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Jewell

THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 7.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1874.

No. 4.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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

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WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Though we may not change the cottage
For mansions tall and grand,
Or exchange the little grass plot
For a boundless stretch of land—
Yet there's something brighter, dearer,
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase
Costly pictures rich and rare—
Though we have not silken hangings,
For the walls so cold and bare,
We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For flowers bloom everywhere.

We can make home very cheerful
If the right course we begin,
We can make its inmates happy
And their truest blessing win,
It will make a small room brighter
If we let the sunshine in.

We can gather around the fireside
When the evening hours are long—
We can blend our hearts and voices
In happy, social song;
We can guide some erring brother,
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music
And with sunshine brimming o'er.
If against all dark intruders
We will firmly close the door—
Yet should the evil shadow enter
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly
Which the grandest fail to find,
There's a chain of sweet affection—
Bringing friends of kindred mind—
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

HOME ADORNMENT.

HERE is not a place in the entire country but can, to some extent, be improved in ornamental appearance and effect, with little trouble and at little expense. Farmers especially are apt to think because they are poor, or means limited, they are unable to carry out any ideas of improvement, or if they happen to be well off, are always waiting for some time to come when money will be apparently more easily spared, or they can have more leisure for the purpose.

In fact there is a belief widely cur-

rent that pretty houses and attractive surroundings do not belong to the farmer's humble lot; but to the village resident, or those who come from the city, who alone are supposed to possess the proper taste and necessary funds. This is all wrong; and if country people will only think of it, they will find the subject an interesting one, will discover many and inexpensive plans, and will be gratified at the subsequent effects.

Is your farm-house homely, gable-roofed, and brown, and you think you cannot afford to build a new one? Never mind; if there is only cheerfulness within the old one, 'tis better than rich carpets and discontented spirits in a new one. Paint up your old brown house, you can afford that at least—let the colors be soft or lively as you like; shingle it over new, and make the roof clean and dry; dress up your blinds in beautiful green; twine around your porch the honeysuckle or climbing roses, and wind up the sides and corners of your house the ivy or some pretty evergreen climber.

Take carefully from your woods or fields the evergreen, spruce or fir, and plant a dozen or more in front of your door. Plant along the roadside a few maples and elms in alternate rows; let your wife send a few cents and get some flower-seeds and bulbs, and plant those along in front of your parlor window. Then wait for the gentle warmth of the sun, and watch the appearing of the leaves, the budding of the flowers, the suckles and roses, and notice how quickly the creeper climbs up the sides of your house.

Wait until some beautiful day in summer, when some of your farm friends come to visit you and yours; listen to their exclamations of pleasure at the simple yet wonderful transformation; look at the pleased faces and bright smiles of your wife and children; and then see if you don't feel that you are a man, that you have got something to compel respect from neighbors. Watch the travelers by your house as they partially stop and look over your little yard, and with silent praise testify to its beauty; watch the influence of these little things upon your children, how rapidly their taste for neatness and nice things improves, how much more cheerful they are in disposition, how quickly they gain a superior standing among their school-fellows, how popular their home becomes as a visiting place among their friends.

What a pleasure it is to think of home; when at some distant day, any or all are compelled to go far away, how precious is the memory of father and mother, the old farm-house and

its pretty door-yard. But, while they are all at home, see how gradually books and papers find their way into your house, how well they are read and remembered, how insensibly your own taste improves; see how much better your farm is than formerly, how well you get along, perhaps not laying up much or any money, yet in spite of the extra expenses incurred somehow they are all met, your farm produces more, you live better, dress better, and are more influential in society.

Tell me, then, whether it does not pay to adorn your homes?

KEEP THE ROADSIDES NEAT.

What a gain to roadsides throughout the country, if only every sloven could be taught the virtues of order and neatness! The village roadside ought, indeed, to be the village park and the village pride; not necessarily showing great breadth of common (though this is commendable), but carrying its green coil and shadows of trees between all the houses.

The beauty and the attractiveness of nearly all the little towns up and down the Connecticut valley are due to the nice keeping and embowering shade of the village street. In no other single feature do they offer so striking a contrast to the lesser towns of New Jersey, and of the middle states generally. In many of them societies are organized—made up of their most enterprising citizens—for the oversight and execution of village improvements.

Trees are guarded zealously; decaying ones are removed and replaced by others; the laws with respect to straying cattle are rigidly enforced; and every good citizen counts it a duty to become in this regard and for the public benefit, an executor of the law. The roadside by a man's door is not encumbered with old vehicles; there is no selfish encroachment upon the highway. A scrupulous regard for neatness is counted, and very justly, as an element of the town's prosperity. Strangers are attracted by it, those who wander from it in youth are drawn towards it in age. Its paths are paths of pleasantness.

Donald G. Mitchell.

—The season of the year is now at hand, in which trees of every kind should be transplanted. It is much safer to remove trees as soon as the frost is out of the ground, than to wait until the sap begins to go up and the buds to swell. Make arrangements then, to commence soon, and extend your labor as far as practicable in this direction.



ABOUT HOUSE-CLEANING.

JN the face of masculine assertions, we protest that women do not enjoy house-cleaning! We only do it because we must, and often plunge into the disagreeable work which makes the days of beautiful, opening spring seem "the saddest of the year," with an energy born of desperation, frequently far too early in the season, and without making those previous plans which would materially lighten the labor.

The principal portion of the house-cleaning should never be undertaken until the weather is quite warm enough to dispense with fires, hence the date can never be determined by almanac; but the garret, milk-room, cellars, etc., can be done earlier in the season. When these have been thoroughly cleansed, we may begin with the least-used apartments, and finish with the dining-room and kitchen.

The only way to accomplish the house-cleaning without the scenes of dust, turmell, and misery which are sometimes thought to be its necessary attendants, is to do but one room at a time, and this quietly and methodically.

The first necessity is a large, clean, soft dust cloth, just a little moistened. With this should be dusted every article of furniture contained in the room you wish to clean, before carrying into one adjoining, where all should be placed in as small a compass as possible while waiting a return to their old quarters. Pictures and mirrors, if too large to be removed from the walls, should be covered, to protect from dust and accidental blows.

The next step is to pull the tacks, being careful not to break off the heads and leave points in the floor to prove a "vexation of spirits" to the one who attempts to re-lay the carpet. When the latter is loosened from the floor, if a Brussels or a Wilton it should be folded by the seams, instead of being gathered into a heap, as these carpets would be creased by this treatment, which would not injure an "Ingrain," or a "Three-ply."

For carpet-beating, a sunshiny, windy day is best. If we live in the vicinity of a carpet-beating establishment, we shall, of course, patronize it; but if not, we must have, suspended between two trees or some equally convenient support, a strong

rope of sufficient length to permit the carpet to lie smoothly over it. As it would be difficult to get a heavy carpet over a rope hung high enough to keep the former from dragging on the grass, it is well to fasten an end of the rope to one tree, and pass the other end loosely over a limb of the other tree, leaving the intermediate part so "slack" that it will lie on the ground. The carpet can now be laid on it, and the rope drawn up and fastened. Select for whips, long, smooth, and flexible boughs, and employ as beaters the two strongest and most patient workmen at your command. A Brussels, or other heavy carpet, should be whipped on the right side, as the fabric is so thick that the dust does not sift through. When beating no longer produces dust, the carpet should be taken down by loosening the rope till it is as "slack" as at first; then, if a Brussels, lay the right side to the grass, and shake well; after which, it may be hung on the rope and again tested with whips, to make sure that no dust remains. It may now be left hanging in the wind for a time, or be folded smoothly and brought within doors.

While the carpet-beaters are at work, the "house-cleaner," with closed doors and opened windows, has taken a quantity of damp tea and coffee grounds—saved for the purpose—and with them swept the floor. Then the mop is brought into requisition, for the scrubbing-brush is rarely needed on the floor that has been, and is to be, protected by a carpet.

Now for the closets. Everything in them should be shaken out, or dusted, walls rubbed down, shelves washed, etc.

For this purpose, it is not necessary to soak the shelves, as it is desirable that they should dry soon, that the contents may be returned as quickly as possible.

After this, the walls may be dusted with a clean, soft cloth, pinned over a broom. If the walls are well papered, they will require nothing farther; if painted, they may very probably need washing; "hard finished," re-whitening; if only whitewashed, they are almost sure to require a renewal of the process, and this is the time.

Next in order comes the washing of doors, casings, etc. If these are of woods simply oiled and varnished, wiping with a flannel cloth wrung out of fair, soft water, will be sufficient; but if the wood has been painted, soap and labor may both be required.

Windows may be washed now, or after the carpet has been put down, as preferred. In the latter case, a square of oil-cloth should be laid under the window, to protect the carpet from accidents.

The room is now ready for a second mopping. This does not imply a great splashing of water over the floor, but rather a gentle washing with a mop frequently wrung out in an often-renewed pail of hot water, without soap. As soon as the floor is thoroughly dry, the carpet may be stretched smoothly and tacked in place; after which, the furniture, having been redusted, may be brought back.

Mirrors and picture-glasses should not be polished until the last thing, when they may be wet with a bit of chamois skin squeezed out of fair

water, and then rubbed with a dry piece of the same till no speck is visible.

In cleaning a library provided with inclosed stationary cases, the books should be taken out after the first mopping of the floor, then carefully dusted and returned to the cases. If the latter are open, the books should be dusted and removed from the room before the carpet is disturbed.

One room having been thus disposed of, we are ready to attack the next, and so on; usually devoting a day to each till all are done. This way of proceeding may prolong matters somewhat, but it prevents confusion, and in the end saves time and labor.—*Ethel C. Gale.*

HOME INFLUENCE.

Are we each aware, I wonder, of the great influence we exert over one another, particularly over our own home circle? Parents, children, brothers, sisters dwell together, and what kindly yet effective influence each one may have! The brother insensibly becomes more gentle and refined from association with the sister; and the sister gains courage, fortitude and strength from her contact with the brother. On the parents also, as well as on each other, the children of the household, exert a constant influence. The characters and lives of parents are very commonly modified by the character of the little group, growing up around them. On the other hand, who can estimate or measure the influence of the parents in the Christian household on the children.

The kind father, who is the counselor, companion and example of the whole. The loving mother—ah, in her what influences center! She, who forms and moulds the character of her children from the cradle, until they go forth into the world to battle for themselves, even then do the prayers and cradle-songs of their mother come back to them, sometimes changing the whole course of their lives from evil to good.

A mother's influence! Language cannot fully express it. Memory will cherish it forever. Thousands have

seemed to feel through life the mother's hand, that in childhood was laid upon their heads. Thousands have been preserved in the peril of temptation by the image of a godly mother, watching with tearful eyes for their decision. Oh, those earliest teachings, how deep they sink into the heart, and are never forgotten; through all the changes and trials of life the heart holds them closer and closer.

Let us then, each and all, young and old, realize the responsibility laid upon us, and ever by our loving words and acts of kindness, make home a little "paradise" where all shall be peace and happiness; where all pure and innocent amusements, all good and useful knowledge, all kind and sweet affections, and all holiest associations shall exert the highest influence on human character and life.

—A painter was once engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In one of his battles Alexander had received an ugly scar on the side of his

face. The artist was desirous of giving a correct likeness of the monarch, and at the same time desirous of hiding the scar. It was a difficult task to accomplish. At length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him in a reflective attitude, his hand placed against his head, while his finger covered the scar. The best men are not without their failings, their scars—but do not dwell upon them. In speaking of them to others adopt the painter's expedient, and let the finger of love be placed upon the scar.



EARLY FLOWERS.

Three little blue-buds, cuddled together, Blue as the blue sky in fairest of weather, Wondered and wondered what under the sun Made the snows melt and the bright waters run. O how they grew, and their pretty bright eyes First ope'd a little, then wide with surprise, Warm golden rays crept down through the trees, Kissed little blue-buds, half hidden in leaves, Nodding and smiling, they whispered together, Seeming to say, "O, 'tis beautiful weather! How we do love the dear, sunny skies! Down 'neath the snow our little blue eyes Nothing could see, and we never could grow Till Spring's kindly sunbeams melted the snow, And brought us from darkness into the light, Where trees, birds, and flowers are all in our sight. Rejoicing together, we welcome the sun That made the snows melt and the bright waters run."

A TALK ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY GRACE R. BARTHOLOMEW.

SPRING is coming. Having faith in the almanac, we believe it, in spite of the driving snow and blustering gales. This is the time in which we must make arrangements for the bud and bloom of the coming summer. I know that on reading the illustrated catalogues of flower seeds, bulbs, and plants, one is seized with an insane desire to buy everything, regardless of consequences, and some yield to the impulse far enough to secure more than they can properly care for.

Last summer I had just three papers of flower seeds; pansies, mignonette and corbea scandens. The first two I planted in boxes in the house. I don't know that they are properly houseplants, but Nature seems inclined to snub my especial pets and bestow all her tender, motherly care on burdocks and ragweed. Besides having them in the house I could enjoy their bloom in the hours when household cares would prevent my seeing them if they were not in my room. The corbea scandens swung its purple bells in the air just outside my window, which it shaded with its beautiful foliage.

Very great improvements have been made in the old-fashioned flowers we used to love. The balsam and aster are hardly recognizable in their many-petaled bloom. Yet there are many people to whom the old flowers are dear, because of their associations, who would be quite content if they were left unchanged. And I hope no enterprising florist will rob my much

loved morning-glories of their delicate, ariel grace, by making them grow double!

Last year several writers spoke of the beautiful effect of an English ivy growing behind a picture, the picture concealing the pot while the ivy clinging to the frame encircled it in living green. Now this is a snare and a delusion, for I have tried it. My ivy took no notice whatever of the picture but stretched longing arms towards the light of the nearest window. It looked so homesick that I removed it to a more congenial spot.

What shall we plant this spring? What flowers are the most beautiful? How can one decide between pansies and phlox drummondii? and when one thinks of verbenas, too, the perplexity deepens. Whatever we decide upon, let us have no more than we can give the best of care, for pale, neglected, half-dying flowers are a perpetual reproach to their owner for having called them from their peaceful sleep in their little seeds, into the troubles of life.

HOW PLANTS PURIFY THE AIR.

Plants gain their nourishment by the absorption, through their roots, of certain substances from the soil, and by the decomposition, through their green portions, of a particular gas contained in the atmosphere—carbonic-acid gas. They decompose this gas into carbon, which they assimilate, and oxygen, which they reject. Now, this phenomenon, which is the vegetable's mode of respiration, can only be accomplished with the assistance of solar light.

Charles Bonnet, of Geneva, who began his career by experimenting on plants, and left this attractive subject to devote himself to philosophy, only in consequence of a serious affection of his sight, was the first to detect this joint work, about the middle of the eighteenth century. He remarked that vegetables grow vertically, and tend toward the sun, in whatever position the seed may have been planted in the earth. He proved the generality of the fact that, in dark places, plants always turn toward the point whence light comes. He discovered, too, that plants immersed in water release bubbles of gas under the influence of sunlight.

In 1771, Priestley, in England, tried another experiment. He let a candle burn in a confined space till the light went out, that is, until the contained air grew unfit for combustion. Then he placed the green parts of a fresh plant in the enclosure, and at the end of ten days the air had become sufficiently purified to permit the relighting of the candle. Thus he proved that plants replace gas made impure by combustion with a combustible gas; but he also observed that at certain times the reverse phenomenon seems to result.

Ten years later, the Dutch physician, Ingenhousz, succeeded in explaining this apparent contradiction. "I had but just begun these experiments," says that skillful naturalist, "when a most interesting scene revealed itself to my eyes. I observed that not only do plants have the power of clearing impure air in six days or longer, as

Priestley's experiments seem to point out, but that they discharge this important duty in a few hours, and in the most thorough way; that this singular operation is not due at all to vegetation, but to the effect of sunlight; that it does not begin until the sun has been some time above the horizon; that it ceases entirely during the darkness of night; that plants shaded by high buildings or by other plants do not complete this function, that is, they do not purify the air, but that, on the contrary, they exhale an injurious atmosphere, and really shed poison into the air about us; that the production of pure air begins to diminish with the decline of day, and ceases completely at sunset; that all plants corrupt the surrounding air during the night, and that not all portions of the plant take part in the purification of the air, but only the leaves and green branches."—*Popular Science Monthly*.

GROWING CALLAS.

Not long since I was at a friend's and, on going through her conservatory, was much struck with the luxuriant growth of a Calla. The leaves were borne on stems three feet or more in length, and such leaves! I never dreamed that Calla leaves could grow so large before. They were of the richest green, too; and everything about the plant indicated that it was in the most perfect health. It had one bud, on a stalk three feet long, which was as large as my Calla buds had ever been when they had attained full growth, and were ready to unfold; and this bud was hardly half matured, thus giving promise of becoming an immense flower if nothing happened to prevent its developing.

I asked the secret of such magnificent success in Calla growing, and my friend told me in what it consisted. In June she takes her Callas out of doors, and turns the pots containing them over on their sides under a tree, or in some shady place, and there she leaves them through the hot summer months, giving them no attention whatever. Of course the old leaves die and fall off, and the earth in the pots bakes into the consistency of brick; one would think such treatment would be the death of a flower, but, on the contrary, the Calla likes it. In September she brings the pots in, and begins to give the plants water.

A very short time suffices to start them into growth. As soon as the leaves appear, she makes the water quite warm. The result is, that her Callas are superior to any I ever saw before. She boasts of having larger flowers than any one else, and, judging from the size of the half matured bud I saw, she has foundation for saying so. She tells me that her Callas are never without flowers through the winter, often as many as four or five open at once. She never removes the new ones which form about the old plant, but, as they grow, shifts the plants into large pots.

I have seen so many sickly, spindling Callas that I want to have my friends try this method; I am trying it; I put mine out of doors last summer, and it is flourishing finely. It is an easy plan to try, and I am sure it

is a successful one. I ought to have said before that my friend's conservatory is heated from a stove in the sitting room, therefore this treatment will apply where only a few house plants are kept, and steam heating is not used.—*Horticulturist*.

IVY FOR INDOOR DECORATION.

Ivy will succeed better in our dry warm rooms than almost any plant with which I am acquainted, and all that is needed to make it attractive is the exercise of a little ingenuity in the appliances for its home. A vase, not necessarily costly by any means, will answer a good purpose; and this reminds me of an excellent idea I lately noticed in a foreign periodical, for growing this very plant.

Long shoots of the ivy were procured, the young and tender aerial roots very abundant. The lower ends were wrapped in moss, and then some five or six of these were tightly tied together at the bottom, and placed in the vase. Fill the vase within a few inches of the top, and suspend the ball of moss therein. The roots will soon begin to grow, and afterward the moss should not quite reach the water, as the roots will extend down in it, and prove all sufficient. So many very beautiful varieties of ivy are now in cultivation, that by selecting kinds that will form a decided contrast in shape and color, the effect will be sensibly heightened. The center of the vase may be filled with cut flowers or grasses, or indeed nothing would look better than ferns.

The ivy may be allowed to hang down over the sides of the vase, in graceful festoons, or else trained over and around the window, thus making a room appear cheerful and pleasant all winter long. It is not necessary, and in fact I do not believe it will grow as well, in the strong light, as when in a partially shaded position; as the ivy loves shade and an even cool atmosphere. I have known instances where ivy has been grown in large tubs, and trained up a stairway, thus forming a mass of green foliage from the hall below to the floor above. Used in any way as fancy directs, it is unexcelled as a houseplant.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE POISON OF THE OLEANDER.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a subscriber to your most excellent paper only a short time, but am much interested in the perusal of it, especially the letters from "THE HOUSEHOLD BAND," and would like to contribute my "mite," should you deem it worthy of a place in your columns.

Permit me to enquire of your readers, if they possess oleander plants. If so, my advice is to destroy them "root and branch," (the surest way is to burn them,) which may be thought unwelcome advice, but when the following true incident is read, they may think otherwise.

A gentleman of our place, after trimming off his oleander this winter, threw the leaves out on the sidewalk, thinking no harm. Soon after, a valuable horse was hitched near by, and ate them, no doubt relishing the green, undried leaves in the depth of

winter, but he died from the effects of it before the next morning.

Since the casualty they are being destroyed in this vicinity, though some are loth to part with them, and allow them to stand in a room where small children are running about, not knowing that the drop that is left, where a leaf is broken off, (as I have been told,) is sufficient to cause the death of a person if taken into the stomach.

It is truly a beautiful plant to look at, with its pink, waxy flowers, and I have often thought with regret of the thrifty one reared in our family, some years since, which would have been a large tree at this time, but it was killed by frost, and it is well, for were it living now its age would not spare it longer. M.

ORIGIN OF DOUBLED GERANIUMS.

Jean Sisley, a correspondent of the Garden, gives the history of the origin of double pelargoniums, which was furnished him by M. Henri Lecoq, of Clermont-Ferrand, France. The first double geranium is growing in M. Lecoq's garden, being as far as known an accidental seeding. Seeds from it, however, were sown by a horticulturist of that place, and several young doubled plants were produced, one of which was sold to M. Van Houtte, of Ghent. In 1863, M. Emile Chate of Paris, went to Clermont-Ferrand, and liking the young double pelargoniums, purchased two. In June, 1864, he sent some flowers of one to M. Victor Lemoine, at Nancy, who immediately used the pollen of these flowers to fertilize Beante de Suresnes, a pink zonal. From this cross was obtained Glorie de Nancy. In 1867, by the same process, he obtained Madame Lemoine, the first cherry-pink zonal, and Wilhelmine Flitzer, double scarlet; Marie Lemoine, one of the best double bloomers; Le Vesuve, double red, and Victor Lemoine. Many others sold in England under different names, were raised from seed of Victor Lemoine. In 1872, Mr. Sisley obtained the first white double, Aline Sisley, by cross-breeding a white single with a double red seeding. Several choice double geraniums have been grown at Ghent and at different places in France, but the origin of our best double flowers is given above by Mr. Sisley.

GARDENING FOR WOMEN.

There is nothing better for wives and daughters, physically, than to have the care of a garden; a flower plot, if nothing more. What is pleasanter than to spend a portion of every passing day in working shrubs and trees, and plants, and to observe the opening of flowers from day to day, as the season advances? Then how much it adds to the enjoyment to know that your own hands have planted and tilled them, and have pruned and trained them—this is a pleasure that requires neither great riches nor profound knowledge.

The wife or daughter who loves home, and would seek ever to make it the best place for husband and brother is willing to forego some gossiping morning calls for the sake of having

leisure for the cultivation of plants, shrubs and flowers. The advantages which women personally derive from stirring the soil and snuffing the morning air are freshness and beauty of cheek and brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigor of mind, and purity of heart. Consequently she is more cheerful and lovely as a daughter, more dignified and womanly as a sister, and more attractive and confiding as a wife.—*Rural New Yorker*.

GROWING FORGET-ME-NOT.

In the Gardeners' Monthly is related an interesting incident of a lady-gardener who gathered a handful of the world-renowned flower, Forget-me-not, and to preserve them as long a period as possible they were put in a large soup-plate filled with rain water. The flowers were placed near the window. In a surprisingly short space of time white thread-like roots were emitted from the portion of the flower-stocks in the water, and they ultimately formed a thick net-work over the plate. The flowers remained fresh, excepting a few of the most advanced, when gathered, and as soon as the roots began to run in the water, the buds began to expand, to take the place of those which faded, and, up to the middle of November, the bouquet—if it may be called, was a dense mass of flowers, and a more beautiful or chaste ornament for the in-door apartment cannot be imagined.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

The frail lily is an image of holy innocence; faith is represented to us in the blue passion flower; hope beams from the evergreen; peace from the olive branch; immortality from the immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; compassion by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle; natural honesty and fidelity by the oak leaf; and affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not.

Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow; shuddering by the aspen; melancholy by the starwort; the night-smelling rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us.

HOW TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.

Take a deep plate, into which pour a quantity of clear water. Set a vase of flowers upon the plate, and over the plate set a bell glass with its rim in the water. The air that surrounds the flowers being confined beneath the bell glass, is constantly moist with water, that rises into it in the form of vapor. As fast as the water becomes condensed, it runs down the side of the bell glass into the dish; and if means be taken to enclose the water on the outside of the bell glass, so as to prevent it evaporating into the air of the sitting room, the atmosphere round the flowers is continually damp. The plan is designated the "Hopean apparatus." The experiment may be tried on a small scale by inverting a tumbler over a rosebud in a saucer of water.



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"The rights of women," what are they? The right to labor and to pray; The right to watch while others sleep; The right o'er others' woes to weep; The right to succor in distress; The right while others curse to bless; The right to love when others scorn; The right to comfort all that mourn; The right to shed new joy on earth; The right to feel the soul's high worth; The right to lead the soul to God Along the path her Saviour trod; The path of weakness and of love; The path of faith that leads above; The path of patience under wrong; The path in which the weak grow strong. Such woman's rights our God will bless. And crown their champions with success.

TURNING THE TABLES.

WOMEN are so incomprehensible!" said Major Arkwright, composedly smoothing down his moustache, "I declare to you, George, the longer I live the less I am able to understand their freaks and fancies."

"Ah," said Mr. Allonby, taking his cigar out of his mouth. "You think, then, that upon the whole their natures are more enigmatical than those of men."

"My dear fellow, there can't possibly be a doubt on the subject," the Major answered, breaking into a hearty, mellow laugh that did credit to the breadth and capacity of his chest.

He was a tall, splendidly made man, with jet black whiskers, merry hazel eyes, and teeth as white as a freshly cut slice of cocoanut. George Allonby was the average height and size of mankind, yet beside the Major he looked small and slight. There are yet left in this degenerate world some sons of Anak, in spite of hot-house culture, clubs and champagne suppers.

"Only think," went on the Major— "but here we are. I'll let Marcia tell the story for herself."

And Major Arkwright opened the door with his latch-key, and admitted his friend into a bright little house, full of canary birds and winter blooming geraniums, hanging baskets of ivy and japonica. Through a marble paved vestibule you entered an octagon-shaped room, hung with fluted draperies of gold colored silk, a pretty wood-tinted carpet on the floor, and chairs, sofas and fauteuils stand around exactly as if they were made to be used, not for mere empty show.

Marcia Arkwright, the Major's beautiful sister, sat at a little table copying, in water colors, a bunch of white carnations, tied up with feathery fern leaves and one or two blades of grass. She, too, was dark, with jet-fringed brown eyes, straight, serious features, and a fresh, bright color on her cheeks, only a shade lighter than the "twin cherries" of her bow-shaped lips. Yes, Miss Arkwright was very handsome, and so Mr. Allonby had long thought, in the secret depths of his masculine soul.

"I've brought Mr. Allonby in,

Marcia," the Major began, his eyes twinkling mischievously, "for you to tell him why you don't go to the oratorio to-night."

Marcia looked up, smiling, yet a little confused.

"Do you want to know the real reason, Mr. Allonby?" she asked.

"Certainly, Miss Marcia, if it is agreeable to you to tell me."

"Well, then, to speak the honest truth, it is because the milliner has not sent home my new suit."

"Nonsense!"

"Not nonsense at all," gravely disengaged Miss Arkwright. "I assured you, Mr. Allonby, I am too genuine a woman to wish to appear in public in a costume, which to say the least is decidedly *passée*."

"And you would actually lose the delicious music of Handel, married to the more delicious voice of Sebastiani, just because your dress isn't according to the latest models!" burst out the Major. "For goodness' sake why don't you put on a shawl?"

"Could I wear a shawl over my head, Meg Merriles fashion, you unreasonable Harold?"

"O, the bonnet is behind the age too!"

"Yes, the bonnet is behind the age too, sir."

"Marcia, I had a better opinion of you," said her brother.

Marcia Arkwright glanced timidly at Allonby. He smiled.

"Indeed, indeed," pleaded Marcia. "I would rather stay at home all my days than go abroad a dowdy!"

"And who do you suppose will know the difference?"

Marcia shrugged her shoulders with pitying gracefulness.

"Every woman, Harold, and probably a good many gentlemen."

"Well," quoth Major Arkwright, pulling vigorously at his whiskers, "I'm thankful I wasn't born a woman."

"Why?" innocently demanded Marcia, with a mischievous curl of her lips.

"Men are above such petty considerations. Men don't stoop to consider whether their coats or caps are cut according to this season's style or last. Men don't—"

"Now Harold, do be a little reasonable," interrupted his sister. "I suspect you lords of creation are quite as particular in your way as we women about our gear."

"Nonsense!"

"Brief—but not particularly polite," laughed Marcia. "To-morrow evening I'll go with you Harold, to hear Mr. —— lecture."

Major Arkwright elevated his eyebrows.

"I'd be willing to wager a new silk dress, Marcia, that if that suit don't come home from Madame What's Her Name's, you would even deny yourself the intellectual treat of hearing Mr. ——!"

"I'm not so certain about that," retorted Marcia gravely. "Sebastiani I might sacrifice to the Moloch of fashion, but not Mr. ——'s eloquence. However, let us hope the sacrifice may not be required," she added, with a laugh. "And oh, Harold, by the way, Uncle Eliab is coming to town to-morrow to see about renewing the

mortgage on the old farm. I got a letter from him to-day."

"Horrid old bore!" was the nephew's undutiful comment. "Of course, we shall have to ask him to dinner; but I don't see that there's any help for it, Marcia. Come Allonby, we shall be late."

And the friends departed.

The next day, as Uncle Eliab was about taking leave, Marcia coaxed him to let her have his overcoat.

"But what on earth do you want of it, Marshy?" questioned Uncle Eliab.

"Never mind, uncle dear; only leave it here till you come to town next. You shall wear Harold's handsomest superfine broadcloth, just from Delisle's, in its stead."

"And I shall look like an old turkey in a peacock's fine feathers!" said Uncle Eliab, shrewdly. "But you always was a great hand for mysteries and contrivances, Marshy, though what you can do with my old coat that Betsy Miller made out of Hulda's cloak, ten years ago last Michaelmas, I declare to gracious I don't know. They don't make no such brass buttons as that now-a-days, though. P'raps now," shrewdly added Uncle Eliab, "You is goin' to a masquerade party, or some o' them things I've read of or Harold is!"

"Now, Uncle, don't ask questions, but leave the coat, there's an old darling!"

She put up her rosy lips as she spoke to bribe the old man with a kiss, and Uncle Eliab surrendered at discretion.

"Well, well, child, have your own way," he said—and Marcia had it.

"Now," thought Marcia, with sparkling eyes, when once the front door had safely banged behind Uncle Eliab's departing form, "I'll settle up old scores with Master Harold!"

As the hour of eight approached, Major Arkwright burst into the room like a good looking whirlwind.

"Are you ready, Marcia? Allonby is waiting in the hall, and we must hurry, if we expect to get anything in the likeness of a good seat."

"Ready? of course I'm ready," Miss Arkwright answered, demurely. "I have been sitting with my things on for the last quarter of an hour."

"I ought to have been on hand a little sooner," acknowledged Major Arkwright, "but I had all those mortgage papers to look over and settle, and time slipped away before I knew it. However—but where's my overcoat?"

"On the hall rack, isn't it?" Marcia responded, with a curious light shining in her eyes.

"There's something here," muttered Harold, in a subdued tone, "but it's an old butternut-colored thing, sprinkled all over with brass buttons the size of a Spanish dollar. I say, Marcia. I do believe Uncle Eliab has worn off my coat, and left this relic of Noah's Ark, here in its place!"

And he held it out at arms' length.

"I dare say," said Marcia, preserving her gravity by an almost superhuman effort; "but it seems to be very warm and substantial, and you and Uncle Eliab are very nearly of a height and size. Put it on and come along: we shall certainly be too late."

"Put it on!" echoed the Major,

almost in a shout. "Put this thing on me!"

"Well, why not? It's a little old style, to be sure—"

"A little! Just look at that collar—and those lappels—and the brass buttons!"

"Harold!" said Marcia gravely, mimicking to the best of her ability her brother's tone and voice of the evening before, "do you actually mean to tell me that you would lose an evening of Mr. ——'s oratory just because your coat is a little out of style?"

"Wouldn't I, though! Do you think I mean to make a guy of myself?"

"Well," observed Marcia dryly, "I'm thankful I wasn't born a man! But you told me last night that men didn't stop to consider whether their coats or caps were cut according to this season's fashion or last."

"I won't wear such an outrageous thing as that, if I never go out again!" burst forth the Major, irefully flinging the respectable butternut-colored coat upon the floor. "May confusion seize Uncle Eliab and his wardrobe. Allonby, you take Marcia to the lecture. I'll be hanged before I go looking like a Revolutionary soldier."

"But my dear fellow," quoth Mr. Allonby, mischievously, "after all that you have said to your sister about pinning one's faith to reigning fashions—"

Major Arkwright stayed to hear no more, but bolted into his own room, with a muttered sound which might have been a blessing, and might have been something else.

And Marcia smiled a roguish dimpled smile. She felt that she and Harold were quits.

As for the Major, he never alluded to "the slavery of fashion" again. Whether he suspected Marcia of being in the plot or not he never said, but, at all events, he was silenced. Uncle Eliab's butternut-colored coat had done the business for him.

HINTS ON DRESS.

We once heard a mother say to her little girl, "You shouldn't mind your dress. It doesn't matter how you look, if you only behave well."

This mistaken woman may have thought it would make no difference if all the trees were Solferino, and were ugly in form, instead of beautiful, provided they gave as cool a shade, and were just as good for the lumber business.

If we observe nature closely, we shall see that, with her, the purposes of dress are use and beauty; and that what she clothes, she dresses to perfection. The horse has his thick fur coat for winter, and his silken one for summer. The gay plumage of the birds protects them from the pelting storms, and delights the eye of the beholder. And the earth wears, now a mantle of snow, to shield her from the piercing cold; and now, her robe of green, besprinkled with flowers. Then she is lovely. Then her children rejoice in her beauty as if it were her own.

As man is obliged to dress himself, it is not to be expected he will look as well as a bird, or a

tree, until after some practice. Even then he will make absurd mistakes, and sometimes look ridiculous. Still, we should not be discouraged, but "try, try again." But how is he to know when he has done his very best? What is to be the standard by which our dress should be tried? Fashion? We say no, when it disregards use, sense, and what is beautiful to those who know what beauty is. If fashion says, "Wear a rose in your hair," and you see it is beautiful in itself, that it becomes you, wear it. But if it says, "Wear an immense bag on your back," and you think it would make you uncomfortable, and look as if you were deformed, besides injuring your health, don't you do it. People of good sense will think you dressed without the bag.

Now, we can't teach the art of dressing in the columns of a newspaper any more than we can teach you grammar by correcting a few exercises in false syntax. But we can give you a few hints, and, if they are not taken, the world will go around just as usual and no harm will be done. We might, and do say, "Don't tuck and ruffle things like all the servant girls do now-a-days. Don't wear limp things, nor yet incomprehensible ones; and don't wear sacques, at least, till they go out of fashion. Do let your dress be neat and tidy, perfectly fitted and made. If you are a dressmaker fit your own dresses; if not learn the dressmaking business, or find some one who has done so, and let that person do your work. A man who attempts to do a great deal of financing without having learned fractions and reduction, will succeed quite as well as you will when you try to fit dresses, basques, and so forth, if you don't know how. Your costume may be purple and gold, but, if it lack that graceful, nameless something which every genuine mantua-maker puts into her work, making it look as though it grew, like a flower, you ought not to like or wear it.

Next to the fitting of a garment is the making of it. "Jenny Wren" told "Sloppy" that she wasn't a good doll's dressmaker at first, but that she "gobbled and gobbled." If you need practice in sewing, try a bolt or two of factory cloth. Gather and plait, seam, fell, hem, ruffle, tuck, pucker, and puff it all up; then sell it to the rag-man. Don't wear anything you make until you have ceased to "gobble."

I might go on with do and don't and still you would not know how to dress yourself without strict attention to a thousand things which you may learn from observation and experience. Try experiments. If a pink bow doesn't become you, wear a blue one. If a white dress doesn't suit you, see if a black one will.

Take time to dress, remember that "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and there should be time to do it. Don't be laughed or talked down in this matter. Allow an hour for making your toilet, if not two.

Much depends upon the way in which dress is put on. Some people look as though a number of things had been thrown at them, and they had somehow adhered. There should be a kind of easy, graceful way of

wearing your dress, but not a careless one. If your collar is awry, your gaiters half buttoned, and a lock of your hair that is not a curl is floating on the breeze, though your attire be like that of the Empress Eugenie, you will not look at all like her. And now for something startling.

You may be well dressed without great expense. The entire costume of the best dressed lady that we ever saw did not cost \$25—(she wore her own hair)—she had not a puff, a frill, a bit of ribbon, or lace, a jewel or ornament of any kind about her, except a moss rose at her throat where her dainty little collar was fastened. Perhaps it is only fair to say that she was beautiful, and that we may have looked at her more than at her clothes. Be that as it may, from that day to this we have studied simplicity in dress, and we think it has done us good. Won't some of the "women of the period" follow our example?

We said that the beautiful woman did not wear lace. Let it not be understood that it is not to be worn. On the contrary there is no trimming half so pretty and cheap—we reiterate, cheap. You trim your garments with gimp, fringe, braid, satin, and velvet, and in six months take it off and burn it up, or give it to Rosa who won't wear it. Whereas, if you buy lace in the first place, you can trim your pink merino, then your brown silk; later your gray suit, your basque, and mantilla with it, and it will look pretty well then. Select a pretty pattern—something plumy or leafy.

Dress affects our manners. A man who is badly dressed feels chilly, sweaty, and prickly. He stammers, and does not always tell the truth. He means to, perhaps, but he can't. He is half distracted about his pantaloons, which are much too short, and are constantly hitching up; or his frayed jacket and crumpled linen harrow his soul, and quite unman him. He treads on the train of a lady's dress, and says "Thank you;" sits down on his hat, and wishes the "desert were his dwelling place." An ill-dressed woman suffers torments.

Conclusion: we think that to the three "inalienable rights" should be added the right to look and behave as well as we can. If dress will help us, do let us let it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE TYRANNY OF FASHION.

Madame de Genlins, in her memoirs, describes the training she underwent to fit her for Parisian society in the last century. It will be seen that fashion was the same relentless, overbearing, tyrannical, ruler then, that she is now. Her votaries were made to suffer all pains and penalties which are at present inflicted upon the dear, sweet, delicate creatures who submissively bow to her edicts, Madame de Genlins says:

"I had two teeth pulled out; I had whalebone stays that pinched me terribly; my feet were imprisoned in tight shoes, with which it was impossible for me to walk; I had three or four thousand curl papers on my head; and I wore for the first time in my life a hoop. In order to get rid of my country attitudes, I had an iron collar

put on my neck; and as I squinted a

little at times, I was obliged to put on goggles as soon as I awoke in the morning, and these I wore for hours; I was, moreover, not a little surprised when they talked of giving me a master to teach me what I thought I knew well enough, already—to walk. Besides all this, I was forbidden to run, to leap, or to ask questions."

Go out on any fashionable promenade some fair afternoon. You will see that Madame G's punishments were not a whit more severe than those of the present day. See that beautiful, fair young creature, with a decided tendency to *embonpoint*. Her body is compressed into a space where free respiration is impossible; her plump, fleshy feet are crowded into narrow bootees so elevated at the heel that the whole figure loses its natural equipoise, throwing her forward and producing corns, bunions, callosites, and every other ailment calculated to enhance her sufferings and enrich the chiropodists.

But her sufferings are literally crowned by ridiculous and unhealthy conditions to which her head is subjected. An enormous chignon or bunch of false curls, added to the natural warmth of the summer, heats the brain, and a mere speck of a hat, more like a dish mat or card tray, than a bonnet, admits the sun's rays and endangers the very fountain of life. Yet all this is submitted to uncomplainingly, and for the simple reason, that some wealthy Parisian milliner, or New York modiste may add to their already overburdened coffers.

Away ladies with such ridiculous notions. Dress neatly, but not grotesquely; let your waists remain round, plump, healthful, and do not reduce them to a waspish size, more resembling the middle of an hour glass, than the more graceful, symmetrical portion of what God designed as the most beautiful of all his creatures. Breathe freely the health-giving air which God intended you should breathe; let the blood have free course to every portion of the system, and you will be all the better qualified for every duty of life, and at the same time receive the respect as well as win the love of all sensible, right-thinking men. The shallow pated popinjays, who part their hair in the middle, and wear butterfly suits you can well dispense with.

NOW KID GLOVES ARE MADE.

Ladies who button on their dainty hands and arms the exquisitely-fitting kid glove (often with six buttons, and never less than three is considered stylish), have little idea of what numerous processes the skin has undergone before ready in perfect shape to wear. The best quality of skins used for the Paris market is raised in the district of Champagne, and really first-class gloves can only be produced in limited quantities. For the lower grades of gloves, skins raised in the southern part of France, Germany, Austria and Italy are the best adapted.

The skins undergo a great variety of difficult and delicate processes: preparing of the rough skins, the tanning, shaving, curing, bathing, re-

and dressing, all of which must be done with the greatest care to prepare the skins for a first-class store. The most important part is the bathing and re-animating the skins. After bathing, dyeing, and bleaching, they pass into the hands of the tireur, whose duty it is to select and assort them carefully, and according to their capacity for taking the different colors. This tireur spends a lifetime in acquiring this knowledge, while to the inexperienced the skins look alike.

The dyeing over, they go to the cutter, who, after cutting them in long pieces, and making the size they are intended for, brings them at last into glove form by means of iron dies, placed under a heavy press, in which manner three or four gloves are stamped out at the same time. The glove is then ready for the sewing-girl, who cannot finish more than two pairs a day, as every stitch is done by hand. After it is sewed, it goes to the dressing room, is there carefully and neatly folded, buttoned or hooked, and packed by the dozen in boxes ready for the trade. They vary in price according to quality.

CHANGING CLOTHING.

Health and sometimes life itself is often lost by laying aside winter clothing too early. Laying flannels aside in the spring is a most pernicious practice. We can better do without woolens next the skin in midwinter than in midsummer. We do not get overheated in winter; we do in summer; and the most frequent exciting cause of coughs, colds, and consumption is a rapid falling of the temperature of the body. All are familiar with the fact that a sudden checking of perspiration is always dangerous; very little exercise causes us to perspire in summer, and a very slight draft of air checks the perspiration; hence, eminent French physicians have stated, after a long series of observations, that colds taken in summer excite the most incurable forms of consumption.

White woolen flannel is a most efficient guard against these sudden changes, because it keeps the heat of the body in, while it repels the excessive heat from without; it conveys the water of perspiration to its outside, while the surface next the skin is drier. We all know that silk, cotton and linen next the skin get saturated with water and if for an instant the slightest draft of air gets between the skin and the material, there is a charnel-like chill when that material touches the skin.

The rule should be to wear white woolen flannel next the skin all the year round; thick in winter, a little thinner in April, a gauze material on the first day of July; on the first of October resume what was laid aside in July; on the first of December put on the thickest, extending to ankles and wrists.

These rules of change are especially necessary to all old people, to all invalids and young children; day laborers and outdoor workers would be incalculably benefited by the same animating, coloring, cutting, sewing observances.



DOT BABY.

So help me gracious, ebery day
I laugh me wild to saw der vay
My small young baby dier to play—
Dot funny little baby.

When I look of dheeem leetle toes,
Und saw dat funny leetle nose,
Und heerd der vay dot rooster crows,
I shmile like I was grazzy.

Und when I heard the real nice vay
Dhem beoples to my wife dhey say :
" More like his fader* every day,"
I was so broad like blazes.

Sometimes dhere comes a leetle schquall,
Dot's when der vind vill crawl,
Rig'td in his leetle sthomback schmall,
Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so schweet,
Und gorrybarrie he must ead
Und I must chumb shbry on my feet,
To help dot leetle baby.*

He bulls my nose and kicks my hair,
Und graws me ofer eberywhere,
Und shlebbers me—but vat I care?
Dot was my small young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
Was schquozin me so nice and warm—
Oh! may dhere never coom some harm
To dot small leetle baby.

*Dot was me himself.

THE CARE OF INFANTS.

Number Five.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

INTIMATELY connected with the clothing of children is a custom far too prevalent in most communities of "swathing" or tightly wrapping a bandage around the waist of the tender infant. Although this custom may have had its origin in a dark age and among the most ignorant of that age, it still prevails in most communities, in a modified form, it may be, the bandage being worn less tightly around the body, though uncomfortably crippling the movements of the abdominal muscles, and impairing natural respiration. The supposed necessity for this barbarous and cruel custom, was either that there was danger that the frail body might fall asunder or that the Creator had made some slight mistake in the proper shape of the body, the chest and waist, and that He left it to poor humanity to finish His work and give a proper "form"—the hour glass or wasp-form.

Now on this matter of "form," or the necessity for, or the propriety of this deformity so prevalent among young females (of the human species only) suddenly outcropping about the age of the "teens," there may be a difference of opinion though perhaps not among the intelligent. It must be admitted, as it would seem, however, that of the two sexes the females should have the fullest, the most capacious chest. Indeed, this is relatively true at birth, that of the female infant being at least ten per cent. larger than that of the male. This is the plan of the Creator, who never makes mistakes. Of this fact every physician of much observation must be cognizant. The young of paring the form of the boy and girl,

the lower orders never suffer, so far as we know, in the absence of these artificial aids in the regulation of the "form," never fall apart, and it is absurd to suppose that the Creator was less mindful of the wants of the lords of creation, leaving a part of his work to be performed by human instrumentalities. The objections to this moulding of the chest and waist, in addition to the idea that no mould is necessary—are two-fold. Such compression is of necessity a source of discomfort to the child and may often be the direct cause of some of the crying, so often supposed to indicate hunger. (If these little ones ever reason how they must rebel against the idea of being made still more uncomfortable by the distension of the stomach, while endeavoring to make known their discomfort from the compression of the chest and abdomen!) But the most serious, if not appalling effects of such a custom much beyond the present sensations and affect, fearfully affect the whole of the after life. The ease with which the chest, etc., may be compressed and distorted, deformed, will be apparent when we remember that the bones of the chest, the ribs, breast-bone, etc., are not real bones, not yet hardened into bones, often but little more than cartilage—gristle—so soft as to be cut with ease like the other bones of the body, as those of the skull, so soft that they may be moulded almost at pleasure, so made in great mercy, for obvious reasons. Those of the chest are peculiarly pliable and yielding, easily becoming displaced, the natural form distorted by the slightest pressure. Indeed, that is true, in a modified sense in after life, even after reaching adult life, though no compression of these bones is so destructive of the health as that under consideration,—none exerted at a time when such disastrous results follow at all comparable with those relating to the distortion of the chest.

Let it be remembered that the natural form of the chest, that at birth, especially of females, is that of the "sugar loaf," gradually increasing in size from the arms down to the abdomen. That is evidently what the Creator intended. Some of the ribs are joined to the breast-bone, while those below, intended to allow the greatest and most important freedom of motion, are "floating," or attached at one end only, allowing all needed distension, a very capacious chest, ample room for the lungs, heart, stomach, liver, etc., organs especially demanding ample space and freedom of action. If such freedom is not allowed, the most serious results are certain to follow. The results connected with the diseases of the lungs, consumption—impaired digestion, the impurity of the blood, etc., to say nothing of the various and fearful forms of "heart disease." Indeed, it is difficult if not impossible for those not familiar with the human structure, to understand the full extent of the injury sustained by such a compression of the chest, by the use of this barbarous "swathe," or by bands of any kind. The constant application of these even though not tightly worn, as all may see by com-

watching the change as they approach maturity—will effect radical changes, deformities, the more apparent when the victim is subjected to the combined training of a vain and unprincipled mother, and the dressmaker of the same class.

Indeed, when this barbarism is commenced in early life by the use of the "swathe" and persistently followed in young ladyhood, the float ribs are overlapped, the upper ones distorted, with the breast-bone and the spine, the vital organs crowded into one-half of their natural space, crowded out of their natural positions, of course necessarily resulting in malformation and the most serious forms of disease, the most alarming are the various forms of digestive derangements and the consumption of the lungs, naturally and necessarily resulting from such compression, such crippling, such impaired action of these organs.

Mothers, when your daughter is suffering from dyspepsia, or when you see the hectic flush and hear the ominous cough, think of the causes.

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Ten.

Reason and judgment in the child are not early developed. Hence, the necessity of absolute parental control during the forming period of life. The mother will be disappointed if she expects her child to render spontaneous obedience to her commands, or that will judge correctly as to the propriety and safety of his own actions. The child never judges that it is best to do what his own inclinations disapprove. He is not inclined to take medicine, and cannot be argued into the belief that it is best for him to do so. He prefers to play rather than go to school, and no amount of reasoning will convince him that he should choose the latter. He has formed an attachment to unsafe playmates and companions, and does not see the necessity of being removed from them. His judgment is immature and unreliable, and hence should not be appealed to in such matters.

Nor does he know anything of justice, right and duty, until he has been instructed in regard to the relations and obligations of human society.

Two children are playing upon the floor, and find a toy which both very much desire. Each is governed by his own selfish wishes, and demands the toy exclusively for himself, and a quarrel is at once inaugurated. But are these children in fault, unless they have been taught the justice, propriety and duty of yielding to each others' wishes, and gratifying each others' desires?

So it is with truthfulness. Children know nothing of the desirableness of truth-telling, or of the wickedness of falsehood, until they have been taught these important lessons. How can they know even what truth is except by faithful instruction? And what is truth to the child? He is delighted with his newly acquired power to ex-

press his ideas of external objects by the use of words. He comes in to teller, "father always wanted a horse" and says, "Me see a tree" because the folks in Greene lived

No, says the mother, the trees are all out of doors. You don't see a tree in the house. But he reassures her by a repetition of his childlike expression. Now, is that a falsehood or did the child tell the truth? He did see the image of the tree formed from the reality in his own mind. And was not that a reality to him?

Again to illustrate: a little boy is about to join his sister in the yard, at play, and takes with him two apples which his mother gives him with instruction to give one to his sister. His purpose as he goes out, is to divide the apples with her, but he changes his mind and eats both himself. When he returns from play, his mother asks the boy if he gave his sister the apple, and he says he did! He knows that the answer will please her, and gave it for that purpose. And as it was in his thought and purpose, the statement was true. Applied to the fact it was false. I do not claim that the child is justified in this false statement, but without more instruction and experience how can he be expected to analyze and distinguish between the two cases?

And especially when he remembers that only the day before, his mother told him a "bear story" that had not one word of truth in it, simply to please him. What is the real difference between the imaginary truths which children sometimes use, and the real falsehoods which they hear from their parents, or read in their Sabbath school books, or other fiction provided for them by professional story-tellers?

This view of the subject will at least, teach parents to deal gently and patiently with the early falsehoods of their children, which are often nothing more than mere fancies of their childish imaginations. They have no right to expect that young children will, at first, understand and feel the obligations to speak the truth, and should be all the more earnest and faithful in impressing upon their minds these great moral lessons. They need instruction and encouragement more than severe rebuke or punishment. Let every instance of truth-telling be impressed upon the conscience. Teach the child the difference between deceitfulness and falsehood. Is there not a difference? Would it be as criminal to point an empty gun at a highway robber, as to tell him the falsehood that you had no money in your pocket? Would it be as bad for a one armed soldier to procure a substitute so perfectly made and concealed that no one could know the difference, as it would be for him to declare that he had never lost an arm?

Is not the deliberate spoken falsehood really worse than other kinds of deception? Settle this as you may, children should be taught the sacredness of truth and the wickedness of falsehood both by the precept and example of their parents.

EXPERIENCE.

HOW FATHER CURED HIS HORSE.

"Well," said Reuben, the story-teller, "father always wanted a horse and would bring him to see the horse when father said to George, 'I give you a horse' and said the horse was perfect."

scattered, and he had so far to go to funerals and weddings, and visit the schools you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming along from Hildreth, and a stranger asked him to ride. Father said, 'that's a handsome horse you are driving, I should like to own such a horse myself.' 'What will you give for him?' said the man. 'Do you want to sell?' says father, 'it's no use talking, for I havn't the money to buy with.' 'Make me an offer,' says he. 'Well, just to put an end to the talk,' says father, 'I'll give you seventy-five dollars for the horse.' 'You may have him,' says the man, as quick as a flash, 'but you'll repent of your bargain in a week.' 'Why, what ails the horse?' says father. 'Ails him?' He's got the old nick in him,' says he, 'if he has a will to go, he will go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse, till the sweat run off me in streams. I've fired a gun close to his ears. I've burnt shavings under him. I might have beat him to death and roasted him alive before he'd have budged an inch.' 'I'll take the horse,' says father. 'What's his name?' 'George,' says the man. 'I'll call him Georgie,' says father.

Well, father brought him home, and we boys were mightily pleased, and we fixed a place for him in the barn, and curried him down and fed him well, and father said, 'talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly.' So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him, and got into the wagon to go. But Georgie would not stir a step. Father got out and petted him, and we boys brought him apple and clover tops, and once in a while father would say, 'get up, Georgie,' but he did not strike the horse a blow. By and by he says, 'this is going to take time. Well, Georgie, we will see who has the most patience, you or I,' so he sat in the wagon and took out his skeletons—

"Skeletons?" said Poppett, inquiringly.

"Or sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put down things they think of when off walking or riding, or hoeing in the garden.

Well, father sat full two hours before the horse was ready to start, but when he did, there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning it was the same thing over again, only Georgie gave in a little sooner. All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable feeding him and fussing over him, and talking to him in his gentle, pleasant way, and the third morning, when he had fed and curried, and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, Georgie put his feet together and laid back his ears and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head. Dove, tell what you said to Georgie that morning."

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly ridiculous for him to

act so, that he'd come to a real good place to live, where everybody helps everybody, that he was a minister's horse, and ought to set a good example to all other horses, and God wouldn't love him if he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. Then I kissed him on the nose." "And what did Georgie do?" "Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got thro' he felt so shamed of himself he couldn't hold up his head; so he just dropped it till it most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheep."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father told him to go, he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night, when he was unharnessed, he rubbed his head against father's shoulder, and told him plainly as a horse could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make up to father ever since for the trouble he made him. When he is loose in the pasture, father has only to stand at the bars and call his name when he walks up as quietly as an old sheep. Why I have seen him back himself between the shafts of the wagon many a time to save father trouble. Father wouldn't take two hundred dollars for the horse to-day. He eats everything you give him. Sis very often brings out some of her dinner to him."

"He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove, "it makes him think he's folks."

THE GAMES OF CHILDREN AND THE GAMBLING OF MEN.

As our elderly and middle aged readers recall their childhood, they can remember but few games of chance or skill that were considered legitimate to the family, and these were such games as Checkers, Fox and Geese, Twelve men Morris, played with red and yellow kernels of corn on designs scratched on the opposite sides of a plain pine board. The various games of cards were generally contraband, and hence had wonderful charms for the boys who keenly enjoyed the stolen fruit in back garrets, woodsheds and haymows. In the youthful days of the younger of our adult readers, the games of Dr. Busby, and the Mansion of Happiness were added to the list recognized by the heads of most families, and we well remember our doubts concerning the propriety of reporting at home that we had been exceedingly fascinated with the game of Dr. Busby at the house of a playmate, and also our happiness when the game, after becoming a little known in the neighborhood, was introduced to our fireside by parents who had the good sense to believe in making home pleasant to the youngsters.

From these simple beginnings a few other games came into general use, and parents began to learn that it was not beneath their dignity to devote a part of their evenings to making home interesting and attractive to the children.

The word games is at present used to denote a wide range of amusements and recreations adapted to the home circle, such as charades, parlor

magic, fortunes, wax figures, pantomimes, etc., as well as games of chance and skill played with various kinds of cards, or on boards with dice and men, all of which we believe are each year becoming more popular in American homes.

But while this is so, we would not have a parent forget for a moment that the line should be drawn between innocent home amusements and what we understand as gambling. Many are unable to see where this line is and in what it consists, and while they admit the necessity of making home the most attractive place for the children, argue that games played at home in childhood tend to gambling in manhood. This is not so; it is the game that decides which side of the line it must be placed. That delight of every boy, the game of marbles, is as innocent as any other childish recreation, and yet many boys have their first lessons in gambling when playing marbles for gains, and many parents have allowed their sons to count over the contents of their marble bags at night in their presence, who would have held up their hands in holy horror at a game of Besique around the evening lamp. Here is just the line we would draw. Never countenance any game played for a permanent gain, to which money or its equivalent is the object played for.

That this must be the one and only distinction between innocent recreation and harmful gambling must be seen from the fact that the simplest recreation or chance or skill may be used for gambling purposes, and hence no dividing line can be drawn between two games unless, indeed, one of them involves vicious habits or practices in itself.

But if all games are made simply matters of amusement, it is not likely that those boys who stay at home in the evening to play them with their parents and sisters, will be attracted in their manhood by the temptations of the gambling tables.

On the other hand, a boy who has been encouraged to be proud of his constantly increasing bag of marbles, as the reward of his shrewdness and skill in playing, will be apt enough to consider it legitimate in after years, to keep his purse filled in the same manner, although ivory balls and pieces of card may be substituted for the marbles. It is a matter of satisfaction to all who have given the subject thought, that innocent games and home amusements, are fast becoming a prominent feature in our homes, thereby establishing counter attractions to those of the saloons and haunts of vice that crowd so closely to our doors, not only in the larger cities, but in every country village in the land.

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. My yoke is easy, and my burden is light. 2. Theatre. 3. Ash, cash, dash, gash, hash, lash, mash, rash, sash, wash. 4. Blue-bell. 5. Ragged sailor. 6. Catch-fly. 7. China pink. 8. Monks-hood. 9. Carnation. 10. Candy-tuft. 11. Lark-

spur. 12. Fox-glove. 13. Four o'clock. 14. Across, cross. 15. Wheat, heat. 16. Smother, mother. 17. Maimed, aimed. 18. Plate, late. 19. March, arch. 20. Cease, ease. 21. Glean, lean. 22. Chair, hair. 23. Bread, read. 24. Sweet-William. 25. Eel. 26. Shad. 27. Salmon. 28. Star. 29. Trout. 30. Pike. 31. We dearly buy our pleasures; we repay by some deep suffering; or they decay, or change to pain, and curse us by their stay.

32. T O W E R 33. P A I N
O L I V E A C R E
W I L E S I R I S
E V E N T N E S T
R E S T S

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of twenty-three letters.

My 7, 18, 2 is the name of a musical composer.

My 23, 19, 16 is a vegetable.

My 9, 22, 15 is a curse.

My 1, 14 is a preposition.

My 4, 17, 6, 13 is a part of a ship.

My 12, 11, 20 is a horned animal.

My 21, 8 is a note in music.

My 10, 3 is one of Jupiter's loves, deified by the Egyptians.

My whole is the name of a celebrated historian.

F.A.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of forty-one letters.

My 11, 12, 19, 1, 2, 5, 27 was noted for its cedars.

My 16, 21, 22, 7, 15, 35 was a prophet.

My 4, 9, 37, 19, 5, 26 was a mountain.

My 23, 38, 21, 31, 8, 10 was a city.

My 36, 26, 17, 35, 40 was an obedient wife.

My 24, 33, 17, 5, 28, was a wicked king.

My 41, 35, 19, 38, 29, 30, 26 was a benevolent woman.

My 6, 8, 27, 38, 16, 11 is a book in the bible.

My 34, 26, 32, 7 were frequent in olden times.

My 39, 18, 2, 13, 22, 37, 20, 36 were a heathen people.

My 1, 17, 8, 32, 8, 25 was a noted mountain.

My 18, 36, 14, 24, 31, 17 was a queen.

My whole is a most sublime verse.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My 1st is in sable but not in black, My 2d in slow but not in slack, My 3d in goblet but not in drink, My 4th in otter but not in mink, My 5th in mason but not in hod, My 6th not in turf but found in sod, My last is in stones but not in rocks, My whole, a king, dealt in apes and peacocks.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

4. An insect, mineral; to instruct; an ornament; a sign; a small cask; a beverage.

ANAGRAM.

5. Fi edsmiw's sway uoy wylies ekies, Ivey ignths erevsob twih ecar: Of mwho oyu sakep, ot owhm uoy kasep, Nad woh, dan newhi, nda werch.

SQUARE WORDS.

6. A fruit; a girl's name; an article of apparel; a tree; a boy's name.

7. A small body of water; excess; a girl's name; to sketch.



THE BREAKFAST.

BARRY GREY, in his inimitable After Dinner Talk in The Home Journal says:

Nothing prepares a man for undergoing the duties and labors of the day so well as a good breakfast. A full stomach makes a strong heart, and is better than a coat of mail in enabling him to resist and overcome the vexations and trials he is liable to encounter between his going forth from home in the morning and his coming back at evening. A slice of dry toast and a cup of tea may answer very well for the mere idler lounging around town, who takes a hearty lunch at noon; but for the man of business, the worker, who has no time even for a bite at mid-day, something more is necessary.

A light breakfast, too, I have observed, is often weighted with a "cock-tail" or two, to which, from time to time through the day, sundry glasses of brandy are added. This course of life, while it may answer for a season, brings certain destruction at last. The hearty eater, on the contrary, requires no stimulants to sustain him, nor does his stomach crave any. If he indulges in a mug of ale and a bit of bread and cheese at noon, these are all his system requires or desires. He does a larger quantity of work, and in a more systematic manner, during the day, than does the light eater though heavy drinker; and finds himself at night with a clear head and an excellent appetite for his dinner—neither of which desirable results is possessed by the other.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that variety in what we eat is as essential to health as quantity. We cannot live on bread, nor on meats, nor on vegetables alone. Our stomachs, as well as our appetites demand a change, and those who fail to vary their food, subsisting day after day on the same diet, not only lose all desire to eat, but pine away and become morose and dissatisfied with everybody and everything about them.

If a wife would have her husband cheerful and contented, she must see that his food is varied, and especially that the dishes on the breakfast table are plentiful and novel. For oftener than we are aware a man's humor all the day takes its tone from his breakfast. If it was appetizing and satisfactory, he is likely to be amiable and good-natured through the day: but if it was otherwise, he is cross and exacting.

You can get at a man's pocket more readily through his stomach than through his heart. When his stomach is empty he buttons his pocket up tightly; but as he eats his stomach expands, and—away fly the buttons. Then is your opportunity: present your claims, ask for what you want, and, ten to one, he will grant it.

Coffee is an indispensable adjunct to the breakfast table. It is more exhilarating and sustaining than tea,

and, as a rule, is generally preferred. The French have the reputation for making the best coffee; but we certainly have drank coffee made by a good woman we wot of which could not be surpassed. A mixture of Old Government Java and Mocha makes, in our opinion, the best coffee. Now, as to how it should be prepared!

"If you boil it," says Professor Maresnest, (we are quoting from "Tabitha Tickletooth,") "you spoil it; the aroma is entirely destroyed, and you might as well drink a decoction of mahogany saw-dust." "If you don't boil it," says old Mr. Browning, who has almost lived upon it for fifty years, "you lose all its strength." "A percolator is the thing, my boy," says Mr. Fitz-Jones; "it's genteel and clear; and I'm told by Lord Sniffle we get nothing but the true *ah-ro-mah*, just as we do in Paris." "Give me the old-fashioned black coffee-pot," says Mr. Ginger, the grocer, "and plenty of the berry, well roasted and fresh ground, and I'll back myself to turn out as fine a cup as any one can produce by any process, not excepting the French chaps, who, I know, always mix theirs with lots of chicory."

The Turk roasts and pounds the berry at the moment he requires it, stews it with a very small quantity of water, and drinks it boiling hot, with the grounds, without either milk or sugar. In some country taverns at which we have stopped in New England, it comes to table boiled with molasses and milk; a fit accompaniment to the pumpkin pies, gingerbread and apple-sauce that adorn the board. But the place of all others where the most execrable mixture is dispensed under the name of coffee, is where you "stop ten minutes for refreshments" on the line of certain railroads. Heaven forefend us from being athirst at such times! And what can you think of the boy who, with a bucket of this concoction and a tin cup, goes through the cars, calling out, "Here's your warm coffee—only ten cents a cup!" Of course, that boy will come to a bad end, though we have no grounds for saying it.

Bread, which is the staff of life, is, in one form or another, indispensable to a breakfast. Whether it be in the form of the wheaten loaf, the French roll, the shortened biscuit, the delicate muffin, the old-fashioned rye and Indian bread, baked in an iron kettle and left all night in a brick oven, the bonnock, the johnny-cake, the hoe-cake or the pancake, matters very little; each is equally acceptable. The chief merit which all cereal cakes should possess is lightness.

Boys seem to have a natural predilection for buckwheat cakes. They may be said to feed on them instead of eating them; and I have known boys who would stow under their jackets of a morning at breakfast a dozen, nay, twenty—aye, two dozen buckwheat cakes, and then leave the table hungry. Another failing boys have is a partiality for hot bread—you may bring to the table as many loaves as you will, but they are only as so much foam before a half-dezen hungry lads. The only way to convince them that they have eaten sufficient is to stop the supply of fresh, and place

before them a loaf or two of stale bread.

This is the way the good wife of my first boarding-school master used to serve his scholars when she feared that they were eating her out of house and home. She was an indulgent mistress, however, and because, forsooth, every boy desired the outside slice of the loaf, she managed, by baking the bread in thin loaves and then splitting them, to give each of us a crusty piece. In those days, with us the motto was—Better is hot bread to-day than pancakes to-morrow.

BILL OF FARE FOR ONE WEEK.

Sometime since the editor of Hearth and Home requested its correspondents to forward actual bills of fare for one week, the same to be published, if thought suitable, for the benefit of its readers. Several of these have been given, from which we select the following.

The season for which the following bill was prepared was the last week in April:

SUNDAY. Breakfast—Muffins, scrambled eggs, water-cresses. For this and every other breakfast, coffee, fresh milk, or water to drink. Dinner—Roast chickens, mashed potatoes, boiled onions, pickles, currant jelly, gravy, butter, bread. Dessert, chocolate custard. Supper—Bread and butter, canned quinces, cheese, one kind of cake. Tea, fresh milk or water to drink for every supper.

MONDAY. Breakfast—Broiled ham, mashed potatoes made in small cakes and browned, radishes, omelet. Dinner—Cold roast chicken, whole boiled potatoes, rice as a vegetable, pickles, cider apple-sauce. Dessert, baked Indian pudding. Supper—Milk toast, water-cresses, one kind of cake.

TUESDAY. Breakfast—Chicken hash, fried potatoes, corn bread. Dinner—Soup of beef and vegetables, sour apples baked with syrup. Dessert, cottage pudding, with liquid sauce, or with hard sauce and currant jelly. Supper—Fresh bread, cottage cheese, stewed prunes, cake.

WEDNESDAY. Breakfast—Hash of the soup beef of Tuesday's dinner, roasted potatoes, baked apples. Dinner—Roast beef, and potatoes peeled and roasted in its gravy, canned or dried sweet corn, canned tomatoes. Dessert, lemon pie with white of egg on top. Supper—Mush and milk, or mush and syrup for those who like it. Something else provided for any one of the family who may not be fond of it.

THURSDAY. Breakfast—Fried mush, raw potatoes cut into hot lard and fried, cold roast beef, water cresses. Dinner—Boiled corn beef, cabbage, potatoes, apple sauce. Dessert, lemon pie with two crusts. Supper—Bread, Sally Lunn, canned cherries, smoked beef, cake.

FRIDAY. Breakfast—Fish cakes, cold corned beef, fried hominy. Dinner—Baked fish with stuffing, mashed potatoes, mashed turnips, pickled plums. Dessert, baked rice pudding. Supper—Bread and butter, radishes, cork tongue, canned apples, cake.

SATURDAY. Breakfast—Hash of corned beef, and potatoes made into round cakes and browned, gems,

boiled eggs. Dinner—Porter-house steak, boiled potatoes with butter on them, succotash of dried sweet corn and lima beans, pickled peaches. Dessert, baked prune pudding with liquid sauce. Supper—Bread and butter, cold boiled ham, canned peaches, radishes, cake.

May we not hear from some of our readers upon this subject?

THE DESSERT.

—When is it right to take one in? When it rains.

—Doctor, what will cure the fever of love?" "The chill of wedlock, miss."

—Smirkins looked at a painting of a pig, and pleasantly asked who was that pigment for?

— "I have lost flesh," said a taper to a companion. "No great loss," replied the other, "since you have made it up in spirits."

—It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose will restore him to sight. To open a man's eyes you must bleed him in the pocket.

— "O, Pa! there goes an Editor!" "Hush, son," said the father; "don't make sport of the poor man—no one knows what you may come to yet!"

—Josh Billings says, "I have often been told that the best way is to take a bull by the horns; but I think, in many instances, I should prefer the tail hold."

—An advertisement in a Schenectady paper reads as follows: "Dog Lost—A small, black dog, four white feet, and tip of tail answers to the name of 'Pink.'"

—The height of pugilistic sarcasm was reached the other day by Jem Mace, who, speaking of a rival, said: "What! him? He couldn't lick a postage stamp."

—A lazy, overfed lad, returning from dinner to his work, was asked by his employer if he had no other motion than that. "Yes," said the boy, "but it is slower."

—Schoolmistress: "Johnny, I'm ashamed of you. When I was your age, I could read as well as I do now." Johnny: "Aw! but you'd a different teacher to what we've got."

—A young lady wishes to know how it is that on the day of wedded bliss the bridegroom pledges, "With all my wordly goods I thee endow," and after his death she only receives a third.

— "I am so glad," said a missionary to an Indian chief, "that you do not drink whisky; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah! yes," said the red man, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it: "we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

—A young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber of New York, recently, and asked for the Governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "O! I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better than a sinecure; you had better go and try a water cure."



DANGEROUS QUACKERIES.

HERE is a popular mucilage which is known as Bloom of Youth. Its office is to turn gray hairs black or brown, according to the taste of the wearer. A good many persons anoint their heads with it, and masquerade in the tresses of Hyperion. Some of them, in consequence, abruptly die; others lapse by gentle degrees into palsies of a peaceful but not sprightly type. The concoction not only colors the hair, but strikes through the skull and penetrates *aud dura mater*, and gets up a potent but injurious action upon what its patrons are pleased to call their brains. Extravagant anxiety about the outside of the head does not often coexist with enlightened solicitude for the inside thereof. One whose meditations are continuously entangled in his hair, enmeshed in odor of tricopherous and bandoline, has little time or disposition to think about the thimbleful of brains above which his treasured tresses are rooted. If he gets palsied in keeping his locks of the right hue, he has earned his paraplegia in a sacred chromatic cause, and he doubtless accepts the dispensation without repining. Nevertheless, the existence of these noxious elixirs is a fact which invites censure.

The law undertakes to keep poison from children and minors, and it ought also to keep injurious confections out of reach of those to whom the years have brought grey heads but not discretion — baldness but no wisdom. The N. Y. Superintendent for Sanitary Affairs, Dr. Harris, in his recent report, dwells upon the subject at length, and his censures are supplemented by a communication from Dr. Sayre, who tells of three cases of fatal poisoning by the use of hair-dye which came under his notice, and who calls for the suppression of the sale of that dangerous sort of poison.

This would be wise, but it does not go far enough. This witch broth is probably no more injurious than scores of other confections of the sort, which are advertised in newspapers and buttressed by certificates, and celebrated in a strain of lofty and disinterested eulogy by their proprietors. Thousands buy these compounds and smear them upon heads which are deficient in wisdom, and which, even after the application, are rarely ornamental, and they thus unconsciously imperil health and life. They plant the seeds of *tic doloreux* and sow the fruitful germs of neuralgia, and when the harvest comes they probably endow the proprietor and his fellow-alchemists with a copious heritage of curses of an elaborate and vehement character. When it is too late, they wish they had been content with their gray or faded hairs, and had not sought the fountain of youth in the poisonous abysses of the chemist's gallipot.

There are probably a good many poisons attainable at the drug-shops which purport to be remedies, and which are intended for the stomach instead

of the head. If one may credit the testimony of advertising columns and dead walls, the amount of patent medicine consumed in this dyspeptic land of the free is something prodigious. Talleyrand spoke of England as a land of a hundred religions and only one gravy. An observer less acute than he might identify this country as a land of a thousand elixirs and no health. We have pills enough, it would seem, but no digestion; potions enough, but depraved assimilation. There are tonics, and diaphoretics, and sudorifics, and balsams, and elixirs in alarming abundance, and each purports to be an absolute necessity to the physical well-being of every citizen. How many are poisoned by the indiscriminate use of these compounds? How many constitutions are undermined and broken by the depraved habit of swallowing every nostrum which an ignorant empiric recommends? Probably a great number; but the object is beyond the range of statistics.

KEEP IN THE SUN.

A writer in Harper's Bazar has the following sensible remarks on the health-giving properties of the sun's rays:

Every one is familiar with the process of growing celery. A deep trench is dug, in which the seed are sown or sprouts set, and with the growth of the plant the earth is carefully heaped up until the whole is nearly buried. By this means the light is excluded almost entirely, and the vegetable becomes the pale and tender esculent of our tables.

Paleness and tenderness are always the result of depriving an organized being, whether a plant or an animal, of the light of the sun, but these qualities, however desirable in a sprig of celery, are indications of an artificial and unwholesome condition. The human being soon loses in obscurity his color and toughness, and with them all brightness of intelligence and vigor of body. Children brought up in mines and cellars are blanched, dwarfed, stupid, liable to diseases of all kind, and short-lived; and grown people, however vigorous they may have been previously, will soon, when deprived of light, become pale and feeble.

There cannot be a greater mistake than for our delicate dames, who pass so much of their lives indoors, to sit or lounge in dark rooms. They require all the sun's light they can get. It is true that whatever defects of toilet and complexion they may have will be better concealed from a chance visitor by obscurity, but this small gratification is too dearly purchased at the cost of health.

The sunlight is not only essential to the preservation of the natural vigor of the body, but acts very beneficially as a remedy in disease. The French make great use of it, particularly in their hospitals. To the windows of these are attached inclined planes, upon which the sick are laid, and exposed on every clear day to the sun's light. This has more powerful tonic effect than all the iron, quinine, porter, wine and spirits which are so much used with us.

Weak and sick children are especially benefited by exposure to the sun's light, and mothers would do well to reverse their usual order to the nurse, "Keep in the shade." We say we have science and experience on our side, *Keep in the sun.*

SLEEPING HABITS.

To be able to lie down at night and fall to sleep within ten minutes, and to know no dream or waking until the morning comes, and then to bound out of bed full of health, freshness and good humor, is a blessing well worthy the warmest outgushings of a thankful heart towards Him who giveth us all things richly to enjoy.

Some of the ways of attaining such a priceless boon we here name:

Take dinner at the good old-fashioned hour of mid-day; eat nothing afterwards, except at supper, when a piece of cold bread and butter with a single cup of weak tea or half a glass of pure water is enough for anybody under ordinary circumstances. If dinner is taken in the afternoon, do not eat an atom of anything until next morning. Another plan is, avoid sleeping in the daytime, and retire habitually at a regular hour.

In order to make a desirable result more certain, remember practically the following facts:

We need, ordinarily, seven hours sleep in summer and eight in winter.

We breathe in sleep about fifteen times every minute.

Each inhalation of pure air is returned loaded with poison; a hundred and fifty grains of it is added to the atmosphere of a bedroom every hour, or twelve hundred grains during a night.

Unless that poison-laden atmosphere is diluted or removed by a constant current of air passing through the room, the blood soon becomes impure, then circulates sluggishly, accumulating and pressing on the brain, giving rise to frightful dreams. If the room is small and tight, the spectral nightmare, the fearful groan, the terrible shriek, are the result, and in aggravated cases, with the addition of a hearty late meal, there is not strength to give the moan, to raise the shriek, and thus arouse the system; there is no move, the man feels a crushing weight of danger coming upon him, he can't get out of the way. "Found dead in his bed!" is the morning's verdict.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

An esteemed friend of ours heard much of the medical properties of the water of a certain spring some distance from where she resided. She had read a pamphlet that enumerated many diseases for which it was a specific, among which she recognized at least half a dozen with which she was afflicted. Much to her joy she was told that her son had a call at the very town where the spring was located, and a five gallon keg and a strict injunction were laid upon him to bring back some of the water.

The keg was put into the wagon, and slipping under the seat, was quite overlooked. The business was ur-

gent and took some time to perform it, and the water was quite forgotten. He had got near home in the evening, when feeling down under the seat for something, he felt the keg. To go back was not to be thought of, and to admit his stupidity was impossible.

He therefore drew his horse up by the side of a wall, near which was the old sweep well from which the family had drank for a century, and, filling the keg, went home.

The first question was,—

"Did you get the water?"

"Yes," said he, "but I can't see any difference in it from any other water," and he brought in the keg.

A cup was handed the invalid, who drank with infinite relish, and said she was surprised at her son's not seeing any difference. There was undoubtedly a medical taste about it, and it did not fill her up as other water did, which she had always heard of mineral water.

Her son hoped it would do her good, and by the time the keg was exhausted, she was ready to give a certificate of the value of the water, it having relieved her of all her ails.

LOOK AFTER THE EYES.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eyesight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never read by twilight, or on a very cloudy day.

Never sleep so that on waking the eyes shall open on the light of the window.

Do not use eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light of the window.

It is best to have the light from above, or obliquely or over the left shoulder.

Too much light creates a glare and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment stop and talk, walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively inclined to rub the eyes, that moment cease to use them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger, and then wash your eyes and face with warm water.

The following is given as a sure cure for felon on the finger: Take common rock salt, such as is used for salting down pork and beef, dry it in the oven, then pound it fine and mix it with the spirits of turpentine in equal parts. Put it on a rag and wrap it round the thumb, and as it gets dry put on some more, and in 24 hours we are assured the felon will be dead.



IDEAS.

JDO declare if I was not the owner of an idea, I would beg or borrow one, that is what I would!"

"Why, Susie Blake, what has caused your sudden burst of eloquence?" for Susie and I had been quietly working all the afternoon, talking only when the mood seized us.

"I was thinking of my visit to auntie's last fall. One afternoon we were invited, with some other ladies, to take tea at one of the neighbors. After auntie and I arrived there seemed to be a little restraint upon the company; thinking it possible it might be owing to my being a stranger, I thought to make myself particularly agreeable; so I shot a beaming smile over the assembled company, and blandly made a very original remark concerning the weather. They all smiled and made a reply as original as the remark. That was getting acquainted too fast; I resolved to devote myself to one and see what success. I looked out of the window, but I could not see anything in the fields or woods that gave me the inspiration needed for the occasion, then I industriously sewed away on one of Mamie's little aprons that I had taken for work; then seeing that the others were quietly talking together concerning the best way to put up tomatoes so they would keep, I turned to one that was sitting near me, looking for all the world as if she was meekly waiting to be spoken to, while groping about in my mind for an idea. I thought of books, that universal topic. I knew by her looks she would not for the world read any of the popular novels of the day, and for the life of me in my perplexity I could not think of any real common sense book I had read lately, so I asked her if she found time in her busy life to read very much.

"Well no," she said, "I don't read very much, or rather I don't think I read very much; I perhaps read more than some do, they might call it much, and again I don't read as much as some do, they might call it that I don't read much; what do you call much, Miss Blake? I read my bible every day, and sometimes I read a sunday-school book, and I usually read some in the papers. I really don't know whether you would call that much or not. I suppose educated people, like you, read more than I do, not that I call myself ignorant, but then I don't read much, or leastwise what I think you would call much; and too, I don't know but that I read as much as the folks around here do, and still I don't know as I can tell how much they do read; well, I won't say how much they do read, but I read some."

Fancy my feelings at the close of that harangue! I felt some as I did once, when a little girl, I went to visit at my Uncle Levi's. I found I could reach the clock by standing in a chair, and being of a philosophical turn of mind,

I resolved to make myself acquainted with the philosophy of the alarm; for I never had seen any such. Ours was not like it I knew, for Henry and I had given that several thorough examinations. Someway I managed to start the alarm—I stood aghast! what ailed the thing! how should I stop the thing from going on forever! and that was the way I felt when I got her started, I dropped hands and work, and have no doubt but that my jaw dropped, and my eyes opened to their widest extent. When she finished, her eyes were fixed on her work, the animated expression of her countenance left her, and she went on with her knitting with her face as placid-looking as the face of Uncle Levi's old clock.

Grown courageous because I passed through that ordeal unharmed, I resolved on another remark, so I asked; "Don't you ever feel lonely living here on a farm all the time?" "No, I don't think I do, that is—well, I don't know what you mean by being lonely, I never am *alone*, father and mother and brothers are here most of the time, but perhaps I don't understand what you city folks mean by being lonely. Do you mean want to see more people than we do? Well, we are quite busy and, well, I don't know, perhaps some would call it lonely, but we have more company than some, they might call it that we ought not to be lonely, and again we don't have as much company as some, I suppose they might think we would be lonely. Well, really, I don't know, I ain't quite sure, but then I think sometimes I wish I had a sister, but then I don't know as I really do. Well, perhaps I am sometimes what you might call lonely, and still I don't know as I am."

And her eyes dropped and that calm and serene look came to her face again, and she seemed to be meekly waiting for me to start her again with another innocent remark. I was almost convulsed with suppressed laughter. I did not dare speak for fear it would set her off again on another eloquent subject, and I knew I never could keep from screaming if she should. At last I could stand it no longer, it was as what do you call him, one of the characters in the 'End of the World,' calls it 'too Indickerous.' I was seized with a sudden anxiety for Mamie, excused myself, and started in quest of her. I found the children out in the back yard quietly playing school. I immediately demoralized that school by making them laugh so that I could laugh too; else I feel that I should not be here to pour into your sympathizing ear this heartrending story."

I could not help laughing at Susie's story; nevertheless I could not help thinking it exaggerated, but she emphatically declared it was not. "I tell you," said she, "I have not stretched the story one bit, and it is of these people so sadly deficient in ideas that I am scolding about, and say if I did not have any ideas I would borrow some. The idea of people blundering along all their lives unable to say a word to any one outside of their own limited sphere of action! why can't women read and *think*, and originate independent ideas of their

own! But words fail me; the subject deserves a more eloquent champion than I. I will hold my peace for a season, but how long that season will be I 'dinna ken,' at present I subside."

I subside also, for like Susie I feel that the subject deserves a more worthy champion than I. Only let me beg of you, dear sisters, *do* have a little reserve force of ideas, so that there will be no need to harp forever on one silly, tiresome subject, wearing the patience of the listener and making a goose of yourself. Of course I don't mean this for *all*; may the fates forbid! *some* have such a reserve force of ideas(?) that when they once commence to discourse 'tis like the opening of a flood-gate, a perfect deluge. Oh, for the golden mean in this as in many other things!

E.
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March is a brilliant and thoroughly enjoyable number of this popular monthly. It contains The New Hyperion, from Paris to Marly by way of the Rhine, IX; Astray in the Black Forest, illustrated. In a Caravan with Gerome the Painter; two papers, I. illustrated. Malcolm; part II; by George Macdonald, author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," "Robert Falconer," etc. Cannes, the famous health resort. Sonnet, by Charlotte F. Bates. When I was a Boarder, a story by Sarah Winter Kellogg, author of "The Livelies." Ferdinand de Lesseps and the Suez Canal, with portrait. A Modern Cressida; a story of the day; chapters 1-5. Patience in Friendship. Critic and Artist. On the Rocks: a romance of the Ausable Lakes. A Winter Thought. Town-Planting in the West. Christmas at Rome. The Siamese Twins in their Own Land. Letter from New York. The Musical Season. Notes. Memoir and Letters of Sarah Coleridge. Strauss's "The Old Faith and the New." Books received. J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, 715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

His NAME is the title of Rev. E. E. Hale's new story, published in paper covers by Roberts Brothers. It is one of Mr. Hale's very best, most stirring and most instructive. The story is a veritable Christmas tale, laid in Lyons, at the time of the persecution in the reign of Richard the Lion-Hearted, and Phillip Augustus of France when some of the inhabitants fled to the mountains to enjoy unmolested their religion. A variety of characters are introduced, and throughout this tale of devotion to one's belief, Mr. Hale has strikingly shown the beauty of Christianity. A Philadelphia paper says the tale is Xmas in all its warp and woof and in every shade of color. No better has been wrought for the celebration in this country. whether as a story or argument; nor have Mr. Hale's more ambitious efforts displayed equal dramatic power.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for March, is an excellent number of this most useful publication, one that should be read carefully by all who value that which is so essential to their well-being—Health. It contains How to Get Well and Keep Well; The Mother's Moulding Work; Disease and Its Treatment; Sanitary Impurities; Popular Physiology, Illustrated: A Remedy for Tobacco-Using; How to Eat and How to Digest; Instincts About Food; Seasonable Recipes; House-Work Hints; Dietetic Alcohol and Hygienic Tobacco; Of What are We Made? Apples and Phosphorus, with many short instructive paragraphs; Answers to Correspondents; and Voices of the People. Sent to any address for 20 cents; or at \$2.00 a year. Address S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

NEW GAMES. West & Lee of Worcester Mass offer a variety of games for the amusement of the young. During these long evenings the children must have pleasures that will instruct and at the same time furnish innocent enjoyment. This enterprising firm announce three new games for the season; "Avilude, or the Game of Birds;" "Totem," full of fun for the little ones; and a board game called "The Lucky Traveler on the Road to Dublin." The above, with the popular game of "Snap," are to be found at all the book stores, and should find their way into every home circle.

We have received Annual Catalogues of Flower and Vegetable Seeds from James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.; Wood & Hall, Geneva, N. Y.; J. J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.; D. T. Cuitis & Co., Washburne & Co. and Schlegel, Everett & Co., Boston, Mass., and J. B. Root, Rockport, Ill. These publications furnish a large amount of very interesting reading to the ladies "about these days."

We have received from the publishers of the *Cultivator & Country Gentleman*, at Albany, N. Y., a very neat steel engraving of the late Luther Tucker, Esq., who was for many years the well-known, successful, senior editor of that paper. The portrait is designed for a frontispiece to the volume of 1873 and is creditable alike to the artists and the publishers.

FRIENDLY UNION.

For male voices.

MOZART.

Moderato.

1st Tenor.



mf

1. Sweet the hour of friend - ly meet - ing, Dear the cor - dial, wel - come greet - ing,
 2. Thanks to Him, whose hand has made us, Joys so ho - ly can per - vade us,

2d Tenor.



1st Bass.



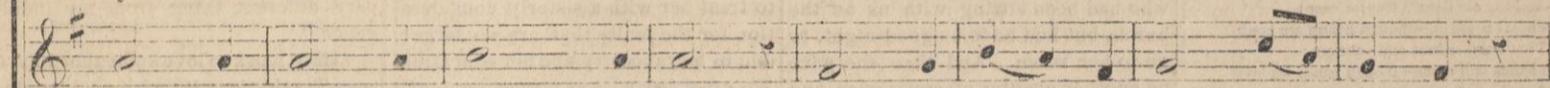
mf

3. Oh, that we in friend - ly do - ing, Ev - er deeds of love pur - su - ing,

2d Bass.



Found with those whose hearts are one. Earth has not a pur - er pleas - ure,
 Joys that flow from friend - ship's heart: Friend - ship, earth to heav'n al - ly - ing,



Streams of bliss may cause to flow: Ev - er may we live u - ni - ted,



Nev - er on a rich - er treas - ure, Shines the wide re -
 Makes frail man, with an - gels vy - ing, Strive to ev - ry



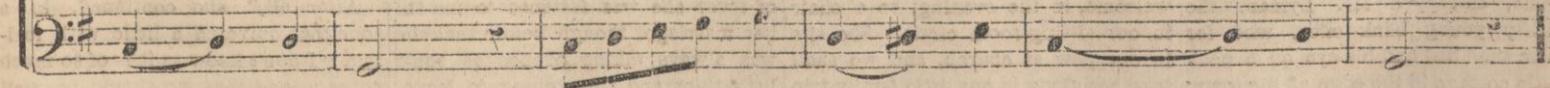
True to all the vows we've plight - ed, Fraught with love to



volv - ing sun, Shines the wide, re - volv - ing sun.
 good im - part, Strive to ev - ry good in - part.



friend and foe, Fraught ... with love to friend and foe.





THE OLD, OLD CLOCK.

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chimes rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young.
When the voice of friendship faltered.
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed,
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning."
A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The winter hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at the daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way
And the early air blew coldly;
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."
Still hourly the sun goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for bright days fled,
And the old friends lost for ever;
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick, tick," it said—"to the churchyard bed
The grave hath given warning;
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning."

—ANON.

MRS. LYMAN'S GIRL.

BY J. B. T. MARSH.

MY wife and I are visiting away a part of our September vacation with my cousin, Mrs. Lyman. I say "our," for I insist that after a summer with a teething baby, she needs a vacation from housekeeping as much as I do from office wear; and "September," because we have learned that home is the most comfortable place we can find during July and August. We had planned for a trip to the old home on the Sound. It is a great luxury for us to idle away a September afternoon on its rocky headland, to develop a good back-ache over its stony, chestnut-shaded roads. But my cousin's hearty invitation to spend a week with them switched us off. We knew we should have a pleasant visit, and we wanted to run up an account for them to settle at our house sometime.

My cousin was educated at a Philadelphia boarding-school, and when she graduated she could swim, sketch off-hand, analyze any wild flower, and enter a drawing-room with the most approved bend and bow. But she was as ignorant of all the details of housekeeping as of army tactics—making cocoa-nut cake excepted. That was a picnic accomplishment she had picked up of which she was a little proud. And it was her cocoa-nut cake that, at the Sunday-school festival the very week after she reached home, entrapped Mr. Lyman, the thrifty young bank-teller, who for some time had had his eye on a nest in our sitting-room circle. She sits little cottage in the edge of the town, which he could buy at a bargain when-

ever he could find the right person "to run it." Six months after her graduation she was installed as its mistress. Of course, marrying at such short notice, it took every minute of her time "to get her sewing done;" and, concerning the simplest process of the kitchen, she went into the cottage as ignorant as she came out of the boarding-school. It was a sorry time she had for a while, with sour bread, muddy coffee, ill-flavored puddings, and shiftless girls whom she could not teach to do better, because she did not know how herself. Even the fact that she could make cocoa-nut cake occasionally failed to keep a tea-table cloud from crossing her husband's brow during that trying honeymoon, as he now penitently confesses. But it was not the first time the school-girl has proved equal to the same emergency; and long ago Mrs. Lyman's friends concluded that what she does not know about good cookery and the management of babies is hardly worth knowing.

Telling us, last night, the seriocomic experience of her self-apprenticeship at housekeeping, the talk turned on "girls" at my wife's remark that she must have a treasure in Emily, who had been sitting with us on the porch, but had bade us good-night, to go to her room. And then she gave us another chapter of experience and opinion, a part of which I am moved to strain off into this sketch.

"Yes," she replied, "I have had more or less trouble with help, and always expect to have, but I get along better than I used to. Emily was in my young woman's Bible-class, and I found out she was a farmer's girl, with two sisters at home to help about the work, and wanted to do something for self-support. She had tried teaching a district school, one summer, but didn't enjoy it, and I proposed that she should come into our family and help me, and I would pay her the same that she could get at teaching. I treat her as one of the family, and she takes as much interest in our affairs as though she were. Generally she does the kitchen work, and I look after the beds and keeping the rest of the house in order. But she helps me about the sweeping, and I do the cooking on washing-days. In the coldest mornings Mr. Lyman gets up and builds the kitchen fire, and on Monday all of us make an early start so that he can take a turn or two at the washing-machine before he goes to the bank. In winter, he makes it a point to come home earlier on that day if he can, and bring in the frozen clothes. Most husbands wouldn't do that, but he thinks he would be willing to do the whole washing rather than go through with the trouble that so many people have with girls. Bessy sets the table, and Johnny is charged with seeing that kindlings are on hand and that the wood-box is not empty. Both of them are old enough to be learning such little responsibilities. Unless there are cakes to be cooked, or company to be waited on, Emily sits with us at the table, and is always

whether there is another family in town where she would consent to go and do housework. But I think she prefers her home here to one at her father's, where life has more drudgery than poetry. Of course she is out of sorts sometimes. I suppose there are few people with whom the wind does not get into the east now and then. And I don't know but I have occasion to ask her pardon as often as she needs to apologize to me."

"But every one can't get sensible, saving, church-going American girls," said my wife. "I am afraid you would not get along so pleasantly with Bridget."

"Every one would not want them on these terms, I suppose," replied Mrs. Lyman. "If the demand were larger the supply would be better, I think. At any rate, I prefer these terms to the armed peace or open war that prevails in so many kitchens. As to Bridget I have had her and had my troubles. So long as my children are young, I will not have any one in the house who is untruthful or light-fingered. But that point settled, I try to remember, as Emerson says, that I cannot expect to get an angel at three dollars a week, and then I try to treat her with a sisterly consideration for the faults that are so largely due to her ancestry and her education. We greet her with as pleasant a 'good-morning' as we do each other, and the children as much expect to prefix the

"please" in asking a favor of her, as of their father. If any one of them has a juicy California pear to divide with the family, she receives a slice with the rest. We remember her birthday with little gifts all around, and give her an extra holiday then, if we can. That takes off the edge of the alien feeling wonderfully. I interest myself in her sewing, advising about her purchases, teach her those little principles of taste and economy in dress that are worth so much to a woman. If any of her family call to see her, I please her and them by suggesting a lunch of something palatable, if nothing more than a cup of tea or a slice of cake. And I never look on a 'beau' as a nuisance or an intruder. A home of her own is what every woman has a right to hope for, and the mistress who tries to snuff out the love affair that promises to give her girl a good one, is unspeakably selfish. We have had two courtships in our kitchen followed by weddings in the parlor, and I take comfort in thinking that there are two Irish-American homes whose neatness and thrift are a rebuke and a stimulus to the families around them, because of the ideas Maggie and Kate received from me. And I find that, though it is hard to have a girl taken sick, and to be obliged to wait on her and look after the work too, such an experience sometimes has its compensations. A girl who is suspicious of other favors, surrenders her heart to your kindness in preparing savory dishes to tempt her appetite, and in otherwise ministering to her sickroom necessities. After Kate's run of fever she was fastened to me till her marriage, though before that she was always taking offence at some little thing and threatening to leave.

Mrs. Lyman took care of me when

I was sick," was the one answer, ever after, when she was offered places with less work and larger pay. I always try, too, to make a girl's room pleasant. She may have been used to bare walls and bare floors, but she will appreciate a carpet, and pictures and brackets. And with a cheerful room to take her girl friends to, she will be less apt to roam the streets with them, evenings. Mr. Lyman says he should get to be as cross as a bear if he stayed night and day in the office where he does his work, and insists that a girl needs a pleasant retreat where she can get away from the sight of hers."

"But, after all," I ventured to suggest, "with most girls now-a-days indulgence seems to be wasted. The more favors they receive the more they expect, and with the first offer of better wages they will leave you."

"They have a right to leave if they can do better somewhere else," she replied; "and generally they ought to. If they give good measures of work for their wages, we have no further claim on them. But I think they do appreciate kindness—or, rather, love; for kindness is not enough. My girl has a right to my love, and that is a very different thing from my indulgence."

"Hard work to love some that I have seen!" said my wife with an incredulous shake of the head.

"But our Christian duty nevertheless, isn't it?" answered my cousin. "We must be good to the unthankful and the evil; and in this, as in every other relation, love grows on the loving things we do. I think it is a worm at the root in our kindness to girls that we bestow it expecting to receive as much again, and feel wronged if it is not returned in full, with interest. And it is a common fault that we forget the limitations under which their characters have been formed, and do not make sufficient allowances for their faults. *Noblesse oblige*, you know. If Mary speaks to me in angry impertinence, is my self-respect so fragile that she must be dismissed to save it? If I meet her faultfinding with an unruffled spirit; if I candidly own up to my thoughtless provocation, or pleasantly explain, and leave her to see that she was in error, may I not 'win' my sister? If she has not attained self-control, the more need is there that I should lead her, by patient, pleasant ways, into it. And, really, is it a vital matter that my girl should always be in good humor? It may do her good, as it does the rest of us weaklings, sometimes, to pout a little. If I must reprove her, how easy, yet how wrong to speak impatiently! I find it better to save my reproof until some quiet hour when both of us can look at the matter most calmly and fairly. And I think it is with hired girls as with children, that criticism is all the better to be thickly sugar-coated with commendation and encouragement. At any rate fault-finding that is a mere escape-valve for the present ill-humor is worse than useless."

"After all," she continued, in a tone that quivered a little with feeling, "I don't know as it is of so much consequence that we should be well served by our girls, as that we should

give them good service ourselves, steadily seeking to lift them into a better womanhood. We women get enthusiastic over 'the work of the Board,' in Papal lands, and almost wish we could give ourselves, along with our prayers and our fairs, to the work. But here it is brought right to our hands! A missionary expects the conversion of a native who becomes a member of his family. He asks no better opportunity for reaching him with Christian influences. And I sometimes think we Christian woman ought to evangelize our foreign population by evangelizing these young women, the mothers of the next generation, who are steadily filtering through our homes into homes of their own."

Mrs. Lyman is not my cousin, and her name is not Mrs. Lyman. But her opinions are of value just so far as there is reason in them. And after putting them down on paper—a test which some opinions, that may sound very plausible in talk, will not stand—they still seem to me worthy of consideration by those who must live within the limit of small incomes and who wish to live as Christianly as they can.—*Christian Union.*

TO MODEL HOUSEWIVES.

There goes the door bell! I wonder who it can be! I wish I knew! As I started to answer its call I picked up some half dozen (more or less) small articles and put them into my satchel; and passing through the sitting room I gathered together as many more larger ones, and piled them upon the sewing machine. Proceeding to the door I found Mr. Hunt awaiting admittance; a gentleman whose acquaintance I had but recently made and who but a few evenings previous had taken tea with us. In the evening the conversation drifted upon untidy and disorderly housewives. I can assure you that I congratulated myself upon the orderly appearance of things in general. Of course!—the lady on whom he bestows his name will be both orderly and tidy! I hope so!

I had just returned from town with sundry purchases preparatory to attending a large party, and in my haste to examine them, had thrown off my wrappings on the lounge, rubbers on the oilcloth, hat and gloves on the stand, and emptied the contents of my satchel on the table. Then I brought out the dress I was intending to wear, to compare with ribbon, laces, gloves, etc.

I began to unload myself in the sitting room, and continued the process along into the dining room, so that things were pretty evenly distributed in both rooms; the chairs, as well as lounge, table and stand were doing duty. I sat down surrounded by all my adornments and was admiring the blending of colors, and as I laid the rich lace in folds on my dress, I almost imagined myself in the gay throng when the door bell brought me to my surroundings. I can but confess my confusion and mortification at the disorderly state of my rooms, and gave myself a lecture while endeavoring to entertain my visitor, as also promised myself to try and prevent a repetition of a like scene.

I have been married; well, I'll not say how long, long enough to become a good housekeeper, but I'm not. I can account for my not being a model housekeeper (my mother was a superior one) only upon the fact that previous to my marriage I was a school teacher. For there is a proverb saying, "school teachers never make good housekeepers." I trust I am not doomed. I am a great admirer of order, and can stand only a certain degree of disorder without becoming—to use extravagant expression—almost frantic; and everything about the house must be clean. I have to work very hard to keep my house to please me. There must an easier way, a secret which I do not possess.

Several months ago a request similar to this met my eye in THE HOUSEHOLD. I laid aside my pen and hunted it up. I thought I was not going to find it, but here it is, away back in last year's May number. "Will some correspondent or subscriber inform me what method to adopt to keep a well regulated house and always have things looking just so? and oblige Mrs. O. C." At the time I thought, this is a fine opening, suggestive of instructive saying to follow from one or more of our model housekeepers, something we can put into practical use. I shall now learn how to keep house! But each succeeding HOUSEHOLD has been searched in vain, and if the querist (as doubtless she has) has been as expectant a searcher as myself, with me she must begin to despair of receiving the much desired information.

I know of but one model housekeeper in our commun'y. I shall call her Mrs. Mann. Go there when one will, seven o'clock in the morning, or at one in the afternoon, her work is never doing but always done. I have never been able to get any information as to how she manages. If I question her, as I very frequently do, she replies "I am no better housekeeper than you," when she knows she surpasses the whole neighborhood for blocks around. Could we have something from her pen it would be very valuable to those like myself who are aspiring to become such as she.

Model housewives, I add my request to that of Mrs. O. C. Will not some mother, aunt, or sister give me their secret of management? That is the word, management! I feel that is what I lack. Don't answer us by saying, "a place for everything and everything in its place," but tell us how to do it, whereby you will become a benefactress in helping more than one sister in PERPLEXITY.

RUG MAKING.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For a long time I have been perverting the good old bible maxim, "'tis better to give than receive." I have been receiving good and useful hints in every department of woman's work, from the training of children to the particulars of kitchen labor and garden products, yet I have not given anything. I do not now know that I can add anything, yet I would like to tell my Western sisters how New England housewives use up their woolen rags, thereby cheating the destructive moths. I am not a

native New Englander, and the idea was new to me till recently.

I know Western ladies save their rags by making carpet, but drawing them in rugs is prettier by far and much more easily cleaned, if it does require a little more labor to make them; yet 'tis such bewitching work we do not call it laborious, and just at this season of the year we housekeepers are not hurried with work, so 'tis a good time to bring out the rag bag and sort them. Put the cotton rags aside for carpet, the heavy ones for braided rugs, the lighter woolen ones for drawn rugs, which we do in this manner: We buy the coarse tow cloth, known as "Burlap"—over a yard wide—here we pay twenty-five cents a yard, it is probably more "out west." We cut the cloth any length and width we desire the rug, then with a pencil we trace our patterns, then re-trace with ink, for the pencil marks soon wear out. If you have not artistic skill enough to draw a pattern, perhaps some one of your friends can for you, or if you mark your rug out in diamonds, or bricks, and all up with bright colors prettily shaded, it is pretty.

We can buy patterns all ready for working here, but they are not found west, so you will have to depend on your own ingenuity. After the cloth is cut by thread, we hem or bind the edges, then put them in frames just as you do a quilt. Prepare yourself with a steel crochet hook, about three inches long and one-eighth inch in diameter, with a wooden handle; any blacksmith will make it for you, then cut your rags as you use them from one-half inch to an inch wide, according to the thickness; put your rag underneath and draw up with hook, leaving a loop on the upper side of about one-half inch, always leaving the ends on top so the underside will be smooth. After you have finished a flower then cut the loops and shear smoothly. Some leave the shearing till done, but I like to shear as I work, so I can see the effect of my work better; draw in the rags as snugly as you can. We often make the rug small then sew braided rags round them.

I have just finished knitting one with long wooden needles of bright "hit and miss" rags sewed, then crocheted a border of different colors. I colored some pretty yellow, with yellow oak bark; I also had some blue rags, and desiring a green, I threw them in the yellow dye, making different shades according to the shades of blue. Another good way to color yellow, for both cotton and woolen, is to wring rags out of hot sugar of lead water, then out of hot bichromate of potash water, taking two ounces to a pound of rags, then if you want green, put the yellow rags through hot Prussian blue, in the same proportion.

Since I've made a beginning I find I have spun out quite a long article. I do sincerely hope your patience is not exhausted.

Mrs. J.

ANSWER TO "M. P. R."

Should the question in reference to "preserves and jellies" be asked in my own family, I might say that the use of such articles, in regard to which there is danger, the preparation of

which is attended with much labor (and perhaps most housewives have enough necessary labor) may be dispensed with, since they are not absolute necessities, and contain but very little muscle nourishment.

That most "glazings" are unsafe for the preparation of acid fruits, and that some contain lead, which easily unites chemically with acids, will not be questioned. It may also be true that the worst effects are connected with keeping rather than the preparation of these preserves, since the fermentation of these products is the principal source of the acids, at least, in some fruits. If prepared in plain iron vessels, a simple oxide of iron—like iron rust,—which is not particularly objectionable only on account of the color, is formed. The use of tin is not particularly objectionable—as favorable as any article in use. The most usual vessels in which to keep such products is glass, which is never affected by acids, and might be easily made useful in the preparation.

Again, in these modern times when so many fruits are canned in glass, and kept almost in their natural state, it seems scarcely needful to preserve in any other manner. It should also be borne in mind that such fruits—if we have regard to the health—are particularly intended for the warm season, the acids cooling the system and materially improving the state of the blood, especially useful in the spring, after the blood has been so thoroughly carbonized by the excess of carbon of the winter food.

If we use these fruits in reference to the manifest design of the Creator, the canning will be sufficient, with no danger from the use of lead or any of the metallic poisons. If used with no reference to this principle, those who will use them regardless of the consequences, may suffer no more than from many other acts of imprudence.

Fruits are never improved by preserving in any form, but are very wholesome as God made them. Their speedy decay—unlike the grains—is an indication that they are intended for a temporary use and are needed in the order in which they naturally grow in our climate, the most acid, as the currants, in the early hot weather, at the time when "blood purifiers" are in demand, manifestly intended for this purpose. More, perhaps, on this general subject in the future.

J. H. H.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been very much entertained and highly gratified in reading the December number of your excellent paper, which I think unusually interesting, especially the contribution entitled "Personal Adornment," which I heartily endorse and which I believe, were it put into practice in every American household, would restore peace and quiet where disorder and confusion has hitherto reigned.

I have just entered upon my third year's subscription for your excellent paper, which I realize has been of great advantage to me, being comparatively a young housekeeper and needing all the information I can obtain. May you live long to gladden our

hearts with your presence, and may the Son of Righteousness impart his holy spirit to aid you in your work.

SARIFEE REDDICK.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I send another sister's name to be entered on our HOUSEHOLD list. May her presence be welcome and she be benefited by joining our Band. It is not a year since I entered my name with the rest of yours, and have never taken up my pen to write anything for your perusal before, and can say nothing interesting now. I hope Marah has received comfort and benefit from the kind sisters' letters.

M. E. M. wishes to know how to make lemon pies. Take two yolks and one white of eggs to a pint of sweet milk, add the juice of half a lemon and sweeten to taste, take the other white, beat to a froth, adding some white sugar, and pour on top, and bake as common custard. I. A. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have some doubts as to my right to claim a seat in your great HOUSEHOLD Band, since the house I preside over is a cosy, pleasant little schoolhouse, and my work has little to do with that which most interests your readers, but I concluded to write and ask if they would make room for one more, hence this letter.

May I say a few words to Maud? Not by way of advice, for I have seen only a year more of life than she has, and its great problems are unsolved for me as yet, but because I feel an earnest sympathy for one who wants something to do, and is willing to "work and wait." Would not teaching have become easier if you had persevered? The first term is usually the hardest, and once past that there are no difficulties in the way that you cannot overcome if you try. Even if you have no special aptitude for teaching you may make a good teacher, for in this success is certain to follow persistent, well-aimed effort. And if, some day, the way should open for you to take up the work which you would rather do, you will be none the worse for your experience in the school-room. I am a teacher, not because there was any need of my earning a living for myself, but because I wanted something to do, and this was nearest me, and though now it is nearly four years since I took it up, I am not tired of it yet. Friend Maud, if you try it also, may I not hope to hear from you again? MAG.

MR. EDITOR:—I have had the privilege for the last year of reading your very practical and interesting periodical. It seems to me to be the very paper to bring us ladies together in one sisterly band, where we can sympathize, encourage, and assist each other generally, as members of the one great family which Heaven has ordained. From time to time I will be glad to add an item to the many very useful hints which are given. At present I only subscribe myself, yours very gratefully,

MRS. E. C. B.

Opelika, Ala.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—It isn't requisite I should say just how long since we became acquainted, for I was

charmed by your first appearance, and I've longed ever since to say a word or two in answer to the many sisterly letters your pages contain.

I have tried with success and pleasure several recipes. I make coffee after mother's way, that is, by stirring an egg into as much ground coffee as is required for strong coffee, and letting it boil a few minutes, set it off to settle. We think our coffee is excellent, though I presume we have never tasted a perfect cup. Well, I've only to say, if there is a better way I am going to learn it, and I appeal for help to THE HOUSEHOLD Band. I am always interested in the letter department, and hope to hear soon from many of the sisters who have or have not yet written. I also read with great interest Mrs. Dorr's excellent pieces, and think her writings alone of far more value than the cost of our paper. I must thank U. U. for her timely advice in regard to the Literary Club, as one will profit thereby who was perplexed about the same subject.

For fear of trespassing, I will close

SISTER S.

DEAR MAUD, in the November number of THE HOUSEHOLD:—Although a perfect stranger to you, I cannot resist the temptation to answer, as like yourself, I am doomed to write. I have always wished for a correspondent with the same tastes as myself and I think, from your description you will just do. But, you say, how do you know I will answer you? Now Maud, you cannot control your pen when you read this, and I will "live in hope." I am twenty-one, New York born and bred, but a Californian a present, and full of fun. I am too modest to give you my personal appearance, so you are at liberty to imagine what you please; and if you lived near, I would win your good graces by my boxes of reading matter.

If "Maud," will not answer this, (I can furnish unexceptionable references,) will not some other pleasant lively member of THE HOUSEHOLD open a correspondence with me, and perhaps in time we will become like Damon and Pythias, of old. I have never had either a sister or a girl friend (though no fault of mine) and often feel very lonesome, when a letter from a sister in a like predicament would cheer me up. Those wishing to answer, either by letter or through the valuable HOUSEHOLD, can learn my name and address from Mr. Crowell, editor of THE HOUSEHOLD, as I expect to be a constant reader. SUNSHINE.

THE CHEMISTRY OF A HEN'S EGG.

In the recent work "Fireside Science," by Dr. Nichols, the chemistry of an egg is thus given:

"Within the shell the animal portion of the egg is found, which consists of a viscous, colorless liquid called albumen, or the white, and a yellow, globular mass called the vitellus, or yolk. The white of the egg consists of two parts, each of which is enveloped in distinct membranes. The outer bag of albumen, next to the shell, is quite a thin, watery body, while the next, which invests the yolk, is heavy and thick.

But few housekeepers who break eggs ever distinguished between the two whites, or know of their existence even. Each has its appropriate office to fulfil during the process of incubation, or hatching, and one acts, in the mysterious process, as important a part as the other. If we remove this glairy fluid from the shell and place in a glass, and plunge into it a strip of reddened litmus paper, a blue tinge is immediately produced, which indicates the presence of an alkali. The alkali is soda in a free condition, and its presence is of the highest consequence, for without it the liquid would be insoluble.

A portion of the white of egg when diluted with water, and a few drops of vinegar or acetic acid added to it, undergoes a rapid change. The liquid becomes cloudy and flaccid, and small bits of shoddy matter fall to the bottom of the vessel. This is pure albumen, made so by removing the soda held in combination by the use of the acid. A pinch of soda added to the solid precipitate re-dissolves it, and it is again liquid.

There is another way by which the albumen is rendered solid, and that is by the application of heat. Eggs placed in boiling hot water pass from the soluble to the insoluble state quite rapidly, or in other words, the albumen both the white and the yolk becomes "coagulated."

No contrast can be greater than that between a boiled and unboiled egg. Not only is it changed physically, but there is a change in chemical properties, and yet no chemist can tell in what the change consists. It is true that water extracts a little alkali, and a trace of sulphide of sodium, but the abstraction of these bodies is hardly sufficient to account for the change in question.

VARIOUS WAYS OF COOKING SALT FISH.

Boiled.—Soak the fish over night; remove the skin, put in cold water, and heat slowly till it boils; if not fresh enough change the water. Make a gravy of one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and half a pint of boiling water.

Another.—Cook the fish as before; pick in small pieces and put in as much milk as you will want for a gravy; thicken with flour, and add butter and pepper to suit the taste.

Baked.—Soak in water until very fresh, and bake in sweet cream.

Another.—Take a piece of dry fish, wash, remove the skin, and bake until tender; pick in small pieces pour boiling water on it and let it stand a short time; repeat the process as many times as necessary to freshen it; drain it dry as possible and put in cream.

Fried.—Boil the fish, and place the pieces in a dish. Fry a few slices of pork and pour the hot fat over the fish, or fry the fish in the fat.

Another.—Soak the fish until very fresh, changing the water frequently; scale, leave the skin on, and soak over night in sweet skim-milk; dip in flour and fry. It is very good if you use the thick part of a nice fish.

Broiled.—Take a piece of fish and broil it; pound it vigorously, pick in

pieces, pour on water, changing until fresh, and spread with butter.

Hash.—Take from a quarter to a third-part chopped fish, previously cooked, and the rest mashed potato; moisten with milk. Fry a few slices of pork; cut in small pieces and mix with the hash and fry in the fat, or use butter instead of the pork. Guess work is rather more convenient than rules; as gravy and fat meat work in to good advantage. Water can be used instead of milk by using more butter.

Fish Balls.—Take the same proportions of fish and potatoes as for fish hash, moisten with milk, and add butter and pepper to suit the taste; make in balls, and roll in flour. Fry the same as doughnuts, if you wish to keep for that purpose; if not, flatten into cakes and use just fat enough to fry them.

S. H. C.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

COOKIES.—Two teacups of sugar, one teacup of butter, two eggs, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-third teacup of boiling water. Make quite stiff with flour and roll. Use caraway seeds if liked.

POOR MAN'S LOAF CAKE.—Five teacups of flour, two teacups of sugar, two-thirds teacup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and raisins and spice. Wet with milk when all stirred together till of the thickness of common cake.

CREAM BEER.—Two ounces of tartaric acid, one small lemon, two pounds of white sugar, one ounce of checkerberry essence, one-half cup of flour, the whites of three eggs well beaten, and three pints of water. Take the sugar, tartaric acid and the juice of the lemon, with the water, put it into a nice porcelain kettle, and let it boil five minutes; after taking from the fire stir in the flour, which has been rubbed smooth with a little cold water; when nearly cold add the whites of the eggs and essence of checkerberry. Bottle and set in a cool place. When wanted for use put three tablespoonfuls of the syrup in a tumbler, then stir in one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, add water, and stir quick. It is very nice and will keep three weeks.

MR. CROWELL.—I think THE HOUSEHOLD is one of the best family papers that I ever subscribed for. I enjoy it very much. I will send you some nice recipes for cake to publish for the benefit of your readers.

FRENCH CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of milk, three and one-half cups of flour, one nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, one pound of flour, one-half pound of citron, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and mace.

RAISIN TUMBLER CAKE.—Three tumblers of sugar, one tumbler of butter, one tumbler of molasses, one tumbler of milk, three tumblers of chopped raisins, three eggs, six tumblers of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and one teaspoonful each of all kinds of spice.

ALMOND CAKE.—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, five cups of flour, five eggs, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, and one pound of blanched almonds.

LEOPARD CAKE.—*Light part.*—One and one-half cups of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, two and one-half cups of flour, the whites of four eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, and one-half teaspoonful of extract of lemon.

Dark part.—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses,

one-half cup of sour milk, two cups of flour, the yolks of four eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.

UNION CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, one-half cup of corn starch, four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of extract of lemon, and one teaspoonful of brandy.

A. B. M.

CHOW CHOW.—Take two large, solid heads of cabbage, chop very fine, put a layer of cabbage, sprinkle with salt, and repeat until you have salted all your cabbage, then place a plate on it to keep it down, and let it stand over night. In the morning take ten large onions, slice very thin; spread your cabbage on a cloth to drain, while you prepare the vinegar. Take one gallon of the best vinegar, sweeten to taste, add one tablespoonful of ground mustard, one ounce of white mustard seed, one-half ounce of ground cinnamon, one-half ounce of turmeric, two ounces of celery seed, mix all well together in the vinegar and let it come to a boil, then put in the cabbage and onions, let them boil ten minutes, and if too thick add vinegar. When cold bottle, and you will have an excellent pickle.

A. B. L.

CORN BREAD.—Some time ago, some one asked for a recipe for corn bread. I send one which I think is excellent. One pint of sour cream, one-half pint of sweet milk, one large tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Sift the soda in last.

E. A. S.

CANNING BEANS.—*Mr. Crowell:*—Mrs. A. E. Dolbear is wanting a recipe for canning green beans; I will send her mine. I kept some very nice last year in tin cans. Gather the beans when about half grown, string them and break them up nicely, put them in a brass kettle, cover them with cold water, bring to a boil and continue two and a half hours, keeping plenty of water in them all the while; dip them into the cans while boiling with a dipper so as to get plenty of water in them to cover them when full; be sure not to pack them in the can. Seal as soon as possible, set them away in a cellar, and I will insure your success.

MRS. H. C. H.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—I have often thought I would like to send some of my recipes. I have one for roll jelly cake we think good. Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, three, tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda. By putting in half a cup of butter and half a cup of milk, it makes a nice pile jelly cake.

MRS. K. W.

COMMON FRUIT CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar (brown is best), one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one cup of raisins, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice, and nutmeg. If I have it I add a tablespoonful of sour cream.

Charlestown, N. H.

GOOD GINGER COOKIES.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of buttermilk, two-thirds cup of shortening, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, and roll as soft as possible without sticking.

I. A. M.

TO COOK DRIED CODFISH.—One way we cook dried codfish is to soak as large a piece as needed over night, in the morning wash it and dry with a cloth, put lard in the frying-pan, roll the fish in flour, and fry till brown on both sides. Another way is to soak a piece, then boil a few minutes till tender, then butter and put cream on it. I. A. M.

MR. CROWELL:—I hope I shall not have to wait as long to learn how to make my pillow-cases as Mantie E. L. has waited for her pie. I never saw a recipe, but will gladly tell her how to make a

PORK APPLE PIE.—Pare nice pie apples, and cut the quarters in two once or twice, according to size. Take fat, salt pork, and with a sharp knife shave off little pieces as thin as you can. It requires quite a deep dish, which line with pastry, put in a layer of apple, sprinkle over it sugar, cinnamon, clove

and nutmeg, then a layer of the bits of pork, and shake over it a little black pepper. Repeat until you have three layers, (or the dish full,) put in a trifle of water, cover with rich pastry, cut the top a little for escape of air, and be sure you make the edge very secure here is so much juice. Use more cinnamon than of the other spices. Roll both crusts a little thicker than for other pies. This combination of apple, pork, sugar, spices and pepper makes an excellent pie. Bake slowly for four or five hours.

WEDDING FRUIT CAKE.—M. M. M. wishes a good recipe for fruit cake. This wedding cake cannot be surpassed, and the heap one is good and keeps well. One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, ten eggs, three pounds of currants, two pounds of Smyrna raisins, or other raisins stoned, and one pound of sliced or chopped citron. Chop the raisins a little, and wash and dry the currants. Add cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, a very little allspice, one-half cup of molasses, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Use brown sugar. Put in a little more flour than the rule, it makes it lighter. If you do not wish the cake very rich, use half the quantity of fruit.

STEPHENTOWN FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of raisins, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of new butter-milk, nearly one-half cup of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, all kinds of spice, and flour.

FRUIT CAKE.—Here is also an excellent recipe from an old *HOUSEHOLD*. Four coffee cups of sifted flour, three cups of sugar, two cups of butter, two pounds of raisins, stoned and chopped, two pounds of currants, washed and dried, one-half pound of citron, one nutmeg, with cloves and cinnamon, eight eggs beat separately, one teaspoonful of soda pulverized and put in dry. This will make two cakes baked in two-quart basins.

Chop suet right for puddings and corn cakes, salt a little, put in West India molasses enough to cover it, stir it thoroughly, and put it in glass fruit jars. It is ready for use any time in the year if kept in a cool place.

SHORT CAKE.—A. C. Mc. has told me all about making a shortcake just as I used to, but for the benefit of those who have no cream, I would say buy a package of Horsford's bread preparation, mix a measure of it with one quart of flour, salt, shorten with butter, a little more than for biscuit, and mix with new milk; after it is rolled and spread with butter, sift over a little flour and lay on the other cake. Bake on large pie-plates. When done, separate them, butter and spread the bottom cake with fruit, then put the other cake on, crust side down, butter and spread with fruit and sprinkle over a little more sugar. When you use apple put on a little spice.

MRS. K. W.

DIRECTIONS FOR CLEANSING WHITE KID GLOVES.—After placing the glove on the hand rub briskly with kerosene or benzine.

C. B. R.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—One tablespoonful of tapioca, soaked about two hours in water or milk, then take one pint of milk, two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, put this all in a dish and set it over a kettle of boiling water until it thickens, and when cool flavor with lemon or vanilla. Take the whites of the eggs with one large spoonful of sugar for the frosting.

SPICE CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful each of all kinds of spice, and fruit if you like.

CORN DODGERS.—Two cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of sour milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Into three pints of flour rub dry two heaping teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, add one-half cup of butter, a little salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a pint of milk and water, mix thoroughly and quickly, roll to an inch in thickness, and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. When done divide it, butter and cover with strawberries and sugar, to be eaten while warm.

E. C. S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

If Amanda will rub dry paint of the desired shade on the leaves after cutting out and before moulding, I think she can obtain that velvety appearance. The paint must be rubbed on with the finger, and none must be applied to the base of the leaf, as it prevents it from sticking; if it is rubbed too hard it will make the leaf shine. Colors may be made lighter by mixing a little corn starch or arrow root with the powder.

ETHELIND.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I commenced receiving your visits last January, and have thought many times I would write and tell you what a welcome guest such a good housekeeper was, but have neglected it hitherto.

In the February number A. A. F. inquires how to make the crust for tarts. I have been anxiously looking for an answer ever since, as I want to know myself, but have not seen one yet. Will some one please answer?

In the April number a new subscriber wishes to know what to do with amaryllis bulbs. I will tell her my experience. I had some of the same age of hers that had never done anything; as fast as the third leaf would start one would die. A friend told me to leave the bulbs uncovered; I did so and now there are five leaves to each and a sixth just starting. They have never blossomed, and if some one will tell me how they can be made to, please accept my thanks in advance.

I tried the White Mountain cake given by Dood, but it crumbled so I could do nothing with it—think I got it too short and shall try again.

I would join with M. P. in asking for a bill of fare for a week.

MINNIE H.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask some of your contributors to inform me through the columns of your valuable paper, how to make good corn meal light bread, such as I suppose our grandmothers made and baked in ovens before the fireplace.

MRS. ELLEN B.

Atlanta, Texas.

Please inform me through the columns of your paper how to remove stains from a chestnut table, and oblige.

M. S. N.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be so kind as to inform me through the columns of *THE HOUSEHOLD* how to color red and purple with cochineal? and oblige.

MRS. M. V.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In reading your papers I have seen recipes for different things, and would like to know if any of your readers could tell me what to do for my mocking bird? It is a last spring bird, and during the all sang beautifully till within six or eight weeks. Its eyes are very much inflamed, and twice a white film has gathered over them, but I have been able partially to remove it. Will any one that knows anything of the treatment of these birds please give me some information?

FANNIE D.

MR. CROWELL:—I wish to ask some questions to be answered in *THE HOUSEHOLD*. In the first place, what is the best oil to use on a sewing machine? I have tried many kinds, and they all gum up on the machine except kerosene. That makes the machine run light, but I have been told that it will corrode, and consequently injure it. Is this so or not? Is it injurious to the machine?

Please send me a recipe for a good cement to fasten a burner on a kerosene lamp. I have used plaster of Paris, but they soon become loose again after being fastened on with that. I want something that will last.

I have read somewhere about making boxes, etc., of paper mache; I should like some directions for making them.

Please give directions for netting window curtains. What kind of thread and how much is required?

Also give directions for preserving grapes to resemble raisins, and oblige.

A SOUTHERNER.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask Virginia, who sent a recipe for removing freckles, in the January number, where the benzoin she speaks of can be obtained? Will she be

kind enough to oblige me by sending an answer through *THE HOUSEHOLD* at her earliest convenience?

Will some kind sister send a good recipe for making blanc mange? I have made me a nice cook-book of recip's taken from *THE HOUSEHOLD*. I take from my papers, as fast as they come, all the recip's that I want to save, and I paste them in a blank book that I keep for that purpose, and then I do not have to lose any time or patience looking for them when wanted. I have quite a book full, and all of them good, which is more than can be said of the recip's in some of the cook-books that are sold.

MRS. H. J. H.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir:*—In your November number M. E. B. spoke of a popcorn pudding as delicious, which she had taken from some previous number. As my paper commenced with November number, will she please repeat it for my benefit.

Will C. N. please tell me how to make a bread basket.

Has A Constant Reader ever tried oxalic acid for hop stains? It will remove iron rust and peach stains, and I think them as hard as anything. Dissolve the acid in soft water, wet the stains, and lay in the sun. If not removed by once wetting, repeat. The acid is a rank poison.

I would like to write you a few thanks for information gathered from your valuable paper, but will not trespass too long on your time. I consider it an indispensable article to all housewives, and watch for its coming like the visits of an old friend. I have taken it two years before, but did not have it last year, and missed it very much.

MRS. N. J. C.

MR. EDITOR:—I see in *THE HOUSEHOLD* a request of some one wanting to know how to keep silver from tarnishing. Use kerosene and whiting—wash well in hot soap suds; where there are creases, use a soft brush, (a tooth brush is the handiest kind I know of.)

Quincy, Ill.

M. M. C.

Some of your readers may like to know they can save their silver spoons, forks, etc., from tarnishing when not in daily use, by keeping them rolled in paper in air tight boxes, like wooden starch boxes.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will any of your many readers inform me how to freshen up an old brown silk that has become somewhat wrinkled? and oblige.

MRS. E. J. S. P.

To remove grease from pie plates, boil them in weak ley made from wood ashes.

I think the lady who is troubled with grease going through a mug, would find a large tumbler, or any whole glass dish, preferable.

Mrs. C. C. P. would like to know how to cleanse pie plates of grease. Many years ago I had some brown earthen dishes that had been used for holding grease, and an old lady told me to fill them with Indian meal and bake, and it would cleanse them thoroughly. I tried it and had good success. Since then I have filled pie plates in the same manner, and sometimes had good success, and sometimes failed. The oven must not be hot enough to burn it on, but hot enough to brown the meal.

MARY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Being a reader of *THE HOUSEHOLD* and a young housekeeper, I would like to ask a few questions through your columns.

I wish to know what to do to remove the rust from the inside of a new teakettle, and stop it coloring the water.

Will some one be kind enough to inform me how to make nice light graham bread.

E. E. wishes to know how to break off the necks of old bottles. If she will tie a string close around where she wishes it broken, then wet the string with kerosene or fluid and touches a lighted match to it, I think she will succeed.

The way I clean my soiled ties, is to wash them in cold suds and rinse in clear water, then spread them out between a piece of flannel and iron while damp.

E. C. S.

Franklin, Mass.



ON LEAVING HOME.

The last tear I shed was the warm one that fell,
As I kissed thee, dear mother, and bade thee fare
well,
When I saw the deep anguish impressed on thy
face,
And felt for the last time a mother's embrace;
As I heard thy choked accents impassioned and
wild.

God bless thee forever, God bless thee, my child.

I thought of my boyhood, thy kindness to me
When, youngest and dearest, I sat on thy knee,
Of the love to me ever so kindly expressed,
As I grew up to manhood, unconscious how blest;
Of thy praises when right, and chiding when wrong
When wayward with passion, unyielding and
strong.

I thought of the counsels unheeded and spurned,
As mirth had enlivened or anger had burned,
And how when by sickness all helpless I lay,
Thou tenderly watched me by night and by day,
How much I had been both by sorrow and joy,
My feelings o'erflowed and I wept like a boy.

I thought of the home I had left, so dear,
When on that warm breast I shed the last tear,
Of brother and sisters who were always so kind,
Those loved forms can never be effaced from my
mind;

Though now a stranger in a foreign land I roam,
I shall never forget the loved ones at home.

And now, dear mother, cold hearted they deem
Thy offspring; but oh, I am not what I seem,
Though calmly and fearless all changes I bear,
Couldst thou look in my bosom, the feeling is
there,

And now sad and lonely, as memory recalls
The sweet kiss at parting, again the tear falls.

KATE AND EMMA'S CO-OPERATING.

BY ELLEN LYMAN.

"**R**EALLY," said Mrs. Fielden, at stepping into the kitchen at her sister's house, she saw Kate with her sleeves pinned above her elbows, deep in bread dough, and Emma at deep in dishwater, "really, what does this mean?"

"Co-operating," replied Kate, as she held out her hand, all covered with flour, and merrily shook it at her aunt, who stood looking on, puzzled at the scene.

"It means work, auntie," said Emma, giving another dive into the dishpan, bringing up a handful of spoons from the bottom.

"I should think it did," said Mrs. Fielden, with a good natured laugh, "and something new for you girls, too, I imagine. But where is Ann, sick or run away? and how did your mother ever trust her bread to raw hands like yours, I would like to know," concluded the genial aunt.

"Now auntie, I declare you are too bad," said Kate, with a little pout. Here you have been lecturing us, ever since we left school, for not learning the domestic service, and now ready to make sport of us and call me a raw hand, as though I had just emigrated!"

"I'll take it all back, dear, this very moment," said Mrs. Fielden. "Why, child, I never was more pleased to see you in anything in my life than in that bread dough. And Emma looks as though she meant work, as she said."

"Yes, indeed we do, for the present, at least," replied Emma, "and we have let Ann go, that we may carry

out our co-operation plans by ourselves. You see," continued she, working and talking together, "that Kate is have the care of the cooking department one week and I the next, till we have become accomplished in the art. This week Kate is cook, while I, your humble servant, washes the dishes, sets tables, and does the odd jobs generally. Then next week, the programme is changed, and so no quarreling, or shirking on either side."

"And the washing," put in Kate, "is sent out while we are experimenting in the kitchen, though after we have learned our cooking lesson, we are going to take the starching and ironing in hand, and learn to do that nicely also."

"And your mother," said Mrs. Fielden, "what does she do, since you take her care upon yourselves, for I know she never left her cooking entirely to her help."

"O," said Kate, with a mischievous glance at her aunt, "mother has the care of the house generally, besides overseeing us kitchen maids, and doing some of the work that we have been in the habit of doing, if you know what that was."

"Dusting the parlors, arranging the knick-knacks, playing now and then a new piece of music, doing a little sewing and killing time generally, I believe," merrily replied Mrs. Fielden.

"Well," said Emma, "we do not need to kill time much now, but when we are through our morning's work then we enjoy our leisure heartily, I can assure you."

"But how do you manage about dressing and playing ladies in the parlor, since you have turned housekeepers?" asked Mrs. Fielden, "I thought that was one of your excuses for disclaiming kitchen work."

"Why," said Kate, "we dress as usual after our work is done. It is not much to get tea, and then we manage our dishes as the Holibard's lid, in 'We Girls,'—pack them stealthily away till morning, when we are dressed for work, and then we take hold of business with vim."

"And get pretty well tired out before each day's work is done, do you not, sometimes?"

"Yes, indeed, we do," replied Emma, "yet we are growing stronger, I do believe, and it is getting tired for some purpose, instead of being wearied to death with the little of nothings with which we have passed so many days."

"And it is only right that you, and every one, should learn by experience what it is to endure toil in some measure, not only for the sake of learning to do, but to better know how to sympathize with those whose lives seem only toiling ones at best."

"But pray tell me," continued Mrs. Fielden, "how you happened to commence this co-operation as you call it, what induced you to take hold of business in the earnest, cheerful way you are doing?"

"Well, you sit down auntie," said Kate, "here is a good easy chair, if it is in the kitchen, and we will tell you all about it. You remember Grace Norton, who was a school mate of mine, though some two or three years older than I am?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and I know she was brought up to know less, if possible, about household duties than you girls have been, though her father was by no means wealthy, and her mother a hard working woman. And then she married young, since which I have seen little of her."

"But Emma and I have seen her, we visited her not long since, and such a doleful story as she had to tell us, set us to seriously thinking, and finally to doing as you see."

"And auntie," interrupted Emma, "Grace says it was not all her fault that she was so indolent and ignorant at home, while her mother worked hard, if they always did keep help; for her mother would put her off when she wished to learn cooking and how to plan the work, saying she would rather do it herself, as many other mothers do, in like cases."

"But let me go back to my story," said Kate, "You know that when Grace married young Edmonds, he was head book-keeper and salesman for Johnson & Lyons, with a good salary, and prospect of becoming one of the firm. He and Grace commenced housekeeping on a moderate scale, but Grace says her husband did not wish her to work, or be troubled with care, more than her mother had done, so good help was secured, and she as free, nearly, as when at home, from household duties. Afterwards, when her baby came she felt a real responsibility, and assumed its care, the child's love, she said, repaid all."

"I believe I heard something of the firm Edmonds was with being in trouble," said Mrs. Fielden, "how is that?"

"It is so," replied Kate, "and since they suspended, Edmonds has lost his place, and that is the beginning of Grace's troubles. It was at a dull time for business, little employment could be obtained, so retrenchment, Grace said, must commence."

"Which means," put in Emma, "that Grace must let her girl go, and try doing her own work as best she could. And with that baby, scarce a year old to take care of, and to keep out of mischief, besides."

"And if she had only known how," said Kate, "she thought she could have managed admirably, with what her husband could help her, but to learn as well as to do, to know scarce more than her child what to do, discouraged her entirely."

"Had she even begun to learn when first married," said Mrs. Fielden, "it would have been comparatively easy to being obliged to work at such disadvantages as she must now."

"Just what she herself says," replied Kate. "For then she could have made cooking a study, while now, with so many cares, she can do nothing as she wishes it done, and sometimes gets nearly disheartened."

"And so your friend's troubles have set you girls to preparing for the evil day before it comes," said the aunt, with an interrogation point in her voice.

"Partly," replied Kate, "and besides Grace talked so sensibly, looked back on the hours she had whiled away purposely, and made us see that we were doing the same; as indeed we were. And so when, not long since,

mother's friend, Mrs. Bascomb, was taken sick, and needed just such additional help in the house as Ann would be, we coaxed mother to spare her, and let us shoulder the domestic wheel, as you see we are trying to do."

"But mother demurred at first," said Emma, "and would scarce believe us in earnest, but when we persuaded her that we seriously were, I think she was glad for our sakes, that we were helping her, with what she knew was a neglected duty on her part."

"She even praises our cooking already, while father says he is proud of his housekeepers, and that he shall not fear being left to starve, if all the cooks in the county leave town tomorrow."

"I am glad indeed, my dears, that you are taking these burdens upon yourselves, even if it is not necessary for you to do so. For there is no woman, no matter what her station, but would be benefited by such knowledge as you are gaining, while in this country of changing fortunes, we never know what we may be compelled to do."

"Thank you auntie," said Kate, "and now you just go into the parlor and sit with mother till our dinner is ready, and then you shall test our skill for yourself, though do not expect anything perfect as yet."

It was a few days after the events above narrated that Jennie Stevens came skipping in for a morning chat with the girls, and not seeing them, inquired of their mother where Emma and Kate could be found.

"In the kitchen," said Mrs. Blair, not a bit abashed by their gay little friend.

"Well I am going to see them there, that is all," replied Jennie, laughing and carrying out her word.

"There, upon my word and honor," said Jennie, with a quizzical look, as she entered the kitchen, "I have fairly caught you both in the suds, and really I should like to know how his happens. I'm going straight home, Miss Kate, and tell brother Frank that I found you making pies, and you may expect him this very evening to come and propose to you—or I will send him into the kitchen some morning, as the most suitable place for such a scene."

Kate blushed, while Emma, laughing, asked what it was to Frank if they did do kitchen work.

"O," replied Jennie saucily, "he is all the time telling what useless things the girls are—such ones as me for instance—and that a young man dare not ask one of them to marry him, if they wished, because, says he, what would he do in case of an emergency, or of failure, or anything of the kind, with a wife that did not know how to cook a dinner? So I told him he could propose to some Bridget, if a servant was what he wanted of in a wife, and I do say so now."

"And what did he say to that?" asked Kate, a little timidly.

"Why, he said he wanted a lady for a wife, and yet he did not see why a true lady need not be as accomplished in the art of domestic duties as in the little nothings of the day, though he would not have her confined there, or made a mere household drudge."

"Neither would I," replied Emma.

"and we do not intend to leave culture and accomplishments behind, if we are learning a few useful lessons of a more homely kind."

"Well, I'm going right home and tell Frank that I have found some young ladies in the kitchen, whether he will believe me or not."

"But don't you tell him," pleaded Kate, "that you have been talking this stuff to us, now promise me, won't you?" earnestly asked this kitchen lady.

"Yes, if you care, I will promise," said Jennie, but, whispering to Kate, "I shall tell him you are just as pretty and as true a lady at your work as in the parlor," and she gave Kate a kiss, as she looked into her eyes and saw love, for even the name of her brother, revealed there.

And Frank Stevens was one such as any young girl might find pleasing, and Kate had certainly found a warmer feeling growing up in her heart for him, as he evidently cared more than as a mere friend for her. Still, there had been no words exchanged between them, and might not have now been but for the little episode of the kitchen, which Jennie related to him in the most glowing colors.

And it so chanced a few days after that Frank overtook Kate in one of her afternoon walks, and joining her he boldly told her that he was out trying to find a housekeeper.

"And have you succeeded?" she asked, with not a little mischief in her eyes.

"That depends altogether upon you to answer, Katie," said he, with a tremor in his manly voice. "Can you love me and take a place in my heart and home for life?"

It needed only a look from Katie's love-lit eye to know that he was answered, and that the answer was entirely satisfactory to her lover.

"But," said she, after a moment, recovering herself and looking him a little archly in the face, "I am not going to promise to be anything but a housekeeper, as that is what you said you was looking for."

"No more would I have you, my dear. But believe me, when I say that the knowledge of your practical accomplishments in domestic duties has made me dare to ask the question which has long been trembling for utterance, while yet I felt that a young man of small means could scarce take the risk of asking to share his home one who could not minister to its necessities in case circumstances required it. And when, from Jennie, who loves you as a sister, I learned of the new lessons you were so bravely acquiring, and that from principle, not necessity, then I felt at once emboldened to take this step, though I had scarce dared hope as to the result."

"O, how could you doubt my love, Frank, and how could I, all this time, have been so thoughtless of domestic affairs as to dream of love where I could not render love's service, in care of the need of such lesson in any home, however opulent it may be."

"But you shall never be a drudge, my dear, in our home, yet to know that you are competent to assume its duties will lighten cares on your part as well as mine."

And Frank was as good as his word,

and as thoughtful of Katie's comfort and convenience as though he had never thought of anything but love being taken into consideration of their married life. And Kate is happier far because of her household skill, for she knows she never need be at the mercy of unskilled help on account of her own ignorance to take the helm.

Emma is still at home, her mother's comfort and assistant, but if certain reports are true she may not long remain there, though her parents fain would keep one of their daughters with them.

And Grace Norton's husband, I am happy to say has succeeded in again getting into business, but she is almost thankful for the stern lesson which caused her to learn to minister to her family's needs, though no longer obliged to do all herself.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Forty-four.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

"Have you ever met Mrs. So-and-So?" asked one lady of another in a large country town. It was not so very long ago either.

"No," was the answer. "Have you?"

"Why, yes. And I was so surprised! I found her to be just as lady-like and well-dressed and well-bred and all that, as if she had belonged to 'our set—just exactly!' and the speaker settled back in her chair, as if quite overcome by her unexpected discovery.

"Well, why should she not be?" was her companion's retort. "You do not really suppose that all the culture and good taste in this town—to say nothing of the rest of the cardinal virtues—are monopolized by one particular set or clique?"

"Oh! no; of course not," said the first speaker. "But then, you know," she added hesitatingly—"but then, you know, we don't really expect to find many *very* nice people outside our circle."

I did not wait to hear the remainder of the discussion—if there was any. But this chance encounter set me a-thinking.

Are we not all inclined to be just a little bit narrow? Are we not all disposed to believe that "our set" must, as a matter of course, be "nicer" than any other set? And are we not somewhat too apt to turn up our noses, figuratively if not actually, at the insignificant portion of mankind outside of the charmed circle in which we ourselves live and move and have a being? Are we not a little too much like the fly who perched so grandly on the orange, and then supposed the whole round world, and the glory thereof, was under his feet?

We can see but such a little way, friends; and we think we see so far! We are so short-sighted; and we think our vision so clear. We behold the mere surface of things; and suppose we are piercing into the hidden depths, or gazing up into the starry heights. It is much as if the above mentioned fly should insist upon it that the orange was a dense, yellow, opaque ball, slightly rough upon the outside, and

consisting of a mass of oily matter exceedingly pungent and disagreeable to the taste. Many of us see just about as far into the heart of things as the fly does into the heart of the orange.

If we knew this, it might perhaps be all well enough. But the trouble is we *don't* know it. We insist upon looking at things from our own particular standpoint, and then foolishly imagine that we know all about them. We familiarize ourselves with one small circle of life and thought, and coolly make up our minds that there is nothing "really very nice" outside of it.

This, perhaps, is not of very great importance as far as mere social intercourse is concerned. Most of us, especially if we live in large towns and villages, have circles of friends who have grown up around us; and, time and strength being limited quantities, we may often find that it is inexpedient to enlarge it. The world is so populous—even our own small, individual worlds—that we cannot know everybody. And if it makes us happier and better satisfied to "lay the flattering unction to our souls" that the people we happen to know are altogether better worth knowing than the rest of mankind, why should we not think so? Fortunately, our opinions on the point are of such small consequence, that outsiders are not likely to be greatly injured thereby!

It is true we may carry this feeling so far as to injure ourselves; but, then, that is our own affair. We may, sometime, awake suddenly to the fact that the man or the woman whose soul has some direct message for our soul, who is very nearly akin to us, and whose strength and sweetness might have been to us as a perennial fountain of refreshment, has lived for years just round the corner; but has been barred away from us, by some petty social barrier, as effectually as by impassable distances.

This would be a pity; for it is not every soul that has a message for us. It is greatly to be regretted when, from any cause, two persons who might have been much to each other, who might have helped, strengthened and comforted each other, are kept apart, each going his separate way. It is doubly to be regretted when this sunderance grows out of some cobweb of place or circumstance, which might be swept away by one stroke of the hand.

"I must call on Mrs. A—before I leave the city," said one gentleman to another, not long since.

"Oh! what do you want to go there for?" was the reply. "It will not pay. She is not one us, exactly."

Which meant, simply, that while Mrs. A—was one of the most lovely and cultured women in the city, dispensing with grace and elegance the hospitalities of a home that was exquisite in its every appointment; while she was herself a type of noble Christian womanhood, she yet happened, for some inscrutable reason, to be just outside the palings which enclosed Mrs. Potiphar, Rev. Cream Cheese and the rest of them. Therefore she was not worth calling upon.

It would not pay. What ineffable nonsense! It is not worth talking

seriously about. These minute social distinctions or divisions, which can scarcely be detected by the naked eye, but which require the concentrated power of the microscope to render them visible, are unworthy the attention of intelligent human beings.

There are a great many funny notions in this world. It is enough to make one wonder whether a modicum of common-sense is the birthright of the mass of mankind. If it is, hosts of us have bartered it for a mess of pottage—unsavory pottage, too.

"I would not have gone to the sleighride," said an aristocratic young person, with a toss of her head, "if I had had the slightest idea there were any *mechanics* going."

Dear me! what a loss it would have been if she had stayed at home! One shudders at the bare contemplation of the darkness and chaos that might have brooded over that sleighride if the light of her countenance had been withheld! But by a merciful interpolation of Providence, she did not ascertain that the "mechanics" were going; and as the ten righteous men were to save the city, so her presence without doubt preserved the respectability of that whole party. Perhaps it even made the mechanics themselves respectable—who knows?

For Heaven's sake, friends, if you have such antiquated, old time ideas, keep them to yourselves; and do not attempt to air them in the broad daylight of this nineteenth century.

What assertion do you think I heard the other day? That the lawyers were the aristocracy of this country; the class to whom belonged the brains, the intellect of the age, and in whom were vested certain inalienable rights to place and power. A tolerably strong assertion, was it not? But it was backed up by still another. Conversation turned upon a young man who had been liberally educated and who was possessed of at least fair natural abilities, whose father was anxious that he should make the law his profession. But he, knowing his own tastes and ambitions, and, perhaps, his own powers, better than anyone else did, deliberately chose to go into business instead. Whereupon his father and the aforesaid believer in the exalted rank of the noble army of lawyers, declared that he might as well make up his mind to sink into hopeless mediocrity at once. What else could be expected of a business man?

Now I am not about to enter upon a crusade in behalf of mechanics and other business men as opposed to the so called, learned professions. I think, myself, that if I could have my choice I should rather be a first-rate lawyer than a first-rate blacksmith. But that is a matter of taste. If a man knows he can make himself a perfect master of some trade, no matter what it is, he had better choose that as his life-work, than to run the risk of doing bad work in some other line, for which he is less peculiarly fitted.

The vital truth which underlies this question is just this. It is the spirit a man puts into his work that glorifies it. It is not *what* a man does, but *how he does it*, that makes the work noble or ignoble.

It is not success to do, or to attempt

to do, great things in a small way; grand things in a feeble way. Do you think, girls, perhaps with flushing cheeks and quickened heart-beats, that it would be grand to write a noble poem, or to carve a perfect statue, or paint a lovely picture? So it would. But, on the other hand, it is not grand to write doggerel, or even fair, commonplace verses, such as anyone, who has some knowledge of grammar and a tolerably correct ear, can write. It is not grand to paint poor pictures. But it is a grand thing to do what you can do, and to do it well—to put your heart into your work and so ennoble it.

I know a dress-maker who brings to her daily work more true artistic feeling and enthusiasm than would float half a dozen third-rate artists. What would be drudgery, mere task-work, to many people, is a joy to her; because she makes it the outgrowth of the best that is in her. And that, it seems to me, is the whole secret of happy, successful work—to do the very best one can, whatever the work may be; to work, not as an eye-servant merely, not solely for the money we may earn, or the fame we may win—although both these are well worth having if they can be honorably attained—but with the one unflagging purpose that whatever we do shall be well done, not only for our own sake, but for God's sake. This is not sentiment, it is not cant. He who heedeth the sparrows when they fall, heeds the humblest work of his humblest friend; and it is as true now as it was in the days of good old George Herbert, that

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

THE SUNNY SIDE OF AUTHORSHIP.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

Like many others of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, I heard Maud's "cry of distress" in November with a feeling half pity, half merriment, and a strong desire to offer advice. As the call for assistance was particularly addressed to Mrs. Dorr, and we all felt she was the one most capable of advising, we all awaited her reply.

It has just reached us; and although every word is true, and right and fitly spoken; yet she has given us only the shady side of authorship. Perhaps she is unconsciously influenced by her recent affliction which gives a tone of sadness to her whole life, and leads her for the present to look at the shady side of every subject.

Or, if she refers only to authorship as a life business,—a profession to be chosen like any other with merely the thought of how much money may be made by it, and with the belief that it is easy to sit still and write, then indeed I not only endorse, but even emphasize all she has written.

A good poem, story, or essay, can no more be written with the thought of earning a living in your mind, than a basket can be filled with fruit when it already contains potatoes, or a vase with flowers when it is full of mush and milk. All very useful things in their way, but they don't mix well. One has to be displaced, and the bas-

ket or vase cleansed, before the other can enter.

This of course involves time, but if people are fond of flowers and fruit, they will have them, even at a sacrifice; and if, having raised a crop of flowers, where, according to practical neighbors, should have been an onion bed, they can sell bouquets, roots, and seeds for money to buy the onions, is it one whit less practical? A few flower lovers have done this and made it a means of competence; a few have studied, and worked, and waited for choice fruit to grow, and been well repaid; but a majority of Western farmers find it safer to raise grain and vegetables, fatten cattle and hogs.

A talented clergyman said to me yesterday, "I never prepared a discourse with the thought of my salary in my mind, but if I did not receive a salary, I could not afford proper time to prepare the discourse."

During many years employment as a public school teacher in a large city, I am not conscious of having thought of the salary as a motive, for I love children, all children, everywhere, and if ever I come to see Maud, I shall give every one of the nine dirty-faced little folks she describes so graphically, as many kisses as they are willing to receive. Yet I taught for the salary of course, and should have preferred my pen as a means of livelihood had I dared to trust to its ability.

As it was, I "burned the midnight oil"—whale oil in those days—and thus ruined my health, and did my eyes no service, because necessity was mine to write or be miserable. Yet when from the pulpit or the lecture platform comes some line of "Deal gently with the erring," or one of its numberless echoes appears in the papers of the day, I care not that it was written in a moment of weariness or that I did not receive a penny for writing it.

What difference does it make in my purse now, that "Little drops of water, Little grains of sand" was a school exercise, and would have gone into the fire if an editor's request had not met my return from school. It has pleased and profited many little ones and if once in a while it is printed without being spoiled, I care not that it is marked "Anonymous."

This is not the "bread and butter" side of the question, however, "Maud" will perhaps say. If, therefore, she is entirely dependent upon her own earnings it would be safer for her to choose at least for a few years, some labor that can be performed in a more mechanical manner, and is not so dependent upon contingencies. One can follow the routine of household duties, can sew, or even teach school when the "whole heart is sad and the whole head" aches, but wo to the articles written under such circumstances. If taken to kindle her own fire she will at least save the postage stamps, still less will it do to await the inspiration of the spirit, for, like all other valuable things, it must be sought for patiently and worked for faithfully.

I am supposing that "Maud" has a home in which she prefers to remain notwithstanding her description of its surroundings. Indeed those surroundings are very favorable to her aspirations. Harriet Beecher Stowe has

drawn pictures which we can at once recognize, if we have ever lived in such a place; and Charles Dickens was wont to traverse the meanest lanes and most out-of-the-way alleys of London, as well as journeying into the remoter villages of England, to gather material for his voluminous writings. Miss Alcott's "Little Women," and its sequel "Little Men" are both supposed and acknowledged to be life sketches, and that they describe common things so well, is the great secret of their success.

Maud's "nine dirty faced, rosy-cheeked" little brothers and sisters must be all the time furnishing her with material for the pen and ink sketches of boy and girl life, now so popular, and also so useful, while the dim, old woods, wild ravines, and beautiful rivers of Ohio, are just the background needed in her pictures. So if you have

an appreciative mother who can see as much sense in your earning a dollar by your pen, as if you were trying to earn it by your needle, and who really needs your help a portion of the day, by all means stay with her, and write. Consult with her upon the subject and with her assistance, try to arrange a few hours of each day in which you can be undisturbed.

Do not think you must have a room to yourself without a sound to intrude. If you did not go to sleep under such conditions, your stories would. It is sufficient for those who are sufficiently absorbed in a subject to write well upon it, if there is no other forced upon their attention, no noise it is their duty to hear, no other work, for the well doing of which they are at the same time responsible.

Do not try to write too many consecutive hours. Brain and body are both wearied in authorship, and that is why it is harder work than washing or ironing. Some of our most eminent and successful writers have limited themselves to three hours a day. If, however, you are liable to interruption, and thus not sure of three hours every day, you will be apt to double this, the days you have opportunity. Not without stopping however, at least to lay the dinner-table, and wash the dishes for the weary mother, and if she can take that time to read or rest it will be better for both. You will go back to your pen with newer thoughts and express them more clearly, that is, if you are wise enough to banish all thought of your writing from your work. If not your mother will probably find you have

done the work carelessly; while, like the unwise student, who allows his books to intrude upon his vacation, you return unrefreshed to your literary labor.

One word, just here, Maud, before I forget it, for it is all important. Don't snub your neighbors, or send your little brothers and sisters away with a reproof, because they have unwittingly interfered with your writing hours. It will not do you any good, for if you have a heart as well as a head, its reproaches will entirely distract your attention long after the slighter interruption is entirely past.

If the visit is to mother you can go on with your work, or if this is likely to occasion the remarks always so vexatious to a young writer, take a

piece of plain sewing and listen or think as you like best. Ten to one some remark made, will suggest thoughts as valuable as any you could have evolved from the most entire silence, or the peculiarities of the visitor may be in itself a study of human nature for future use.

Not that I would advise you to write about your neighbors' affairs, much less caricature them; such a course, unless veiled with a fictitious signature, (sure to be discovered afterwards,) would involve unpleasant feelings for both you and her. But you must study many phases of human nature in order to be able to draw fictitious character in a life like manner, just as the artist must study many real faces with their changing expression, to succeed in an ideal one.

As to the children, attend to their little wants if possible; if not, then lovingly tell them to await a certain time, when you can attend to them, and a pleasant smile or tender kiss will send them away contented, leaving you with the best of all inspiration, love and happiness. Then be sure that you keep your word, and perform the little task at the time assigned, and they will soon learn to prefer their requests in your unoccupied hours.

Remember I am only giving you the sunny side of authorship, Mrs. Dorr having already given you its business aspect. Yet so far as it enables you to remain in the home hive, be not an idler therein. Hire the work you do not like, and cannot therefore do well, done by another who has a natural talent for it, while you do that for which nature has fitted you; to utter your own best thoughts and noblest aspirations where they will have power to quicken into life the slumbering thoughts and undeveloped energies of other souls; you may count upon success if you use your talent as the gift of God and use it only for the good of your fellow beings.

For you must remember, dear Maud, that "the pen is greater than the sword," and it is a solemn responsibility you take in entering the field of authorship. The hackneyed injunctions to write "no word which dying you would wish to blot," should be laid upon your writing desk, and if ever the fervent prayer for aid should be uttered by the human heart, it is when the hand is about to pen thoughts which are to be issued from the public press.

Think of the thousands of homes to which our dear HOUSEHOLD finds its way, the crowd of brother editors who scissorize its pages, and calculate if you can, the number of young hearts into which some word of yours or mine may enter as the little seed, springing up into growth in the strong, new soil. If you value your talent as a power for good, sell it not to the powers of darkness. Let no amount of pecuniary recompense induce you to write "blood and thunder" stories for sensation papers. If

they were simply a waste of time to the young minds who devour them, it were sinful, but they are nurseries of folly and hot-beds of vice; sow not therein the seed which shall spring up fourfold and be as tares to the vine.

yard in which we are all called to labor.

This letter is growing long, and I fear has little to assist you save the sympathy which you have awakened in my heart, so good by, Maud, and remember that the gifted Cary sisters grew in an "out of the way place in Ohio," where they struggled long with neglect and poverty ere they reached the place they at last won—won by patient toil! I will add, as oft occurs to me in giving advice:

"May you better rock the rede
Than ever did the adviser."

ABOUT INDIA RUBBER.

If any one should go through a rubber store and see how many articles are manufactured out of India rubber and guttapercha, he would wonder how the world ever got along before these things were discovered.

India rubber, as you know, is the gum of a tree that grows in India and the islands of the Indian ocean. The tree is "tapped," somewhat as we tap maple trees for sugar-making, or pine trees for gathering pitch, and a white, milky substance, like that which you see in poppy heads and lettuce leaves, flows out. Indeed, opium is so very like it in many of its properties that if it were not more needed for something else, it could be made up into the very same articles. Upon being exposed to the air this juice hardens just as that does which flows out of cherry, or spruce, or tamarack trees. Those who live near a tamarack swamp will know all about it.

This juice gets mixed with dirt as it flows out, and has to be thoroughly cleansed before it can be used. It was thought to be a great thing when it was found out, years ago, that overshoes could be made of it, but those first shoes were very clumsy compared to those which they make now. It was not until several years after it became an article of commerce and manufacture that Mr. Goodyear, an American inventor, found out that, by mixing sulphur with it, it could be made much stronger and more elastic. This is called "vulcanized" rubber, and is a great deal better for most purposes than the pure article.

We went through the store of the Goodyear Rubber Co. at 105 Madison street, the other day, and were amazed to see the number of things that can be made of it. There were combs of all kinds, the backs of brushes and hand-mirrors, picture frames, all sorts of jewelry, some of it so highly polished that it can scarcely be told from jet; there were crochet needles and knitting needles and tatting shuttles and even thimbles for the little girls; and for the boys there were balls of all sorts and sizes. There were rulers, both flexible and solid, round and flat, cork-screws that can be shut up and carried in the vest pocket; inkstands, pencils and pens in great variety; match-safes, napkin rings, drinking cups that shut up, and flasks out of which a drinking cup can be made. Tobacco users can find everything they need, from pouch to pipe.

There were sockets for whip-stocks, curry-combs which combine both comb and brush in one; there were contrivances for keeping the harness

from rubbing, and the horses' feet from interfering, and the springs of a carriage from jolting; there were door-mats and table-mats, and tubs and pails and clothes-wringers and bath-tubs: there were bibles for babies, and aprons and coats and gloves and boots for men; there were cushions which could be filled with air when in use, and folded up and put out of the way when done with, and which somebody has aptly said are like politeness, for though "there is nothing in them yet they ease the jolts wonderfully;" there were life preservers and buoys, and belts for machinery, and huge sheets of an inch or more in thickness used for packing.

There were dolls' heads and dolls all dressed, even to their sashes, and all the clothes made of rubber; there were rings and rattles and whistles for babies, and toys of various kinds for large children, the funniest of which was the "woman who lived in her shoe," and whose sixteen children were swarming over the inside and the outside, peeping through the cracks in the toe, tumbling over one another, laughing, crying, playing and quarreling, while the distracted mother, with a bowl of broth in one hand and a whip in the other, didn't know what to do.

There was rubber cloth, which was rubber on one side and cloth on the other, and there were long rolls of beautiful, thin, almost transparent rubber, as smooth and as glossy almost as oiled silk. There were bottles of liquid rubber which is used for cementing different pieces together. It is kept liquid by being sealed up air-tight, but upon being exposed to the air for awhile it hardens and holds the two pieces firmly together; and there were so many other things that it would take a long time to mention them all. But so indispensable has it become to the world that there are few things which we could not better afford to lose than the gum of the India-rubber tree.—*The Advance.*

THE WISDOM OF THE EGYPTIANS.

We moderns are accustomed to pooh, pooh a good deal at people so unfortunate as to live before this nineteenth century—but just think what some of these remote people and times did manage to find out, and accomplish for themselves. There was Egypt, oldest and wisest of the nations, what a record for her is being deciphered these last fifty years of her past.

What did the old Egyptian know about the oldest of the arts, about farming? He knew how to manage his great river, the one source of moisture and fertility in that climate, so as to turn the desert beyond its banks into a garden, and make Egypt a store-house and granary for the surrounding nations. He built reservoirs so huge as to retain sufficient water from the overflowing river to feed it when it subsided—a lake four hundred and fifty miles around and three hundred feet deep—and this fitted up with a skilful system of flood-gates, dams, and locks. These were waterworks on a stupendous scale truly.

As to what he knew about building, who has not heard of his pyramids?

those vast masses, some of which were old in the time of Abraham, and yet built with such faithfulness and skill, that the masonry is still perfect. He knew how to quarry and move huge blocks of stone, ninety feet in length, and then cover them with accurate and beautiful chiselling. The whole land was full of these wonderful statues, obelisks, tombs, and temples.

About manufacturing. He knew how to weave linen so fine that each separate thread was composed of three hundred and sixty-five small threads twisted together. He knew how to dye it in purple, and blue, and scarlet, and how to embroider it. He knew how to get iron and copper from the mines at Sinai, and how to make useful tools of them when obtained.

But what did he know about science? He understood geometry, well enough at least for land surveying. He understood the rotundity of the earth, the sun's central place in the solar system, the obliquity of the ecliptic. He could foretell eclipses, the positions of the planets, the true length of the year. They had found out a method of notation—two of them indeed—the decimal and the duodecimal. As for chemistry, its very name (from *Chemia*, which means Egypt,) tells us where it was first studied. No wonder that the Egyptians got the reputation among their more ignorant neighbors of being magicians. As for books the old Egyptians made paper, and wrote on it, and we have now papyrus rolls made in the time of the early Pharaohs; but he went on further to turn his buildings, his obelisks, even his coffins into books, by inscribing them with histories and biographies: by representing on them through paintings and sculpture, all his occupations, and beliefs, his hopes, and fears.

One asks in wonder where he got all this knowledge. Ancient Greece went to him for it, just as the American goes to Germany. We can trace the germs at least of our science and art to nations removed from us by ages; but whom did the Egyptian learn from? Were these sons of Ham the first to develop to such a marvelous degree the arts of life? Did they find out by original observation, what has been transmitted to us? And through what remote antiquity were they slowly accumulating the experience which qualified them to establish such stable institutions, such settled traditions, such attainments in science and art?

No one can tell. At a point beyond our farthest traditions, her records show her to us, rich, powerful, cultivated, skillful. Of the long ages before she was able to record, her changes, time has long obliterated all traces. The world had long forgotten all about her, till the researches of the last half century brought to light her long buried life. Strange enough it is to be brought face to face with the monuments of a civilization compared to which all European history is but of yesterday—which was old in the days of Abraham—and to find there so much in common with our own.—*Germantown Chronicle.*

MY LABOR-SAVING HUSBAND.

Some husbands are more plague than profit, and make vastly more work than they do good; but mine is one to brag about. When I was married—to my shame be it spoken—I had never made a loaf of bread or a pie. I had no idea of saving time or of saving work. But I had a husband who had love enough for me to bear with my simplicity, and not scold when the bread was burned and the pie not fit to eat.

Going into the kitchen one morning, he saw me baking buckwheat cakes, and greasing the griddle with a piece of pork on the end of a fork. He said nothing, but went into the wood house and soon returned with a smoothly whittled stick, about six inches long, through the slit end of which he had passed a folded strip of white cloth, and then wound it round the end and tied it with a bit of string. So I had a contrivance which could be dipped in melted grease and passed smoothly over the griddle.

One day he saw me scouring knives with a piece of cloth. "Dear me!" said he "you will surely cut your fingers." So he contrived a machine by nailing a broad piece of cork to a spool for a handle, sinking the head of the nail into the cork so far that it should not touch the knife. This fits the hand from the knife, and does not cramp the fingers.

I used to call him occasionally to shew over the mattress and straw bed for me. "What a nuisance!" he exclaimed, and replaced them by a spring mattress. Of all the nice things for beds this is the best. It is always in place, requires no shaking up, and it takes only three minutes to replace the bed clothes, and the bed is made. It always looks round and inviting, and gently yields to the weight of the sleeper.

He saw the dish towels hanging helter skelter around the kitchen stove, and forthwith made the most convenient hanging frame over the wood box, where it can take up no room, and is near the stove. Here the towels hang smoothly, and are always in place.

I fretted because my refrigerator had no shelves, and I could not make room for all the meat, butter and milk. So he made two racks, and fitted ventilated shelves from one to the other. The shelves are ventilated by being bored thick with auger holes, and can be removed for scrubbing.

He is troubled to see me sew, sew, and stitch, stitch, and makes sewing machines the constant topic of conversation. He reads to me every advertisement and every letter from women who praise them in the papers. If he could make one, I should be in possession of one immediately; but as he cannot, I must wait till "the ship comes in."

These are some of the ways by which he lightens the labor of the house. Would that more husbands were like him.

A NORSE ART.

Once I remembered among my friends a lady who had known many afflictions, cares and heart-griefs, and

yet whose brightness of demeanor and cheerfulness were unflagging; whose very presence was a sunbeam. This lady talked often of her art. When praised for any striking course of action, she would reply, with a touching simplicity, "Yes; I learned that from my art."

As a child, I often wondered what this art could be; growing older, I set myself to find out. It was not the art of music, passionately fond as she was of that divine art, and on so lofty a pedestal as she placed it; for, being somewhat at home within its magic realms myself, I knew that she was not sufficiently skilled therein to designate it as her own; nor was it the art of painting, nor yet of sculpture.

"Miss Margaret," I inquired one day, "what is your art?"

A sweet smile flitted across her face, as she touchingly asked, for reply, "And have I so poorly exemplified it all these years that you need ask?"

"I am sure now," cried I, "that it is, after all, what has often suggested itself to my mind: 'The art of making the most of life.'"

"You are right," she answered, very well pleased; "and this I consider the greatest of arts; all others are sent to earth to aid us in perfecting it."



A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me, I would go:
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what he will bestow,
Assured he will not let me stray.

So as he leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content:
I rest me calmly in his hands;
That which he has decreed and sent—
That which his will for me commands.

I would that he should all fulfill,
That I should do his gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign:
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill;

That which his love ordained as right,
Before he brought me to the light,
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on him undo?

I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go.
Oft amid thorns and briars seen:
God does not yet his guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen

How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, he leads me still.

—Lampertus, 1625.

THE HUSBAND'S LESSON.

THE ringing of the door-bell has a pleasant sound to me, more particularly in my idle moods. Like an unopened letter, there is a mystery about it, and one waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who or what is coming.

Returning home, one day, earlier than usual, I found that my wife had

gone out; and, while idly waiting her return, the door-bell rang. I waited expectant until Mary appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, George L—, to ride out to his residence in the country the next day, and to bring my wife with me. I was much pleased, not so much on account of any pleasure which it might give my wife, but because I thought I needed a day's recreation, and, in the lovely summer time, the country has peculiar charms for me.

But the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; consequently, I was fretful and peevish, and Alice seemed to reflect my humor, for she never seemed to be so unamiable. At length, however, I drove away, though not in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely day; and as I rode along, noting the beauties of the landscape, my memory went back unbidden to the time when I wooed and won my bride. How lovely Alice was then! I thought. And how happy we were! But that was long ago. No; is it possible, we have been married only three years? And I felt a sharp pang, as I contrasted the past with the present, to think that we could settle down into the common place life we now led.

We had no serious trouble; we did not quarrel: though when I felt cross, or things did not suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, and sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. Still, the charm, the tenderness, of our early love had imperceptibly vanished. I had become careless about my personal appearance at home, and Alice was almost equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually brushed plainly behind her ears, unless she was going out or expected company.

I dismissed the subject with a sigh, as I drew up at my friend's gate, with the reflection that, it was the same with all married people—must be so, in fact; for how could romance and sentiment find a place among so many prosy realities? I supposed we were as happy as anybody; and yet it was not the kind of life that I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations.

My friend greeted me with great cordiality. In the hall we met Mrs. L—, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She reproved me playfully for not bringing my wife with me, chatted a few minutes, and then flitted away, while my friend led the way to the library. As we entered the room, I noticed a vase of bright flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remark about it, to which my friend responded:

"Yes; I am very fond of flowers, and like to see them in the house; and as I spend much time here, my wife always keeps a vase of them on the table as long as they last."

After dinner, we walked out into the grounds, which were quite extensive, and most tastefully arranged.

There was a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that L— selected here and there the finest, until he had a handsome bouquet.

When we reached the house, Mrs. L. was on the steps. Her husband, still continuing our conversation, gave her the flowers, with a smile; and holding up a spray of crimson berries, which he had broken off, she bent her head while he fastened it among the dark braids of her hair.

It was a trifling incident, yet their manner arrested my attention. Had I been a stranger, I would have pronounced them lovers, instead of sober married people. All through the day, I noticed the same delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other. There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not ignore each other's existence, as married people too often seem to do.

I had never before visited my friend at his country home, and was very much pleased with it. I said so, after dinner, as we strolled out into the woods.

"Yes," he said, "I think it is pleasant; and," he added, "I believe I am a contented man. So far, I am not disappointed in life."

"How long have you been married, L—?" I asked.

"Ten years."

"Well," I pursued, "can you tell me whence is the bright atmosphere that surrounds your home. Tell me how you and your excellent wife manage to retain the depth of your early love as you seem to do! I should think the wear and tear of life would dim it somewhat. I never before saw a home where my ideal of domestic happiness was realized. It is what I have dreamed of, but have not yet been permitted to enjoy."

My friend smiled, and, pointing to a thrifty grape-vine climbing over a neat lattice, and loaded with fruit, said:

"That vine needs careful attention, and if cared for, it is what you see it; but if neglected, how soon would it become a worthless thing! So the love which to all, at some period is the most precious thing in life, and which needs so much care to keep it unimpaired, is generally neglected. Ah! my dear fellow, it is little acts—trifles—that so often estrange loving hearts. I have always made it a point to treat my wife with the same courtesy that characterized my deportment in the days of our courtship; and while I am careful not to offend her tastes and little prejudices, I am sure that mine will be equally respected. Moreover, instead of treating her as an inferior—as a mere slave, bound to obey my every behest—I realize the fact that she is my equal, and as such, has as much right to a voice in the management of our daily affairs as I have. By this means, my dear friend, we manage to live happily together, and to show to those around us that there is still in the world such a thing as domestic happiness and comfort."

That night I rode homeward, pondering over what I had seen and heard; and reviewing the years of our married life, I was surprised at

my own blindness, and determined, if possible to recall the early dream.

The next morning, at breakfast I astonished Alice by a careful toilette, chatted over the dinner, and after tea, invited her out to take a walk. When she came down, arrayed in my favorite dress, with her hair in shining curls, I thought she had never looked lovelier. I exerted myself, as of old, to entertain her, and was surprised to find how quickly the evening passed.

I resolved to test my friend's theory perfectly, and the result exceeded my most sanguine expectations. For all the little nameless attentions, so gratifying to a woman's heart, and so universally accorded by the lover and neglected by the husband, I find myself repaid a thousandfold; and I would advise all who are sighing over the non-fulfillment of their early dreams, to go and do likewise; remembering that what is worth using is worth keeping.

PARLORS.

Any lady who wishes lace curtains before her parlor windows has my hearty leave to have them, provided she does not insist upon my following her example. I was once bitten by the same mania. I recollect the temptation came in the shape of an exquisite fern leaf pattern. So I bought them and hung them up, and everybody said, "What a pretty idea!" But every time I went near the window they were dragging across my hair or nose, and, worse still, interfering with my idolized plants. So I was not sorry when, upon having them "done up," to find they were done for, and had come to pieces. Since then my ivies, and geraniums, and roses have had all the light and sunshine they wanted, and weave prettier curtains for me than any ambitious upholster could do.

"Dirty plants!" I think I hear some housekeeper exclaim—"dirty plants! spoiling the carpet, and always making a litter with dead leaves and necessitating the great blazing sun to stare unwinkingly in, whether one is looking becomingly or not." As to the latter, cheerfulness and brightness seem to me the most potent cosmetics, and a gracious welcome of more importance than the latest style of skirt or hair, or trimming.

Sometimes I have gone into such hearse-like parlors that my very blood chilled at their uninviting, upholstery stiffness. I had as lief sit down in a furniture shop, and a great deal rather, because that has its own honest designation. A "parlor" to me, should speak of individuality. Because Mrs. Jones fancies great crockery vases as big as one of her children, must I buy a pair? Because she likes artificial roses on her mantel, may I not have instead, a sweet tube-rose stalk, with a bit of heliotrope and mignonette in my white vase?

Because her children may never enter the stiff, sacred parlor, with its stereotyped chairs and lounges, repeated in every house in the block, may not my pet's one-eyed doll lie on the sofa in mine, if she chooses to "put it to sleep there;" and so make me glad there's a child in my house who is not banished to the nursery

because my parlor is too fine? Because Mrs. Jones keeps her rooms so dark that you may enter them with a dread of a broken ankle from some fatal misstep, may I not rejoice in the faded roses in the carpet under my feet, where there are no such pitfalls for my guests.

I confess to liking a homely parlor—one that looks as if it were used; with a work-basket here, and a book with a folder between the leaves there, and a shawl that somebody had on but a minute ago, lying in a cozy corner of the sofa. I like chairs expressive of individuality, shaped to the backs of their users, from the good man of the house down to the little fairy's which is sure to get a wicked little twist in its legs. Pictures, of course, and an open fire too, if it be winter. And, oh, may the gods grant pure ventilation! Oh, what a dead used-up air sends you staggering back at some parlor thresholds! And how blissfully unconscious are its occupants why their cheeks are so flushed and their eyes so heavy! How you long to say "For Heaven's sake, good friends open a crack at the top of your window!" And how you don't but sit there till you look as stupefied as themselves, and make your call as short as possible that you may escape to the out-door air.

Statues are not to be despised in a parlor; but the hard-working mechanic has as beautiful a statue as all your money could buy, when his little curly-headed child climbs up in the chair, at the window "to watch for papa." I like to see this bit of poetry woven into his hard life, when, with box of tools in his hand, he passes the rich man going to a luxurious home. It is one of the poems I am fondest of reading, as I stroll along at the day's close.

—Fanny Fern.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

—A ship should not be made to depend on one anchor, or life on one hope.

—The man who is venial himself believes that everybody has his price.

—Bigots ever think others most perversely and wilfully wrong-headed.

—It is not a lazy farmer who sticks to his bed late in the morning, providing it is a garden bed.

—Worldly pleasures are no more able to satisfy the soul than the light of a candle to give day to the world.

Read Ditson & Co's Advertisement of Esther and of "The OLD FOLKS."

It is said that two railroad companies have made arrangements for locating machine shops at Algona, Iowa.

THE AMERICAN PEERLESS SOAP is as good as ever. To those who have never used it (if there are any such) we would say, try it. It will meet your expectations and give ample satisfaction every time.

The new hotel and eating house at Algona, Iowa, is said to be the handsomest building of the kind west of the Mississippi.

OPIUM, MORPHINE HABIT, AND DRUNKENNESS CURED, by a former Sufferer, a Surgeon U. S. A. Book with full particulars sent for two stamps. Address W. B. SQUIRES, M. D., Worthington, Greene Co., Ind. There is no humbug in this.

Having a personal acquaintance with Mr. Graves we most cheerfully refer our readers to his advertisement in another column. Of the Leghorns the reporting editor of the Boston Journal speaks as "The largest and finest exhibition ever seen in this country."

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

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY—ILLUSTRATED EDITION.—No pains or labor could have been spared in making this edition what it is. We think this work, now, is all that we can expect in a dictionary. We give it our unqualified commendation, and hope to see a copy of it in every school-district, and in every editor's room, and in every family in Pennsylvania.—*Presbyterian Standard*.

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

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivaled success in the treatment of pulmonary disease.

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

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

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

Dr. Schenck can be consulted at the Quincy House, Boston, on Wednesday, March 25th, April 8th and 22nd, May 13th and 27th.

Advice will be given free, but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer, the charge is \$5.00.

Schenck's Medicines are sold by all Druggists throughout the country.

Schenck's Almanac can be had of all Druggists, free.

4-12

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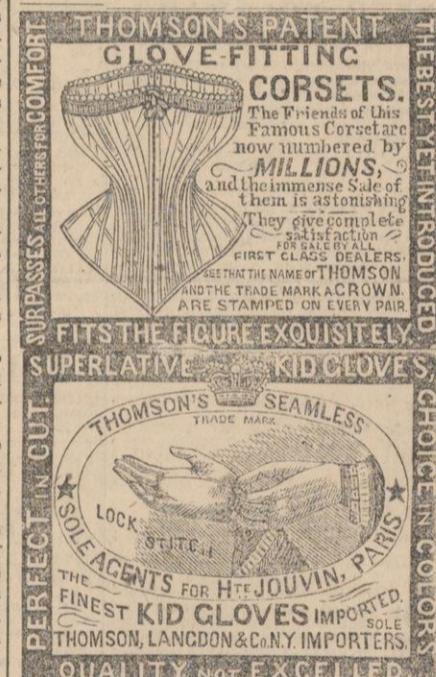
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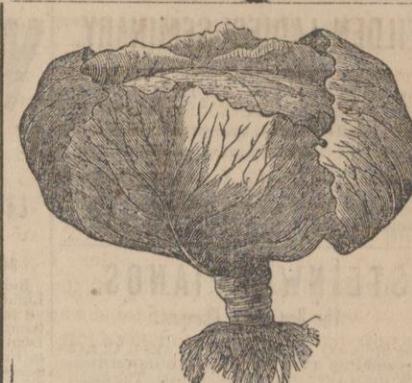
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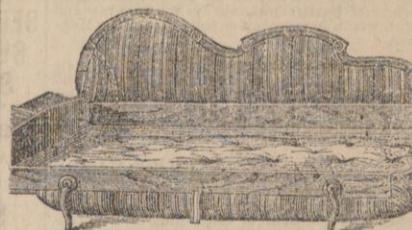
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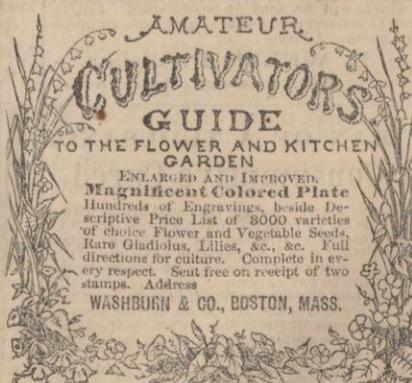
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