that you may not think it from any dissatisfaction with my teacher, or that I willingly forego the advantages of your instruction."

"Thank you," said Miss Mathews, "for that assurance, and I in turn regret to lose one of my favorite pupils."

"And it will be a disappointment to you too, I fear," said Emma, as you had probably depended upon my remaining a pupil for some time to come."

"Yes, something of one," said the teacher with a faint smile, but how much of a disappointment Emma did not even conjecture at that time.

After Miss Mathews left, Emma sat down to her piano and attempted to go on with her music, but the tears came into her eyes and bowing her head she wept convulsively as she thought of all the self-sacrifice involved in now giving up her teacher's instructions at this time. Not only for herself, but because others too, were involved, was the ordeal a trying one, but after a little time she became more calm, and lifting a prayer for submission, and for power to conquer her own will, and to strive to cheerfully perform the duties of her daily life, the young girl felt strengthened and less disheartened than before.

But her musical education was what she was depending upon as a means of self-support, and also, as she hoped, to help her mother. Not only was she passionately fond of her chosen vocation,

but she had more than ordinary gifts in that direction so that her mother felt it would be true wisdom to give her daughter such opportunities as would ensure her after success. Emma's father had for many years been the pastor of the church where they now worshiped, and when he died three years before our story opens, had left little, save a modest life insurance policy, as a legacy to his wife and orphaned daughter.

But in one way and another, known only to women thrown on their own resources, Mrs. Wilson and Emma had managed to live respectably, though very prudently, and at the same time had retained their standing among their former friends as in other days. But one thing after another during the past year had come to reduce their income and to greatly dishearten them while Mrs. Wilson, never in firm health, had become really ill and thus unable to cope with circumstances as before. And so Emma must, for a time at least, deny herself farther instruction, and instead, give more of her time to assisting her mother in providing for present necessities.

And Miss Mathews as she left Emma was feeling sadly the disappointment of losing one of her most proficient pupils, and also the tuition fee so much needed by her to meet the pressing wants coming upon her. Only a short time before, one of the of the families where she gave lessons to two pupils had left town so that her resources seemed constantly decreasing and at the same time her needs greatly increased.

For Tommy, her only brother, with and for whom Miss Mathews had made a little home of their own, had met with an accident a short time before this which had caused some little expense, besides disabling him for a time from helping his sister as he often could in various ways do out of school hours. For Miss Mathews wanted Tommy to attend school, while she was ready to assist him in his studies all that she could at home.

Now Tommy had made up his mind before this to be a printer as soon as he was old enough to leave school and begin type-setting as a learner or apprentice in the business. His sister encouraged this as it seemed his chosen line of business, and in her own mind had been proposing to give him a pleasant surprise on Christmas in the shape of a hand printing press to practice upon during his weary confinement in-doors. Will Davis had one which he wanted to sell at a much reduced rate, and if she could get it for Tommy, it would serve to occupy his hands and his mind when she was obliged to leave him alone, while she hoped after a little practice he might be able to get cards, or some little printing to do in a small way, to earn a trifle for himself during his tedious waiting in the house.

And Miss Mathews had about half promised Will Davis that she would buy his printing press, which he was very anxious to sell to get money for some books which he needed to help him along in his mechanical studies, and which he had no means at present to purchase otherwise. Thinking all this over as she passed along, Miss Mathews was feeling a trifle disheartened as she came to the door of another music pupil whose lesson came this same afternoon.

And Ida Sinclair, bright, winsome, and the petted daughter of a happy home noticed this, but with innate delicacy said nothing at first, but only made effort to perform her lesson so as to give no additional care to her really excellent teacher.

After the lesson was over Ida entered into conversation with her teacher, speaking of some of the girls belonging to her class, and among others of Emma Wilson, who was one of her own cherished friends.

Then Miss Mathews told Ida, her voice faltering as she spoke, about Emma's giving up her lessons for a time, and of her regret at so doing.

"But she ought not to give up her lessons now," exclaimed Ida, "for is she not one of your most promising pupils? besides she wishes to prepare herself for a competent teacher as she has many times told me."

"Yes, and if Emma could go on with her lessons she would soon begin to teach little Susie Gale, but is too conscientious to act as a teacher unless she can be constantly gaining instruction herself. And it will be such a sad disappointment to Susie, as she had hoped to take lessons of Emma after the holidays. You know Susie has been much confined to the house since she had the measles, and not able to attend school, but could go into Mrs. Wilson's to practice on the piano when she could not go or take lessons elsewhere. Then Mrs. Gale could afford to pay but small tuition fees, and might not have thought of having Susie take lessons at present were it not her eyes are still too weak from the effects of her illness to read or study much. And the child gets very desolate at home, while she is so passionately fond of music that it would serve to divert her mind from herself."

And thus Miss Mathews, in interesting herself for others, for a little time, and almost forgot her own disappointment, and without saying anything to Ida of her own frustrated plans went to her home. This was two or three cosy rooms where she and Tommy kept house together and had a home to themselves.

Ida, however, had noted the discouraged look upon her teacher's face, and noted also, the faltering voice, though she had been silent as to her own disappointment.

"There is more at the bottom of this," thought Ida, "than Miss Mathews tells. She does not parade her affairs, but yet I am sure that the losing of Emma's tuition fee, as well as one of her best pupils, is more than ordinary disappointment to her now. And it must be, for Tommy has been disabled so long it is of course harder for her to get along. I wonder if there is any thing I can do to help untangle these many crossed purposes of others."

"Papa," said Ida, a day or two after the conversation with Miss Mathews, "I am wondering about how much you were intending to spend for me for holiday presents this year."

"That is a pretty question to ask," replied her father, playfully, "as if Santa Claus was going to reveal his secrets."

"But, papa, I have something on my mind now, and if you could let me have the money—a few dollars—for another purpose, would you be willing to do so?"

"What! and cheat good old Saint Nicholas out of his generous purposes, and have him get the name of slighting my beloved daughter?"

"No, everybody shall know that I have had my present beforehand of my own choosing; but really, papa, if you only knew how glad I will be to use the money now in another way, you would gratify me, and you shall in good time know all about it. And remember you are not to give me the intended present besides the money, for then my little self-sacrifice would be no satisfaction to me," concluded Ida.

"Well, as you say," replied her indulgent father, "only be sure you are not taken in by your kind intentions, whatever they may be."

So it was settled for Ida.

Then in a mysterious way the money was sent to Mrs. Wilson, to be presented to Emma for her music lessons another term, as from Saint Nicholas, and what rejoicing there was in the pleasant home for this fairy gift.

And of course Miss Mathews kept her pupil, while Ida also procured her a new one, and so Tommy had his printing press, and things brightened up more encouragingly in that home also, and Miss Mathews said she really felt ten years better than she did the week before.

And then Will Davis was able to buy the books he needed to go on with his lessons, and thus was encouraged to exert himself at his best in going on with his studies to fit him for his work.

And Susie Gale! of course Emma felt she could honestly give lessons now she was to go on taking them, and Susie enjoyed the pastime so much that her health began to improve, and with that her eyes were better, so before the year closed she was able to go to school again. Still she loved her music, and bids fair to become a proficient scholar, and, perhaps, in time, a teacher.

And Emma, by continuing her lessons, has been able to get other pupils, so that now she can pay her own tuition, and be no farther dependent upon her mother on that score.

"Only think, papa," said Ida, after she had learned all these plans which had been carried out by her self-sacrifice, "only think how many links, one after another, depended on those few dollars, and how many people have been not only made happy, but really benefited by that one tuition fee! Ah! have I been taken in this time by choosing my own present?"

"And no knowing," she continued, "how many more may have been, indirectly, benefited by so little a thing, and if it be not wise to give thoughtlessly, yet when this so pressed on my mind I could not rest until an effort was made to connect some of these disjointed links."

AUNT PATTY WRITES.

I say that when a woman does her very level best to please her husband it is his business to look pleased whether he is or not. And when a husband tries to please the wife of his bosom it is her solemn duty to seem tickled half to death, no matter what her real feelings are.

Dear me! The number of times I've been sorry for husbands and wives who have tried, honestly tried, to please their partners, and have failed. Now, it is no laughing matter, and if I am treating the subject rather lightly, you must all look very solemn over it, and see how much of it applies to certain little shortcomings of your own. No, it is not a laughing matter. I can this moment recall some real pathetic little incidents that really touched my heart, and my heart isn't the tenderest one in the world either.

Now I went over to Mary Barker's to spend last Saturday afternoon. Mary is one of those cheery, bustling, helpful little souls who are always doing something for somebody's pleasure and good, and always worrying because they can't do more. I've often thought to myself that Harry Barker didn't have a realizing sense of the blessing he has in that bright little wife of his. Not that Harry is a bad sort of a fellow. Mercy, no! He's really above the average. But then he's in business, and these young business men do have their trials and vexations and worryments. But Harry Barker isn't going to get off on that score. He's young and strong and doing well, and he's no business bringing his blue looks and his cares home to a woman like Mary. I'll warrant she don't run to him with all her cares, nor with half of them.

Well, when I was over there last, Mary spent half the afternoon doing things "to please Harry." I kept watching her over the tops of my specs, and thinking to myself that if Harry wasn't pleased I'd—I'd—well, I'd just speak to him about it, for I'm his own aunt, and I've boxed his

ears many a time, and may do it again if he don't behave himself.

He came home, and I could see by the way he kicked the gate to, and the little bang he gave the door that he was tired and cross. Mary ran out to meet him. I heard her kiss him. There wasn't but just one smack, and I knew that was Mary's and I knew by her sort of sorry look that Harry Barker hadn't kissed her back, and I'm ashamed of him for it, after she'd spent a solid hour dressing just to suit him.

"See," said Mary, as they came in, "I have on my dark blue cashmere."

"Humph! ah, so you have."

The wretch of a man!

"Why, yes," went on Mary, "I know it's real extravagant in me to wear it common, but you like it so, Harry."

"O, yes, so I do," said Harry, as cool as a cucumber, and I felt like saying, "Harry Barker, come here and get your ears slapped."

Then we went out to tea. Now Harry likes strawberry tarts better than any thing else, and Mary had worked hard that hot afternoon making some very nice ones.

"Here's your favorite dish, dear," she said, as she passed them to him.

"Yes, but they are a little bit burnt around the edges," he said.

Mary looked so hurt! "I'm so sorry," she said, "I tried to have them real nice, but here is some of the egg salad you like so much."

Harry sniffed of it. "The eggs in it are not real fresh. Don't think I want any," he said.

As true as I live if I'd been in his place and my wife had spent nearly an hour fixing me up an egg salad, I'd have eaten it if the eggs had not been fresh!

"I'm so sorry," says Mary, with a little quiver of her lip. "Well, dear," she said rather soberly, "the rolls are light and warm, just as you like them."

"I hope they're not made of that Iowa flour," says Harry.

"Why, yes, dear, they are."

"Then they can't be very good, but of course it isn't your fault," he added, seeming for a second to understand what a villain he was.

"Well, Harry, dear," said Mary, so soberly and so sorrowfully, "the tea surely will please you, and I'll get you any thing else, you'd like if I can."

Harry sipped his tea a moment and then put down his cup. "I'd like a glass of milk," he said, "there is too much black tea in this. The grocer hasn't mixed it well."

Then Mary made a pretence of going into the pantry for something, and from where I sat I could see her wiping her eyes on a corner of the pretty white apron she wore, an apron I've seen Harry Barker gush and rhapsodize over, because Mary had it on when he proposed to her.

Just then there came a ring at the door, and Mary had to go into the parlor. I was glad of it. I'd been aching for some thing of the kind to happen. I shut the door after her, and then I says:

"Harry Barker!"

"Well, Aunt Patty?"

"How would you like for me to box your ears?" says I.

"You box pretty hard," he says.

"But none too hard for a scamp like you. Look there!"

Mary had put a dainty little bouquet of pansies and scarlet geraniums on Harry's plate, and he had coolly brushed them to one side without a word, or hardly a look at them.

Well, if he didn't get one good talking too! I can't remember half I said. May be you can guess part of it. Harry always had a soft place in his heart for his Aunt Patty, and he listened quiet enough to me. Of course he had a heart. Most

men have, even the crossiest of them. The thing of it is to touch them.

Well, when Mary came back, Harry had her little bouquet of flowers stuck in his button-hole, and was as sweet as sorghum taffy.

"How nice these tarts are," he says, kind of sheepish like. "This one don't seem to taste a bit like the other one."

Mary opened her big blue eyes wide enough. Then she jumped up and had her arms around Harry's neck in about a second, and—O, well, they acted so silly I up and put on my bonnet and shawl and came home.

AUNT PATTY.

ONE YEAR'S NUMBERS.

THE HOUSEHOLD began its monthly visits to our home, one year ago, but not as a new acquaintance, for it had been known and loved for many years in my girlhood home.

I survey the numbers before me with regretful eyes, as I notice the stains and tattered places here and there, but when I reflect upon the good they have done to us and our neighbors, and upon the many times they have been looked over, I view these places as signs of honorable service, and am proud of my HOUSEHOLD after all.

Let us look them over. In the November number we find the familiar signature of Rosamond E., and wonder if she has continued to puzzle people with her unheard-of excellencies as she did years ago. A well thumbed page in this number contains Uhlma's rules for serving tomatoes, and this page pricked full of little holes is where our invalid friend got the patterns for the crocheted sacks, and the pretty laces that she knits. She can work only a few moments at a time, and I told her to stick a pin where she left off, to save her poor, weak eyes the trouble of hunting the place every time.

In the December number we smile again at Ruth Robertson's "Hash," and re-read "Nellie Crawford's Strategy," that we may tell it better to our little boys, with whom it is a prime favorite. We can only glance at Helen Herbert's article on Emerson, and peep with Marjorie March into Shakespeare's home, then must pass on.

In the January number is the first of Lorraine's delightful Florida letters, and we are very grateful to Grandma H. for the many good things in her short letter. That chow-chow recipe is excellent.

Here is a big grease spot on page 45, in the February number. I don't suppose Emily Hayes ever had her dining room floor disgraced by one so large, but I hope she will pardon this stain on her "Dining Room Notes," when I say that these recipes were all tried and all good. The dumplings and the parsnip stew in another number, were standard dishes as long as our parsnips lasted.

What shall we note among the good things that came to us in March? Oh, here is Allie E. Whittaker's article on "Refreshments," so bright and so instructive, and the tragic history of John's churning. Then we peep into that "cozy little dug-out," in Carbon, Wyoming, and hope that Shirley has still the brave spirit that illumines every line of her little note. Then we fly away to Rio Janeiro and visit Missionary's Wife and send to her a kind wish, and for her a prayer to Him who "regards not distances" like these.

"Sunny, cloudy April" brought us "Some Early Blossoms," from Leslie Raynor, and a bunch of "Texas Wild Flowers" from Elsie that were highly appreciated. We still refer to "Hints for Spring Dress-making," finding them equally helpful in summer, autumn and winter.

I said a year's numbers were here, but May and June are missing. They were

lent to a friend who is now seeking health in Colorado and New Mexico. In the hurry of preparation she forgot to return them. But a note of apology speaks of the pleasure they had given her, and I hope to see them and her sweet face when the winter is gone again.

We all enjoyed a lively ride with A Georgia Girl in July, then spent an hour with Texas in her lovely village home. We went to Texas again in August with Jael Vee. We were so interested in her account of the founding of a home, especially so, as we, too, are thinking of "striking out" ere long. May our experience be as pleasant as hers is interesting!

In September we visited Florida, from thence went to the wonderful Mariposa Grove with Witch Hazel, enjoyed the picnic in Washington Territory with Shad-dah, ate some excellent "Sweet Cream Cookies," with Mrs. Black, of Wisconsin, and a dish of ice cream prepared by Mrs. A. I. L., of Minnesota.

In the October number, we will only glance at pages 294 and 295 which contain so much. The comforting little poem, "Now and Afterward," has lightened to-day's burdens. The other articles have so many beautiful quotations.

And now, having noted only a few items in each number, do you not realize more than ever what a friend THE HOUSEHOLD is? And we have not even mentioned Dr. Hanaford's "Replies," Helen Herbert's many excellent articles, or those by Anna Holyoke Howard!

Thanks to each and all, even those who have contributed but a single recipe or suggestion. Long may THE HOUSEHOLD flourish!

HIBERNIA.

Iowa.

A WORD TO FATHERS.

So much has been written upon the influence of our homes that it seems a worn-out subject. From the school girl's first effort on "Home, Sweet Home," to the more elaborate essay it has long been discussed. In homes blessed with children it is a subject well worth our earnest consideration. Not long since a speaker in a village prayer meeting was discussing a mother's influence over her children, and he eloquently depicted how the faithful, praying mother might lead the wayward son in virtue's paths, how often her prayers and instructions were remembered long years afterward, and the wanderer reclaimed through their influence.

This was all very true, but the speaker easily shifted all the responsibility on the weak shoulders of the mothers, and all the meek sisters bowed in acknowledgement, and all the brethren settled themselves more comfortably, happy to have the load so easily lifted from their broad shoulders.

I would not for a moment depreciate the influence of the mother in her home, but I have yet to learn that fathers are taken into account in the rearing of their children. In these days of new fashions I suppose it is out of vogue for them to train a child in the way he should go.

This order of things may do for the girls who are more under the care of the mother, but what of the boys, those miniature men, who seem born with an innate desire to do just as papa does; who so early imagine that mamma is all well enough in her place; good to give them something nice to eat, comfort and care for them when sick, weary or in trouble, but then she is only a woman after all?

I am not speaking now of the model child, but of the ordinary boy "who rushes into the house like a small whirlwind, who can never sit still five minutes at a time, who is sent out of doors to be rid of when mamma has company." This boy is sure to make either a very good or

a very bad man, and which it shall be depends on the father more than he may imagine. If the father indulges in his favorite cigar, takes his occasional glass, spends his evenings in the bar room, and allows vulgarity and profanity to escape his lips, can he reasonably expect the son to be free from these vices? Can the mother, with any show of reason, teach the boy that what papa does is wrong?

I have in mind now, the actual experience of a lady in this matter. The father only occasionally smoked, and one day coming in with a bunch of cigars, lighted one and went out on the veranda to enjoy a social smoke with a friend. The oldest little boy, seeing the cigars, said "Oh, mamma, can't I smoke? Papa does and I want to."

"Certainly," said the mother. "I will light one and you may go out and smoke with papa."

The two younger boys followed suit, and soon all three little ones were seated before the astonished father, puffing away at the cigars. When he fully realized the situation, this wise but careless father said, "Now, boys, this is a bad habit, and I will throw away my cigar, if you will yours, and we will never touch them again."

If all fathers would follow this example, it would rid many a growing boy of an injurious and filthy habit. But all fathers will not make this sacrifice for the sake of the little men growing up about them, and many a faithful mother must toil alone.

She has ample opportunity to sow the good seed in childhood and early youth. One has wisely said, "Give me the first ten years of a child's life, and you may have all the rest." Bear patiently with the restless, questioning little ones. Trust them to God, and by His help, carefully, prayerfully lead them in the narrow way, and glorious will be the reward, to enter the pearly gates with our treasures, brought up through great tribulation, having their robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb.

GUIDA.

A FEW WORDS TO THE BAND.

"I have been confined to my bed for four years in an almost helpless condition. I cannot write a letter myself, and I cannot often get any one to write for me. Mother is worse off than I am, and we have no one to do any thing for us but poor old father. Do write me a letter, Aunt Olive, for I am very lonely and sometimes quite discouraged." This sad message came to me from one of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD whose home is far west of the Mississippi river.

Poor, sick sister! Who can wonder that she is sad and lonely? Days, months and years, roll by, and still she lies on her couch in weariness and pain—a sick mother near by, and no one to smooth their pillows, or prepare food for their delicate appetites but "poor old father."

Think of it, dear sisters, and compare her lot with yours. Perhaps some of you are discontented. Your surroundings are not congenial to your taste, and you have to economize in many ways. You cannot go to high priced lectures and costly entertainments, so you stay at home and brood over your privations until you get blue and decidedly miserable. Well, my dears, you have plenty of company in the vale of discontent, but if you could go and see our dear young sister, away out there in a new country, suffering through painful days and sleepless nights, and for long years, never once walking out into God's glorious, health-giving sunshine, to enjoy the beauties of nature, and with no one to minister to her wants but her old father, it might help you.

Some of you have large families. Their

wants are many and you get no time to rest. You are often perplexed beyond measure, and weary in body and mind. Still, if your children are alive and well, you have cause for thankfulness. Can you realize how desolate your home would be if they were taken away? A few miles from where I am writing there was once a family of five young children. Diphtheria entered that home, and in one week every child was gone! How still and empty that house must have seemed to those bereaved parents. If some impatient mothers who wish they "had not a child in the world," could have visited that empty house, and witnessed the anguish of that stricken mother, they might have gone home and gathered their troublesome children in their arms, and with full hearts have thanked God for the blessed privilege of caring and toiling for them awhile longer. When we are blue and disheartened, it is well for us to visit those who are more unfortunate than ourselves. I have tried that remedy and know its efficacy. It takes our mind from our own perplexities, by drawing out our sympathies to those whose burdens are heavier than our own. It is only through trials that we can learn how to be useful. Unless we have been burdened and afflicted we know not how to sympathize with others.

Even Christ was tempted and permitted to suffer that he might know how to succor those who are tempted, and sympathize with, and comfort the afflicted. If we have suffered poverty, disappointment, loss or sorrow of any kind, we know how deep the arrows of affliction pierce, and we know also the worth of kind words and deeds from sympathizing friends. If we will turn from our own trials, whether real or fancied, and seek by word and deed to lift up the bowed down, and cheer the sad and lonely ones, we shall be as much blessed in comforting, as they are in being comforted. Aye, more, for "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The new year is fast approaching. Let us all try in 1886 to comfort aching hearts and help the weary ones bear their heavy burdens.

God bless you, sisters, and give you patience, charity and contentment, for a contented mind is a continual feast.

OLIVE OLDSTYLE.

TRIED HER OWN REMEDY.

A lady overheard her nurse girl talking to the little child she was putting to sleep, and among other legends of the nursery in which she indulged was this:

"If you don't go right to sleep this very minute, a great, big, awful black bear, with eyes like coals of fire, and sharp, white, cruel teeth, will come out from under the bed and e-a-t-y-o-u-a-l-l-u-p!" The poor little thing nestled down under the clothes to dream of horrid bears eating her up.

That night when the stolid nurse had composed herself in her own comfortable bed and had put the lamp out, there came a sudden rap at the door and the voice of the mistress called loudly through the panels:

"Maggie! Maggie! get up as quick as you can! There's a burglar under your bed."

At the word burglar the girl sprang screaming from the bed, tore open the door and fell in hysterics into the hall. The lesson was more instructive than the mistress designed, but when the girl's fears had calmed she said to her, "You did not hesitate to tell my little, delicate child, who could not possibly know that it was a lie, a cruel story of a bear under her bed; now, when I treat you to the same kind of a story, you are nearly frightened to death; to-morrow you can

go into the kitchen and work there; you are not fit to care for little children."

How many children there are who, every night of their lives, are frightened in this way.—*Exchange.*

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:—I received yesterday a package of Dobbins' Electric Soap from Mr. A. Stillings, one of our grocers, but it was no new thing to me, for I have been using the same soap for more than ten years. A man that said he lived in Portland, left a small box of shaved soap at our store with directions for use, saying it was a new article just come into the market, and wished me to try it. I did so and liked it so well my husband sent to Boston and got a box and I have constantly used it ever since, and always shall as long as I can get it, and it has always been kept in our store ever since, and I never fail to give it due praise when I have an opportunity, for it is to me the par excellence of all soap I have ever used, and if I had saved all the wrappers I have taken from the bars I have used, I could send Messrs. Cragin & Co., a host of them, but thinking they were of no use, they shared the fate of other waste paper, until I saw your notice in the paper of exchanging them for cards, since then I have saved them. The latest premium seems to be a panel picture, and I now send parts of twenty-five wrappers to Philadelphia, hoping in return I shall receive "Le Roman Noveau." Yours respectfully, Mrs. J. F. BROWNE. Ossipee, N. H.

Mr. GEO. E. CROWELL:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for years, and always buy it by the box, but my grocer did not have a full box at this time. I can cheerfully say that we have used all the different kinds of soap and washing fluids that we ever heard or read of, but none cleanse all kinds of garments from the softest silk and linen to the coarsest wool and cotton, with as little labor, and leave them in as desirable condition as Dobbins' Electric Soap. No yellowing bleached muslin and linen and—but, to cut the matter short, I would feel like breaking up housekeeping if I could not get Dobbins' Soap. Before I used this soap, it was this washing machine was so hard on the clothes and took about as much labor as the board, then it was a new one, or this washing fluid was so injurious "it eat dirt, clothes and all up," and then to the drug store for a new preparation, and so on until we commenced using your soap. Now I hardly know when wash day comes. The clothes are put to soak in the morning early, and by the time breakfast is over, they are ready for washing, which only requires a very little rubbing at the wristbands, etc., where there is most dirt. I am so sanguine that I feel satisfied that to know of this soap by any intelligent person, is to use it. Respectfully, A. H. ARTHURHOLT. Warren, Ohio.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used your Electric Soap nearly five years with the most perfect success. In it I find a great saving of time, labor and clothing, and I consider it one of the greatest helps a woman can have in her washing. Yours with respect, Mrs. M. C. INGLEHART. Collinwood, Cuyahoga, Co., Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Allow me to add

that the soap is far superior to any I ever tried, and its effect is almost marvelous, if any thing exceeding what you claim for it. Respectfully, Mrs. JENNIE SUMMERS. 905 West 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—Ed.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 75,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

Will Rosamond E., kindly send her address to Mrs. JOHN GAMAGE. Box 1819, San Francisco, Cal.

Will Clara Armstrong who wrote about Silk Culture in the October number, kindly send her address to these ladies: Mrs. B. L. Saunier, Libertyville, Lake Co., Ill., Mrs. A. R. Smith, Littleton, N. H., and Mrs. J. F. Brazelle, box 5, California, Washington Co., Pa.?

Mrs. Eunice W. Luckey, Princeville, Oregon, desires a copy of Scribner's magazine for November, 1879. Will some one having such a number to spare please write and state what is required in exchange for it? If cash, how much?

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD, living in Hartford, Conn., or towns adjacent, kindly send their address to MERCY K. BROWN. 223 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Lorraine in October number please send her address to Mrs. A. H. TABER. East Ave., Cor. Howell St., Providence, R. I.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am very anxious to procure the November number for 1881 of St. Nicholas. If some reader who has one to dispose of will send postal stating price she will greatly oblige, NEILLIE G. SQUIER. Grand Haven, Mich.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the readers of your valuable paper to favor me with their postal autographs, a verse or quotation. I will return the favor if desired. Mrs. F. A. MERRITT. Beebeetown, Harrison Co., Iowa.

"INDUCING PHYSICIANS NOT TO PRESCRIBE ALCOHOLICS."

The above was the title of a paper read before the National Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union on November 2d, 1885, in Association Hall, Philadelphia. It may therefore please the members of that splendid organization to know of the great—wonderful—success of a new treatment of disease which entirely supersedes the necessity of alcoholics. For sixteen years the "Compound Oxygen Treatment" of Drs. Starkey & Palen has been used successfully in the cure of various forms of chronic maladies, and in no case has the use of alcoholics been a necessity. From every one of the States and Territories from which the delegates in that Convention came have come testimonials from patients to the wonderful effectiveness of this new remedy in curing them. Some of them speak of the removal of a desire for stimulants, and in a few cases the entire release from bondage to morphine has been one of the results.

In the use of the Compound Oxygen the patient takes Nature's simple plan and follows it. Let us see what that plan is: When the life-blood has made the circuit of the arteries and veins—before re-entering the heart, to be started on its circuit anew—it spreads over the surface of the air-cells of the lungs, a surface great-

er in area than the entire exterior covering of the body. Here the air inhaled by the lungs meets it, changing its color to crimson, and imparting to it new vitality.

Here kindly Nature has been ever a Healer and Repairer; here modern science finds the proper place to help Nature in the most effective way. Taking the fact that the usual proportions of the mixture of the elements of the atmosphere are the proportions exactly adapted to the needs of the average man in health, and seeing that an extra effort is needed for the sick to repair the waste of vital force in the blood, a different proportion is made in a mixture of the atmospheric elements—a lesser quantity of Nitrogen is put with a larger portion of Oxygen. When this "Compound Oxygen" is used, the blood enters the heart with increased vitality. That organ receives a portion of that vitality from the blood in its passage, and sends it forth with more force and less wear to itself; the vital currents leave on their circuit new deposits of vital force in every cell of tissue over which they pass, and return again to the lungs for a new supply. This simple story is the rational explanation of the greatest advance that medical science has yet made.

"The Compound Oxygen Treatment," of Drs. Starkey & Palen is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is carried by express to every portion of the country—indeed, it is sent all over the world.

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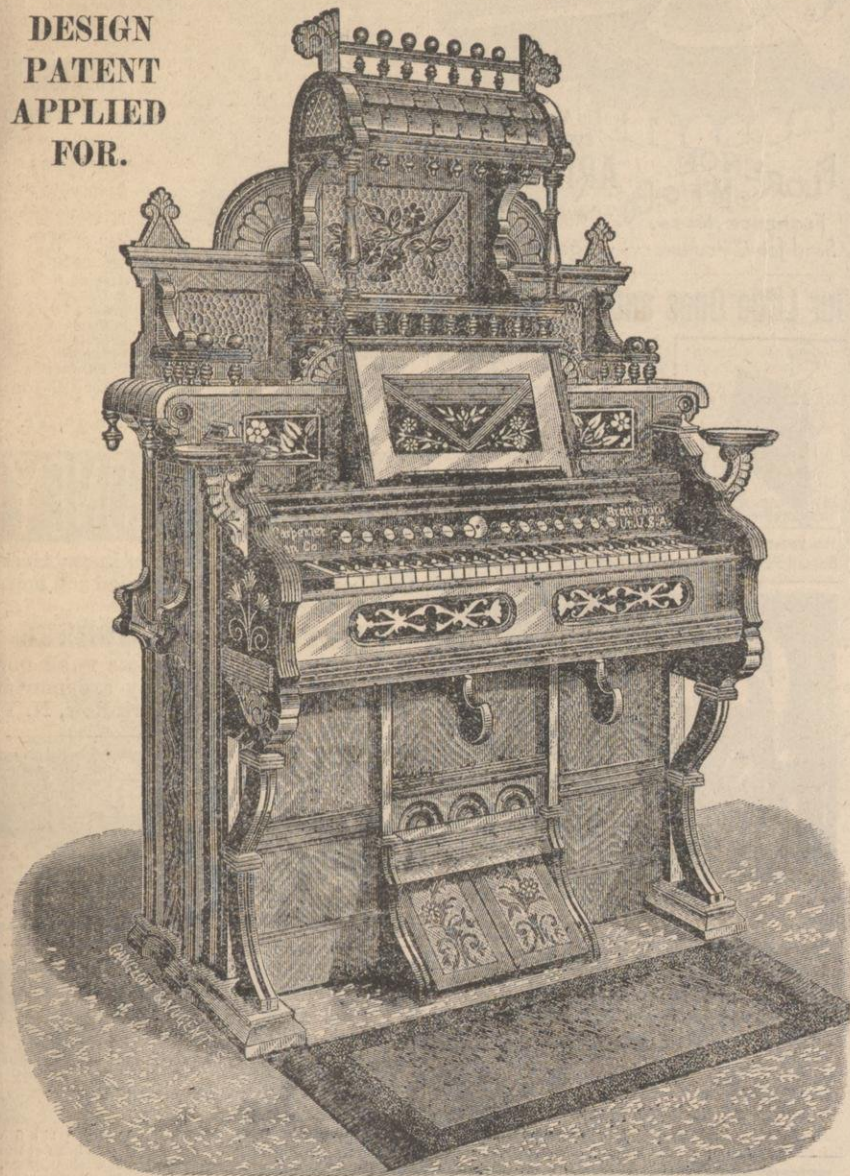


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We have heretofore sold the Celebrated Carpenter Organ Action, containing all the patented improvements, to other manufacturers for use in their organs. The great popularity of our Actions, and the knowledge of the public generally that they were used by certain makers, has led unprincipled agents to grossly impose upon unsuspecting purchasers by representing that organs of inferior make contained the "Carpenter Action," thereby effecting sales on the merits and reputation of our Action, when in reality, the purchaser got an article entirely inferior to our make. Under these circumstances we have withdrawn the sale of our Celebrated Actions from the market, and they can now be had only in the complete organs manufactured by us.

We desire to interest every subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD in the "Carpenter Organ," and will make it an object for them to work for us. In localities where we have no established agent we will sell direct at wholesale prices.

Our beautiful new Catalogue is now ready and will be sent free to any address.

We refer, by permission, to the Editor of THE HOUSEHOLD.

E. P. CARPENTER COMPANY,
Brattleboro, Vermont, U. S. A.

When writing this Company mention THE HOUSEHOLD.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. E. C. Harrington, Moosup Valley, R. I., will exchange tuberose bulbs, this year's growth, for blocks for household quilt, ten inches square.

Mrs. F. F. Knight, box 68, Madison, Lake Co., D. T., will exchange "His Sinner's Rival," by E. P. Roe, for book of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. E. J. Booker, Lisbon Center, Me., will exchange ad. cards, for natural history books or specimens.

Mrs. H. W. Sears, 91 Munjoy St., Portland, Me., will exchange 21 squares crazy patchwork, 7 inches square for any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. V. A. Menuez, Lansing, Kan., will exchange "Hugh Worthington," by Mrs. Holmes, for copies of THE HOUSEHOLD. Write first.

Mrs. Whitney, Monroe, Tenn., has choice flower seeds to exchange for scraps for crazy quilt, either silk or velvet.

Carrie Russell, Hillsdale, Mich., will exchange "Amos' Mastery of the Pen," for any year of THE HOUSEHOLD except 1880.

Mrs. Ella M. Richmond, Keuka, Putnam Co., Fla., will exchange "A Country Doctor," by Miss Jewett, for books by Miss Mulock, E. P. Roe, or Mrs. Whitney. Write first.

Carrie E. Lovett, 1311, 16th Ave., East Oakland, Cal., will exchange music for bulbs of autumn crocus, ixia, or scylla. Write first.

Mrs. C. G. Richards, 99 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass., wishes to exchange a large lot of new music for books.

Mrs. Geo. G. Andrews, Hudson, N. H., has an Eb cornet, also stock of oil paints and brushes to exchange for books. Write first.

Miss E. O. Davis, Chester, Vt., will do embroidery, crocheting, or other fancy work, in exchange for books, or any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. Eliza B. Moore, East Weare, N. H., will exchange sea shells, curiosities, tulip bulbs, and gladioli, for fancy work, or silk and velvet for crazy quilt.

Mrs. S. Sieben, Walla Walla, Washington Terr., will exchange Youth's Companion for 1885 for any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Kate S. Briggs, West Macedon, N. Y., will exchange Dorcas Magazine and Demorest for '85, and cinnamon vine roots for something useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. A. L. Jenne, 26 Cass St. Springfield, Mass., will exchange Peterson's Magazine for '85, for a pair of canaries. Write first.

Mrs. N. I. Tibbetts, Correctionville, Iowa, will exchange new sheet music, instrumental and vocal, for other music. Write first.

Mrs. L. W. Gibson, Lake Side, Berrien Co., Mich., will exchange magazines, calla bulbs, and slips of plants, for wall brackets and darned lace apron.

Ella Richards, Burchard, Neb., will exchange 500 silk worm eggs, for silk, satin, or velvet pieces, equal to one foot square, or 1,000 eggs for standard magazines. Write first.

Mrs. A. L. Stickney Brattleboro, Vt., has Seaside books to exchange for the same.

Mrs. T. W. Sayker, San Jose, Cal., will exchange Chinese pagoda, and other patterns, for HOUSEHOLDS previous to '85, or prints size of postal card. Write first.

Miss Minnie A. Ware, East Harrisville, N. H., will exchange Shakespeare, Milton and Meredith's poems, for other books or any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. J. H. Bulger, Twin Bridges, Madison Co., Mon., will exchange "Jack" rabbits' ears, mounted or not, for silks, velvets and plush for crazy quilt. Write first.

Rosie Gould, Heath, Mass., will crochet hoods, mittens, tidies, trimmings, etc., (if material for work is sent,) for any thing useful, material for fancy work, etc. Write first.

Emma D. Carlisle, Hampshire, Kane Co., Ill., will exchange Taylor's system for cutting dresses, also some art material and small painted articles, for something of equal value.

Mrs. Geo. W. Shelton, Sherman, Albany Co., Wyo., will exchange Home Magazine and Ill. Library, for a good book, also hand painting, for something useful or ornamental.

E. D. Moore, box 1386, Fitchburg, Mass., will exchange a prize Holly scroll saw, but little used, with patterns, for any thing of equal value.

E. G. Ward, box 219, Three Rivers, Palmer, Mass., will exchange U. S. and foreign coins, Chinese chopsticks, Indian relics, etc., for Harper's, Scribner's, Century, coins, and Indian relics.

Mrs. F. B. Jacobs, Albany, Texas, will exchange sheet music, petrified mesquite wood, or crazy work scraps, for stereoscope, or views, or HOUSEHOLDS for '85. Write first.

Mrs. S. Jewett, Marysville, Yuba Co., Cal., will exchange petrified wood, or confederate money, for Indian relics, large or small, stone or bronze ages. Describe particularly where found.

Mrs. S. J. Harrison, Lanark, Carroll Co., Ill., will exchange sheet music, for Emily Hayes' cook book, "Dining Room Notes." Write first.

P. Gardner, Abbeyville, Medina Co., Ohio, will exchange the "Lime-kiln Club," by M. Quad, for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or Godey's any year. Write first.

Mary Lamborn, Yates Center, Kans., will exchange stereoscopic views, for good bulbs of gladioli, that will bloom next year. Write first.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

Kiss me, darling, for your breath is
Just as sweet as new-mown hay;
Kiss me, darling, for your teeth are
Free from tartar or decay;
Kiss me, darling, for you won't
Forget me or your SOZODONT.

The Atmosphere of Love

Is a pure, sweet breath. This desideratum is one of the results of using SOZODONT, which not only invigorates and preserves the teeth, but renders the mouth as fragrant as a rose.

—Mike—"An' what are ye diggin' out that hole for, Pat?" Pat—"Arrah, an' it's not the hole I'm after diggin' out! I'm diggin' the dirt out and lavin' the hole."

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites,
For Pulmonary Troubles.

T. J. McFall, M. D., Anderson, S. C., says: "I consider Scott's Emulsion one of the best preparations in the market for Pulmonary troubles. I have used it in my practice since 1876, and am well satisfied with it."

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.00. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

"Cleanliness next to Godliness."

Having used the "Welcome Soap" for nearly ten years, I very cheerfully recommend it to the "HOUSEHOLD SISTERS," as being excellent. The clothes have an unusual whiteness, while the hands are soft and smooth.

MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Halford Sauce makes your food more nutritious.

—In a case of sickness a few days ago in a town not far from the "Hub," a Mr. Herring was asked to call a Dr. Haddock to go and see a Mr. Trout. Fishy but true.

Sir James Paget, President British Medical Association, says that 70,000 deaths are annually caused by nervous diseases in England, and that there is no more powerful and effectual nervous tonic than Liebig's Co's Coca Beef Tonic, is evidenced by the emphatic testimony of the most eminent physicians. For malaria, debility, sick headache, dyspepsia, monthly suffering and biliousness it is incomparable.

—If bad temper were a fever there wouldn't be hospitals enough to hold us all.

We call the attention of our lady readers to the advertisement in our columns of JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE, for laundry and kitchen purposes. An article so popular and widely circulated, must possess merits that commend it to the favor of housekeepers.

—An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

We call the especial attention of the boys and girls (and their parents) to the advertisement of Ephraim Brown in this issue. The joyful news there given will have a peculiar interest to old and young about these days.

Halford Sauce the most delicious relish.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fees, etc.

HOW TO DISAPPOINT A BALKY HORSE.

A Leominster farmer recently broke his horse of a "balky" freak in a very quiet and, as he claims, not a cruel manner. His horse is in excellent flesh, and shows no signs of neglect on the part of his master. He drove him, attached to a rack wagon, to the wood-lot for a small load of wood. The animal would not pull a pound. He did not beat him with a club, but tied him to a tree and "let him stand." He went to the lot at sunset and asked him to draw, but he would not straighten a "tug." "I made up my mind," said the farmer, "when that horse went to the barn he would take that load of wood. The night was not cold. I went to the barn, got blankets and covered the horse warm, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down and he was probably hungry and lonesome. He drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I returned, got another load before I fed him. I then rewarded him with a good dinner, which he eagerly devoured. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but soon as he saw me start for the house he started after me with the load. A horse becomes lonesome and discontented when left alone, as much so as a person, and I claim this method, if rightly used, is far less cruel and is better for both horse and man than to beat the animal with a club.—*Fitchburg Sentinel.*

EMPLOYING A FLY.

Flies are most useful scavengers, for they destroy much matter which is injurious to man. They lay their eggs in decaying animal substances, and these hatch out in a very short time. The young flies begin to eat as soon as they are hatched, and soon eat up the decayed matter. It is said that the progeny of two blue bottle flies will eat up a dead horse more quickly than one lion could perform the task.

Flies have a wonderful scent. If a piece of decayed meat is placed in an open place where there are no flies, it will not be long before a troop of flies will be crawling over it. An ingenious man once made a fly serve him.

A poisoned rat had crawled under the floor of a gentleman's dining room, and died there. The room, which had been fitted up at great expense, became uninhabitable, and workmen were called in to remove the flooring.

But one of them suggested that if a blue-bottle fly should be turned into the room, it would find the exact spot where the dead rat was lying. The fly, being caught and turned in, buzzed about the room for some time. At last it alighted upon a certain spot on the floor, and remained there.

"There's where your dead rat is!" the workman said. A single board was removed, and the rat was exposed to view. The fly had scented the body through the crack in the floor.—*Youth's Companion.*

—If the children ask how Santa Claus got down the chimney, tell them he flue down in his winter soot.

—A little Brooklynite, on hearing her father read Mexican history about Santa Anna, suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, papa, is Santa Anna the wife of Santa Claus!"

—The following is a copy of a letter sent to a gentleman by an insurance agent: "Dear Sir,—I hope to give you a call tomorrow or Wednesday on my way to—, and shall be delighted to take your life."

—A Newport lady keeps a looking-glass in her nursery for discipline. When one of the babies gets in a tantrum, she is led up to the glass and shown her distorted visage. She becomes so interested that she forgets to cry.

THE TWO NOTED MINSTRELS.

WHO HAVE WON FORTUNES AND WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT STAGE LIFE.

From Stage Whispers.

"Billy" Emerson has recently made a phenomenal success in Australia, and is rich.

Emerson was born at Belfast in 1846. He began his career with Joe Sweeney's minstrels in Washington in 1857. Later on he jumped into prominence in connection with Newcomb's minstrels with whom he visited Germany. He visited Australia in 1874 and on his return to America joined Haverley's minstrels in San Francisco at \$500 a week and expenses. With this he troupe played before her majesty, the queen, the Prince of Wales, and royalty generally. After this trip he leased the Standard theatre, San Francisco, where for three years he did the largest business ever known to minstrelsy. In April last he went to Australia again, where he has "beaten the record."

"Billy" is a very handsome fellow, an excellent singer, dances gracefully, and is a true humorist.

"Yes, sir, I have traveled all over the world, have met all sorts of people, come in contact with all sorts of customs, and had all sorts of experiences. One must have a constitution like a locomotive to stand it."

"Yes, I know I seem to bear it like a major and I do, but I tell you candidly that with the perpetual change of diet, water and climate, if I had not maintained my vigor with regular use of Warner's safe cure I should have gone under long ago."

George H. Primrose, whose name is known in every amusement circle in America, is even more emphatic, if possible, than "Billy" Emerson, in commendation of the same article to sporting and traveling men generally, among whom it is a great favorite.

Emerson has grown rich on the boards and so has Primrose, because they have not squandered the public's "favors."



A SELF-RAISING MIXTURE of the choicest RYE and INDIAN MEALS.

READY FOR THE OVEN IN TWO MINUTES.

Makes a light, rich loaf of old-fashioned BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

Requires no skill to prepare, and NEVER FAILS.

Its success has brought out numerous imitations.

Every package of the ORIGINAL bears the name "F. M. Holmes, Boston, Mass."

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Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 120 pages, 600 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting all varieties of VEGETABLE and FLOWER SEEDS, BULBS, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Michigan.



Our Little Ones and the Nursery.

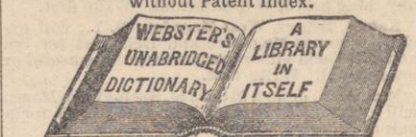
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of TRANSFER PATTERNS. This Outfit contains an assortment of Riggs' Transfer Patterns, Briggs' CATALOGUE, a cloth-bound book of 196 pages, containing Hundreds of Illustrations of Transfer Patterns. Briggs' SHADE BOOK; this book gives a list of the Shades and Colors to use in working the Transfer Patterns. Briggs' SHADE CARDS; these Shade Cards show 290 Shades of Briggs' IMPORTED SILK and FLOSS, made specially for working the Transfer Patterns; and New Price List. This Outfit sent, postpaid, for 35 2c. Stamps. Briggs' Price List Free. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

20 All Hidden Name Cards, an elegant 48 page floral Autograph Album, 3 French Dolls with wardrobe of 32 pieces, and 200 New Scrap Pictures, all for 25 Cents. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.



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now ready, 12 for \$1.00; 50 for \$3.00; 100 for \$5.00.

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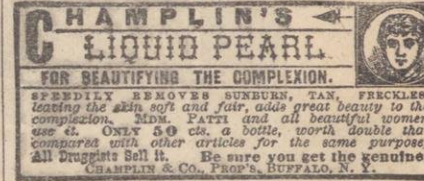
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SEED NOW READY: Verbena, Pansy, Double Daisy, Begonia, Calceolaria, Carnation, Centaurea, Cobea, Chrysanthemum, Coleus, Cineraria, Cyclamen, Gladioli, Geranium, Pyrethrum, Gloxinias, Hollyhock, Lobelia, Smilax, Petunia, Primrose, Geranium. Tomato, Cabbage, Cauliflower, etc. For California and Southern customers. Catalogues free. C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

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JUST WHAT YOU WANT. It will start a fire before you are out of bed, and sound an alarm at the same time. Go from a warm bed to a warm kitchen, office, or parlor. Price \$5.00 by express. Agents Wanted. AUTOMATIC FIRE KINDLING CO., BUCYRUS, O.

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The House Patent Scroll Saw, runs easy, cuts fast, and is a pleasure to use. You can decorate your walls with beautiful brackets, or sell the work and make money. Send 6c. for 36-page Illustrated Catalogue giving full description of Scroll Saws, New designs, etc. Address A. H. POMEROY, Sec. H., 216-220 Asylum St., Hartford, Ct.



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Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

100 NEW AND POPULAR SONGS
100 Selections for the Autograph Album, and my Great Catalogue of Books, Novelties, etc., sent free to all who send 4 cts. in stamps to pay mailing expenses. P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Maine.

144 SCRAP PICTURES, 15 Fancy Shape Cards, Name on, 10c., worth 25c. J. B. HUSTED, NASSAU, N. Y.

CARDS Sample book and full outfit and Lovely Xmas Card for 2c. stamp. Card Works, Northford, Ct.

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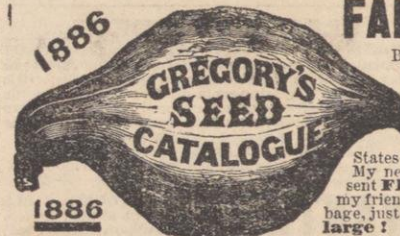
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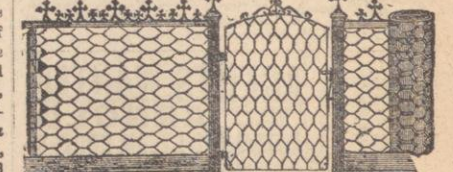
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HANDS AND FEET.

I went into a shop the other day to buy what the drapers call "gent's hose." A smiling young lady was behind the counter, and when I made an appeal to her to show me some socks, I was doubtful what course of action I ought to pursue in order to demonstrate to her the length of my foot. As I am not a burlesque writer, it was clear that I could not lay my boot on the counter and say, "with all my sole;" nor could I paraphrase Dibden's Jack Tar, when he spoke of the dancer who "so daintily handled her feet." The woman, however, speedily removed my first perplexity, though only to plunge me into another.

"Will you please to double up your fist and lay it on the counter?"

I replied that I did not want gloves, but socks.

"And I want to take your measure," she replied.

"But," I urged, "it is the measure of my foot that you require."

"Yes," she replied, "and I can get it equally as well from your hand. Once round your clenched fist at the knuckles, is the length of your foot."

And she took the measure of my fist, and I took the socks on the faith of the damsel's representation; and in due course I found that it was quite right and fitted me to a nicety.—*Curiosities of Shopping.*

—A few days ago, after a couple of esteemed citizens, who are close neighbors, had arranged to pass a few days with their families at a lake in Oakland county, one of them offered a wager of a box of cigars that he would catch the largest fish. The wager was promptly taken, and next day one of the gentlemen put in an appearance at a fish stand on the market and said to the dealer, "Have you got a fresh pickerel weighing about fifteen pounds?" "I have, sir." "Well, I want you to put him on ice and ship him to me at — Lake. I propose to catch him on a hook out there." "Very well, sir, I think I'll ship the two together." "The two?" "Yes sir. Mr. — (mentioning the other esteemed citizen) was here an hour ago and bought one weighing twenty pounds! It will take less ice to pack the two in the same box." The fish were paid for but the bet was declared off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Why, how do you do?" and there was a cordial but brief kissing season. "I haven't seen you for ever so long. You haven't called you know." "I know it. I don't go anywhere. Last week I was at the shore, next week I'm off to the mountains. September is so delightful, you know, and I'm over to sister's or up to mother's about every day, and so much shopping to do. I really don't go anywhere." And they smiled and said good by three times apiece.

—The editor of the Troy Telegram must have got a ducking of late, or he would not talk about the ladies in this way: "Clever young ladies at the seaside resorts have invented a new scheme for securing husbands. They go out boating with the man of their choice, contrive to upset the boat, and then grab him and save his life. The victim, in the first burst of gratitude and admiration, generally makes the desired proposal to his heroic preserver."

"Johnny, go up to bed now. It's after nine o'clock."

"You come, too, mother, and hold the light. I'm afraid."

"Why, child, what are you afraid of? You went up to bed many a time without light."

"But it wasn't when I had chapped lips, like I got now, and can't whistle any. I could whistle then."

—This conversation was overheard in a horse car in the days when curls were fashionable:

"Please Maria see if my curl is all right."

"Goodness gracious, Carrie, you haven't lost it have you?"

A general titter among the passengers was the result of the last loudly whispered remark, which cut the air with awful distinctness as the car came to a halt.

—While Gen. Lee's army was in winter quarters in Orange county, Va., only a limited number of furloughs were granted. A regimental band applied for a furlough, and the application was approved both by the colonel and the brigade commander; but, when it reached headquarters, the general sent it back with the following indorsement: "Respectfully returned; disapproved. Shooters must have furloughs before tooters."

—Without compassion for animals, there can be no perfect education, no truly good heart.

My wife who has been troubled with chronic rheumatism for five years, thinks the Athlophoros the best remedy she has ever used. I have also heard of its good effects upon others in the vicinity. G. H. Twombly, foreman of the Gazette office, Exeter, N. H.

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Will write for THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for 1886.
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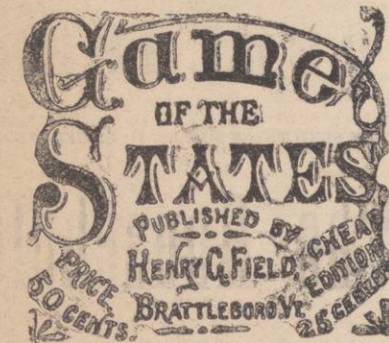
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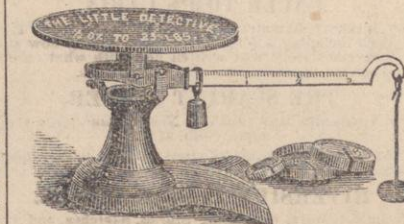
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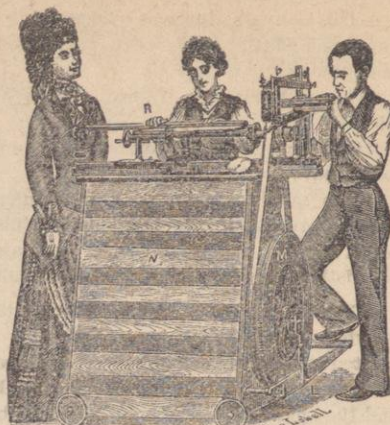
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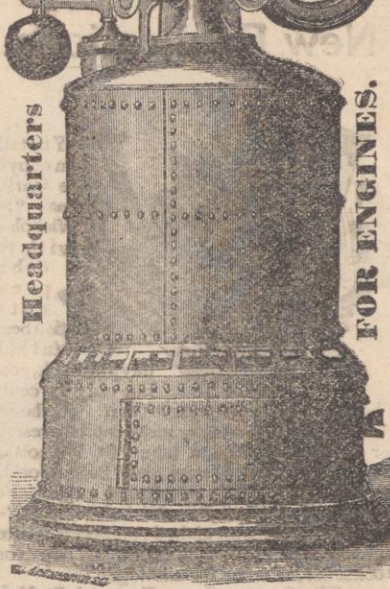
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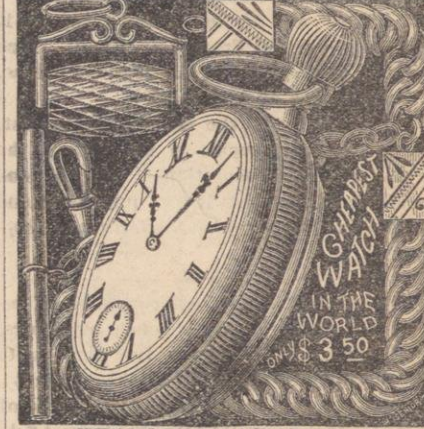
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Perfectly Pure Extracts of Choicest Fruits. THE BEST. Unequalled Strength for all. Thousands of gross sold. Winning friends everywhere. Dealers Treble sales with them. Every Family should know these Delicious Flavors. Ask your Grocer or Dealer for them.

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No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationery.	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's.)	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, Brush, Ink, etc.,	50	2
5	Ladies' Ivory Handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon.	75	3
7	Autograph Album.	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife.	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife.	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell.	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 50	6
24	Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,)	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler,)	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (agent's selection,)	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler,)	7 00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6 00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7 00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7 00	16
59	Celery Glass, silver stand,	7 50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8 00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7 50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
65	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8 00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
67	Caster,	8 00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8 50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10 00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
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80	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Higby,)	50 00	50
82	Silver Watch,	35 00	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50 00	100
84	Cash,	35 00	100
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88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275

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It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states, and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of the list and name the premium selected.

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GUNS

P. POWELL & SON, 180 Main St., CINCINNATI, O.

THE DECAY OF THE HILL TOWNS.

Those who have traveled through the hill country of New England must often have been struck by the sight of a white church standing almost alone upon a summit of the great ridge. Once it was the meeting place of some flourishing village, but when the railroads came, making their way through the rough forbidding country by following the water courses closely the villagers descended into the valleys, built up towns along the great highways of travel and left the old church to mourn over its lost glories and to struggle along weakly until it too had to succumb to the new order of things.

The clergy who built up these pillars of orthodoxy were strong and earnest men, and those who have succeeded them are not less so. Their lives are marked by self-sacrifice and severe work. Their labors are carried on under many difficulties and hardships, and it is not surprising that many suffer from rheumatism and neuralgia. That many of them have found a cure, however, for these diseases may be seen from these letters. Rev. A. S. Cooper, of Williston, Vt., says:

"Twelve hours' use of Athlophoros greatly removed the pain from my system and rendered the muscles so supple that I could get up and down with ease, which I have not done for a long time. I called yesterday on a gentleman who got a bottle from me and who I expected would send for more through me, but I found he had got the start of me and ordered for himself, having been much benefited by it."

Henry L. Hall, editor of Willimantic (Ct.) Journal, who is well and favorably known for miles around, says:

"Three doses of Athlophoros relieved me from a very acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism in nine hours. I consider it an invaluable remedy in rheumatic affections, and esteem it a pleasure to recommend Athlophoros."

Mr. J. B. Webster, who is the carpenter for the Willimantic Linen Co., of Willimantic, Conn., and is well-known and much respected in that neighborhood, says:

"For three months I suffered with inflammatory rheumatism, and failed to receive any relief from any of the numerous remedies for that complaint until I took Athlophoros, which entirely cured me."

Rev. S. Donaldson, of Lyndon, Vt., writes:

"The bottle of Athlophoros helped my wife greatly. She had up to the time of taking it been a great sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatic difficulties, making it almost impossible for her to walk with any ease. These difficulties have been about her more or less for fourteen years. Since taking the medicine she has been comparatively free from pain and is able to walk better than before for several years."

Rev. Charles E. Harris, formerly of New Haven, now of Brooklyn, says:

"Athlophoros acted like a charm, and I have been quite free from any attack of rheumatism from that time until the present. I can, therefore, with all sincerity testify to the valuable quality of Athlophoros as a rheumatic cure."

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed. ATHLOPHOROS Co., 112 Wall Street, New York.

Shopping by Mail!

Miss Marjorie March, Lock Box 76, Philadelphia, Pa., makes purchases for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, with discrimination and taste. Orders from all parts of the country promptly executed. Send stamp for circular. Miss March takes pleasure in referring by permission to a few of her numerous patrons: Geo. E. Crowell, Ed. of HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt., Mrs. H. J. Bailey, Winthrop, Me., Mrs. G. V. Hocker, Leeburg, Fla., A. J. Fisk, Ed. of Helena Herald, Montana, and many others from thirty-seven different states and territories.

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Contains Heller's conjuring pack, the Mystic Oracle, Guide to Flirtation, 10 new Evening Games, set of "Hold to Light Cards," 1 set of Colored Chromo Cards, the Star Puzzle, 25 Ways to get Rich, the "13" Puzzle, 5 Beautiful Face Pictures, Language of Jewels and Flowers, 101 Selections for Autograph Albums, 11 Songs, with Music, 13 new Tricks in Music, Pack of Fun and Comic Cards, 1 Chinese Block Puzzle, the Roman Cross Puzzle, great \$5 Prize Puzzle, 1 set Transformation Pictures, and Games of Fortune, all for 30c., postpaid. Two packages for 50c., and five for \$1.

J. LEE & CO., MONTREAL, CANADA.

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Monthly Circulation, 80,000 Copies.
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Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	1 yr.
Half inch.	\$8.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00
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Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	42.00	60.00	90.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	225.00
Six "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00
Nine "	42.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	470.00
One column.	60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1885, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE Cross before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Truth as an answer to the Bombastic Advertising of the Royal Baking Powder Co.

We are analyzing all the Cream of Tartar used in the manufacture of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and we hereby certify that it is practically chemically pure—testing as high as 99.95 per cent. and not less than 99.50 per cent.

From a hygienic point of view we regard Cleveland's Superior Baking powder as the ideal baking powder, composed as it is of pure Grape Cream of Tartar and pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

STILLWELL & GLADDING,
Chemists to the New York Produce Exchange.

NEW YORK, Nov 25, 1884.

Analyses heretofore made by noted chemists show the amount of Tartrate of Lime found by them in different samples of Royal Baking Powder as follows:

	Per Cent. of Tartrate of Lime found in Royal Baking Powder.
WM. M. HABIRSHAW, F. C. S., Chemist of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society.	5.05
PROF. JAMES F. BABCOCK, State Assayer of Massachusetts.	4.52
STILLWELL & GLADDING, Chemists to the New York Produce Exchange.	5.00

These analyses show that the Tartrate of Lime which the Royal Baking Powder Company condemns in its advertisements has been found in its own baking powder.

Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Alum, Lime, Potash, or Bone Phosphates, and it is ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM ADULTERATIONS.

NEW STAMPING OUTFIT.

Embroidery and Stamping materials at wholesale prices. Best outfit ever offered, and will return the money if not satisfactory. All sent for \$1. Send for illustrated price list. Large half Tinsel, 11 cts. Kensington Floss, 25 cts. a dozen. Assorted Embroidery Silks, 25 Skeins, 18 cts.

W. P. PRAY, Lynn, Mass.

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A bonnet, yoke dress, barrow-coat, or skirt, etc., 10 patterns in all, 50c. First short clothes, a Hubbard dress, bonnet, stocking, etc., 10 patterns in all, 50c. For 20c., patterns coat and kilt skirt, age 4 yrs. Full directions for each. LILLA DROWN, box 780, Brattleboro, Vt.

72 Scrap Pictures, 1 pretty Ring, 12 large Hidden Name, or 50 new Chromo CARDS, name on, 10c. Outfit Ac. NASSAU CARD CO., NASSAU, N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

The Congregationalist, 1886.

The Congregationalist has a steadfastness of character which has gained public confidence; and it will continue to stand by the same truths, and to steer its course by the same light, as heretofore.

It furnishes an abundance of sketches and stories of the highest character, and aims to supply matter that will be of interest to all members of the family.

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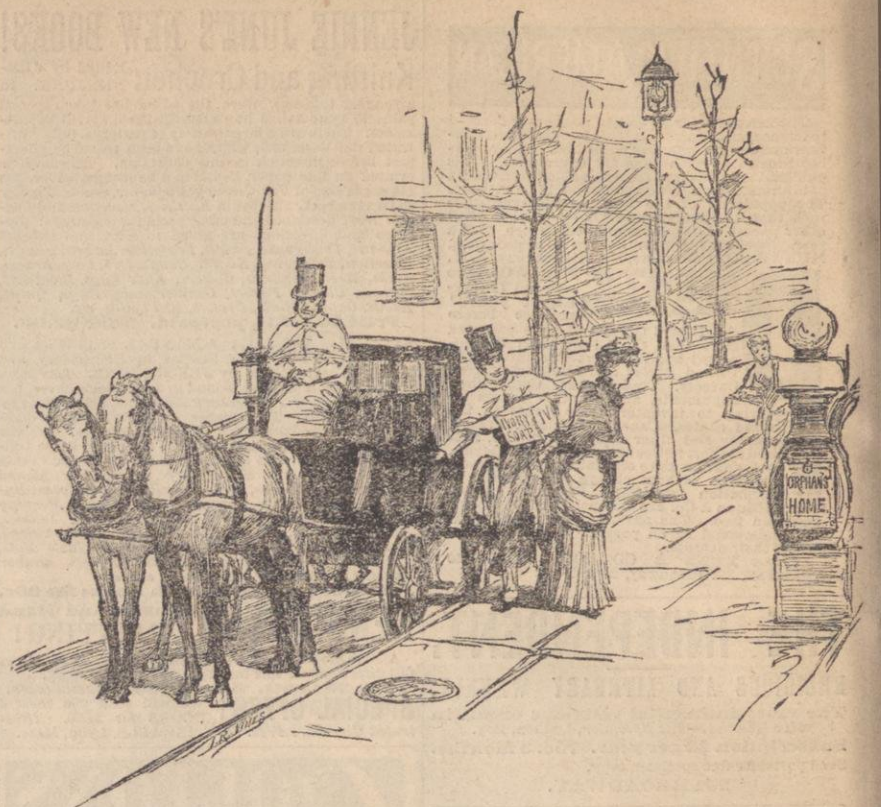
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