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THE HOUSEHOLD

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS

ESTABLISHED
1868.

OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 6.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1873.

No. 9.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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SEPTEMBER.

Softly September falls again,
O eyes that wait!—O hearts that yearn!
In golden mists on all the plain—
In golden leaves, too quick to turn!
But only do the mountain beech,
The maple and the yellow fern,
And the flaming clump of sumach,
The deep in lonely pastures burn,
As yet, his silent presence learn,
Serene, and still! O golden rest,
That falset on the Year's decline
With mellower light—subdued, represt,
But rich as sunlight fall'n through wine!
In this fair country of the West
Thy reign is more than half divine:
Heaven and earth have their bridal
When such supernatural mornings shine,
And on such afternoons as thine!
What spirit haunts the hills and vales,
And breathes o'er all the isles and capes?
What gave to each bright cloud that sails,
Such Summer light, such softened shapes?
This fragrant breath, that now exhales—
From hills celestial it escapes!
Or is it the nectarine odor
From bowers of purple forest grapes?
From them the Olympian breath escapes!

VENTILATION.

We have now to describe one of the best and simplest modes of ventilating ordinary rooms with which we are acquainted. It is one equally applicable in winter as well as in summer, because all draught is avoided; for, even if a window be opened to the top, a downward draught is frequently felt, and in rainy weather it is often impossible to keep the window open. The present plan is applicable in all kinds of weather, and would be perfect if the ventilation could be effected nearer to the ceiling.

As it can be applied at an expense of a few cents, and as no unsightly appearance is made, it is equally applicable to the cottage and to the mansion. A piece of wood an inch or more in thickness, three inches wide and exactly as long as the breadth of the window through which ventilation is

to be established, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, and let the slip of wood be placed upon the side of the window; the sash is then to be drawn down closely upon the slip of wood. If the slip has been well fitted—and the fitting may be made more complete by adapting it to the grooves in the sash and its frame, if any exist—no draught will be experienced in consequence of the displacement of the sash at this part. The effect of such an arrangement is, however, to cause a separation between the bars of the sashes at the center. By this means a perpendicular current of air will be projected into the room between the glass in the upper and lower sashes and their respective bars, or else the current will pass outwards in the reverse direction, in a manner by which all inconvenience from draught will be avoided.

Supposing that two or more windows at opposite sides of a room are fitted in this manner, a very satisfactory ventilation will be secured. Owing to a difference in equilibrium, the air will rush in on one side and rush out on the other side of the apartment. If the slips of wood are painted of the same color as the windows themselves, they will not attract notice.

We cannot conclude the subject of ventilation without an appeal to clergymen, schoolmasters, and others, who are in position of authority. Immense good may be done by impressing upon the minds of those over whom they are placed, the vital importance of breathing pure air. Especially should this be instilled into the young. It forms as yet no essential part of a liberal education, that a man should be taught to understand the conditions upon which he lives, or how he should best preserve his health. Some knowledge is certainly not less important than most of the instructions he receives. Yet all the knowledge which concerns his physical existence is left to be picked up by chance, or to be gained by experience—an experience sometimes only obtained by the sacrifice of health. The subtle cause which vitiates the air we breath must, as we have seen, be sought out to be understood.

And if this kind of knowledge is important to those who live in large and airy houses, how much more important is it to those who pass their lives in humble cottages, and in the closely packed tenements of towns! How many headaches would be avoided, how many a pallid cheek would be tinged with the glow of health, how many drooping spirits would be roused to the enjoyment of life, how many sickly infants would be transformed in-

to vigorous men and women, instead of being prematurely cut off by disease,—were the simple facts universally known and acted upon, that no kind of stimulant is so permanently enlivening, no food more strengthening than a proper supply of fresh air in our houses.

It is a pleasant reflection, that within the present century, owing to many causes, but chiefly to the advancement of science, longevity has greatly increased in this country. We feel assured that a very considerable increase is still to be effected by a more widely spread knowledge of the principles and practice of ventilation.—*Good Health.*

BEAUTIFY YOUR GROUNDS.

The costly styles of architecture are not within the reach of the purses of a large majority of rural readers; but almost every one has it in his power, by the exercise of a little taste and skill, to add much to the beauty and attractiveness of his yard and garden. Little things of a rustic kind often bestow more real pleasure to the occupants and all who see them, than the costly ornaments put up by skillful workmen. Among some of the many small attractions referred to, is one on my own grounds, which was made as follows:

A few years since I planted two English honeysuckles, and two clematis vines on each side of the walk leading to my front door; about ten feet therefrom, and about ten feet apart. After they had grown bushy,

I got an old buggy wheel tire, cut it open, and made an arch of it from one post to the other, and trained the vines over the arch, hanging a moss basket in the center, filled with flowers, such as verbena, geranium, etc., and now, the mingled bloom of the honeysuckle and clematis, give a picture which art cannot rival, and this cheap and simple ornament—a living archway—is the observed of all observers.

Another simple device, or rather, several simple devices, are made by getting nice green moss from the woods, and then lining wire baskets with it, and filling them with flowers, and hanging them up in trees about the premises. These will give an air of rustic sweetness scarcely attainable by any other simple plan. There are so many devices that will suggest themselves to the mind of all persons of taste, that we deem it scarcely necessary to make any further suggestions here. By all means beautify your homes as much as you can, it will add to your own, and the enjoyment of all who come about your place.—*Rural New Yorker.*

For instance: when a man places his wife in an inferior position, we



A SLANDEROUS WORD.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

A whisper woke the air:
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet bathed with shame and woe:
Ah! might it only perish there—

But no! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound:
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round

From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
That throbbed from all the world apart—
And that it broke.

It was the only heart it found—
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke;
It reached that gentle heart at last,
And that it broke.

Low as it seemed to other's ears,
It came a thunder crash to hers—
That fragile girl so fair and gay.
'Tis said a lovely humming-bird,
That dreaming in a lily lay,
Was killed by but a gun's report,
Some idle boy had fired in sport;
So exquisitely frail its frame,
The very sound a death-blow came.
And thus her heart unused to shame,
Shrined in its lily too;

Her light and happy heart, that beat

With love and hope, so fast and sweet,

When first that cruel word it heard,

It fluttered like a frightened bird,

Then shut its wings and sighed,

And with a silent shudder, died.

THE GRACES AT HOME.

It is surprising how many people who are outwardly courteous, and would be horrified at not being considered well-bred, are yet rude, and positively oppressive, in their dealings within their own homes. Members of families are rude to one another—they make little of one another, laugh at one another, and show by their manner that "they don't think it worth while" to be polite to their nearest relations—or in other words, they reveal the fact that their good manners are not belonging to them at all; that they are only put on with their best clothes; that, in truth, their courtesy stands in the same relation to real courtesy that false decorations do to true beauty. And yet these people are often good people, in what they call "essentials," and sometimes clever people. Strange that they fail to see how completely, in failing to show respect to those belonging to them, they at the same time lower themselves!

For instance: when a man places his wife in an inferior position, we

immediately feel that he thinks his own consequence in the house not sufficiently established—and phases of this are very common—as where the servants are encouraged always to address their master, even on subjects which usually appertain to the lady of the house, thereby ignoring her. We have known the servant, when the ladies of the house were going out driving, announce the carriage by saying pointedly, "The carriage is at the door, sir," and no doubt the same conveyance, on the family leaving a party, would have been proclaimed as "Mr. So-and-So's carriage." No doubt legally it is his carriage; but as it is the usual custom to consider the carriage as in the lady's domain, (for men are supposed to be able to walk or ride,) so, when we find the ownership transferred, we naturally feel that the man is jealous of his consequence and insecure in his sense of dignity, or probably that his wife was an heiress, and that but for her, he would never have had any carriage at all! For this often leads to undue assumption in a man, and makes his wife doubly delicate in asserting herself. Nothing can be worse taste than this sort of domestic autocracy; unless it is where the feeling goes the other way, and makes a woman rude and flippant to her husband. If such a woman imagines that she thereby impresses the bystanders with an idea of her cleverness and superiority, she is woefully mistaken! They can only think her foolish and vulgar. It is the same in a lesser degree in all the relations of life.

A gentleman or lady will be always courteous and gentle in manner to relations, children, and servants. Towards children, especially, it is the most fatal mistake to be rude and careless in the little graces of life, as it cannot fail to make them the same; besides, it is ungenerous to make one's self disagreeable towards any one, because you can—i. e., because they are small, or weak, or in any way powerless to resent it! And in all these cases the contempt invariably recoils on the head of the petty tyrant, who fails to see that a monarch reducing his subject to slavery, becomes himself only a barbaric sultan, "alone in his glory," (such as it is,) and completely inferior to the sovereigns of free and enlightened people.

If any one wishes to take this on its lowest motive only, and to study self-aggrandizement, we recommend to them the story in the Spectator of the rival beauties, Phyllis and Brunetta. They vied with each other for a long time on equal terms, till at length Phyllis procured some marvellous fabric of gold brocade in which to appear at a festival, and outshine Brunetta completely. But Brunetta, discovering this, obtained some of the same material, and in it she dressed the slave who bore her train, clothing herself in simple black! Upon this crushing mortification, Phyllis went home and died.

We need not point the moral to this old story, as connected with our remarks. No one will suppose that we hold it up as an amiable example; it is simply the most aggravated form of self-glorification, and as such, it is in perfect taste. But there is intense

vulgarity in the fact of self-worship. The most perfect Christian courtesy, the most perfect moral harmony, is the greatest contrast to bad taste; and the true principle of the highest breeding is found in the "go up higher," spoken to him "who takes the lowest place;" "even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."—*Exchange.*

COVERING UP THE SCAR.

A distinguished preacher of London, in speaking of the proneness of Protestant denomination to observe each other's defects rather than excellencies, says:

"When an eminent painter was requested to paint Alexander the Great, so as to give a perfect likeness of the Macedonian conquerer, he felt a difficulty. Alexander, in wars, had been struck by a sword, and across his forehead was an immense scar. The painter said: 'If I retain the scar, it will be an offence to the admirers of the Monarch, and, if I omit it, it will fail to be a perfect likeness—what shall I do?' He hit upon a happy expedient; he represented the Emperor leaning on his elbow, with his forefinger upon his brow, accidentally, as it seemed, covered the scar upon his forehead. Might not we represent each other with the finger of charity upon the scar, instead of representing the scar deeper and blacker than it actually is? Might not Christians learn from heathendom a lesson of charity, of human kindness and of love?"

MANNERS.

I make it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic. I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantage of "good society," as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is one founded in reason and common sense, and not upon these artificial regulations.

Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same congeeing of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand—the careless nod of recognition and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation—"how are you, my old friend!"

MIXING WITH STRANGERS.

The effect of mixing with new people, who have new ideas and new methods of thought, is very salutary. Always to see the same people, do the same things, feel the same way, produces a stagnant condition of the mind and heart that is very distressing to behold. There are thousands of invalids who might be greatly benefited by getting away from home, if only

for a short time to mix with strangers, and be touched with the magnetism of the great world as it courses in its accustomed round.

And there are mental and moral invalids who need the same change, to get their minds and hearts enlarged, and let in a little more of the great light of life. Outside influences are very valuable to those who at home have been well trained by healthful influences in early youth, so that they can avoid the snares and pit-falls into which those who go blindly often fall.



WATER LILIES.

BY ELLEN LARRIBEE LATTIMORE.

Water lilies, water lilies, fold your petals soft and fair:
Gather in your drooping leaflets all your fragrance, sweet and rare!
Slowly swing with muffled chiming in a dreary dirge of pain.
For the lips that loved to kiss you ne'er will smile on you again;
In the dawning of the summer silently the angels came
Bearing o'er the waveless river one who faintly breathed your name!
Water lilies, water lilies, blooming near the other shore,
Open wide your snowy blossoms fraught with fragrance ever more!
Lily bells, ring out glad greeting, music low, and sweet—and sweet!
Lily pods spread swaying bridges for the pressing of his feet:
Dainty feet so small and tender—pretty feet we've loved to hold;
But they slipped from our caresses, and the river is so cold!

Lilies of the land of Eden, wave bright banner on the shore!
Fill his arms with scented blossoms, pure and fadeless, ever more;
Dimpled arms that once entwined us with a gentle, guileless grace,
But they strangely grew weary, and the angels kissed his face—
Kissed the face so pale and patient—and it vanished from our sight,
Eden lilies, haste to crown him, for our darling comes to-night!

WATERING FLOWERS.

THE unusual dryness of the present season in this vicinity, brings up the old question as to watering flowers. The English gardeners all denounce the practice as needless and unwise; and so, in England, it probably is. There have been many years here when flowers judiciously planted needed no watering. Even in such a season as this, it is not necessary to water frequently.

On one point there is no doubt whatever. If plants are to be watered at all, plenty of water must be administered on each occasion. The process should, as nearly as possible, be equivalent to a soaking rain. Where there are waterworks, hose and a sprinkler, the operation for a garden of ordinary size should not occupy less than one or two hours. Mere surface sprinkling, which stimulates without supporting growth, does unquestionable injury to vegetation. As to whether it is best to water in the evening or in the morning, we can

only say that there are good arguments on both sides. If the water is applied and has time to fairly soak the ground before sunrise, there can be no reason for fearing, as some do, that the hot sun will draw all the moisture out of the earth before the plant roots can absorb it. On the other hand, we hesitate to believe with those who oppose watering in the early evening, that a cooling shower gives a violent shock, and thus does injury where plants and soil have been broiling all day in the sunshine. So far as we are able to judge, one time is as good as another for watering, provided only that the plants are not immediately afterwards exposed to sunshine.

But, as we have said, with skillful planting, watering is rarely necessary. Perhaps we should have said transplanting. It happens with a great number of annuals, and no small proportion of perennials, especially with seedlings, that their roots are too near the surface. This is of course a necessity of the case where the seeds were originally sown in the open border. It is also usually the case with self-sown seeds, and as these rarely come up exactly where they are wanted, they need transplanting. Seedlings can be moved after they show their second pair of leaves. Yet so many people are unsuccessful in transplanting, that they look upon it as a risky undertaking, and leave plants in unsatisfactory positions sooner than attempt it.

Unless seedlings are crowded it is quite practicable to transplant them without at all disturbing the roots. This can be done by driving down the trowel on all sides of the plant before lifting it, and having the hole to which it is to be transplanted prepared beforehand. It is better to put water in the hole, though not absolutely necessary. Almost all seedlings can be replanted thus to advantage, two or three inches deeper than their original growth, and at that depth they will rarely need watering. Of course all such work should only be done just before nightfall or in anticipation of a steady rain. If, however, because they are crowded, or for other reasons it is necessary to disturb the roots, they should be spread out in transplanting, and water should be used quite freely.

WILD FLOWERS.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its fragrance on the desert air."—*Gray.*

So in the forest's depths, and in hidden nooks and corners, flowers of brilliant colors, delicate forms, and exquisite fragrance, unfold their beauties, and exhale their sweet perfume where human eye may never behold nor human sense enjoy. Can it be that the insects, birds and beasts that inhabit the lonely forest and enjoy the beauty and fragrance of wild flowers, or are they all wasted on the desert air?

For days past, our home has been sweetened by the rich, spicy perfume of the Trailing Arbutus. We can hardly realize the possibility of enjoyment inhering in the sense of smell until we have brought into close proximity to our olfactory nerves these highly aromatic wild flowers.

Epigaea repens—Trailing Arbutus, belongs to the heath family, is a small trailing evergreen, with laurel-like leaves, bearing clusters of small, rose-colored flowers, that bloom here the latter part of April. It is found in sandy woods, sometimes on rocky soil, and seems to delight in the shade of the pine. It is rather difficult to transplant and domesticate, but we think it can be made to live if set in a slight shade, in a soil resembling as nearly as possible that from which it is taken.

Hepatica—Liverleaf. This is an early blooming species of wild flower rather earlier than the last. The flower rises singly from the tufts of old foliage and are followed by the new leaves. Being destitute of petals: the sepals or leaves of the calyx, colored blue, white, or purple are generally mistaken for petals, and answer very well in their stead. The native species removed to the garden soon become domesticated, and sometimes become double. The Hepatica has beauty, rather than fragrance to commend it.

Sanguinaria—Bloodroot. This is generally found growing in a rich soil, in old fence corners, and in the borders of woods. In early spring it sends up from the end of each branch of a creeping root-stock, a single leaf-bearing stalk, and another bearing a single flower. The leaf is wrapped around the flower-stalk, which generally protrudes beyond it, and bears one large white flower, with many bright yellow stamens. The flower in culture shows a tendency to become double. It is easily domesticated.

Violet—This beautiful, early blooming spring flower is too well known to require description. Bouquets can be picked upon nearly every farm, by nearly every wayside, but perhaps they will hardly warrant transplanting into the garden.

Trillium—Wake Robin. Another very common, early blooming wild flower. All parts of the plant are in threes—three leaves, three sepals, and three petals. There are several species growing wild in the Northern States, as *grandiflorum*—white *sessile*—a Western specie, with dull purple, or greenish flowers; *cernuum*—small, white: *erectum*—dark mahogany color, and two or three others. These bear transplanting into the garden and grow well.

We find that we shall exceed our limits if we undertake to describe all the beautiful wild flowers that bloom in the woods, and waste places of this country, in spring; so we will merely mention a few more of the more desirable: *Cypripedium*—Lady's Slipper; *Uvularia*—Bellwort; *Anemone*—Wind Flower, and *Aquilegia*—Columbine. If those who wish to transplant the wild flowers into their gardens, will carefully observe the character of the soil in which they find them, and will make them beds composed of similar soil, and then take them up with as much earth as possible attached, they will be likely to live, and grow. We have several species transplanted in this way that are doing well. Transplant while in bloom.—*Exchange*.

FLOWERS FOR WINTER.

It is only when plants are healthy and prolific of perfect flowers, continually renewing, that they can fully satisfy the eye of the weary invalid or the storm-staid child. Plants already exhausted by summer blooming can not renew good bloom without many weeks of rest, and a growth of new shoots from near the roots of the main stems. Only new and healthy shoots can carry supplies freely enough to swell either leaves of flowers or fruit to large size and full beauty; and only healthy roots can collect supplies, and only healthy clean leaves can digest them for use.

Roses (teas and daisies) may be prepared in August by cutting them back to well placed buds or shoots low down. This, of course, arrests all further summer bloom, or if it does not entirely, the bloom should be nipped off as soon as they begin to appear. As soon as new growth sets in, stimulate with top-dressing, or with a weekly use of diluted liquid manure. If any shoot threatens to extend irregularly, its tips should be nipped when it has reached a point where a bifurcation will be well placed. Blos-som buds will show on the tips before winter.

Heliotropes must be prepared similarly by close pruning. The pot of these, as well as of roses, are best plunged in the soil in a sunny place, so that the leaves may have full light and the shoots be well matured. But the heliotrope must be taken in, in September, before they feel the least touch of frost, and the roses before it can pinch them at all severely. Geraniums that have been kept rather dry should be repotted early in September. It is best to rinse all the old earth from the roots and shorten them pretty close, as well as the tops, planting them again firmly in fresh good earth before the roots can dry any. Keep shaded and not too wet for a week or so; and as soon as growth appears, water and feed well. This will soon result in handsome and thrifty plants, which will bloom by Christmas, and continue for months.

To secure copious bloom of bedding geraniums next summer it is essential to have fresh young plants, and to that end cuttings should be set now, immediately. They will root easily in the open ground in the moisture and temperature of August, if covered with a pane or two of shaded glass, to retain moist air and obstruct excess of heat. After roots have formed, as indicated by the appearance of young leaves, the cuttings must be potted, and then returned for a week to their shelter. During winter they must have light: they will do well in a window where neither frost nor much heat can reach them, and they will begin to bloom in April or May, and continue all summer in surpassing beauty, if well watered and fed.—*Co. Gent.*

THE VALUE OF NEW PLANTS.

Experimenters and originators of new plants often have reason to regret exhibiting them until they have a stock sufficient for commercial purposes. In our Horticultural Societies in the

West the question of protection by patent or otherwise, has often been discussed, resulting always, we believe, in the conviction that the plan was not feasible. The Farmer and Gardener, in calling the attention of its readers to the commercial value of new plants, and what such things cost the introducer or originator, truthfully says:

An inventor of a mechanical contrivance is protected by a patent right in the ownership of his invention. An author takes out a copyright for his book, and legal redress is at his command should any one infringe on his rights. But what of new plants? A cutting taken by an unscrupulous person deprives the originator of the sole ownership of his property, which has cost him no less time, labor and expense to produce than were needed by the mechanic or author to perfect their machine or book. There is no law to protect the owner's rights in horticultural productions; nothing but his own vigilance can do it. Judge of the disappointment of a man, who, after years of constant labor spent in perfecting a plant from which he anticipated at least sufficient reward to compensate his expenses, finds others in possession of duplicate plants obtained surreptitiously. This is nothing but plain stealing, but is outside of legal redress.

Mr. Van Houtte paid Dr. Von Siebold upward of \$3,000 in gold for the *Spinæa Prunifolia*, now so abundant in our gardens under the name of Ladies' Wreath, and which can be had from any nursery man for twenty-five cents. Anxious to show his great acquisition to the public, he sent two well-grown specimens to a floral exhibitor, where his plants were robbed of every branch, and when returned were as much denuded as a broom handle. This theft deprived him of his dearly bought purchase, and consequently was so much money lost to him. Florists abroad who put out in the trade their annual new plants must demand a price commensurate with their cost of production. Our florists must procure them from these sources, and must run all the risks of loss or damage by ocean voyage, besides the greatest risk of finding the plants unsuited to this climate; consequently their outlay is sometimes a loss.

Our Government has seen proper to tax imported trees and plants at such high rates that importers are obliged to purchase sparingly; hence, when a new rose is offered in France at twenty-five francs for a forced spring graft, can our friends here expect a florist to furnish a strong-grown plant of the same variety at a dollar, only six months after it has made its appearance abroad? The same holds good for all plants and seeds, and amateurs who are always finding fault with florists because they do not keep every new plant offered abroad, should first learn to be less exacting, and be willing to pay a price which, in nearly every instance, is far below the commercial value of the plant.

PROPAGATING GERANIUMS.

As there is a great deal of doubt in regard to the best way of propagating geraniums, I will give a few hints on

the subject that will probably be of some use to your readers. The geranium is one of the easiest to propagate among the flowering plants, either from seeds or cuttings, of which I have any knowledge. But one other family of plants (coleus) roots more readily.

In starting cuttings, I get a box, say four or five inches deep, and two feet by eighteen inches in size. I then fill the box with light garden soil, coarse sand, well mixed together. Now I take a sharp knife and cut off limbs nearly as large as my little finger. I then make a hole in the dirt and put in the cutting two or three inches deep, pressing the dirt firmly about the base, and putting them three or four inches apart, until the box is full; then water freely one time, keeping the box in the shade. They should only be watered when the top of the box seems to be getting dry.

A wet soil is totally unfit for geranium growing. A plant standing in water twenty-four hours is often ruined. The plant, therefore, will generally be the healthiest which wants water the oftenest. How often to water them will be according to how easy the water passes away. If when you pour water on them, it disappears almost instantly, it would be better to water such plants every day. Scarcely a single cutting will fail to root, and soon become a large flowering plant, if treated in this way.

If old plants are to be taken from pots, they should be pruned down closely; also the large roots should be cut off, leaving only the young and fibrous roots. Prepare the soil well, and be very generous with manure. In a short time the new shoots will spring up, new and healthy roots will form, and the plant will be like an entirely new one. In the fall, before frost, take up the plant, shake off the soil, and cut away all the branches, down to the main stem—place it in a cellar, secure from frost—it will keep alive all the winter, and at the return of spring can again be planted out, and will grow just as well as during the first season.

FLOWERS.

The editor of the Butler Herald, who is a close observer, says many a bright-eyed girl, who works worsted and dances divinely, does not know that a moss-rose is a first cousin to a French turnip, and the mangel-wurtzel a poor relation in the poppy family. Flowers are not trifles, as one might know, if he would only think how much pains God has taken with them every where; not one unfinished; not one bearing the marks of brush or pencil. Fringing the eternal borders of mountain waters; gracing the pulseless breast of the old grey granite; everywhere they are humanizing. Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their button-holes. Villains seldom train vines over cottage doors.

Mildew on plants may be removed by syringing them with a strong decoction of green leaves of the elder, or a solution of nitre, made in the proportion of one ounce nitre to one gallon of water. A mixture of soap suds and water will also answer.



WHY SHOULD WE WORRY?

Why should we worry? This life is not long enough
Here to be wasted in sighing and tears;
Silly and childish is he who's not strong enough
Wisely with reason to fight away fears.
Care's but a coward, with courage not half enough
Fairly to face us if we show no fear;
Nay, if it pester you, you've but to laugh enough;
Presto, begone! lo, the bore is not here.

Mem'ry too often will bring us old sorrows,
When they were here, did we wish them to last?
Why not forget them? The fool alone borrows
Present regrets from the grief of the past.
Can we now change it by weeping and whining?
What's done is done, and is done past recall;
He who the present forgets, in repining,
Useless and vain, is the worse fool of all.

Fancy, the jade, will too often be peering,
Curious and scared, through the Future's dark
night;
Why should we tremble at what she is fearing?
Why should her dreamings fill us with affright?
Wait till they're real things, and present before us;
If they are worth it, we'll care for them then;
Now they're but shadows, too flimsy to bore us;
Far too unreal to shake those who are men.

Time, with the Present's real griefs to be dealing,
That's not so easy, we sadly must own,
Who can deny flesh and blood will have feeling?
Care, grief, and anguish will make themselves
Known;
Own it, but add, life is too short for worry;
Darkness brings sunshine, or all men are wrong;
Off with despairing—don't be in a hurry
To know grief is pressing—it will not stay long.

WHAT TO WEAR?

SUCH is the title of Miss Phelps' new book, the matter, as will be seen, left hanging—as we opine it always will—upon an interrogation point!

But the book is suggestive, and is one in which all womankind will be interested in reading, or at least knowing something about; and as mankind, in reviewing it, have said all manner of things, may not we have a word, in THE HOUSEHOLD, on the subject?

Some of those men reviewers, I notice, call the book "all true as the gospel;" others say, "its statements are too sweeping, its tone too denouncing," and others still, ask, "to what good is this waste of ink and paper, when women are so wedded to their idols—that is, dress—that they will not listen?"

All very well; but what do men know of woman's martyrdom to dress? What do they know of the torture of wearing corsets; of the discomfort of being "dressed to kill;" of the perplexities we endure in doing our shopping, in the care and making of fashionable garments, and, more than all, of wearing them? What do they, in their closely cropped, or short hair, know of the bother and torture of drawing one's hair to the top of the head, then piling a weight of false braids upon the very brain, ending off with long curls, short curls, frizzles and fusses, to say nothing of several dozen hair pins, more or less, pulling, and pricking, and drawing, till one hardly knows whether they have a head or not?

The men, dear creatures, think they have the hardest of it in settling woman's bills; but bless me! their hardship is no circumstance to that of a

regularly gotten up fashionable woman's daily endurance. Now I make no pretension of being such a woman, and though something of a martyr to the ways of the world, made up my mind not to be "hit" by Miss Phelps' book. Let me tell you how I succeeded, and some of my reflections after reading it.

It came at hand just at the right time, as I had set the last stitch on my last new suit, fastened on even the final bow, so I could spend an hour reading, and not feel that I was neglecting some more important duty! I chose an hour while taking an after-dinner rest—there would be time before needing to dress—and I would take it as comfortably as possible. To that end, I loosened the belt of my easy morning-dress, divested my crown of all needless superfluities, letting my hair fall naturally over my shoulders.

Then I opened to the first chapter, "Gorgons or Graces?" Here Miss Phelps gives us a glimpse of—not the fabled—but a modern Gorgon. It is a plain, long, lean woman of some fifty years, who she sees upon the cars, dressed in a frock of cheap brown alpaca—such as we know will soon fade—this covered with some dozen ruffles and as many bows, with green overdress much trimmed, large sleeves, with lace undersleeves in winter time, and the head finished off with the usual false braids, velvet ribbon, roses, raspberries, imitation lace, jet, and all that goes to make a hat or bonnet in these days of discomfort in dress. And with these, jet ear-rings and ornaments to match, while in leaving the car she tripped like a young girl, till she tripped out of sight.

We say, as we read this, "that does not mean me." We maintain that we never purchase cheap, fading alpaca, but would rather wear one good suit three seasons in succession, than to have three cheap, flimsy, over-trimmed dresses for changes. And then we are sure we never had half that number of ruffles on one skirt; that if we did, we should have more sense than to be so "dressed out" for traveling; and so, like the Pharisee of old, thank God we are not like that woman, and turn over to the next chapter. But is she so much of a caricature after all? Have we not seen the like more times than we can now recall, and are we quite sure that we, in no way, outrage the "Graces" by as great inconsistencies, in some other respects, and at other times and places?

The chapter "Dressed to Kill," treats of corsets, whalebones, the corsets hanging upon the hips, etc., and as we read it we are sure that does not mean us either. We have told THE HOUSEHOLD our brief experiment, and our total separation from corsets and tight dresses, and, as we have our skirts supported upon the shoulders—and should not think we could carry them otherwise—we concluded not to take that chapter to ourself. But when Miss Phelps maintains that a biased waist dress—that is a plain waist, with only thin whalebones to keep it in place, is, even if made reasonably loose, neither healthful nor comfortable; that one cannot breathe and let the lungs fully expand

with such compression; no more, can we lift the arm, or work in such a dress with ease—when we read this, we stop, and wonder if it be so. We leave the question then for the moment, however, that we may go on with our reading, for none of Miss Phelps' novels will claim the attention of the reader more than does this treatise upon woman's dress.

There are those chapters upon woman's extravagance, with the figures plainly given, which cannot be gainsaid. That, however, does not hit us, we say, for those figures go beyond any we have reached. But stop; are we sure that, supposing we have not indulged in so lavish expenditure, we have not gone beyond, not only our needs, but our means? If we have not paid fifty or a hundred dollars for a coronet, may not the price we have paid for our more modest head-gear, be a useless waste? and would not those same dollars spent inside of the head add to our wealth, instead of subtracting from our poverty?

So we go on reading, and questioning, and feeling little pricks of conscience, despite our bravery; yet saying, as does Miss Phelps at the head of one of her chapters, "What can we do about it?" We feel quite sure that we should find the mode of dressing such as she suggests, less expensive, less troublesome, and more healthful than our present one, but would it not be odd? And there we close the book, ending it as we began, with a convenient interrogation point unanswered.

But now that we have finished our book, it is high time we were dressed for the afternoon, so the siege begins. The hair must be combed up, and up, till it reaches the highest point of the head, no matter if it draw upon the roots and feel uncomfortable, and if our arms do ache, before we get it arranged in the height of fashion. Then the braids need newly braiding, and afterwards arranged, and re-arranged, till the desired result is attained. By this time we have spent half as long as it took us to read Miss Phelps' book, and are tired out in our efforts at hair-dressing. And this must be repeated every day; but we will not stop to count the hours it takes in a year, lest our arithmetic fail before we are through.

Now for dressing. Miss Phelps tells about our numerous skirts, bindings, etc., to be adjusted, but when we are reading we conclude she exaggerates the matter. We think of it, however, as we proceed in our toilet. Our underskirts are fastened, and now how many more bindings—let us see. There is the band to the bustle—we do not quite make up our mind to leave that off to-day, even if she does advise it, besides we must go out shopping and how could we dress for the street without that necessary appendage, especially as our dresses are made to be worn over some such deformity—so we proceed to adjust it for the occasion. Then comes the dress skirt; there is another binding, then the overskirt, one more, and finally we cover these with a basque, fastening a belt outside, and now how many bindings have we, some looser, and some tighter, about the waist?

Are they comfortable? Of course

not; but "what can we do about it?" And for those who must be imprisoned in corsets, with their stiff steel and whalebone, what is life worth? And if these are tightly drawn, and the lungs crowded out of shape, how do the women, thus encased, breathe at all? It is a question more easily asked than answered, for we know not how they live.

To go back to my dressing. Finally it is completed, and with high-heeled boots burdening the feet, and three-buttoned gloves compressing the veins of the wrist and encasing the hand, we are soon equipped for our walk. As we go on our way we keep thinking of the little book we have been reading. How much more uncomfortable than usual are the narrow, high heels on which we essay to walk; but no other kinds of boots are to be purchased, so again we ask, "What can we do about it?"

Our dress is not a train one; it just escapes the sidewalk, but how heavy it seems to-day! How it drags! Surely the kilt pleating around the bottom never seemed so cumbersome before. It is full half a yard deep, and—let us count—how many thicknesses of cloth are there dangling around our feet and ankles? There is the dress skirt itself, then the facing half a yard deep—and how many skirts are lined throughout—while outside is the kilt pleating, three thicknesses of cloth, making in all five thicknesses, dragging upon the bottom of the skirt. Then it is unwieldy, far less graceful than are ruffles, though it looks plainer, and does not consume as much time in making.

The day is a warm one, and as I walk along thinking of the weight at my feet, I am sensible that my head is also feeling burdened by the weight on its top, which seems heavier after reading Miss Phelps' book and considering the matter in its true light. I begin to wonder if it can be possible that my braids are the innocent cause of so many attacks of headache, especially after I have been out in the sun, and my head unusually heated. But I only wonder; I do not decide the question, for have not womankind always been subject to headaches and other aches, more or less, whatever the fashion of dressing the hair may be?

Well, my shopping is done and I am home again, but the walk has not refreshed me, as a walk in the open air should do. I am fatigued, and ask again if the manner I am dressed has had anything to do with my weariness. Now I attempt to rest, but the "hump" on my back does not allow me to sit back easily, finding the support I need in my seat, and then, some of those many bindings around my waist do certainly feel close and uncomfortable after my walk. How delightful it would be to rid my head and back of some of its weights, to wear a loose jacket-waist, instead of this close basque. But that is not to be thought of. Why, Mrs. Dash or Miss Gay, in their shimmer and sheen, laces and flowers, may call, and how mortified I should feel to be found comfortably and sensibly dressed! You see it would not do at all, for what would they think? They could not understand it was for health and comfort,

but would think I did not know what the fashions were this season. And to be charged with such ignorance in this enlightened age, when fashionable patterns and the latest novelties are as plenty as blackberries, and stare us from every newspaper, even, that we take up, would be ignorance indeed! No matter if we have no time for other knowledge; no lady now a days need lack information as to how to dress, and what to wear, though she may not have seen Miss Phelps' book.

But to go back to that little volume, which you see I know almost by heart now. If I do not profit by the author's suggestions to-day, I may tomorrow; and the very fact that it has set me, and, I hope thousands of others, to more seriously consider the question, is proof enough that it has not been written in vain. I thank Miss Phelps kindly for daring to write it, and to throw the weight of her influence in the reform scales. It will not work miracles at once, but when any good number of leading ladies in society unite in simplifying, making more graceful, more healthful, and less laborious the fashioning, as well as the wearing, of our apparel, then we may hope better ways. But till then I despair, and must sign myself as before, yours,

A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

A FEW WORDS ON DRESS.

FOR WOMEN, BY A WOMAN.

We wear clothes for two motives. The first to cover our nakedness, the second to improve our personal appearance. Almost any dress suffices for the first. The bodice and petticoat of the Swiss peasant, the vails and shawls of the Turkish lady, and the Indian woman's trowsers and blanket, all satisfy alike the claims of propriety and decency. But when we come to consider dress in its secondary aspect, it becomes a more complex question. Our grandmother's farthingale and calash would clothe us more thoroughly, perhaps, than our modern garb, but regarded simply for their beautifying powers they are failures, and we cast them aside with scorn for that reason simply. It follows, then, that this secondary aspect of the dress is the important one to most of us. This admission made, I wish to ask you all, dear women, who read this, to consider in your honest hearts how much the dress you are now wearing, and have been wearing for the last five years, has really done toward improving your looks.

What is this dress? We are wearing—most of us—for American women adopt pretty much the same fashions barring such slight differences as purse and possibility force upon them—we are wearing abbreviated petticoats with tiers and scaffoldings of trimmings, fastened on at various heights like the balconies round a lighthouse, and whereas this robe is as straight as a Carmelite's in front, behind it runs riot to a monstrous extent in festoons and puffs over the amplitude of which presides a tag, by courtesy called a sash, but bearing no resemblance to the silken girdle once known as such, and sung by many a poet as the encirclement to a "dainty,

dainty waist." Our upper woman, be she tall or short, fat or thin, is invested in a minute shooting-jacket, with three perpendicular slashes upward, which produce, on a stout figure, the effect of the preliminary cuts, given to release the pulp of an orange from the imprisoning rind. A sugar-loaf hat, half suggesting the roof of a Chinese pagoda, and half an opera-bandit's, surmounts our head and bears as many vegetable and floral designs as we choose to put thereon. All our hairs are braided into a large and obviously artificial mass behind, frizzed and tangled in front, and conducted down our backs in a long curl, which can take its rise from no possible place but a box in our bureau. Thus accoutered, with high heels to our boots, and as much jet and jingle as we can muster about our necks, we are sailing about in this year of grace 1873, and congratulating ourselves that, thanks to Mrs. Gruldy and the publishers of fashion plates, we "look like other people" and may be easy in our minds.

That is the very thing. We "look like other people," but, unfortunately, not like the people (for there are such) who contrive to make even the awkward costume we have described becoming. Beauty is beauty in any garment. Slender figures, "fluffy" golden hair, arch faces, will produce their charm even under the towering hat and the superincumbent pannier. Pretty Blanch might be prettier in another dress: she cannot be less than pretty in this. But what do you think is to become of us, who are clumsy, who are fat, who are too tall for heels, whose hair won't "fluff"—pin we never so wisely; whose profile requires shade, whose figure demands drapery. In order to compete with Blanch upon a battle-ground whose very victories are defeats, we cast away the possibility of adapting our clothes to our individual selves, and preserving, what is possible to the ugliest woman, those lines and folds which are essentially womanly, and, being so, have always a charm in the eyes of men. For—it is no use to deny it or blush over it—it is men whom we dress for. And in trying to model ourselves after Blanch, we provoke comparison between our looks and hers, which even their untrained eyes cannot fail to make. They overlook details; they do not overlook effect. It is nothing to them that the color which makes you look so sallow is that "lovely new Nile green," or the hump on your back is copied exactly from one the Empress wears.

No! Until women can be all run in the same mould, like candles, individuality in dress must be studied if all would look their best. And as unfortunately the most exalted principles upon the subject will not prevent our eyes from growing accustomed in a few weeks to any fashion, however monstrous, from first enduring, then admiring, then—more's the pity—embracing; it would be well to settle upon some plain rules of taste to

which reference may be made in time of need. As, for instance, these:

First. Nothing that is not really beautiful or graceful in itself can be made so by fashion. Our eyes grow morbid, that is all. An awkward line is awkward always, though all woman-kind adopt it.

Second. Things really graceful and beautiful in themselves may suit one class of persons and not suit others.

Third. Dress should supplement your good points and correct your bad ones. As, for instance, if we happen to be tall and thin, fichus, ruffles, puffs, flounces will increase our apparent size and give beside a look of dainty finish to our toilet. A square, solidly-built person in the same garments would look smothered and apoplectic. Such require simple lines, heavy folds, and sweeping drapery. The aim of the one should be lightness, of the other dignity.

Fourth. Whatever is your style of looks, the general outline of the costume should be simple, and the lines unbroken. A dress cut up into details—ruffles here, bows there—is like a thing set bottom upward. The ornament—wherever it may be—should be subordinate. Imagine a lily with three flounces round its bell and a pleated pistil! But even a lily has its ornaments, and the long golden tube and glittering antlers set in the pure, unsullied white, make its whiteness more intense. Nature is profuse in detail, but she never forgets this fundamental law of taste.

Fifth. Above all things be neat. Dainty precision and freshness is as essential to a woman as to a flower. Better a clean chintz gown than a draggled silk, however costly.

Sixth. The first instinct about a new fashion is the true one. Don't wait until your eye has lost its accuracy and your judgment its edge. Subject the thing at once to the general law, and make your decision final.

For all we have said we are perfectly aware that we shall continue to go on pretty much in the old way. For one thing, "it is our nature to," and for another, our milliners and dressmakers won't let us do otherwise; they are in league with the fashion-mongers. So all I ask of you to remember are these three little propositions:

First. It is better to look like a woman—if one happens to be one—than like anything else, even a fashion plate.

Second. It is better to look like one's best self than like somebody else's worst self.

Third. It is of more importance that John, your husband, brother or lover should be impressed with your appearance, than Jane over the way, whose interest it is to have you ugly rather than otherwise, and who will like you none the better for being better looking.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE DISCOMFORT OF FINE DRESSES.

"Shirley Dare" says if some French modiste could only teach these high ladies how to wear their clothes after they get them! You see a painful air of self-consciousness and painstaking on most well-dressed American women. The "stand by thyself" air seems to interpret to one the care and

contrivance that have made such a dress attainable in the first place, and the anxiety under which the lady-wearer goes about, lest some careless foot should set its heel upon her train, or some unlucky accident send a spot or rend a hole in the shining fabric. It seems to say,

"My husband is able to buy me this dress; it is Lyons silk, cost six dollars a yard, and I've made it with a pretty long train—very fashionable, in short, and I'm entitled to three times as much respect in the tight clasp of this fine gown as I was in my every day poplin. I feel that I am entirely respectable, but I wish that there were only two on this sofa. Mrs. Cranch is sitting too near; there will be wrinkles in the side width when I go home, and then, I wonder if the halls were free from dust? I was afraid my dress would be stained from the green-house plants along the wall. Don't hand me that bouquet, there's water on the leaves, and, O, dear! there's supper, and if I come out without having this dress spoiled I shall be thankful. Do you suppose the black of this gentleman's coat will rub off, if I take his arm?"

The next morning I see the dowerer shaking out the folds of her dress with reverence, and anxiously examining each width to see what damage has come to her beloved garment, wiping each imaginary spot of sniffling at it to see if it is grease or not, and wearing an aspect of bereavement as she surveys the folded dress before her at length. Moral—Never wear a dress so expensive that it robs you of your peace of mind.

Yes, I mean it. If you can buy a fine silk dress every season, do so, and take the comfort of it. If you can afford to have one once in two or three years, do so, and wear it on state occasions; but do not go risking your enjoyment by wearing exceptional finery which will prove like the shirt of Nessus before you see the last of it.

—The delicate way of expressing the fact that a lady has added to the natural charms of her complexion is to say that she is "kalsomined."

—There is a needle factory in New Haven where the whole process is done by a single machine, without the manual labor of any person. A coil of steel wire is put in and the machine cuts it off at the required lengths. It cuts the steel pieces consecutively, punches the eyeholes, countersinks the eyes, and grinds the points, and, in fact, does everything until the needles drop out completely formed. Another machine picks them up and arranges the heads and points together, and a third piece of mechanism puts them into paper. One of these machines occupies no more space than an ordinary table, and each of them turns out from 30,000 to 40,000 needles per day. Most of the needles hitherto in use have been imported from England until a few years past. They are made there mainly at Redditch, in Worcester. The business employs about 4,000 people, chiefly females, who are paid weekly from thirty-six cents for small children to \$9.50 for skilled men.



BENNY'S KISS.

BY PAULINA.

"I will send a kiss to mamma,"
And the little orphan smiled;
"She will know it comes from Benny,
She will whisper 'My sweet child.'

When some little one is passing
To the Savior's arms of love,
I will press its white lips softly;
It will bear the kiss above.

By the token I shall send her,
She will know that I am good:
That I care for little brother,
As I promised her I would;
That I say my 'Now I lay me,'
And 'Our Father,' and will try
To be ready for the angels
When they want me by and by.

She is watching for my coming,
She is looking through the gate,
When the happy spirits enter;
But our Father bids her wait.
They have buried her in Graceland,
And the angels spread the snow;
But I'll always send her kisses
By the little ones that go."

TAD AND POLLY.

BY UNCLE CARL.

JUST one story before we go to bed!" shouted Harry, tossing his geography upon the table, as he saw Uncle Nathan draw his rocking chair up before the grate.

"Oh, yes! Do give us just one," echoed Mollie, as she lifted her flushed face from the slate, and hastened to join the group that was gathering round the fireside. There seemed to be no chance for refusal, and the quiet smile that played over the features of the favorite Uncle, whose head was full of all sorts of strange and wonderful stories, gave promise that their request would be granted. So Minnie, who was already in her little white night gown, climbed up into his lap, and now nestled down there, began to count the little pink toes; and George rolled up a cricket and sat at his feet, and the others gathered about as closely as possible.

"Now are you all ready?" said Uncle Nathan, when the tumult had subsided.

"All ready," said Harry; "tell us a true story, and let it be a good, long one."

"Once upon a time," began Uncle Nathan, "in a beautiful little valley, there lived a very happy family, known by their neighbors as the Frogs. They had a sweet, little snugger for a home, in the shadow of a great, green, moss-covered rock, and with the long branches of a willow tree sweeping over them, which reached down to dip its leaves in the water. They considered themselves in a very pleasant neighborhood, for there were the Joneses in the brown two-story house on the hill just back of them, and Lawyer Brown in the great brick house over the brook, and though these people in the great houses sometimes looked down on them, still they were careful never to hurt their feelings. Mr. Frog was

sunshine most of the day, but then he was very handsome, with his green coat and spotted vest, and a great gymnast, the best jumper in the country, and always ready for a frolic. So he was very popular among his friends. Mrs. Frog was a tidy little body, very much devoted to her family, and very excellent at preparing a 'minny' chowder or mosquito hash."

"Would she eat me?" asked Minnie, with her large eyes full of wonder.

"Oh, no! It was the minnows in the brook that she devoured. Both Mr. and Mrs. Frog had very fine voices, and it was their delight, on a fine summer evening, to sit at the door of their home, and sing one of their favorite ditties to please the Joneses and the Browns.

By and by they had some children. The oldest was a fine little fellow, whom they called Tadpole. He was a homely youngster, not a bit like his handsome father; but he was very smart, and soon learned to catch his own dinner among the little wrigglers that squirmed about in the water. Pretty soon he had a little sister, whose name was Pollywog, whom it was Tad's particular delight to teach how to swim, and the best way to get out of sight when a large fish happened along, and all those little arts which a successful frog needs to know. Gradually Tad and Polly began to grow quite handsome, and when they took off their child-clothes and put on the garments which mark the years of discretion, all their acquaintances spoke of them as the finest young couple in the whole valley.

As Mr. Frog's family grew to be very large, and their father became fatter and lazier than ever, and their mother had ceased to give them any attention in her care for the younger ones, they one day concluded they would go out in the world, and seek their fortune. So they left the old croakers, and came hopping and leaping and swimming up the stream, and a happier young brother and sister than Tad and Polly you never saw. He was lithe and active, and she was sleek and brisk, and they amused themselves by seeing which could jump the farthest, or swim under the water the longest without coming to surface to take breath. At last they came to a broad place in the brook, not very far from where we now are, and as it was cool, and shady and full of beautiful stones where they could sit, they concluded to stop and rest themselves a little. But suddenly they heard a terrible noise from the bank. Looking up they saw what seemed to them a monster, standing on two legs, with a brown linen suit of clothes on, and a broad-brimmed hat. It had great hazel eyes that glared down upon them ferociously, and curly brown hair clustering in a terrific way around its head, and its huge hand was sunburnt and scarred with several cuts. It looked somewhat like Willie Jones, who had often come down to feed them like a good Samaritan. But Tad saw in a twinkling that the monster meant mischief.

"Hallo!" roared the monster, in a terrible voice, "here's fun for us!" His eyes glowed more fiercely than ever, and his tones made Polly's heart go pitty-pat as she darted under a

stone for shelter, while Tad was fairly transfixed with terror.

"Come over here quick!" shouted the monster to some unseen companion, "here's a jolly mess."

Suddenly the sound of other voices was heard, and the pattering of feet along the path, and Tad saw another huge creature on the shore looking very much like the first, and beside him a third figure in a calico dress, with very rosy cheeks, and looking somewhat like the fairies that Polly had often been told about. Her smile was the only thing about the immense figures that gave him any comfort.

"What's up now?" cried the second monster, in a voice that said he was ready for anything.

"Are you going to wade in the brook?" asked the fairy in silvery tones, at the same time.

"No," screamed the monster, "I am going to shoot at a mark. There is my target, and I can beat you all in pecking it." As he said this he pointed his gigantic finger straight at Tad, who was ready to faint with fear, and yet was so horror-stricken that he dared not leave his place.

"What!" cried the fairy, "you are not going to peck that pretty little frog are you? See what a beauty he is! Oh, don't be so cruel! How should you like to have some giant come along and treat you so?"

"Nonsense," thundered the monster, as he stooped down to gather up some pebbles, "frogs were made to be treated so. It don't hurt them much, and besides it teaches them to be nimble, and you shall see how spry that young fellow will grow."

"Yes," answered the other monster, with his hands full of little stones also, "we are only going to pay our respects. It is only a military courtesy to fire a broadside as a salute when a distinguished stranger arrives."

"Oh, now, don't treat that dear little creature so," said the fairy again. "God made him, and God loves him, and I am sure he will not like to see him abused."

"Soft-hearted little chicken!" answered the monster, "don't try to stop our fun with your pitiful speeches. Now for our salute. One, two, three, hurrah!"

Upon that, a volley of stones went flying through the air, as though it were raining pebbles; and some lodged on the bank, and some splashed the water, churning it into white foam. But three of them struck poor, little Tad, one on the head, one in the side, and one broke his leg. He was knocked off the stone, and fell helpless into the water.

"Oh, there! you have killed him. I know you have," cried the fairy, in a mournful voice. And sure enough, as if to verify her words, poor little Tad, who had never done anything worse than swim, and jump, and sing, and help his brother and sister frogs, gave one last gasp, turned upon his back, and died. Then how do you think they felt, who had slaughtered this poor little innocent?"

Harry and George both looked very red, as though they could have told how they felt, if they had chosen, but said nothing.

"The relatives had a funeral over him, too," said Uncle, "and I was

present as chief mourner. The birds sang a sad little song for him in the trees, and the frogs stood around his poor, dead body, looking as though they thought human beings were murderers. I cried for them, poor things!"

"But, uncle," said Harry, "do you think it was so very, very bad for us to have a little fun?"

"Oh, ho!" said Uncle Nathan, "were you two young gentlemen the heroes of this attack? I am glad you have the courage to acknowledge it. But this is poor fun that we get at the expense or by the suffering of any creature God has made, be it ever so humble. Sport is a grand thing, when you can make others happy by it, as well as yourselves; but not when it brings misery even to the meanest thing God has made. I should hate to have even the ghost of a dead frog to haunt my memory, for the sake of a little fun. But here is Minnie, fast asleep, and you must be off to bed."

—Advance.

THE \$20,000 JACK-KNIFE.

The ship was driven out of her course, and cast away within sight of an unknown coast. All on board might have escaped in the boats, though rather crowded, but one of the passengers, on their refusing to admit his trunk in any boat, remained in the ship to unfasten it, and get out his pocket-book, which contained notes to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. This he thought would not detain him a moment, and he requested them to wait; but in the hurry and confusion of the moment, he could not immediately recollect what he had done with the key of the trunk.

Having found it at last, and secured his money, he perceived to his dismay that every boat was out of sight, while the ship was falling apart, and suddenly he found himself in the sea.

Catching at some article that was floating by, he clung to it almost unconsciously, not relaxing his hold even when his senses were failing him. Fortunately he was floated to land, and when he revived found himself lying on the beach.

As soon as his strength returned, he ascended an eminence, but could see no sign of the wreck or the boats, or of any human creature. But as he was leaning despondingly against a tree, he was suddenly startled by being clapped on the shoulder, while a voice at his ear exclaimed, "what cheer my hearty?" Turning around, he gladly recognized one of the crew and inquired what had become of the rest.

"Why, I don't know, but I suppose they are safe by this time; but I have seen nothing of them."

"Were you not with them in the boats?"

"No, I stayed on board to the last."

"And so did I, though I was not aware of your being on board. I hope you succeeded as well as I did in saving your property."

"I had nothing to save but my jack-knife and a plug of tobacco—both safe in my trowsers pocket."

"Then why did you not think of saving yourself at once?"

"No, I could not think of leaving the ship so long as the planks held together. She couldn't say I was not

true to her to the last. But come, comrade, let us see what kind of quarters we have got into."

They traveled some distance without any signs of habitation. Necessity quickened their ingenuity, they were successful occasionally in catching fish, oysters or birds, in all which the sailor's jack-knife proved invaluable service, in preparing the proper snares and weapons, in opening the oysters, cutting up and cleaning the fish or birds, and above all, in striking a light to make a fire for the purpose of cookery. Once also when they were attacked by a wild beast, the sailor, by prompt use of the jack-knife, saved their lives.

They had lived in this manner for some months. When they arrived at the opposite side of the island they found it inhabited by savages, who conducted them to their king. The gentleman, anxious to conciliate his copper-skinned majesty, produced a five hundred dollar bank-note and politely offered it to his acceptance. The king examined it with some curiosity, applied it to his nose and tongue, and being satisfied that it was not good to eat, returned it with some contempt.

The gentleman soon found that his twenty thousand dollars could not procure him the smallest consideration. The sailor, on the contrary, in a few days became a personage of great importance, from the many services he was enabled to render with his jack-knife, among a people where iron was unknown. They liberally supplied all his wants, and his rich friend was glad to profit by his bounty.

One day as they were attending the king on an eminence overlooking the sea, they discerned a distant sail evidently passing by the island. They kindled a bonfire and hoisted signals, but did not succeed in attracting notice.

"If we only had a boat," exclaimed the sailor, "I think we could get within hail, as she does not stand far out, though it is plain she intends to pass without touching this way." The gentleman produced his twenty thousand dollars and offered it to the king in exchange for a canoe, but his majesty rejected the roll of paper, and turned to the sailor with a single word—"Knife."

The bargain was instantly closed; the jack-knife was received by the king with no less delight than was experienced by the Englishmen as they jumped into the canoe. By dint of hard paddling, and a favorable current, they got within hall, and were taken on board of the ship, which proved to be an English vessel homeward bound.

As they came within sight of the white cliffs, the gentleman took the sailor aside, and handed him two notes, which amounted to a thousand dollars, said:

"You must not refuse to accept this, for you have done for me more than twenty times as much money could have done. I trust you may find these bills, one day or other, as useful as your jack-knife has been. I have learned by this time, that man's wealth is to be measured, not by the extent of his possessions, but by the use he can make of what he possesses."

THE CHILD'S POCKET ETIQUETTE.

I. Always say, Yes, sir; No, sir; Yes, papa; No, thank you: Good night; Good morning. Never say how or which for what. Use no slang terms. Remember that good spelling, writing and grammar are the base of all true education.

II. Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes and clean finger nails indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

III. Rap before entering a room, leave it with your back to the company. Never enter a private room or public place with your hat on.

IV. Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman. Let your companions enter the carriage or room first.

V. At table eat with your fork; sit up straight; never use your toothpick, although Europeans do, and when leaving ask to be excused.

VI. Never put your feet on cushions, chairs or tables.

VII. Never overlook any one when reading or writing, or talk or read aloud when others are reading. When conversing listen attentively and do not interrupt or reply till the other has finished.

VIII. Never whisper or talk aloud at the Churches, or other public places, and especially in private where any one is singing or playing the piano.

IX. Long coughing, hawking, yawning, sneezing or blowing, is ill-mannered. In every case cover your mouth with your handkerchief, (which never examine—nothing is more vulgar, except spitting on the floor.)

X. Treat all with respect, especially the poor. Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds or animals.

IMPROVE THE MINUTES.

Have a book at hand, or your pen where you can take it up, whenever you may be compelled to wait. You may thus secure many days of useful study and culture in the course of a year. It is related of a distinguished lawyer, whose wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, that being loth to lose so much precious time idly, he commenced the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while he was thus kept waiting. The result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book in three volumes quarto, which has met with a large sale, and is much esteemed.

HELP MOTHER.

"I wish I was a big woman, to help you, mother," said a little girl.

"Fetch mother's thimble; that will help me," said mother, smiling.

Just as if God meant for little children to wait until they grow up before helping their dear parents! No, no! God gave them two nimble feet on purpose to take steps for mother, and eight fingers and two thumbs on purpose to

fetch and bring and carry for her.

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month. Answers should be sent with all contributions to this column.

ANSWERS:—1. It is a joy to think the best we can of human kind. 2. Our national park in the Yellowstone valley. 3. Household. 4. Steam, meats. 5. Sued, used. 6. Horse, shore. 7. Grate, great. 8. Clamp, lamp, map, am, M. 9. Plump, plum, lump, lum, lu (loo), L. 10. Brant, rant, Tarn, Tar, rat, at, t(ea). 11. Dayton. 12. Deerfield. 13. Elko. 14. Portsmouth. 15. Burlington. 16. Cleveland. 17. Newark. 18. Liverpool. 19. Macon. 20. Norfolk. 21. Ash. 22. Cherry. 23. Maple. 24. Apple. 25. Larch. 26. Chestnut.

27. N arro W
A nn A
P lan T
O bscur E
L ette R
E name L
O hi O
N ingp O

28. 20 miles. 29. A'l, \$240; piano, \$140; watch, \$60; urn, \$40.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of nineteen letters. My 18, 2, 8, 11 is the name of a female, spoken of in the Old Testament, who was noted for her filial affection.

My 1, 12, 4 is an article of wearing apparel.

My 14, 12, 8, 19, 18 is a Latin noun.

My 13, 12, 14 is very useful and instructive.

My 15, 17, 3, 12, 5 is the name of a mountain in Asia.

My 7, 10, 12, 4 is the name of a small insect.

My 13, 18, 15, 16, 19, 13, 12, 6, 15 was a poetess.

My 9, 18, 7, 12, 3 is a musical instrument.

My whole is a county and one of its towns, in western Massachusetts.

EMMA R. L.

2. I am composed of twelve letters.

My 1, 6, 4, 10, 6, 9 is the name of a prophet who loved the wages of unrighteousness.

My 7, 2, 11, 5 is the name of a river mentioned in the bible.

My 12, 7, 10, 9, 11 is an animal mentioned in the 53d Psalm.

My 4, 6, 9, 3 is an animal mentioned in the 22d chapter of Genesis.

My whole is the title of an interesting book.

3. I am composed of seventeen letters.

My 12, 4, 15, 10, 4, 1, 16 is a garden vegetable.

My 7, 6, 5 is usually troublesome.

My 17, 14, 11, 2 we should make an effort for.

My 3, 13, 9, 11, 3 is what we all do.

My 8, 14, 17, 6 is your father.

My whole would be very acceptable to the publisher of THE HOUSEHOLD.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

4. My first is in fear but not in love, My second is in g.ve but not in take, My third is in near but not in away, My fourth is in wagon but not in cart, My fifth is in stone but not in wood, My sixth is in work but not in play, My whole we would not like to part with.

SQUARE WORDS.

5. A migratory bird; a large black bird; to turn from; an organ of mo-

tion in the horse; to become a member of.

6. A measure; in subordination to; a farewell; musical instruments; to venture confidently.

CHARADES.

7. In ascent or descent you cannot but cross me, Yet on the wide plain I never can be; But when you transpose me, the same letters keeping, Only two the world ever had or will see.

8. From when the sun sets in the west, Until the dawn of day; From rising to the setting sun I ever haste away.

Behead, I'm neither thine nor mine, Whatever I may be, But you will find I always am Possessed by you and me.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

9. A consonant; moisture; a kind of silk; a famous man; a morning song; novel; a consonant.

TRANSPOSITIONS OF ONE WORD.

10. I 1, 3, 4 in 1, 4, 3, 4, 5, in the 1, 2, 5, 5, 4, 2, 3, 4, 5 upon the 2, 5, 3.

At 2, 3, 1, 4 to 4, 5, 3, 1, 5 the 2, 3, 1, 1 named 1, 3, 2, 2, 1 2, 5, 4 the 2, 3, 1, 1 upon my 2, 5, 5, who was on a 1, 5, 3, 4 made of an 5, 2, 2 of the skin of an 5, 5, 2, stretched upon 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 1, 4, 5, 3, 2 some 1, 4, 3, 2, 5 1, 3, 2, 4 to 5, 3, 4 3, 4 2, 5, 3, 1, 4. 1, 3, 2, 2 1, 5, 3, 2, 1 and 4, 5, 3, 2, 1 4, 3, 2, 2, 1, 4, 5, 2, 2, 3 on the 5, 3, 1, 4 said 2, 3! what 3 4, 3, 2, 5! 2, 5, 1, 4 she should 1, 5, 2, 2 the 2, 5, 3, 1, 5. I made 3 1, 3, 2, 5 of 1, 4, 5, 5, 2; went to the town 2, 3, 1, 3, 2, 2, 5, and now 1, 5, 2, 2 1, 3, 2, 4, and keep all accounts on a 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

HIDDEN RIVERS AND TOWNS.

11. Find twenty-eight hidden rivers and six towns in the following:

"When gold was at par," a native said, "to a Tartar nice on Russia's shore I made a sale, nails and lead, to this Arctic, polar man of lore. This Tartar owned so small a plat, all of it, indeed, I could buy for a cent. I told the Tartar honey was sweet; he didn't know what I meant. I offered him whiskey, but he said, 'on rum I am intent.' His color? a doubt I have of the shade, but yet 'twas a commingled hue; he hath a Mestizo's general plan—save this I cannot tell you. When I came home, I said to Tom, 'big beets you know I've seen, but way down in the torrid zone grow beets so big and green, that weeds around the houses grow; you may remember when my thumb, ere I had gone a rod, eradicated ten?'

WORD PUZZLES.

12. Entire, I am a bird; behead me, and I am to excite; behead again, and I am a river; behead again, I am to employ; transpose me, I am a girl's name.

13. Entire, I live and die with all; curtail me, and I cannot happen unless I have what is left after you behead me.

14. I am the spice of life, and nothing exists without me; curtail me, and I am a man who has traveled extensively on foot, but never went a step alone; behead me, I am a state of suspense; behead again, transpose, I am a small horse; syncopate, restore my tail, transpose, and I have always been the companion of my second.



FLOWERS FOR THE TABLE.

BY SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

MANY elaborate and costly contrivances in metal and prismatic glass have been brought into use for the decoration of the table, but the simple glass stem, expanding into simple glass tazzas or vases, has enjoyed distinctive favor wherever it has been ably presented as to dressing, for the simple reason that in this matter simplicity is desirable and complication objectionable; and as to color, usually bright metals, bronze, prismatic glass, etc., and other *pronounce* materials, make too great a demand on the eye, and fix attention on what does not interest deeply, at the expense of the flowers, which interest all alike from first to last.

In the majority of cases the vases are fitted for daylight, but are to be seen by artificial light, whether of gas, candles, or what else. The particular light under which they are to be displayed is a consideration of the first importance. Usually delicate shades of lilac, such as we have in the Chinese primula, have the appearance of dirty white by artificial light; some shades of blue, such as we have in *Plumbago capensis*, change to a washed-out slate; and all yellows, from deepest orange to palest primrose, undergo considerable change, rarely for the better. White and most shades of red are least influenced by the quality of the light, and if duly proportioned with shades of green, the groupings may be rendered at once rich, varied, fresh and pleasing. The experienced artist will at times use almost anything, and all will be right in the end; for the worst colors may be improved by skillful association, as the best may be made obnoxious by excess or injudicious combinations. Suppose it is winter time, and we cannot have fuchsias for the effect required. We can have the crimson tubes of *Thyrsacanthus rutilans* instead, and in all nature we can scarcely find a better subject to trim the edge of a central tazza with pendant flowers of the best possible color for artificial light. All roses of every kind look well at night. Geraniums of every kind are equally fortunate, for they do not offer us any blue or yellow tints that suffer change by artificial light. Speaking generally, orchids of all kinds are suitable; sprigs of heath and epicas are admirable. Strange to say, the lovely mauvy flowers of *Justicia speciosa* change to a rich bright crimson under gaslight, and some cinerarias of a mauvy cast, especially if edged with white, come out well. As a rule beware of blues and yellows of every shade, and of the colors into which they enter largely, as orange and purple, or your best daylight work may be poor indeed when placed beneath the treacherous gaslight.

Systematic coloring is rarely satisfactory; for even if good of its kind

—which, by the way, it is not likely to be, because these contrivances do not afford space for the developement of anything like a pattern in colors—must fail in the end, because it will weary. Sometimes we see a group of epergnes carefully colored in circles of red, white, and blue; with regular dottings of green and fern fronds, severely regular, to finish the edge with. They make one dreary after the first five minutes; they are like the bedding system *reductio ad absurdum*. Symmetry is desirable, but that is possible with a certain happy ease and elegance.

If sharp rings of color are all we want, paper, calico, or any other cheap or gaudy stuff will answer as well as flowers; and, in fact, a good Chinese lantern with a ruslight in it would please a tasteful eye much more than an epergne filled with circles or divisions of two or three of the most powerfully contrasted colors. Good mixtures should be the aim, but there must be symmetry in some sort, and the colors must have the relief of a sufficient amount of green. The introduction of green in proper quantity and in proper form is a most important matter. Bits of lycopodium and maidenhair fern are sure to be appropriate. Small leaves of many kinds may be used with advantage. Variegated leaves are frequently useful, but we must beware of such as are coarse, or which have a sepulchral air by gaslight, as may happen with leaves of begonia, cissus, amaranthus, and coleus. Many of the lighter kinds of wild and garden grasses may be used with great effect. We shall never forget how Mrs. Cutbush once charmed a thousand people at an exhibition at Highgate by trimming the edge of the topmost vase of a Marchian stand with the vivid green of *Isolepis gracilis* forming a fringe of fairy tassels to a glorious assortment of leaves and flowers. Nor shall we soon forget how Mrs. Saunders, at the first display of dinner decorations of Taunton, achieved an artistic triumph by preparing first a series of groups of exceedingly rich flowers, and then subduing and harmonizing their colors by means of a green lace of fronds of *Adiantum cuneatum* gently laid over them.

There is yet another matter of some importance. It is that the flowers are required to last some time; if they fall to pieces before the feast be over, it is matter for regret, and may be evidence of defective work in the first instance. The subject should so far as possible be selected, not only for their fitness as to form and color, but as to capabilities of endurance. The lovely and delicate *Spiraea Japonica*, which looks too frail for enduring the heat of a dining-room for an hour, will wear out the longest night and still look fresh. The stoutest leaves of caladium that can be found will begin to look flaccid, perhaps actually shrivel, in an hour or two in a dry atmosphere. Perhaps as much depends upon the mode of setting up the flowers as upon their relative texture and powers of endurance. Those that have been carefully cut with a knife will last longer than those the stems of which have been mangled by rude finger-nails, or even with scissors;

for crushed vessels cannot take up moisture so effectually as those that have been cleanly severed. It is of course desirable that all leaves and flowers should be somehow in contact with water; yet, when fruits and flowers are mingled in the same dish, that is impossible. Then thick-leaved or hard-leaved subjects should have the preference, as they can better endure the tax of evaporation than those of a papery or tissue texture. Something may be done, however, to assist the fragile candidates. Take a frond of maidenhair fern; dip it in water, gently shake it, so that it appears dry, and, whether placed with its stem in water or not, it will last out twice as long in a hot-room as a frond from the very same plant that was not so dipped. There is no mystery in the matter. There is a certain amount of moisture, the result of the dipping, entangled in the texture, especially about the margins of the pinnules, which assists to preserve in freshness; in this we have the explanation of the fact. Generally speaking, dipping is not necessary, but it is well to bear in mind that, when our work is likely to be severely tried, we have this resource to aid it.

There are many more points that might be dwelt upon, but we must be content to mention only one, and that is, that flowers which emit agreeable odors, or that are quite destitute of fragrance, are to be preferred to such as offend the nostrils; but powerful odors are scarcely to be desired, as, for example, the fragrance of the common white garden lily soon becomes wearisome if close under the nose for a couple of hours or so. Some odors are agreeable to some persons and obnoxious to others. No one, we suppose, could endure the putrid-meat-like smell of staphelias; and fortunately, though extremely beautiful, their purple and brown tints are quite unfit for decorative purposes; but the only chrysanthemum is a fair example of the debatable flower, which we must use with caution, because to some it is agreeable and to others otherwise—*Ladies' Own Paper*.

THE PREPARATION OF TEA.

The definite effects sought from tea-drinking over and above the mere comfort given by the hot liquid are produced by two ingredients of the leaf—the alkaloid *theine* and the aromatic matter. The latter is what is chiefly valued by the refined connoisseur of tea; and accordingly he (or she) makes tea by pouring perfectly boiling water on a pretty large allowance of leaf, drinking off the first infusion and rejecting the rest. Made in this manner tea is, no doubt, not only a very pleasant beverage, but also a most useful restorative; but, unfortunately, so far from being cheap, it is a costly beverage, and the poor cannot afford to drink it.

The plan which they adopt is that of slow stewing, the teapot standing for hours together upon the hob. The result of this kind of cooking is that a very high percentage of *theine* (and also of the astringent substances which are ruinous to fine flavor) is extracted; and the tea, though poor enough as regards any qualities which

a refined taste would value, is, says the *Lancet*, decidedly a potent physiological agent.—*Scribner*.

THE DESSERT.

—A Dutch Congressman remarked, “Ven I was elected, I thought I would find dem all Solomons down here; but I found dere vas some as pick fools here as I was minself.”

—When N. P. Willis was asked to make a speech, he replied, “I am by profession a writer, and you cannot expect a pump to give water from the handle as well as from the mouth.”

—The last fashionable kink is popcorn parties. It is claimed that they not only keep young men from another kind of corned parties, but that they are very suggestive of a question they ought to pop.

“It is very difficult to live,” said a widow with seven girls, all in genteel poverty. “You must husband your time,” said a sage friend. “I’d rather husband some of my daughters,” answered the poor lady.

—A clairvoyant trio, two women and a man, have been traveling in the South, pretending to cure epizootic by the “laying on of the hands.” They practiced on a mule in Kentucky the other day, and the firm has since dissolved.

—A little boy asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light. “No, my child,” said the doctor, “I am one of the lights of the world.” “I wish then,” replied the boy, “you were hung at the end of our alley, for it is a very dark one.”

—Visitor:—“How long has your master been away?” Irish footman: “Well, sor, if he’d come home yesterday, he’d been gone a week to-morrow; but if he doesn’t return till the day after, sure he’ll a been away fortnight next Thursday.”

—A New Hampshire clergyman, who was asked his price by a young man whom he had just married, replied that the law gave him \$2. The youth promptly handed him out fifty cents, remarking: “Well, that will make up \$2.50 for you,” and before the astonished man could explain matters he was off with his bride on his honeymoon.

—“I found it very inconvenient and a great loss of time,” said Chateaubriand, “to dine before seven o’clock. My wife wanted to dine at five o’clock, and insisted upon that hour. After many arguments and heated discussions, we finally compromised upon six o’clock—an hour very inconvenient to us both. This is what they call domestic concessions.”

—Mark Twain thus prescribes for an aspirant for literary fame: “Young Author.” Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it does make brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all that you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middling whales.



SUNSHINE FOR THE CONSUMPTIVE.

We have been told by some consumptives that one of the best prescriptions we have made, has been their removal from a north room to the sunny south chamber. As we write, two cases come to mind, strikingly illustrative of the sun's benign influence. We had been attending, at an orphan asylum, a girl about twelve years old, who had been long ill of severe typhoid fever. She was wholly prostrated in mind and body, and emaciated to the last degree. It was plain that she was falling into that depressed condition of all the powers of life that so often precedes consumption. Day after day we visited her, but all recuperative power seemed lost. Half dead and alive, the little creature neither spoke nor moved, and ate only on compulsion.

One day, on our way to visit her, we felt that elastic thrill which the warm sun imparts in the early cool weather of spring. We involuntarily leaped along, and were instantly struck with the fact that "virtue had gone out of us," when we left behind us the sunlight and warmth of the street, and entered the northern chamber, the dormitory of the poor orphan. That inspiring influence the invalid had never experienced in the slightest degree, during the whole of her sickness, as owing to its peculiar situation, not a ray of direct sunlight had ever entered the chamber. We were shocked, and for the first time considered the depth of her loss, and our own remissness in regard to her. The air of the room had been pure, the ceilings of the infirmary were lofty, the attendants had been faithful and sagacious. Nothing seemed lacking, in fact, to restore health. Yet it did not come. On the contrary, there seemed a constant downward tendency. "A sun-bath in the warm rays of this delicious spring day is what this girl needs," we instantly said to the sister superior.

This lady gladly consented to the change, and placed the little patient in another room having a southern aspect, and consequently filled with sunlight. The invalid immediately recognized the change, and asked, in her weak way, to have the curtains raised, so as to let in the full blaze of the light. Soon she wanted to sit up, and directed that the easy chair, in which she was propped, should be so placed as to allow her whole body below her face to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It was the natural tendency of disease, seeking for all life-renovating influences. And we have never met with so marked or so rapid improvement as immediately began in the body and mind of the girl. Appetite and strength increased daily, and with them burst forth again all the joyousness of the child's heart.

Another analogous case, which, although we do not demonstrate by it

the influence of the sun alone, we cannot forbear to name, because by such examples we impress perhaps on the minds of our readers the real principles underlying the whole question. A lady aged about thirty, resident in the northern part of New England, consulted us for undoubted tubercular disease of the lungs. Her house was well situated, and on the other side towards the south was a small piazza resting on stone steps, which was raised two or three feet above the ground. The winter was approaching and rules were to be given. Having full faith in these divine influences of pure air and sunlight, we directed that she should sit on this piazza every day during the winter, unless it were too stormy. It was so arranged as to shut out the cool air on both sides, and to admit the full blaze of sunlight in front. Here according to our directions, she used to sit, wrapped in furs, reading or writing for several hours each day during the following winter, and with most excellent results.

She was directed frequently to make deep inspirations, in order to fill the lungs with pure air. She was never chilled, because the sun's rays and her warm clothing prevented it. She never "took cold" there. On the contrary, the balmy influences exerted upon her by her daily sun and air bath were so grateful, her breathing became so much easier after each of them, that, whenever a storm came, and prevented the resort to the piazza, the invalid suffered in consequence thereof. Whether these remarks will prove to our readers that want of sunlight may be reckoned among the causes of consumption may well be doubted, but we trust that, at least, they will convince some sceptic that sunlight has a potent influence in raising the human body from various weaknesses, that sometimes are the precursors of a fatal phthisis.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

SYMPTOMS OF SUNSTROKE.

The symptoms of sunstroke are at once uniform and diverse—uniform in their general outline, and diverse in their especial details. In the ordinary form—that which may be spoken of as the cerebro spinal variety—after more or less distinct warnings, in the shape of such premonitory symptoms as headache, disordered vision, intense weariness, etc., the subject becomes unconscious, sometimes suddenly, sometimes more gradually. The laborer will fall senseless in the street; in the hospital the comrades of a sick man will have their attention attracted by his heavy breathing, only to find that natural sleep has passed by insensible degrees into fatal coma or stupor. With this insensibility there is always associated intense heat of the skin. To the hand the surface feels intensely hot; nor is the sensation a deceptive one—the heat of the body exceeds that attained in almost any other affection. A thermometer placed in the armpit, instead of indicating 98° Fahrenheit, the temperature of health, rises generally to 109° in some cases even to 113°. From the peculiar pungency of this heat the technical term

calor mordax, or biting heat, has been applied to it.

The surface may or may not be pale; very often it is dusty, with a livid, purplish hue. The eyes are sometimes wild and restless, sometimes fixed and glaring, sometimes dull, with the leaden hue of approaching death. The pupils at first are generally contracted; in the latter stages they are often widely dilated. With these symptoms of intense fever are others betokening nervous disturbance. In some cases these are of a nature of paralysis, the patient lying apparently in the deepest sleep, not a muscle moving, not a limb raised, not an eyelid quivering. In other cases this peaceful, though deadly calm, is replaced by a wild tempest—raging delirium, wild screams, as though of intense agony or uncontrollable passion, furious convulsions, following one another like the rapid discharges of a galvanic battery, throwing the body in all directions, twisting it in every conceivable shape, the countenance mocking the derisive laughing of the maniac, or knotting into an expression of agony. In another and perhaps more common class of cases the unconscious patient is simply restless, muttering incoherent words, tossing about on the bed, showing, perhaps, also signs of local paralysis.

Whatever be the form of the attack, generally as the minutes pass the symptoms are intensified; the quick pulse of the first onset becomes more and more feeble, the labored breathing noisy and stertorous, the surface darker and darker as respiration fails and death at last is brought about by asphyxia, or sometimes by the almost spontaneous fading away of respiration and circulation.

The one great symptom—the center of the group in all forms of the disease—is the high temperature. If the skin be cool, the case is not sunstroke. After death the high temperature continues, and is said sometimes even to rise higher. Decomposition follows with exceeding rapidity. On post mortem examination the only appearances of striking importance are a condition of blood similar to that seen in low fevers, a rigid, contracted state of the heart, in which it feels like wood and a great tendency towards the rapid but transient development of that peculiar stiffening which sometimes after death takes possession of the muscular tissues.

Whatever is to be done in this disease must be done quickly. Clinical as well as experimental observation enforces this doctrine. There should in such cases be no waiting for the doctor. The remedy is so simple, the death so imminent, that the good Samaritan passing by should save his brother. The good Samaritan must, however, have a cool head to be useful. Not every man that falls unconscious on a hot day has sunstroke. There is, fortunately, one criterion so easy of application that any one can use it. Go at once to the fallen man, open his shirt bosom, and lay the hand upon the chest; if the skin be cool, you may rest assured that, whatever may be the trouble, it is not sunstroke. If, on the contrary, the skin be burning hot, the case is sunstroke, and no time should be lost. The patient

must be carried to the nearest pump or hydrant, stripped to the waist, and bucketful after bucketful of cold water bedashed over him, until consciousness begins to return, or the intense heat of the surface decidedly abates.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

CARBOLIC ACID AS A DISINFECTANT.

A correspondent writes to the Philadelphia Ledger that the use of carbolic acid as a disinfectant and curative agent in small pox and other contagious diseases should be universally known. Dr. Burgess, of San Francisco, says, in the Boston Journal of Chemistry, "in the late fearful epidemic of small-pox I have tested the disinfectant and prophylactic power of carbolic acid in a way that leaves no doubt in my mind of its superior merit. Indeed, during the latter part of the course of the epidemic, I trusted to it exclusively. In thirty-six instances of its exclusive use, the disease spread in but one, and that was in a family of very filthy habits, where cleanliness and proper nursing were unattainable."

Carbolic acid in a fluid form is a cheap article. To disinfect an apartment two or three teaspoonsfuls may be put in a small bucket of water, and scattered about with a whisk broom. Or the same, or even smaller quantity, may be placed in a dish and mixed with sand. The evaporation from this will disinfect the air. If the air should become too strongly charged, the evaporation may be checked by covering the dish more or less, as required. This atmosphere, containing carbolic acid, is healthy, and soon becomes quite agreeable, especially when associated with its power as a destroyer of infection.

The bed clothes, blankets, etc., and clothes worn by persons having the disease, or coming in contact with such, may be washed with soap now manufactured containing carbolic acid. Or common soap may be used, with two or three teaspoonsfuls of carbolic acid added to the suds. Thus may complete disinfection be produced in bed clothes or body clothes of patients subjected to small-pox or any other infectious disease.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ILL HEALTH.

Sickness is very largely the want of will. Everything is brain. There is thought and feeling, not only, but will; and will includes in it more than mental philosophers think. It acts universally, now as upon the mind, and then just as much upon the body. It is another name for life force. Men in whom this life or will-power is great, resist disease, and combat when attacked. To array a man's mind and will against his sickness is the supreme art of medicine.

Inspire in men courage and purpose, and the mind will cast out disease. "Nothing ails her. It is only imagination," says the nurse "only" the imagination? That is enough. Better suffer in bone and muscle than in the imagination. If the body is sick the mind can't cure it; but if the mind itself is sick, what can cure that?—*Norwood.*



OUR HIDDEN LIFE.

There are thoughts that round us hover
Which the world can never know;
Smiling faces often cover
Useen springs of care and woe.

There are holy, deep emotions
Which no language can repress,—
There are silent, lonely feelings
That the tongue will not confess.

In the still house of the spirit,
Hermit-like, they always dwell,
And its region they inherit,
As the monk his gloomy cell.

Men may scan each look and feature,
Watch the smiles that come and go,—
Catch the varying expressions
That the eyes, unconscious, show;

They may think these changing symbols
All our hidden life reveal,
And that by them they discover
What the soul would fain conceal.

These are but the simple bidding
Of the volumes of the heart,—
None, save He who formed and made it,
May its seal'd clasp tear apart.

On its many-color'd pages
Deeper views of life appear,
Pictures of our friends departed
Are engraven deep and clear.

Though the mind can read its legends,
Scan its pure leaves o'er and o'er,
Yet the lips may never utter
Aught of its mysterious lore.

In the midnight, in the noonday,
'Mid the scenes of peace and strife,
Every moment leaves its record
Of this secret, hidden life.

CONVERSATIONAL POWERS OF AUTHORS.

THE late William Hazlitt, a man gifted with great powers of observation and expression, was of opinion that actors and authors were not fitted, generally speaking, to shine in conversation. "Authors ought to be read, and not heard;" and as to actors, they could not speak tragedies in the drawing-room, and their wit was likely to be comedy and farce at a second hand. The biography of men of letters, in a great measure, confirms the opinion; some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mutes before their fellow-men.

They had golden ingots, which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; Lafontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Harcourt, the novelist, was so dull in society, that his friend said to him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him."

As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of

another. Wit on paper seems to be something wholly different from that play of words in conversation which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II, the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of Hudibras that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of the opinion with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book.

Addison, whose classic elegance of style has long been considered the best model for young writers, was shy and absent in society, preserving even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence. He was accustomed to say that there could be no real conversation but between two persons, friends; and that it was then thinking aloud. Steele, Swift, Pope and Congreve—men possessing literary and conversational powers of the highest order—allowed him to have been a delightful companion among intimates; and Young writes of him that "he was rather mute in society on some occasions, but when he began to be company he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble strain of thought and language so as to chain the attention of every one to him." Goldsmith, on the contrary, as described by his contemporary writers, appeared to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his works. His address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished; he hesitated in speaking, and was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself. Dr. Johnson spoke of him as an inspired idiot; yet the great essayist, though delivering oracles to those around him in pompous phrases which have been happily described as spoken in the Johnsonese tongue, was not entitled to be called a good converser.

Nearer to our own time, we have had many authors whose faculty told twice. Sheridan and Theodore Hook were fellows of infinite jest; they could set a "table in a roar," and fill pages with pathos and wit of such a quality that it makes their survivors think "we could have spared better men."

Burns was famous for his colloquial powers; and Galt is reported to have been as skillful as the story-tellers of the East in fixing the attention of his auditors on his prolonged narrations.

Coleridge was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant, unbroken monologues of two or three hours' duration, to listeners so enchanted that, like Adam, whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot all "places, all seasons and their change;" but this was not all conversation, and few might venture to emulate the "old man eloquent" with hopes of equal success.

Washington Irving, in the account he has given of his visit to Abbotsford, says of Sir Walter Scott that his conversation was frank, healthy, picturesque and dramatic. He never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigor of his imagi-

nation. He was as good a listener as a talker; appreciated everything that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time, his superiority, and they only recollect and wondered, when it was all over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, in whose society they had felt so perfectly at ease.—*Chambers' Journal*.

A MAN WHO KNEW ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN LANGUAGES.

Giuseppe Mezzofanti was, without doubt, the greatest master of languages that ever lived. He was born in Bologna in the year 1774, and his father, a carpenter, destined him for the same calling.

He worked at a bench standing within hearing of the recitations of some boys in Greek and Latin, and without knowing the Greek alphabet, or even looking into a Greek or Latin book, he picked up by ear a considerable knowledge of both languages, thus discovering to himself and others his wonderful aptitude for linguistic studies, and attracted the notice of a priest, who arranged for his education. In college he mastered Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Spanish, German, French, Swedish, Arabic, Coptic, and at the age of twenty-three was appointed Professor of Arabic in the University of Bologna.

During the Napoleonic wars he was a constant visitor to the hospitals, whither he went mainly for the purpose of learning the different languages spoken by the prisoners there, among whom he found Russians, Bohemians, Wallachs, Servians, Hungarians, Croats and Poles, and from them he learned to talk fluently all of their languages.

Later in life he went to Rome, first as a keeper of the library of the Vatican, and afterwards as a cardinal. Here he continued his linguistic studies, mastering Sanscrit, Persian, Georgian, Welch, Irish, Lappish, Armenian, Chinese and a number of other tongues, and when he died, in 1749, he could speak correctly and fluently one hundred and fourteen different languages. The most astonishing part of the matter, however, was that he not only spoke these languages correctly, but he knew perfectly their idioms, and was even familiar with the little local dialectic variations in each.

Lord Byron, astonished at his perfect mastery of good English, tested him with English slang, and found the Italian priest more than a match for himself even in that, whereupon he pronounced him a "monster of languages, a Briareus of parts of speech, and a walking polyglot." Another of his admirers thought that if he had been at Babel he might have acted as interpreter for the confused host without any kind of difficulty.

THE REVIEWER.

WOMAN IN AMERICAN SOCIETY. By Abba Good Woolson. 8 vo. pp. 271. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers.

This charming little volume comprises a series of papers portraying as only a woman can, the successive phases of woman's life as she passes from girlhood to mature age. Without being querulous, our author, as might be expected, finds much to criticize, and little to commend in the present system of "bringing up" the future wives and mothers of the land, and though some of her exceptions may seem to be taken a little more severely than the nature of the case demands, the candid reader will be ready to adopt the sentiment, if not the language, of the opening sentence: "One must always regret that law of growth which renders it necessary that kittens should spoil into demure cats, and bright, joyous school-girls develop into the spiritless, crystallized beings denominated young ladies." To give our readers a more definite idea of the richness of the repast in store for them here, we add the "bill of fare," premising that every course sparkles with that freshness and originality that have made the writings of "A. G. W." famous among women. The School-Girl; After Graduation; Ornamental Young Ladies; The Accomplishments; Getting Married; The Better Way; Wedding; The Feminine Mania for Clothes; Social Discomforts; Evening Parties; Beauty as a Power; Charitable Fairs; Summer Resorts; A Sojourn in Arcady; Our Farmer's Wives; Invalidism as a Pursuit; The Physical Education of Girls; The Reforms needed in Dress; Grandmothers' Houses; The Queen of Home.

WIT AND WISDOM OF GEORGE ELIOT. 12 mo. pp. 250. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers.

A volume of this size containing the choicest selections from the writings of George Elliot must of necessity be a "feast of reason," and such we have indeed found this little work to be. The enterprising publishers have collated the wise and witty sayings of the above author in paragraphs of from one to fifty lines, being selections from *Scenes from Clerical Life*, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, *Felix Holt*, and *Middlemarch*, and embodied them in one choice book. A table of contents gives the names of the different characters who figure in the above stories, and numbers guide us in determining which of the characters are made to utter these expressions, as well as her own moralizing. There is also an index, which gives the gist of each quotation, and the page on which it may be found.

FROM OLYMPUS TO HADES. By Mrs. Forrester. Boston: Loring, publisher. Price 50 cents.

This is a novel of more than ordinary interest, and any reader, who loves a good novel, a story well told, and one that develops human nature fairly, will be well entertained by this book.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE for July is received. The contents of this number are *Crooked Places*, a story of struggles and hopes, by Edward Garrett, author of *Occupations of a Retired Life*, etc.; Part III; *Millicent's Romance*, and what it was made of. *The Future of the Working Classes*, by W. G. Blaikie. D. D.; V; labor without sorrow. *Customs and Curiosities of Madagascar*, by Andrew Davidson, F. R. C. P., Edinburgh, and physician to the queen of Madagascar; Part II. *The Guiding of God's Providence*, by J. S. Howson, D. D., Dean of Chester. *The Silent Hour*, by the Rev. Henry Downton, M. A. Dean Alford, by H. A. Page. *Practicing the Anthem*, by Ada Cambridge. *In Reformation Times*; *Some Glimpses of Life at a Great Era*; by the author of *Papers for Thoughtful Girls*, etc.; Part II; *Battista di Rossi*. *Thine is the Power*, by Frances Ridley Havergal. *Association of Comets and Star-Showers*, by the Rev. Josiah Crampton; Part II. *Silence*, by the author of *Patsy's first glimpse of Heaven*. *Against the Stream*; a story of an heroic age in England; by the author of *The Schonberg-Cotta Family*; Chapters XXVI-XXIX. *The Editor's Room*. For sale by all booksellers and periodical dealers. Terms: yearly subscription, \$2.75; single number, 25 cents; specimen number mailed, postage paid, to any address on receipt of 20 cents. J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, Philadelphia.

THE SCIENCE OF HEATH for August is an excellent number; opening with an illustrated article on the Care of the Feet; The

O, SHALL I EVER MEET THEM AGAIN?

L. O. EMERSON.

1. I dream of my home, tho' far o'er the deep, Still do I sigh each weary step I go; I think of my friends, while
 2. I long for the fields that bloom'd in their pride; Still do I hear each bird which sang in glee! But where are the forms that

sad - ly I weep, As mem -'ry recalls each heart that I know. Sweet, sweet times that come no more; Echoed in my ear in my
 stray'd by my side, — The whis - pers of love, so dear un - to me?

wea - ry pain; Those fair, ear - ly joys, those fa - ces of yore, — O, shall I ev - er meet them again?

Still I fond - ly dream, dear ones, of thee, Still I am sighing all in vain! The bright sun - ny smiles, the
 Still I fond - ly dream, dear ones, of thee, Still I am sighing all in vain! The bright sun - ny smiles, the

ad lib.

voi - ces of glee, — O, shall I ev - er meet them a - gain? O, shall I ev - er meet them a - gain?

voi - ces of glee, — O, shall I ev - er meet them a - gain? O, shall I ev - er meet them a - gain?

Confessions of the late Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is given; Sins Against the Body; an excellent article on Green Corn, giving a dozen or more modes of preparing this universally used article of food; Causes and Cure of Summer Complaints; Health Resorts in America; Signs of Madness in Dogs; and a

variety of other rich reading, including Answers to Correspondents. Terms \$2.00 a year. A new volume began with July. Sent six month on trial, for \$1.00. S. R. Wells, Publisher, 339 Broadway, New York.

We are indebted to G. D. Russell & Co.,

Boston, for the following pieces of music: O Willie, Boy, Come Home; Dear Mother, I'm Dreaming of You; Esmeralda Impromptu; Bid your Darling "Sweet Good Night;" and Sunlight through the Mist.

The NEW HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE, published

at Portsmouth, celebrated the commencement of its 117th year, by an interesting and full page article, which notes the most salient points in its history, and a *fac simile* of its first issue, Oct. 7th, 1756. The Gazette has grown some since that time.



UNCLE JOE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I have in memory a little story,
That few indeed would rhyme about but me;
'Tis not of love, nor fame, nor yet of glory,
Although a little colored with the three—
In very truth, I think as much, perchance,
As most tales disembodied from romance.

Joe lived about the village, and was neighbor
To every one who had hard work to do;
If he possessed a genius 'twas for labor,
Most people thought, but there was one or two
Who sometimes said, when he arose to go,
"Come in again and see us, Uncle Joe!"

The "Uncle" was a courtesy they gave—
And felt they could afford to give him;
Just as the master makes of some good slave
An Aunt Jemima, or an Uncle Jim;
And of this dubious kindness Jo was glad—
Poor fellow it was all he ever had!

A mile or so away, he had a brother—
A rich, proud man that people didn't hire;
But Jo had neither sister, wife nor mother,
And baked his corn-cake at his cabin-fire
After the day's work hard for you and me,
But he was never tired, how could he be?

They called him dull, but he had eyes of quickness
For everybody he could befriend;
Said one and all: "How kind he is in sickness,"
But there, of course his goodness had an end
Another praise there was might have been given,
For one or more days out of seven,

With his old pickaxe swung across his shoulder
And down-cast eyes, and slow and sober tread—
He sought the place of graves, and each beholder
Wondered and asked some other who was dead;
But when he had digged all day, nobody thought—
That he had done a whit more than he ought.

At last one winter when the sunbeams slanted
Faintly and cold across the churchyard snow,
The bell tolled out—alas! a grave was wanted,
And all looked anxiously for Uncle Joe;
His spade stood there against his own roof-tree,
There was his pickaxe, too, but where was he?

They called and called again, but no replying;

Smooth at the window, and about the door
The snow in cold and heavy drifts was lying—

He didn't need the daylight any more.

One shook him roughly and another said:

"As true as preaching, Uncle Joe is dead!"

And when they had wrapped him in the linen, fairer
And finer, too, than he had worn till then,
They found a picture—haply of the sharer
Of sunny hope sometimes; or where or when
They did not care to know, but closed his eyes
And placed it in the coffin where he lies!

None wrote his epitaph, nor saw the beauty
Of the pure love that reached into the grave,
Nor how in unobtrusive ways of duty
He kept, despite the dark; but men less brave
Have left great names, while not a willow bends
Above his dust—poor Jo, he had no friends!

A CHAPTER ON MOVING.

BY AUNT LEISURELY.

MY DEAR NEICE ZILLAH:—
Hearing you intended moving
soon, and having a desire to lend a
helping hand, but distance preventing,
I thought I would jot down a few
items of my experience in that line,
as I knew you would not think it egotism
in your little Aunt, but a conscientious desire to help in any way I
can, the child of my own sister.

It has always been my theory, that
with anything like system and fore-
thought, the old adage of "three re-
moves being as bad as a fire," need,
except in rare cases, never be verified;
but the trouble is, the majority of
persons do not commence in time, and
when the day comes 'tis turmoil,

weariness, and consequently low spirits, if not downright ill-humor.

A removal can be made one of the
most disagreeable episodes in one's
life, but by managing rightly, and
above all, laying in a good stock of
cheerfulness and good humor, it not
only loses most of its discomfort,
but may be in after years to one's self
and family a retrospect of positive en-
joyment. Even when a person by force
of circumstances is compelled to leave
a place they like, and go to one they
dislike, they need not make the transit
so unmitigatedly wretched, as I have
known some persons to do; for the
sake of the little ones, when pleasure
is so dependent on a parent's mood,
and whose little active minds delight
in the excitement of moving, keep
tranquill, and do not let them have
cause to remember its discomforts to
the latest day of their existence.

Like yours, you know our removal
was a first experience. I had often
seen my neighbors fit from one habi-
tation to another, and heard their
groans over the confusion and trouble,
and to profit by the mistakes of
friends, I consider one of the many
unselfish uses we can make of them.

Aside from the natural feeling of
sorrow in leaving the old homestead,
I felt an almost childish pleasure in
thought of a change; even if my sur-
roundings are not quite so agreeable,
I argued to myself, it will still be the
change I have so long sighed for se-
cretly. I say secretly, for it is not a
creditable thing in the eyes of your
neighbors, nor one calculated to en-
hance you in their good opinion to
have you show anxiety to leave them,

it wounds their self-love, and places
them at a disadvantage; and though
my conscience condemned me, that I
was so willing to leave the tried
friends of my lifetime, I could not
but be pleased to go. As for the chil-
dren they were delighted with the
idea of moving, no matter what desti-
nation was in prospect, any place
would be Eldorado to them, provid-
ing the transit could be made in wag-
ons, and they seated on the load. I
knew none but the two boys could go
in that way, but I let Lizzie carry on
her little six year old plans with the
rest, knowing when the time arrived,
she could be easily persuaded, by
some new pleasure to go in the car-
riage with her papa and me; and in
the meantime why deprive her of the
pleasure of anticipation, which counts
so much in the sum of our happiness?

As was your grandmother's plan, I
always kept the house cleared of old
clothes, by piecing them in balls for a
carpet, so that nuisance was rid off,
and in place of them, was a roll of
new, bright rag carpet, that I con-
cluded not to cut, but to fit to the dining-
room of my new home. We moved
in April, and through the winter, all
the rags and paper were collected to
be sent off and sold, all rubbish that
we did not need (and what garret is
there that doesn't collect it?) was
burnt or carried off where it would
molest no one, and three weeks before
the time I had the carpet taken off the
parlor which was the largest room in
the house, and every box we had on
the place taken in; all the quilts,
blankets, sheets and pillow slips that
were not in use, were next brought

in, and the looking glasses and pict-
ures were each wrapped in an article
of bedclothing and placed in the boxes
that suited them best, the large waiter
was slipped down in one end of the
box, and two oil-cloth table covers
spread over all, (thus carrying them
without creasing), and the lids nailed
on securely.

Next the empty flour barrels were
in demand, and all the table ware,
pans etc., that would not be needed
until settled were wrapped in clean
underclothes and packed securely in
them and headed up. Next the bu-
reaus were brought down and all the
glass-ware, mantle ornaments, and
nick-nacks were wrapped separately
in wearing apparel, rugs, table covers,
tidies etc., thus saving the litter of
paper or straw besides not being en-
cumbered with anything but what
would be needed; any little cavities
where wedges were needed were filled
with our common books, the choice
ones were wrapped separately and
packed in a box by themselves. The
drawers were locked, and the carpet
from up stairs wrapped around them,
and so much was done.

As you are aware, it is customary
in this neighborhood to clean a house
before leaving it; we could for so short
a time manage to live comfortably in
a small compass. I do not keep any
help, so I seized on the available re-
sources I had in the shape of my
three children and fine help they were,
and many a step they saved me. We
commenced at the garret, all the
things were taken to the packing
room, and we finished it in one day.

We had a lime barrel sunk in one
corner of our cellar, and kept lime in
it all ready for use the year round.
I often wonder that housekeepers as a
rule for such a great convenience, do
not take the trifling trouble to have a
hole dug and a strong wooden hooped
barrel put in, thus saving the trouble
every spring of either swelling up the
old barrel, or what is more common
having to get a new one for their lime:
mine had been in use ten years and
with attention bids fair to last ten
more as the lime preserves the barrel
and the dampness keeps it whole and
tight. As the weather was cool, the
boys moved a little bedroom stove
we had from one room to another as
we required in our house cleaning op-
erations, and we found a comfortable
little fire was a great assistance. We
white washed and cleaned every room
thoroughly, resting when tired and
taking the whole matter leisurely.

The carpets were put back on the two
bed rooms we would still need, thus
keeping the floors clean and saving
more scrubbing. I followed the same
plan with the first floor and finished
cleaning a week before moving day.
One large packing box, with hinges
and lock, I had kept bed clothes in,
I used for the eatables, as they did
and by rights should form an import-
ant feature in the moving. I designed
that my precious box, the dining table
and cook stove should go in the first
wagon. Two days before the flitty
I baked a ham by a process of my
own, which is to say the least of it
delicious, (if you wish to have my
recipe let me know and I will inform
you in my next epistle) roasted pou-
try, made pies, potato custards, and

tarts, bread, rusk biscuits and cake,
and set them in the ever capacious
parlor, covered with a clean cloth.
When I packed up my fruit cans, I re-
served three half gallon ones in which
I intended putting cranberry sauce,
cold slaw, and lima beans, all ready
for the table; the coffee was ground
and put by the rest, also tea, a bottle
or cream, sugar, and every thing that
would be needful for a dinner for
nearly a dozen persons, was packed
in that box, and the dinner could not
help being a success, and with very
little trouble. My beloved pot plants
I let stand until almost the last and
were put, pots and all into woodboxes
without lids, and went safely as did
everything else, not an article was
broken or lost. The piano was packed
in its box, the sewing machine locked
and a strip of carpet wrapped round
the table and box. And when all the
wagons had gone we still had time
for a farewell chat and good-bye with
the friends who called, and who would
have cheerfully assisted us had it been
necessary.

As I surmised, Lizzie was perfectly
willing to resign her seat on the wagon
in consideration of being en-
trusted with the canary in its cage.
We were amused at the air of respon-
sibility on her features as if, like
Atlas, the world rested on her plump
little shoulders. In an hour after our
arrival to our new quarters, we sat
down to a late, but comfortable dinner.
I have no doubt many brisk house-
keepers would raise their hands in
dismay at the shiftlessness of the pro-
ceeding, but truth bids me confess,
that I put in almost as much time fix-
ing up my new home as I did getting
detached from the old one, but as
the old lady said when she called upon
a neighbor to apologise for not invit-
ing her to a party, "if I had it to do
again I would do just exactly as I
did."

HINTS AND AIDS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

BY PATIENCE POPULAR.

The tasks of housekeepers during
the last sickly months of summer, are
often more burdensome than at any
other time of the year. There are so
many things which demand constant
attention and which cannot be suf-
fered to go without that attention,
that in many homes, especially where
there are large families, the work
seems to be constantly crowding the
workers and demanding greater attention.
Besides the constant succession
of fruits which occur in summer and
which must be immediately attended
to, by preserving, canning etc., those
that come first usually being of a
better quality than those that ripen at
the latter part of the season of its
kind; the health of the family seems
also to demand more time and atten-
tion than at any other part of the
year.

The frequent bathing of the whole
bodies, of both children and adults,
is necessary to good health. The
frequency of inflammations of the
stomach and bowels as well as many
other diseases of these organs should
teach us to use the necessary means
of preventing the occurrence of these
diseases as far as lies in our power.

In order to do this the stomach should be kept perfectly sweet. Those who are troubled with sourness of the stomach should use soda before and after each meal. If soda be not at hand use the common article of sale-ratus, though soda is better. Severe cases of dysentery have been perfectly cured in a few days by the use of sale-ratus alone, no change having been made in the diet. In those cases a teaspoonful was put in an ordinary coffee cup which was filled nearly full of water. When dissolved the patient drank two or three spoonfuls before eating, another one just after the meal, then one each hour during the day and night. It can be given to children in any kind of drink in which they will take it and is far less harmless than the astringents usually dealt out by physicians in such cases.

Those whose stomachs are kept sweet will not be troubled with diarrhea etc., unless caused by overloading it which should be especially guarded against. Great care should be exercised in the selections of the diet during the warm months. Graham bread, rice, and the frequent use of the farinas, any one or all of them will add to the general health of the family. The frequent changing and well airing of all the underclothing, as well as perfect cleanliness is conducive of good health without which, to thousands life is a burden.

A mistake is made by many, in the use of soda as a preventive of sour stomachs, they never imagine that it requires as much to sweeten the mass in the stomach as it would to sweeten the same amount in any other receptacle. Thus they use too little and then blame the soda for injuring the stomach little knowing how much strength the poor, abused stomach would gain by being kept perfectly sweet, for but a single week.

In many cases of sickness especially in warm weather the housekeeper is troubled with an insufficiency of changes of clothing for the patient. In most families, even in the poorer classes this may be avoided and a plentiful supply kept constantly on hand with but little trouble and little or no expense. Let the housekeeper when looking over the clothing for the family, select those garments that have been worn until they need a little mending, such as skirts, chemise, nightdresses etc., have them neatly mended and laid away in some drawer, box or trunk kept for the purpose. These half new garments are soft and easily cleaned and much more suitable for sickness than new or nearly new ones which are often so stained by medicine, liniment, etc., as to be unfit to be worn when in health. Three or four of each of these kinds of under garments lain away and kept for this purpose often renders invaluable service in families where there is much sickness. Where there are children who are sickly, two sizes of garments may be kept. A wide hem may be turned up, tucks run in the sleeves and they be made small enough for the little ones, with but few moments of labor.

Old linen handkerchiefs, such as may have had a little place or two darned in them are usually much better liked by the sick than new ones,

and if stained no expense is incurred. A dozen or two such ones laid aside and kept will always be found useful. All old white garments that are no longer to be worn should be thoroughly cleaned, and then carefully ripped in pieces, the better portions should be torn off and saved to be used as bandages, wrappings for sores, and in any other ways in which such cloths are needed in a sickroom. Thus all ordinary families may be always, in a measure prepared for the illnesses that in this age seldom fail to come.

In some vicinities we saw small kegs with pounds much like those used in some families for pounding clothes in barrels, prepared and kept for the purpose of mashing berries, currants and other small fruits from which jams, jellies, etc., are to be made. They were cheap and useful. Jam made from berries that have been thoroughly pounded are much nicer than that in which the berries are used whole.

To make blackberry jam, weigh the berries and pound them thoroughly, stew until thick enough for a stiff jam, then add four pounds of sugar for every five pounds of berries. Boil until when cold it can be cut in slices with a knife. Pour in jars and cut white paper to cover as for jellies, tie up and set away in a cool dry place. It must be stirred constantly while cooking. This jam will keep for years. When wanted for use cut out, some add water and stir for a few minutes.

A very pleasant sauce to be eaten with meats, or for those who do not eat meats, with a dinner of vegetables, is made of tomatoes as follows. Pare and slice off the ripe tomatoes until you have two gallons, stew until nearly the consistency of jam, add one quart of good vinegar, four pounds of sugar, one-fourth pound of cinnamon bark, unground and one ounce of cloves. Boil twenty minutes stirring constantly and can for use. For those who do not like tomatoes, a sauce equally as good, may be made of ripe currants using the same proportions and cooking in the same way.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been thinking about you this afternoon, and as we always like to write to our dear friends, and as you are one of mine, I must not slight you of course. I have only been acquainted with you a few years, friend HOUSEHOLD, but I find your acquaintance "wears," which cannot be said of all of one's acquaintances; now you seem just like an old friend, tried and true, and you are always a very welcome visitor to me dear HOUSEHOLD.

I have been thinking too of "Marah" and I wish I could tell her how much I sympathize with her and pity her.

For of all the evils in life, domestic discord is one of the greatest; one under which the heart bleeds most; and it has truly been said that "want of sympathy always prevents or banishes affection." And I want you to say to the girls of your HOUSEHOLD band, dear HOUSEHOLD that marriage is the last subject with which a maiden should trifle. If she thinks of it at all, it should be with holy, and

subdued feelings; on no account should she seek to attract attention, on no account should she feel anxious for the duties and responsibilities of wedded life. But if sought by one whose principles she can approve and with whose heart her own can beat responsively, then she should, with a calm, deep woman's trust, give herself to him, and seek to become one with him. Only in such a unison can she hope to be blest.

To desire any other is folly. And oh, let any woman pause before she decides the question whether a lover as a husband will come up to her plane or she eventually descend to his. And above all, with Grace Aguilar I too would say, "Let no woman unite herself with sin in the vain hope of transferring it to virtue," for where one has succeeded, very many have failed, and grown weary, and broken hearted, while others, by such marriages, have degraded their own womanhood, and brought an ineffaceable stain upon the purity of their own hearts. That writer told the truth who said "this marrying for a home or for fear of being an 'old maid,' is no more marriage in the sight of God, no more true marriage, than the blush of a fashionable woman that is bought for ten cents an ounce and carried home in her pocket is true modesty."

I must say good-bye to you now dear HOUSEHOLD but I shall not forget you, or our poor friend Marah; I wish I could say something comforting—something that would soothe her weary heart, sore tried. But I know that no words of mine can reach a sorrow as deep as hers.

"God's ways seem dark, but soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The good can well afford to wait,
The evil cannot brook delay."

JESSAMINE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish I might say something to help sister Marah, but perhaps it will be a comfort to her to read words of sympathy from loving hearts, if nothing more. Tears filled my eyes as I read her letter and thought of my own dear husband, God's most precious earthly gift, and the wealth of love he bestows upon me in return for mine. His willingness to gratify every wish, his unwillingness to leave home without me, except to his daily work, and how gladly he returns when that work is done, where he knows his wife is counting the hours till he comes, and counts it scarcely living, only staying, while he is away. It seems almost incredible that one could change so much in a few years, for surely our sister's husband could not have shown so much indifference to her before marriage, else he would never have won her love. If he had shown only contempt for flowers, birds, and pictures, it is possible she would not have found him a very congenial companion.

One trouble is that a man will so often put on a very attractive and pleasing exterior, in order to gain the favor of one whom, for any reason, not always love, he wishes to make his wife. After she is won, and the marriage ceremony has joined them together for life, he gradually returns to his old habits and ways, and the disappointed wife is left to learn at

her leisure that she gave her love to what she supposed him to be, not to what he really is. When I read the letter to my husband, he said "why don't she have a talk with him about it, and ask him what it is that makes a happy home?"

If he really loves her and desires her happiness, it seems as if a little conversation and reflection would show him that the course he is taking would wear out any woman's love. As surely as fire will go out with nothing to feed upon, or our bodies die without food, so surely will love die if it has nothing to live upon. If he is not too selfish to give up his own ways, I should think he might be induced to take a different course. But if he does not love her, and married her from other motives, then what can we do but pity her, and ask God to help and comfort her?

Some one says she tried to make an aeolian harp, but did not succeed. I also tried and failed. At least, there was no music except at very long intervals, and then so very faint that the room must be perfectly still, and the ear within a few inches of the window in order to hear it.

Some of your writers tell us to use kerosene for bedbugs. We think we like spirits of turpentine much better. It kills them sooner, and has not the unpleasant smell of kerosene.

Helen wants a cure for warts. I had a dozen small ones when a child. I used to pick off the outside skin with my finger nails, as often as I could without making them bleed, perhaps once a day, or two or three days. I did it more for the notion of it, than with any idea of curing them, and it may not be that, that cured them, but after a time they all disappeared, and I have never had any since.

I think it would "greatly oblige" a great many others besides Mrs. O. C. to tell how to "always have things looking just so."

I want to tell you one reason why I like THE HOUSEHOLD. It is because its columns seem so much like letters which one friend would write to another, rather than productions which have passed under editorial criticism to see if every idea was expressed in the fewest words possible, because if not it must go into the waste basket and never help or comfort any one.

Mrs. L. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—There is a question that vexes me continually and I often wonder why some good woman does not take it up and defend the much abused girls of this age. I mean the modest unassuming girls who long for intellectual attainments—something higher than they find in their daily lives who earnestly desire to be well-bred thoroughly cultivated and in the best sense of the words perfect ladies and noble women but whom unfortunate circumstances have deprived of the means of attaining that which their hearts long for.

There is nothing in the world that they would like so well as study. Nothing would please them better than to spend a great part of their time in storing their minds with useful knowledge and pleasing accomplishments. But is it possible to do this when all of that time is used in cook-

ing, ironing, scrubbing, house cleaning and a thousand other uncongenial tasks, that take all, or nearly all, the poetry and romance out of their young lives? And even when the roughest work is done and they might take a book and read, a glance at the work-basket piled with sewing that must be done brings them back to the sober realities, and they feel that they must give up the dream of "cultivating their minds," as people that don't know anything about it, are always advising them to do.

"Why don't you cultivate your mind?" Yes that's the question that bothers me. Perhaps no one (unless it is one who has experienced it,) knows how much a girl suffers when as she is verging into womanhood and sees plainly the necessity of cultivation, and knowledge, she discovers that it is out of her reach. Out of reach because, her life is so full of little things, that she cannot stop to gain the great ones.

If she neglects her duties in the family circle, every thing goes wrong. When one little screw is wrong, the whole machinery is out of order. So she tries to struggle along and do her duty towards the loved ones at home, to keep the domestic machinery running light and easy. And at home they love her and cherish her for it. But when she becomes a woman, men call her "stupid," "insipid," and "silly," because she is bashful and has no confidence in her own powers. If she is light hearted and merry, she is to them "a butterfly, a gay little thing but don't know much, can't appreciate any thing but nonsense; would want to stop your ears if you commenced a conversation about books." That's what they say and think they are so wonderfully penetrating.

Now dear sisters in THE HOUSEHOLD wont some of you say a word of encouragement to those girls? Fathers and mothers help them with kindly words and loving looks, but a gentle word from a stranger often does the sad heart much good.

A LOUISIANA GIRL.

ICE CREAM.

The following directions for making ice cream are furnished by a lady who is noted for her success in the preparation of this most acceptable refreshment:

To the making of good ice cream five things are essential—namely: pure sweet milk or cream, fresh eggs, white sugar, good flavoring extracts, and maizena or corn starch, or arrow-root. The last mentioned it is difficult to obtain in an unadulterated state, and maizena is nice enough for the most delicate taste.

The most common fault in ice cream is flakiness, which may be produced by the use of milk which has been watered, or by an imperfect method of freezing. There are several kinds of patent freezers now advertised, each of which claims superiority. I have one in use which promises to do its work in five, and actually does it thoroughly in from eight to fifteen minutes, according to the quality of the cream. The more pure cream there is in it, the longer will be the time required for freezing it. The

best flavoring extract I have ever used are Lubin's. They can be obtained in half-pint bottles, a much more economical way of buying than by the small bottles so much in use.

I have for the last three years experimented quite extensively with different recipes, and I have settled upon the following as making the best ice cream:

No. 1.—Two quarts of milk, four eggs, three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of maizena, and a little salt. Boil the milk with the salt for two or three minutes in a tin pail, set in a kettle of water. Remove it from the fire and stir in the maizena dissolved in a little cold milk, then the sugar, and lastly the eggs. Stir it constantly for two or three minutes to keep the eggs from cooking. Add the flavoring extract just before freezing, as otherwise the process is retarded.

No. 2.—Skim a quart of cream from five quarts of milk, which should have been standing in summer twelve hours, and in winter twenty-four hours; add to this one quart of new milk, two tablespoonfuls of maizena, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, a little salt, four eggs or less, or none at all. With the four eggs it is very rich, too rich for most tastes. Flavor as you like. The cooking process is the same as in No. 1.

No. 3.—A still richer article may be made by using clear cream, and in this case no eggs should be used. The same proportion of other ingredients should be observed.

There are a good many articles of cookery which require only the whites of eggs; the remaining yolks are very nice in either of the first recipes, instead of the regular number of entire eggs. From four to twelve yolks may be used in No. 1; from two to six in No. 2.

The first recipe makes a more economical dessert than most pies or puddings.—*Hearth and Home*.

HOW TO HAVE GOOD YANKEE PICKLES.

Take medium sized and quite small cucumbers (as the small ones keep better than the large ones, and are more brittle). If you have to buy them, and can't afford to use small ones, use large ones. Let the stem be on each one, as they keep much better. Have a cask or crock with vinegar from your last year's pickles, if on hand; if not, use fresh vinegar, and add to it, from time to time, a small handful of common salt.

If you raise your cucumbers, as fast as you pick them wash them gently in cold water, and be careful and not rub off the prickles from them. Drain them as nearly dry as you can, and put them into the vinegar and salt prepared for that purpose. Spread a cloth over them that will fit into the vessel, to absorb the scum that will be apt to rise. This can be wrung out and rinsed in clean water every few days, and then replaced.

When you have the quantity you wish to pickle, the last batch you put in can remain a week or more, but be sure and not let them remain till they get soft. If you purchase your pickles all at a time, deposit

them in the weak vinegar and salt, as directed above, and let them remain some two weeks: but see that they remain hard.

Now procure pure cider vinegar (manufactured will only spoil them). Take a porcelain kettle, or a very clean brass kettle, which will give them a greener color. (We have used brass for forty years and have not been poisoned yet). Place the pickles in the kettle on your stove, with sufficient pure, fresh vinegar to cover them. Also put in a bag of such spices as you fancy—two or more kinds, if you please, and after the bag has been scalded with the pickles, deposit it with the pickles with small pieces of horse radish root, and some like a pepper or two.

Be sure and put into each batch as it goes on to the stove, a piece of alum as large as a walnut. This will harden them. As soon as the vinegar begins to warm up a little put your hand into the vinegar and keep stirring them round from the bottom of the kettle, and keep them in as long as you can bear your hand in it, then they will be done. Continue the process until all done.

It may be necessary to scald the vinegar from time to time if a scum keeps rising to the top. If you get cheated in your vinegar the pickles will grow soft and tasteless and be worthless, unless removed to pure vinegar. If they do not taste strong enough of the spices, you can boil the bag with a little vinegar and pour it into the cask.

Pickles prepared as above will keep the year round, and are much nicer and plumper than those put down in salt, will not shrink nor taste as salt as "Lot's wife" when used.—*Rural New Yorker*.

THE COOKING OF CHICKENS.

CHICKENS TO BOIL.

Dress in the usual way, cut off the neck, legs, wings, and break the back in two; put into cold water till the animal heat is gone, then put into a kettle of cold water and boil till nearly done; salt and pepper and boil the water nearly out. If the fowl is not fat add a lump of butter when thoroughly done, and it is ready for the table. Or, a better way, after cooking as above, mix a spoonful of flour with one egg and a quart of milk; add to the chicken and boil one minute.

FRIED CHICKEN.

Chickens must be young to fry well. If no larger than pigeons they may be fried whole; if larger, dissect as above, wash; rub salt on while wet, pepper and fry it butter or lard, keeping the dish covered. Mix one or two eggs with a spoonful of flour and a teacup of milk, and pour over the chicken when done, setting the frying pan in the oven long enough to cook the egg.

ROASTED CHICKEN OR FOWL.

In dressing do not scald enough to shrink the skin, it is troublesome. Cut as little as possible in cleaning: remove the neck-bone as low as you can slip the skin down. Loosen the crop all around with one finger and

draw it out at the neck. Hold something hard under and with a hammer break the bone an inch above the joint at which you cut off the leg, then you can easily remove it when it becomes bare and perhaps burnt by touching the oven. Rub salt outside and in while the fowl is wet; pepper, cut the neck, gizzard, liver and heart in small pieces; put in cold water enough to fill the bowl; boil half an hour, salt and pepper. Add as much old bread sliced thin as the water will wet; put in a little butter, stir well and put into the chicken; sew up with coarse thread; fill the neck and tie it. Put into the oven, keep the bottom of the dripping pan covered with water, which dip over the fowl occasionally, and turn carefully twice. Chickens eight months old will roast well in an hour; old fowls require half a day; they had better be boiled. When done take out the chicken, dip off most of the oil and make a gravy by adding a spoonful of flour and a pint of rich milk.

The above directions are good for turkey, goose or duck, except the two last especially, should be fat to be good, but not to be eaten. Remove all the fat you can easily, both before and after cooking; enough will be left then.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of best molasses, one-third cup of boiling water, one large teaspoonful of saleratus, a small piece of butter, one teaspoonful of ginger, make stiff enough with flour to roll convenient, and roll thin. Bake in quick oven, but don't bake too much. **MRS. R.**

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—Two and one-half tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of sugar, one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda. Bake one-half hour. To be eaten with hot or cold sauce.

POVERTY CAKE.—Two cups of thin cream, two cups of stoned and chopped raisins, two cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, salt and spice.

ROXBURY CAKE.—Two pounds of flour, one and one-fourth pounds of sugar, one-half pound of butter, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half pounds of fruit, and spices. **MRS. S. G. K.**

COFFEE CAKE.—*Mr. Editor* Mrs Dora A. wishes for a recipe without eggs. I send this one: One cup of sugar, three cups of flour, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of cold coffee, one-half cup of sweet milk, six even tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half cups of chopped raisins, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, and a little nutmeg. **CAROLE.**

SNOW CAKE.—The whites of ten eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one and one-half tumblers of sugar, one tumbler of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, flavor with lemon or vanilla, and bake in a slow oven three-quarters of an hour.

JELLY CAKE.—One cup of sugar, four eggs, one and one-half tablespoonfuls each of butter and sweet milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar mixed in the flour, the whites and yolks of the eggs to be beaten separately. This will make five layers in round jelly pans, and is very nice.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, two pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, one-half pound of citron, fourteen ounces of butter, ten eggs, and

spice to taste. Bake three or four hours in a moderate oven.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of lard or butter, one egg, one cup of cold water, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, flour enough to make a batter not too thick, and bake rather slow. MRS. E. H. S. D.

Will THE HOUSEHOLD please re-publish the recipe for lily cake in the August number, 1870? and oblige an old subscriber who has tried it and found it very nice, but has lost the recipe. MRS. L. A. P.

LILY CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of starch, two cups of flour, the whites of five eggs, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda; beat the starch, milk, soda and cream of tartar together and flavor with rose, or lemon, or anything you desire. M.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Peel and core enough apples to fill a deep pudding dish, sprinkle cinnamon in each apple where the core came out, add some fine white sugar, a little piece of butter, then about a tablespoonful of tapioca for each apple, over the whole, and fill up with cold water. Bake until the apples are tender. It is a very nice and simple dessert.

YEAST.—I will send my recipe for yeast, which is very simple and sure, and many prefer home made yeast to the yeast cakes. Boil a large handful of hops in about two quarts of water for about an hour, then strain it on some flour with a handful of Indian meal in it until you have a thick batter, if too thick to stir well add a little cold water, and should it not be thick enough add a little more flour, then stir in a small handful of salt, and when luke-warm put about a pint of old yeast in, previously adding a small teaspoonful of saleratus to the old yeast, which I do whenever making new. If you have no yeast on hand, take two yeast cakes, dissolve in warm water and stir in. This is an excellent way to make yeast, and my mother's way, used by me during the seventeen years that I have been married; it rises soon and should be kept in a cool place in summer, and without freezing in the winter. C. W. P.

FISH CHOWDER.—My mother taught me how to make a fish chowder the Rhode Island way, which we like, and it gives the fish taste. Prepare, by paring and slicing, as many potatoes and onions as the quantity of the chowder to be made will admit; take three or four slices of pork and put them in the dinner pot on top of the stove to fry out the grease, being careful to not let it burn, then put in a layer of potatoes, next one of onions, then a layer of fish, having it cut in pieces not too large, this interspersed with pepper and salt, and thus continue until the supply is exhausted, then cover the whole with cold water. Half an hour will usually cook it sufficiently after it begins to boil, but one must rely somewhat upon their judgment, and season to taste. I wish some one would try it and report. G. G.

MOCK LEMON PIE.—Take six apples and sugar enough to sweeten them, one egg, half a teaspoonful of lemon extract, and one or two crusts as you like. K. A. C.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Two cups of molasses, two cups of cream, or one cup of lard and butter mixed, and one cup of milk if the butter and lard are used, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one tablespoonful of ginger, and half a teaspoonful of salt. A teaspoonful of lemon extract improves it.

DELICATE CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, one-half cup of milk, the whites of four eggs, two cups of flour with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar well mixed in, and one teaspoonful of lemon extract, or any flavoring desired. C. W. P.

CREAM CAKES.—Mr. Crowell:—With your permission I send one or two recipes for your paper. In the May number I saw a recipe for cream cakes, but I think I have one much nicer and cheaper, which I have used for two years or more, and it never failed

me yet. They are always splendid. One-half pint of water, one cup of butter, two cups of flour; boil water and butter together, stir in the flour by degrees while boiling, let it cool, add five well-beaten eggs, and bake in a quick oven. Drop in a dessertspoonful of dough, have it about half the size you want your cake when done, for it rises enough to make as large as you will wish.

For the Cream.—One pint of milk, two eggs, one cup of flour, one cup of sugar, beat eggs, flour and sugar together, and stir into the milk while boiling; when done flavor with lemon. Put the cream into the cakes when it gets cool, having previously cut a small place in the side of the cake to admit it.

SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, worked together; two eggs, and wine-glass of water, simmer all together a few moments, and flavor with extract agreeable to taste.

REBECCA.

MUFFINS.—This is a splendid recipe for muffins, and I make them nearly every morning for breakfast. One pint of flour, two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of yeast, and what sweet milk it will take to make them a little thicker than griddle cakes. Mix them over night and bake them on a buttered griddle in muffin rings. NELLIE M.

ROLL JELLY CAKES.—A. A. F. asks how to make roll jelly cakes. I think she will find the following good. Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, all beaten well together. Bake in a large dripping pan, and when done cover it up and let it remain until it is cold enough to handle, but do not let it stand too long or it will not roll, then remove from the pan, spread with jelly and roll it up.

MOCK LADY CAKE.—Three cups of flour, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, (or if wanted very nice use the whites of four eggs,) one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with pear, rose, or vanilla. A. E. K.

A GOOD WAY TO DESTROY FLIES.—When they are at rest upon the ceiling at night, or in the early morning, fill a tumbler two-thirds full of strong soap suds, stand upon chair or table so that you can reach the ceiling, and press the tumbler against the ceiling so as to inclose a fly, (or several flies as you often can,) and they in attempting to escape will get into the suds and be destroyed at once. When the ceiling is not too high, flies may be caught very rapidly. Try it. Mosquitoes may be caught in this manner in the day time. COM.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Noticing in the April number that information is wanted how to cook oat meal as they do in Scotland, I cheerfully give it, simple as it is.

“The hale-some parritch chief o’ Scotia’s food.”
—Burns, *Cotter’s Saturday Night*.

Is made just as a hasty Indian pudding is made; boil the water, salt, and stir in the meal, letting it boil for ten or fifteen minutes. Make it thick or thin, as you want. Pour on plates, sprinkle sugar on top and eat with milk, or butter and sugar.

OAT MEAL CAKES.—Mix meal with luke-warm water, shortening to suit, and a little salt, roll out to one-fourth or one-half inch thick, and bake slow till dry and crumby. Can add sweetening, caraway seed, etc.

PAN HAZZIS.—Put some lard in the spider, salt and pepper to taste, and when hot stir in meal to a proper thickness, adding a little water. Cook three minutes.

OAT MEAL BROSE.—For one person, three tablespoonfuls of meal, salt to taste, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and stir while adding three-fourths pint of boiling water, then let it set three minutes covered. Eat with milk.

Oat meal gruel for the sick is made the same as the porridge, only very thin.

WIFE OF A SCOTCHMAN.

Antwerp, N. Y.

A sorrowing cry comes from Worcester begging “our mutual friend,” Mr. Crowell, to insert it in THE HOUSEHOLD. My canary bird is ill, and can any of my kind HOUSEHOLD friends tell me what the trouble is and what to do? Dickie washes very seldom, and then but little, and it seems to put him in agony; he will dash about the cage, rubbing and scratching his head on his cage and the wires; at times there is a peculiar and offensive odor very noticeable about him. I have examined him closely but cannot discover any insects, and there is a bag of sulphur hanging in his cage all the time. I have never given him a great variety of food other than his seed and something green, apple, cabbage, or chickweed, and always keep a rusty nail in his drink’g cup. I had another bird at one time affected in just the same way, with the addition of a substance that seemed to grow out at the corners of his mouth, and as he grew steadily worse I had him killed, for I could not relieve him. Please, some one, listen to my cry and save my bird. LIZZIE.

If Lizzie A. will use rotten stone (procured at the druggists) moistened with sweet oil, and apply with a soft cloth rubbing it until dry, I think she will find all the finger marks removed from her rosewood furniture. I have used it repeatedly on my piano and find it works like a charm.

Can any of your readers tell me of any way to kill plantain, except digging it up by the roots? MRS. V. S.

MR. EDITOR:—Since reading my last number of THE HOUSEHOLD, and seeing so many recipes for cooking, I wish to thank the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD for giving us such good ones; all that I have tried proved good. But I wish to tell Marion that in making lemon pies she loses all the best part of the lemon by throwing away the rind. Let me give you my recipe: One lemon, one cup of sugar, one spoonful of corn starch; grate the yellow of the lemon peel off the white and throw it away, as that is bitter, then cut the inside into small bits, add the sugar to the lemon, then an egg and three spoonfuls of cream; wet the starch in a little cold water, then add a cup of boiling water. Bake between two crusts of rich pastry, and you will have a nice pie.

In the April number a subscriber asks for a recipe for blueing for cloths. Here is mine which I have used for several years and like. Take one ounce of best Prussian blue, half an ounce of oxalic acid, pulverize both and add one quart of soft water. The acid dissolves the blue. After mixing well strain through a cloth to prevent any specking.

Marah seems to be in trouble, and I truly sympathize with her, but the relation between husband and wife is so delicate that were she an acquaintance I should hesitate about giving advice, but I wish I could fold her in my arms, and ask God to bless her by awakening her husband to a sense of his duty to her.

MRS. H. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your many obliging readers please give me a recipe for good furniture varnish? and oblige. MRS. S. D.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—There is never a remedy or recipe wanted by any of your inquiring readers, but that some other reader of your useful paper can furnish it, so I come to this never failing source of knowledge for information. I have a friend whose face, neck and hands have turned very dark like moth, with the exception of irregular patches of the skin that are as pure and white as an infant’s, making the dark part look darker by contrast. Can any of your numerous readers give the cause, and also a remedy? If they can it will greatly oblige the sufferer.

H. C. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I saw a request for drip cakes in the May number, the following we have always found excellent: One cup of rye, three cups of flour, one cup of yeast, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Bake in your pans and they will be as light and tender as possible. They should be raised over night.

For rustic baskets, take a wooden bowl, such as are used for flour, ten or fifteen inches across the top, bore three holes around the edge for hanging up, then with tacks and small nails fasten on the outside knotty pieces

of wood and bark, and when varnished it will be quite ornamental as well as useful.

I would like to ask Cousin Mary, or any other subscriber, if they know what will remove moles from the skin. I have seen nitrate of silver recommended, do you think it safe? Also, are either glycerine or bay rum beneficial to the complexion? FANNIE R.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—It is needless to tell you that THE HOUSEHOLD finds a hearty welcome in our house, for notes from so many different homes assure you of this same fact. It is always read with great interest, especially The Kitchen department, which I find contains many valuable recipes just suited to frontier life, where it is so difficult to find anything that will form a change or variety for the table. I would like to ask some of the many readers of your excellent paper to give me a recipe for what I presume is called light corn bread, just such as our grandmothers used to make and bake in small ovens before the fire place.

I will add my mite to the list of recipes, one that is a favorite upon the table of the frontier, where fruits are almost unknown:

CORN PUDDING.—One quart of sweet milk, one tumbler of meal, three eggs, two spoonfuls of sugar; boil the milk, add the meal the same as you would for mush, let it cool, add the eggs and sugar, and bake in a quick oven. Serve immediately with sauce made of butter, sugar and nutmeg, or some prefer rich cream and sugar.

MARY P.

Bryant, Butler Co., Kansas.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some one please inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to clean soiled ties? Also, a good recipe for roll jelly cake? and oblige. JENNIE E.

MR. EDITOR:—As I have had the perusal of your much esteemed HOUSEHOLD for over two years, I have often thought of contributing my mite for its advancement, (if, perchance, that is what it might prove to be,) but never before felt quite courageous enough to ask for admittance. I have been often standing at the door, as it were, ready to ring the bell, but for fear of being turned away, or if received would not have expression for thoughts at command sufficient to tell my errand, in either case wishing that I had remained at home. But as friendly chats have a great deal to do in the way of doing away with embarrassment, I hope it may prove true in my case. I have tried several of the recipes found in THE HOUSEHOLD, all proving satisfactory. This being a very windy day has given me a chance to ask for another recipe. While the outside door was being opened I arose to close another one, but when I returned to my writing table the wind had blown my paper off and overturned my ink bottle, emptying part of the contents on the floor. I did not succeed in getting it all out of the floor, and now the query is how will I? The floor is of pine. We read your paper with interest, and as one has said, “we generally like to take a peep into the kitchen first,” for we think when we enter a friend’s house, if we chance to get into the kitchen first and if we find everything clean, neat and in order there, we think that the mistress will not feel embarrassed while taking us through any part of her house. THE HOUSEHOLD has not been much read in this neighborhood, but I have been lending mine to several lately, and get it returned with, “We like it very much.” So I think ere long you will have more subscribers.

JENNIE E.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some of your many readers be so kind as to inform me through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD how to can mushrooms? also, how to make mushroom catsup? and greatly oblige.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD Mrs. Dora A. asks for a recipe for making cake without eggs. If she will try the following she will find it a very good recipe for that purpose. Take two cups of flour, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and a little essence of lemon; beat right light and bake in a quick oven about half an hour. I have frequently used this recipe, and find it makes an excellent cake; it is simply a Jenny Lind cake without eggs.

E.



RAIN AFTER DROUGHT.

The lips of Earth the Mother were black
They gaped through the fissure, and crevice, and
crack:

Oh, for the fall of the rain!
And the life of the flowers paused; and the wheat
That was rushing up, seemed to droop in the heat,
And its grass-green blades, they yearned for the
sweet,

The sweet, sweet kiss of the rain!

The secular cypress, solemn and still,
The sentinel pine on the edge of the hill,
Watched, but they watched in vain:

And the glare on the land, the glare on the sea,
The glare on terrace, and tower, and tree.

Grew fiercer and fiercer, mercilessly;

Oh, for the fall of the rain!

The streams were silent, the wells were dry,
The pitiless clouds passed slowly by,

With never a drop of rain.

The priests in the town exhumed a saint,
They passed in possession with prayers and plaint,

But the heavens were cruel, or faith was faint:

Came never a drop of rain.

Oh, for the fall of the rain!

One night the sky grew ragged and wild:
With the sound like the lisp and the laugh of a
child

Fell the first sweet drops of the rain!

Moist lips of the mist the mountains kissed,
And cooled the hot breath of the plain.

The emerald wheat leapt gaily to meet

The welcome kiss of the rain!

And the roses around, as they woke at the sound,
Broke into blossoms again;

Oh, beautiful, beautiful rain!

OUR GIRL.

JMUST write it; if nobody ever reads a line of it, while it is all new and fresh on my mind, write out the history of the last two weeks, and the description of "our girl."

Our girl first made her appearance at the house two weeks ago last Monday, and I hailed her broad face and stout figure with most hearty welcome. Little did I realize—but to begin at the beginning. I was, I am a very young housekeeper, yet theoretically I do know something of the arts and sciences thereunto appertaining. I was married about two years ago; but we have always boarded until now, and when I started in my pretty house, with two good girls, and everything new, I fancied clock work would be a mere wandering vagrant compared with the regularity of my proceedings.

"Twas on Sunday morning," as the song says, that my troubles began. I was dressing for church when my chambermaid came up with a rueful countenance.

"If you please, Mrs. Harvey, I am going."

"Going!" I exclaimed, "where?"

"To leave, ma'am. Home. I've got a spell of neuralgia coming on, and I am going home to lay by."

"But you can lay down here if you are sick."

"Well, ma'am, I ain't to say sick exactly, but I'm fixing for a turn."

"A turn?"

"Yes. I have neuralgia in spells, and I feel 'em coming."

Words were vain. Go she would and go she did. I went to the kitchen to explain to the cook that she must do double duty for a time.—She was a

perfect termagent, and to my utter amazement she wheeled round with the cry—

"Gone! Jane gone! Will you get another girl?"

"Certainly."

"To-day?"

"How can I get a girl on Sunday?"

"And to-morrow is wash-day.—Well, I'm not going to stay to do all the work. You'll either get another girl early to-morrow or I'll leave."

"You'll leave now in the shortest space of time it takes to go to the door," cried Harry from the sitting-room where he had overheard us.

With many insolent speeches she departed, and inconvenient as it was, I was glad to let her go.

Of course there was no church, and I began to get dinner. Harry, like a masculine angel as he was, took off his coat and came down to help me, with an assurance that he actually could not sit still and hear the cook use the tone she did one instant longer.

It was a merry day, Harry raked the fire till his glossy brown curls were powdered with gray, which premature sign of age was produced, he assured me, by "care, not the weight of years."

He peeled potatoes so beautifully that they were about as big as bullets, after he had taken off the skin an inch thick all round. Pies were the only articles of cookery with

which I was particularly acquainted,

so I made a meat pie, two apple pies,

and short-cake for supper, which we ate with the dinner at six o'clock.

It was late enough when we cleared up, but at last all was done but one thing.

Harry was in the bath room refreshing himself, when I discovered the coal was all gone. I hated to call him down, for he had worked hard all day,

so I took the scuttle and went down

into the cellar myself, laughing to

think how he would scold when he

knew it. I am a weak woman, and

not very strong, but I filled the big

scuttle, and tugging away with both

hands, started up stairs.

I was at the top, my labor nearly overcome, when somehow, I cannot tell how, I lost my balance. I reeled over, and the heavy thing came down with me, down to the bottom of the

stairs. I felt it crushing my foot. I

heard Harry's call, and then fainted.

I know now, though I did not then,

how he lifted me in his strong arms,

and carried me up stairs, and the

touch of the cold water which he

poured over me is the next thing I

remember. As soon as I was con-

scious and able to speak, I let him go

for the doctor, lamenting that mother

and Lou were both out of town for

the summer.

Well, well; it was a weary night;

no time to scold, Harry said, so he

petted, nursed, and tended me till my

heart ached with its fulness of love

and gratitude. Morning found me,

my fractured ankle in a box, lying

helpless in bed, and Harry promised

to send me a girl immediately. So

after this long prelude, I come to "our

girl."

Oh! I must tell you how Harry

made me a slice of buttered toast for

breakfast by buttering the bread on

both sides and then toasting it.

It was about nine o'clock when my

new girl came. Harry had given her

a dead-latch key, so she entered and

came up to my door. Her knock was the first peculiarity that started me; one rap, loud as a pistol shot, and as abrupt.

"Come in."

With a sweep the door flew back, and in the space stood my new acquisition. Stop a moment! I must describe her. She was very tall, very robust, and very ugly. Her thick hair grew low on her forehead, and her complexion was uniformly red. Her features were very large, and her mouth full of (her only beauty) white, even teeth. Still, the face was far from stupid. The mouth, though large, was flexible and expressive, and the big black eyes promised intelligence. But oh! how can I describe her "ways," as Harry calls them? She stood for an instant perfectly motionless, then she swept down in a low and really not ungraceful courtesy.

"Madam," she said in a deep voice, "your most obedient."

"You are?"—I said questionably.

"Your humble servant."

This was not "getting on" a bit, so I said—

"You are the girl Mr. Harvey sent from the Intelligence Office?"

"I am that woman," she said with a flourish of her shawl: "and here is my certificate of merit;" and she took a paper from her pocket. Advancing with a long step, a stop, another step and stop, until she reached my bedside, she handed me a paper with a low bow, and then stepping back three steps, she stood waiting for me to read it, with hands clasped and drooping, and her head bent as if it were her death warrant.

It was a well-written properly-worded note from her former mistress, certifying that she was honest and capable, and I really had no choice but to keep her, so I told her to find her room, lay off her bonnet and then come to me again. I was half afraid of her. She was not drunk, with those clear brown eyes shining so brightly, but her manner actually savored of insanity. However, I was helpless, and then—Harry would come as early as he could, and I could endure to wait.

"Tell me your name," I said, as she came in with a stride and stop.

"My name is Mary," she said in a tone so deep that it seemed to come from the very toes of her gaiters.

"Well, Mary, first put the room in order before the doctor comes."

Oh! if words could only picture that scene! Fancy this tall, large, ugly woman, armed, (I use the word in its full sense) with a duster, charging at the furniture as if she were stabbing her mortal enemy to the heart. She struck the comb into the brush as if she were saying "Die traitor!" and piled up the books as if they were fagots for a funeral flame. She gave the curtain a sweep with her hands as if she were putting back tapestry for a royal procession, and dashed the chairs down in their places like a magnificent bandit spurning a tyrant in his power.

But when she came to the invalid she was gentle, almost caressing in her manner, propping me up comfortably, making the bed at once easy and handsome, and arranging my hair

and dress with a perfect perception of my sore condition. And when she dashed out of the room, I forgave the air with which she returned and presented a tray to me for the sake of its contents. Such delicious tea and toast, and perfection of poached eggs, were an apology for any eccentricity of manner. I was thinking gratefully of my own comfort and watching her hang up my clothes in the closet in my own style, when the door-bell rang. Like lightning she closed the closet door, caught up the tray, and rushed down stairs. From my open door, I could hear the following conversation, which I must say rather astonished even me, already prepared for any eccentricity.

Dr. Holbrook was my visitor, and of course his first question was— "How is Mrs. Harvey this morning?" In a voice that was the concentrated essence of about one dozen tragedies, my extraordinary servant replied—

"What man art thou!"

"Is the woman crazy?" cried the doctor.

"Lay not that flattering unction to your soul!" cried Mary.

"H'm—yes—" said the doctor, musically; then in his own cheery, brisk tone he added: "you are the new servant, I suppose."

"Sir, I will serve my mistress till chill death shall part us from each other."

"H'm. Well, now, in plain English, go tell her I am here."

"I go, and it is done!" was the reply, and with a slow stride and halt I heard her cross the entry. She was soon at my door. "Madam, the doctor waits!" she said standing with one arm out in a grand attitude.

"Let him come up," I said, choking with laughter.

She went down again.

"Sir, from my mistress I have lately come, to bid you welcome, and implore you to ascend. She waits within yon chamber for your coming."

Is it to be wondered at that the doctor found his patient in perfect convulsions of laughter, or that he joined her in the merriment?

"Where did you find that treasure?" he asked.

"Harry sent her from the office."

"Stage-cut, evidently, though where she picked up the fifth-cut actress manner remains to be seen."

The professional part of his visit over, the doctor stayed for a chat. We were warmly discussing the news of the day, when—whew! the door flew open, and in stalked Mary, and announced, with a swing of her arm—

"The butcher, madam!"

I saw the doctor's eye twinkle, but he began to write in his memorandum book with intense gravity.

"Well Mary," said I, "he is not waiting?"

"The dinner waits!" she replied.

"Shall I prepare the viands as my judgment shall dictate to me?"

"Cook them as you will, but have a good dinner for Mr. Harvey at two o'clock."

"Between the strokes 'twill wait his appetite." And with another sweeping curtsey she left the room, the door, as usual after her exit, standing wide open.

She was as good as her word. Without any orders from me, she took it for granted that Harry would dine up stairs, and set the table in my room. I was beginning to let the keen sense of the ludicrous triumph over pain and weariness, and I watched her, strangling the laugh till she was down stairs. To see her stab the potatoes and behead the celery was a perfect treat, and the air of a martyr preparing poison, with which she poured out the water, was perfect. Harry was evidently prepared for fun, for he watched her as keenly as I did.

Not one mouthful would she bring to me, till she had made it as dainty as could be; mashing my potatoes with the movement of a saint crushing vipers, and buttering my bread in a manner that fairly transformed the knife into a dagger. Yet the moment she brought it to me, all the affection dropped, and no mother could have been more naturally tender. Evidently, with all her nonsense, she was kind-hearted.

It took but one day to find we had secured a perfect treasure. Her cooking was exquisite enough for the palate of an epicure; she was neat to a nicety, and I soon found her punctual and trustworthy. Her attentions to myself were touching in their watchful tenderness. Sometimes, when the pain was very severe, and I could only lie suffering and helpless, her large hands would smooth my hair softly, and her voice became almost musical in its low murmurings of "Poor child! poor little child!" I think her large, strong frame, and consciousness of physical superiority to me in my tiny form and helpless state, roused all the motherly tenderness in her nature, and she lavished it upon me freely.

I often questioned her about her former places, and discovered to my utter amazement, that she never was in a theater, never saw or read a play, and was entirely innocent of novel reading.

I had become so used to her manner, and no longer feared she was insane, when one evening my gravity gave way utterly, and for the first time I laughed in her face. She had been arranging my bed and self for the night, and was just leaving the room, holding in one hand an empty pitcher, and in the other my wrapper. Suddenly a drunken man in the street called out, with a yell that was startling, though by no means mysterious. Like a flash Mary struck an attitude. One foot advanced, her body thrown slightly forward, the pitcher held out, and the wrapper waved aloft, she cried out in a voice of perfect terror,—

"Gracious heavens! what hideous screams is those!"

Gravity was gone. I fairly screamed with laughter, and her motionless attitude and wondering face only increased the fun.

"Go down, Mary, or you will kill me!" I gasped at last.

To see her handle a dust-brush would strike terror to the heart of the most daring spider; and no words of mine can describe the frantic energy with which she punches pillows, or the grim satisfaction on her face at the expiring agonies at a spot of dirt she rubs out of existence. The funniest part of all is her perfect uncon-

sciousness of doing anything out of the way.

Harry found out the explanation. She had lived for ten years with a retired actress and actor, who wished to bury the knowledge of their past life, and who never mentioned the stage. Retaining in private life the attitudes and tones of their old profession, they had made it a kind of sport to burlesque the passions they so often imitated, and poor Mary had unconsciously fallen into the habit of copying their peculiarities. When they left for Europe, she found her way into the Intelligence Office, where Harry secured her. Long, long may she remain "Our Girl."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Thirty-seven.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Some of you, dear HOUSEHOLD friends, know why I have been silent at our three last monthly re-unions. Out of the depth of a great sorrow my voice could not reach you. Some one has said that every added experience, whether of joy or sorrow, makes life richer and happier at last; if not our own lives especially, then life in the abstract—the life of humanity. It is hard, oftentimes, to see how this can be. There are some losses for which there seems to be no possible compensation; some bitter waters in which there seems to mingle no single drop of sweetness.

Yet one thing is certain. Every new experience, whether of joy or of pain, should but make our hearts more tenderly sympathetic, more ready to comprehend the heights of human aspiration and the depth of human woe. It should draw us nearer to the throbbing heart of humanity and bring us into closer relations with our kind. So in God's own good time, it may, perhaps, come to pass that the fearful tragedy of the first of April, 1873,—when the steamship Atlantic, laden with such precious freight, rushed amid the moaning of the icy winds and the roar of angry billows to its death upon "Golden Rule Rock,"—shall in truth make the world richer and happier. If it shall make the myriad of hearts who sit to-day in the darkness of the shadows it threw so far, in any sense tenderer, more patient and more loving; if the tears they shed shall clear their spiritual vision and make their insight deeper and wider; if it shall touch even one soul as with a live coal from off the altar, or waken one voice to the utterance of words of deeper spiritual significance and profounder meaning than it might otherwise have uttered, then even that awful night of terror and of woe shall not have been wholly a thing of evil. So mote it be!

IN MEMORIAM.

Cyrus M. and Mary Ripley Fisher, lost on Steamship Atlantic, April 1, 1873.

Eight years ago I sang, with trembling breath, A song of one who when the Spring was young, Her pale lips sealed with the seal of death, Came home to sleep dear kindred graves among. Green was the grass we raised to give her room; Clear were the raindrops, tinkling as they fell; Sweet was the pale arbutus' tender bloom 'Round the last couch of her who loved it well.

Yet in our blindness, how we wept that day, When the earth fell upon her coffin-lid! O, ye beloved whom I sing this day, Could we but know where your dear forms lie hid! Could we but lay you down by her dear side, Wrapped in the garments of eternal rest, Where the still hours in slow succession glide, And not a dream may stir the pulseless breast— Where all day long the shadows come and go, And soft winds murmur and sweet song-birds sing— Where all night long the starlight's tender glow Falls where the flowers you loved are blossoming— Then should the tempest of our grief grow calm; Then moaning gales should vex our souls no more; And the clear swelling of our thankful psalms Should drown the beat of surges on the shore. But the deep sea will not give up its dead. O, ye who know where your beloved sleep, Bid heart's-ease bloom on each love-guarded bed, And bless your God for graves wherein to weep!

In the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD Mrs. L. S.—referring to a talk of ours about the "money question," in which I said that most wives disliked to ask their husbands for that very essential root of evil,—takes the ground that if husbands and wives loved each other as they should, that feeling could not exist.

Well, I don't know about that. It is in a great degree a matter of temperament. I am not quite sure, from observations I have had the opportunity to make, that it is a love question in any especial sense. I have a young couple in my mind's eye at this very moment. They love each other devotedly; they have one hope, one thought, one prayer. Their interests are thoroughly identified, and the wife understands her husband's business to its slightest ramifications. He is the most generous of men, without a trace of littleness or petty meanness about him. His hand is open as the day. Yet that young wife, who is at once petted as a child and honored and trusted as a woman, told me a few weeks ago that she could not bear to ask her husband for money! I think it is an instinctive feeling with the majority of women—growing perhaps out of the way in which they are educated. It will be found that very many, if not most, girls have precisely the same feeling as regards their fathers, and would have as to their brothers if they were dependent on them. And the more delicate and sensitive they are, the more finely grained by nature, the more likely they are to meet this lion in the way; this dragon that does not always fly abashed at their approach.

It seems to me that this is a matter worthy of the consideration of all thoughtful husbands. If I were a gentleman, and understood that it was ever so slightly disagreeable to the lady I had made my wife, to be obliged to ask me for a dollar every time she needed a fresh ribbon or a pair of gloves—alas! I had forgotten that that amount won't buy a pair, now-a-days!—I would set my wits to work and try to invent some way by which she should have the dollar without the asking. Of course no husband can be expected to know all his wife's wants;—and no one but a ninny would demand of him that by some subtle clairvoyance he should always know when her purse was empty. I am referring now only to what should be the general habit of their lives—the general rule of conduct; not to the exceptions that do but prove the rule.

Husbands of our HOUSEHOLD, will

you not give a moment's thought to this subject? Take your wives into your confidence; make them the sharers of your hopes, your ambitions, your perplexities. Do not suffer them to stumble blindly along, in ignorance of the path they are treading, and unaware how far they can turn to the right or the left before reaching the quicksands of extravagance on the one hand, or of parsimony on the other. Let them know as nearly as possible what they may justly and rightfully spend, at least for their own personal expenses,—be it much or little—and then see to it that they are not annoyed by the necessity of begging every time they want twenty-five cents. "Put yourself in her place."

In the April HOUSEHOLD, also, "L. P." referred to what I said about parlors. Either I failed to make my meaning clear, or she failed to comprehend it. It is true I did say,—"If you must have a parlor, sanctify it by using it." But I did not say that it should be "common or unclean," filled with flies, or tainted with the fumes and odors of the kitchen. Does it follow that if a room is used, flies, and the fragrance of boiled pork and cabbage, must be accepted as necessary evils? In very few houses—in none that are really well arranged—do the kitchen and parlor join. When they do, it is by no means essential to the proper "using" of the latter that the door opening into the kitchen should stand ajar by night and by day. On the contrary, when I was preparing dinner or doing my ironing, I would be pretty careful to keep it shut. But I would use the parlor, nevertheless.

In the winter I would throw open the blinds, raise the curtains and let in the glorious sunshine, that the room might be light and bright and cheery—so that plants and children should alike thrive in its congenial atmosphere. In the summer when the glaring light and intense heat are oppressive and distasteful, I would keep it cool and dark and shady—as much like a grotto as I could. I would bring in from the garden fresh, dewy roses, lilies pale and stately in their setting of green, pansies royal in purple and gold, and mignonette and sweet peas to fill the air with their mystical perfume. That is, I would do this if I had them—and if I had them not, I would do my best to secure them for another year.

And then, after I had made an end of the kitchen routine for the time being, instead of sitting down in that temple of labor where every thing is suggestive of toil past, present and to come, I would use the room I had beautified,—whether there were guests in my house or not. If it is essential to the comfort of the friends who may chance to visit you, that they be entertained in an especially nice room, why is it not essential to yours? what is not too good for your friends, is not too good for your daily use and enjoyment. What you regard as necessary for their happiness during an occasional afternoon or evening, ought certainly to promote yours and that of your family, if you were to use it every day of your lives.

You see I am not speaking of stately drawing-rooms, magnificent apartments rich with gilding, upholstery

and marble. Few of us have such rooms; fewer still have need of them. I am talking about the simple, unpretending parlors that belong to simple, unpretending people; such as, I doubt not, most of us are. Surely it need not add greatly to one's labors to keep such a room in order, even if it is "sanctified by daily use." We need, every one of us, the educating, refining influence of all the beauty we can gather about us. Therefore I am constrained to enter yet another protest against the too common practice of living in one's meanest, plainest room, using one's poorest furniture, and looking at bare, blank walls from one year's end to another, in order that our best rooms, our most tasteful appointments, our prettiest things, may be kept for the use of our guests. It is a practice that defeats its own ends; and it had better be discarded for that reason, even if there were no other. It is hard to breath a living soul into a room that is shut up four-fifths of the time.

The indescribable something that makes a room dear and home-like is a social, cheery spirit. It takes umbrage if left to itself in darkness and chill, orderly silence, and flies to some sunny home where the parlor belongs to the family in its own sacred privacy. It loves the prattle of childish voices, the patter of little feet that have been taught to check a trifle of their superfluous energy when in mamma's parlor, the clapping of tiny hands that have learned that some "things of beauty" are to be looked at and enjoyed, but not handled. Children can be taught this lesson, and can be made to take pride in the orderly and beautiful arrangement of the house and its appointments. The very pleasantest parlors I have ever seen—the ones where even the transient guest would most gladly linger, the ones that were permeated by the sweetest home atmosphere, have been those that had for years been—"sanctified by daily using"—rooms that like Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight" were not

"Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

WEALTH AND WINE.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

Yes, Isabel was proud! Every one who knew her said this, and many who did not, believed it. Why should we strive to deny what so many asserted? How could it be otherwise! Was she not "fairest among ten thousand" of our country's lovely daughters? Was not her home upon the Hudson, the palace in which she reigned an undisputed queen? Was not her lightest smile, or gentlest word, a sovereign law to her wealthy father, or her loving mother? Was not her equipage the most elegant in the park? her dress the most fashionable wealth could procure? her diamonds the most costly in the throng?

Yet, with all this, Isabel was not happy. With wealth to lavish at her lightest will; beauty to place her far above compeer; with love, the pure, deep love which best doth shield a maiden—the love of her parents and her manly brothers—with the admiration of a large circle, which for her

was almost adoration; still was the shadow there. It was written upon her fair, high brow, it brooded in the depths of her large, dark, lustrous eyes, it played amid the light of her very sunniest smile. All could not read it there, for the soul has a language of its own—not all have the key to its treasures.

What yet did her life chalice lack? To the careless eye it seemed filled to overflowing. Not power, for from the menial in her kitchen, to the noblest cavalier in fashion's circle, all obeyed her veriest whim. Not fame, for weary of the idle life she led in her gilded cage, she had breathed many a sad, sweet song and storied romance, which, given to the world with a fictitious name, had won laurels she had only to claim. "My diamonds might scorch them, and they would wither," she said, smiling sadly to herself, as in her own secluded chamber she penned the strains which found an echo in so many hearts, because they came from her own.

Thus stood she musingly that winter morn; her fury mantle half thrown aside in the warm sunlight; her clustering curls adorned with but a rose, selected from all the elegant exotics in the conservatory, because it was the sweetest, dearest flower of all; that floating, fairy fabric which ladies call a cloud, but which for delicate texture and whiteness might have been called a snow wreath, was thrown with careless grace around a head which would have quickly revealed to a phrenologist her intellectual supremacy. Thus stood she when the artist visitor, looking down from his window, transferred the picture to his canvas not only in its outward loveliness, but in its soul-filled beauty.

Thus stood she when her father, just returned from the city, looked down from the window of his library to see where his darling might be. In her hand was the dainty morsel for the birds, which daily came to be fed from her bounty. One of them, more familiar than the rest, was just poising for a flight to the fair hand. Yet in her eye was the same far-away look, so seldom seen in one so young and fair. The weary man of business noted it as he looked. It seemed the shadow of his own thought. Upon the brow of his wife he had often seen the same look. So much wealth and so many servants brings so much care. "Are we really happy?" he asked himself doubtfully. "Yet we have every blessing." To divert his own thoughts he tapped lightly upon the glass. Isabel looked up—the shadow became sunshine—the far-away look vanished, and bounding in with a glad smile, she exclaimed,

"Oh, papa! are you home? I had not heard the train!"

"No, Isabel, I should think not. To judge by your appearance just now, several locomotives might have screamed in your ears and not been heard; yet you heard a light tap upon the window."

"Yes, papa. It was my heart that heard," answered the poet girl.

"Of what was my Isabel thinking?" asked her father after a few moments of loving silence, caressing the dark curls and looking into the darker eyes.

"Oh, papa, I should not dare tell

you. You always come home so weary and care-worn, home should be to you a place of happy rest."

"Of what was my Isabel thinking?" he asked again, with a tone of tender earnestness.

"I was thinking, papa," she said in a low tone, "what a useless being I was. What a life of folly I was leading. What means of usefulness were in my hand, and yet it did no other good than giving a few crumbs to a few birds."

"Aha! I have discovered the trouble now," said her father playfully. "My darling is growing strong-minded. When did you join the Sorosis, and how soon shall we see you upon the platform?"

"Now, father, don't laugh at me, you know you asked me, and if I tell you it must be the truth." Her cheeks were flushed now, and her tone grew earnest. "Father, I know we are a comfort to each other, that we do no wrong, at least nothing the world calls wrong. But is this all for which our God has given us so much? Think of the life we live. You come home every night, father, more weary than the day laborer, while mother has more real care than the meanest of the kitchen maids. As for myself—now you need not laugh, papa—but Bridgets don't work half so hard as belles and beauties do. Working people can't even imagine what a weary life it is to be a fashionable lady, and the worst of it is you cannot escape the treadmill round for a single season. Yet what is it all for? Are we really happy?"

"I was asking myself that question, a few moments since, my daughter," replied the man of worldly wealth. "I fear me not, but what can we do?"

"What can we do? Oh, father! look at all the suffering which crowds the city streets. How much of real need might be relieved by the price of our whims. How much good we might do in the time we are making or receiving those heartless and stupid fashionable calls. How much happier we should be in our own home, than at Saratoga or Newport next summer. How many poor girls might be saved from despair by the jewels for which I care so little."

"You are a jewel, yourself, my little girl," said her father.

Isabel smiled. He always called her his "little girl" when he was very much pleased with her. This it was encouraged her to say more.

"Then, father, shall we not help each other to break this chain of folly, to leave this round of fashionable life?"

Shall we not try to be more like our Saviour? to live nearer to our God!"

The man whose name in Wall street meant money and money only, bent with reverent air and kissed the fair brow of his pleading child, as he said, "Yes, my darling, we will try."

The dinner hour had arrived, the fashionable dinner hour of city life. Country people would have called it supper time; hygeinests would have said it was too late for the eating of solid food, but it has some things in its favor, nevertheless. The old writing-book copy used to say "circumstances alter cases," and although we have many fine things written about the duty and glory of conquering cir-

cumstances, yet I verily believe the old writing-book taught the truth. So while it is well that the tired farmer should take his noon-rest and noon-dinner; and the mechanic, in his more regular labor, can do the same, I do not see that it would be well for the merchant to leave his store, the banker, broker, or other business man, his place of labor, at the very hour when the flow of business life is most rapid, and its demands for their whole attention most pressing. Even the hurried lunch at the restaurant is too often bolted with a haste that to a less pre-occupied mind hints strongly of dyspepsia.

It is a wise arrangement that places the homes so far from the business mart, and leaves the principal meal of the day to be eaten after its cares are over. Fashion and common sense for once agree, also in the custom of eating slowly, and interspersing with the various courses, cheerful, if often frivolous conversation.

The dinner-bell had rung, and linked arm to arm, as fondly heart to heart, the father and daughter passed down. The brothers had arrived with the father from the city, the artist visitor had left his easel, and the invalid mother her chamber, to gather at the richly furnished table. It was a merry group, and as course after course was served until hunger was satiated, and the topics of the day discussed with animation, it would have been difficult for a looker-on to have applied to that richly dressed and bountifully fed group, whose home was almost a palace, the question, "Are they really happy?"

Yet higher blessings were theirs; intellect developed by education, taste refined by culture, love bestowed upon those most worthy of love, and reciprocated with kindred devotion. What then had occasioned this unrest, for it scarcely amounted to unhappiness in Isabel's heart? It was the unrest of a spirit which was made for other things than a devotion to mere worldly things, or even to intellectual culture. The very wealth, beauty and talent which were her temptation to a life of ease, were also her opportunity for a life of usefulness.

"Nay, Frank," said she, as the wine was passed, "offer no wine to me. Last night, at the party, I gaily challenged a young man whom we all admire, and who has many to love him, to drink with me. I filled his glass and held it to his lips with my own hand; he hesitated, made some slight excuse, but I persisted, and he drank it.

Later in the evening he seemed foolishly gay, and offended me by calling me his 'fair temptress.' An hour later he was missed from the party, and so were his sister and their parents. Before we left, it was whispered around that he had been carried home intoxicated, and that his mother was nearly frantic with grief. In her agony she told some who were near the whole story. She had for some time had fears for him, as his natural gaiety of temperament made him the life of every party, and a very small quantity of wine would affect him, they had banished the use of it at home, but there was still the temptation at every

party, or dinner at the house of a

friend. Only yesterday he had promised her, even with tears, to refuse every glass, no matter by whom proffered. Some young lady, she knew not who, had tempted him to break his vow, and one glass taken, others had been drank without scruple until the sad result."

Isabel's voice faltered, and the tears for a moment dimmed her fine eyes, but she recovered immediately, and went on, strong with the strength of an earnest purpose.

"This mother, in the excitement of her grief, forgot all else, and wildly raved of the young lady who had done this. She almost cursed me in her sorrow, and hoped a similar might one day be my own. She knew not upon whom she was wishing so terrible a punishment; she remembered not that he had probably yielded quite as much to his own appetite, acquired perhaps at the home table, as to my playful persuasion. Yet in the solitude of my room last night, and in the silence of my own heart, have I registered a pledge, that the breath of the wine cup shall never again be upon my lips, nor shall my hand ever proffer it to those of another. Nay, more, I will omit no effort to throw my influence, be it much or be it little, upon the side of temperance. Never again upon my soul shall come the terrible guilt of deserving a mother's malediction."

During Isabel's narrative there had been a silence as of death around the festive board. The mirthful conversation had been suddenly checked, and the untasted wine still stood as it had been poured. Some had raised the glasses with their sparkling contents to their lips, and paused, forgetting to drink the beautiful poison, as they listened.

The younger brother impulsively seized his glass, and raising a window by his side, flung its contents upon the pure snow without, exclaiming as he did so, "There, you may stain the snow drift if you can, but you shall never stain my lips again. Sister, if sorrow and shame should ever come to you from the wine cup, not mine shall be the hand that has dealt the fatal blow."

"Nor mine," said the noble Ernest, the oldest of the brother and sister band. "I was dancing with Harry's sister when the news of her brother's degradation was brought to her. Her father whispered hurriedly in her ear, and led, or half-carried her away from the scene of merriment. Never at the house of mourning have I seen a look of greater agony, than she turned upon me as she left. Not for worlds would I bring such grief to my loving sister or my devoted mother."

The contents of Ernest's glass followed that of his more impulsive brother, and that of the artist visitor stood by his plate untouched—yet Ernest had not told the whole story, and the artist spoke never a word. We will speak for them both presently.

"You are right, my children," said the father. "I have often thought, as I stood among the gay throng at our fashionable parties, that the merriment was, much of it, created by the wines which form so large a share of the refreshments. In fact the place one of these entertainments is to hold in public estimation, is usually gauged, not

by the number of refined and intellectual people present, but by the bill of the wine merchant. It is whispered that an order for two thousand dollars has been given for wine and liquors! At once the party is pronounced the most fashionable of the season, and all invited are sure to attend. The public papers give minute accounts of the great occasion, describing ladies' dresses, and praising the munificence of the host in furnishing so liberal a supply of the choicest liquors. They fail to picture such scenes as that Isabel has narrated.

I agree with Isabel, however, in thinking that the young man had previously formed a habit of drinking, from the use of it at the home table. Too many of our most devoted parents are seeing their young sons acquire such a habit, and for one, I have never seen the subject in this light. I have ordered it for my table as I have the other luxuries my abundant means enabled me to provide for our family comfort, and the proper entertainment of our guests. It seemed to be required of me by my position in society.

I will gladly help you, my children, in the resolution you have formed. Henceforth we will banish it from our home table, even at the risk of appearing eccentric to our guests. But have you thought how this thing will appear in society? If Frank or Ernest are pledged this evening by some gay belle, and expected to take the offered glass, will it not seem churlish to refuse?"

"I will frankly state to her the promise I have made and its reasons," replied Ernest, "and if she still urges the glass upon my acceptance, I trust I shall prefer my own manhood to her girlish folly. It will be harder for Frank and Isabel than for me," he added in a lower tone.

"I think I love my sister's approval more than that of all the other belles of Broadway," Frank playfully replied, with a pun upon his sister's name; then more gravely added, "particularly when I know she is in the right, and they are wrong."

A glance of proud and happy love from his sister, and an approving smile from his mother, were the well-prized reward.

"How will it be, Isabel, through the Christmas holidays, and the New Year's calls?" asked the thoughtful father. "How can you 'receive' upon New Year's day, without following the fashion?"

"I will try to make the fashion follow me in future," she responded gaily. "It is one of the blessings of wealth, father, that it enables us to exert an influence for the right, that poorer people, however earnest their endeavors, cannot possibly attain. Each must do good in their own sphere, but if hedged in by the necessity of a life of toil, that sphere must be small. If I must follow a fashion I believe to be wrong, why am I so often styled a 'leader in fashion?'"

"God bless you, my daughter, and make you a leader in higher things," was the reply of the fond father.

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We will turn now from this dinner-table conversation, and record a little more of the experience of the speakers.

We said that Ernest had not told the whole story. He had long loved the beautiful girl, of whose grief he had spoken, but until the evening previous, had never declared his love, nor known if it were reciprocated. That evening, happy in the confidence of a mutual love, he had seen her struck down, as it were, with grief and shame, and had no opportunity for even a word of comfort. As soon as propriety would admit the next day, he had called. The servant at the door replied that the young lady was ill, and would not see any one. He then sent up a little note of kind inquiry, and an invitation to a concert that evening, if she were able to attend, rightly judging that it was the mind and not the body that was ill, and hoping thus to call her attention from sorrow. He received in return a note of tender farewell. The too sensitive girl felt that her brother's conduct was a disgrace to all connected with him, and it should not be shared by the one she loved so well.

Ernest was not the man to be deterred from a purpose, or to give up even a common friend, from such a motive, much less his promised bride. He wrote a few tender assurances, which we leave all lovers to imagine from their own experience, and which no others than lovers would appreciate, and returned to his home, very well prepared in mind to second Isabel's resolutions.

We also stated that the artist was silent. Perhaps this was somewhat from the delicacy of his position, as a guest, in a conversation which involved so many revelations of personal feeling. This was not all. In his heart, he loved the beautiful Isabel. In his heart, he believed she was not wholly indifferent to him, and that he had the power, by devotion to his profession, to win a name and fame worthy an aspirant for her hand. Yet her words opened to him, as it were, a wider gulf between them than even her father's wealth. They revealed to him the precipice upon which he was standing. He felt at once that of all the luxuries upon her father's table, the wine cup had tempted him most. He saw at a glance his own danger, in his very unwillingness to join the brothers in their manly pledge. Yet he felt they were right, and he admired the moral heroism of Isabel more than he dared express. For it was heroism, to thus brave the censorship of the very society in which she had so long reigned a very queen. So he went silently from the table, and kneeling before the picture in his room, as if it were a very saint, asked of Him who giveth strength, to enable him to keep the pledge only made in his own soul.

Perhaps it was well for him that in the few weeks that intervened before his departure for Europe, he was still a guest of Isabel's father. Little did Isabel think, when in pursuance of her recently awakened purpose, she went into the kitchen, and crossed from the cook-book all the references to wine and brandy it contained, that she was saving their young guest from ruin. Bridget stared at her young mistress, and demanded how she was to make wine sauce without wine.

"You must not make wine sauce at all, Bridget," replied Isabel, "but you can make very nice pudding sauce without it. Indeed, we have now the choice of so many kinds of fruit, with whose juices we can flavor sauce, and so many ways to preserve cordials and fruits, without the use of brandy, that we need not go back to those old-fashioned ways."

So as Bridget was more afraid of being called old-fashioned than the fair Isabel herself, and really loved her kind young mistress, she listened patiently to her directions forbidding all use of wine or spirits, and obeyed implicitly.

The Christmas holidays brought the customary feasting, filling the mansion with guests. New Year's also brought the gentlemen callers, almost as many as when they resided in the city. Lemonade and coffee there was in abundance. Water, such as neither Croton nor Cochituate could supply, was at hand. Every variety of healthful and appetizing refreshment, was served with dignity and grace. Nothing to mar the social converse, nor to produce after shame to themselves, and grief to their friends.

When, several years afterwards, the guest who shared the dinner-table pledge, though only in his heart, returned from Italy, to lay his rising fame and prospering fortune upon the shrine of his youthful devotion, he found Isabel still the same. Surrounded by loving friends and many admirers, yet still, to the world, "in maiden meditation, fancy free."

To the world only, however, for when he sought her hand and heart, she gave the hand, and the much desired information that he carried the heart with him years before, and she trusted he had not lost it at the custom house. Whereupon he assured her that any amount of duty should be paid cheerfully, and that his long absence would have seemed less lonely, could he have known he had such a treasure with him.

Then, leaving all else for a more serious subject, he told her all his temptation, his awakening to a knowledge of danger at her words of calm resolve, and his determination to conquer all taste for wine, before he sought her love.

We leave them now to their happiness, and only say of Ernest, that he too was successful in comforting his sorrowing lady-love, and reclaiming her brother from the downward path.

Frank never once swerved from his high purpose, and is now one of our country's noblest sons.

Blessed is the possession of wealth when it is made a power for good; but the saddest foe is it to the cause of temperance in our land, when it holds out to the young people who come within its charmed circle, the tempter, wine.

UNCLAIMED HAPPINESS.

Who that looked upon a lump of coal for the first time would dream of the real contents of that black mass! It was known that it would in combustion give forth light and heat, from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary;" though even this was not known respecting anthracite coal until a comparatively

recent period. It was known that it would burn; but how to burn it was a secret which accident disclosed. After infinite pokings and stirrings, some workmen at an experimental furnace went to dinner, in despair of burning stone-coal. Being left alone for an hour, the coal took the matter into its own black hands, and went into vigorous combustion, teaching the men that the way to burn it was not to stir it.

There are many people just like it. If you stir them, you put them out. If you put kindling material under them, and let them alone, they will ignite. But all this is by the way, for it was the bituminous coal that we were thinking about. Who would ever imagine what treasures it contained? That exquisite flavor of the pine-apples; that fragrant strawberry perfume; those other delicate flavors for confectionery and cooking, did you know that they are made out of coal? Those exquisite tints, the solferinos, the magentas, and other fashionable colors, do the belles that flaunt their ribbons so bewitchingly know that all these charming hues are extracted from coal? How much chemistry teaches men to see in common things! How much, too, the microscope reveals! The air is full of impalpable dust. Let the glass be put to it, and behold, that dust is a treasury of curiosities, a very museum! Invisible seeds, fragments of feathers, powder of leaves, germs and spores of innumerable fungi—something rubbed off from every substance on the globe—so that one could, if skillful enough, build up again, out of the dust which settles on his bible, beasts, birds, minerals, trees and gardens, and a whole pet world.

There is a precise analogy in moral life. Men are seeking enjoyment in rude ways, or sulking, in a complaining mood, because they have nothing to make them happy. But the art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things. If we pitch our expectations high, if we are arrogant in our pretensions, if we will not be happy except when our self love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life. The whole globe is a museum to those who have eyes to see. Rare plays are unfolding before every man who can read the drama of life intelligently. Every street is a theater. One cannot open his eyes without seeing unconscious players. There are Othellos, and Hamlets, and Lears, and Falstaffs; Ophelias, Rosalinds, and Julietts, all about us. Midsummer-night Dreams are performing in our heavens.

A walk up and down Fulton street, in Brooklyn, is as good as a play. The children, the nurses, the maidens, the mothers, the wealthy everybodies, the queer men, the unconscious buffoons, the drolls, the earnest nonsense, and the whimsical earnestness of men, the shop-windows, the cars, the horses, the carriages—there is not half time enough to enjoy all that is to be seen in these things! Or, if the mood takes you, go in and talk with the people—choosing, of course, fitting times and seasons. Be cheerful

yourself, and good-natured, and respectful, and every man has a secret for you worth knowing. There is a school-master waiting for you behind every door. Every shopman has a look at life different from yours. Human nature puts on as many kinds of foliage as trees do, and is far better worth studying. Anger is not alike in any two men, nor pride, nor vanity, nor love. Every fool is a special fool, and there is no duplicate.

What are trades and all kinds of business but laboratories, where the ethereal thought is transmuted into some visible shape of matter? What are workmen but translators of mind into matter? Men are cutting, sawing, filing, fitting, joining, polishing. But every article is so much mind condensed into matter. Work is incarnation. Nobody knows a city who only drives along its streets. There are vaults under streets, cellars under houses, attics above, shops behind. At every step men are found tucked away in some queer nook, doing unexpected things, themselves odd, and full of entertaining knowledge.

It is kindly sympathy with human life that enables one to secure happiness. Pride is like an unsilvered glass, through which all sights pass, leaving no impression. But sympathy, like a mirror, catches everything that lives. The whole world makes pictures for a mirror-heart. The best of all is that a kind heart and a keen eye are never within the sheriff's reach. He may sequester your goods; but he cannot shut up the world or confiscate human life. As long as these are left, one may defy poverty, neglect of friends, and even, to a degree, misfortune and sickness, and still find hours brim-full every day of innocent and nourishing enjoyment!—

The Church Union.

HOME.

The word home always sounds like poetry to me. It rings like a peal of bells at a wedding, only more soft and sweet, and it chimes deeper into the ears of my heart. It does not matter whether it means thatched cottage or manor house, home is home, be it ever so homely, there's no place on earth like it. Green grow the house-leek on the roof forever, and let the moss flourish on the thatch. Sweetly the sparrows chirrup and the swallows twitter around the chosen spot which is my joy and rest. Every bird loves its own nest; the owls think the old ruins the fairest spot under the moon, and the fox is of opinion that his hole in the hill is remarkably cosy. When my master's nag knows that his head is towards home, he wants no whip, but thinks it best to put on all steam; and I am always of the same mind, for the way home to me, is the best bit of road in the country. I like to see the smoke in my own chimney better than the fire on another man's hearth; there's something so beautiful in the way in which it curles up among the trees. Cold potatoes on my own table taste better than roast meat at my neighbor's, and the honeysuckle at my own door is the sweetest I ever smell. When you are out, friends do their best, but still it is not home. "Make yourself at home," they say,

because everybody knows that to feel at home is to feel at ease.

"East and west,
Home is best."

Why, at home you are at home, and what more do you want? Nobody grudges you, whatever your appetite may be; and you don't get put into a damp bed. Sate in his own castle, like a king in his palace, a man feels himself somebody, and is not afraid of being thought proud for thinking so. Every cock may crow on his own dunghill; and a dog is a lion when he is at home. A sweep is master inside his own door. No need to guard every word because some enemy is on the watch, no keeping the heart under lock and key; but as soon as the door is shut, it is liberty hall, and none to peep and pry. There is a glorious view from the top of Leith Hill, in our dear old Surry, and Hindhead and Martha's Chapel, and Boxhill, are not to be sneezed at; but I could show you something which to my mind beats them all to nothing for real beauty: I mean John Ploughman's cottage with the kettle boiling on the hob, singing like an unbroken black angel, while the cat is lying asleep in front of the fire, and the wife in her chair mending stockings, and the children cutting about the room, as full of fun as young lambs.

It is a singular fact, and perhaps some of you will doubt it, but that is your unbelieving nature, our little ones are real beauties, always a pound or two plumper than others of their age, and yet it don't tire you half so much to nurse them as it does other people's babies. Why, bless you, my wife would tire out in half the time, if her neighbor had asked her to see to a strange youngster, but her children don't seem to tire her at all; now, my belief is that it all comes of their having been born at home. Just so it is with everything else: our lane is the most beautiful for twenty miles round, because our home is in it; and my garden is a perfect paradise, for no other particular reason than this very good one, that it belongs to the old house at home.

I cannot make out why so many working men spend their evenings at the public house, when their own fireside would be so much better and cheaper too. There they sit, hour after hour, boozing and talking nonsense, and forgetting the dear good souls at home who are half starved and weary with waiting for them. Their money goes into the publican's till, when it ought to make their wives and children comfortable: as for the beer they get, it is just so much fools' milk to drown their wits in. Such fellows ought to be horsewhipped, and those who encourage them and live on their spendings deserve to feel the butt end of the whip. Those beershops are the curse of this country—no good ever can come of them, and the evil they do no tongue can tell; the publicans were bad enough, but the beershops are a pest: I wish the man who made the law to open them had to keep all the families that they have brought to ruin. Beershops are the enemies of home, and therefore the sooner their licenses are taken away the better: poor men don't need such places, nor rich men

either; they are all worse and no better, like Tom Norton's wife. Any thing that hurts the home is a curse, and ought to be hunted down as gamekeepers do the vermin in the copses.

Husbands should try and make home happy and holy. It is an ill bird that spoils its own nest, a bad man who makes his home wretched. Our house ought to be a little church, with holiness to the Lord over the door; but it ought never to be a prison where there is plenty of rule and order, but little love and no pleasure. Married life is not all sugar, but grace in the heart will keep away most of the sours. Godliness and love can make a man like a bird in a hedge—singing among thorns and briars, and set others a singing too. It should be the husband's pleasure to please his wife, and the wife's care to care for her husband. He is kind to himself who is kind to his wife. I am afraid some men live by the rule of self, and when that is the case, home happiness is a mere sham. When husbands and wives are well yoked, how light their load becomes! It is not every couple that is a pair, and the more's the pity. In a true home, all the strife is which can do the most to make the family happy. A home should be a Bethel, not a Babel. The husband should be the houseband, binding all together like a cornerstone, but not crushing everything like a mill-stone. Unkind and domineering husbands ought not to pretend to be Christians, for they act clear contrary to Christ's commands.

Yet a home must be well ordered, or it will become a Bedlam, and be a scandal to the parish. If the father drops the reins, the family-coach will soon be in the ditch. A wise mixture of love and firmness will do it; but neither harshness nor softness alone will keep home in happy order. Home is no home where the children are not in obedience; it is rather a pain than a pleasure to be in it. Happy is he who is happy in his children, and happy are the children who are happy in their father. All fathers are not wise. Some are like Eli, and spoil their children. Not to cross our children is the way to make a cross of them. Those who never give their children the rod, must not wonder if their children become a rod to them. Solomon says, "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea he shall give delight to thy soul." I am not clear that anybody wiser than Solomon lives in our time, though some think they are. Young colts must be broken in, or they will make wild horses. Some fathers are all fire and smoke, filled with passion at the smallest fault; this is worse than the other, and makes home a little hell instead of a heaven. No wind makes the miller idle, but too much upsets the mill altogether. Men who strike in their anger generally miss their mark. When God helps us to hold the reins firmly, but not to hurt the horses' mouths, all goes well. When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay a night with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element.

Wives should feel that home is their place and their kingdom, the happiness of which depends mostly upon

them. She is a wicked wife who drives her husband away by her long tongue. A man said to his wife the other day, "Double up your whip;" he meant keep your tongue quiet: it is wretched living with such a whip always lashing you. When God gave to men ten measures of speech, they say the women ran away with nine, and in some cases I am afraid the saying is true. A dirty, slatternly, gossipping wife is enough to drive her husband mad: and if he goes to the public house of an evening, she is the cause of it. It is doleful living where the wife, instead of reverencing her husband, is always wrangling and railing at him. It must be a good thing when such women are hoarse, and it is a pity that they have not as many blisters on their tongues as they have teeth in their jaws. God save us all from wives who are angels in the streets, saints in the church, and devils at home. I have never tasted of such bitter herbs, but I pity from my very heart those who have this diet every day of their lives.

Show me a loving husband, a worthy wife, and good children, and no pair of horses that ever flew along the road could take me in a year where I could see a more pleasing sight. Home is the grandest of all institutions. Talk about parliament, give me a quiet little parlor. Boast about voting and the reform bill if you like, but I go in for weeding the little garden, and teaching the children their hymns. Franchise may be a very fine thing, but I should a good deal sooner get the freehold of my cottage, if I could find the money to buy it. Magna Charta I don't know much about, but if it means a quiet home for everybody, three cheers for it.

I wish our governors would not break up so many poor men's homes by that abominably heartless law. It is far more fit for a set of Red Indians than Englishmen. A Hampshire carter told me the other day that his wife and children were all in the union, and his home broken up, because of the cruel working of the law. He had eight little ones and a wife to keep on nine shillings a week, with rent to pay out of it; on this he could not keep body and soul together; now, if the parish had allowed him a mere trifle, a loaf or two and a couple of shillings a week, he would have jogged on; but no not a penny out of the house: they might all die of starvation unless they would all go into the workhouse. So, with many bitter tears and heartaches, the poor soul had to sell his few little bits of furniture, and he is now a houseless man, and yet he is a good hard-working fellow, and served one master for nearly twenty years. Such things are very common, but they ought not to be. Why cannot the really deserving poor have a little help given them? Why must they be forced into the union house? Home is the pillar of the British Empire, and ought not to be knocked to pieces by these unchristian laws. I wish I was an orator and could talk politics; I would not care a rush for Whigs or Tories, but I would stand up like a lion for the poor man's home, which, let me tell the lords and commons, is as dear

to him as their great palaces are to them, and sometimes dearer.

If I had no home, the world would be a big prison to me. England for me for a country, Surrey for a county, and for a village give me——, no, I shan't tell you, or you will be hunting John Ploughman up. Many of my friends have emigrated, and are breaking up fresh soil in Australia and America. Though their stone has rolled, I hope they may gather moss; for when they were at home, they were like the sitting hen, that gets no barley. Really these hard times make a man think of his wings, but I am tied by the leg to my own home, and, please God, I hope to live and die among my own people. They may do things better in France and Germany, but old England for me, after all.—From "John Ploughman's Talk."

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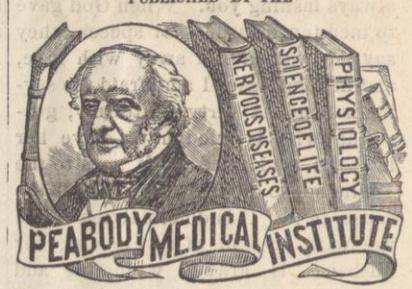
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Trains leave Greenfield for Turners Falls at 6:40, 9:30 and 11:30 A. M., and 4:30 P. M. Leave Turners Falls for Greenfield at 7:30 and 11:30 A. M., and 5:30 and 5:40 P. M.

Passengers taking the 6:30 train from Greenfield can go to Boston and return same day, having 5 hours in Boston.

The 6:30 A. M. train from Greenfield connects at Fitchburg with trains for Providence, Taunton and Newport. The 7 A. M. and 1:20 P. M. trains from Hoosac Tunnel connect at Fitchburg with trains for Worcester, Providence, Taunton and Newport.

O. T. RUGGLES, superintendent.

VERMONT CENTRAL, AND VERMONT AND CANADA RAILROADS.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, JAN. 1, 1872.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St. Albans at 6:30 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., Grout's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New London at 9:30 p. m., connecting with steamer for New York. This train will leave Brattleboro on Monday mornings at 4:45 a. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at 5:30 a. m.

Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 m., Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. John at 4:30 p. m., St. Albans at 7:30 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 3:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 a. m., south Vernon at 4:45 a. m., Grout's Corner at 5:15 a. m., and New London at 11:30 a. m.

Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation) at 4:45 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:50 a. m., South Vernon at 5:15 a. m., Grout's Corner at 5:30 a. m., and New London at 5:10 p. m.

Express leaves Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., South Vernon at 2:22 p. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at 2:50 p. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 5:00 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:25 a. m., South Vernon at 9:30 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:30 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R. Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal and Ogdensburg.

Express leaves Grout's Corner at 11:20 a. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m.

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m., Grout's Corner at 3:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:00 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed) at 5:35 p. m., arriving in W. R. Junction at 8:30 p. m., and Rutland at 8:30 p. m.

Night express leaves New London at 2:45 p. m., Grout's Corner at 4:00 p. m., South Vernon at 4:30 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 p. m., Boston (via Fitchburg) at 5:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 6:30 p. m., connecting at W. R. Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at 6:45 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, etc., arriving in St. Albans at 6:30 a. m., Montreal at 9:45 a. m., Pittsburgh at 12:00 m., and Ogdensburg at 12:45 p. m.

Connections at Grout's Corner with trains over Vt. & Mass., and New London Northern Railroads; South Vernon with trains over Conn. River R. R.; at Bellows Falls with Cheshire R. R.; at W. R. Junction with trains to and from Boston, via Lowell, and Conn. and Pass. Rivers R. R.; at Rutland with Rensselaer & Saratoga, and Harlem extension Railroads; at St. John with Grand Trunk Railway; also at Ogdensburg with the Grand Trunk Railway, and the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg for the west; with St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway for Ottawa.

Sleeping cars are attached to night train between St. Albans and Springfield, and Burlington and Boston.

Through tickets for Chicago and the west for sale at all the principal stations.

G. MERRILL, Gen'l Sup't.

St. Albans, Dec 23, 1871.

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Farming for a Profession; How I Made it Pay - - - - - 50

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Egyptian Dream Book and Fortune Teller - - - - - 50

Book of Tableaux and Shadow Pantomimes - - - - - 50

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Comic Recitations and Humorous Dialogues - - - - - 50

The Poultry Yard - - - - - 75

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The Household.



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GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED Sewing Machines ARE Emphatically the Machine for the Household.

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WISSTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY, which does not dry up a cough and leaves the cause behind, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials it has received. The genuine is signed "L. Butts" on the wrapper. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS PROPRIETORS, BOSTON, MASS. Sold by dealers generally.

KIDDER'S TONIC POWDER has proved itself the best remedy for Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Languor, Weakness at the Stomach, and General Debility. 1-12d STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

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Cures Dysentery, Diarrhoea, and Summer Complaints of children. Price 50 cents.
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This watch is a decided improvement on any watch now made of the same size, being about one-half the cost of the imported watch of similar size.

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THE PERUVIAN SYRUP. Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood, Tones up the System, Builds up the Broken-down, Cures Female Complaints, Dyspepsy, Debility, &c. Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women; and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.

Caution.—Be sure you get the right article. See that "Peruvian Syrup" is blown in the glass. Pamphlets free. Send for one. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, Boston, Mass. For sale by druggists generally.

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A BALSAM AND TONIC

FOR THE CURE OF
Coughs, Colds,
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,
INFLAMMATION OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS,
WHOOPING COUGH,
AND ALL CONSUMPTIVE DIFFICULTIES.

THREE FACTS.
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There are certain localities in the Western States where Consumption is a very rare disease, and sick people removing to these sections soon recover from any form of Lung complaint.

SECOND.

In these localities the PRAIRIE WEED grows very abundantly, twining among the grasses, its blossoms perfuming the air with a fragrance very grateful to men and cattle.

THIRD.

DR. KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MS., has prepared a Medicine from this weed which has remarkable healing properties in all Throat and Lung diseases, whether mild or severe, whether recent or of long standing. The medicine in every case has removed the pain and suffering, and as one gentleman cured by the PRAIRIE WEED said, "The peculiar health-giving properties of the Prairies are contained in this remedy."

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

PRICE. - - - - - \$1.00.

BATH, ME., Feb. 17, 1873.

MR. KENNEDY. Dear Sir,—I sit down to pen you a few lines this evening, to inform you that the Prairie Weed you sent me last fall has done me much good: truly I have not words to express my gratitude to you for it. My health has not been so good for the last twenty years as it has been since I commenced taking the Prairie Weed in November last. I thank you thousands of times for it. Not one night since last December have I been obliged to sit up one hour with phthisis since I have been taking your medicine. I have two bottles left yet, and I cannot thank you enough for your kindness to one that is poor and no money. But my health is so improved this winter that I can work all the time at light work, so I more than pay my board, and that is what I have not been able to do for a long time. Truly I have reason to rejoice with joy to think that I have found something to help me. I ever remain your humble servant, M. MARIA LEACH.

APRIL 3, 1873.

DR. KENNEDY. Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that the Prairie Weed has helped me. I have used five bottles; and my cough had stopped. I have not split up any more lumps after taking the first bottle. My pains are not half as many as they were; and my sleep is sweet. I am a very delicate lad, and weigh more now than I ever did in my life. I have scattered your Prairie Weed circulars all through the country; and this is very little to do for you who have done so much for me. Yours truly,

JACOB BACON, Cleveland, Tenn.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—I respectfully state that in May, 1872, I caught a cold so severe and deep, that since July I have so far lost my voice as to be unable to sing; lost my appetite, and become unfit for business; had cold sweats nearly every evening; that in January and February I spent above fifty dollars for pills and powders, with four doctors, who pronounced me in consumption, and said I had not long to live. That within three weeks I have been induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Prairie Weed, and, having taken three bottles, I am now enjoying a good appetite, have strength for my daily business; and last evening (April 10) I some six times led (in their singing) a prayer-meeting of above a hundred voices. These statements are no exaggeration. Attest: HUGH McDougall. 37 Melrose Street, Boston, April, 1873.

DR. KENNEDY.—I am an old woman seventy-six years of age, and I want to tell you what the Prairie Weed has done for me. I had been sick on my bed nineteen weeks, with a violent cough, pain in my stomach and sides. Nothing would stay in my stomach; and I was so reduced by coughing, I could not raise myself from the bed, when a friend brought me a bottle of the Prairie Weed. The first spoonful seemed to me to rest my stomach and soothe my cough; and, before a week had passed, I was able to sit up in my chair, which I had not done for five months. I have used two bottles; and I am now able to do my work about the house, and have not felt so well in health for many years. I have been cured by the Prairie Weed; and I wish every one with a cough, or stomach weakness, would try your wonderful medicine.

Theresa Linton.

Carver Street, Boston.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Buy a Bottle of the Medicine.