



## The household. Vol. 15, No. 6 June 1882

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May.

THE  
**HOUSEHOLD**  
BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME  
ESTABLISHED 1868.  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 15.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JUNE, 1882.

No. 6.

**THE HOUSEHOLD.**

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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

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**The Veranda.**

**WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.**

Though we may not change the cottage  
For a mansion 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 not 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 always make home cheerful,  
If the right course we begin,  
We can make its inmates happy,  
And their truest blessings win.  
It will make the small room brighter  
If we let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside,  
When the evening hours are long—  
We can blend our hearts and voices  
In a 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 evil shadows 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  
Binding friends of kindred mind—  
We may reap the choicest blessings,  
From the poorest lot assigned.

**DRAINING WET LANDS.**

WITH the record of the grand results of drainage in this country before us, and with the evident possibilities of thousands of acres of land that is almost worthless now because of its wetness, if it were drained, there is plenty of room and cause for enthusiastic advocacy of drainage. It is almost safe to say that there never was a piece of drained land that did not pay a heavy percentage on the investment, although we do not ourselves go so far either in theory or practice as some who advocate the drainage of, and do drain all land. While we would not say that any soil is not bettered by drainage, we think that there is a point beyond which it is not practical and will not pay. Nature has drained much land, and done it well, and we can afford to let it alone. But when nature has not done this our duty clearly is to supply the deficiency.

The intelligent experiments in draining wet land have been so many, and so successful, that it would hardly be thought that any could now doubt the

practicability and profit of thorough drainage; and there is no such doubt with those who have made the subject a study. Men have incurred the ridicule of their neighbors by enormous outlay for tile for the apparently most unpromising mud holes, but, so far as we know, none of them made a mistake, and levity among their neighbors changed to great admiration for the profitable results. In England drainage is the rule and not the exception with the advanced farmers of the United Kingdom, and a large portion of the marked success of British agriculture, especially of experimental agriculture, is owing to the fact that the land is thoroughly drained. Usually this fact, important as it is, is not taken into consideration by those of us on this side of the Atlantic who are interested in agricultural matters, and who sometimes wonder at the results of British agriculture. There the matter of draining is considered so important that draining the land is the first thing thought of, and it is not spoken of in stating results, for it is presumed that it has been done. The Englishman fully understands its utility. Such men as Lawes and Gilbert have found that to be unvaryingly successful in raising crops, drainage is of the utmost importance, and that without it, other efforts to improve the soil are actually in some degree detrimental. These gentlemen found, for instance, that land that was heavily manured retained very much more water than land that was not, and so demonstrated that without drainage, even manuring was liable, to say the least, to do damage instead of good.

Doubtless there is much drainage done that is not satisfactory. It is not well done, and of all things this is a business that should be intelligently and carefully entered upon, and carried through in the same way. Slip-shod drainage may be said to be worse than no drainage at all. Tile that is improperly laid will sooner or later become an intolerable bother and nuisance. Not unfrequently it is laid too near the surface, when it might just as well as not, at a little more expense, be laid deeper, and at sufficient depth to answer every demand. It pays to do everything well that we attempt to do. To slight the commencement of any enterprise, in order to save expense or trouble, is a wretchedly poor policy, and no enterprise demonstrates it more forcibly than tilling land. The soil will, of course, have something to do with the depth at which the tile is laid. Frequently quicksands or other defects will prevent it being laid as deeply as is desirable, and under such circumstances we must do the best we can. Nothing preventing, however, tile should be laid three feet and a half deep. As to the means of draining, tile is the most popular, and usually the most satisfactory.

The outlet of the drain is of course a matter of the utmost importance. Without a sufficient outlet, and one that will allow a sufficient fall to the drain, our efforts would naturally be abortive. The outlet

must be sufficient to give the water a free flow from the drain. It is recommended that precaution be taken to keep stock away from the mouth of the drain, as it is said stock is very partial to drain water, and will soon make a mud hole and obstruct the flow of the water, besides being liable to injure the tile.—*Western Rural.*

**CARE OF CARRIAGE TOPS IN THE SUMMER.**

The hot sun during the two or three summer months does more injury to carriage tops than all the changeable weather during the remainder of the year. This is not necessarily the case, but is rather the result of carelessness or ignorance in caring for the leather. The black, bright surface of the leather becomes very hot, and, although it may never reach the same degree as when being manufactured, the enamel softens after a time, and crawls or scales off; dust also settles on the leather and adheres to the soft enamel, injuring its appearance and tending to cause it to dry out more rapidly than it otherwise would. This difficulty is often increased instead of being corrected by carriage repairers, who, in order to restore the appearance of the top, varnish it with a coat of common copal varnish; this becomes sticky, and when the top is let down the surfaces adhere to each other, and when cold, on lifting the top the varnish scales off, carrying with it the original enamel.

The best method of preventing this is to sponge off the top with clean cold water immediately after using. This will remove all dust and tend to keep the enamel soft and elastic, and prevent its sticking. It should also be oiled occasionally with sweet oil, applied with a cloth, and afterward rubbed with a linen or silk rag. The top should always be kept up when standing in the carriage house, and be covered with a sheet. If the enamel has cracked or turned gray, the top should be washed off with castile soap and soft water, and well dried with a "shammy." All parts where the leather is exposed should be colored with vinegar and iron rust, and afterward rubbed over with a coat of blacking, prepared by mixing a small quantity of ivory black with a sufficient quantity of brandy to reduce it to a paste, and thinned with cream or sweet oil; apply with a cloth, and allow it to stand until nearly dry, then rub with a woolen cloth until all surplus color is removed; apply a thin coat of sweet oil, and polish with a silk rag. This will restore the color, soften the leather and prevent the enamel sticking.

—A quick and effectual method to destroy plantain and other weed pests on lawns is to cut the plant off at the crown, and drop on the top of the root two or three drops of kerosene oil. The lawn will not be defaced by digging, and the work is at once and completely done; the root dies as surely as if struck by lightning.

**The Drawing Room.**

**WATER COLORS.**

IN ANSWER to communications received requesting "more light" upon the subject of water colors, I would say that I am always ready to give all of the information that I can, and make the paper the medium through which to reply, as it may be that many meet with the same perplexities, and in answering the questions of correspondents, many may derive the benefit therefrom.

To A. L., who writes, "Please tell me the fault of my shading. I am not pleased with it. The shadows and veining look so distinct, especially on leaves when I have put the dark color on, it looks like patches." I find that if I put on the dark shadows, not in distinct spots or lines, (excepting where I wish the veining to show) blending them in with the color already on, and then wash over with a thin wash of the color previously used that I am much better pleased with the result, the work looks much softer than when the finishing touches are "lines and patches," which you dislike the looks of. Experiment for yourself; don't be afraid to try; branch out. The above is also applicable to the shading of flowers.

Mrs. J. H. writes: "I send you this cluster of flowers which I have painted, to know if you can tell me how to do better next time, as my friend observed when I showed it to her, it looks as straight as a line and as if made by square rule."

That is my verdict, too. The painting is very good. A little more practice and freedom when using the pencil is what you need. However perfect or perfectly straight the edge of a flower or leaf is naturally, it will hardly answer to sketch one so. Just a little curve here, a notch there, or a point at the end of a leaf, will help wonderfully towards producing a natural look.

Just here a word of warning to all who are commencing to copy from nature, may not be amiss. When I first commenced my studies of flowers, I would take any piece of paper that came handy, rather than to take the trouble to go for a piece of cardboard. The lack of system has made me a vast amount of unnecessary work. Lately I have been grouping, painting and putting them into proper shape for a *HOUSEHOLD* sister to copy on to china. The work has been pleasant in some respects, and not wholly unprofitable, so many pleasant associations connected with the gathering of the flowers were recalled.

One was labeled Stony Creek, Conn. (By the way, I like to write on each one the name, date and where gathered.) It was yellow hop clover. In my mind's eye I could see the tiny yellow blossom peeping from its sheath of green, all apparently growing out of the crushed oyster shells, which composed the road and dock where I gathered it.

Another, scarlet pimpernel, gathered on the beach, recalled the group collected under our one tree one summer's morning, dividing their attention between the sparkling waves and the one sitting on the ground, who was painting the tiny wee blossom. Oh! the abundance of golden-rod which was brought to me by the children after that. Armful after armful was laid by my side, with the remark that they could bring me "lots more."

Now, I feel as if I can devote the time to copying the wild flowers, and transmit to paper all I can of their beauty and fragrance, as they come to us in the early spring. First come the pussy willows and tag alders, not exactly flowers, but they are handsome when painted.

I think it the best way to cut your sheets of cardboard into pieces of equal size, rather large, say nine inches square. This you can divide into two or four sections for small studies, then, if you have perforated holes in each card, they can be tied together with ribbon, and in time you will find them "A thing of beauty, and a joy forever."

A. C. Put a little crimson lake with vermilion to make cherry color.

Mrs. A. W. wishes to know if I will give directions for one flower in particular, and prefers the red lily which grows in swamps and meadows. I will comply as well as I can, although it is a rather difficult task. Fortunately I have lately been finishing a cluster of the lilies requested, a copy of which I hastily took last summer.

First tack your cardboard firmly at the corners, on to your drawing board. Have your cup of water handy, and trace the outline as delicately and correctly as you can, simply outlines, not the veinings or shadows. For the red we will use vermilion. I think you had best use rough paper even if it is more work. Work the first washing well into the paper on each petal where you wish the red, leaving the place white where there is yellow. It will soon be dry enough to go over again with the color, which should be applied thickly. Next, wash over the white space left with yellow, blending it in at the edges, where it comes on to the red. Put on the paint till it is as dark as you like, and then proceed to put on the black spots. Touch them heavily with black or sepia, (dark brown,) then commence the shading. Have but little paint on your brush, using it quite dry, and touch lightly at first.

I will try and describe the treatment of the different petals. The two upper ones stand upright, overlapping each other, while the others stand out at the sides, and the lower ones fall over. These, of course, are curved a little and scalloped here and there, in different places on each petal. I wish the two upright petals to look quite open, so I put on a faint line of black through the center, darkening a little at the tip end, and a trifle on the edges where there are curves, not in lines or distinct dots, but with the brush quite dry and with but little paint, working from the outside. I wish the end of the petal toward the calyx to look as if just opening, so with black on my brush I make a curved line from the outside to the center of the petal, and paint with yellow and green the part represented to turn over. One of the side petals curls over, showing the under side. The line through the center does not go to the point, but just above. Darken at the end of the line, also put on black over the red where the under side lies over. You will understand just what I mean if you will take a natural leaf, and turn part of it up on to the outside, and let the light strike it sideways. By the way, when I am copying a flower I place it in a glass with water in it, then I can get a correct view of the stem, without changing the position.

For the under side of the petal use first yellow, then a thin washing of green and a little red. The lower petals which fall over, need to be quite black. Where they commence to turn over in the center of the flower, a line is drawn to the point, and the petal is softly darkened through the middle, deepening on the outer edges. I think I need not be minute enough to describe any of the other petals, as you can readily see the effect of the shadows and lines already put in.

Presuming that all are painted, we will wash over with vermilion the red parts, softening down the shading and blending them together. We will now proceed with the stamens by putting on a heavy thick line of white. When this is dry we

will go over it again with a mixture of yellow and a little green. The other parts, stems, etc., are to be painted with yellow and green on your brush at the same time, touching up with sepia and red. If you have not sepia, mix green and vermilion. If you wish a glossy appearance, when all the finishing touches are given, wash over carefully with gum arabic water, not rubbing with the brush, but passing it lightly over the surface, yet evenly, so as not to go over any place but once. I sincerely hope that this explanation may prove explicit enough to be of much practical value to you.

Although from the heading of this article you will not expect anything except upon the subject of painting, I want to distract and write about some of the pretty fancy work, now so popular, for we sisters like to know of, and make for ourselves home decorations.

First and most expensive comes the antique lace, which is used for the insertion and edge of the long drapery curtains, which, when completed, are valuable as well as handsome, falling as they do in soft, graceful folds to the floor. The lace is made of linen which can be bought by the pound. First, a piece is netted the required width and length, then this is sewed firmly into a frame which has been previously wound with cloth, and various patterns worked in with a needle. Before taking it from the frame stiffen with gum arabic water.

Are any of you the fortunate possessors of a bunch of peacock feathers? (Alas for me, I shall be classed with the unfortunate ones!) If so, I will tell you how to put them in a fashionable, or, if you are so pleased to name it, artistic shape, namely, make a bannarette. They are so handsome when hung on the walls, and can be of different materials, shapes and sizes. Usually they are much longer than broad. Satin or silk is, of course, the prettiest for the foundation when you use the feathers for ornamentation. I should use the narrow satin and make it a yard and a fourth long. Line this with cloth which has considerable stiffening in it, turning the edges on the side handsomely, and fasten this at each end on to a strip of moulding, or roll it over a small stick, tying ribbon in bows at the end to cover said stick. So much done, arrange your feathers upon it in the form of a bouquet for the center, tying the ends with ribbon, or letting them come gracefully from one side, tying the ends, which brings the bow at one corner.

The bannarettes are made in such a variety of ways, that great latitude is afforded to individual tastes and resources. The simpler ones are made of linen or muslin, with figures outlined on them, the muslin ones lined with color, and bound around the edges with ribbon. Satine is also a good material for the foundation, when one has dark paper. A pearl grey with a bright cluster of flowers painted or embroidered upon it is effective.

I am sure many of you have often thought, if not said, "What shall I do

with our Christmas cards?" A bannarette made of them is just the prettiest way to dispose of them that I know of. In our sitting room hangs one which has been very much admired, and most every one who sees it says, "I shall make one like it." The foundation is a seal brown sash ribbon, over a quarter of a yard wide, quite long, and both sides fringed. The cards are held in place by a little mucilage being put on the upper corners. Some of the cards are small, others are narrow and long, others in fan shapes, no two being of the same size, so care had to be taken, fitting them in as well as possible, but in all cases leaving a little of the silk to show around the card.

AUNT RACHEL.

## The Conservatory.

### JUNE ROSES.

May brought golden sunshine,  
May brought silver rains,  
Buttercups and daisies  
In the woods and lanes;  
Lily bells and lilacs,  
Apple blooms like snows,  
Pinks, and purple pansies—  
But June brought the rose!

Roses dyed in sunset,  
Full of amber light;  
Roses dyed at dawn,  
As the dawning white;  
Roses pink at sunrise,  
Bearing love's device;  
Red-lipped crimson roses,  
Full of hidden spice.

Weave them in a garland,  
And while weaving sing,  
These are garnered sunshine,  
Rain, and airs of spring;  
All the bliss of May-time,  
Sweet south wind that blows,  
Melody and perfume,  
Made into a rose."

Weave a crown in autumn  
From the broad-leaved vine;  
When the old year dieth,  
Bay and laurel twine;  
But while the charming spring-time  
Into summer goes,  
Weave the year's first garland,  
Every flower a rose!

### FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

#### Number Fifteen.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

SINCE the interchange of plants and cuttings is getting to be quite extensive among the many flower loving friends, north and south, east and west, perhaps a short chapter on the subject will not be out of order.

This mutual giving and receiving seems social and neighborly, but to make it a mutual pleasure, a little care should be exercised in packing the plants, particularly where they will not reach their journey's end for eight or ten days. That this well-meant civility sometimes has an unfortunate ending, the remnants of a box just at hand, bearing the writer's name, but minus the plants, is testimony. But if this was the only instance of the kind I could bear it with better grace, and this chapter would not have been written, but it is only one of the many I receive every season. I remember last fall, my husband came home from the office, bringing a few roots in one hand, and the fragments of a paper box in the other. The roots were found loose in the mail bag, bruised and battered beyond recognition.

And frequently when the boxes reach me in a sound condition, on opening them, the contents are found to be worthless. Sometimes they represent so many dried sticks, again, they were put up so wet they are black with rot, or have been packed so loosely their brains are smashed by bumping against the sides of the box.

To receive plants repeatedly in the condition I have described, does not tend to

develop the happier side of human nature, nor does it soothe one's complicated feelings to read the postals that usually accompany said boxes. "Hope the plants will reach you in good order, and give you much pleasure." Feeling confident that these expressions of interest were written in good faith, we haven't the heart to tell them, when acknowledging their receipt that their kindness did not enrich us, that the contents of their boxes went to embellish the fire, instead of our windows or garden, and we had not even the satisfaction of bottling the ashes.

That plants can be sent safely, even long distances, I know by my own experience in sending as well as receiving. I have had them reach me in good order when twelve days making the transit, and a good report has come back to me when returning the favor.

The secret of safe carriage is close packing. The inexperienced are too tender of them. They are afraid of crushing them to death, and so put them loosely in the box, and by doing so, accomplish the very thing they would guard against. Let it be remembered that Uncle Sam is a rough old fellow, and if he don't succeed in putting his big foot into them, they can't escape without a fearful shaking, so let us be careful how we leave them at his mercy.

For long distances, we use cigar boxes to pack them in. After the plants are nicely labeled, we cover the roots with damp moss, lay down a sheet of oiled paper large enough to line the box and fold over the whole, lay the plants on evenly, roots one way, and then dip one hand in water and sprinkle the foliage, enclose them in the paper snugly, and put in the box, and fill all space with dry moss. Do not allow even a bare possibility of their moving. This is for ordinary carriage. Supposing they were to be twelve days in reaching their destination, I should cover the whole in damp moss inside the oiled paper.

Sometimes when they are to reach their journey's end in one or two days, we use strong pasteboard boxes, but put in dry moss at the bottom and top, outside the oiled paper to prevent being jammed. It does not injure cuttings to dry a little, so we do not use wet moss, but sprinkle and wrap in paper, and these too may be carried in paper boxes on short routes.

Occasionally we send small plants and cuttings in tin cans, but do not use damp moss, for the cans being air-tight they will keep fresh several days. They may be wrapped in common paper to keep them steady, but if water is used they are liable to decay.

There is another error I want to point out in connection with this subject, for it is sometimes a fatal one. It is the manner in which the labels are attached to the plants. We often find them wound snugly around the stems, and a thread tightly tied around the label, and when we would remove them, lo! off it comes, stem and all! And when this is not the case, we often find them beginning to decay just beneath the strip of paper, caused, in all probability, not so much by the paper as by the thread being wound so tightly. A good way, and an easy one, is to cut a narrow slip, write the name, and cut a slit in one end, put it around the plant or stem, and draw the other end through it. There is no danger of strangulation in this way.

As all do not live where it is convenient to get oiled paper, I would say that any one can easily prepare it. We take common wrapping paper brush it over with linseed oil, and hang it up a week or two before using. Thin, pliable paper is the best for this purpose.

Many of my exchanges are from floral friends of the sunny south, and it is very

difficult to make those who have never wintered in the north understand the difference in our climate, to fully realize the average degree of cold, and its long continuation. So plants often reach me from this section of the globe in midwinter. Those intended for fall planting will come to hand in December or January, and those for spring planting in February and March, a time when both ends of the year are frozen solid, and wrapped in a winding sheet of snow. So many times has this happened, I have at last come to the conclusion, there are but three seasons in the southern states, one long, long summer, and then autumn reaches over and clasps the hand of spring.

Plants that are to be put in the ground should reach me as early as October, and as late as April, for I assure you of the sunny clime, we have a full term of winter here; not one cold blast is omitted. At this writing, March 29, the earth is yet frozen solid, and the snow is just leaving the hill tops bare. It will be six weeks, at least, before we can work in the garden.

In almost every floral work extant, directions are given in relation to the treatment of plants received by mail. But lest some one has missed them, or has not given the subject a moment's thought, I will give a few simple directions, simple in detail but of vast importance to the inexperienced who have, perhaps, just received a box of choice plants that are very tired after a long journey.

Take a pan and fill with water warm to the hand, and deep enough to cover the roots of the plants; remove the moss and let them rest in the water against the side of the pan two or three hours, according to their state of exhaustion. Ordinarily, three hours is long enough for them to drink their fill, and be ready for potting. Now don't fill your pots full of soil, then make a round hole in the center, and wind the roots of the plant into a ball to fit it, but fill it half or two-thirds full, according to the depth of the roots, hold the plant with the left hand in the pot, single out the roots carefully, and fill in the soil, thump the pot a little hard to settle the earth, then water well, and do not set directly in the sun for several days, and bear in mind that these plants will not require any more water for several days, not, perhaps, for a week. Sometimes we dip our hand in water, and sprinkle the foliage, but it is an easy matter to kill a plant when in a dormant condition. As soon as the roots take hold of the soil again, new growth will start, and the soil become dry, and it is the safest way to wait for these signs.

Buds that are on plants when received, should be removed, for the effort to unfold them after the roots have received such a shock, will greatly endanger the life of the plant, and besides a plant in an exhausted state, cannot produce a perfect flower, so it is much the wisest course to cut them off, and not let our impatience overrule our better judgment, for in regard to the matter, it is only a question of time that shall teach us, "A patient waiter is no loser."

#### POT-POURRI.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

June is here once more, bright, beautiful, charming June, when the sky is serene and cloudless, the verdure fresh from the workshop of nature, unsullied by the ravages of time and the dust of service, when the air blows breezy and fresh from the south land, tempered to just the right heat by the cooler wave from the north, when every breath is laden with the sweet perfume of flowers, and all growing things exhale a subtle

fragrance, when to be alive, is a joy, and to live on for days, a taste of Eden.

Nature has sent forth her many children, fresh from their long slumber, and smilingly rejoices that they are alive once more. The birds sing and tend their clamorous young, and more than all, the roses bud and blossom, delighting the eye, and perfuming the air with their exquisitely delicious fragrance. What season is more enjoyable than the month of roses? What perfume like that our nostrils snuff from a bunch of these divine flowers in the early morn when gemmed with dew, or just after a light shower? Were we surrounded by the beauties during every one of the twelve months, they would still be as lovely. Nothing can wrest from them their charm. Distance lends no enchantment to the view, and constant companionship only renders them the more lovable.

The house-grown darlings are to the out-of-door roses like shadow to substance. They lack the rugged charm of June's favorite. They need the sunshine and the dew, the rain and fog, the alternate frowns and smiles of nature all through the fickle months of April and May to bring them to perfection.

June without roses would be like paradise without its flowers, or Hamlet with the prince left out. All flowers I admire, some I love, but roses, roses, give me roses forever! How can we save their evanescent fragrance? How preserve them so that amid winter's snow, some odor faint but subtle, shall recall sweet June, and her garland which encircles her like a halo of everlasting beauty?

I have dried rose leaves and compounded them into various perfumes, but the most satisfactory results are obtained by making them into pot-pourri, or oriental perfume. I have a jar of this compound that has been a source of much pleasure to me for months past. I gathered the rose leaves from day to day as I saw them ready to fall, and placed them with double the quantity of fine salt in a glass preserve can, carefully screwing the cover down after each addition. When I had collected all I could, I put the jar in a cool, dark place, and shook it thoroughly once each day for two months, not opening the can during all this time.

Meanwhile, my sister, who has artistic proclivities, had been painting a jar for me to mix the perfume in. This is so universally admired that I must describe it to you. Perchance some of the sisters will want to paint one like it. If they do so, its beauty will amply repay them. The jar is of gray earthen ware, twelve inches in height, and glazed inside and out. The bottom is small, four inches in diameter. It increases slowly in size till near the top, where it suddenly bulges out to twenty-seven inches in circumference; it is then drawn in, and the top is five inches across. There are two slightly projecting handles, and a close cover with a button knob.

The bottom of the jar is painted a dark blue green, almost black at the base. Then come lighter shades of the same green, which imperceptibly blend, one into the other, till they end at the top in a beautiful sky blue. The rim, handles, and knob on top of the cover, were first painted a deep yellow and then gilded.

On the face of the jar is a bunch of cat's-tail in a perfectly natural position, as though growing from the grass at the base, while several dragon flies hover around in various attitudes. The effect is lovely. The delicately tinted and blended background, the deep, rich, yellowish brown of the *Typha catifolia*, the mellow green of the leaves, the steely gray hues of the *aeshna* form a *tout ensemble* which must be seen to be appreciated.

Taking my prepared rose leaves, I placed a layer of them on the bottom of the jar, then a layer of cotton batting picked up very light. On this I sprinkled ground cinnamon, cloves, allspice, nutmeg, caraway and fennel seeds, bruised, cardamom seeds and pods, shavings of cedar, and a few drops of camphor. I moistened these with strong cider vinegar. I next put in the green leaves of rose, lemon, nutmeg, and apple geranium, the blossoms and leaves of sweet clover and lavender, a bit of sage and catmint, thyme and rosemary, blossoms of heliotrope, mignonette, night-blooming jessamine, and other strong-scented flowers, together with some bits of the yellow rind of lemon and orange, distributing through the whole an equal quantity of salt, then came another layer of rose leaves, cotton, spices, etc., till all the rose leaves were used. I added to it from day to day till frost came, such sweet leaves and flowers as came in my way, always putting in a handful of salt with every addition. I sprinkled on the top some orris root which I had reduced to a powder, at the expense of my fingers, a vanilla and several tonka beans cut small, a quantity of pure Canton musk, oils of lavender and citronella, and part of a bottle of cologne finished the conglomeration. I put oiled paper between the jar and cover, tied a bladder over the whole, and placed it in a dark closet. Each day I shook it thoroughly.

At the end of three months, I uncovered the top, and regaled myself on the delicious fragrance. And delicious it was, indeed. I was more than paid for all my trouble. It is now over a year old, and I can see that it improves each month. Of course, there must be a limit to its improvement, but mine has not yet reached it.

The jar now occupies a prominent position on an ebony and gilt stand in the parlor, and once in awhile, I take off the top and allow it to remain open a few minutes to perfume the room. I have taken great pleasure in preparing this pot of *pot-pourri*, and all my friends who have seen it, have been seized with a desire to do likewise. And I dare prophesy that among my many friends, not a rose leaf will be allowed to go to waste this year.

This perfume, dried, is very nice for filling sachets, but is not so pungent as when in a moist state in the jar.

Those who are fond of rose flavor in cooking, will find the following much nicer than the rose water one buys in bottles: Preserve the rose leaves with salt as for *pot-pourri*. Seal tight, and shake daily for one month, then take a larger jar, put a layer of rose leaves and salt on the bottom, on this place a pat of fresh, sweet butter, pack the rose leaves over and around it, strew salt over the whole, and cover air-tight. In six weeks this will be ready for use. A little of this perfumed butter gives a delicious flavor to cake, and is also nice in apple or custard pies as well as all other dishes where this flavor is desired.

When I was a child I used often to pluck the small, sweet leaves of the cinnamon rose, which grew in profusion in our yard, pound them in a mortar or bowl with cinnamon and sugar, then place this mixture between two small plates, or clean, flat stones, and bury them in the ground for an hour, or more if I could so long keep my appetite in check. It seemed to me then that it was a preparation which could not be equalled, and the small quantity of the compound rendered it all the more precious. And, looking back to those childish days, no confection has since seemed so delicious.

The Turks make a delicate sweetmeat of rose leaves, sugar and spices, while we all know of, if we have not seen the ot-

tar of roses, which is worth more than its weight in gold.

Still these sacred flowers of Venus can best be enjoyed in their season, and on the bush that bore them. To preserve them, or compound them in perfumes, is like gilding refined gold, or painting the lily. They are perfect. Nothing can improve them.

—Hyacinth and tulip bulbs should be taken up as soon after flowering as the leaves mature, dried, and put away until time to plant again in the fall. Narcissus, lily, and crocus bulbs may remain for several years in the ground without removing; in fact, until they become so matted together as to require division.

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. CROWELL.—Please ask Mrs. Wellcome if the pelargonium will blossom as well when it is three or four years old as when it is one and two years old. I have a nice large one that is blossoming well this year, but if it is not likely to do as well after this, I would like to know it and start another.

Will some one tell me what causes the leaves on one of my fuchsias to curl up? It is budded and growing nicely. The leaves don't drop off, only curl up.

If any one is troubled with white worms in their plants, I wish they would try matches, say four or five in a six-inch pot. A number of my plants have had the white worms in them this winter, I would stick down a few matches and in a short time the worms would all be gone, and I don't think they hurt the plants, for they never did better than they have this winter; have blossomed more or less all winter, and now nearly every plant I have is in bloom.

Athalene asks if any one sent flower seeds to Mrs. Cleveland. I did, and received a nice collection in return. It seems to me her seeds must have been lost.

E. C. P.

Medford Centre, Me.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me the name, and how to grow an ivy, that clings to brick houses and almost covers them? The leaves are shaped like those of the parlor ivy, but are much darker in color, and have white veins through them. I have tried to grow a great many, but have always been unsuccessful. I have one now that is nearly two years old, (the only one that ever lived for me,) but it does not grow; is not much larger than when I planted it.

MARY SMYTH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Some one has asked if snake cactus is pretty enough to pay for keeping, and how old it has to be to blossom? Sometimes they will blossom when two years old, and they are beautiful.

MRS. E. H. ROOT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Having had such good success in growing gloxinias for the last three years, I thought that by saying a few words in favor of the really beautiful bulbous plant, others might be induced to grow them, and thereby derive a great deal of pleasure. I do not know of a better plant for the sitting room. They are easily grown from seed, insects do not trouble them, and they thrive in the dry, close air, where other plants pine and die. Five years ago I sowed a paper of seed, and had pretty nice looking plants. But not understanding how to take care of them, all died but one. That is a large bulb now, and last summer had at one time over ninety buds and flowers. When I sowed the next paper of seeds, I took better care of them, and have not had any trouble with them since. I had them in bloom the last week in November, and the 10th of March I had eight flowers on one plant and plenty of buds. They bloomed all summer, and when they began to die down I cut off the leaves and dried them off, letting them stay in the pot all winter. They began to start in February, and were constantly in bloom all through the summer. In fact I do not know of more satisfactory plants for the house than gloxinias.

S. E. F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will not Leslie Raynor write us an article on ferns, and will some of the other ladies give their experience in growing them? I want very much to cultivate them, but don't know how. Ought they to be kept in the sun or shade? and where can the maidenhair fern be obtained?

I have lilies of the valley that I have grown four years, but can get no blossoms; what is the meaning of it?

EMMA E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please say to Mrs. A. J. Scott that her smilax needs rest. If she will put it out in the open ground this summer, take up and re-pot in the fall, I think she will be pleased with the result. I treat mine in that way and it is the finest I ever saw outside of the greenhouses, its vines growing several yards in length.

MRS. M. E. RANDALL.

## The Nursery.

### THE FAVORITE CHILD.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

Which of five snowdrops would the moon  
Think whitest, if the moon could see?  
Which of five rose buds flushed with June  
Were reddest to the mother-tree?  
Which of five birds that play one tune  
On their soft-shining throats, may be  
Chief singer? Who will answer me?  
  
Would not the moon know, if around  
One snowdrop any shadow lay?  
Would not the rose-tree, if the ground  
Should let one blossom droop a day?  
Does not the one bird take a sound  
Into the cloud when caught away,  
Finer than all the sounds that stay?  
  
Oh, little, quiet boy of mine,  
Whose yellow head lies languid here—  
Poor yellow head, its restless shine  
Brightened the butterflies last year!—  
Whose pretty hands may intertwine  
With paler hands unseen but near:  
You are my favorite now, I fear!

### WHAT HAPPENED TO A BIT OF STEEL.

ONCE on a time a small steel rod lay on a shelf in a dingy old fifth-story room in England. It had lain there so long that it was all covered with rust, and it really seemed as though it would never be of any use in the world.

But one morning something happened. A man took down the rod, sharpened one end of it, and stuck the point through a small hole in a curious-looking steel plate fastened to a sort of bench. The hole was so small only the sharp end could go through, and then it was seized by a pair of pinchers with an awful grip.

These pinchers were very peculiar; on the end they had a stout hook. And running over and over the bench was a long, heavy chain, worked by steam.

Now when the pinchers had a good hold of the steel rod, the workman quietly slipped the hook into one of the links of the iron chain. Something had to give then. The chain was worked by steam, and couldn't stop; the hook was strong, and wouldn't break; and the pinchers' grip was for good and all, and it wouldn't let go. Steady and strong came the pull; the steel rod yielded and yielded, and finally was pulled through that small hole.

Of course, it was no longer a rod, but a round wire. And the man again sharpened the end, and started it through a still smaller hole. Again he fastened on the pinchers' and slipped in the hook; again came a tug; and, as before, the wire gave way, and became a much smaller and much longer wire.

So he went on, that relentless man, till the wire was very fine, and, of course, very long, when he put it up in a coil, and sent it off to a big manufactory.

We'll follow it there in a minute; but I want to tell you that this curious workman is called a wire-drawer, and he not only draws iron and steel through these wonderful little holes, but he draws brass to make pins, copper to make telegraph wires, and gold and silver to make jewelry.

The smallest wire he draws, is to make gold lace, and it's very interesting to see. First, is made a rod of silver, perhaps an inch thick and two feet long. This rod is heated and covered with gold leaf, which is gold beaten out till it is thin as paper. Several thicknesses of gold leaf are put on and thoroughly burnished, till it looks like a rod of gold. It is then drawn through the holes in the wire-drawer's plate, till it is fine enough to go through the most minute holes, made through rubies. When done it is no thicker than a coarse hair. This most exquisite wire, still perfectly coated with gold (for the gold stretches as far as the

silver,) is then made flat, and by machinery, wound around fine thread or silk.

Girls who embroider with gold or silver thread, have probably noticed that the gold thread is, in fact, yellow cotton thread, with a most fairy-like ribbon of gold closely wound around it. This gold thread is woven into lace for various uses.

But we mustn't forget our steel wire, which has gone to another wonderful fifth story, where one hundred and fifty pairs of hands wait to help it through the house.

You think it could get through with less help? Well, wait till you see what's going to be made of it; the finest, smoothest, sharpest, most useful little thing in the world; famous in song and story; bated by some, and loved by others; only a needle!

The first thing on the way to its high honors is to have its temper tried.

(I might put in a moral here, and tell you that you too, on your way in life, etc., but I won't, and I hope you'll give me credit for resisting a temptation.)

The temper of the wire is not tried by having to take care of a younger brother, go to school, wear a shabby dress, or go to bed at nine o'clock, as your temper is; but by cutting a piece from the end of the coil, heating it, and plunging it into cold water. That hardens it, and by snapping it in his fingers, the workman can judge of its quality. If too brittle, it is put aside for some peculiar needles.

Being all right, however, the next thing is to wind it on a large wheel. For a medium-sized needle, the coil is about two feet in diameter, and one and one-quarter miles long. This will make forty or fifty thousand needles.

From this wheel it is wound on to an eight-sided wheel, and from that it is cut in two twice, at points opposite each other, making two bundles of wire about three feet long, with seventy or eighty wires in a bundle.

Do you wonder how it's cut? Well, it's done by the funniest pair of shears you ever saw; they look like the grandfather of all shears, and are worked by steam, opening and shutting about twenty times a minute.

All the workman does, is to hold the bundle into the jaws. Each wire is cut the length for two needles, by a guage, and then thrown into a box. That is one of the busiest machines in the factory. You'll think it needs to be worked by steam, when I tell you that it cuts in the ten hours of a working day, eight hundred thousand needles; and in the neighborhood of Redditch (where our needle is going to be made,) are made one hundred millions of needles every week.

Let me put it into figures, and see how big it looks—100,000,000. It seems as though they would stock the world in a few weeks, don't it? But the year after our war thirty millions a week came to us. And we had needle factories of our own, too.

The next operation is, to straighten them. They were wound on a wheel, you know, and that would bend them somewhat, besides, they get bent in cutting. For straightening they go to another machine. The workman takes two strong iron rings and packs them full of needles, standing up, you understand. It will hold five or six thousand. When they are tightly wedged in, the rings are put on an iron table, where there is a groove made to receive them. Over this table hangs a rule, as it is called, which also has grooves to fit the rings. This rule is brought down tight on the bundles of needles, and then by machinery moved back and forth. Of course, the bundles of wire turn round, and so tightly are the needles pressed together that they are instantly made straight.

Needle-straightening used to be a trade

by itself, and when a manufacturer tried to introduce this simple machine into a factory in England the straighteners thought they were to be thrown out of work, and they mobbed the man and drove him out of town. But that is nothing unusual for ignorant workmen; they always fight against any improvement.

After straightening, the needles are taken to the pointers. These men sit all day at the grindstone. There are twenty or thirty of them generally, in two rows down a room, and all driven—the stones, not the men—by steam or water power. These stones are about eighteen inches in diameter, and go so fast that they are apt to fly to pieces; so they are partly incased in iron to keep them together. A workman takes up fifty or sixty wires in his hand and holds the ends against the stone, at the same time turning them between his finger and thumb to make the points round. He has a thumb-piece of leather, and it is done in a minute. It is called "roughing down." They can't use water on their grindstones, because it would rust the needles.

There's a great deal of steel dust flying around these grindstones, and though the workman used to tie a handkerchief over his mouth he could not help breathing it, and it was very unhealthy. It would give a man the consumption in a few years. He got extra pay on that account. Now here's another instance of ignorant prejudice: when a machine was invented to drive away the dust, the grinders opposed its introduction, because they would no longer get extra wages. It made no difference, though; the machines were soon in use. They drive the dust away from the workman, as fast as it is made, by a strong stream of wind, blown on the stone by two immense pairs of bellows, something like a blacksmith's, only they are worked by steam power. The wind is turned exactly on the grindstone; as the dust flies up, it is blown back of the wheel into a sort of box built on purpose, and there it falls harmlessly out of the way.

Now, you remember, our needle is as yet two needles joined by the heads. In some factories the eyes are cut while in this shape, but in the one I'm telling of, they are first separated.

They are cut apart by the help of a guage. This is a square piece of copper, with two sides turned up to make an edge. Not two opposite sides, but two adjoining sides. You see they put a pile of the double needles on the guage, with the points resting against one of the turned-up edges, and kept from falling off by the other turned-up edge. This plate is just the length of the needle they are making, and the workman holds the edge of the plate of needles up to the steam-scissors, which instantly cut them off. Then he puts into a box the ends he has on the plate, gathers up those he cut off, and then they are ready for the head-flattener.

You didn't know they had flat heads? Look carefully at one and see for yourself.

The head-flattener seizes between his left thumb and finger twenty or twenty-five needles by the points, spreads them out like a fan, and lays each head in succession on a square block of steel three inches each way.

(A cube, did you say? Well, I knew it, but how did I know that you did?)

As each head rests on the steel, the workman gives it a blow with a small hammer. That flattens it, but also hardens it, so that it has to be annealed before the eye can be cut.

There's a hard word, I declare! I meant to keep them out of this paper. People who want to be very wise, may go to the big books, and dig out the hard words for themselves. Now for annealed

they may just as well say softened, for that's exactly what it is. It softens the needles and makes them easy to cut.

When annealed it is taken to the piercer. This is a child, boy or girl, who lays the needle on a block of steel, places a tiny punch on it, and gives it a tap with a hammer. A very tiny punch it is, too.

Some factories punch the eye by a stamping machine. The piercers punch first one side and then the other, and they get to be so expert that they are fond of astonishing visitors by punching a hole in a hair and threading it with another hair. Wonderful as that sounds, it isn't any more so than punching the eye of a No. 12 needle.

The next operator, also a child, has a lump of lead before him; on this he lays the needle, and drives a punch through the eye, which is left very sharp by the first punch, and would cut mamma's thread terribly. While the punch is still in the eye, he lays the needle over on its side, on a piece of steel, and gives it a tap each side to make the eye take the right shape. He can do four thousand in an hour—at least, they say so.

The next thing is to make the gutters. Did you know a needle had gutters? Look carefully at the eye of a needle, and you'll see a sort of groove to guide the thread into the eye. That's what they call a gutter. The man who makes the gutters, takes a needle in a pair of pinchers like the figure 8, lays the head in a groove made on purpose for it, then takes a tiny file, places it on the eye, and with one blow forms the gutter; he turns it over and does it again; then he takes his file and rounds off the head of the needle, opens his pinchers, and lets the finished needle fall out. In some factories they have stamps for this, too, worked by the foot, as we work our sewing machines.

You remember the first thing that happened to the steel wire in the needle factory was to have its temper tried. Well, after they get the needle all made, they have another fuss about the temper. The fact is, it's as important to the usefulness of a needle to have a good temper as it is to boys and girls.

So the needle goes to a man called a temperer. He takes thirty or forty pounds of them—that is, from two hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand needles, according to size—lays them on iron plates, and heats them red-hot. In this state he throws them into a cistern of cold water.

It's a funny idea to throw needles into a cistern; but the temperer's cistern isn't like ours. It is made on purpose for needles, and the water can be drawn out, leaving them dry on the bottom. Then they are tempered—that is, they are stiff and hard. You know you can't bend them as you can pins; they will break.

Not all tempering is alike. In one place the needles are fried, or, at least, they are put into a frying pan with some grease. The grease burns out, and the needles are then tempered. By this time many of the needles are bent and twisted, and they have to be straightened again before they go on.

Perhaps you think they ought to be done by this time; but so far from that, they have to be polished, which is the longest and most expensive part of making a needle. For the first operation of polishing—and there are five—the needles are rolled up into bundles in canvas, with emery powder and oil between the layers. Each bundle is about one foot long, it holds five hundred thousand needles, and is thoroughly tied with cords. A man takes twenty or thirty of these bundles, puts them in a machine, where they are pressed down, and rolled back and forth by steam power. This makes every needle rub against the others and the emery.

Here they roll for eighteen or twenty hours.

It seems as if that ought to polish them to perfection, don't it? But needle makers don't think so. They undo the bundles, put them up afresh, and roll ten times to make the best needles. When sufficiently rolled they go into wooden bowls, with sawdust to absorb the black grease. Nice, dirty looking things they are, too. After the bowls, they are put into a cask with fresh sawdust, and turned around till clean in the eye. This operation is also gone through ten times.

The next thing is the last you would expect in a needle factory; it is winnowing. The sawdust and grinding powder are blown away, leaving the needles bright and clean. They have, however, still another scouring in a copper cask with hot soap suds. It turns slowly around, and they are thoroughly washed.

How would you like to spend your life wiping these needles on linen rags? Many little girls do it in England. Then they go to the sorting room. This is a very dry room at the top of the building, and here they are laid the same way, as to heads and points, and those with broken points are picked out. The man who does that, puts two or three thousand needles in an iron ring about as big as your napkin ring, then he very carefully examines the points, and pulls out the broken ones with a hook, which looks as much like one of your jackstraw hooks as anything. They don't throw the broken ones away; they grind them down again and sell them for an inferior needle. If they are at all bent, they must be straightened again. And then they come to the last operation—bluing.

That seems funny, but no more so than tempering, frying, and winnowing. The bluer takes twenty-five at a time, and holds them against a fine hone stone, turning them briskly around. It gives them a bluish look. Nothing remains now but to pack them in the little blue papers we know so well, stick on the two printed slips, and pack them in boxes. One factory keeps busy quite an army of packers.

I have read somewhere of two wonderful needles, made as curiosities, just to show what could be done. One was presented to some monarch, and was covered with engraved scenes that could only be seen with a microscope. The other, also presented to a crowned head, was still more wonderful, being a needle inclosed in another, which opened to allow the inner one to be removed. This also was exquisitely engraved.

#### BITS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

#### MOTHS.

"We have found such a splendid butterfly on the fence, teacher. Won't you come and see it?"

"He is a handsome fellow, but we must not call him a butterfly, he belongs to the moth family."

"I thought moths were little flying creatures which eat carpets, furs, and woolen clothing."

"That is one kind of moth, but there is a very large family, a great many species of them, of many different sizes, and a great variety of colors. Shall I tell you some of the ways in which butterflies and moths differ, so you may know how to name the pretty specimens you find."

First, then, butterflies love the sunshine, and fly about in the daytime. The moths are mostly night prowlers, though there are some exceptions. A lighted lamp on a warm summer evening will often invite swarms of them into the house, generally to their own sorrow,

poor little moths! Tommy, did you ever notice a butterfly when at rest? What does he do with his wings?"

"Folds them together over his back, doesn't he?"

"Yes, and you will see that the under side of the wings is colored almost as brightly as the upper, while those of our splendid moth and his family are brightest on the upper side, and when they alight, are spread wide open, or droop a little. Moths have larger bodies, too, generally, and their antennæ, feelers perhaps you would call them, are larger, longer, and often beautifully feathered."

Perhaps the young people of THE HOUSEHOLD would like to study for a little, two kinds of moths which are common in this vicinity, the *Cecropia*, and Carolina sphinx.

The cocoon of the *Cecropia* is an oblong, silken structure, of a silvery color, three inches or more in length, firmly fastened to a twig or stalk. You may often find them in an orchard, in the woods, or on plants. One spring we found several on the withered stalks in the flower garden, and one in a sheltered corner of a post supporting the piazza. The stalks were brought into the house, laid on a shelf in the sunshine, and carefully watched. A rustling in a cocoon was heard one day; it moved. The long sleep was over, and life was stirring there.

When the moth is ready to leave its pretty silken nest, a kind of acid comes out of its mouth which softens the fibres of the silk, and through the opening thus made it pushes its way. It was a damp, crumpled-looking creature which slowly crept out of its silken house; the wings closely folded against the body, were limp and weak. It moved slowly to the edge of the shelf, to which it clung, evidently choosing this position as best adapted to the process of strengthening which was before it, for when I removed it to what I considered a more comfortable standing place, it soon found its way to an edge of something, either shelf or flower pot. It seemed to inflate itself, the weak, damp wings rising gently at each breath, gradually drying, and losing their crumpled appearance. In about two hours, it seemed strong and fully developed, its outspread wings measuring five or six inches across.

These were a dark reddish-brown, powdered with gray, and having a clay colored border. Near the middle of each wing, was a red spot with a white center and a black border. It had a large body softly furred with brown hairs, and the antennæ were like two handsome, reddish brown feathers. As Mr. Moth had no further use for his home, spun so cunningly with fine silken threads, I put it away in my cabinet of curiosities.

The larva, or caterpillar, of the *Cecropia* moth, is a singular creature in appearance, a worm three or four inches in length, gorgeously dressed in blue, yellow, green, and black, with a small forest of spines, or knobs, growing on its back. On the head is a yellow knob with four black points, raised on a stem.

This, I suppose, is his crown. One of these gaily dressed caterpillars was once brought to me on a branch of a pear tree. It was put in a box with plenty of fresh pear leaves, with the hope it would spin its cocoon, but it evidently pined for open air and freedom, for, after a few days, it seemed so restless and unhappy, I set it at liberty.

The larva of the Carolina sphinx is also a fat worm without the ornaments or colors of the *Cecropia*. He has a rough skin curved on the sides, each scallop bordered with pale green or white, and short bands of the same color run obliquely back from each curve. Black dots lie in the angles formed by these bands and their border. He carries a

weapon, a stiff black bristle projecting from its body, and is not particularly prepossessing in manners, often snapping his jaws ferociously when disturbed. He is much more easily managed, however, than the *Cecropia*. Placed in a glass jar half filled with earth, plenty of fresh tomato leaves to comfort him, he feeds greedily for a few days, then suddenly disappears. An upheaval in the earth within the can will tell you where he went. In the pupa state, in which he now is, the stiff black bristle is wrapped in a case by itself, looking like a pitcher handle.

This hatches in June producing a quiet colored moth with wings narrower than those of the *Cecropia*, and longer in proportion. When at rest, each pair of wings is confined by stiff hooks, or bristles, on the inner sides. But the most curious thing about this moth is the long appendage which was folded in its case in the pupa, and now lies in a coil beside the head.

#### CHILDREN'S CORNER.

#### ONE LITTLE DOG'S STORY, TOLD TO A LITTLE DOG FRIEND, AND INTERPRETED BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

"I will tell you my sad history, and then you will no longer wonder that I am not gay and light-hearted like yourself, and that I often sit and gaze with tear-dimmed eyes toward the distant hills. My name, as you know, is Minikin. Perhaps they named me that because I am such a little fellow, and withal, such a favorite among my grown-up relatives; for minikin means 'little,' and in my case it might mean a little favorite—a dear, little pet."

That cottage in the valley is my home, though I have not always lived there. When I was a tiny puppy, not much larger than a man's two fists doubled up, a gentleman bought me, in a distant town, and carried me home to his little boy. My new home seemed very strange, and I wanted my mother very much, for oh! it seemed to me a long time. And I used to cry softly for her, all by myself, of nights, when it was dark and cold, and I missed her. Yet nobody seemed to know or care about a little dog's sorrows.

I do not remember what my first home was like, nor can I remember much about what happened for some time after I came to live with this little boy, whose name, as I soon learned, was Willy Harder. They told me that he was my 'little master,' but had they not done so, I would have found it out for myself quite soon enough.

As I have plenty to eat, new milk to drink, and always sleep in the house nights; one would think I might be the happiest of dogs; but I have my troubles as well as other animals—troubles, too, that cause me many sad hours.

I hear a great deal of talk about the blessing of living in a free country; about 'the people's rights,' 'freedom,' and the 'sin of slavery,' which, they do say, has been abolished; that is, that our country's laws declare that there shall no more be slaves, that 'all men' shall henceforth be 'free and equal.' Now, for my part, I do not see what right little boys have to keep slaves; it is against the laws of our country, and besides, it is wrong in itself.

I am a slave, and have a hard master. Is it any wonder that I feel down-hearted and am afraid to look up at 'most any one?' I can do nothing, hardly, as I please, for Willy makes me step just where he pleases, and when I want to run on before, with my head proudly raised and my heart as light as a bird's, he gets

angry and runs after me, and shouts for me to stop; and when he catches me (for I do sometimes run!) he is very angry and strikes me as hard as he can; then he makes me mope along 'at a snail's pace,' behind him. He puts a string around my neck and calls me a 'horse,' (what an absurd idea!) and makes me draw sticks that are too heavy for me, until I feel as if all my blood has rushed into my head, and I am really afraid, sometimes, that I shall fall right down in a fit. So, to sum up the whole matter, when he does not use me as a 'horse' to draw, or as an 'ox' to be led, nor tease me some other way, I must walk along behind him, trembling with fear; and then I think of you, my dear Chuzzle, that have so kind a master and mistress, who let you run on ahead if you wish to do so, and who keep no thoughtless, cruel boys to make your life a burden.

One day we had company at our house, a tall lady in black, whom Willy called 'Aunt Edie,' and when he harnessed me and hitched me to his wagon, and began to whip me to make me draw; she tried to have him stop, and when he would not, she just took that harness off and set me free, and though Master Willy just screamed with anger, we did not care one bit, Aunt Edie and I. She took me in her arms, patted my head, and said I was a poor, little, abused doggie; and I felt so happy, and went to sleep in her lap and had a pleasant dream about finding a mouse under a stone-pile.

'The half is not told,' yet it is enough, and if any dog doubts my word, let him ask Willy's good, old grandpa; he is my best friend, and will not 'spoil a story for relation's sake.' If I could only live with him, my life would be as sunny as your own, for, O my dear Chuzzle, he is your very own beloved master!"

Here Minikin broke down quite, overcome by his emotions; and the other little dog looked the sympathy with which his heart was too full for utterance.

#### THE HEALING KISS.

While waiting in a store one day, I noticed a mother with two little, chubby, fine looking boys, four and five years of age. They amused themselves while the mother was busy, with running in and out among the boxes and counters, when suddenly the oldest one in an unaccountable way fell flat on his back striking his head a blow which sent a pain of sympathy through mine. His mother gathered him up and the brave little fellow tried to stifle the sobs which nature forced from his lips, while she tenderly kissed him on the temple, saying to this effect by word and manner, "There, dear, it will be well soon."

But, "No," he said, "that is not the hurt." So she raised the cap and printed a kiss on the "hurt" spot, and instantly his face was aglow with smiles and a genuine sense of healing. That mother wielded a power over that child which was lovely to see. She calmly raised the child and complied with his desire, and he was healed as nothing else could have done, in his estimation.

There was no impatience or frown from the mother, but a calm dignity and love that well becomes every woman who bears the holy name of mother.

AMATEUR.

THE TWO HEAPS.—I see in this world two heaps—one of human happiness and one of human misery. Now if I can take but the smallest bit from the second heap, and add but a little to the first, I do some good. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and by giving it another I dry its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad indeed, to do great things: but I will not neglect such little things as these.—John Newton.

—Oh! the blessings of a home where old and young mix kindly—the young unawed, the old unchilled, in unreserved communion.

## The Library.

### THE QUEST.

[From a new poem by MR. AELIA GREENE, of Springfield, Mass.]

The morn returns  
And kindly burns  
Its silver splendors playing  
On eastern hills,  
Whence happy rills,  
The river's call obeying,  
Flowed singing sweet  
In vale to greet,  
When first the morn was graying,  
One breaking rest  
To come in quest,  
Ere children came a Maying,  
Of choicest flowers  
In field and bower  
So sweet that angels straying  
To earth, to ken  
The ways of men,  
Therein protract their staying.  
The bloom to get,  
And hoping yet,  
Angels this morning tarry,  
She comes to pray  
They right words say  
That she the song may carry  
When she shall go,  
Ere noontide glow,  
To cheer a heart so chary  
She must be brave  
Who thinks to save,  
And gentle as a fairy  
With right address,  
Who seeks to bless,  
The heart from griefs so wary  
He would suspect,  
In friend direct,  
The foe, and quickly parry  
Faith's very deed  
His heart should need  
To lift him from his grieving  
At words she sent  
And would repent  
With tears and full retrieving.  
Thus she relates;  
An angel waits,  
Benignantly receiving,  
Through perfumed air,  
Her earnest prayer.  
And then a message leaving,  
Toward the skies  
Doth grandly rise,  
His way with bright sword cleaving.

### LESSONS IN MUSIC.

#### Number Five.

THIS really should be marked as a sort of preliminary to number one, it being especially intended for those who have had no instruction in music. When I commenced these lessons, I had no idea of interesting so many of THE HOUSEHOLD readers, and did not expect to interest any except those who, knowing already a little of music, needed help to enable them to at least master the music printed in our paper. But receiving so many requests for a "first lesson," I will try, as I promised, to make such a lesson as intelligible as possible.

You will see, on looking at any piano or organ that the white keys are interspersed with black keys at regular intervals, in groups of twos and threes. Seven letters of the alphabet are used to designate the notes, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. To find these notes on the piano, we are helped by the black keys. The note on the left of the group of two black keys is C, the fundamental note in music, that between the two black keys is D, and the one on the right of the two black keys is E. Then the next note, which is at the left of the group of three, is F, that between the first two of the group is G, that between the last two is A, and the next note, which is at the right of the three black keys, is B. The next, which is at the left of the group of two black keys, is, of course, C again. Study these positions carefully; it will take but a short time to commit the lesson to memory, and learn the different notes thoroughly.

Now that we have all the notes on the keyboard, let us learn also where to find them on the sheet of music before us. You will see that there are groups of parallel lines and spaces, every two groups being connected at the left hand by a brace, and each group is composed of five lines and four spaces. The upper group of lines and spaces which is called a staff, has at the left, or commencement, a sign something like a written capital S reversed, with the end of the letter circling the second line of the staff. The lower group, or staff, has a sign something like an inverted C, with two little black dots, one on either side of the fourth line. The upper is called the treble or G clef, the lower, the bass or F clef.

In the treble, the four spaces are thus named: The first space is F, the second, A, the third, C, and the fourth, E. Easy to remember as it spells f-a-c-e. The five lines are, first line E, second, G, (encircled by the sign you will remember, to give it significance,) third, B, fourth, D, and fifth, F. Then there are notes placed above and below the staff on short lines, which are called leger lines. Of course, a note on the space above the upper, or F line, would be G, a note on a short line directly above that would be A, the next space of course would be B, and the next line, C, etc., counting downward below the staff in the same way.

In the bass, the spaces are, first, A, second, C, third, E, and fourth, G. The lines are, first, G, second, B, third, D, fourth, F, (sign of the F clef you will see, with the dot on either side,) and the fifth, A. Leger lines are counted in the same manner as in the treble clef, remembering that the corresponding notes in the bass are a space or a line below those in the treble.

The key board is now divided into the bass and treble parts, the clef notes, the upper F of the bass and the lower G of the treble being nine notes apart, and on a seven octave piano the bass clef note is two octaves above the first F on the key board. In this way the position is easily found.

The next thing in order is time. You will notice that the staff is divided by perpendicular lines called bars, several times across the page. The spaces marked off by these lines are called measures. These are frequently marked by two lines, one heavier than the other, which is called a double bar, and is used at the end of the different movements.

An oval note like a large cipher without a stem, is called a semibreve, or whole note. To such is always given four beats, that is, you allow the finger to remain on every such note while you can count four moderately and evenly. This is called common time, and is indicated by a small C at the beginning of the first measure directly after the clef sign.

A note like a semibreve having a stem is called a minim, or half note, and is held while you count two. Two of these are equal to one semibreve. If in a measure by itself, it is called two-four time, marked thus,  $\frac{2}{4}$ .

The next are quarter notes, or crotchets, smaller notes, round and black, with a stem. One count is allowed for each of these, four in one measure, or less with dot or rests, being in common time, or equal to one whole note. Two in a measure are equal to a half note, or minim.

The next are eighth notes, or quavers, like quarter notes, excepting that they have either a little dash at the top of the stem, or several are joined at the end of the stem by a broad, black line, generally in groups of four, sometimes in twos or threes. Two of these are equal to one quarter note, and are played while counting one.

Notes like the eighth notes having two dashes or two lines across the end of the stem instead of one, are sixteenths or semiquavers. Sixteen of these being equal to one whole note, four being played while counting one, or it is sometimes easier to count eight in a measure instead of four, indicated by the sign  $\frac{8}{4}$  at the commencement.

The next are thirty-seconds or demisemiquavers, and each has three dashes or bars. Eight, of course, are played to one count unless differently designated by the sign.

Each different kind of note is equal in duration to one-half of the preceding kind. A dot placed after a note adds one-half its value; thus, a dotted quarter note is equal to a note and a half, or three eighth notes, and is held while you count three.

Then there are rests, or signs which denote a silence equal in duration to the notes which they represent. For instance, a quarter note with a quaver rest after the note is equal to three counts, but the note is only held while you count two, the third count being given to the rest.

A semibreve rest is a short mark placed on the under side of a line, and the hand should be lifted from the keys while you count four. A minim rest is the same mark placed on the upper side of the line, and is equal to two counts. A crotchet rest is a stem with a little crook at the top turned to the right, and is equal to one crotchet or quarter note. A quaver rest is like the crotchet excepting that the crook is turned to the left. A semiquaver rest has two crooks turned to the left, and a demisemiquaver rest has three crooks turned to the left, each rest being equal to the note which it represents. A dotted rest is equal to a dotted note as regards the time.

There are other kinds of time, of course, but you can readily understand how to count it from the signs. Three-four time, marked thus,  $\frac{3}{4}$ , has three counts to the measure, sometimes there are three groups of three notes each, each group being by itself, with sometimes a figure three above the bar which connects the stems. These are called triplets, and each triplet is played to one beat.

Three-four time will be easily recognized as waltz time, all waltz music, of course, being written in that time.

Accent is another important point, but it is something which comes naturally to most people.

I think now that you will be able to take up the first lesson in the January HOUSEHOLD. After thoroughly learning what is given here, you should have no difficulty in mastering that.

EMILY HAYES.

### ERRONEOUS PRONUNCIATION.

Habit and example have much to do with the pronunciation of the English language, as it does not depend upon any fixed rules, as does that of most other languages. Therefore, it is very important that parents, teachers, pastors of churches, and all public speakers, should pronounce correctly, in order that their example may not lead astray the children and others who take them as guides. Persons often pronounce incorrectly without knowing what the correct pronunciation is, and often from a defective enunciation, without being aware that they do not pronounce as others.

We propose to give a few of the words that are very commonly mispronounced by teachers, public speakers, and others who should know better.

The word parent is very frequently pronounced pa-rent, with the a long as in pay, although there is no authority for

this pronunciation. It should be pronounced parent, the a having the same sound as in pare. There is seldom a Sabbath that we do not hear this word mispronounced in the pulpit. In the words matron, matronly, patron, patriot, patriotism, and patriotic, the a should have the long sound, as in fate, and not the short sound, as in fat.

It should be noticed here that Worcester's dictionary is not always to be relied upon when it states the usage of Webster, for it refers to an old and antiquated edition, and not to the later ones.

The word idea is very often accented on the second syllable, instead of the first, as it should be. The word accented should have the accent on the second syllable, instead of the first. The words shall and catch are very frequently mispronounced shell and ketch.

Experience, serious, and series, are too often heard as ex-pir-rince, sir-iou-s, and sir-is, the short sound of i taking the place of long e. Process and progress are often pronounced with the long, instead of the short sound of o—thus progress, pro-cess. The t of the word often is not uncommonly sounded, although it should be silent. In beneath the sound of th should be sub-vocal, as in this, and aspirate, as in thick.

These are a few of the words that are very commonly mispronounced. We propose to add to the list in subsequent numbers, and shall be obliged to teachers and others who will inform us of words which they find to be often pronounced erroneously. Teachers and public speakers ought certainly never to pronounce incorrectly, and we hope to make this feature of our paper alone worth more to all these than the subscription price.

### CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the Band please send me the name of the author, and the poem entitled "John Gilpin's Ride," also the one commencing,

"The cottage was a thatched one,  
The outside, old and mean?"

If there is any way I can repay the sender, will gladly do so.

MRS. CORIDA SMITH.

Room 10, Thorpe Block, Indianapolis, Ind.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Leonora inquires whether any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD have used Mason's Chart, for playing the piano. Seeing the advertisement in the January number I sent for Mason's chart, and will gladly loan it to Leonora for a few weeks if she will send her address to F. I. B., box 54, Hampden, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the song commencing thus:

"Let's all be birds, said Minnie,  
When the morning's work was done,  
I am tired of playing those other plays,  
And this is the prettiest one.  
Yes! cry the children gladly,  
As they put their books away,  
We haven't played that in ever so long,  
Let us play it again to-day?"

MRS. WM. H. HOWDEN.

Franklinville, Catt. Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send the words of the songs, "Allie Vane," "Breathe it Softly to my Loved Ones," and "The Little One that Died," to me? and I will return stamps.

MRS. LILLA WHEELER.

West Charleston, W. Va.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me where to find the rest of this fragment of verse,

"Far out of sight while sorrows still enfold us,  
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,  
And of its joys is naught more wondrous told us  
Than these few words, 'I shall be satisfied?'"

MARJORIE MARCH.

231 N. 12th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask if one of your many readers can furnish me with the words to "Old Dog Tray." L. A. BEAMAN.

Keosauqua, Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me where I can get a song book called the "Home Melodist?" It is quite old, has the soprano to songs, and contains, among the rest, "Jane O'Malley," "My Last

June.

Cigar," "He has Learned to Love Another," "Juanita," etc. Will pay the money for a copy, or exchange something for it if I can.

MRS. ELLA PLUGH.

Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to inquire through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD if any one among your many readers can send me the words of an old song beginning thus:

"A farmer sat in his easy chair,  
Smoking his pipe of clay,  
While his hale old wife, with busy care,  
Was clearing the dinner away."

Will send stamp for the favor.

Weston, Vt. MRS. M. M. HAYNES.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader please send me the rest of the song or poem, one verse of which is:

"I am sitting alone to-night, darling,  
Alone in the dear old room;  
And the sound of the rain, as it falls on the pane,  
Makes deeper the gathering gloom.  
For I know that it falls on a grave, darling,  
A grave 'neath the evergreen shade,  
Where we laid you away one bright autumn day,  
When the flowers were beginning to fade."

This poem and the writer's name will greatly oblige

E. S. BROWN.

183 Essex street, Lynn, Mass.

## CHANGES IN THE MEANING OF WORDS.

During part of the seventeenth century and earlier, a Dutchman meant a German, Mynheer being called a Hollander. A modern reader, ignorant of this change, when he found a dictionary compiler pronouncing English based on Dutch, might be apt to doubt the author's fitness as a judge of language. Less technical writers suffer from the changes in the meaning of more common words; and a reader, not aware of the changes which have taken place, may be in continual danger, of misreading his author, of misunderstanding his intention, while he has no doubt whatever that he is perfectly apprehending and taking it in.

Thus, when Shakespeare, in Henry VI., makes the noble Talbot address Joan of Arc as a "miscreant," how coarse a piece of invective does this sound! how unlike to that which the chivalrous soldier would have uttered, or to that which Shakespeare, even with his unworthy estimate of the noble warrior maid, would have put into Talbot's mouth! But a "miscreant," in Shakespeare's time had nothing of the meaning which it now has. A "miscreant," in agreement with its etymology, was a misbeliever, one who did not believe rightly the articles of the catholic faith; and it need not be told that this was the constant charge which the English brought against Joan, namely, that she was a dealer in hidden magical arts, a witch, and as such had fallen from the faith. It is this which Talbot means when he calls her a "miscreant," and not what we should intend by the name.

## THE REVIEWER.

AMERICA: AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ITS HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY, by Stephen Morrill Newman, M. A., deserves a place in the front ranks of educational literature. It gives a full and interesting account of prehistoric America and the Indians, with notes on contemporaneous history which add to its value to the student. It is arranged in chronological paragraphs, and contains a complete though condensed record of explorations, conquests, revolutionary struggles, political changes, social movements, industrial achievements, curious as well as important events, remarkable expeditions, romantic adventures, and important inventions, and all points of interest in the discovery and development of North and South America. The book is profusely and finely illustrated, and well written, the contents being arranged in a convenient paragraphic form, commanding itself at once to the reader, who will find

much to repay the perusal of this really valuable volume. The chapters treating of prehistoric America are of great interest, giving clearly expressed ideas as to the various ruins and mounds which have been subjects of much study and research among scientific writers and students. There is really little in the way of information which cannot be learned from this large and handsomely printed volume. A full index to the varied contents will also be appreciated by the readers. Address Horace King, 373 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

The second volume of Green's HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE is at hand, and commends itself at once to the fortunate possessor, as a marvel of cheapness and good workmanship as well as a really valuable literary work. Commencing with the reign of Edward the Second, 1307, it gives a concise and intelligible record of the most important events of the eventful years between that time and the commencement of the reign of Henry the Eighth, in 1540. The always interesting records of the "Wars of the Roses," with the many romantic incidents belonging to that period, make this one of the most interesting periods of English history, second only, perhaps, to the varied career of the Stuarts in later years. The publication of these books at the low price of from fifteen to forty cents a volume, is really a revolution in literature which should result as favorably to the publishers as to the hosts of readers it cannot fail to help. New York: The Useful Knowledge Publishing Co.

In THE CHEMISTRY OF COOKING AND CLEANING, by Ellen H. Richards, we have a little manual for housekeepers which contains many timely and suggestive hints to those who are beginning to give such occupations the notice which is deserved and necessary. In the words of the author, "The number of patent compounds thrown upon the market under fanciful and taking names, is a witness to the apathy of housekeepers. \* \* \* A little knowledge of the right kind cannot hurt them, and it will surely bring a large return in comfort and economy." It is not only a "little knowledge" which the careful reader may glean from this little volume, there is much in it of value to the seeker after the best and most correct methods of household science. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

THE PETTIBONE NAME, a New England story, by Margaret Sydney, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, in their V. I. F. series, is a bright, fresh little picture of country life, which will find many readers. Quiet and homelike, without plot, and though somewhat monotonous, it is pure and healthy in tone, the heroine possessing a strong, upright and noble nature which makes her the chief figure in the book, however closely she may be followed by "Bobby Jane," "the little dressmaker," or the "other minister." Most of the characters are such as may be met with in any retired New England village; altogether making a readable story of local life and manners specially suited to home reading, and also as an addition to the general Sunday school library.

Looking over the pages of the many cook books lately published, one hastily concludes that there is little ground left to cover; but in the well filled pages of MISS PARLOA'S NEW COOK BOOK, published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, one finds much that is new. The full directions to the housekeeper on buying meats in the illustrated chapter on marketing, together with the numberless recipes for preparing both plain and fancy dishes, would seem to leave nothing unsaid. Although the book is scarcely prepared to

meet the wants of the multitude of housekeepers of limited means who need to know the simplest and most economical methods of preparing the necessary plain every-day dishes, yet compared with many of the cook books, Miss Parloa's is vastly superior in many ways.

The interest in the May HARPER'S is due, not more to the fact that it contains the conclusion of Miss Woolson's long serial "Anne," than that it also contains the opening chapters of a new serial by William Black. Departing from the usual Scotch or English localities of his former works, "Shandon Bells" is new, and quaintly Irish in its commencement. Mr. Lathrop gives us in the second paper of his "Spanish Vistas," a vivid description of the ancient city of Toledo. In "Music and Musicians of Austria" Miss Seymour contributes an interesting paper with portraits of eminent musicians, while the exquisite illustrations as well as the charmingly written sketch of "A Squirrel's Highway," by Wm. H. Gibson, make it one of the noticeable features. Mr. Stedman's article on "Some London Poets," with portraits is also of great interest. In "David Rittenhouse," by S. W. Pennypacker, we have an appreciative sketch of the life and work of one of the early American Scientists, and Mr. Johnson in "The Upper Peninsula of Michigan" gives an interesting sketch of this famous mining region, finely illustrated. In poetry this number is especially rich, containing a long and exquisite poem by Edwin Arnold entitled "Love and Death." Poems are also contributed by Ada M. E. Nichols, Louise Chandler Moulton, and A. T. S. The Editorial Departments will richly repay perusal. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE ATLANTIC for May contains an almost unlimited amount of good reading, even though it opens with the first chapters of Thomas Hardy's new serial "Two on a Tower." Following it is one of John Fiske's ablest articles, entitled "The Arrival of Man in Europe," in which an interesting account is given of the cave-men and their habits, and of the coming of the Aryans, or early inhabitants of Asia into the new country. H. H. give one of her charming characteristic sketches of western life, and Edward G. Mason, in "Old Fort Chartres" gives readable history of one of the old historic localities of the west. Miss Phelps' serial will be the first article turned to by most lady readers, and "Dr. Zay" seems to be well worth reading about. Eugene W. Hilgard gives the second of his papers on "Progress in Agriculture by Education and Government Aid." There are two chapters of Mr. Bishop's serial, and the third paper of "Studies in the South," will be read with much interest. Elizabeth Robins treats of "Evolutions of Magic." J. Lawrence Laughlin contributes an able article on "The French Panic," and Renan's "Marcus Aurelius" is ably reviewed. The poetry of the number has a great interest for the reader as giving the last of the late Longfellow's poems—"Mad River." There are poems by Edith M. Thomas and Mary W. Plummer, and the Contributors' Club and Book Notes are a special feature. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The May CENTURY comes to us full to overflowing with good things, among which the two serials, of which generous installments are given, and the commencement of Miss Woolson's story in two parts are prominent features. A fine article on "The Canadian Mecca," by W. G. Beers, is profusely illustrated, and the few fine illustrations which accompany Mr. Eckford's sketch of the favorite artist George Inness add much to its interest as being made by the artist from his own paintings. Edmund Clarence Stedman contributes an interesting sketch of James Russell Lowell, and Richard Grant White continues his recollections of the "Opera in New York," giving many little items of interest regarding the favorites of old days. Lucy M. Mitchell contributes no small amount of entertainment to the artistic readers, in her illustrated article on "The Helene Age of Sculpture." There are many readable sketches and several fine poems which will amply repay perusal. "Topics of the Times" gives information regarding many of the important political issues of the day, while the other Editorial Departments are fully up to the usual standard. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

In the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May, Carl Schurz, treating of "Party Schisms and Future Problems," presents many well-considered observations which cannot fail to interest. "Days with Longfellow," by Samuel Ward, contains personal reminiscences of the beloved poet just deceased, extending over a period of forty-five years. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in an article entitled "What does Revelation Reveal?" seeks to prove that the objections brought against the bible by modern unbelievers, are based upon a misconception of the true intent and scope of the sacred volume. Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe writes of "The Navy," with abundant knowledge of its needs, and with a degree of frankness almost, if not quite unprecedented in the naval service. W. H. Mallock gives the first of a series of "Conversations with a Solitary." Finally Gail Hamilton contributes a paper, "The

Spent Bullet," in which science, the pulpit and the law are with exquisite wit taken to task for the part they respectively played in the Guiteau-Garfield tragedy.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for May opens with an article on the "Ranches and Rancheros of the Far West," by Geo. Rex Buckman, which is beautifully illustrated, and offers much information in regard to the resources of the country. "The Land of Cotton," by Wm. L. Murfree, Sr., is another instructive paper which will be of interest to the reader. C. F. Holder treats of the great summer topic, "The Sea Serpent," and Wm. H. Rideing in "How we Differ," gives a readable comparison of English and American habits. Edward C. Bruce contributes a pleasing sketch on "Our Flower Gardens," and Miss P. D. Natt gives one as pleasing of "A May Day on the Simplon." The serial, "Stephen Guthrie," approaches the conclusion. There are three capital short stories, and the usual amount of good poetry, while the "Gossip" and literary notices are well worth the attention of the reader. \$3.00 a year. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Prominent among the monthlies comes BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, filled with the best of everything, as is its wont. Among its contents, one of the most noticeable papers is "The Borders and their Ballads," giving a stirring sketch of the origin of many of the old Scotch ballads and lyrics, which will be interesting to many readers. "The Ladies Lindores," of which Part I. is given, promises to be one of the best works of fiction we have lately read. A well written sketch of "Beloochistan, our Latest Acquisition," will find many interested readers, as will another timely paper on "The Syrian Subjects of the Porte." The humorous sketch in rhyme of "The Earl and the Doctor, or the Chair and the Liege," is well worth perusal. There is a well written short story entitled "The Bandsman's Story," and a solid paper on "The Scotch Liberationists." \$3.00 a year. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.

The LITERARY NEWS for May is especially noticeable for its sketches of the famous men of letters who have died during the past year. The notes on books and authors, and the lists of new publications, are full of interest, and in the other departments, there is no lack of entertaining scraps of information on literary subjects. Sixty cents a year. New York: F. Leypoldt & Co., 15 Park Row.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for May, contains the usual amount of timely, suggestive and interesting articles on the care and cultivation of plants, as well as many other matters. The correspondence is especially interesting this month, and the flower grower can find many valuable hints therein. The Foreign Notes, Pleasant Gossip, and Children's Departments are well filled and contain many entertaining facts and suggestions. \$1.25 a year. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

WIDE AWAKE for May is a number which will delight its host of little readers. Whether they lose themselves in Pompeii with Tom Morgan, or sympathize with poor little Fuz in her dilemma, or imagine themselves out in the woods while reading or listening to Miss Harris' pretty sketches of wild flowers, they will be sure to be pleased. The illustrations, and stories in rhyme, are remarkably pretty. The little sketches or biographies of famous people are continued, this time the subject being Mendelssohn, in whom all who love music should be interested. \$2.50 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

CHOICE LITERATURE, a new weekly issued by the Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., will contain reprints from the principal current foreign and American periodicals, meeting the want long supplied by some of the older magazines at a small fraction of their cost. As a rule, each number will be devoted to a special feature, either history, biography, or current literature, and will vary in size from sixteen to thirty-two pages. \$1.00 per year. New York: Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., 18 Vesey St.

THE FOLIO for April is as bright and full of musical gossip as ever. The large selection of popular music, and the portrait of Will Carlton, the favorite singer, will be welcome to its many readers. The notices of recent concerts, etc., and the list of new music, will also be of interest. \$1.50 a year. White, Smith & Co., Boston.

THE MOTHER'S RECORD OF THE MENTAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL LIFE OF HER CHILD, a work prepared by a Massachusetts woman for her own benefit, will be published by D. Lothrop & Co., next month. It is so arranged that the particulars of the child's growth during each year can be chronicled, and the author's experience enables her to decide what these particulars should be, and to arrange them justly.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY issued by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, will contain the names of 10,611 periodicals in the United States and Territories, which is a gain of 344 in the year just passed. The number of daily papers has increased in a larger proportion, and is now represented by a total of 996 against 921, in 1881. The largest increase has been in

## Waltz.

STRAUSS.



New York—10 dailies, 29 of all sorts. Illinois and Missouri show a percentage of gain which is even greater, while Colorado leads all others in the percentage of increase, both of daily and weekly issues. California, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont, and West Virginia, have fallen behind 1881 in the total number of periodicals issued. In Georgia, Maine, and Massachusetts, the suspensions have exactly counterbalanced the new ventures. In every State not mentioned above, and in the Territories, there has been an increase.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for May is a rich treat to the art lover. Its literary contents are in keeping with the fine and artistic illustrations. The characteristic French sketch by Millet, which is given in the frontispiece, will please the admirer of this popular artist, while the opening article, "Old Crome," is delightful both in reading and the illustrations taken from the favorite paintings of the artist. H. R. Haweis continues his charming history of bells; and "The Years Awakening," by H. E. Ward, is a prominent feature, the illustrations being particularly fine. A "Treatise on Wood Engraving," gives a fine idea of the marvelous changes and improvements in this line of artistic work. The six engravings illustrating "The Pictures of the Season" will share in interest with the readable sketch. The many articles of merit which follow, and the fine illustrations make this one of the best numbers we have ever seen. Rich in artistic excellence it fully maintains the high reputation it has attained and deservedly enjoys. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

THE MUSICAL HERALD for May is a most attractive number of this deservedly popular musical journal. In addition to the usual amount of interesting reading matter there is, besides the four selections of music, much valuable advice and information on all subjects of interest to the student. The reviews of recent concerts and foreign notes are always good, and the question and answer department and review of new music is helpful and full of interest. \$1.50 a year. Boston: Musical Herald Co.

THE PAPER WORLD for May opens with an interesting sketch of the publisher of the popular Seaside Library, followed by many entertaining and instructive articles pertaining to the interests of the paper manufacturer and dealer as well as those to whom any thing relative to book making is interesting. Much valuable information is given on all subjects connected with paper, books and printing. \$2.00 a year. Holyoke, Mass.: Clark W. Bryan & Co.

The May number of BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD contains a large amount of valuable and interesting musical reading matter, and a pleasing selection of new and popular music, both vocal and instrumental. The Educational Hints and Letter Box give the readers many hints and suggestions which can be turned to account by both teacher and pupil. \$1.50 a year. Cleveland, O.: S. Brainard's Sons.

IN THE MONOGRAPH, a collection of essays, published fortnightly by Q. P. Index, publisher, Bangor, Me., we have at the low price of \$2.00 a year, a series of historical sketches, containing much that is useful and valuable in a condensed, convenient and attractive form, particularly adapted to the reader whose time is limited.

OUTING: A JOURNAL OF RECREATION, is full of timely hints and suggestions as to the best and pleasantest resorts for health or recreation. It gives full information concerning the popular as well as more secluded summer resorts, the best sport, fishing, etc., as well as the more general subjects. Sketches of travel, timely book reviews, entertaining items from the different pleasure resorts in their season, and other topics of interest, will be prominent features of each issue. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a number. Wm. B. Howland, 59 N. Pearl street, Albany, N. Y.

OUR YOUNG MEN, a monthly journal devoted to the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association work in the North-west, numbers many pleasing and instructive articles among its contents. The many who are interested in this rapidly growing and helpful organization will

gladly welcome this record of its good works. \$1.00 a year. Cobb & Wright, 253 First Avenue S, Minneapolis, Minn.

We have received from the publishers copies of "Hoffenstein," a humorous sketch, and "Agatha," a story by Mrs. Augusta L. Ord, being respectively numbers 36 and 37 of the satchel series. New York: W. B. Smith & Co.

Ex-Secretary James G. Blaine's Eulogy of the lamented Garfield will be found in the new edition of E. E. Brown's LIFE OF GARFIELD. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

We have received from the New England Rail-way Publishing Co., 117 Franklin St., Boston, a copy of their A B C PATHFINDER RAILWAY GUIDE for May. It contains all necessary information for the comfort and convenience of travelers, giving official time tables of all railway and steamship companies, railway connections, postal, telegraph, and other items of interest to even the experienced traveler. Published monthly, \$2.50 a year, twenty-five cents a number.

NEW MUSIC: We have received from G. D. Russell, 126 Tremont St., Boston, "Sleep in Peace," a quartette, by H. S. Perkins; "Mercy, O Lord," a sacred song for tenor or soprano, by V. Cirillo; "Is my Darling True to me?" song and chorus, by H. P. Danks; and "Playing on de Golden Harp," song and chorus, by Albert Saunders. From Lee and Walker, 1113 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, "Betty and the Baby," song, by J. R. Sweeny. From F. W. Helfnick, Cincinnati, O., "A Beautiful Wreath of Shamrock," Irish ballad, by S. S. Bopbright.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing, and abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper sea-

son for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is very properly doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure his education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which shows the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.

MEMORIZING.—It is a remark of Bacon's that if we wish to commit any thing to memory we will accomplish more in ten readings, if at each perusal we make the attempt to repeat it from memory, referring to the book only when the memory fails, than we could by a hundred readings in the ordinary way, and without any intervening trials. The explanation of this fact is that each effort to recall the passage secures to the subsequent perusal a more intense degree of attention; and it seems to be a law of our nature, not only that there is no memory without attention, but that the degree of memory is, in a great measure, proportioned to the degree of the attention.

—Anybody can tell you what to put in a newspaper; but the real problem is what to leave out.

## The Dispensary.

## THE CHEMISTRY OF RESPIRATION.

HAVING already considered the mechanism of breathing, we come now to examine the chemistry of the process. By this phrase is meant the changes in the air and blood that result from the contact of the two in the lungs. The air we breathe is composed of two principal elements, oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportion of one-fifth of the former to four-fifths of the latter. There is besides a very small portion of carbonic acid present in the atmosphere, but the ordinary proportion does not amount to more than four parts of this gas in ten thousand parts of air. A varying quantity of watery vapor is also dissolved and mixed with the air. Such is the composition of air as it is inspired or drawn into the lungs; but the breath which an animal expels from its lungs is found deficient in the proportion of oxygen, and contains in its place a quantity of carbonic acid. The amount of this gas given off in each act of breathing is indeed very considerable. Taking the human lung as an example, it may be stated as a general average that, under ordinary circumstances, the quantity of carbonic acid exhaled into the air breathed by a healthy adult man amounts to 1345 cubic inches, or about 636 grains, in an hour. According to this estimate, the weight of carbon excreted from the lungs is about 173 grains per hour, or eight ounces in the course of twenty-four hours. The quantity of carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs of larger animals, such as the ox or horse, is considerably greater, and even in the case of smaller animals, as sheep, which are often collected together in large numbers, it will readily be understood that the air about them must soon become loaded with carbonic acid unless it is changed by a free ventilation.

The presence of carbonic acid in the expired air is easily shown by a simple experiment. If we breathe through a tube into lime water, that fluid very speedily becomes charged with carbonate of lime, and assumes a milky appearance. The cause of the change is that the carbonic acid from the lungs unites with the lime dissolved in the water, forming carbonate of lime, which being very sparingly soluble, becomes diffused through the liquid as a fine powder. This will gradually settle to the bottom if the water is allowed to stand. Besides the carbonic acid expelled from the lungs, a considerable amount of watery vapor is exhaled in breathing.

The foregoing are the chief effects produced on the air by respiration. We cannot here very minutely explain the changes which the blood undergoes, but will merely state the principal alterations to be observed in this fluid during the same process. The blood, when it returns to the heart after completing the circuit of the body, is altered in color, being dark instead of bright red. This change of color is due to the presence of carbonic acid distributed or dissolved in it. As the blood permeates the minute vessels of the lungs, every drop of it is exposed to the air, and here it parts with its carbonic acid, and absorbs instead the oxygen of the air. This restores the bright color of arterial blood, and the change renders the fluid again fit to circulate through the body. Nitrogen is also absorbed and given off, but of this it is not necessary for our present purpose to take any account. The fresh portion of oxygen imbibed is probably in part immediately combined with some of the constituents of the blood, but most of it is

merely dissolved, and carried in the circulation to various parts of the body, where in the ultimate capillaries it unites with carbon thrown off from the tissues in the constant process of change going on, thus forming carbonic acid; for this gas, it is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, is a chemical compound, in definite proportions, of oxygen and carbon. The carbonic acid thus produced is carried in a state of solution by the blood to the right side of the heart, and thence into the lungs, to be exhaled, and replaced by a fresh portion of oxygen.

It is absolutely necessary that the venous blood charged with carbonic acid should undergo this change before it passes again through the body. Without this chemical alteration it is a fatal poison to the system, and nature indeed resists its circulation through the body. For if pure air is not admitted into the lungs, the dark blood will scarcely pass on its course; the lungs, therefore, are gorged with blood, the left side of the heart becomes empty, and the right side distended and overfilled; what little blood returns from the lungs into the left side is venous, and this being sent to the brain, augments the mischief, till both the acts of breathing and the beating of the heart very soon cease altogether. If air is completely excluded, as in drowning, a very few minutes serve to extinguish life. In the human subject the contraction of the heart ceases in less than five minutes after complete submersion, and persons are rarely saved if they have been under water more than four minutes. The instances in which recovery has taken place after a longer immersion are probably to be explained by the occurrence of fainting at the moment of the accident; for, with the circulation thus enfeebled, the deprivation of air may be endured much longer than it can while the blood still circulates quickly and accumulates carbonic acid.

It is obvious, then, that carbonic acid, mixed in any but the smallest proportion with the air we breathe, is highly poisonous. Its presence in even small quantities is deleterious, for it is only when the air is perfectly pure that the proper exchange of gases will take place. If carbonic acid already exists in the air, a much smaller amount is given off by the lungs, so that the mischief very rapidly assumes threatening and dangerous magnitude. We learn also, from the manner in which the ordinary gaseous elements of the air are absorbed by the blood, with what facility any impurities can by the same means be introduced into the vital fluid, and work out according to their nature, slowly or quickly, but most surely, their injurious and often fatal effects.

From these considerations the necessity of thorough and efficient ventilation becomes obvious. It is not necessary that the air should be vitiated to the point of suffocation to become a source of disease. The breathing of a single animal soon renders an apartment impure, and unless fresh oxygen—that is, fresh air—is supplied, and the carbonic acid and other impurities dissipated, the necessary change in the blood cannot be duly effected, morbid matter is introduced into the system, and disease in some form, if not a speedy extinction of life, will assuredly follow. There is indeed no more certain method of infecting poison into the blood than by the air we breathe, which is none the less potent because impalpable and unseen.—*Ex.*

## DUTY OF REST.

There is a false idea prevalent about resting enough in the few weeks of the summer to last the year. However full of delight and peace the lazy hours in the

country, however freighted with rest and strength the long days by the sea, we cannot hoard and carry away enough of the precious store. Every twenty-four hours is a circle of its own in which to tear down and build up, and whatever is spent between one sundown and another must be made good from food, recreation and rest, and whoever commences the morning already tired is spending too much somewhere, and will find that a system of paying nature's past debts by drawing on the future will make him a bankrupt. But we do not need to wait till in the fullness of time we can join the throng at watering places. To any one, unless shut up between four brick walls, if there belong a green spot somewhere around the house, if he can sit at least under one vine and fig tree of his own, there is at hand a perennial spring, if he but knows how to drink of it. Perhaps you will say "I cannot stop to rest; I have no time; I will by and by, but now I must do my work." Ah! but are you sure of your by and by? the one this side of eternity I mean! Are you not doing the very thing now that may lose it for you, or if entered upon, will it not, instead of being spent in rest, as you fondly hoped, be spent rather in vain regrets for the strength so unwisely and hopelessly lost? Moreover what is this work you must be constantly doing? If to do good is your ruling motive, have you not learned that it is what you are as well as what you do that blesses the world? and though the toil of your hands is worth much, a beautiful spirit of good cheer surrounding you is worth more, and you are not becoming the best you might be if you have no time to entertain this spirit of rest and strength which cannot live with weariness.—*Herald of Health.*

## CANDY FOR CHILDREN.

You know that the stomach of a child is very delicate, very sensitive, quite as much so as the eye; it will bear milk, and so will the eye, but if you add to the milk pepper, the eye becomes red, and so does the stomach. Cold water is grateful to the eye to relieve this inflammation, and it is equally so to the stomach. Now candy is but little less irritating than pepper; it creates the same redness, the same grade of inflammation, and there is the same demand for water to quench the inextinguishable flame. In such a stomach, healthy digestion ceases; the appetite fails; the blood becomes poor and watery, and the tissues are all impoverished. It is not the sugar that does the harm, for pure sugar is healthy; it forms part of the milk of the infant, and enters largely into many of our best vegetables. It is the sugar mixed with various other articles, often poisonous, and the process of manufacture that render candy so injurious.

You mean to do well by your child, but you are slowly and certainly effecting her ruin. At this critical period of her life, when, for proper development and growth, she needs a large supply of nourishing and easily digested food, you give her these detestable compounds of burnt sugar and poisons, which not only poison her system, but, worst of all, deprive her of appetite and even of the power of digestion. If you persist in this course it is not difficult to predict the result; the chances that your child will reach womanhood will be diminished tenfold; if she reach adult years, it will not prove adult life in her case, but rather a dwarfed and imbecile maturity. Her certain inheritance will be dyspepsia, a morbid appetite for crude and indigestible articles, and chronic and incurable diseases, which will render her irritable and peevish, and lead to premature old age and death in mid-life.—*Hearth and Home.*

## DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MISS HARTMAN. To your first question, "Do you think that the Horsford bread preparation makes bread more easy of digestion than yeast bread?" I answer, decidedly, yes. I base this opinion on many years of experience and use of this valuable preparation, as well as the indorsement of the great Liebig—the world's greatest chemist. He says of it, after referring to the great waste of the bolting process, producing an impoverished, superfine flour: "Upon these considerations rests the preparation of the baking powders of Prof. Horsford, of Cambridge, in North America, which I hold to be one of the weightiest and most beneficent inventions which have been made in recent times." That is a volume of itself, and as I have discussed this subject at length in my "Good Bread," (sent you,) I will say no more at present on that important matter.

The "diet for inflammation of the mucous membrane of the bowels" should be simple food, very easy of digestion, that containing as little of the "heaters" as possible. Bread made of the "C. B. D." of the Health Food Co., will be good for you, while I decidedly recommend the crude gluten—a thick mush—for supper, and the "G. W. C." for breakfast, for a time, till the symptoms abate, and as much longer as you choose. Of the "tomatoes in tin cans," I will say that cheap tins are often—if not always—made, in part, of poisonous materials, arsenic, often, being only about one-tenth of the price of real tin. Immense quantities of this poisonous metal are used in this country, for some purposes, and it is well known that much is used in the arts. These poisons are decomposed by acids, rendering it unsafe to use any such articles for fruits, etc. Sweet cider should never be "boiled down" in copper, brass, zinc, or any vessels made of poisonous metals. Iron is safe. The same remark applies to making pickles, though some select the brass, or copper, to give a beautiful green—a green resulting from the production of verdigris, a violent poison. At our house, none of these are used in connection with fruit or other acids, certainly, when in possession of wares as near perfection as we may expect, reasonably, the "granite wares," not affected by any acids usually used for culinary purposes. I have applied sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) and do not see any action. I do not favor the use of the tomato, in any form, the reasons for which I cannot now well give.

MRS. WARD. Those "garters" I do regard as very injurious. I know of a case just in point, in which an indentation was made in the flesh all of the way around, not far from a fourth of an inch deep, caused by a narrow and tight band. Now, if the "blood is the life," and if it is freighted with the materials from which the whole of the body is constructed, it is plain that any such interference with its natural circulation must to that extent prevent the growth of the limb in early life, while it must always retard its proper nourishment. Mothers will do well to think of this matter, using wider elastic bands, placing them above the knee, where the blood-vessels are so deep-seated that any band will not obstruct the flow of the blood as in the usual place. But, still better, there are other methods of arranging this matter, by attaching the hose to the drawers, etc.

DAISY. The dandruff to which you refer may have two causes. It may be natural, or it may result from diseases of the scalp. In ordinary cases of dandruff, put eight drops of carbolic acid in an ounce of water, and freely rub the scalp with a sponge or wet cloth, three times a week, alternating with water in which aqua ammonia has been diluted, three drops to a tea-spoonful of water. In the milder forms, saleratus and water, applied as above, will remove it. When it results from a diseased scalp, medical assistance is needed, since it is produced by a deranged stomach, or from the use of improper food, generally greasy foods. I might modestly recommend my "Good Digestion" as one means of improving the state of the stomach.

MRS. C. A. ELLIOTT. I have no doubt that the trouble with your child's eyes is referable to impaired health. No mere treatment of the eye will be of much avail, so long as she is so "frail." She needs the very best of care, simple food (nourishing) easy of digestion, so that it will not irritate the stomach, reflected on the mucous surfaces, the eyes included. She should live mainly on the grains, (Health Foods preferred, the "C. B. D." for bread, and the gluten C. for mush at night,) with fruits and the potato, using eggs and fish moderately. She should be much in the air and sunlight. Away with the veils, of course avoiding the unpleasant glare of light. My Health Rules would aid you. She should not eat pastry, much salt or vinegar, and she should not remain costive.

B. Since the "loss of the voice" often results from an inflammation and thickening of the vocal chords, it is possible to effect a cure, when it results from such a cause. Only quacks will tell you that all cases are curable.

## The Dressing Room.

### A CHAPTER ON FANCY WORK.

"WHAT am I going to do with this linen sheet? Cut it up, to be sure. I am going to make me an apron from it first, afterwards, a tray cloth, tidies, napkins, etc."

"You don't mean that you are going to cut up those linen sheets of your great-grandmother's to make aprons, those heir-looms? Why, it seems like sacrilege!" and sister Susan drew down her face with a look of holy horror, and looked at me as if she thought me past reclaim.

"But I do mean just that. They have lain useless long enough, and as for heir-looms, I want something different from these. A nice piece of furniture, a string of gold beads, or some silver spoons. It's all very well to keep something for a remembrance of 'ye olden time,' and I shall save one, or a part of one at least, so that future generations can see some cloth that our grandmothers wove and spun. But who is going to thank me for lumbering up the house with so much old stuff? When I am gone it will be some one's place to look over the old things, and ten chances to one that some one will not have the least veneration for them, and would wonder what I wanted to take up so much room with old stuff for, so no thanks should I get for not having used them when I wanted to. So now, when the coarse linen is so much used for tidies, table scarfs, etc., why, I shall make use of them, and have my money for some other purpose."

Some of us sisters have to be economical. Some of the more favored ones, who have plenty, can save their sheets and buy new linen, but I, with all due respect to my grandmother and thanking her in my mind for the work, the almost endless work of spinning and weaving, shall use mine, thankful all the more that they are yellow with age, and think of her the oftener because I shall see the articles made from them, whereas, if laid away in bureau drawers or chests, why, I should only see them occasionally and wonder what I was keeping them for.

So, good sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, if you have any laid aside join in with my opinion, and let us make some aprons alike. If you have not any in your possession and are obliged to purchase, get butcher's linen or the sheeting. First we will take off the length. Mine is five-eighths of a yard, and three-quarters wide. Some may like to cut them a quarter of a yard longer. Trim the ends to match, and turn it over at the top to form a double apron. We will have three rows of drawn work across the bottom. Will commence by pulling out the threads, leaving two inches at the bottom plain. We will pull, pull, till we have all of the threads out of an inch in width. Leave a space same as at the bottom, and draw out the threads from nearly two inches, leave another space and draw the threads from the same width as the lower row.

Now, the drawing process all completed, we will stitch a while. Take coarse black silk, and button-hole each side of the upper and lower drawn rows, taking up about an even number of threads each time. I make the button-hole stitch very deep, a quarter of an inch, and place the stitches about the same distance apart. Let the heavy line of the stitch, when done, lie down on the linen from the drawn work. For variety we will do each side of the middle row briar stitch, which is only a new fashioned name for feather stitch, that, of course, you are all familiar with. This done, we will put the finishing touch to

the lower row of drawn work. For this you will need coarse linen thread or floss. Commence at the right hand and take up about six or eight threads in the center, draw up tightly, and fasten securely with a button-hole stitch. Then take up as many more, fasten in the same way, letting the thread run from one cluster to another. This will bring the space in diamond shape, with the line of thread in the center.

The next row is so much wider that we will put in two rows of stitches. About a quarter of an inch from the lower side take up the threads the same as in the one just completed. This done, commence the same distance from the upper side and do the same stitch, only halving each cluster of threads and joining them. When finished the threads will look like diamonds through the center with one-half diamonds each side.

For the upper row take up a few threads in the end in the center, fasten, then skip over as many threads as you take up at first, having your needle on the upper side, run it under as many more, bring these back over those skipped, hold it between thumb and finger, and put the needle underneath the skipped ones. This will bring the threads crossed near each outer edge, with the floss running over and under through the center.

Now we will finish the sides and bottom with a narrow hem and put a row of coarse linen lace on the lower side. I like the antique or torchon. The bind and pocket can be of drawn work too, if you like. Haven't you a pretty apron? I think mine a "daisy," as the young misses say.

While on the apron question I want to tell you that for a fancy one you can use plain net, put in several rows of darning, and finish with a lace edge. Line the whole with some color.

But to return to our first love, the sheet. From it we will cut a tidy. It is the style now to have them much longer than wide, with the drawn work and lace on the ends only, or fringe out and tie.

Another pretty way is to pull the threads lengthwise, leaving spaces between, and working in these figures or vines in stem stitch, with silk or crewels. (Stem or outline stitch is taking a back stitch, leaving the silk on the left hand side of the needle each time you make a stitch.)

Crewel looks like split zephyr or Shetland wool, but seems twisted tighter, so of course is harsher to work with, but stays in place better, and is said to retain its brilliant color after washing.

Use can also be made of strips of the linen, using hair-pin work for insertion.

Do you want some service napkins? If so cut a piece three-quarters square, pull the threads from the edge, having the fringe any depth desired, then put a row of drawn work around, and then outline designs in the corners or center. Old-fashioned cups and saucers, teapots and spoon holders are all pretty for the purpose, or a large design in the center. If you do not live where you can get these stamped on, by carefully tracing the outline on stiff paper and cutting around it, you can lay it upon the linen and mark it around yourself, or you can trace the design upon tissue paper, baste it on and stitch through it, pulling the paper off when finished. Usually two of these napkins are used, one each for the lady and gentleman of the house. They are placed corner-wise on the table. Napkins for common use are made large, fringed, and worked with a small design in one corner.

If you want a scarf for your table, cut a piece several inches narrower than your table, and long enough to hang down quite a way each side. I think I

need not minutely describe the fancy work to be put on the ends, only to hint that colors are very effective, and lace or fringe can be used according to taste.

A splasher to put back of the wash-stand, or a long piece to tack on the wall back of the sofa, can be made very handsome, as they can be made large enough to use elaborate patterns. I saw one where swans were represented sailing on placid water, water lilies were floating here and there, and cat-tails and ferns were growing on the bank. It was done on brown linen, outline stitch with coarse black silk, and was quite as handsome as an etching.

Outline work, however, is not confined to linen. It can be used on almost every kind of material. Where embroidery silk, white or old gold, is used on the maroon or olive green shades (now so much in vogue,) of sateen or felting, the effect is decidedly pleasing. A Grecian figure or a milk-maid are either good designs for a tidy.

Do you need a new carriage robe for the coming spring? Then make one from your sheet. (How wonderfully well the sheet holds out, don't it?) You can use colored dress braids for the border, edging them with fancy stitches. If you wish the work to look heavier do the corner pieces chain stitch.

My readers have such fertile brains that surely I need not longer suggest anything more to be made from one sheet, or you will be inclined to accuse me of having the wonderful faculty of lengthening mine. But I find it not so, as everything comes to an end, even sheets, yellow, aged sheets, our great-grandmothers' sheets.

I cannot refrain from writing a word about the elegant materials used for fashionable trifles. The rage for fancy work has brought into use such a variety of beautiful stuffs, never before does it seem as if there were such gorgeous colors, such exquisite shadings, (yes, and such expensive materials,) used. They fairly dazzle the eye, and bewilder the brain of one who looks at them. Velvets, satins, plushes, real laces, hand paintings, all together make elegant trifles.

Think of taking cream colored Spanish lace and working the figure with laid work, done with colored flosses, (they can be shaded so exquisitely,) placed over plush, the ends finished with a frill of lace, and used for a tidy. Well, they are not out of place in large drawing rooms, where they are in keeping with the other appointments, but we who cannot afford them will content ourselves with looking at them when the opportunity presents, and make our living rooms pretty by the aid of dexterous, ingenuity and our grandmothers' sheets.

We will turn our attention to handkerchief bags to wear. These can be made of silk, velvet or satin, black or fancy colors. Take a biasing piece, one-half yard in depth, sew together, and gather one side, draw it up in a bunch and fasten closely. This is the lower part. Now turn down two inches for the top and shirr. Run in rubber cord, and put on silk cord or ribbon to fasten to the waist.

Another way is to take a circular piece about the size of a breakfast plate, for the lower part. Shirr a separate piece for the top, (which can be of a contrasting color,) gather the circular piece and sew on to it. Make them as bright and fanciful as you choose with paintings on the side and bows or tassels hanging from the bottom. Gather a piece of lace three-eighths of a yard long, and tack this in around the top to simulate a hand-kerchief.

AUNT RACHEL.

—Ladies, traveling, should so pack their trunks that they may stand on the end or top, as well as on the bottom.

### CHIT-CHATS ON FASHION.

Number Five.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

"To attempt the history of modern dress in all its endless variety of modes," says Racinet, "would be to record the history of human folly. At all times mankind would seem to have exhausted its power of invention in devising costumes to lend transformation and even deformity to the natural beauty and harmony of the human frame." And if we have escaped the Grecian bend, the waterfall and the wide crinoline, let us not be too sure that our present styles of dress will not excite the risibilities of the future generations, and cause their ridicule, at what will then appear to be our foibles and follies, just as the pictures of the costumes of a generation ago call forth our merriment, without our becoming any wiser.

As the heat of the summer is upon us, the sunshade becomes an article of interest to us, as the umbrella was, although in a different way, to the people of merry England who followed Jonas Hanway through the streets, with jeers and ridicule and loud laughter, because he was the first man in England who carried an umbrella to protect him from the rain—and this happened as late as the middle of the eighteenth century. From its necessity, it has ceased to become a novelty with us, and now no summer costume is complete without the luxury of a parasol. Satin is the favorite material used, and is sometimes embroidered in jet or iridescent beads, to form a vine running around the edge, or a spray on one side. Some are ornamented with hand painted clusters of flowers and leaves, so that ladies who have taste and talent for painting, may turn their taste for art into good account, in decorating their parasols with original paintings. Spanish lace is much used for the borders of parasols, and the pinked edge of last summer is now not so much seen, the plain edge taking its place. The fashionable colors in parasols are cardinal, blue and gold. Black parasols are generally lined with silk or satin of some bright or pale color, as blue, rose-white or gold. Gold is frequently chosen as it corresponds with the fashionable shade of gloves. Chinese pongee parasols edged with ecru lace are carried when light summer suits are worn, and either have a lining of the same or of contrasting colors, while a bow combining both colors is often attached to the handle.

In hats, much of the split shiny straw is used in place of the rough and ready; feathers, lace and flowers are seen on almost every hat for dress occasions, while velvet is only used to rival faille, as a trimming for the demi-season. Many of the crowns are embroidered, and some are jetted; gypsy shapes, large pokes and flats are shown for Newport and Saratoga hats.

Cream and tan gloves remain the popular shades, and are worn with black, white or colored costumes, without any attempt to match the gloves to the dress.

The cotton satine is gaining favor in dress goods, and all the pretty styles and rich colorings of finer goods are repeated in these dresses, and the effect is the same as that of foulard silk. A dark garnet satine basque and panier, has three pleatings of figured satine of gold leaves and flowers on the skirt; or some prefer the solid color for skirt, and panier and basque of the figured goods. Some of these figures are red roses and buds on an olive ground, or rose-buds of pink and vines and leaves of olive on a black ground.

Red, rose-pink or sky-blue Scotch ginghams, or zephyr cloths, are made in neat



of chain, draw the wool through it and the stitch on the needle; this fastens the corner.

1. Chain two, thread over, skip one loop, needle in the next loop, draw the wool through the loop, then through two loops, and again through two loops, thread over, through two, and through two, chain two, thread over, through two, and through two, thread over, through two, and through two, skip one loop, then fasten by putting needle in the next loop, drawing wool through the stitch on the needle, chain three, skip one loop, thread over, needle in the next loop, through two, and through two, thread over, through two, chain two, thread over, through two, and through two, skip one loop, fasten in the next loop, skip one loop, thread over, needle in the next loop, drawing wool through the stitch on the needle, chain three, skip one loop, thread over, needle in the next loop, through two, and through two, fasten in the next loop, skip one loop, fasten in the next loop, skip one loop, thread over, needle in the next loop, drawing wool through the stitch on the needle, chain three, skip one loop, thread over, needle in the next loop, through two, and through two, chain two, thread over, through two, and through two, skip one loop, fasten in the next loop, chain two, turn over.

2. Thread over, put needle in the center of the shell, then through two, and through two, thread over, through two, and through two, chain two, thread over, through two, and through two, fasten this shell at the bottom of the chain of three, then chain three and finish the shells across, after the last shell, chain six, turn over.

3. Thread over, needle in the center of shell, then do a row of shells across, then chain two, turn over.

4. Thread over, and do shells across, this row brings you to the chain of six, draw wool through, then through two, and through two, this makes one bar, then do eleven more bars, fasten at the end of the first row of shells, chain eight, turn over, count six bars, put needle under the chain at the end of the six bars, draw wool through and fasten, chain five, put needle in the same place and fasten, chain six, fasten in the same place, chain five, fasten in the same place, chain eight, now fasten at the edge of the fourth row of shells, chain one, this makes one scallop, then commence first row, thread over, needle in the center of shell, through two, and through two.

If any want it narrower, leave off one row of shells; would need a chain of eight. It is greatly admired by all that see it.

REATA.

#### FEATHER EDGED BRAID EDGING.

Catch your thread into a loop at the end of the braid, make two chain, skip one loop on the braid, and make ten treble stitches in the next ten loops on the braid, skip three loops and make ten more treble stitches, catch your thread now into the two chains made in the beginning, by a single crochet stitch, then catch your thread with a single crochet stitch into the loop next to the last ten treble, carry the thread on the under side of the braid to the opposite loop on the other edge of the braid, make two chain, skip one loop, and make a single crochet stitch into the next loop, continue making a single crochet stitch into every other loop until you have nine single crochet stitches, then catch with a single crochet stitch into the two chains last made, carry the thread on the under side to the opposite loop on the other edge of the braid. \* Now take the braid and lay it on top of the braid in the last half of your large scallop, having the loops on both come even, make two chain, skip two loops on both braids, and make five treble stitches in the next five

loops on both braids, then make five more treble stitches in next five loops on your straight braid, skip three loops, and make ten treble stitches in the next ten loops of braid, catch with a single crochet stitch into the last two chain made, then catch your thread with a single crochet stitch into the loop next to the last ten trebles, carry your thread on the under side of the braid to the loop opposite on the other edge of the braid. Take your braid and lay it on top of the braid in last half of the small scallop, make two chain, skip one loop on both braids, catch into the next loop of both braids with a single crochet stitch, skip one loop again in both braids and make a single crochet stitch into the next loop of both braids, then skip one loop on the straight braid and make a single crochet stitch into the next loop, and continue doing so until you have nine single crochet stitches in all. Then catch your thread into the two chain last made, then carry your thread under the braid to the loop opposite on the other edge of the braid, and repeat from \*.

If any one has any difficulty in making it, address, with three-cent stamp, Mrs. E. H. Lincoln, East Norton, Mass., and I will send them a sample, and try to make it plain if they will tell me what part they do not understand.

#### FEATHER EDGED BRAID TRIMMING.

Fasten the thread to a loop in the braid. Chain seven stitches, put the needle the second loop from where you commence, draw the thread through the loop and the stitch on the needle, chain four more and fasten in the next second loop, then take up three more loops by putting the needle through each one, and drawing the thread through the loop, and the stitch on the needle, chain four stitches and fasten as before, chain four more and fasten, take up eight loops as the three were taken, chain two and fasten around the last four chain stitches, chain two more and fasten in the second loop from the eight taken up stitches, chain two, and fasten around the next four chain stitches, chain two, and fasten in second loop, then take up three loops, chain two, fasten around the four chain stitches, chain two, fasten in second loop, chain two more, fasten around the seven stitches, chain four, fasten in second loop, double the braid together from this loop, and on the right side of the work, take up a loop of each piece of the braid, draw the thread through these loops, leave the stitch on the needle, and so continue until all have been taken up, as far as the loop above the eight taken up stitches, on the opposite side of the braid, then draw the thread through two stitches at a time until only one stitch remains on the needle, then commence the second scallop same as before. Crochet across the top of the completed edging, to sew on by. And I think it washes and wears better to crochet a chain of three between each loop on the lower edge, except those close between the scallops, simply drawing the thread through these. The needle must be fine and straight.

ORZINA.

#### DIAMOND LACE.

Cast on twenty-nine stitches.

1. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit six.
2. Knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.
3. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit six.

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

5. Knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit six.

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

7. Knit three, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over, knit three together, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit six.

8. Cast off three, knit ten, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.

9. Knit three, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit four.

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

11. Knit three, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit five.

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

MISS P. GARDNER.

#### STRAWBERRY PINCUSHION.

Take one ounce of green zephyr, and make a mat on a wooden frame about ten inches square, with pegs driven down in each corner and along the sides an inch apart. Wind your zephyr from one side to the other around opposite pegs. When you reach the end of that side of the frame, cross to the other side and work in the same manner. Then with a needle and strong black thread securely fasten every place where the four threads cross, taking the thread from one to the other. Cut the zephyr at every peg, and you have a mat with a fringed edge.

Now cut five leaves out of green merino or cashmere, line with black stiffening of some kind, button-hole the edge, and vein the leaves with a lighter shade of zephyr. Make one large strawberry about four inches long, and two smaller ones the size of an ordinary emery, of scarlet opera flannel, sew them up and stuff with hair or wool, and dot with yellow wool. At the base of the large strawberry sew five green pieces, and for the small ones three, in imitation of nature. Attach these to the five large leaves, and secure them to the center of the mats.

This is a very pretty and convenient pincushion for the work table. ANNIE.

#### CROCHET EDGE.

1. Make a chain of fifteen stitches; turn work.

2. With the last six stitches make a loop, make three chain and fasten to ninth stitch of the chain, make three chain and fasten to twelfth stitch of chain, make three chain and fasten in last stitch of foundation chain; turn work.

3. \* Three chain, one single crochet in first loop from the needle, repeat from \* to end of row; turn work.

4. Same as third row; turn.

5. Three double crochet in first loop, three double crochet in second loop, three double crochet in third loop, twelve double crochet in fourth loop, fasten over fourth double crochet in preceding scallop; turn work.

6. Put one single crochet in top of every double crochet in scallop, then make three chain over each of the three double crochet, following the scallop, fastening between the three double crochets with a single crochet stitch. This forms loops as in the beginning.

Commence at second row.

KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

#### CROCHET ROSE MATS.

For the roses make a chain of seven stitches. Six loops of five stitches; five long stitches in each loop, with one single at beginning and end. Six loops of five stitches; six long stitches in each loop, with one single at beginning and end. Six loops of six chain stitches; seven long stitches in each loop. Six loops of seven chain stitches; nine long stitches in each loop, with one single at beginning and end. Six loops of nine stitches; eleven long stitches in each loop, with one single at beginning and end.

Use pink and white crochet cotton, make a mat as large or small as wanted, and surround with alternate pink and white roses.

A. B. H.

—Moths may be kept out of furs and woolen clothes by wrapping the fabrics in calico. Moths cannot eat through calico.

—When sheets are beginning to wear in the middle, sew the selvage sides together, and rip open the old seam, or tear in two and hem the sides.

—A few moments spent each morning in planning the work for the day will materially assist the mistress of the family in the more satisfactory performance of her duties.

—It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part toward the preservation of a free government.

#### THE WORK TABLE.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, complaining of incorrect directions for knitting insertings and lace, and, hereafter, can publish only such as are accompanied by a sample, *knitted from the directions after they are written*. It can give but little trouble to the experienced knitters who kindly send us such patterns, and will be a great favor to us.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one give directions for a bracket lambrequin in crochet?

I have seen tidies made of wide satin ribbon with insertion, can any one give THE HOUSEHOLD a pretty pattern?

S. V. E.

MR. CROWELL:—Will any one tell me about transfer pictures on silk, satin and other fabrics? Also, how are placques decorated with transfer pictures?

LAURA MC.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of our paper tell me how to make those round, long watch chains of beads? Also how to knit a square for a coverlet, called the mouse pattern?

I wish some one would give a few items on embroidery especially on South Kensington stitch, also shading.

SUBSCRIBER.

Will some of the sisters, who have the directions for making pansy mats, knitted toilet mats, and apple leaf tidy, please send them to me, or any other pretty tidies or mats that have been in THE HOUSEHOLD prior to November, 1881? and I will try and return the favor. MINNIE DEAN.

North Bergen, N. Y.

MR. CROWELL:—Please say to Mrs. Charles that I have a pattern for gentleman's slipper-case made of silver perforated cardboard, lined with pasteboard, and trimmed with a fringe or moss of scarlet zephyr. If she wishes the pattern, I will send it to her. MRS. WILLIAMSON.

Cat Springs, Texas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Ella will saturate her crimp and rusty silk lace in alcohol she will find it much improved in color and almost as stiff as silk.

ORZINA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of the sisters give me the directions for knitting gentleman's gloves of yarn?

C. M. C.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to re-gild a tarnished bird cage?

MRS. J. M. FORD.

Marietta, Ga.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one, through THE HOUSEHOLD, give directions for working bed-spread on bobinet with linen floss? I will return to any of the sisters' patterns for crochet.

LOU.

## The Dining Room.

### DINING ROOM NOTES.

#### Number Twenty-Two.

I HAVE so many things to say this month I think this will have to be a chapter of odds and ends. So many have asked me to tell them something of the styles in table linen, dishes, etc., which will conform to moderate incomes that I want to say a little upon this subject first.

Fashion being as absurdly arbitrary and fickle in such matters as in the dress and bonnet question, a long chapter on such a subject would be of little use, as probably by the time the readers had decided upon what they wanted, some other style would have risen in the seesaw of fashion. Everything almost is now in use, but the most stylish is white damask in beautiful patterns, sometimes elegantly laced and embroidered. In this case, a colored cloth, sometimes of velvet or plush, is laid underneath, generally a rich, dark red, but, of course, a cloth of this kind would be suitable only in case of a very fine dinner party, and really I have my doubts as to the "suitability" of it, even then. The white damask is handsome enough for any occasion, and may be as costly as one can afford.

They come in very handsome patterns with deep borders, of which those with delicate ferns, I think, are among the prettiest. Then there are also rose borders, and very handsome ones have the rose, thistle and shamrock. These cloths are heavy and very fine, with the design beautifully distinct, and many of them are heavily fringed. Then there are the white or cream tinted cloths with handsome stripes in the border of dark red, deep pink, and blue, sometimes too of a soft fawn tint. These have heavy knotted fringes. Napkins match the table cloths and are of good size. These serviceable cloths are very handsome, and although they have been some little time in use, bid fair to live in popular favor, until they may be well worn out.

Then as to dishes, of which there is an endless variety, from the plain white china, always pretty and in good taste, to the beautifully decorated sets which cost hundreds of dollars. The grotesque is, I am happy to say, speedily disappearing from such decorated sets, and one may take the last spoonful of cream, or a delicate bon-bon, without bringing into relief a grinning Japanese idol or a hideous lizard. There are pretty tea sets of blue and white, the blue of a much more delicate tint than we have seen for a long time, with fine lines of gilt, at from ten to fifteen dollars a set. Then there are the gold band china sets, which can be bought as low as eight dollars and a half, always pretty and in good taste, as is the plain white, delicate and dainty enough for any one. The great point in favor of the two latter being that if a dish gets broken the set is not ruined as is the case with some of the decorated ware which cannot be matched. One can always replenish the white or gold band set and at trifling cost. I know people who have parts of several handsome and expensive sets of china in the house, not enough of either to set the table, consequently, the table presents anything but a pleasing appearance, and if guests are invited another set of china appears, to share the fate of its predecessors.

Then there are the glasses, which are particularly pretty just now, although in tumbler shape, which I think by no means so graceful as a slender goblet. They are not very large, and are nearly straight-sided, and very thin and delicate. Each has a design ground upon one side, no

two in the set being alike. Lilies, ferns, wreaths of delicate flowers, are side by side with an owl upon an old branch, or the aesthetic sunflower and cat-tail flag. These tumblers come in velvet lined boxes, in which each fits into a section by itself, and are, some of them, very handsome. Still I hope the graceful goblet will not be entirely banished from the civilized table.

In table appointments, of course, as in anything else relating to one's belongings, in this free country, at least, we should be at liberty to keep fashion subservient to comfort and one's own taste in such matters, as well as in harmony with one's income.

A table may be well set with whatever one happens to have to put upon it, providing the table linen be fresh, and the dishes well arranged, which is not always the case when there is every thing to make it handsome, if left to the care of servants, whose only desire may be to put the dishes on the table any way so that they are there in time for the meal. Most of us might spare a few minutes to put the finishing touches to the table. It takes such a little while, and the rearrangement of only a few dishes makes such a difference.

So in the care of the elegant china, glass and silver, with which so many grace their tables. The mistress of the house leaves her table with its delicate and costly dishes, to the care of an awkward girl, unused to the care of such, and without a particle more care for them than for the heavier ware or cooking utensils, which are often piled in the same pan.

Glass, china, and silver, should never be taken into the kitchen to be washed, unless there is a competent person to attend to them there. Lacking this, in many houses, the mistress takes this care upon herself.

A small, shallow, wooden tub is better than tin for this purpose, and may be made of some hard wood, with hoops of polished brass, or of common wood prettily painted, and may be placed on a stand beside the dining room table. With the aid of a dish mop which no one really ought to be without, one need not be afraid to wash the dishes. A very little soap should be put in the water, (Castile soap is the best,) never rubbed on the mop or dishes, and the water should not be very hot.

Glass and silver should be washed first, the silver wiped thoroughly with a soft cloth, and then given a slight rubbing with a piece of chamois skin. Daily use and careful washing is the surest way of keeping silver bright and handsome. Any unused silver will grow dark, unless kept in a regular silver closet which is made air-tight, and if so kept, of what earthly use is it to anybody?

It is not a long or very disagreeable task to wash these nicer dishes, letting all but these be washed in the kitchen as usual, and those who have sat in discomfort within hearing of the click of china and glass, thrown together with other dishes, mentally counting the nicks and cracks in their new cups and plates, and pretty glasses, will be very apt to follow this sensible manner of preventing such havoc.

There are several little matters in the culinary line which I wish to talk about this morning. Several of THE HOUSEHOLD readers have lately asked about the Stanyan mixer. Now I know that what one likes very much is by no means as well liked by others; witness the agitating discussions at times in our letter department. However, I can truly say that I would not be without mine for twice its cost. That in the three years, during which it has grown to be a real necessity, it has never failed to do everything

claimed for it and do it well. After the first expense of buying it costs nothing, except the express perhaps. Why not send them well boxed as freight? The expense, if it had to be sent a long distance, would be materially lessened. Mine has never got out of order in any way, and is such a comfort when one has any thing to mix which would be hard to stir. As I have said before, it is well worth the cost to have it to mix the Christmas fruit cake with, even if it were not used again for the year. I see by the print accompanying the advertisement that the mixer has been somewhat altered since I bought mine, and should think it might be a slight improvement, especially in packing, taking less room than the older style.

There have been several methods given lately of using crackers. We use them in one way which I have never seen in print, which makes a nice breakfast dish, is nice for a winter supper when something hearty and warm, without being heavy, is wanted, and is also very good to help out a dinner of odds and ends. Warm a cupful of milk, season with one-half teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and a teaspoonful of butter. Split six crackers, pour the milk over them, and let them soak. When the milk is all soaked in, lay half the crackers, crust down, in a basin or pudding dish which will hold a quart. Put a little piece of butter, a pinch of salt, and a dust of pepper on each, then the rest of the crackers, seasoning in the same way. Beat two eggs and mix with two cupfuls of milk, and pour over the crackers. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

Then there is a cracker pudding which is very nice, though simple, and is a great favorite with us. Split eight crackers and break each half in two or three pieces, and put them in a pudding dish crust side up. Sprinkle over them one-third of a cupful of currants. Beat three eggs, reserving the whites of two, and stir into a quart of milk, add half a teaspoonful of salt and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir well together and strain over the crackers. Let it stand half an hour-less will do if you are in haste-and bake twenty-five or thirty minutes. For sauce, beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, add half a cup of sugar, and beat till smooth. Whip one-half cup of cream and stir all together. Do not flavor unless it is to be used on blanc mange, with which it is delicious. It is especially nice with the tapioca or sago fruit puddings made with water.

Just now there is little in the way of fresh fruit in the country except rhubarb, which when it first comes is generally liked. Rhubarb shortcakes are nice in these early days, when strawberries are only within reach of the dwellers in large cities. Peel and stew the rhubarb, adding only sufficient water to keep it from sticking to the stew-pan. Sweeten to taste, and when done place it where it will keep warm. Make a crust with a quart of flour, a generous third of a cup of butter, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a cup and a quarter of milk. Sift the powder into the flour and mix well, rub the butter in thoroughly, add the milk, and mix as quickly as possible.

Divide and roll one-half large enough to fit into a long tin baking plate, allowing it to come up well around the edges. Spread with butter, roll out the other half and cover over it. Bake ten or twelve minutes in a hot oven. Turn out on a thick towel, lift the under half and place it on a warm platter. Fill with a generous layer of the stewed rhubarb and cover with the top crust. Fill that, grate on a little nutmeg, and add a pinch of clove or cinnamon. Sift sugar over it and serve immediately.

A rhubarb roly poly is nice, also. Make a crust the same as for the shortcake, with perhaps a little less butter, and add three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Half the quantity, using a pint of flour, will be sufficient for a small family. Peel and chop the rhubarb, though not very fine. Roll out the crust half an inch or a little less in thickness, and spread on the chopped rhubarb about as thick. Roll up, pinching the ends together, roll in a thin cloth loosely and tie the ends close. Put it in a steamer and cook steadily an hour. Serve with egg or braided sauce.

For pies the rhubarb should be chopped or sliced thin. Put a layer of rhubarb in the plate, (the under crust should be rolled thin,) then a layer of sugar and dredge with flour, another layer of rhubarb, more sugar and a little spice, dredge with flour, put on the top crust and bake in not too hot an oven till well done. The under crust should be nearly an inch larger than the plate, and folded over the edge of the fruit, wet slightly with water or the white of an egg before putting on the top crust, and you will not be troubled with the juice stewing out. The top crust should be cut through the center. Two cups of rhubarb, one cup of sugar and an even tablespoonful of flour is a good rule for a medium sized pie.

EMILY HAYES.

### THE DESSERT.

—Josh Billings says: "Next to a clear conscience, for solid comfort, comes an old shoe."

—A London editor has just bought a house for £200,000. He refuses to take any more cordwood on subscription.

—A Michigan man deserted his wife "because she was deaf and dumb." Men little know when they have a treasure in the house.

—“Mary Jane, have you given the goldfish fresh water?” “No, ma’am; what’s the use? They haven’t drunk up what’s in there, yet.”

—An old gentleman, having been invited by an acquaintance to go out and see his country seat, went, and found it to be a stump in a large meadow.

—A procession of men passed through Madison street yesterday morning, and were an hour and a half passing a given point. The given point was a saloon.

—An Albany paper tells of a woman in that city who woke her husband during a storm and said: “I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear it thunder.”

—An editor wrote a head-line, “A Horrible Blunder,” to go over a railroad accident, but thought it was the printer’s fault that it got over an account of a wedding. The editor was the man thrashed all the same.

—A household journal says tough beef can be made palatable by stewing gently for two hours, taking out about half a pint of liquor when half done, and let the rest boil into the meat. A better and less troublesome plan would be to kill the cow when she is a calf.

—When a man’s hair stands on end, an ordinary person says his hair stands, but you can’t get a doctor to talk in that way. The doctors call it horripilation. This makes the patient’s hair stick up worse than ever, but it gives the family confidence in the doctor.

—“Show me the man who struck Pat O’Docherty,” shouted a pugnacious little Irishman at an election; “show me the man who struck Pat O’Docherty, and I’ll—” “I am the man who struck Pat O’Docherty,” said a big, brawny fellow, stepping to the front; “and what have you got to say about it?” “Och, sure,” answered the small one, suddenly collapsing, “and didn’t you do it well?”

## The Kitchen.

### FAMILY RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

DR. HANAFORD, in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD, takes his text from Rosamond E.'s carpet business, and preaches a short sermon to the average New England housekeeper, who he honestly believes is needlessly wearing herself into a premature grave, by working nights when she should be asleep, and by toiling too many hours by day, doing some things which need not be done, save to avoid the criticisms of Mrs. Grundy, or because some neighbor sets the example. He asks the sensible HOUSEHOLD sisters to discuss the question.

Now I do not know as I should at all come under the head of sensible sisters, but I am always ready to take up the cudgel against the grievous wrong of overwork, whether it is voluntary or forced. It is a very difficult and delicate question to discuss, as it is so very hard to draw the line between prudent foresight or borrowing trouble, and commendable industry or needless overwork. It is so difficult always to know who to preach at, whether the head of the house, who does not provide suitable help, or the housekeeper, who, from mistaken notions of duty, needlessly sacrifices herself, body, mind and soul, oftentimes, or to thoughtless, selfish, exacting children, who might and should be taught to comfort, relieve and aid, instead of the contrary.

But wrong there is somewhere, and while I cannot undertake to ferret it out and lay on my cudgel in the exact spot deserved, I will speak of some of these wrongs as they look to me, and leave those concerned to make the personal application themselves. Neither shall I undertake to give specific directions as to just the amount of work every woman must do in a day or week, just what day and hour she shall wash, iron, bake and brew, at what moment she shall begin to wash her breakfast dishes, or finish sweeping her kitchen. Such articles always amuse me, because no two housekeepers are situated exactly alike, therefore cannot plan their work after a precise model. Still it is instructive to read the plans of others, and if we cannot copy them in every particular, we can learn something which will help us to plan our work better after a model of our own. For instance, all could not follow the two-meals-a-day system, having the last meal at four o'clock. This might work where there are only women and children, or men of leisure, in the family, who could arrange their hours for rising and for meals to suit their own convenience, but it would hardly answer in the case of hard-working farmers, or mechanics, or factory hands, who have to use every hour of daylight, especially in the winter season, and whose breakfast and tea must come in at the two ends of the day, with the dinner half way between.

That the "average New England housekeeper" works too hard and too many hours, is a serious fact. Writers may theorize and plan for them, and while they are doing it, the whole generation may and will lay them down in their premature graves.

But you ask, "What is the remedy?" Surely what is it? Every hard-worked woman must form her family into a committee of the whole, with herself as chairwoman, to decide what the remedy is in her individual case, and then act. And if you will allow a word from Charity in your councils, she will be glad to help, and believe me when I say, that she can speak

from personal experience. It is a serious question which every housekeeper should ask. How can I make my family comfortable and happy, keep my house well, and yet do all with the least possible work, so as to save my own health and strength?

No woman should have so much to do that she cannot enjoy her work, which she certainly cannot do if she has to perform two days' work in one, and then see enough undone for a third day's work. This keeps her in an anxious state of mind, which helps to wear out the already overtaxed body. She should not have so much to do but that she can perform her legitimate day's work with ease, not being obliged to leave loose ends to be picked up at her leisure, which time never comes, so that she is always hurried, always worried, always a little bit or a good deal behind-hand with something, unless she works far into the night to make both ends meet, and the result is the two ends of her life meet sooner than God meant them to do.

Every woman should have her evenings for rest and recreation just as much as the men folks and children, feeling free to rest, write, read, play, or if she choose, employ her fingers in some light knitting. No woman should be obliged to work upon her feet all day, and then sit down of an evening, or oftener of a night, to do her family sewing by lamp-light.

The question should be considered whether more help cannot be had either outside the family or within. It is often found, when the case demands, that there is a reserved force in one's own family,

perhaps in the person of a strong, well-daughter, who for various reasons on the mother's part, has never been put to hard work. Or the boys, who are often sitting in mother's way while she is lugging wood and water, can be utilized, and to their own benefit as well. Any well boy can be taught to wash dishes, sweep, wash floors, help about the family washing, and even to cook. They can do these heavy works even better than a girl or woman, because of greater muscular force. Especially on washing days is such help invaluable in the moving of tubs, wringing, lifting of water, tending the fire, even hanging out the clothes. Perhaps they won't be hung by a thread, as you have been accustomed to do, with the wind blowing a gale against your perspiring back or delicate lungs, or standing ankle deep in snow. Just let the wind give the contents of the line a turn or two, and who is to know whether they are hung out by a thread or not? But if you can't give up your pet style, teach your boy to do it, and let him get the benefit of the wind and snow. What will perhaps be death to you, will be the elixir of life to him.

Many a man, too, when wife's strength fails, develops into an excellent baby-tender, table-setter, cook and scrub, though except in leisure times of year it is much more profitable for him to hire help in the house, while he attends to his legitimate business. Yet often in the winter when business is dull, men and boys can make themselves eminently useful, and give their women folks a chance to recuperate a little for another spring and summer campaign. They learn some good lessons, too, at such a time. For instance, an acquaintance of mine has been sick all winter. She could do hardly anything. So husband comes to the front and washes the kitchen floor. It is minus paint and full of knots, and every year the knots get a little bigger as the floor wears away. He says, "If I have got to wash this floor I'll have those knots smoothed off." So his plane is used vigorously with great and good effect. When warm weather comes I expect to hear that the floor is painted

He has also learned that he can live and thrive without his favorite pies and puddings, which his patient wife has daily concocted, and now that I have fairly stumbled upon the cooking question I may as well give here a few hints which have proved useful to me. The question of quality and quantity has been so wisely and sensibly taken up by other sisters, as well as valuable recipes given, that I will not attempt the same.

The cooks are often fain to sing,  
"Heigh ho! handle the dough;  
How I do wish that dinners would grow.  
A sponge cake vine, or a doughnut tree,  
What a refreshing sight to see!"

But since no such good thing can come to us we must e'en make as little work as possible about it, and at the same time keep our household well supplied with good, wholesome and inviting food. Some people live from "hand to mouth." They have no regular cooking day, but mix up a little of this or a little of that, just as it happens, and it usually happens in a hurry, so their food is almost never good. They make a blazing fire three times a day, let the thermometer be at zero or among the nineties, and get up each meal from the foundation, thus wasting time, fuel, and strength. In the winter season when food will keep, one can have one or two cooking days in a week, according to the size of the family, so that the breakfasts and teas can be gotten with comparatively little labor. One can make a dozen pies after the materials are together and the stove heated, most as quick as she can make half that number.

A housekeeper should always keep on hand good yeast bread, varying of course with other kinds as she chooses. It is much less work than to be constantly making warm biscuit, more healthful, and fit to set before the president or queen. Other articles of food can be prepared by the quantity, and in this way one can feel rich and forehanded, instead of having the dread and weariness of the inevitable cooking three times a day. Now if the main part of the meals are cooked, the housekeeper can teach her boy or girl to get it on the table, and save her own time. If those who are not in the habit of cooking by the quantity will try this way, I venture to say they will never return to their old method.

I will illustrate another way of making labor lighter by the example of a neighbor, for living illustrations are much more forcible than invented ones. She is in quite feeble health with quite a large family, yet she never works about the house late in the day. The main part of her work is done in the forenoon. Each child large enough has his or her definite work assigned. They have learned how to do it with neatness and dispatch, and there is no disputing to see who shall do what.

Then there is the much agitated washing question. A friend on one side of me soaks her clothes half an hour in a strong soap suds, washes and scalds them, and puts them on the line, using but two waters, and consequently wringing but twice. A friend on the other side soaks her clothes over night, washes, boils, and puts them through two waters after boiling, using four waters and wringing four times. I have yet to learn that her family is any cleaner, healthier, or more respected than that of the former lady, but I do know that it takes her nearly all the week to get rested.

I will tell you another little story about ironing, and you may draw your own moral. Years ago a young lady went in to a friend's family for a few weeks, to help in a time of sickness. A kind and sensible woman, relative of the family, paused by the ironing board of the girl, and watched her as she carefully smoothed

every wrinkle on both sides of every ar-

ticule, then said quaintly, "Dear child, you must learn to iron double." The young girl laughed lightly and merrily, taking the remark as a good joke. Years after, when she was a matron with many cares, she met again the now aged lady, and after the first affectionate greeting, said, with a simple pathos which could be fully understood only by those who knew something of the history of her weary life, "Dear aunt F., I have learned to iron double!" Here is where the moral comes in. Make it before you read any further.

The dress question might be fitly brought in here, considering whether we and our families cannot get along with fewer garments and less elaborately made. I would commend the example of the young lady teacher, who when unpacking her trunk, was told by the lady where she was to board where she could find closet room for her dresses. She smiled as she held up only two dresses, saying "I won't take up a great deal of closet room. This one I have on is for school, this one for church and company, and the third in case of an accident to my school dress." I would also urge that every woman dress comfortably about her work. I have seen a lady puffing around with tight fitting corsets and high-heeled, narrow-soled boots, wondering why she could not do her work with as much ease as her friend across the way, who tripped lightly around in a comfortable wrapper, minus corsets, her feet shod with wide-soled, low-heeled, common sense boots. What do you suppose could have been the reason?

Now, my opinion on carpets. I am aware that I shall go contrary to the opinions of many, nevertheless I can but say what I think. I would not have a rag carpet on a common sitting room floor, unless my family was very small and very neat, and then I should choose any other kind if I could get it. A rag carpet catches all the dirt there is going, gives it back in dust to be breathed in, must be swept often to look nice, and is the very hardest carpet in the world to sweep. An oilcloth carpet is easily swept and washed, and as for myself I would rather have a painted floor only than a rag carpet.

Now I have a word for the men, for they have very much to do with this question of overwork. My message is this: Don't let your wives work out of doors. Not that I think it degrading for a woman to do such work, but because she has enough to do in the house. I have no doubt but light, open air work is healthful if she has the time. But let her get it in the form of recreation among her flowers and pet animals. Feeding pigs, carrying wood and water, milking cows, making the vegetable garden and gathering the products thereof, raking hay and riding the mowing machine, husking corn, etc., are not woman's work. I saw a little woman lately, yet in her thirties, broken down in health, the mother of seven children. I said to her, "You have worked too hard." "Yes," she answered, sadly, "and I have done all kinds of out-door work, and that is what has killed me."

Another woman I know, on a bitter cold day last fall, when her husband was away for a day's work, rather than see the vegetables freeze in the ground, gathered them and brought them to the house with her own hands. Her husband could have bought all the vegetables the family would have needed for a year with less money than he has paid for her doctor's bills since then, and had a well wife into the bargain. I don't mean to be hard upon you, brothers, but you mustn't let your wives work out of doors.

Above all, let us learn to take life easy, not in the ordinary acceptance of the

expression, living in a loose, slipshod way, with little or no provident care for the future, accepting the blessings of life as our right, and its ills with indifference or stoicism. Oh, no! not this. But having a heart receptive and thankful for all the good which comes to us, and accepting the seeming evils with submission and patience, as part of the dear Father's loving discipline. So shall we attain more and more to perfect womanhood as the years go by, prolong our lives so important to our dear ones, and honor God.

TEA, COFFEE, CANNED FRUITS,  
AND PICKLES.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

Tea and coffee are the almost universal drinks used at table, and though there can be no doubt that they are often used to excess, it is better for the health to take a moderate quantity of warm fluid rather than such draughts of cold and iced water as many are in the habit of consuming. A large quantity of fluid in the stomach retards digestion by weakening the gastric juices. If icy cold, it is still worse as digestion cannot go on till the temperature be raised to that of the body, while those which are extremely hot are equally objectionable.

Not long ago I knew of two lovely young ladies, sisters, who died of a quick consumption. The attending physician said there was no doubt that their death was due to disease brought on by excessive use of cold water at meals. It paralyzed the organs of digestion, thus impoverishing the blood and inducing consumption.

Many people make use of drinks to accelerate the hasty swallowing of food, which should be moistened by the salivary glands during mastication. A bite of bread or meat, a gulp of cold or hot drink, and down it goes, and the poor, abused stomach has to contend with it as best it can. And when it can no longer endure but rebels, instead of rest and proper food down go bitters, pills, and powders as appetizers. Some people are so constituted that food has for them no attractions. They must be tempted to eat, especially when young, or they would die from mere lack of nourishment. But most of us eat too much rather than too little, and when the stomach revolts, give it rest and simple food at regular times, not bitters. With some kinds of food a little drink is desirable, but be content with a little. One medium-sized cup of any liquid is sufficient.

A good quality of black tea is more wholesome than green but even this may be drunk to excess. In order to make it as fragrant and relishing as possible, the water must be soft, actually boiling, the pot perfectly clean and dry, and a heaping teaspoonful of tea allowed for each person and one for the pot, as the saying is. Pour on half a teacup of water, and set where it will keep hot, but not boil. Do not make till nearly the time it is wanted, and it has a better flavor if enough water is poured over so that no more need be added at the table, though this may be necessary sometimes when a weaker infusion is wanted. I have no doubt but what many headaches are brought on, and nervous diseases generally aggravated by the too free use of this beverage.

Coffee stands pre-eminent as a morning drink, and many would rather dispense with all other matutinal food than this. It should, if possible, be burned and ground at home, and only in small quantities, as after these operations have been performed, it begins to lose its aroma and strength, and should always be kept in an air-tight vessel.

Some like coffee strong, others weak, but in any case the water must be boiling, the pot clean, and the coffee a good article freshly roasted and ground, and on no account allowed to boil. There are dozens of patent coffee pots, expensive and fashionable, but the one I prefer is the commonest kind with a large top to admit of its being easily cleaned, and a little cap to slip on over the spout.

Coffee is very clear and nice flavored, when it is mixed with a sufficient number of fresh eggs to thoroughly moisten the whole mass. Use shells and all, and then pour on boiling water in the usual manner. It can also be settled by pouring in half a cup of cold water just before sending to table, only giving it time to heat afterwards. When making coffee for a number of persons, it is best to put it in a bag before adding the water. Allow room for it to swell, and stir and punch the bag to extract the full strength. Cream should always be served with coffee when it can be obtained, but when this is impossible, bring the milk to a boil and serve at once.

Miss Juliet Corson, whose recipes for cheap dinners have, during the past few years, done so much for those who wish or are obliged to economize, has given several recipes for making coffee, one of which is so easy and valuable that I copy it here, and recommend it to all. It is called "Coffee with a Stick." Have ready the quantity of water actually boiling. If you use a pitcher, heat the coffee in a frying pan, stirring it over the fire one minute. If you use a pot or pail heat the coffee the same length of time in that. For one quart of water, use two heaping tablespoonfuls of ground coffee. When the coffee is hot, pour the boiling water upon it and stir it with a stick or spoon for one minute. Let it stand by the side of the fire where it will keep hot, but not boil, for one minute, then stir it again for one minute, keep it by the fire for two minutes to let it settle, and then pour it into the cups carefully enough to leave the grounds at the bottom of the vessel. The object of stirring is to thoroughly saturate the coffee with the boiling water, so that the grounds will sink to the bottom of their own weight.

This quantity of coffee to a quart of water does not make it so strong as we like it, but more or less can be added to suit the taste. But however you make it, and whether you like it strong or weak, never allow it to boil. Heat is required to develop its delicate volatile oil, but actual boiling dissipates this, and extracts its tannic acid, which with the albumen of the milk usually drunk with it forms an indigestible mixture very irritating to the stomach. Many who cannot drink coffee on account of its giving them a depressed, heavy feeling, will find this entirely disappear on leaving out the milk.

Whenever we open a can of luscious strawberries, peaches, raspberries, or any of the many fruits put up for consumption during the long winter, I feel like calling down blessings on the head of the one who first invented these self-sealing glass cans, the use of which enables us to have on our tables at all times the juicy fruits which used to be seen only in their season, unless dried or smothered in sugar. By using these, we can have them almost as fresh as when first gathered.

Tin cans should never be used, first, because one must send for the tinman in order to have them closed, and second, because the acid from the fruit always acts upon the tin sufficiently to interfere with the flavor of the fruit. In selecting your jars, get those which can be easily opened, and in which the rubber ring is not exposed to the contents of the

can. Those which have porcelain or glass lined tops are preferable. Fruits for preserving should be perfectly ripe and fresh. Reject all that are bruised or decayed, for after it has once lost its freshness and flavor, it can never be restored. The quantity of sugar is an essential point, as too little may interfere with its keeping, and too much will destroy the fine, fresh flavor.

Some housekeepers always can fruits without sugar, but it is better to add enough to give the desired taste, as it keeps better, and not so much is required when it is cooked in, as when put on at table. Most recipes for canning direct that the fruit be placed in the jars and then cooked by placing these in warm water which is then gradually brought to boiling, and continue this till they are sufficiently cooked. This is a laborious process, but answers when one is very particular to have the fruit unbroken, as cooking and then pouring into the cans tends to mash it somewhat. We practice the latter way, and find it much less trouble, and the fruit is always in good condition unless overcooked, which is owing to our carelessness. The greatest objection to this method is that jars are sometimes broken when the hot fruits are poured in, but this seldom occurs if they are rinsed in rather warm water, and then before filling placed on a towel doubled and soaked in cold water. Do not expose them to a draft of air till they are nearly cold, as by this means one side will cool faster than the other, and the contraction being unequal the cans will often crack. When they have cooled, and you are assured that they are airtight, put them in a cool, dry place where there is not too much light. Open when wanted, and you will have a truly fresh fruit, and not a substitute.

We find a new tin pan the best article in which to cook fruits for canning, and I find that Miss Parloa also recommends its use. Set it where it will not be too hot, a good way is to place it over one of the iron stands used for sad-irons, and cook just enough to heat thoroughly and expel the air. It should not boil violently, as this would destroy the shape of the fruit. Some fruits need considerable water, others but little. Put this in with the sugar before placing on the fire. A very necessary aid in filling the cans is a tunnel with a spout about two inches long, and nearly as large as the mouth of the can. By using this you can pour the fruit in without breaking. If there is not enough of the fruit to fill the can, pour in a little boiling water, or have a syrup of sugar and water on the stove for such emergencies.

In putting up your winter stores, do not forget a liberal supply and variety of pickles. These are essential to health, and give a relish to our other food, and the better food relishes the better it is masticated and mixed with the fluid from the salivary glands before the stomach begins its work.

Cucumbers were formerly almost the only article used for pickling, and are now the standard, though nearly all kinds of fruits and vegetables are used to a great extent. Cherries, currants, pears, peaches, sweet apples, ripe cucumbers, water melon rinds, etc., are used for sweet pickles.

Water melon rinds and ripe cucumbers should be cut into pieces of a convenient size and shape, washed, and then put in a jar with salt and allowed to lie twelve hours. Put in a layer of the fruit and then a sprinkling of fine salt. In the morning rinse and boil in weak alum water. Allow one tablespoonful of powdered alum to a gallon of water. Take sufficient vinegar to cover your fruit and add sugar to taste. The usual recipe is one pound to a quart, but we like more,

Boil and skim, and then put in part of the fruit, and cook slightly. It should not be done so as to lose the shape. Skim out and add more. When it is all cooked, boil down the vinegar, which will be much weakened. Place the pickles in a glass jar, and put in the middle a bag of spices, and pour in the boiling vinegar. This will keep good a long time if the vinegar is good, and boiled down sufficiently.

Cucumbers for pickling should be gathered every day, and should not be over two and one-half or three inches in length. Have them as nearly of a size as possible, and pour over them a boiling brine of one large cup of salt to a gallon of water. Do this three mornings in succession. The fourth morning rinse and scald in weak alum water, one tablespoonful of alum to one gallon of water. Let this stand on them till they are cold, and then rinse and drain. Take as much good cider vinegar as you think you will need, boil and skim. Throw in the cucumbers a few at a time, and boil eight minutes. Boil sufficient new vinegar to cover the pickles, which you have placed in a suitable jar or can, and pour over them when boiling hot. You can add bell peppers or any other spice you like, but I think the less spice the better for this kind of pickle. Lay grape leaves on the top, or cover with a piece of flannel. This will keep the scum from the pickles and can be washed when necessary.

Cucumber pickles are often made without heating. Throw them as soon as picked into good cider vinegar, and let them stand till a white scum rises on the top, then take them out and put in fresh vinegar which you have spiced to taste. Place them in glass jars, put a few grape leaves on the top, and seal. They will keep without further trouble. I have often eaten very nice pickles made by this method, which is certainly an easy one, but have never tried it myself.

ROSAMOND E.'S DIARY.

MAY 3. Arbutus again! The house is fragrant, and the children, never satisfied with their spoils, climb the hills and scramble through the clearing in search of larger and brighter sprays. The pink is their choice. I prefer it white, and enjoy going for it myself so much that I allow them to do so at their pleasure, though often at a loss how to dispose of their huge bouquets.

I have been acting out my own and the copy-book precept, "Try, try again." I fail in success with small fruits, weeds and hungry animals or some mishap interfering to spoil my best laid plans, but I have tried again. Ichabod prepared a "patch" for me, and we planted over one thousand strawberry plants. I am building fine castles in the air of the time to come when I shall revel in strawberries and cream, a luxury of which we are all so fond it takes no small dish full, and my share generally is a small one.

My cousin with her one child has visited me at last, and we have had a revival of the memories of our girlhood, just good old time talks and jokes renewed till the cobwebs are shaken from my brain at least, by the hearty peals of laughter we indulged in. One evening we rather astonished my small troop of little folks by "a concert" we told them. We sang together as in days long ago, the old, old songs, and having only such an audience, I dared to attempt many almost forgotten ones, "Gypsy Countess," "Brave Boys are They," "Glory Hallelujah," "Evening Song to the Virgin," "Juanita," and many others of that epoch. One can almost imagine time has not been, and we are standing on the vine-covered porch, with the "boys" ready to join in the chorus."

MAY 26. I have made Midget a dress of the cheap, unbleached muslin known as cheese cloth. It is yard wide, and costs but six cents per yard. I made the waist with a pleated back and plain fitting front, then opened the shoulder seams and Shirred into them a half width of the muslin, hemmed on both sides with an inch wide hem, and edged with cheap torchon lace. These strips are straight, and long enough for her to cross them over her breast, under a bright belt, then they are caught up in pleats under bows of ribbon, to form a pointed overskirt on the front of the underskirt, which is trimmed with two box pleated ruffles, and the back width Shirred. The bows of ribbon are basted on the pleats, and secured in place by buttons and button holes under the bows. This is a very pretty way to make such goods, and the Shirring can be let out to laundry, and easily drawn up again.

I made cottage pudding for dinner, the small fry are very fond of it. I take one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, beat smooth, add one cup of sweet milk, and two and one-half cups of flour, in which I have sifted one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, beat well, flavor with lemon, and bake in any cake pan. Serve hot with sweet sauce, which I make with butter size of a large egg, or more if it is plenty, one cup of sugar, one large tablespoonful of corn starch or flour, rub smooth, and add one pint of boiling water, and let it boil one minute. I make bird's-nest pudding by this recipe, paring and coring apples that cook nicely for the "eggs," then pouring the batter all over and around them. When baked nicely it is a very good dessert, and sugar and cream are suitable for dressing if one does not wish to make the sauce.

I have been pondering over my capital in the shape of variety of recipes for desserts. When one has not much variety of vegetables, she can atone for it by nice desserts. I want to learn to make a very nice dessert I once ate when visiting. It was made of gelatine, cream and whites of eggs, and whipped to a foam, and held the form of the mould, but I don't know the proportions. I think, however, I will write to my friend and ask for her recipe.

I have found sap sago cheese a great help to my appetite, which usually is poor at this season. I believe it is made of goat's milk, and I do not know if it is wholesome or not. I do know I find it "good," and I can recommend it to my friends who complain of loss of appetite. I grate it and spread it on bread and butter. Marjorie March sends them to me at the small cost of fifteen or twenty cents each.

JUNE 8. To-day I took Ichabod to one of our county fairs, left him there and drove home alone, twelve miles. I started in good time, but three miles from town I was overtaken by a storm. It rained very hard, and thundered and lightened so that I stopped at a house, and asked a man, if he thought it prudent for me to go on, as being so far from home on a strange road, I could not tell if I was going towards or away from the storm. He considered a moment, then said he thought it probable there was heavy rain yet to come, but that the thunder and lightning would be no worse. So realizing that the home folks would be distressed if I was late, I urged my gallant steed—an old nag whose upwards of twenty years of travel were my only reason for daring to apply the whip, experience having proved to me the risk of doing so with some of our younger ones—and before I reached home the sun shone out brightly, and I found the little folks watching for me, clamorous to hear the details of my lonely ride, and to tell of the events of the day at home.

One of the younger fry is subject to attacks of ear ache, and I have tried everything I ever heard of without securing relief for her, till a neighbor passing one day when I was carrying her on the porch, trying to amuse her till some remedy could take effect, inquired "What ails the little girl?" I explained and she told me to cut a three-cornered or round plug of fat salt pork, so as to exclude the air entirely from the ear, but not to go in too far, and try the effect of that. We have never since tried any other treatment, unless there appeared to be an accumulation of wax in the ear, when it ought to be removed, and the ear syringed with a little tepid milk and water, or castile soap and water first. The children remember this, and take pride in being ready with my treatment during my absences.

For bleeding at the nose, a wad of paper pressed between the upper lip and the gum, or a wad of cotton wet in alum water and pressed into the nostril will give speedy relief.

JUNE 28. The children have taken turns in visiting among their few relatives with Midget. I am led to wonder how people get clothes enough to go visiting for week after week, with several children. I had to manage considerably to arrange for one to wear the other's dresses if necessary, and so two wardrobes, plenty at home, served for one away from home.

I have seen some pretty ideas in the way of bureau ornaments, a pin cushion with a slipper watch case fastened on top of it, and one with a round box set in it, with a fancifully dressed head to lift the lid by for a similar purpose, the reception of jewelry. Empty shoe polish bottles may be covered with bright silk or satin, sewed like a bag to fit, fringed out at the top, and tied around the neck with ribbon to match, to hide the cork, which may be covered by pasting some silk on top of it, and serve for cologne or toilet bottles for ordinary use. Even "pop" bottles covered with bright silesia, and ornamented with some little decalcomanias, and a pin cushion to match, a round collar box, also covered and ornamented, do not make very bad substitutes for the frail but very ornamental glass toilet sets now so popular.

I have used some neck ties, sea foams, past washing for wearing any longer, to cover some pin cushion tops over bright silesia, edging them with superannuated lace. They present quite a respectable appearance, and the children are lost in admiration, though a trifle disappointed at not receiving them as an addition to their store of dolls' clothes, or those for their own adornment when "dressing up."

This has been a long month to me, yet I scarcely realize harvest is here, hay-making begun, and plenty to do in doors and out. I am fond of country sounds, and love the hum of the mowing machines, but a thrill of dread always passes over me when I hear any unusual sound, lest some one has met with an accident, so many men grow careless with the machines now used for farm work, and we constantly hear of accidents at this season. Women are apt to overheat themselves in the labor of cooking and washing and ironing, which always increases, when harvest begins, and 'tis the early bird who "puts through," with a will, and forethought as to the day's needs, a good part of the day's duties in the cool of the morning. Sad to relate, I fail to enjoy as some do, the early rising necessitated if one does so, though I practice it whenever I have an extra effort to make.

Many will be horrified to learn that I have never ironed a fine shirt fit for any one to wear. Once I did iron three, but they were abominable even to my eyes,

and I have given it up, for the present at least. Sallie is not perfection in this department either. Ichabod and the boys wear celluloid collars with comfort, and pass with the neighbors, but I often wish I had realized when I would have surmounted the obstacle probably, that no young lady is fit to be married who cannot make and laundry a fine shirt in proper manner, fit to offer to her lord of creation. I think it would be a good thing for us all—even for those who can do up linen—if there were celluloid bosoms too, or paper clothing out and out, so cheap one could burn them instead of this grind of wash and iron, wash and iron the same articles week after week. Yet we find white dresses that may thus be new twice every week if need be, quite a comfort for the small members of the family, who are often heard to inquire, "Will this wash?" If "yes," they are relieved, knowing they dare to be happy. I like plaid ginghams of dark colors that may be worn at least three days for common wear, and the bright plaids now worn in finer ginghams are a blessing for older girls' wear, as I have known some who can wear them a whole season for afternoons.

#### ON SYSTEMATIC HOUSEKEEPING.

There would be more orderly homes if all housekeepers would have a regular plan for each day's work; for "there is nothing like method and regularity to lighten labor." If I could speak with our young housekeepers, I would say to them, "Secure a few moments every evening to think over and arrange the necessary labor of the morrow. Bring before your mind just what ought to be done, and fix the mode and time for doing it distinctly. While dressing next morning, review your plan, that all through the day it may be like a map spread out before your eyes. Of course, many things may occur that no foresight could provide for—sickness, unexpected company, or interruptions beyond your control—but nothing that can wholly derange a well-digested plan for every day's duties."

On getting up in the morning the bed clothes should be thrown back so the beds can air thoroughly. As soon as dressed, the "housewife" should carry all the slops from the bed rooms, and open doors and windows even in winter. By the time breakfast is over, the rooms and bedding will be aired. Now make the beds and sweep; while the dust settles, wash bowls, pitchers, soap dish and tooth brush holder. Next, fill the pitchers, and see that plenty of clean towels are at hand. After all is ready, dust, and arrange all things to your liking. By doing these things always in the same way, they will be more easily and quickly done.

One should have a moderately light broom (to be kept for the carpets,) a dust pan with long, upright handle, a large, feather dusting brush, (the gray ones are best,) and a chamois skin for rubbing the piano or nice furniture. A small feather duster will be useful for dusting ornaments or pictures. Their price will soon be saved in time and labor, for it is slow and tiresome work to wipe the dust from such articles with a cloth. A chamois skin is also nice for polishing windows. It can be washed when soiled.

Once a month all Brussels carpets in daily use should be treated to corn meal and salt. Mix a small handful of salt to every quart of corn meal; dampen it very slightly, sprinkle over the carpets and sweep thoroughly. It will remove dust and coal smut, and brighten the colors wonderfully. When the spring and fall cleaning is done, have the carpets well swept, then sprinkle with corn meal

and salt, and rub one width at a time with clean cloths, which should be changed when soiled. The ingrain and three-ply carpets should be well shaken, the spots washed in a pail of clean, warm soap and water, then rinsed and dried. When they are tacked down, wipe them all over with a flannel cloth wrung from hot water.

I think Brussels carpets are almost, if not quite, as cheap in the end as ingrain or three-ply, for they last much longer, look better, and do not need to be taken up more than once in two or three years, while the ingrain and three-ply ought to be shaken as often as every three or six months, if used constantly. The dust and dirt sweep off of Brussels, and it sifts into the other carpets. Velvet carpets last a long time, but are very hard to sweep.

After the monthly cleaning, when the dust is well settled, wipe the furniture over with a flannel cloth dipped in kerosene. This is the best method I know of for the purpose. It dries quickly, does not injure the furniture in the least, and the odor soon passes away.

Silver and plated ware can be cleaned beautifully and expeditiously by rubbing them with a piece of flannel dipped first in kerosene then in whiting. It should then be polished with a piece of chamois skin. (Kerosene should be kept away from the fire.)

To all young housekeepers who are striving to make a home which shall be worthy of the name, one which her dear ones will "leave with regret and come back to in after life as pilgrims to a holy shrine," I would say, "The first requisite is to make it so attractive that none of its inmates shall care to linger long outside its limits. All legitimate means should be employed to this end, and no effort spared that can contribute to the purpose. Many houses, called homes, kept with exquisite neatness by painstaking, anxious women, are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home-feeling from their spotless precincts. The very name of home is synonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care. But neither of these can be felt where such a mania for external cleanliness pervades the household as to render everything subservient thereto. Many housewives, if they see a speck on floor or wall, or even a scrap of paper or a bit of thread on the floor, rush at it as if it were the seed of pestilence which must be removed on the instant. Their temper depends on the maintenance of perfect purity and order. They do not see that cheerfulness is more needful at home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Their disposition to wage war on maculateness of any sort increases, until they become slaves of the broom and dust pan.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from the sympathetic natures which, in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom, and the awful duty of endless scrubbing."

#### HOW TO MAKE A DISHWASHER.

BY MRS. J. C. BURKE.

Have the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD ever thought how much they can save those misused members, the hands, by possessing a simple dishwasher? All who understand the use, and know the value of this little article, will not long be without it. See one or two of the advantages. In the first place, if there should be a ring at the bell while engaged in the duty of washing dishes, you need not stop to wipe the dripping fingers, for the hands are not placed in the water at

all, except the fingers of the left hand in removing the dishes. Again, we can use boiling hot water without danger of scalding the hands.

The usual method of plunging the hands in the hot water, causes a disagreeable sensation, unless they have become hardened by this practice. It also leaves an after effect of a shining red surface which certainly does not add to their good appearance, nor cultivate in the slightest degree our idea of the beautiful, or as we might express it our "aesthetic tastes." Surely no lady who does her own work, and yet wishes to look nice in the afternoon or evening, can consider this in any other light than a great detriment to her comfort and appearance. Possibly some may call it foolishness to be so particular in regard to this matter, but it is the little things which complete the whole. We all honor the hard-laboring woman whose constant work necessarily makes her hands rough and coarse. Some affirm that while performing the many disagreeable duties connected with housework, it is impossible for them to keep their hands soft and white. But I think this is a mistaken idea. Of course, some care is necessary, but not too much to pay for the object attained in the end. The use of the dishwasher is one of the many simple means in this direction. Besides it is such an assistance in wiping dishes to have them hot, they almost wipe of themselves.

These dishwashers have been generally admired by every one who has seen them in use. We keep two, one for ordinary use, the other for washing silver, and we are careful to keep it free from all foreign substances. They can be bought at the stores, but none of these, so far as I have seen, can compare either in size or quality with the home-made ones. The first I ever saw, was made on shipboard by a sailor, and sent to our family. When, after long service, it was finally used up, we were quite at a loss to know what to do without it, when father came to the rescue by copying the old model. Our friends have kept him busy ever since.

Perhaps I can describe it. Take the top of an old broom handle and cut off about one foot. This forms a substantial handle for the washer. One end will be smooth, so no splinters can enter the hand. Make a notch all around, two inches from the other end, so that the mop part can be firmly attached to this without slipping off. The best material to use for the soft part, is the warp of canvas, which can be obtained at sail lofts for almost nothing. If this cannot be found, take ordinary twine, such as comes around grocery packages. These pieces economical housewives always save. This twine, however, will require more time and patience in the making. The warp comes in solid layers, and simply has to be cut the desired length, while the twine has to be first laid down strand by strand. Have the warp or twine cut about one foot in length. Have a large supply of this ready for use. Then lay it lengthwise with the stick, a small quantity at a time. The middle of the length of the strand should be directly over the notch. Have a long string ready to tie it tightly around the notched part. When quite a quantity has been firmly fastened on, then turn the strands which lay on the upper part of the handle down over the other ends. Renew the tying around process, and finally thread a carpet needle with the end of the string and sew it firmly in and out, criss-cross and around. If there is not already a hole in the broom handle, one may easily be bored, a firm cord run through, and it is then ready for use. You will then have

what I think no kitchen is complete without, a strong, neat dishwasher. I hope some one will try this method of wash-

ing dishes, and not give it up at the first trial, because unaccustomed to the movement. Grace, skill, and dexterity will soon be acquired, and you will finally be as loth to part with yours as we are with ours.

#### TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with. Adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further, and visit the homes of the suffering poor; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, and then return to your own with a cheerful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil of self-denial which he has endured in the business world, to surround you with the delights of home; and you will co-operate cheerfully with him, in so arranging your expenses that his mind will not be constantly harassed lest his family expenditures may encroach upon public payments.

#### REMOVING MILDEW.

A lady writes: "I wish to benefit some discouraged housekeeper this hot weather; for, be she ever so thorough and vigilant, there is a chance of finding, some morning, that all the fine clothes of the last washing are mildewed, and then, oh dear! you can't imagine what a heartsick feeling it gives one when she does not know what will take it out. Sour milk will not, if you soak the clothes a year, for acid rots the cloth. My remedy is, to wet the cloth in soft water, and then rub on plenty of soap and salt; then hang out on the line in the sun and air for a few days. This will remove all mildew, no matter how fine or coarse the cloth may be, or if it be linen or cotton."

—Exchange.

#### A CHEAP ICE PITCHER.

The following simple method of keeping ice water a long time in a common pitcher is worth knowing: Place between two sheets of paper (newspaper will answer, thick brown is better) a layer of cotton batting, about half an inch in thickness, fasten the ends of paper and batting together, forming a circle, then sew or paste a crown over one end, making a box the shape of a stove-pipe minus the rim. Place this over an ordinary pitcher filled with ice water, making it deep enough to rest on the table, so as to exclude the air, and you will be astonished at the length of time this ice will keep, and the water remain cold after the ice is melted.

—A tablespoonful of black pepper put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed will keep them from spotting. It will also keep the colors of colored or black cambrics or muslin from running, and does not harden the water. A little gum arabic imparts gloss to common starch.

—TUITION FOR DAUGHTERS.—The Journal of Health asserts that no thoughtful mother should rest until she has taught her daughter to do well the following things: To make a cup of coffee, to draw a dish of tea, to bake a loaf of bread, to cook a potato, to broil a steak or chicken, to cut, fit, and make a dress, and to set a tidy table.

—Any hard steel tool will cut glass with great facility when kept freely wet with camphor dissolved in turpentine.

A drill bow may be used, or even the hand alone. A hole bored may be readily enlarged by a round file. The ragged edges of glass vessels may also be thus easily smoothed by a flat file. Flat window glass can readily be sawed by a watch spring saw, by aid of this solution. In short, the most brittle glass can be wrought almost as easily as brass by the use of cutting tools kept constantly moist with camphorized oil of turpentine.

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been an interested reader of our excellent paper for several years, and have often wished to write, but would as often delay, simply fearing I should come in contact with that noted waste basket. But after reading the many good things which appeared in a late number, I thought I would wait no longer. I learn so many good things from our paper that I want to send my mite, in part payment for the benefits derived from the many contributions to THE HOUSEHOLD. How I should like to see and know more of you all!

Rosamond E. is a source of great wonder to us all. I often wish I could see her face to face, but suppose I must be content to stand afar off, and still "keep wondering." I wonder if she would exchange photographs with me, that I might, at least, see her pictured self.

Riverside, I know where your visit to H. was. It is indeed a pleasant village. I have a married brother living there, and my mother was born and brought up in that town.

Emily Hayes, your "Dining Room Notes" are a great help to us all.

When THE HOUSEHOLD arrives, I always look first for the music, (by the way, I was very glad to see the Kiss Waltz, in the April, 1882, number, it was just what I've been wanting,) then to the many interesting letters in the letter department. I try all the directions for knitting edgings, and find very pretty patterns.

I have a splendid recipe for stove blacking which I will send you, and I hope you will try it. One ounce of gum tragacanth, boil fifteen minutes in a pint of water, then add four ounces of black lead, one large spoonful of molasses, and one pint of water. Apply when the stove is nearly cold.

To make salve, take three pounds of rosin, four ounces of mutton tallow, four ounces of beeswax, and two ounces of balm of Gilead buds, melt and simmer together, then strain and pour into cold water, and pull into sticks. One-half the recipe makes a large quantity.

Wilmot, N. H. ROSE BUDD.

DEAR SISTERS:—I can resist the temptation no longer, so have made up my mind to crowd in, knowing there is always room for one more. I have been a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for a number of years, but I am especially interested in it this year, for I receive it as one of my wedding presents, through the generous offer of Mr. Crowell. I was an amateur at cooking when I commenced housekeeping this year, and I have been helped considerably by this blessed paper.

I can sympathize heartily with Patty Pipkin in her agonies on doing up those shirts, for I have been there myself, and although it is ludicrous enough to read about, personal experience at the time is not so funny.

The other evening when I received the last number of our paper, I sat down to the pleasant task of cutting the leaves, and glancing over the contents, while my "John" occupied the sofa, and opened fire by saying in his teasing way, "Say, why don't you send the sisters some of that oyster stew? I'm quite sure they would appreciate it."

Now, the facts of the case are these: I attempted to concoct a stew. I boiled the milk as I had so often seen mother do, salted, peppered, and buttered it, and then threw in the oysters to cook a few minutes. I thought everything was going on swimmingly, but tasted to make sure, and found my stew was flavored with the delightful(?) odor and taste of burnt milk. My lord's nose was immediately high in air, although he consideredly said nothing, but I felt badly enough. Now, will some sister come to my rescue with a recipe? Most of the recipes published, are for cakes, etc., I know you must have some nice pudding recipes. I dislike to confess ignorance in one of the "fine arts," but having always either attended or kept school, I have had no time to learn, but I mean to come off conqueror yet.

I am interested in plants. My callas bud frequently, but I am almost always disappointed, for nearly every bud will blast. Can any one tell the cause or suggest a remedy? I have tried the hot water plan.

I have pictures in my mind's eye of most of the sisters who have written for the paper. Will any exchange photographs that I may have them in reality?

In closing I won't say, as others do, that if they are published this once they will come again, for if I get into the paper this time, I'll stay away and give others of the 54,000 a chance.

LOU LYLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Although a stranger I would like to tell young housekeepers, how to make a nice pudding on short notice. Take three soda crackers, roll fine, one pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, and a little salt. Bake half an hour, then beat the whites of two eggs, add sugar, season with lemon, pour over the pudding, set in the oven, and brown delicately. It needs no sauce.

Here is my way of making rice pudding without eggs. Butter the pudding dish, wash a cup of rice, put in the bottom, then a cup of sugar, a small cup of raisins on top of that, eight cups of milk, and a piece of butter. Grate a little nutmeg over the top. Bake slowly two hours without stirring. For sauce stir white sugar and butter together, or butter alone is good. I hope some of you will try it. It is the least trouble, and the best pudding I have ever made.

Ruth Pinch, in a late number, wants to know how to cook oat meal. I soak it over night if wanted for breakfast. While visiting my sister a short time ago, I eat some I thought very nice. When she was ready to get dinner, she put some cold water on the oat meal in a tin pan, and when the potatoes began to boil, she set the pan over them, and it came to the table nicely cooked.

I want to say to THE HOUSEHOLD Band that I am acquainted with and visit one of you, who do you guess it is?

FLORA MAY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The spirit of longing and desire has at last resolved itself into a request that the charmed and charming HOUSEHOLD Band may welcome yet another to its good fellowship and love. Each number of that good and helpful paper is welcomed with renewed interest, and already has it been the means of doing me a signal service. A sister, whose name at this moment escapes me, wrote long ago how good lemons were for doing up a leghorn hat. I thought I would try it on my Blossom's last summer's hat, and succeeded so effectually, only using one lemon on quite a large hat with such wonderful results, that I thought it was but justice to write

and thank the sister through this happy medium.

The way in which I proceeded was this: First, I took off all the trimming, then cut a lemon in halves, took one-half at a time, and rubbed, and rubbed, and rubbed crown and rim, inside and out, until the juice of the lemon ran thick and dirty, then rinsed with a soft cloth and tepid water, very gently, and hung in the sun to dry, changing the position frequently, and taking in the house as soon as dry, which will be very soon if hung in the sun.

I just wish that kind sister, and indeed all the Band, could see what a sweet picture my little girl looks like in that identical hat trimmed with pale blue satin ribbon, a great bunch of loops on one side, a long white plume sweeping from under it, and drooping low on the other side, tied under her chin with the same pale blue, and a dainty ruche of Valenciennes lace across the face. And then to think how proud I am of it all, because the hat was "polished up so carefree," and the feather re-curved too, all by my very own hands. It is all very much admired.

There, I had almost forgotten to tell you how I stiffened the hat after it was dry, which is very important indeed, according to my experience, for I found that the crown displayed great ambition to become a mountain. No convenient crock being at hand, I took an old tomato can, turned it upside down, then with a moderately heated iron, and a damp cloth, pressed it into shape. This was suggested by mother, as she says that is the way she has seen coarse straw hats treated in her country home. So now, since I have thanked that kind sister, I ask again if I may come in and be one of you. Please, all of you, think once, twice, thrice, and welcome,

ANISE STRANGE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—How many, many times have I felt like writing to some of the dear ones of THE HOUSEHOLD, and thanking them for their kind and loving words, and the beautiful lessons they teach, and just as many times have I said, "Well, what shall I say, and how shall I say it?" and then all my good intentions would end. I would feel bad, sigh, and wonder why I was not smart like lots of others I know. How can I, even now, find words to express half my gratitude to them or make them know that I love them. I never did such a thing as write for a paper, especially one like our HOUSEHOLD. I expect if this is ever published I need not tell you that I never did. But I hope you will have charity for a beginner, and excuse me if I failed to make known my gratitude and good intentions when I started out.

I love to read the letters of dear Gladys Wayne, Charity Snow and Penelope Pepper. It's a comfort to know that I can read if I can't write, and in good reading I can profit by it and learn to be content. Penelope, the next visit you make tell us of it. I imagine I look like you from what you say of yourself. I'll comfort myself with the idea at any rate.

Gladys Wayne has such a sweet way of saying things. I fully agree with her in "that we should be more careful in what we say." Some of the ladies say rather cutting things of each other that seem altogether unnecessary. I have often felt like replying to some that are so sarcastic, and yet felt timid about it for fear of getting the worst of it. Rosamond E. says no attention whatever to it, which I suppose is the best way.

I want to tell Jennie that whipped cream is delicious, and just how she can have it, as we have it quite often, and if she lives on a farm, as I do, she will find it very convenient in case of company coming in all hours of the day, as some of

mine does, without warning, and oh, dear me! not a bit of cake for tea, but never mind, whipped cream and sponge roll are soon had, and nice too. You want the thickest of sweet cream without a bit of milk. One coffee cup of such cream will beat up enough for half a dozen persons. I use a quart bowl to hold the cream, putting it in a crock of cold water, and with a Dover egg beater beat quite stiff, being careful not to shun or have it taste oily, you can tell by tasting, then flavor with lemon or vanilla, just as you choose, and add two tablespoonsfuls of pulverized sugar, or more if you like it very sweet.

I make sponge roll in this way. Three eggs, beat light, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and flavor. Bake in a long bread pan in a hot oven. When done, which should be in a few moments, have jelly ready, spread on the top, and roll up. When cold, eat with the cream just spoken of. I think you will find it very nice. If you fail let me know, and I will try and help you out.

I wish some of the ladies would give directions in the different stitches in embroidery. I would like to know how to take the satin and stem stitch, also what stitch is used in outlining the pretty Kate Greenaway patterns.

And now I must halt for I have said more than I expected. DEAN THOMAS.

Columbus, O.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If some of the kind sisters would send a recipe for oyster patties, I would be exceedingly obliged.

Also, I would be very much pleased if Aunt Rachel, or some other kind sister, would send a series of letters to THE HOUSEHOLD on the subject of oil painting, similar to those in last year's papers on Painting on China. They were very interesting and instructive.

So much for the questions, now for the answers. A Beginner in Housekeeping asks for a recipe for curing hams, corned beef, etc. I send one that I know to be excellent. The hams should be left in the brine two weeks before taking them out to be smoked. The beef will be always ready, keep good and sweet, and will not need freshening. To make a brine for corned and dried beef, hams, etc., to each one hundred pounds of meat take ten pounds of salt, one-fourth pound of saltpetre, and one quart of molasses. Dissolve the saltpetre in a little warm water, then add to the other ingredients with water sufficient to cover the meat. Put a weight on it to keep it under.

Mary W. wishes a rule for peppers. Here is a good one for stuffed peppers: Take out the seeds, either by cutting the stem end out or by splitting them lengthwise, then every day for three days sprinkle a little salt over them, turn boiling water over, and let them stand until the next morning. After three days, drain and fill with finely sliced cabbage, put in a crock and pour cold vinegar over.

These recipes are very good and I am sure you will be pleased with them.

MRS. C. G. PARSONS.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have long wished to write a letter to THE HOUSEHOLD, but always thought there were so many older and wiser than I that I had better not attempt such a thing. I have no experience in housekeeping to relate, no advice to give, no recipes which I have tried to recommend. None of these could overcome my timidity, I only ask to say a few words to the shut-in band, to whom my heart goes out with such warm sympathy. I have three very dear friends who are invalids, and loving them has taught me to love all who "have to serve by waiting."

There is something so inexpressibly sweet in such quiet, patient lives that it always makes me better to spend an hour in the room which is

their little world. I seem to leave the busy, restless world outside, and gather strength. There are lessons to be learned there, and the dear patient invalid is our teacher. And yet I doubt not many of that band grieve that theirs is not the

busy life, forgetting how much good can be done by encouraging those who have to go out and battle with the world. It is a noble thing to be willing to lead such a life, and the reward will be great.

I have a few verses that one who is shut in from the world loves, and I think all the Band will enjoy them. She keeps them in her Bible, and says they often comfort her. I do not know the author.

"Called aside;—  
From the glad working of thy busy life,  
From the world's ceaseless stir of care and strife,  
Into the shade and stillness, by thy Heavenly Guide,  
For a brief space thou hast been called aside.

"Lonely hours  
Thou hast spent, weary on a couch of pain,  
Watching the golden sunshine and the falling rain;  
Hours, whose sad length only to Him was known,  
Who trod a sadder pathway, dark and lone.

"Called aside;—  
May not the little cup of suffering be  
A loving one of blessing given to thee?  
The cross of chastening sent thee from above,  
By Him who bore the cross whose name is Love.

"Called aside;—  
Hast thou no memories of that 'little while,'  
No sweet remembrance of the Father's smile,  
No hidden thoughts that wrapped thee in their hold,  
Of Him who did such light and grace unfold?

"Called aside;—  
Perhaps into a desert garden dim  
And yet not lone when thou hast been with Him,  
And heard His voice in sweetest accents say,  
'Child wilt thou not with me this still hour stay?'

"Called aside;—  
Oh, knowledge deeper grows with Him alone,  
In secret oft His deeper love is shown,  
And learned in many an hour of dark distress  
Some rare sweet lesson of his tenderness.

"Called aside;—  
In hidden paths with Christ thy Lord to tread,  
Deeper to drink at the sweet fountain head,  
Closer in fellowship with Him to roam,  
Nearer, perchance, to feel thy heavenly home.

"Called aside;—  
We thank Thee for the stillness and the shade,  
We thank Thee for the hidden paths Thy love hath  
made,  
And so that we have wept and watched with Thee  
We thank Thee for our dark Gethsemane.

"Called aside;—  
Oh, restful thought—He doth all things well—  
Oh, blessed sense, with Christ alone to dwell:  
So in the shadow of Thy cross to hide,  
We thank Thee, Lord, to have been called aside."

#### SPRING BLOSSOM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—You don't think your old friend, Hans Dorcom, would tell you a lie, do you? Well, then, I tell you that Rosamond E. is a true, living, loving, loyal, royal woman, to whom the dear Lord has given eleven children, of whom two are in heaven.

And let me tell you also that the members of THE HOUSEHOLD must not speak unkindly or sneeringly of each other. But as Paul tells us in his letter to the Philippians, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, \* \* \* whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things," for the mouth speaketh what the thoughts give it to speak, and the pen also expresses what the mind prepares.

I want also to say to all who have, at my request, sent contributions to Riverside, for an

unexplained purpose, that you must have patience a little longer. The contributions, small as they were, came in slowly so that four months have passed, and I know the time seems long to you, but Riverside has worked as fast as she could, in the circumstances, and she has done her work well, and we are all under great obligations to her. As soon as possible you shall know all about it. Just now I can only ask you to "let patience have her perfect work," and wait. You who have contributed, will be very glad, and I think, too, that those of you who have not done so, will be very sorry when all is explained.

HANS DORCOMB.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters have an open fire-place with a grate in which they do not keep a fire, it can be made very ornamental. Fill the grate with reindeer moss, the light gray moss so abundant in pasture lands, arrange it evenly between the bars and on top, upon a level with the upper edge of the grate. Stand pressed ferns and fancy grasses of different lengths in the moss, and I am sure your work will be much admired.

Another of my original decorations is a mantel trimming. Among my grandmother's cast-off finery, I found a long, dark red, crêpe scarf about one-third of a yard wide. I tucked one edge of this to the top and front edge of my mantel, which is a long, old-fashioned, wooden shelf. I then caught the scarf up in four places by two plaits in each place. The effect is very pretty.

I want to talk a little about the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. I joined the Circle last October, and I am enjoying it so much that I want everybody to know about it, and to take up the course of reading. Only forty min-

utes a day are required, the expense is small, and it is designed for those who are desirous of taking up a course of reading in their homes. A Book-a-month Circle was started in January, which requires the members to read a book each month during the year. The C. L. S. C. can not be joined until next October. Send to Dr. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J., for information. Send to Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, Plainfield, N. J., concerning the Book-a-month Circle. Dear sisters, I am sure that you will take the trouble to inquire into this chance of progression, and may it be a source of great happiness to you.

In the article upon Niagara Falls, published in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD, the writer makes a slight mistake. The covered railway spoken of in the latter part of the description, leads to the river, and to one side of the glorious American Fall. The Cave of the Winds can only be reached from the island spoken of previously. Terrapin Tower has been removed as dangerous to ascend. MRS. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—Some of my humble productions have been printed, and some have been consigned to the waste basket, but it makes little difference to me, only when people have prepared for a tea party, they like to have a fair representation of the invited company present. I expect I have had that, and now I cannot refrain from writing again, after reading the number for April, 1882.

Gladys Wayne, I am pleased with your appreciation of delicate tact in others when they disagree with you in any way. I well remember when I read what E. M. C. said in reply to you, and thought much the same as you have expressed. I often wonder how some of our dear sisters can write such scathing criticisms. You must feel somewhat as Lord Howe in Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh,

"Be less bitter with me,"  
and as Aurora herself, when she says,

"Deal with us nobly, women though we be,  
And honor us with truth, if not with praise."

I have had a few of those very choice friends whose delicacy and tact made me love them. Then others all unintentionally wounded to the quick, but no eye but His saw the wound. We cannot measure too carefully our words, and our tones of voice.

Right here I will notice in the same number (April) that some dear sister differs from me in what I wrote for a late number in regard to children. I thank her for her kind disapproval of my method, but I think at the same time, if she could step in and see with her own eyes how the plan works, she would not disapprove. There is seldom anything broken except by one member, and he principally through mischief which he can scarcely resist. I believe the plan was instituted for his benefit. There are a great many theories for training children, but a wise parent will judge for each child separately.

I must put in a word for Rosamond E. I have long stood up for her in my own mind, and I do not consider her a "nine days' wonder." Instead of re-writing it, I will just endorse what Penelope Pepper says in this same number of Rosamond, and I hope she will think twice or thrice before she sacrifices her health and life at the shrine of her ambition. I know what it is to be filled with energy and ambition, and not have strength enough to support them.

I would like to ask a question about this rag carpet business. I never saw but one rag carpet put down in breadths without being sewed together, and that was in a home where there were no children. I should think that the children, if not the Johns would stumble over them and fall, or be always turning up the edge. Will Julia A. Carney please tell about cutting such a carpet? I suppose it must be cut some shorter than a room, and that will depend upon how much the carpet will stretch, as different weaving will stretch differently.

I am glad Emily Hayes is giving us lessons in music, especially the one she promises for beginners, as we have just obtained a piano, and I would like such an article for my little folks to read. It is so long since I used to play that I do not feel very competent to instruct, though I can do something at it.

I wonder what has become of Mrs. L. Givens. I wrote her a long letter over a year ago, but I have never heard a word since. AMATEUR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—How delighted I was to find in the November number my contribution in behalf of our dumb friends, and which I suppose admitted me a member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band. For the space allowed me I thank you, and being greatly interested in the cause, I hope that from time to time, by obtaining space in your valued columns, to awaken an interest in all your readers, and with their assistance relieve the sufferings of those who mutely appeal to us to protect them from the abuse they daily and hourly receive, from those to whom they should look rather for kindness, but alas, how often they are disappointed.

Parents, teach your children kindness to animals. Picture to them the mournful cry of the poor bird when robbed of its young or eggs, and contrast it with the happy, tuneful note that calls

us from our slumbers. Talk with them, reason with them, ask them to spare the rod, and the stone that sends many a harmless squirrel and cat home wounded, to suffer for weeks, and for what? Simply to gratify the desire for fun. Would it not be more pleasure to see these harmless creatures, remaining about our homes, happy, and with the feeling that we were their protectors, than for the momentary satisfaction of wounding them, and adding to their many sufferings.

Dear sisters, here is a duty we owe to every household, a lesson to be taught, and one in which we may all join. Let us, when we sit down by our cheerful fire of a cold, winter evening, ask ourselves the question, are our horses, cows, cats and dog comfortable, or are they exposed to this bitter cold? Are those of our neighbors well cared for? If we know of any cases where such are not well fed and protected, is it not our duty to see that they are? Most certainly it is, and in return for this will we not set an example to our friends and our children, that, if followed, will add to our happiness, not only here, but hereafter? How often I find cases calling for relief, and happy I am when that relief is given.

Dear sisters and children, we are not here to think of ourselves alone, but of others also, and while we of the human family can make our wants known, the poor dumb creature is obliged to suffer in silence, and it is for us to discover and relieve. How often I have known persons active in church and benevolent societies to give puppies and kittens to any one who would take them, and often to children, by whom they are tortured, (innocently, of course,) but the suffering of the poor thing is the same. How common it is in every community, to take a basket of kittens and drop them in different door-yards, with the feeling that some one will take care of them.

Many a time I have taken these poor kittens, and twice a pet cat, left by families in the neighborhood, who had gone from home and left their poor cat without food or shelter, and had them mercifully killed. How much better it would be to take these poor creatures as soon as brought into the world, and before they have learned what suffering is in store for them, and put them humanely out of misery, than to let them live for a few weeks in comfort, and then doom them to perhaps years of suffering.

Another common practise is to give dogs and cats to boys to put out of the way. If those who give them could see the way the work is done, (in most cases,) they would learn a lesson that would never be forgotten. My dear readers, you may think this is a hobby. Perhaps it is, but it is one that we all should have, and if by talking with you occasionally I can prevail upon you to adopt it, I venture to say that you will regret that it was not a hobby with you years ago.

Before closing let me say to the members of the Band, that those who leave their pets to the mercy of servants, would do well to look after them themselves. Servants in general have little time and less inclination to see that animals are regularly fed, and have plenty of fresh water. If dogs and cats could speak, their owners would be surprised to learn how much they had to suffer from the hands of those to whose care they had been entrusted. I hope soon to see readers of the valued *HOUSEHOLD* joining me in my fight for justice. There is plenty of work for us all in behalf of our dumb friends.

Boston, Mass.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. *HOUSEHOLD*—I don't know what constitutes one a member of *THE HOUSEHOLD* Band. If being many years a subscriber and an interested reader of your valuable paper is the only requirement, surely I am one. If there is anything else wanting let me know, as I am anxious to be counted in.

I want just for once to thank the friends for all the useful things I have learned through the columns of your paper. Often cold nights do I think of Hans Dorcomb, as I have followed her advice of wrapping the feet in a flannel blanket, as my health is poor and I am troubled with cold feet, but for two years have followed her advice with much comfort. Hope some other invalid may try it.

I have used one package of Diamond dyes with good success, and think it cannot be excelled.

MRS. C. W. LOVEJOY.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*—Another stranger to the Band asks admittance. But the Band is not wholly unknown to me, for I have read *THE HOUSEHOLD* for several years, and I, too, think there has been considerable improvement in it of late.

Rosamond E., a stranger, yet a sister in feeling, let me thank you for your pleasant, helpful letters. I, too, have a houseful of little ones, five boys, the oldest twins, not yet nine years old. I know very often strength and patience fail, that very failure plunging a sensitive, conscientious mother into deeper discouragement. I can sympathize with the longing in time of weariness and sickness, for a loving hand to quiet noisy voices, and restless little feet. By sad experience I know, too, of days that Penelope Pepper, in *Western Rural*, designates as nasty. They come unbidden and unannounced, and after such days of adverse circumstances,

with tired bodies and tensely strung nerves, one cannot help but long for quiet and rest. Oftentimes the knowledge that other feet have walked in weakness where our own are, is strengthening. We feel we are not entirely alone. There is a sense of nearness, a feeling of sympathy, in the thought, and as strength and health return, the sunshine and music come back to our lives. May health speedily return to you, dear Rosa-

mond. And now a word of caution in regard to chloride of potash. I have used it freely for throat diseases for several years, also in connection with sage tea and honey for nursing sore mouth. This winter we were compelled to change physicians. This one told me to stop it at once. Too much of it causes the albumen to pass off through the kidneys. He also told me nearly all the children's tonsils were enlarged. He recommends a weak decoction of golden seal for simple throat trouble. Will Dr. Hanaford and *THE HOUSEHOLD* mothers let us know something of others' experience?

As to Dobbins' soap, I have used it nearly five years, and could not do without it. It is better than any other soap or fluid I ever tried.

Will some one who has used the Stanyan bread mixer please enlighten me in regard to it? Is it much help to the believers in thorough kneading? Also how much bread will it mix at once?

I have a child's blue empress cloth dress trimmed with white silk braid badly soiled. Is there any process by which it can be made as good as new, or nearly so? Also will some one who has tested the Diamond dyes please report?

Gladdys Wayne, may we all carry the thoughts in your last leaflet, not only into *THE HOUSEHOLD* correspondence, but into our innermost hearts, into our daily lives, as well. And as we ponder them, diffuse to our neighbor and our neighbor's way a larger measure of that charity we are so prone to forget to give another, even while expecting it for ourselves. Unkind words are hard to forget at best, but written words should never make a heart ache because of unkindness. Rather make the pen a mighty medium of good, so fraught with noble thoughts and generous impulses, that every line may bid us,

"Go to thy labor with willing heart,  
Earnest in spirit to do thy part;  
Blending with nature thy ready art,  
Strong in thyself, my child.  
Spear to the little ones gentle words,  
Touch with kindness the quivering chords  
Of the young life-harp—it is the Lord's;  
Keep it in tune, my child."

COM.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*—Is there still room in this busy *HOUSEHOLD* Band for one more stranger? Were I one of the gifted ones whose ideas spin along so lively, I would try to tell how much enjoyment and good I get from the Chats in the Kitchen and The Mothers' Chair. I never knew until the January number, 1881, came to me that there was such a publication, and I really do wonder how I shall ever do without it again.

Rosamond E.'s Diary seems so natural and yet so almost impossible it has great attractions for me, still I notice, as some others have, little inconsistencies that show, I fear, the diary of Rosamond to be only the fancy of a very fertile brain.

I wish to say to the sister Band, that it seems to me it would make their letters far more satisfactory if each writer would give the state in which she lives. Some of them do this, while others tell such lovely things about their homes and country that I, for one, would like to know whether they are in a cold or warm country. One writer tells Rosamond E. if she does come west to come where she lives, but does not say what state she is in.

Sunnyside asks how to prepare her large pictures for safety. A friend of mine pastes hers in a large atlas.

I must thank Emily Hayes for telling us how to prepare lemon peel for use, lemon flavoring being my favorite. I have always kept extract in the house, but the peel is so much nicer. But I must make my bow and retire, after saying I have just been reading again Aunt Betsey's letter in September *HOUSEHOLD*. Aunt Betsey, if you knew how it warms the heart and enlivens the mind to read your words of sympathy and good cheer, you would come oftener.

As I write, the ground here in Wisconsin is white with snow of several inches depth, although it is in the month of March, and the dear robins and blue birds have been with us two weeks.

L. W.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CHOCOLATE ICING.—One-eighth of a cake of Baker's chocolate, grate and put in a small pan and add one-half cup of warm water; when the chocolate is thoroughly melted flavor with vanilla and add powdered sugar enough to make as stiff as white icing. Put on the top of cake as soon as made.

LONG ISLAND.

ROLY POLY PUDDING.—Make a crust like soda biscuit, that is, put a piece of butter the size of an egg to one quart of flour, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, one even teaspoonful of

soda, and milk enough to make a paste that will roll out. Into this, when rolled out, put any sort of fruit, fresh or preserved, (leaving out the juice if preserved,) fold the paste together so the fruit will not run out, and steam one hour. Serve with sauce.

MRS. E. H. RAYMOND.

OAT MEAL PUDDING.—One pint of oat meal soaked over night in sweet milk, one cup of sugar, one cup of currants, one cup of raisins, and spice to taste. Add more milk if too thick, and bake.

A. E. C.

GINGER CRISPS.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, one tablespoonful of soda, and use just as little water, boiling, as will dissolve the soda. Do not mix hard. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

L. W.

DRESSING FOR COLD SLAW.—Beat three eggs well, add six tablespoonfuls of cream or sweet milk, six tablespoonfuls of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of mixed mustard, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and one teaspoonful of salt. Cook as custard, and when thick set off to cool. Pour over your cabbage just before serving. You can omit the mustard and butter if you wish.

SALAD EGGS.—Boil a dozen eggs very hard, cut them at one side and slip out the yolk, mash it smooth with a piece of butter the size of an egg, salt, a little made mustard, and moisten with vinegar; fill the whites with this, and place nicely on a dish. Nice for tea or picnics.

KITTY CLIDE.

RHUBARB PIE.—Chop the rhubarb fine, take one and one-half cups, one and one-half cups of sugar, two large spoonfuls of flour, one egg and the yolk of another, flavor with lemon, beat it well, and bake with one crust. When cool, frost it. Like any rhubarb pie, better for having the rhubarb chopped.

MRS. F. M.

COCOANUT COOKIES.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of cocoanut, four large spoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flour to roll out thin.

MRS. HARRON.

CIDER JELLY.—Soak one box of Cox's gelatin in half a pint of cold water until soft, then add one quart of granulated sugar, mixing thoroughly with the gelatin, then pour over the mixture one pint of boiling water, stir thoroughly, add one quart of cider, stirring well, strain into your moulds, and put in a cold place.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Make a thin batter of flour, warm water and yeast, let the batter rise, then add sugar or molasses to taste, and make rather stiff with graham flour, then put in the baking pans and set to rise. When light bake in a moderate oven. I sift my graham flour and then put the bran back and mix thoroughly. When thickening the batter, I add a little at a time and beat it well.

PASTE FOR WALL-PAPER.—Take sifted flour, add sufficient cold water to wet it, mixing well. To each quart add a teaspoonful of fine salt, and the same of powdered alum, then pour on boiling water, stirring all the time until the mixture thickens. Pour on the boiling water slowly, and stir briskly.

PICCIOLA.

WHITE CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and the whites of three eggs.

SPICE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, the yolks of four eggs, and one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg.

The above two recipes, put together before baking, by dropping first one kind then the other in the tins to bake in, make two marbled cakes.

MY WAY TO MAKE SHORTCAKE.—One quart of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda and one-half teaspoonful of salt sifted together, one-half cup of butter, or part lard, one egg, and sour milk to mix soft. Do not handle much. I melt the butter and pour it in the flour with the rest of the wetting; I think it is better and easier than to rub it in.

MRS. A. G. S.

PLAIN INDIAN PUDDING.—One pint of well cooked Indian meal mush; when cold add two beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of extract of lemon or vanilla, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one one-half pints of sweet milk, stir well, and bake half an hour. A few stoned and chopped raisins is an addition.

MEAT-BALLS.—Pieces of any and different kinds of cold meat, chop fine, salt, pepper,

and savory or sage as liked, beat one egg and mix in last, roll into small balls, and fry brown after dusting over with flour.

To clean a tea or coffee pot that has become discolored inside, put into it a teaspoonful of saleratus and fill two-thirds full of water, and let it boil two hours. Wash and rinse well before using.

LESA.

RICE PUDDING.—One and one-half pints of milk, one-half cup of rice, one cup of sugar, and a little salt and nutmeg. Bake three hours in a slow oven.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One-half cup of yeast in a quart of tepid water, one tablespoonful of salt, graham flour enough to make it too stiff to run, but not as stiff as can be stirred; I stir long enough to get the flour out of sight, using a wooden spoon. Pour into a three-quart basin, well greased, and let it rise over night. It must be baked one hour; the first three-quarters of an hour have a two-quart basin turned bottom up over it. Sometimes for a change I put in a handful of raisins and half a cup of molasses. If I am mixing white bread at the time, and have plenty of sponge, I use a little of that sponge for my graham loaf, instead of yeast.

CALIFORNIA.

SWEET APPLE PIES, ETC.—For the benefit of those who have an abundance of sweet apples, and no pumpkins or squashes, I would say that they make very nice pies prepared and made in the same way they would make pumpkin pies. Sweet apples are apt to grow imperfect, but can be made useful in this way when in no other. They also make nice sweet pickles made in the same way you would make other sweet pickles.

L. T. M.

Syracuse, N. Y.

FRENCH ROLLS.—One quart of flour, one-half pint of milk, one-half cup of yeast two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, raise over night, and bake in a quick oven.

STUFFED PEPPERS.—Get the large bell pepper, cut out the stem end carefully, take out the seeds, then fill with the following: one very small cucumber, a spoonful of pickled lily, and a tiny green tomato, then place the end of the pepper back and run a common wooden toothpick through the top of the pepper, thus securing its contents, place them carefully in a jar or firkin, heat sufficient vinegar to cover them, with a small piece of alum to each quart of vinegar, when boiling hot turn over them and close tightly, and when cool place them in a cool place.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—To three pints of scalding milk put enough meal to make a stiff batter, stir in three large spoonfuls of sugar or molasses, two large spoonfuls of wheat flour, half a spoonful of ginger or cinnamon, one teaspoonful of salt, two or three eggs, put into a bag, but do not have the bag more than half full, for it requires considerable room to swell in. Boil three hours. It must boil all the time or it will be heavy. For sauce use sweetened cream or molasses.

MRS. C. O. WHEELER.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

EDITOR *HOUSEHOLD*—Will some one please send a recipe for scrap book paste which I can always have ready for use?

A READER.

MR. CROWELL—Please ask some of the sisters to give their methods of making grape wine.

MRS. A. E. BICKFORD.

ED. *HOUSEHOLD*—Will some one please give a recipe for black fruit cake measured by cups instead of pounds?

KITTY CLIDE.

MR. CROWELL—Will some of the sisters tell me how to make fine soap, also hard soap suitable for washing clothes? and corn bread without eggs?

LITTLE GREENIE.

Will some of *THE HOUSEHOLD* readers inform me how to prepare the sticky fly paper, such as they keep in stores?

MRS. P.

ED. *HOUSEHOLD*—Will some of *THE HOUSEHOLD* Band give recipe for Paris cake?

A SISTER.

MR. CROWELL—Will some one of *THE HOUSEHOLD* Band please tell how to make cream candy such as we buy, and what kind of sugar to use?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one please give me a recipe for making hectograph copying ink?

JENNIE L. B.

## The Parlor.

### SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Into the Silent Land!  
Ah! who shall lead us thither?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, O thither,  
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions  
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band  
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
Into the land of the great Departed,  
Into the Silent Land!

### BAAL-PERAZIM, OR THE BREAKING FORTH OF WATERS.

A STORY OF BOHEMIA, FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

THE town of Toplitz is built upon the banks of a narrow stream, with the uneuphonious name of Sanback, that runs through a lovely valley between the Erz and Mittelgebirge in Bohemia.

The town is not a large one, but is very old, having been celebrated for its hot springs as far back as the twelfth century. The chief dependence of the entire population seems to be upon the strangers, who are all drawn thither by the fame of its healing waters, though there are large quarries and mines in the sienitic porphyry of which the mountain ranges are composed. In the suburbs there is a beautiful park extending away behind the castle of the Prince Clary, and enclosing within its environs not only long alleys of noble forest trees, and clear and placid lakes, but also several fine buildings, one of which is used as a reading room and library, and contains also a ball-room, for the accommodation of such guests as are able, either to occupy or amuse themselves.

The principal of the seventeen hot springs, which rise in and about the little town, is the Urspring, which is enclosed within the Stadtbäder, and reaches a temperature of 120° Farenheit, and from which the patients return in a half boiled condition.

In this quaint old town lived Marie Gratsfeld, the widow of a miner, and her twin children, Emelie and Egbert. By unflagging industry, Gratsfeld had accumulated from his small earnings enough to leave at his death a little house as an inheritance for his children, and Marie, by working early and late, had added many comforts in and around the beloved home, until the invalid was considered most fortunate who, during a sojourn at the springs, secured rooms with her.

Cheerful and obedient the children were in their attention to their guests, and devoted with the tenderest affection to their mother and each other, but one shadow darkened these frugal and contented lives.

Gratsfeld, in building the house, had borrowed a small sum from his brother, who still held a mortgage on it, and who, being a harsh and ill-tempered man, constantly threatened Marie with the loss of all if the interest was not ready on the moment it was due. However, even this fear was but concerning the future, for as long as Marie could keep her two great chambers filled through the season she

did not allow herself to be troubled, even though Martin's scowl, as he passed the house on his way to and from work, would sometimes make her shiver with fear, lest anything should happen to cut off the small weekly sum which was their chief dependence.

The little children had early learned to regard Martin as their evil genius, and to hide behind the bushes in their little garden when they heard his step, and as they grew older they had begun to put aside in the savings bank their own small earnings, in the hope of by and by being rescued from this terror. The crowd of visitors, which, during July and August, gathered in the town, made a market for such small wares as Emelie had learned to fashion with her busy little fingers, and for the fruits and flowers Egbert, by untiring energy, could raise in his garden.

My aunt and I had become wonderfully interested in our hostess and her children, and as we were also charmed by the improvement in my aunt's condition, we not only stayed through the summer of 1878, but prolonged our stay through the autumn and winter, February still finding us there, my aunt, more and more devoted to the baths, which were really restoring her to health, and I enjoying to the utmost the beauty of the mountains, and the quiet loveliness of garden walks, where even in winter the sun was warm, and here and there, in sheltered nooks, an early flower peeped forth as harbinger of spring. It was a pleasant change to meet the healthy, contented faces of the towns-people in the streets, instead of the pained and sallow countenances of the summer visitors, and most interesting to study the home life around us, as the lodging houses, in their long, caravansary-like rows, settled down into individual homes, to meet the merry groups of children going to school, and to sit and rest upon the benches where the mothers knit and chattered, as only German mothers can.

But one morning in February Marie came up to our room with horror written on her face. There had been a terrible accident at one of the peat pits, and no one knew how many men were killed. As she spoke we were aware of a growing excitement in the street. Steps hurried past, and voices filled the air with exclamations of pain or terror. My great aim was to shelter my aunt as much as possible from the excitement, and I did not dare to leave her, but I heard from Marie at intervals through the hours of distress that followed, that the workmen quarrying the peat in one of the large pits had suddenly been overwhelmed by a stream of rushing water, and only part of their number had been able to reach the top of the pit by means of the basket, which served as the only means of egress, so that many of them had been unavoidably left to perish in the waters.

How terrible was the distress of those whose dear ones had perished in the pit. Marie could not even attempt to paint the scenes she saw, nor dared I trust myself to picture them, lest, losing control of myself, I could no longer control the nervous excitement of my companion.

Martin had been one of the men in the pit, but had managed, at the last moment, to cling to the outside of the frame-work as it was drawn up, and was saved. But even Marie's heart-felt expressions of thanksgiving and the tears of the two children, as they beheld him among the living, and forgot in the excitement of the moment their horror of him, in the greater horror of the fate from which a merciful God had rescued him, did not seem to touch the surly, hardened heart of the man. He went morosely home to his own companionless hut, refusing Marie's hospitable request that he would come to her home and refresh himself,

and with her and her children return thanks for his safety.

At last the night settled down upon the little town, covering, as with a veil, the sad hearts of the bereaved. The rest of the week passed slowly and sadly away. The Thursday morning dawned bright and clear. Aunt went early to the bath but returned in a short time, saying it had been most unsatisfactory, and the attendants were growing very careless, for the bath had not been sufficiently supplied. Even while we were discussing the matter a boy in the street ran by, calling out in dismay that the Urspring had stopped running. The excitement in the town was intense. The crowds upon the streets increased with every moment, and the whole day was passed in anxious discussion of the terrible blow which had fallen upon the town. This feverish anxiety increased as day after day passed and the water still refused to flow. Ruin stared every one in the face.

Marie was in despair. Now it would be impossible to pay her interest next year. Now there was no hope of educating Egbert. Now the home she so dearly loved would have to go, and she and her poor children would be cast penniless upon the cold world.

The churches were crowded with worshippers, anxious to bring their common sorrow and fear before God. To many it seemed as if the end of all things must be near at hand, for such a misfortune had never even been dreamed of, as for so many centuries this hot and healing water had bubbled up from mother earth for the restoration and support of her children. Most of the strangers still remaining left the place, the object of their sojourn being removed, and their places were taken by scientific men, who were attracted by this strange phenomenon. Their odd and studious faces were to be met at every corner, as they thoughtfully paced up and down, or gathered in knots discussing their discoveries or surmises, or listening to the hopes or fears of the towns-people.

Aunt and I stayed on because we could not bear to leave Marie and her children to bear their sorrow all alone, and then the weather was lovely and the flowers were springing up in every sheltered nook, and the lovely mountains attracted us with their soft, hazy beauty. Almost mechanically the people seemed to go about their work. The springs of hope and courage seemed to have vanished with the disappearance of that other spring which had been their dependence.

Herr Sigmund came to our house to stay, and thither in the evenings came Laube, Wolf-Suess, Trigmondy and others. After a few days it seemed to me that a more cheerful spirit began to show itself in the house. Marie and the children began to take heart from seeing the more hopeful faces of their guests, and Herr Sigmund would occasionally say, "I think we shall find a remedy."

They at last decided that either the miners, at the time of the accident at the quarry, had tapped some of the main arteries that supplied the springs, or that they must have removed some pressure, which formerly caused the water to rise into its usual channels, and they thought that by digging down to a lower level they should find the water, and if it would not rise to its former level that they could employ forcing machinery.

The Bergrath Wolf from Vienna was appointed to take direction of the matter, and on the 22nd of February the excavations were begun. In our little room we could hear the occasional explosions of the blasting powder, and Egbert would come running home every little while to report progress. We could none of us settle to any regular work. Ten days of

this anxious waiting passed, as such days will, and on the 3d of March Egbert ran in to beg us to come down to see the work, "for," he said, "the rocks where the men were blasting looked damp, and every one seemed to hope." So we joined the restless multitude in the streets, as they swayed backwards and forwards around the spot where the work was going on.

At last we could see among the group where Herr Sigmund stood an increase of excitement. Heads were thrust over the pit, and we could hear voices calling though we could not distinguish any words. The excitement all about us waxed stronger and stronger. Women began to cry and the men paled under the strong tension. It was evident that some discovery had been made. Emelie clung to her mother, Egbert pushed forward nearer the pit, and I felt every pulse bounding in sympathy with the feverish multitude. At last a voice exclaimed:

"Wasser! Wasser! Die thermalquelle ist wieder gefunden. Gott sei dank." The spring is found again. God be thanked.

One of the workmen had sunk a staff with a cloth wrapped around it, into a fissure in the rock at the bottom of the pit, and the water that soaked up into the cloth was hot. Not only water, but their own hot spring would flow once more. Young men and old embraced each other with tears of thanksgiving running down their cheeks, women wept aloud with joy, and thousands knelt upon the earth and with uplifted hands and voices thanked God for their deliverance. Many flocked to the churches where large congregations were praying for the success of the efforts being made, and as they told the joyful news, the services were changed into thanksgiving for God's goodness. To the Emperor William and other sympathizing sovereigns the telegraph bore the good news and brought them back congratulations.

Seeing a little group gathered around some object on the ground, at a little distance from me, I pushed my way forward, and discovered Marie lying fainting upon the earth, her head pillow'd in the lap of little Emelie, who was weeping bitterly, and Egbert, who knelt at her side, was the picture of despair, for the poor children thought it had killed her, this sudden joy. But I could feel that her heart still beat, and was reassuring them and bathing her face with some water brought by a kind bystander, when a rough, unkempt figure came staggering through the crowd and flung itself down at Marie's side.

It was Martin, whom we had none of us seen since the accident. He buried his face in his hands, and the tears forced themselves between his coarse fingers as he sobbed out: "Is it too late? Can she never forgive me?"

The sound of his voice roused Marie, and she slowly opened her eyes. At Emelie's scream of joy Martin started from his crouching attitude, and grasping Marie's hand begged her forgiveness for all his harshness, exclaiming, "Oh! in the pit those despairing faces broke my heart. I cannot sleep, I cannot eat. God wrestles with my soul. Perhaps if you forgive me, God will."

Marie gazed gently upon him, and drew his rough hand towards the tender hands of the children, saying, "Dear Martin, come home with us and you will see that we forgive you, and surely to-day we must believe that God is good."

In the evening there was a grand torch-light procession that went all over the city, from street to street, accompanied by a rejoicing crowd. Even the mourners joined in this great thanksgiving, and no where was there a happier group than Martin with his good sister and her children.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD HOME.

## Number Four.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

"Fading footprints" mark these reminiscences; the work of the past, its customs and usages. In this paper I aim to tell somewhat of the experiences that befel one of the descendants of this sequestered home, in school teaching.

I was entering my eighteenth year, with life before me all untried. Young, and full of bounding life, I longed for labor in fields broad and active, and as I had attended school at the village academy, teaching presented itself in roseate hues. My faith staggered a little, as I recalled the year before, when I had tried for a school and failed, but I remembered "if at first you don't succeed, etc., etc.," and struck out boldly a second time. In due season I was rewarded with the (to me) glad tidings, I would be expected to fill the position of teacher in a rural district of an adjoining town.

It was a very rural spot indeed, quite remote from the village proper. There were several large ponds or lakes in the vicinity, from which the place took its name. It was known as Great Ponds.

The Great Ponds school had been assigned me, and the august committeeman, village doctor, handed me my certificate. I was now ready for action, and scenes new and untried, therefore undreaded, and for a little adventure as well. I was to board around, that was the crowning point. At the present, with our excellent system of public schools, little is said as to the teacher's board, but in those days it was a distinctive feature. My first stopping place was to be the agent's. The school agent was usually quite an institution in his way. Sometimes the country squire, village store-keeper, or other important person. I was told his house would be my home while at Great Ponds, where I should board first and last, and at various intervals between.

I noticed an article in Harper's a few months since, on teaching school and boarding around. It was considered quite a rare literary production, and copied into the leading New England journals. Now and then we catch a misty glimpse of teaching in earlier times, but not often. We are so hurried and pushed with our exciting life there is small leisure for glancing backward.

It was spring when my labors began, and the flowers were in bloom. Apple and peach orchards, also, and their mingled fragrance was very sweet. Often has my mind wandered to the beauty of that spring-time. It was like my life, full of hopeful, budding promise.

"Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight."

The eventful morning arrived when I entered the school-room, and met the scholars for the first time. They were few in number, the district being small, and the school-house small and low. The windows were quite high, protected by close board shutters. I suppose the object was to guard the panes from wanton youths, who, passing that way, felt a desire to let fly a stone into space, said space being the direction of the school-building.

The room was very dark when I entered, but these shutters thrown open, rays of light streamed in, lighting up the scene. A long, low bench extending the length of the room, with desks at convenient distances apart; this was the back seat. The others were arranged for aisles, low and unpainted, dark and somber, with traces of school-boys' knives visible here and there. I afterwards learned that no genuine New England boy faces the emergencies of a day at school without that tried and trusted

companion, a jack-knife. In connection I call to mind these lines, which I think I will copy:

"Within are unpainted benches,  
Bearing marks of school-boy's knife.  
The hands carve now their fortune  
In the honored ranks of life.)  
Within are walls of blankness,  
Long since minus paint and plaster.  
Bearing marks of time's rude impress,  
Like the visage of the master."

The children eyed the new teacher with close scrutiny. I felt their searching looks upon me, noting every act, cognizant of every motion. After the momentous question of seats had been disposed of, I turned to classifying, which I found no easy task in an ungraded, district school. When I went forth, an inmate of the old-fashioned home had given me this bit of advice, practical and comforting, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers." Many times it came to mind, and helped me on that first day and days after. Upon farther acquaintance I found my pupils, as a rule, smart, not wanting in native intelligence or wit.

The school-house was situated on a slight eminence, over-looking the largest of the great ponds. Often, as the season advanced, would I cast my eyes from the open door-way to the summer stillness of placid waters, and refresh my inner sense by a glance at the tranquil, placid lake.

The surroundings were most picturesque and romantic, and many pleasant walks and rambles I enjoyed. Being young, those of my age sought me, and most courteous were they in making the new teacher's acquaintance, and inviting her to join various expeditions. The first of my stay the beautiful trailing arbutus was in bloom, very profusely, too, it blossomed in this section. This, with the sweet, wildwood violets, formed most fragrant and lovely bouquets. It seemed a sort of fashion among them to go off after these woodland treasures. When summer days drew on I joined them in sailing parties on the lake, and one favorite spot of picnicking was at Greenwood, consisting of a grove of trees, holly trees, very straight and green. In after years it became a resort for miles around, verifying the words of the teacher who preceded me, who, in alluding to the natural beauty of the place, and this spot in particular, prophesied a fame in all that region round. The sunsets and twilights were beyond description. The long, brilliant rays slanting across the sylvan waters, the woodland voices murmuring and warbling, were most lovely.

I remember one night after school I walked with some friends to a fortuneteller's, several miles distant, a descendant of an old tribe of gypsies, so tradition runs, and living in a most primitive fashion. To our disgust the old dame had neither tea nor coffee at hand, hence could not read for us the future. Dim and uncertain future! To be revealed by the chance disposition of tea or coffee dregs. Such, however, was the practise and custom of the time, but we were none the wiser, and greatly wearied with our long walk.

Human nature in its genuine essence was much then as now. Little touches were displayed here and there, as I dwelt in this new land. Some of the young men attempted manly feats, and the night

we went to the fortune-teller's, told most witty and brave stories. I was afterward informed by the more confidential they were only gotten up to edify and interest the new teacher. When the evenings grew longer, although the inhabitants were quite scattered, the younger portion often congregated together for an hour's enjoyment, spent in rural games and pastimes.

Over boarding around is thrown a halo of novelty and romance. My experience proved something of it. When my al-

lotted number of days had expired at Mrs. A.'s, Mrs. B. was not quite ready for me, not having finished spring cleaning; Mrs. C. was in a similar condition; Mrs. D. had not got her men folks off to sea, and Mrs. E. had not killed her hog. Sometimes it would seem the poor teacher was almost forced to a lodge beneath the tall, dark pines, which abounded, but always back of all stood the kindly agent's, where I was welcomed and made to feel at home. They were not, as a rule, very literary people, but this family took a paper called the *Olive Branch*, and it was a great treat to me.

These cases I have mentioned were exceptions. As a rule I was willingly and at once received, and laughable enough were some of my experiences. The older portion called me mistress or school-marm, never by my name as Miss —. In some families I was the embodiment of all wisdom; my opinion was consulted and judgment desired in the purchasing of a dress, coloring a shawl, spinning, carding, bleaching, sending produce to market, and much more. I gave it freely, willingly, and with a gravity becoming my position, but when I reached home I was not always so grave. Many and quaint were the stories related to me, tinged with homespun humor and witty inferences. These, also, were treasured for the people at home.

Clocks were out of the question, and the teacher, of course, possessed a watch. I was hailed for the time of day till it became a familiar exercise.

Cooking-stoves were not common here. The people clung to the primitive way of a fire on the hearth. In the long, spring twilights I found it was the custom in most families to gather round this open fire and talk over plans for the summer. I noticed they spoke of "when we go berrying," and "when we went berrying." As the season advanced I found this meant something, for berries of various kinds grew most plentifully far and near, and the gathering was quite a business. Several miles distant they grew even better, hence parties were formed, some farmer lent his hay-cart, and off they started in high glee, with dinners, pails and baskets, returning at night well laden with the spoils. The children, to a greater or less degree, joined. Of course I could not go, it being during school hours, and amusing was it to me to hear them relate how many snakes they killed, and partridge nests they saw. With the habits and nature of birds they were well acquainted. Where the owls and bats built every child knew, and exactly why they chose the spots, and berrying called forth this exercise. Excursions of this kind took the place with them of trips to Coney Island and sails down the harbor, with city children at present. The dinners were distinctive features. Sometimes they built a fire and boiled their tea.

Oh! the pine woods rung and echoed with their merry voices, and the day passed in the open air was productive of health and strength as well as pleasure. As a rule their lives were active and robust, and their renown as berry-pickers extends to the present day. Great Ponds people know where they ripen earliest and stay longest; where they are largest and sweetest.

Harrowing tales were associated in the minds of the children in connection with their elders' earlier days. One old man told of his grandmothers' time, when they could not venture out to gather berries at all, for fear of Indians lying in ambush. They would steal children and carry them to their wigwams, which was thought to be even worse than death. Now how different. They were safe to roam at will through the great berry pastures or dense forests. The Indians were driven away, only now and

then, at long intervals, would one appear, but not to molest or make afraid.

Sometimes a few of the largest and choicest berries were selected and sent to the teacher. She was always pleased to receive them as a token of their regard. The teacher was a person of some note among these rural folks, and noticing her or receiving attention from her was esteemed quite a mark of distinction. Even the shy young men were known to make some modest advances, and quite a flirtation might have been carried on had the teacher been so minded. I am glad to state she was not, as I do not think it would add to her after time recollections.

As I recall these scenes of far away years, my heart goes out in kindly thought to this true and genial people. They possessed a sturdy thrift and neatness, prudence and industry, that won my respect. My teaching there and stay among them marked an epoch in my history. Standing by it I look backward to girlhood, onward into womanhood.

Although Great Ponds was somewhat remote and rural, as I have stated, retired from the busy centers so much that a certain provincialism had crept in, and the manners of the people were a trifle countryified to the very fastidious, nevertheless from this district, from the scholars of that school, went forth men and women, steadfast in purpose, strong in integrity, honest in principle and upright in action; men and women who have borne their part well in the arena of life, shrinking not from the burden and heat of the day. Even at the present, from the backwoods districts, come the strength and sinew of our land. Where would be our city ranks were it not for these brave recruits? and the back-bone and nerve of our colleges are from such as these.

O simple-hearted people of a day passed away! Gone indeed are your feet from the walks of men, and your foot-prints are fast fading. Other men, with other cares are in your places, and the busy life on your native hills is not yours. The scream of the locomotive re-echoes where your homes once stood, as the train thunders on. Everywhere is marked by active progress, and the spirit of the nineteenth century, but when my thoughts turn to you, it is not the present, but the past I see; not what it is, but was, and, as I let fall the raised curtain, it is with pleasantest memories of my five months' stay at Great Ponds, and the conviction, should my lot again be cast among strangers, I should be content, did they prove the genuine metal of these.

## HOW WE FURNISHED THE PARLOR.

BY DAISY FIELDS.

After reading some of the articles on making homes attractive in THE HOUSEHOLD, to a friend, she said, "Why not write a description of the parlor that you helped Mrs. S. furnish last fall? If it was pretty enough for an artist to photograph it, it will bear describing."

I wish I could send a picture of it to every sister of small means in the Band. Last summer I left my seaside home, and after trying the many attractive villages in the New Hampshire mountain region, I settled down in the lovely little village that is guarded on one side "by the silver thread of the Saco," and on the other by the Granite Hills. A prettier spot could not be found in the length and breadth of New Hampshire. As the days passed slowly away, I tried getting acquainted with my hostess and neighbors.

I had spent the most of my life in a city, and it seemed strange to me that their home life had so few attractions. Their houses seemed as bare of the little things that go so far to make home pleasant as the naked tops of the everlasting

hills that watch over them, and as cold and uninviting. It was no wonder to me that as soon as the evenings were too cool for the husbands and sons to sit out doors and smoke that they spent their time in the drug store.

Mrs. S. said to me one night, "I dread to see the evenings long and too cold to sit on the piazza, for John goes to the store every night, and I stay alone."

"Why don't you spend the evenings with Mrs. S.?" I asked.

"We all go into the store and talk, and besides I can't sit down in a kitchen any way. Mother always used to have a nice sitting room with books and pictures, and I can't go a kitchen any how."

"Why don't you have a sitting room?"

"Can't afford it," he replied. "My wife has been trying to save enough ever since we were married, but interest and everything, she has only been able to save fifty dollars and I have about given it up," and he started for the store.

Next morning I asked Mrs. S. to let me see the parlor. It was a long room with a bay window towards the north-west that commanded a fine view of Mt. Washington, and the whole presidential range, and a sunny western window."

"Why fifty dollars ought to furnish this room very prettily," I said.

"I wanted a raw silk set," she answered, and tears filled her eyes.

"If you will try with me," I said, "we can make a pretty room of this. Have you any old-fashioned chairs or tables?"

"Why, yes, some of mother's, up in the attic."

Into the attic we went, and found two old arm chairs, three odd chairs, three pine tables, and a linen wheel. We scraped and stained with walnut stain, and varnished the chairs and tables and wheel that week. We agreed not to let John know any thing about it till it was all done, and if we did not have a pretty room at last I was to bear all the expense. Thus far we had spent sixty-five cents.

The next week John was to be away about the farm. Monday morning we took an early train on the Portland and Ogdensburg road for Portland to buy the rest of the furnishing. For the shades we bought light, pearl-colored, imitation Holland, (I had forgotten to say that the room was painted and papered with light pearl color,) giving twenty cents a yard, and with fixtures costing one dollar and eighty cents. Then I wanted some drapery curtains, as they improve a room so much. We found some double-faced cotton flannel for thirty cents a yard by the piece of thirty yards, of the same shade of pearl, and two yards of cardinal red to trim with. Next, we bought some curtain poles, one long enough to go across the bay window, with rings for \$2.25.

Then, for a carpet I got a plain straw matting for twenty cents a yard, twenty-five yards. I chose straw for the carpet, as I intended to get some bright mat or crumb cloth for the center of the room, as I knew it would make the room more attractive than a cheap wool carpet. I succeeded in finding a crumb cloth in three shades of brown ferns, with here and there a fiery maple leaf, and a border of maple, oak, and ferns in bright autumn tints, for only fifteen dollars.

A lounge was the next purchase, and a dark brown one was found of heavy rep and with the addition of cardinal red gimp, cost twelve dollars.

By this time it was getting late, and I proposed going home, well pleased with my day's work. I had spent so far forty-six dollars, and my friend's "Well, I don't know how you can make a pretty room out of what we have got," was not very encouraging.

The next day we hemmed the shades

and hung them, coaxing the hired man in to help. We cut the drapery long enough to turn down fourteen inches at the top to take the place of lambrequins. We cut the red flannel into a band two inches wide, and button-hole stitched each edge of the band, on to the turned down piece of the drapery, with gold colored silk. An inch above the edge and on the bottom of the curtains, we did the same.

Wednesday we tacked the matting down as John was coming at night, and the noisy work must be all done, the blinds shut and door locked. The rest of the week we worked on the table covers which we made of the flannels trimmed to match the curtains. For the center cloth we had Japanese figures from cretonne sewed on to the corners. For the second, I drew a Kate Greenaway figure, and embroidered it in outline with black silk in the front corners as they only showed. For the organ cover, we pinked the edge, and stitched on the red band to match the rest.

I had improved my spare time in making a macrame drapery for the mantel shelf and two corner brackets, and getting autumn leaves, ferns, and clematis. We covered the shelf and corner shelves, which we got the hired man to saw out, and screw up for us, with some of the red flannel, and tacked on the macrame fringe.

We spread down the crumb cloth, brought down the old-fashioned chairs, and of our pieces we made cushions for the two arm chairs, and put some flax and a band on the spinning wheel. I had seen in the stable the skins of a small bear and a wild cat cured just as they were taken from the animals. I persuaded Mrs. S. to let me lay them down each side of the bay window for mats, and set the spinning wheel between them.

We brought in the tables and put on the covers. Then my friend brought out her books, vases, mats, and little things that had not seen the light since the wedding day, and we spent the afternoon arranging them with the ferns, leaves, etc. I then brought in two camp chairs, and her wicker sewing chair and basket stand, and it was all done but getting in the organ, and so far the husband had not known anything of it.

Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. S. went to a near town to make a call, leaving the man and myself to get the organ in place, and add my present, which consisted of two chromos and a hanging lamp. I wish some of the sisters could have seen the room, as, after setting the chairs all sorts of ways except against the wall, I opened the blinds, and let a flood of golden sunlight into the room. And later as the sun sank behind the mountain, and left the lower peaks in purple, settling slowly down to night, while one or two summits were still tinged with gold, I lighted the wood on the hearth, and watched as the firelight danced and sparkled from one thing to another, now on a vase, now on a maple leaf, and then on the lamp. I could hardly believe that our hands had made so pretty a place. My own parlor never seemed so pretty, and never will, as this looked as I left it on hearing the team drive into the yard, and obeyed the supper bell.

After tea I stole in and lighted the lamp, and drew the shades. Words would fail to tell the expression of the husband's face, as his wife asked him to go in and get her work, as he was starting for the store to spend the evening, and the way in which he said, "They won't see me at the store an evening this winter," brought the tears in a flood from the eyes of his gentle, loving wife, and amply repaid me for my trouble.

But I know that I am wearying my readers, and will only say that a letter is

now before me, telling me that John has spent all his evenings at home this winter.

And, dear sisters that have Johns, don't you think if you tried to make your homes a little pleasanter for them and the boys, they would spend less time at the corner and the drug stores. I know you are tired, oh so tired, sometimes! But were you not tired some days at home, before you were married? and did you ever forget to fix up the parlor and make it look as pleasant as you could? and did you ever forget to crimp your hair, or to put on a fresh necktie and cuffs before John came?

Try it now. No matter if you wear crimping pins and a soiled dress all day, take down the crimps, and put on a fresh dress for the evening, for we all know how tired we all are at night, and how different things look to us when tired. Have a fire in the sitting room, and let John and the boys romp in there if they want to. Just try it one week, and see if the evenings will not be as short and as happy as the old ones at home, when John never knew when it was time to go home.

#### TWO WAYS.

"Oh dear! I can't understand how you manage to keep so cool and comfortable," and Mrs. Barton looked up to see a warm, tired face shaded by a big "shaker" sun-bonnet, at the screened window which opened on the shady piazza.

"Oh! come in, Mrs. Smith. I should think you would be warm with that horrid thing on your head. Come in and see how lazy we are this afternoon, but it's all Aunt Kate's fault," with a smile at the pretty, middle-aged woman in the wicker rocker before her, with an open magazine on her lap, from which she had been reading aloud.

"Don't ask me to come in and disturb your reading. I know it's good. I used to take the Atlantic myself till I gave up reading," but she came in all the same, and dropped into the nearest chair, her sun-bonnet falling to the floor. "I declare, it makes me out of all patience to see you so comfortable. My kitchen is as hot as a furnace, and I only left my ironing to ask you to lend me your fluter for my pillow shams and Minnie's white dress."

"You are welcome to the irons any time. My ruffles go without fluting in such hot weather, but you must be out of your senses to iron this afternoon. I ironed a little this morning, but it grew so warm that I put the clothes away to finish to-morrow."

"Mine would be mildewed beyond cure if I should do such a thing," Mrs. Smith answered, a little hastily.

"Oh, I dry them, and sprinkle again the first thing in the morning. I'd rather get up an hour earlier than to iron after the dinner dishes are washed, though my kitchen isn't hot now that I have my oil stove."

"I suppose they are nice, but I can't afford it. I want one of those new chene silks, and I can't have both, and then I should be ready to fly if I should leave my ironing to finish Wednesday. Do it Tuesday, live or die, that's my motto," and she donned the warm bonnet, took the fluting iron and went out into the blazing June sunshine, bent upon finishing her ironing before night, half-envying her little neighbor her afternoon in her pleasant parlor with her sewing and guest, to read aloud or talk, as they pleased, and half-consoling herself with the thought that she wouldn't be so "slack" for any thing.

Mrs. Barton turned to her guest with a nervous little laugh as the garden gate closed after her neighbor.

"Oh, Aunt Kate, I suppose she thinks I'm dreadful, and that Tom will be ruined by his lazy wife."

"If Tom hasn't greatly changed since the days of his bachelorhood, I think he would choose to find you here in preference to the kitchen. He is given to laziness himself, that is, if you call this common sense way of spending the hot afternoon laziness, and I'm afraid would not enjoy a supper presided over by an over-tired, over-heated and perhaps cross wife, as Mr. Smith will be very apt to find. I don't think Tom would even care on what day of the week a certain portion of the hard work is done, but I do know that he is decidedly partial to attractive surroundings, and —"

"Yes," broke in the niece, hastily, "but don't you think he would care if he knew what the neighbors think? I've tried so hard to be a real capable housekeeper, and to do everything just when it should be."

"Yes, and to do many things which, as you say every Sunday, you 'ought not to have done.' As to the neighbors, Tom would probably tell them to attend to their own affairs, like a sensible man, but if I should tell him that you had attempted to do the ironing to save yourself from their displeasure, I think he would 'do' instead of 'say,' and Bridget would be enthroned in your pretty kitchen before you had time to do another."

Mrs. Barton laughed. "If I did as you would like I should never do anything, I believe. Now tell me just what I ought to do."

"Do? Why keep your house in perfect order, yourself, mind—don't waste your husband's substance on help—at the risk of health, comfort, everything but your reputation as a housekeeper among your neighbors. Don't mind what your feelings are, if there is a speck of dust on the parlor carpet sweep it thoroughly; don't make believe; move out the furniture, never mind if it is heavy, and don't think you can sweep around that great book-case, move it half way across the room, and the piano, too. Exercise is healthy—give the room the real sweeping it ought to have. Do your washing and ironing, save all you can. Never mind if you are sick all night and the doctor has to come in to dose you the next day. You know that you have done your duty; that you have not been wasteful or 'slack,' and that your house looks as clean as the neighbors' houses, and that if any of those wonderful HOUSEHOLD sisters whose homes (?) are all in such perfect order, at the risk of comfort, and one would think of life itself—if any of them, I say, should happen to come in, you would not want to die of mortification."

"Oh, Aunt Kate!" Helen cried, as well as she could for laughing, "what a speech. How can you be so sarcastic? You know I should not go quite as far as that."

"Perhaps not just now, but you are on the straight road to it. Just because I was coming, didn't you give your pretty blue room a second cleaning, which it did not need in the least?"

"Yes," slowly answered Helen, "but I was afraid it wouldn't look nicely to you, and when Aunt Susan was here she said so much to me on the importance of keeping the house always in order, that when I knew Tom's aunt was coming I took extra pains."

"Yes, of course; a husband's relatives are always such terrible people! Well, which method are you going to follow, mine or Aunt Susan's? I, too, advocate cleanliness, but I do not advocate chaining your whole soul to the broomstick and scrubbing-brush."

"I shan't follow Aunt Susan's," decidedly, with a little nod of the pretty

head. "Tom doesn't like her any better than I expected to like you."

Aunt Kate laughed. "I expected to make haste slowly in my acquaintance with you, but I always loved Tom very dearly, and I wanted to love his wife, too, and found it easier than I had expected," with a smile at the bright young face before her.

"And I fell in love with you at first sight," laughed Helen, as she rose and folded her work. "Would you believe it could be five o'clock, and I haven't been out for the strawberries. Get your hat please, and come too, it isn't very warm down in the garden." EMILY HAYES.

A MAN OF MARK.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

We often hear men say in excuse for their mediocrity that they never had "a chance." But the majority of men who have become noted, made the chance for themselves. "Where there's a will, there's always a way," you know, and the boy who determines to be something and does not lose heart in the struggle, generally accomplishes his end. One may have a great many wise and ambitious thoughts, but if not followed up with perseverance and industry, they will never amount to much. The world does not take much account of half-way people. A thing must be wholly done, and well done, if one would have fame and prosperity.

One of the wisest men who ever lived was Sir Isaac Newton. He had to an extraordinary degree the genius for invention. He was born more than two hundred years ago, in an old manor house at Woolthorpe, England. It was not at first thought that he would live, he was so delicate and small, and his mother named him Isaac, without imagining for one instant that he would make the name famous all over the civilized world. Perhaps if she had had any intuition of his future, she would have chosen a more melodious name.

As soon as Isaac was old enough to hold a knife in his hand, he began to whittle out all sorts of little toys, and when he was twelve years of age, he made a small windmill copied from one erected near the school house where he attended school. Soon after this he made the first paper kite his young companions had ever seen, and on dark nights he used to fasten paper lanterns to his kite and send them up in the air to the great astonishment of many people who saw the moving lights without knowing the power that controlled them. He also made a little water-clock which kept time perfectly, and was the wonder of his friends, who thought him a marvel of ingenuity, as indeed he was.

After watching the stars very closely, and noticing the shadows on the houses at different hours of the day, he began a dial, which, after much planning, and a great deal of thinking, grew under his skillful hands into an excellent time piece, and "Isaac's dial" was talked of far and wide, many people coming from a great distance to see it.

When he was fifteen he left school, and went on a farm, for it was the intention of his grandmother, who had brought him up, to make a farmer of him. He was sent into market once a week to sell grain and vegetables, but he took no interest in trade, and would lie under a tree and read instead of making bargains, so they gave up trying to make a farmer of him, and sent him back to school, from whence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. There he showed such a talent for figures, and progressed so rapidly that at length he was made professor of mathematics.

Though other philosophers had been

studying the science of light for many years, he was the first to find out and prove that light could be divided into rays of seven different colors. And he studied the subject thirty years before he wrote that wonderful book of his called "Optics," which tells us all about light and color.

He made no great discoveries in the later years of his life. His most important work was done before he was thirty years of age, but he was loaded with honors. He served many times in parliament, he was president of the Royal Society, and he received his knighthood from Queen Anne.

A great many anecdotes are told of Sir Isaac's absent-mindedness. His mind was so full of great things, and dwelt so much upon his discoveries that minor matters escaped his attention. A story is told of his having walked half a mile with a bridle in his hand, imagining all the time that he was leading a horse behind him. And it is said that coming in one day and finding his dinner eaten up, he turned away, saying, "I quite forgot that I had dined," when, in fact, it was a friend who had consumed the meal during his absence.

Sir Isaac was a very amiable man. No one ever saw his temper ruffled in the least, no matter what happened, and he was ever ready to confess a fault. He did not consider that it lowered his pride to ask pardon of any one, and he could not feel happy or at ease until he made his peace with any one he had unconsciously offended.

He never married, though it is said he once loved very deeply. But he mortally offended his sweetheart by using her forefinger to stir the tobacco in the head of his pipe, a freak of abstraction which she would not overlook in spite of her pride in his attentions and affection.

As Sir Isaac lived moderately, and had no one dependent upon him he grew rich and was able to be very charitable. He left his personal property to a niece who had long been the mistress of his London home. His landed property passed into the hands of a second cousin, a worthless fellow, who squandered his inheritance, and died in a drunken fit.

Sir Isaac was laid to rest in Westminster abbey, and on his costly monument is a long inscription in Latin, the last words of which are, "Humani generis decus"—the glory of human nature. In the rooms of the Royal Society in London is the first telescope that Newton made, and also the old dial he made in his boyhood. His life was one worth emulating, and the light that his discoveries threw on subjects of science has proved of great value to all philosophers since he passed away. Newton himself said that industry and perseverance helped him far more than the genius which God gave him.

PLAIN-HEARTED PEOPLE.

BY E. O. P.

"I am plain-hearted. I say just what I think, and say it right to folks' faces, too. It makes me unpopular, of course, but everybody knows I'm honest, and will speak the truth. I told Mrs. Lewis just what I've told you this afternoon, Mrs. Hammond. O my land! Wasn't she mad, though?"

So spake Miss Ann Maxham, a sharp-faced woman of forty-five, with an air of great self-satisfaction. Mrs. Hammond smiled, and replied blandly, "Yes, Ann, we all know you. You are not deceitful, and we must take as gracefully as we can, whatever you choose to say."

"It's according to my principles," resumed Miss Maxham, "I despise deceit, and I believe in sparing nobody for relations' sake. Whatever I think, I say."

On a low couch just through the open folding doors which led to the next room near which they sat, lay an invalid woman, listening to the conversation, but up to this time silent. I would like to picture her to my readers as I have seen her so often. A mere physical wreck, in whose emaciated face the great, luminous, dark eyes seemed to make you forget everything else, and to understand how the immortal soul outlives the mortal body. The soft curls of hair that lay across her wrinkled forehead, and touched the thin cheek, were streaked with many threads of gray, and suffering had lined and interlined the delicate face, but no time or pain had dimmed the tender luster of her wonderful eyes or banished the smile from her pleasant mouth. There were force and thought stamped on the face of this gentle, shrinking, suffering woman.

She now made a little motion with her soft, thin hand, to attract attention, and then said with a depth and earnestness of tone, added to the usual sweetness that always characterized her every word and act, "Miss Maxham, is it right, because you carry a viper in your own bosom, to thrust it out to wound your neighbor?"

What words were these! O my friends who pride yourselves on being plain-hearted, if your heart is to be laid open to the world, may it be a well of sweetness, and not of bitterness, to those with whom you have to do. Because we think an ill-natured thing, is it our duty, in order to be truthful, to speak it out to the great discomfort of other people?

When a disagreeable truth needs to be spoken, where any good result is likely to follow, then it is well to have courage and decision enough to speak plainly and earnestly in the cause of the right. But too often so-called plain-heartedness is but another name for manifested ill-nature, and, instead of working any good, calls out whatever there is bad in another's disposition, and often is like a spark that sets a house on fire.

When our hearts are full of love, and charity, and good will toward all the world, there is no danger of the mouth's speaking any words that can do harm. But when bitterness, or envy, or jealousy, are harbored there, the less we show of our feelings the better for ourselves and all about us.

Let us remember, and ask ourselves often the words of my sainted friend, "Is it right because you carry a viper in your own bosom, to thrust it out to wound your neighbor?"

FAMILIAR FACES.

BY CLARE.

They greet us everywhere, and though the lips be silent, still do they ever speak as they pass and repass. It may be while on some shopping expedition, after being jostled and crowded by the busy throng of strange faces, till we feel almost as though "lost in a great city," one familiar countenance will, with its silent recognition, recall and remind us that we are indeed pressing our native soil; or, perhaps entering some special department, a face now set in its frame of silver threads which time has woven for it, will remind us that the invisible chord of memory is unbroken, and as she with her mystical key unlocks her treasures, we are borne back through the vista of years, back to youth and school days, when perhaps not as classmates but scholars, we often met, while plucking the blossoms unfolding along the pathway of knowledge. A well-remembered face at the window may cause the delicate heart strings to vibrate at the memories which sweep with such a noiseless touch across them.

As we note the passers-by to and fro in their daily walks of life, we become accustomed to them, and as we look for them day after day, we can feel the tie which binds us in one common brotherhood and sisterhood, strengthen with our days, and as we are told that one after another has been called to the purer, the more beautiful paths above, we can feel the void that is left to us. We miss them, not perhaps for their worth, which no intimate companionship or acquaintance has revealed to us, but we miss their faces, the sunshine they have scattered along their pathway, the sympathy which, in some hour of affliction, we have felt has welled up from their hearts, silently cheering by its tender and subtle power.

So is it ever. Old faces will by the power of association, weave and entwine themselves around our lives, till we involuntarily mingle our smiles and tears with theirs, and be they beautiful, or be they unattractive, we welcome and bless them. May we never be so unfortunate as to journey along without encountering them, and when our footsteps bear us near the brink, still may we see familiar faces, and hear familiar voices bidding us welcome to the better land.

Yes, whene'er our footsteps bear us  
To the shore where loved ones wait,  
May we hear sweet words of welcome  
As we near the golden gate.

Not alone we'd pass the portal  
To that dim and shadowy land,  
But we pray familiar faces  
Bid us welcome to their bairn.

SOUTHERN WOODS.

BY MRS. LIZZIE HAMLETT.

I have just returned from a walk to my favorite nook in the woods at the foot of a mountain. Near by it the pancratium springs up by thousands, with its tufts of green leaves. These will die down after a while, and in August, after a shower, the flower stalks will burst out of the ground and the whole hill-side will be one sheet of dazzling white.

Now, middle of March, the dog-woods are in bloom, and their white banners light up the dark ravine with a beauty and purity that is an inspiration. Near them the scarlet honey-suckles interlace themselves among the branches, and climb to the tops of the tallest trees. And the lovely hawthorns, in bridal white, deck themselves for this

"Fair bridal of the earth and sky."

The black haw throws out its glossy green leaves, framing clusters of snowy whiteness. The elder bloom is similar, but much larger corymbs of flowers. And the white ash, "old man's beard," is a magnificent sight, draped in its airy, fairy outline.

White is the color for April, in woods and garden. The white anemone springs up under our feet; the shy violet hides in nooks and corners; the white flag flaunts its great crystal chalices. Spireas bend with their graceful clusters; the mock orange is covered with waxen buds; white roses sweeten the morning air, and the long white wreaths of dew-berry blossoms twine and tangle themselves all over the ground.

This is, indeed, the bridal of the year. In no other month is there such brightness and bloom. When autumn changes the tints of the foliage, then, too, there is brightness. There is gorgeousness of coloring. The American ivy then sways its graceful festoons from the trunks and branches of leafless trees; the sarsaparilla displays its clusters of red, transparent berries, more beautiful than any flower; the trumpet vine lingers late, with its fiery mouths open wide over every cooling stream; and grape vines laden with purple fruit, hang on to their treasures till the frost loosens their hold. The scarlet sumach vies with the vari-colored sweet-gum, and the maple of the southern woods; and the yellow hickories light up this grand mosaic of color.

## A VISIT TO MY OLD HOME.

BY RENA ROSS.

Such a rare treat as I had last summer! I must tell THE HOUSEHOLD friends about it, although I don't expect many of them will care to listen unless, like me, they too were born in the old Green Mountain state, and left in early childhood to stay away for sixteen long years. I am so glad I was born there. Mountains are one of my pet hobbies any way, and I cannot help feeling a benevolent pity for every body who had to be born outside of New England, or who, at least, must go on to the end of life missing out of their childhood memories the grandeur of the everlasting hills. Now smile at my inconsistency. I also have profound compassion for people who must always stay in Vermont. Life seems too short and disagreeable at best to be all spent in that cold region of much snow and little fruit, where men must waste so much precious time and strength in digging and piling stones, shoveling snow and trying to coax an unwilling living out of the rocky soil.

Vermont is a beautiful state to be born in, a beautiful state to emigrate from, and a beautiful state to visit once in a while, and live over again the dear days of childhood. I could never tell any body, if I tried, how I have longed to visit my old home, to find the dear, familiar haunts where brother Ray and I spent so many happy hours. I have hugged those childish memories in my heart till they resolved themselves into a delightful dream, a dream that might come true in heaven, perhaps, but was too sacred, too shadowy, too beautiful to be ever realized on earth. Imagine then the gladness, and nameless delight that were mine, when last summer I truly started homeward bound, to prove my dream not all a dream, but a charming reality.

What a journey that was after the mountains came into view! To me the scenery was indescribably grand, and I drank in the beauty with the eagerness of one dying with thirst. Every nerve thrilled with inexpressible delight as we swept past those beautiful hills, shining rivers and well-kept farms, every moment disclosing some new picture of loveliness in the splendid panorama. I was fairly intoxicated with bliss, and when once I glanced at my fellow passengers and saw them reading newspapers, eating doughnuts or dozing, I felt thoroughly out of patience. In my exalted state of mind it seemed to me that any body who could pass through such enchanting scenery and be blind to it all, deserved a severe shaking, if nothing worse. But I speedily reflected that these benighted people having probably spent all their lives in just such romantic regions, they had grown callous to the beauty thereof, and it was unreasonable to expect mountains could have novelty and charms for them any more than Jersey mosquitoes had for me. So I philosophically turned my back on them and continued to revel in the scenery without, as only a mountain-hungry soul can, leaving them to munch their apples and ginger snaps to their hearts' satisfaction. If people wanted to eat and read and sleep, or attend to any other groveling occupations of earth, with such glories all about them, why they just might! and I let them.

On we glided in narrow valleys, between mountains clothed from summit to base with forest trees, and so high it almost took one's breath away to even think to the tops of them, now thundering over long bridges, now plunging through the heart of some mighty mountain, emerging again into the sunlight, crashing between gigantic walls of solid rock, and sweeping around the bend of some beautiful stream, only to find our-

selves amid scenes of still greater loveliness. How delightful it all was! and I could only say with Glory McWhirk, "Such good times goin' on in the world, and I'm in 'em!" Here and there were flocks of sheep perched up almost to the clouds, trying to obtain a livelihood among bare rocks. Poor things! I felt sorry for them, but how did they get up there? Truly this must be the land where

"Roads are so narrow, and hills are so steep,  
The farmers use ladders to pasture their sheep."

And I wondered if sheep who live so near to heaven all the time are not better behaved animals, in spite of their rocky diet, than their brothers and sisters who dwell in the tainted atmosphere of the world below.

As we sped on, the scenery grew wilder, bolder and grander. It seemed as if we never should reach the climax, such a profusion of mountains, no end to them, mountains everywhere, even piled on each other, up, up to the skies. And how small, how utterly insignificant I felt in the presence of those sublime monuments of God's power! I was overwhelmed with awe and admiration, and could almost have bowed in adoration before those hills, so majestic did they appear, lifting one up so to the very gates of heaven.

"Tickets!" shouted the conductor, and I had to make a sudden descent from my pinnacle of bliss back to this wicked bread and butter world, and talk about checks and baggage, and changing cars, just like any common mortal. I was disgusted, and felt as let down, and oozed out and limpsy as a burst toy balloon looks. Hereafter I shall know how to sympathize with such a balloon.

Before I started on my trip I had always thought that if I ever should go back to visit my old home something would be sure to prevent my reaching it at last. It couldn't be that I should ever really see it. The train would be sure to run down some embankment, or break through some bridge and spill us into the river, or the lightning would strike us, or there would be an earthquake, or some other dire calamity would befall us, but it didn't, and at last the train slowed up in the evening at my own dear town.

Cousin Phil met me with a pair of handsome black ponies, that carried us quickly over the ground, up hill and down, for two miles or more, in the delicious moonlight. Then we reached Uncle Edward's house and a loving welcome from all. Uncle Edward's farm adjoined our old home, but a large grove shut off the view, and I knew I should have to wait till morning. Kind and attentive as they all were, it seemed almost impossible to wait so long. "So near and yet so far." But I did, and for the first time in all those years I lay down to sleep in dear old Vermont, with Vermont air pouring in through the open windows, and giving me most refreshing slumber.

In the morning, directly after breakfast, Aunt Edith packed a lunch for me, and armed with that I started to spend the whole day rambling over the familiar places. When I passed the grove and was fairly out in the road I could see our farm. Yes, there it was. There were the two barns, the shed, then a little further on the house came into view, our dear old house that had sheltered me so long ago. How strangely familiar it all looked, even at that distance. My dream had come back to me a living reality, and the buildings stood there in the beautiful sunshine looking so restful and quiet, and yet seeming to hold out welcoming arms to receive the wanderer who had come at last.

Yes, it was my home, mine, mine, as it never could belong to any one else, and overwhelmed with gladness and gratitude, now laugh at me if you want to, I burst into tears, I couldn't help it, and

went along that quiet road sobbing like a child.

I turned up the long drive that led to the house, bordered on both sides with towering maples, and stopped at the bridge to compose myself by eating wild raspberries. Then I sprang down to wash my face in the brook, a stream so narrow in some places one could easily step across, the same dear little brook that Ray and I had loved and sported by so long ago, and where I used to watch him build dams and make cunning little boats and water-wheels. I told the little brook all about it, and how glad I was to get back again, and it chattered and babbled and laughed in response, and, I have no doubt, understood every word I said. I wondered if the people who lived in the house would let me go all over it as I wanted to. I went to the door. There was the large flat stone that I remembered so well, and could almost trace the old foot-prints I had made. Mrs. Niles met me very kindly as I asked for a drink of water, and invited me in, and for the first time in sixteen long years, I passed over that old threshold. I looked on the door to see if I could find the very spot I had kissed sixteen years ago, when we left the old home, and I said "good by, old house," with all the lightness and gladness of childhood in the anticipation of new surroundings.

Mrs. Niles kindly showed me every part of the house and gave me the utmost freedom to do whatever I pleased, and I hunted out all the old nooks, and laughed in one corner, sung in another, and cried in another to my heart's content. I ransacked the barns and shed, and then began my rambles over the farm. I climbed stone walls and fences, mounted huge boulders that used to be our play houses, gathered berries, ferns, and flowers, swung on the barn-yard gate, seesawed with little Lucy Niles, and in short, did every conceivable silly thing I could think of for the sake of old times. Lucy seemed highly amused with me and my various antics, and wanted to go with me everywhere. We climbed the hill where Ray used to set his traps for woodchucks, and I laughed to remember my childish fears of those little animals. At the very first woodchuck hole we found I sat down, and while Lucy decorated my hair with daisies till I was as gorgeous as the aesthetic sunflower, I told her how on one occasion I had stopped to look into a woodchuck's hole, and spied two shining eyes peering up at me from its depths. That glance struck terror to my childish heart, and I ran like a deer over hills and meadows, expecting every moment to be gobbed up by that harmless little beast.

I didn't dare to look once behind me, and never stopped till I was safe in mother's arms. Lucy laughed merrily, and said she "never was afraid of woodchucks," and we resumed our rambles.

Then we had a little picnic of two out under the old plum tree that overhung the brook. Mrs. Niles invited me to dine with the family, but it had been my dream for years to lunch just there, if I ever did go back to the old home. So she sent out a pitcher of milk, some raspberry pie and maple sugar, and Lucy and I picnicked together under the trees, with the dear little brook rippling close beside us, while we chatted and laughed, and the birds sang gayly over-head, and I told many a story of my early exploits. I could hardly believe after all that I really was at home again, and had to pinch myself several times to be sure I was in the body at all, and not dreaming.

After dinner we strolled farther on up to the old school-house. I had always feared they would tear the shaky old building down before I should see it once more, but there it stood, looking exactly as it used to, and there was the big rock

near it, from which my most intimate little school-mate had once fallen and broken her arm, and there was the long, sloping hill behind the school-house, where the boys used to slide down on sleds in the winter and on "scooters" in the summer. Here was the place where we used to make mud pies, and there, oh, there was the polliwog pond! When I saw that I had to sit down on the grass and laugh till I cried at the recollection of one of my naughty exploits. It was about poor little Betty Blount who would always cry at every thing, or any thing, or nothing, and who was consequently a frequent victim of teasing and practical jokes. Of course it was very cruel, and I ought to have been the good little girl to help and defend her, but I wasn't, and once I put a dead polliwog down the back of her neck. She squealed as usual, and I was delighted, and went in high glee to tell the teacher of my success. She reproved me quite severely, and it was in vain I told her "the polliwog was a dead one." She couldn't appreciate the fun at all, and in my childish indignation I resolved to punish her by withholding my usual good night kiss. She kissed me though, and I don't think I quite forgave her for it for a long time afterward. When I related the affair to my mother she didn't see the fun, either, and tried to show me how naughty and unkind I had been, and told me I must ask Betty to forgive me. Well, I did because she told me to, but I didn't enjoy it at all.

What a long time ago that was, and here I was again, at last, right beside the old pond where I fished up my dead polliwog. Betty Blount is married now. I called on her the next day, and found her in the open door-way, vigorously chastising her youthful son, who was yelling heartily with the old, well-remembered Blount squeal. Well, I had a pleasant call, but nothing was said about the polliwog episode. I wonder if she remembers it. If she does, and should happen to read this narrative, I sincerely trust she forgives my childish cruelty, for I am honestly and truly sorry now, and if her young son lives long enough to go to school, I devoutly hope he may have a happier time than did his unfortunate mother.

## TABLE TALK.

Every lady who presides at a table is interested to know how she can depend upon having things come upon the table as she would like them. How often are remarks like this made: "This is just my fate; when I especially want a nice thing, somehow or other, it turns out poor!"

A lady expects company for tea. She orders, for instance, biscuits, and they are brought to the table heavy and indigestible. How many housekeepers can testify to mortification, as well as disappointment, under such circumstances! It may not, however, have occurred to them that it is not always the "cook's fault." Your biscuits, cakes, pot-pies, puddings, etc., etc., cannot be raised with earth or worthless substitutes, and it becomes your own fault when you permit any Baking Powder to come into your kitchen about which you know absolutely nothing as to its purity or healthfulness.

The market is flooded with "low-priced" Baking Powders, gotten up to make an unjust profit by unscrupulous manufacturers and dealers, and it is worthy the attention of all housekeepers to note there is at least one brand of Baking Powder distinctly sold upon its merits, and which can be relied upon for uniform strength and purity. The Royal Baking Powder, now known almost the world over as a standard article, has stood the test of nearly a quarter of a century, and its friends among the ladies are legion.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

Let every subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD send full name and address to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and get one of their cook books free of charge.

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## VOCAL.

Patience, (The Magnet and the Churn,)	Price
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Free Lunch Cadets, - Sousa,	35

If the music selected amounts to just \$1.00, nothing need be sent us but the fifteen pictures, your name, address, and selection of music. If the music selected comes to over \$1.00, the excess can be enclosed in postage stamps.

We make this liberal offer because we desire to give a present sufficiently large to induce *every one* to give Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial long enough to know just how good it is. If, after such trial, they continue to use the Soap for years, we shall be repaid. If they only use the fifteen bars, getting the dollar's worth of music gratis, we shall lose money. This shows our confidence. The Soap can be bought of all grocers. The music can only be got of us. See that our name is on each wrapper.

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foggy, can select music to the amount of *Four Dollars*.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,  
116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

This is one of the most generous offers ever made by any reliable firm for the introduction of their goods, when one considers that in addition to the above choice selection of music, Messrs. Cragin & Co. send the full money's worth of their Electric Soap, which thousands of the best housekeepers in the land insist is the best soap manufactured, the combined offer appears truly wonderful. Nevertheless, they will do as they agree.

ED., HOUSEHOLD.

## PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges, as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band give any information concerning John Allen and Levi S. Allen. They went from Connecticut about twenty-five years ago and are, we think, somewhere in or near Kansas. Anything relating to them or their family will be gratefully received by

Brattleboro, Vt. I. K. ALLEN.

MR. CROWELL:—Will F. C. A. H., in the October HOUSEHOLD, send me her address? I have a nice little book of album verses I would like to mail to her. MRS. D. C. CHAPMAN.

92 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

If Subscriber will send her address to me, I can tell her how she can procure any reasonable quantity of the trailing fern. It grows luxuriantly in this region. It is not to be obtained in its freshness and beauty till autumn, when it appears to be in great demand, judging by the numbers of people who come from a distance to procure it. F. R. S.

S. Amherst, Hampshire Co., Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—Will Willie please send me her address, as I would like the brush case pattern she mentioned in the October HOUSEHOLD? Also has any one of the sisters a book of organ music she would like to exchange for "R'charson's New Method for the Pianoforte," in good condition? MRS. M. S. LAWRENCE.

Chazy, Clinton Co., N. Y.

If Mrs. G. N. C. had given her address I would have written directly to her. Will she please send me her address that I may get the book of instructions to make macrame lace? How much trouble it would save, if the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD gave their full address. MRS. E. F. EDWARDS.

West Salem, La Crosse Co., Wis.

## SPLENDID RESULTS.

This is the decided affirmation of a gentleman in Troy, New York, after a month's trial of Compound Oxygen in his family, and the reader will agree with him after perusing the following account of the benefits received by the different members of his household. The great improvement in his wife's condition, after so brief a period of inhalation, is very remarkable indeed.

"My wife had much soreness in her lungs, and a constant depressed feeling, as if a weight were laid upon them. We had just buried a daughter who had been nearly a year sick with consumption, and constant care of her produced these injurious results. I felt much worried in consequence. *Four days' use of the Treatment, and the appetite began to mend. Two weeks' and she felt like a different person.* The soreness has almost entirely disappeared, and *she can breathe deeper now than she has been able to do for years*, and goes out in all weather.

Besides my wife, other members of the family have used it as a general tonic, with splendid results, and the verdict rendered by the family at large is, that it is a grand success. We are freely recommending it to others in whom we feel an interest. One of my children, a boy of twelve, always had a weakness which gave him much trouble. Since using the inhaler, he is entirely free of that trouble, and again we say it is a success. The whole family (except myself) have used it daily now about one month, and the bottle is not half emptied. *Cheap as well as good.*"

FROM A CLERGYMAN SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.—A clergyman, in Cleveland, O., seventy-one years of age, who had preached regularly nearly every Sunday for over fifteen years, says, in a letter dated February 8th, 1882, a few weeks after commencing the use of Compound Oxygen:

"My strength was equal to the work until about a year ago, when I began to fail, and had come to the conclusion that my work, if not my life, was nearly at an end. *But now I am quite a new man; yea, the revitalizer has introduced new life into my almost dead organs.* I can say that I am well, with the exception of a little soreness in my throat. Allow me

to give thanks, first to God, and then to you, for this blessed hour of health."

"SOMETHING WONDERFUL."—A lady who had suffered for ten years with severe Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration, and frequent attacks of Malaria, writes, after using two Treatments of Compound Oxygen:

"My improvement since last May has been something wonderful; and I feel it a duty and pleasure to acknowledge it to you privately. Though I do not wish my name used as a testimonial, I am always happy to recommend the use of Oxygen, as I have already done frequently to my friends."

"ACTED LIKE MAGIC."—In a case of Asthma, there is the following report from a gentleman, in Waupun, Wisconsin:

"It is now three weeks since I began using the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and the results are as follows: *My asthma has disappeared entirely.* Have not had an attack from the first day I began using it. *It acted like magic.* \* \* \* I am thankful to you for the relief your Treatment has given me, and the most I can say at present, is, that it is a wonderful reliever of those choking spells one has who is affected with Asthma."

A LIFE SAVED.—In a letter from a lady, in Council Grove, Kansas, the writer says:

"I have used your Oxygen at times for nearly three years for *lung trouble*. Am nearly well now, and feel that it has *saved my life*, as the disease is *hereditary*, and has been for *generations* in our family, and *I am the first one who has recovered after being attacked.*"

If you wish to know all about this remarkable curative agent, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa., for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen. *It will be mailed free.*

## OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an *advertising column*. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of *advertisers*. This column is simply for *exchanges*.

Mrs. Sarah E. Ranney, Sunman, Ripley Co., Ind., has autumn leaves and pressed ferns to exchange for worsted pieces for patchwork.

Mrs. Jas. Schuyler, Hall Moon Bay, San Mateo Co., Cal., will exchange sea eggs for shells on nice cabinet specimens.

Miss Catherine Hartshorn, Medfield, Mass., would like to exchange small, fancy, sawed brackets for peacock's feathers.

Dr. W. H. Walker, loc. box 115, West Branch, Cedar Co., Ia., has a recipe for silver plating to exchange for geological or cabinet specimens, or curiosities of any kind.

Miss Mary A. Dean, Arcadia, Carroll Co., Ia., has Scribner's magazines to exchange for Harper's, or Littell's Living Age, also flower seeds for roots of wild red and yellow columbine, or Jacqueline rose.

Minnie Dean, North Bergen, N. Y., would like to exchange pieces of print or star of Bethlehem bulbs, for scraps of silk and satin, any size, or advertising cards.

Miss Mabel E. Bennett, Housatonic, Mass., would like to exchange advertising cards. She has eight sets of pretty cards to exchange, and a large number of each kind.

Annie Wykoff, loc. box 798, Newark, Ohio, has magazines, chromos, engravings, panel mats, and pieces of print to exchange for stuffed birds, shells, Florida or California mosses, pampas plumes, and skeleton leaves.

Mrs. F. Hansen, Saratoga, Cal., has patterns for large kitchen apron, and infant's long and short clothes, to exchange for music, ruching, hosiery, or anything useful.

Miss N. E. Munson, of Ashtabula, Ohio, has Wright's New Method for the Cabinet Organ to exchange for any of the \$4 monthlies, or Littell's Living Age. Please write before sending.

Mrs. W. J. Buchanan, Lawrenceburg, Lawrence Co., Tenn., has a red bird and cage to exchange for a lawn mower; also has flower seeds, fancy work, etc., to exchange for a canary, plants and bulbs, conch and other shells.

Mrs. O. M. Haight, Long Eddy, Sullivan Co., N. Y., has seeds, prints, sample of daisy tidy, also of seed point lace, and moss, to exchange for worsted and silk pieces, also two oil paintings for zephyr or Germantown yarn. Write first.

Mrs. A. S. Barlow, Peoria, Ill., will exchange oil and water color paintings for others. Will some one paint a pale double rose for me, stating what is desired in return?

Mrs. M. E. Satchwell, Spirit Lake, Iowa, would like to exchange flower seeds, early cucumber and acme tomato, bulbs of oxalis, seeds of cypress vine, heliotrope and English ivy. Write first.

Miss Jennie Reid, Peru, Indiana, will exchange bulbs and rooted slips for other slips and bulbs.

Mrs. M. D., box 342, Normal, Illinois, has magazines, lambrequin and dolman patterns, print and Florida moss to exchange for any kind of bulbs. Please write before sending.

Miss B. W. Gile, Tilton, N. H., has Demorest's Magazine, 1882, which she would like to exchange for books by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Will send the magazine as soon as read. Please write first.

Rubie Nettleton, Daysville, Ill., has directions for making Chinese starch polish, darned net patterns, or beautiful point lace collar pattern to exchange for sea mosses and shells.

Mrs. C. Wadsworth, Waukesha, Wis., has print and worsted pieces, patterns, seeds, shrubs, etc., to exchange for Vick's colored flower plates, and steel engravings, magazine size.

Mrs. A. Wichman, Walterboro, S. C., has Household Gazette, and Rural Home Cabinet to exchange for Peterson's or Godey's magazines for this year.

Wm. S. Root, Barre Centre, Orleans Co., N. Y., has star coral, jasper, star-fish, liver beans, lithophytes, Indian pottery, etc., to exchange for trap rock, calcite, mica, ocean shells, rare woods, or curiosities of any kind.

H. A. Douglas, Upton, Maine, has spatter work or motto, knit tidy or collar, to exchange for a volume of Peterson's, Arthur's, or any good story magazine.

Mrs. Mary E. Ireland, 308 West Lombard street, Baltimore, Md., will exchange Arthur's Magazine for a book, either poetry or prose. Write first.

Mrs. J. M. Farnham, Rockland, Me., has a sure cure for catarrh and cold in the head to exchange for something useful.

Mrs. M. L. Coder, Glenwood, Idaho Co., Idaho Ter., will exchange native lily bulbs for gladiolus, tuberose or other choice flowering bulbs.

S. A. Nash, box 124, Winooski, Vt., will give directions for German painting with gold and silver leaf, bronze and flock, etc., for a mocking bird, cabinet curiosities, or anything useful or ornamental of equal value. Write first.

Miss M. E. Gray, Foxboro, Mass., solicits correspondence in regard to exchanging a set of school furniture for something of equivalent value.

Mrs. Wm. E. Leavitt, 16 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., has a great variety of feathers of foreign and native birds, to exchange for any kind of fancy work or edging.

Mrs. Rose Gardiner, New Haven, Conn., has darning and darning threaders, and fine bulbs to exchange for fancy work or nice fancy advertising cards.

Rachel B. Hagenbuch, Constantine, Mich., will send pieces of print for fancy advertising cards.

Asks for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

CHINA  
MATTINGS.

We have this Spring received unusually large shipments, direct from China, of every grade and quality of Straw Matting. All that we offer have been imported this season, and are made from fresh grass. We can show a large variety of Fancy Patterns and Plain White, and our assortment is well worthy the inspection of all purchasers.

Also an immense assortment of every variety of Foreign and Domestic CARPETINGS, RUGS, and OIL CLOTHS, for sale at

VERY LOW PRICES.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,

558 & 560 Washington St., Boston.

Wholesale and Retail.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

In Seasickness,  
is of great value. Its action on the nerves of the disturbed stomach is soothing and effective.

## SICK HEADACHES.

Dr. Howe says in regard to the causes and cure of sick headache:

"Nine times out of ten the cause is in the fact that the stomach is not able to digest the food last introduced into it, either from its having been unsuitable, or excessive in quantity. A diet of bread and butter, with ripe fruits or berries, with moderate, continuous exercise in the open air, sufficient to keep up a gentle perspiration, will often cure it in a short time. One teaspoonful of powdered charcoal in half a glass of water, and drank, sometimes gives relief. And yet the above remedies will not avail in all cases. A sovereign remedy for this disease is not easily found. A correspondent contributes the following:

"Sick headache is periodical, and is the signal of distress which the stomach puts up to inform us that there is an over-alkaline condition of its fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of a headache appear, take a teaspoonful of lemon juice clear fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime. Follow this up until all symptoms are past, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be able to go free from your unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this, because the remedy is too simple, but I have made many cures in this way."

## WHAT IS WATER FOR?

Water is so common we hardly think of it. To begin with, water was God's builder of the world as we see it. The rocks were mud and sand made by water and laid down by it, one kind on top of another. Coal, made of plants, was covered up by water, so that the rotten plants were kept there and changed to coal. Veins of lead, copper, gold, silver, crystals, were cracks in the rocks, filled with water that had these precious things dissolved in it. And water, as ice (glaciers,) ground up rocks into earth, in which plants can grow, the sea and streams helping to do the work. Water builds plants and animals, too. Three-quarters of what they are made of, is water. When you pay twenty cents for a peck of potatoes, you are really paying fifteen of the cents for the water that is in the potatoes. A boy who weighs eighty pounds, if perfectly dried up, would weigh only twenty pounds. And there could be no potatoes nor boy without water. It must dissolve things to make them into new things; and it carries them where they are wanted to build the new things.

—Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent. I have come to the conclusion, if man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes—by having something to do, and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.

WASHINGTON, N. J., April 11, 1882.

HON. DANIEL F. BEATTY, the Piano and Organ Manufacturer, was re-elected Mayor, yesterday, for the fourth time, by a handsome majority. It is a great compliment, as three years is considered a full term, and he was the only man elected on the ticket.

—A western debating society is nerving itself up to wrestle with the question: "When a woman and a mouse meet, which is the most frightened?"

A true assistant to nature in restoring the system to perfect health, thus enabling it to resist disease, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

**SWAYNE'S**  
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.  
AN UNFAILING REMEDY SUCH AS TETTER, ITCH, SORES, PIMPLES, ERYSPELAS, BLOTHES, &c.  
**OINTMENT**  
THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES

Symptoms are moisture, stinging, itching, worse at night. "Suffered with Itching Piles; used many remedies, but no permanent cure until I used Swayne's Ointment. GEO. SIMPSON, New Haven, Conn." As a pleasant, economical and positive cure, SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists, or send 50 cts. in 3-ct. Stamps. 3 Boxes, \$1.25.

Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.



For the past five years we have made a Specialty of **CLUB ORDERS**.

From an experiment in 1877 this branch of our business has grown to be a decided success, we having sent out in 1881 over 10,000 different Club Orders, going to nearly every State in the Union. We carry the largest Stock of any Tea Store in Boston, import the most of our Premium Tea and Dinner Sets, and pay Cash for everything, and have abundant Capital to do with. We have a large list of Premiums for from \$5 to \$60 orders, including Silver-Plated Ware, Gold-Band Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Majolica Ware, Japanese Goods, &c., fully described in our Price and Premium List. Send us Postal for one.

**GREAT LONDON TEA COMPANY,**  
801 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.  
**EPPS'S COCOA**  
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a deliciously flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only ( $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. and 1 lb.), labeled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists LONDON ENGLAND

## WOMAN AT WORK

### A LITERARY MONTHLY

Devoted to the Record and Encouragement of Woman's Work.

This excellent magazine contains twenty-four large pages, filled with choice original and well selected matter of interest to every woman.

Subscription price, \$1.50 per year.

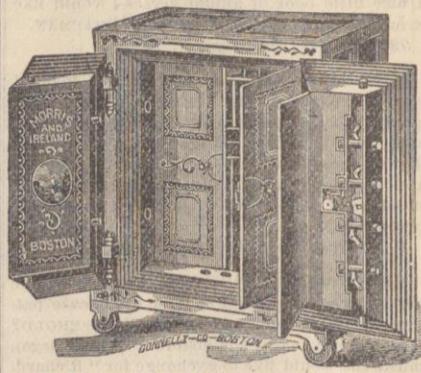
Send ten cents for specimen copy. Address,

**WOMAN AT WORK,**  
Brattleboro, Vt.

**THE DIAMOND DYES.**  
ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR. The Simplest, Cheapest, Strongest and most brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more goods than any 15 or 25 cent dye ever sold. 24 popular colors. Any one can color any fabric or fancy article. Send for color wanted and be convinced. Factory cards, samples of ink, 1/2 oz. give, all mailed for 10 cts. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

## Morris & Ireland's NEW IMPROVED EIGHT FLANGE FIRE-PROOF SAFE.

CHAMPION RECORD IN THE Great Boston Fire, 1872; Great Haverhill Fire, 1882; Great Hopkinton Fire, 1882; Great Attleboro Fire, 1882.



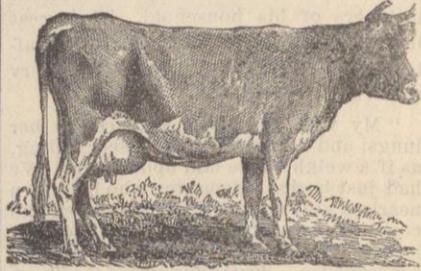
THE ONLY EIGHT FLANGE SAFE MADE IN THE WORLD, AND CONTAINING

Patent Inside Bolt Work, Patent Hinged Cap, Four-Wheel Locks, Inside Iron Linings, Solid Angle Corners.

Send for Prices and Descriptive Circulars to

**MORRIS & IRELAND,**  
64 Sudbury Street, BOSTON, MASS.

## THATCHER'S ORANGE BUTTER COLOR.



### WHAT ABOUT IT.

1. It contains no acid or alkali.
2. It does not color the butter milk.
3. It can be cleaned out by washing the butter with water.
4. It is a natural straw color.
5. It will not give butter a reddish shade.
6. Only the butter globules take up the color, so that none is wasted.
7. The color is permanent; 6 months keeping does not change the butter.
8. The color given by it is exactly like June butter.
9. It is purely Vegetable.
10. It is a liquid.
11. It is a liquid.
12. It can be taken internally in any quantity with impunity.
13. You can add any flavor with it please tell us what it is.
14. A 25-cent bottle will color 500 lbs. of winter butter.
15. A 50-cent bottle will color 1250 lbs. of winter butter.
16. A 1 Gal. Can will color 12,000 lbs. winter butter.

At the Racket Valley and St. Regis Valley Agricultural Society's Fair, Plow, Vt., in 1880, there were exhibited for First Premium over 80 tubs of butter. The three tubs that took the \$10 Sweepstakes First Premium, and the three tubs that took both the \$10 Dairy First Premium and \$10 Plow, were every one of them brought to their beautiful shade with **THATCHER'S ORANGE BUTTER COLOR**.

Messrs. Fuller & Shufeldt, a heavy class house of Montreal, P. Q., report that one of the heaviest English shippers of that city pronounced butter made with **THIS COLOR THE FINEST THAT HE EVER SAW**.

The VERMONT STATE FAIR, in 1880, gave the Diploma to the Orange Butter Color.

Creamerymen, Dairymen, Farmers, Shippers, Butter Buyers, Consumers, County Judges, Ex-U. S. Consuls, Ex-U. S. Collectors, Assemblers, and all who ever used this Color units in classing it among the most wonderful discoveries ever made in the dairy interest.

Butter colored with it took the First Premium and the \$45 Fairbanks Scale at the OGDENSBURG FAIR in 1880. Sold by Dealers generally. Prepared by

**H. D. THATCHER,**  
Manufacturing Chemist, POTSDAM, N. Y.

## CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

\$777 a Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address F. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

## Wait for the Best!

To our readers and their friends who are in want of sewing machines, we earnestly advise waiting a few weeks for a new and greatly improved machine, nearly ready to be put upon the market, combining all the best fea-

## THE HICBY

tures of other sewing machines with several desirable additions peculiar to itself. This machine is first-class in every respect, handsome in appearance, in point of workmanship unexcelled by any now in the market, large, roomy, noiseless, and by all odds

## The Easiest Running Double Thread Machine Ever Built.

In addition to its many good qualities as a really **SUPERIOR SEWING MACHINE**, the price at which it will be sold will bring it within the means of thousands who have long needed a good machine but have been unable to

## THE HICBY

pay the exorbitant prices heretofore asked for a first-class article. In this machine we have simplicity, durability and efficiency combined with reasonable prices, making it most emphatically

## THE MACHINE FOR THE Household!

Being thoroughly convinced of its merits, and desirous that our readers should have the chance of benefiting themselves by getting a superior article at a reasonable price, we make this an-

## THE HICBY

nouncement, and close as we began by earnestly advising one and all if you are in need of a good sewing machine, one that will be sure to give you perfect satisfaction, you will never regret it if you

## Wait for the Best!

THE

## Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of anything of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

HUNDREDS

OF THESE

## SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

## Unsolicited

## Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.  
MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. MRS. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.  
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir:—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it.

Yours very respectfully, MRS. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, Vt., April 25, 1881.  
MR. CROWELL:—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. MRS. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.  
GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir:—In May I received from you Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.

Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFET.

## REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

## The HOUSEHOLD

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufactory at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each, and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD,  
Brattleboro, Vt.

## THE PERFECT IRONING BOARD.



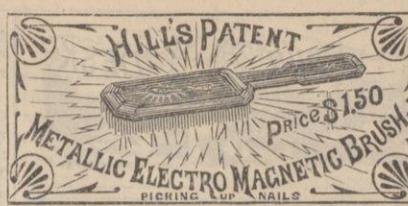
Used in 40,000 Homes!

The companion of the Clothes Wringer and Washing Machine.

The Patent Ironing Board, with  
Folding Legs, will  
close up and set  
away in a closet.

A useful invention, ap-  
preciated by every lady  
and necessary in every  
house. To see is to buy  
it, to use it is to find that  
it fills a long list want.

Delivered at your door,  
by express, on receipt of  
\$2.00. Write for a cir-  
cular.



In the back of these brushes are embedded strongly charged magnets, made from the best material, and specially prepared by a secret process of our own discovery, to receive and retain the **GREATEST POSSIBLE QUANTITY OF ELECTRICAL FORCE**. The brush material is composed of **PURE, HIGHLY POLISHED STEEL WIRES**, having flat heads which are held in contact with the magnets, by soft, flexible, molded rubber, the points being nicely rounded so there is no scratching but **RUBBING AND CLEANSING** of the tender skin. When in use these wires draw and conduct the electric force to the head and flesh wherever applied. To illustrate and prove this working, place the brush in contact with a handful of small nails or carpet tacks. If a brush has any available electrical power, it will show itself in this way, otherwise it has none.

At the GREAT FAIR of the MASS. CH. MEC. ASSOCIATION in Boston last November, these brushes were awarded the **first premium** of a **beautiful silver medal** for their **superior scientific construction**, and their **WONDERFUL THERAPEUTICAL POWERS**. Dr. Hanaford has given them more than a year's test. His testimonial may be seen in our adv. in the Jan., Feb., and March numbers of **THE HOUSEHOLD**. He is aware that what we claim to do, will be faithfully done, that we are giving all we promise and more too.

1st. What we offer is **FAR the MOST POWERFUL HEALING INSTRUMENT** ever offered to the public, and it never harms.

2d. Though ACTUALLY WORTH MUCH MORE, it is furnished to the public for about ONE-HALF THE PRICE OF ANY COMPETITOR.

Prices, \$1.50—Pocket Companion, \$1.00. Either or both will be mailed to any address on receipt of price in money order on Boston, or registered letter with small postage stamps for the 50 cts. Write the complaint, and we select for the case. For circulars and testimonials send postal.

The trade supplied by STODDARD & LONG, 128 and 130 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill., and PORTER BROS. & CO., 78 and 80 Worth St., New York, and 588 Summer St., Boston.

HELL BRUSH CO., Proprietors, Reading, Mass.

## FOWLE'S PILLE AND HUMOR

I WARRANT ONE BOTTLE A PERFECT CURE for all the worst forms of PILLES, 2 to 4 in all the worst cases of LEPROSY, SCROFULA, PSORIASIS, CANCER, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH, and all diseases of the SKIN and BLOOD. \$1 a bottle. Sold everywhere. Send for 32-page pamphlet free, showing its wonderful cures. H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, 14 Central Wharf, Boston, Mass. Sent by Express.

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Gloaming; In the Golden Eventide; In the Starlight;

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Away; Harp that Once; Kathleen Mayourne; Lar

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Comic Songs; Doctor's Chorus; Down by the

Old Mill Stream; Laddie Day; O, Fred, tell them to

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Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JUNE, 1882.

**DON'T FORGET** that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

We can no longer supply January numbers to our subscribers. Agents and others forwarding subscriptions will please bear this in mind.

We CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS 1's and 3's—will be received in payment for THE HOUSEHOLD from those who are unable to send subscriptions in any other form. DO NOT send any larger ones.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons designing to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OUR FRIENDS are desired upon any and all subjects within the province of THE HOUSEHOLD. We particularly desire short, practical articles and suggestions from experienced housekeepers, everywhere, who have passed through the trials and perplexities which to a greater or less degree, are the lot of every new pupil in the school of domestic life. Ladies, write for your paper.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, *every one*, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 3's, and put them into the letters *loosely*. Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which may fail to do—and also give post-office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned they have

given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1882. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and *observe these conditions fully*, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or *other witnesses* who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to *any body*—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application *must* do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in parcels—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

E. R. KELSEY of Everett, is sole agent for THE HOUSEHOLD for Suffolk County, Mass., to whom all persons wishing agencies in that county should apply.

See Page 133, May Household.

*The Golden Rule*—*Original for only 50 cents.*  
*For Jan. 1, 1883. Try it.*

Any person sending us a club of six trial subscribers, with \$3.00 to pay for the same, will receive from us a copy of *Coffin's Life of Garfield* (retail price \$1.50) **free**.

In addition to this, *each subscriber*, by so requesting, will receive a free copy of *Will Carlton's famous poem "The Travelled Parson,"* illustrated. Mr. Crowell has seen both the book and the poem, and endorses both, now let us hear from you. Address,

THE GOLDEN RULE, Boston, Mass.

### TRACTS FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

Friends Book and Tract Committee, New York. Price Ten Cents per package. Address,

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### SHOPPING BY MAIL!

MISS MARJORIE MARCH, 231 N. Twelfth St., Phila., Pa., makes purchases of every description for ladies and gentlemen, with discrimination and taste. Orders by mail, from all parts of the country, promptly executed. Samples sent free. For references and information send for my circular. Address as above.

The Florence Oil Stove, advertised in another column of this magazine, is an article well worthy of the consideration of every housekeeper, especially those who from choice or necessity desire to economize fuel and strength. Send for circular mentioning THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Palmetto state sends greeting to her sisters in all sections of our land, and calls attention to a most useful and inexpensive invention to aid the busy housewife on those "awful ironing days," when, if ever,

"Life is real, life is earnest."

See the picture of the woman who seems to be enjoying her ironing, and then suggest to John that he send for one, mentioning THE HOUSEHOLD, and then see how much nicer you can "do up" his shirts than before

### Health Foods.

Mr. Geo. E. Crowell, proprietor of THE HOUSEHOLD, informs us that he is in receipt of numerous inquiries for our address, induced by the cordial testimony borne by several of his regular contributors to the value of our Foods in sickness and health. We therefore append our address, and desire to say that pamphlets describing our Health Foods, and indicating how the strong can continue to be strong, and how the feeble may be strengthened, together with the opinion of Prof. Austin Flint and others, and giving full details as to prices, and recipes for healthful cooking, will be mailed to all addresses forwarded to us by postal card from readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

HEALTH FOOD CO., 74 Fourth Ave., New York. Agencies:—New England, 199 Tremont St., Boston; Hartford, Fox & Co.; Philadelphia, 632 Arch St.; Baltimore, 138 No. Charles; Chicago, 705 Wabash Ave.



## \$1.00 COLLECTIONS.

Those unacquainted with varieties, these collections enable the purchaser to select **12 Plants** at very low rates. They are not culled plants, but good, healthy, and well rooted, many of them of the best new varieties. The plants are labeled, printed directions sent with each package for their treatment, and guaranteed to reach the purchaser in good order. My aim is to satisfy all who favor me with their orders, but can forward no order at these low rates for less than \$1, the choice of variety always left with me. Those who prefer less than \$1 worth, and wish to make their own selection, should send for Catalogue, where price and description of single plants are given. I forward free of postage to every State and Canada, and offer liberal inducements to clubs of \$5 or \$10.

## 20 VERBENAS, 20 VARIETIES. \$1.

Varieties.		Varieties.	Varieties.
12 Ageratum,	\$1	12 Pelargoniums,	12 \$1
4 " " 12 Geraniums, single,	12 " 1	20 " single,	4 \$1
12 Basket Plants,	12 " 1	20 " single,	mixed 1
12 Begonias,	12 " 1	12 " 1	
12 Bouvardia,	12 " 1	12 " 1	
12 Carnations,	12 " 1	12 " 1	
12 Centaurea,	4 " 1	18 Gladiolus,	mixed 1
12 Coleus,	12 " 1	12 Heliotrope,	6 " 1
12 Chrysanthemum,	12 " 1	12 Ivy, English,	1 " 1
12 Cigar Plant,	1 " 1	12 Lantanas,	12 " 1
8 Cyclamen,	1 " 1	12 Smilax,	1 " 1
12 Daisy, double,	1 " 1	12 Oxalis,	3 " 1
12 Feverfew,	3 " 1	15 Pansy, choice strain,	15 " 1
12 Fuchsia,	12 " 1	8 Primrose, single,	8 " 1

Purchasers can select 12 plants, 1 of a kind, from above list for \$1, except Moss Rose, Primrose, Bronze Geranium, and Cyclamen; of those 8 plants may be selected for \$1, not including Moss Rose. 6 \$1 packages for \$5; 13 \$1 packages for \$10. 15 plants, (15 varieties) my choice, from above list for \$1. 8 Golden Bronze Geraniums, including the new Happy Thought, J. Offin, Distinction, Crystal Gem, Exquisite, Goldfinch, Richard Thornton, and Model, for \$1.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Primrose, Tuberose, Moss, Tea, Bourbon, Hardy, Climbing, and China Roses, fine, strong plants, (8 in all.)

For \$1 will send 1 each, Camellia, Azalia, Wax Plant, Bouvardia, and Calla.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Stevia, Eupatorium, Calla, Bouvardia, Canna, and Caladium.

For \$1 will send 2 Dahlias, 2 Cannas, 1 Calladium, and one hardy Phlox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Japan Lilies, 1 Paleonia, and one hardy Phlox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Climbing Honeysuckle, and 3 varieties Hardy Flowering Shrubs.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Century Plant, Echeveria, Cactus, Artillery Plant, and Abutilon.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Fern, Fern, Ornamental Grass, Abutilon, Cobeia, Hydrangea, and Gloxinia.

When ordered by express will send 4 \$1 packages for \$3; 5 \$1 packages for \$3.75, or 7 \$1 packages for \$5. All labeled.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Primrose, Tuberose, Moss, Tea, Bourbon, Hardy, Climbing, and China Roses, fine, strong plants, (8 in all.)

For \$1 will send 1 each, Camellia, Azalia, Wax Plant, Bouvardia, and Calla.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Stevia, Eupatorium, Calla, Bouvardia, Canna, and Caladium.

For \$1 will send 2 Dahlias, 2 Cannas, 1 Calladium, and one hardy Phlox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Climbing Honeysuckle, and 3 varieties Hardy Flowering Shrubs.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Century Plant, Echeveria, Cactus, Artillery Plant, and Abutilon.

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When ordered by express will send 4 \$1 packages for \$3; 5 \$1 packages for \$3.75, or 7 \$1 packages for \$5. All labeled.

## LETTER FROM GERALDINE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I so enjoy reading the letters from you, that I am going to write, but shall not be very much surprised if Mr. Crowell concludes there is plenty of room for my letter in that waste basket. I wish I could meet you all and give each a shake of the hand. Not a fashionable finger tip touch, but a good, hearty pressure which could not fail to speak a welcome. I have read THE HOUSEHOLD a number of years, and am always eager for it to make its appearance. Have sent in several brides' names for the paper this year and have heard from each, who expressed herself delighted with it. I am positive that, were I otherwise deprived of my HOUSEHOLD, I should begin an earnest search for John.

Emily Hayes, I think your music lessons very plain, and am sure one could learn much from them, but I am receiving instruction at my own home, and have all those scales to practise, which to my ear seem disagreeable, but to my reason are just the thing. I should be pleased to hear from you. Letters addressed to my name at the bottom of the letter, will reach me in safety.

Rosamond E., I think the sisters who express their doubts in regard to your genuineness, are decidedly unjust, and you must be blessed with a vast amount of forbearance, if their assertions do not wound you. It has never occurred to me that you were a myth, for my dear mother has passed through just as much, and I see no reason why another woman cannot be a miracle as well as she. And Rosamond E., her husband's name is Ichabod. May be that has had something to do with her success, in fact, I am quite sure of it, and am in favor of extending congratulations to the members of the Band who are so fortunate as to possess an Ichabod.

Before I began taking music lessons I corresponded with several of the members, and would be glad to continue writing, as I have received some very interesting letters, but it seems almost impossible to keep up the correspondence, attend to my many other duties and my practicing, which I do not wish to neglect.

Through the exchange column I have received some pretty articles of fancy work, and am constantly being reminded of some one of you. In our little parlor, on a shelf surrounded by a lambrequin which came from a Connecticut sister, I have several pictures of my correspondents. I prize them very highly, but I shall not feel that the program is quite complete until I have Rosamond E.'s face to put with the rest. Cannot she be induced to send it?

I shall continue to recommend THE HOUSEHOLD to all lovers of good, substantial literature. I think it should be especially recommended to bachelors! Surely the directions for cooking are sufficiently explicit for them, and the dishes good enough to suit the most fastidious, which we all know means old bachelors.

I am afraid Mr. Crowell will bolt the door if he sees me coming again, unless I stop writing, so I will leave, with a good word for one and all.

West Macedon, N. Y. GERALDINE.

—The whole art of conversation is not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

—When you hear an evil story of one you know to be good, discredit it and say so. Grapes are not gathered from this tress, neither do thistles grow on a grape vine. The fruit tells you from what tree it came, but you also know what fruit a tree is likely to bear.

## WHAT BECAME OF THOSE POST-AGE STAMPS.

The following correspondence explains itself and will clear up a mystery which has interested many of our readers for several months.

WESTMINSTER, Vt., April, 1882.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL.—*Sir*:—In THE HOUSEHOLD for November, 1881, I requested every subscriber to that excellent paper to send a small sum of money to Riverside, to be expended for an especial purpose, which I could not then explain, but would do so afterwards. Thirteen hundred and twenty-five of the subscribers have responded to my request, and fifty dollars have been contributed by them. With this money Riverside has purchased for you a cabinet, and in the name of these 1325 subscribers, I now ask you to accept it as a token of our respect for you, and also of our appreciation of your excellent paper, together with our desire that the blessing of the Lord may rest upon you and yours abundantly. Respectfully,

HANS DORCOMB.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., April, 1882.

TO HANS DORCOMB.—*Dear Madam*:—To tender to yourself and our mutual friend Riverside and the "thirteen hundred and twenty-five"—whose cordial and trustful responses to your invitation is a constant surprise to me—my heartfelt thanks for the beautiful gift which followed your letter seems but a meager return for your kind and generous act, but for lack of a better recompense for this expression on the part of these friends so widely scattered, unknown to each other save through the bond of a common interest in and love for our own HOUSEHOLD, I desire thus publicly to say to one and all, "I thank you." And though this "token of esteem" cannot be said to have been earned, it is cheerfully accepted in the spirit in which it is given, and in the full assurance that as the years go by, its presence and the memory of this occasion may prove such an inspiration for good as shall cause this gift to be indeed "twice blessed"—blessing those who gave as well as him who received.

GEO. E. CROWELL.

## The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder" and "Royal Baking Powder," purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain: "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."  
Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Carbonate of Ammonia  
Tartaric Acid  
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per ounce of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.  
NEW YORK, Jan'y 17th, 1881.

—The popular superstition that overturning the salt is unlucky, originated in a picture of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt.

## OUR LOOKING GLASS.

IN WHICH OUR ADVERTISERS CAN SEE THEMSELVES AS OUR READERS SEE THEM.

We endeavor to exclude from our advertising columns everything that savors of fraud or deception in any form, and the fact that an advertisement appears in THE HOUSEHOLD may be taken as evidence that the editor regards it as an honest statement of facts by a responsible party. Nevertheless the world is full of plausible rascals, and occasionally one may gain access to our pages. We set apart this column in which our friends may give their experience in answering the advertisements found in this magazine whether satisfactory or otherwise. State facts as briefly as possible, and real name and address every time. And we earnestly request our readers when answering any advertisement found in these columns to be particular and state that it was seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, and we think they will be pretty sure of a prompt and satisfactory response.

I sent to Eureka Trick & Novelty Co., according to advertisement in April HOUSEHOLD, for a misses' lace tie, price twelve cents. In length and width it was as advertised, but in quality inferior. The same thing can be bought in any country variety store for five cents, and is very suitable to be worn over one's kitchen suit of a morning. The illustration accompanying the advertisement may be a "photo-engraving of one of the ties," but it certainly was not of the one that was sent to me. S. A. CURTIS.

MR. CROWELL.—The Little Detective Scales came all right and we are very much pleased with them. They are just what we wanted. I take pleasure in recommending them to all who are in need of something to weigh with, as they are correct.

MRS. LYMAN FITCH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—I thank you for calling my attention to the Golden Rule, in THE HOUSEHOLD. It proves itself to be a journal of unusual excellence, and one worthy of a large circulation.

MRS. JAMES S. SHAW.

Providence, R. I.

MR. CROWELL.—I have not seen anything in THE HOUSEHOLD from the sisters regarding plants from C. E. Allen, whose list for 1882 is in the March number. I am glad to say that every plant I have had from him has given perfect satisfaction.

S. E. S.

As a purchasing agent I can safely recommend to my numerous customers, Dr. Warner's Coralline corsets, which I see advertised in this paper. I have worn the different styles, and can speak from experience of their comfort and superiority.

MARJORIE MARCH.

231 N. Twelfth St. Philadelphia, Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—I have tried the Pillow Inhaler, which has been advertised in this paper, and can most highly recommend it. I think a special feature of the Pillow is its prevention of colds, besides being a cure for catarrh and sore throat.

MARJORIE MARCH.

231 N. Twelfth St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. CROWELL.—I have seen a request in THE HOUSEHOLD for every one who answered the advertisements in your paper to give their experience. In the January number was one for The Literary Guest. I sent for it three months on trial, and forty pieces of choice music, according to advertisement, but have received neither music nor paper. MISS J. E. SHINN.

## A COTTAGE ORGAN

worth \$200 will be sent to any person who will send us Two Hundred yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD, and at the same rate for a cheaper or more costly instrument. These organs will be new, sent from the well known manufacturer of J. Estey & Co., and fully warranted to give the most perfect satisfaction, both as regards beauty of workmanship and clearness of tone.

This offer places one of the most desirable organs for the family or society room within reach of thousands of our readers. Many have already availed themselves of our previous similar offers and many others will we trust do so this season.

We call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Wanamaker & Brown, on last page. This firm is one of the largest and most reliable in Philadelphia, and our readers may send to them by mail for any of their goods to any amount, in the full assurance that they will be honestly and satisfactorily dealt with. Give them a trial, mentioning THE HOUSEHOLD, and you will have no occasion to regret the result.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.25. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

—See her kiss that ugly dog," said one gentle man to a friend in a horse-car in a loud whisper, calling attention to a woman who was lavish with her endearments of a pet poodle. She overheard the comment, and glowering upon the unfortunate man said, in vinegary accents: "It won't hurt me if I do." "Oh, I beg your pardon, madam, but my sympathy was wholly with the dog."

## Why Wear Plasters?

They may relieve, but they can't cure that lame back, for the kidneys are the trouble and you want a remedy to act directly on their secretions, to purify and restore their healthy condition. Kidney-Wort has that specific action—and at the same time it regulates the bowels perfectly. Don't wait to get sick, but get a package to-day, and cure yourself. Liquid and dry sold by all druggists.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

—A New York jeweler says that three out of every four men who come into his store come to buy, but only one woman out of seven comes to a decision. One lady paid twenty-three visits to his store before buying a \$30 watch.

HAVE you ever thought of what advantage the MODEL PRESS would be to you? The ease with which it prints is simply marvelous. Almost any boy can do the finest printing, with the speed of a power press. How such a perfect machine can be sold for the price is the manufacturers' secret. Send for their illustrated 40-page book "How to Print" with full particulars. J. W. Daughaday & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

—"When I was an infant," said Fogg, "the women were forever kissing me. And," he added, "I have done what I could to get square with them since I have grown to years of discretion."

HOUSECLEANING loses more than half its terrors when you use PYLE'S PEARLINE. Be sure you are not deceived by the vile imitations which flood the market, but see that the name of JAMES PYLE is on each package.

—How's business been with you, Brown?" asked his friend Pingrey. "Not very lively," said Brown. "But you have made something, I suppose?" "Oh, yes! I made an assignment."

It is probable that the young lady celebrated in these charming lines of Robert Burns, had tan, moth-spots and freckles, with other beauty blemishes. For such conditions, Dr. Benson's Skin Cure should be on every lady's toilet table.

—It's a very pretty figure to speak about going from pole to pole, but nothing except the atmosphere ever has succeeded in doing that, unless we except also repeaters at an election.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Piakham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies that have been restored to perfect health by the use of her Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for the most stubborn cases of female weakness.

—A school-teacher, discharged for using the rod too freely, applied for employment in a dress-maker's establishment. "Have you had any experience in sewing?" asked the dress-maker. "No," was the reply, "but I have a thorough knowledge of basting."

For aged men, women, weak and sickly children, without a rival. Will not cause headache. Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Tom Thumb wears the same size of under clothing as a child six years old, and buys twelve suits at a time. This is the way he has of showing that there's nothing small about him.

March and April butter made in 1881, containing Thatcher's Orange Butter Color, brought eight cents per pound more in London, and five cents more in Boston, than that containing no color.

—A little heat that can't be beat, the window open wide; a little breeze, a little sneeze, and you're the doctor's pride. Seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents for ten visits.

Eminent Physicians are prescribing that tried and true remedy, Kidney-Wort for the worst cases of biliousness and constipation, as well as for kidney complaints. There is scarcely a person to be found that will not be greatly benefited by a thorough course of Kidney-Wort every spring. If you feel out of sorts and don't know why, try a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

—Western quotations are sometimes curious. In Montana corn is forty cents a bushel, eggs ten cents a piece, and the hired girl demands ten dollars a week with all the eastern privileges.

## Wood Dish Drainers.

PAT. DEC. 9, 1879.

CLOSED.

IN USE.



Length 15 inches. Width, spread, 14 inches.

Stands in the sink. Receives and drains the dishes. Does not break them. Does not rust. Takes no available room in the sink. Costs less than wire drainers. Closes compactly to put away. Lasts a life-time. Fifty cents obtains one by mail, postage paid.

DOVER STAMPING CO., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

**FANCY WORK** A BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS and Patterns for Artistic Needle Work, Kensington Embroidery, directions for making, numerous kinds of Crochet and Knitted Work, Patterns for Hand Bag, Scrap Basket, Tidy, Mat, Oak Leaf Lace, Piano Cover, &c. Tells how to make South Kensington, Outline, Persian, Tent, Star, Satin and Feather Stitches, etc. Price 36 cts., or twelve three-cent stamps; 4 Books, \$1.

**WORSTED CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS.** A BOOK of 100 Patterns for Worsted Work, etc. Borders, Corners, Flowers, Birds, Animals, Parades, Stork, Deer, Roses, Elephant, Comic Designs, 8 Alphabets, etc. Price 25 cts.; 8 Books \$1. 4 large Tidy Patterns, 10 cts. **Special Offer—All for 18 Three-Cent Stamps** J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass., box T.

**LADIES** Are you aware that most of the low-priced **SPool COTTON** is either short in length, or only two-cord, and possibly both?

**Much that is labelled 200 yards does not contain over 130 yards.**

Dealers sell it because they can buy it cheap, and do not expect the cheat to be discovered.

You should insist upon having **HOLYOKE THREAD**, every Spool of which is warranted three-cord, and to contain 200 yards.

It is cheaper for you at three cents a spool than most makes are at two cents.

See that a poorer article, on most of which the manufacturers are, properly, ashamed to affix their names, is not imposed on you instead of it, from interested motives.



Everywhere known and prized for Skill and fidelity in manufacture, Tasteful and excellent improvements, Elegant variety of designs, Yielding unrivaled tones.

Illustrated Catalogues sent Free. J. ESTEY & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.



## MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor Me.

**WORK** at home, Men and Women, Boys and Girls make from 10c. to \$2 an hour. New business; never advertised; no peddling; no hounding. The **SECRET** revealed and 15 SAMPLES to commence work on, **FREE**. MASON & CO., Montpelier, Vt.

## LABOR SAVING ARTICLES

Indispensable in Every Family.

**BREAD MIXER AND KNEADER**, Dutcher Temple Co., Hopkinton, Mass.

**DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP**, I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

**DOVER EGG BEATER**, Dover Stamping Co., Boston, Mass.

**PEA AND BEAN SHELLER**, E. H. Whitney, Providence, R. I.

**\$30 Per Week** can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. \$5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC.

Ditson & Co. make a special feature of Sunday School Song Books, and can safely commend the three new ones which they publish this season. Their compilers are practical workers in the Sunday School, and with previous publications have been extremely successful. The new books are:

## THE BEACON LIGHT.

By J. H. TENNEY and E. A. HOFFMAN.

A collection of new hymns and tunes, carefully selected from a large quantity of manuscripts, of which four out of every five were rejected, only the very best being retained. **Price, 30 cents.**

## LIGHT AND LIFE.

By R. M. MCINTOSH.

This new book is quite comprehensive, providing in a small space ample material for two years, including a great variety of new hymns, as well as some older ones which are always in request. **Price, 35 cents.**

## BANNER OF VICTORY.

By A. J. ABBEY and M. J. MUNGER.

This is the latest of the three new books, and is sure to meet with good success. It contains all the variety and freshness which could well be desired, including many beautiful pieces especially adapted for prayer and praise meetings. **Price, 35 cents.**

## OLIVER DITSON &amp; CO., Boston.

## Tilden Ladies' Seminary.

Have you daughters to educate? Send for our new tri-annual catalogue and report of the late 25th anniversary, to HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M., Principal. West Lebanon, N. H., July 15, 1880.

FOR walls of Churches, Chapels and Homes, Vellum Paper Letters, forming the words

## HAVE FAITH IN GOD,

mailed for Fifty Cents, by CHENEY & CLAPP, Brattleboro, Vermont.

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Everywhere, either male or female, to solicit orders for portraits painted from all kinds of small pictures. Old established and reliable house. Liberal inducements offered and constant employment given. Exclusive territory. For full particulars enclose 3c. stamp and address

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**NEW Practical Life.** { The Key to Fortune BOOK 600 pp. Clear type, fine binding and Illustrations. AGENTS WANTED. \$75 to \$150 per Month. For Terms, address J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops, 10 set reeds only \$50 PIANOS \$125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

30 Fine White Gold Edge Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book 25c. F. M. Shaw & Co., Jersey City, N. J.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Give notice that on and after May 10th they will REDUCE the price of the

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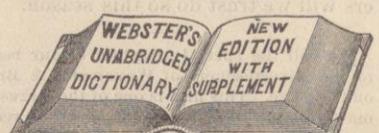
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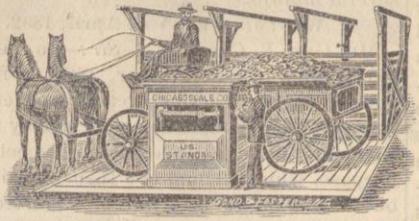
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MANUFACTURE MORE THAN

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2-Ton Wagon Scales (Platform 6x12) \$40

3-Ton, 7x13, \$50 | 4-Ton, 8x14, \$60

All other sizes in proportion. All Scales perfect.

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Beam, Beam-Box and building directions with each Scale.

The "Little Detective," for Family or Office, \$3.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Send for price-list.

## CALVES AND COWS.

Prevented sucking each other, also self-sucking by Rice's Patent Malleable Iron Weaner, used by all stock raisers. Price by mail postpaid, for Calves till 1 year old, 58c; till 2 years old, 87c; older, \$1.15. Circulars free. Agents wanted.

H. C. RICE, Easthampton, Mass.

## WORK.

We are now prepared to start persons of either sex in a good business, legitimate and honorable, and entirely free from anything of a humbug or catch-penny nature.

You can earn from 50c. to \$2 per hour. Any person sending us a silver dime or four 3-cent stamps will receive 10 samples which will do to commence work on. Don't fail to write at once and address plainly,

H. G. FAY &amp; CO., Burlington, Vermont.

## 47 Instrumental Gems

Almost given away. In order to introduce our publications where they are not known, we will send by mail, postage paid, a copy of the six three-cent stamp 47 pieces of our latest and best Music, consisting of Waltzes, Polkas, Galops, Schottisches, Transcriptions, etc., etc. They are elegantly printed, full Music size. The usual price of such Music is 35 cents per piece; at that price the above 47 pieces would cost \$17. The high cost of Music is due to the few pieces sold and the large discount made to dealers. This opportunity will not occur again.

M. F. JONES &amp; CO., Box 3630, Boston, Mass.

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widows, fathers, mothers or children. Thousands yet entitled. Pensions given for disabled, eye, eye diseases, veins or any disease. Thousands of pensioners and soldiers entitled to INCREASE and BOUNTY PATENTS procured for inventors. Soldiers and heirs apply for your rights at once. Send 2 stamps for Pension and Bounty Laws, Blanks and Instructions. Fees fixed by law. We can refer to thousands of Pensioners and Clients. Address E. H. GELSTON & CO., U. S. Claims Atty's, Lock Box 725, Washington, D. C.

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5 SPLENDID VARIETIES \$1

Strong Pot Plants, for immediate bloom, delivered safely by mail postpaid to all points

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WE GIVE AWAY In Premiums and EXTRAS more Roses than most establishments grow, and are the only concern making a SPECIAL Business of Roses. Over 50 Large Houses for Roses alone. Our New Guide, a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70 pp., elegantly illustrated, sent FREE

THE DINGEE &amp; CONARD CO. Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

## CHILDREN'S WARDROBE.

I will send to any readers of THE HOUSEHOLD for one dollar and fifteen cents the following patterns, viz.: Infant's night slip, shirt, two dresses, one sack, one bib, barrow coat band, petticoat band; or for the same price, patterns for first short clothes, three dresses, two aprons, under waist, day drawers, night drawers, sack, skirt, and sunbonnet, with full directions for making. State sex in writing. Address, CHRISTIE IRVING, 190 Maple Ave., Springfield, Ohio



In this style type. On 50 elegant new Chromo Cards, 10c. 14 pp. \$1. Agts. make 50 per cent. Please send 25c for Agent's Album of samples, Premium List &c. Blank Cards at wholesale, NORTHFORD CARD WORKS, Northford, Conn.

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Philadelphia Novelty Mfg. Co., 821 Cherry St., Phila., Pa.

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If you wish to learn home, address FRED DUNHAM, Box 937, Portland, Me.

## A Sure relief for Asthma. KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL &amp; CO., Charlestown, Mass.

PLANTS, SEEDS, BULBS, by mail, or express. Cut-flowers and floral designs for funerals, weddings, etc., a specialty. C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

50 ALL Chromos, new designs, with name loc. Free

present with each pack. We give the best premiums ever offered Agents. Tuttle Bros., No. Haven, Ct.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free.

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50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, name on 10c. New &amp; artistic designs, acknowledged best pack sold. Album of samples 95c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

ACKNOWLEDGED THE BEST PACK EVER PRODUCED. NO ONE ELSE HAS THEM.

Send us 10cts. for our New Price-list and Illustrated Catalogue, and we will print your name, on 100 of our hand-painted cards, you ever saw FREE, including Fisher series, Venetian, Unique Marine Views, all in brilliant colors, on heavy card board. Watches, Silver Ware, Novelties, etc., given as premiums. Agents complete Sample book FREE. Inducements to Agents unequalled. Printers and Dealers supplied with blank Cards. STEVENS BROS., Northford Conn.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE &amp; CO., Augusta, Maine.

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## HAS BEEN PROVED

by thousands and tens of thousands all over the country to be the SUREST CURE ever discovered for all

## KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, every druggist will recommend it and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Incontinence or retention of Urine, brick dust orropy deposits, and dull dragging pains all speedily yield to its curative power.

PRICE \$1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

## KIDNEY-WORT

June.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

191

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



*Yours for Health*  
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S  
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses

so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humor there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

THE LIGHT RUNNING  
NEW HOME.

All its wearing parts are made of steel, carefully tempered, and are adjustable. It has the automatic tension. It has the easiest threaded shuttle. It has a self-seizing needle. It has a large space under the arm. It has a scale for regulating the stitch. It is warranted for five years. The bobbins are wound without running or unthreading the machine. It is almost noiseless and has more points of excellence than all other machines combined. Woodwork made of solid black walnut in new and beautiful designs. Attachments adjustable and nickel-plated.

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30 Union Square, New York, & Orange, Ms.

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Mailed for the prices given, and worth the money:  
Toilet Box, containing 200 ne plus Pins, 6 white

Toilet Pins, 6 black Toilet Pins, 25 satin finished Hair Pins, and 12 shoe buttons; price 10 cents.

Pocket Nail Cutter and Cleaner, the best

thing for the purpose ever invented, and indispensable where neat, well kept nails are desired; 20 cents.

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Vest Pocket Scale, weighing half ounce to eight

pounds, suitable for fishermen, and adapted to other purposes; handsomely nickel plated; 35 cents.

Elegant Birthday Cards; 5, 10, 15 and 25c. each.

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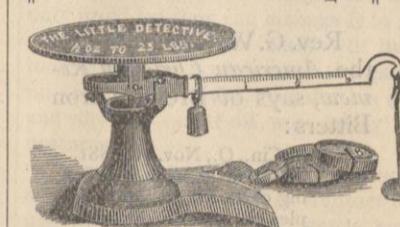
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As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS,  
LIVER AND BOWELS.  
It cures the system of the acrid poison  
that causes the dreadful suffering which  
only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.  
THOUSANDS OF CASES  
of the worst forms of this terrible disease  
have been quickly relieved, in a short time  
PERFECTLY CURED.  
PRICE, \$1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.  
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Can be sent by mail. Burlington, Vt.  
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Boston University Law School

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EDMUND H. BENNETT, LL. D., BOSTON, MASS.THE  
"LITTLE DETECTIVE."

No More Short Weights.

\$10 SCALE FOR \$3.



Weighs from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

This little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than from \$8 to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's lifetime. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any Store.

We will send one of the above Scales, on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50. Address,

THE HOUSEHOLD,  
Brattleboro, Vt.40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name,  
10c. Postpaid. G. T. REED & CO., NASSAU, N. Y.

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IS KING.  
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25 CENTS!

The Game of the "STATES" is pronounced by competent judges, the most Popular, Instructive and Entertaining Game ever published. It is a favorite wherever it may be found; can be played by every member of a company; no one is left out—ALL can take part. It is a thorough method of learning the location of the Cities and Towns in the United States. It has received the highest commendation from thousands of School Teachers, Clergymen and others, all over the country. It is not a silly, senseless game, but very instructive and amusing. It should be in every family where there are children. Buy it and see how your children will improve in the study of Geography. It will more than repay you.

Cheap Edition, 25 Cents.  
Fine Edition, Elegant Tinted Cards 50 "

It is not for sale in your place, send direct to the publisher, and you will receive it by return of mail.

HENRY G. FIELD. Publisher,  
Brattleboro, Vermont.

[From the Home Journal.]

A Remarkable Discovery.

## A REAL SKIN CURE.

THERE IS ONLY ONE

AND THAT WITH SIMPLE NAME.

Beware of imposters, pirates, or any old articles which now suddenly claim to be best. They have been tried and found wanting, while this has been proved a remarkable success.

NO POMPOUS NAME.

This curative needs no pompous or incomprehensible title of Greek or Latin to sustain it, but its simple English name appeals directly to the common-sense of the people. And the people are signally manifesting their appreciation of this frankness by selecting and using Dr. Benson's SKIN CURE in preference to all other professed remedies.

Dr. C. W. Benson has long been well known as a successful physician and surgeon and his life study has been the diseases of the nervous system and of the skin; since he has been persuaded to put his New Remedy and Favorite Prescription as a "Skin Cure" on the market, various things have sprung up into existence, or have woken up from the sleepy state in which they were before, and now claim to be *The Great Skin Cures*.

Beware of imitations, or the various articles which have been advertised for years or struggled along, having no real hold or merit on the public, that now endeavor to keep head above water by advertising themselves as "The Great Skin Cure." None is genuine and reliable, except Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure. Each package and bottle bears his likeness. Internal and external remedy, two bottles in one package. Price \$1.00, get at your druggist's.

RELIEF for all OVERWORKED BRAINS.

CAUSE AND CURE.

Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills are valuable for school children who suffer from nervous headaches caused by an overworked brain in their studies, and for all classes of hard brain-workers whose overtired nervous centers need repair and sedation. Nervous tremor, weakness, and paralysis are being daily cured by these pills. They correct costiveness, but are not purgative. Price, 50 cents or six boxes for \$2.50, postage free, to any address. For sale by all druggists. Depot, Baltimore, Md., where the Doctor can be addressed. Letters of inquiry freely answered.

C. N. Crittenton, New York, is wholesale agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

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THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG  
OUR WILD INDIANS

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widows, fathers, mothers or children. Thousands yet entitled. Pensions given for loss of finger, toe, eye or rupture, varicose veins or any Disease. Thousands of pensioners and soldiers entitled to INCREASE and BOUNTY. PATENTS procured for Inventors. Soldiers land warrants procured, bought and sold. Soldiers and heirs apply for your rights at once. Send 2 stamps to the Citizen-Soldier, and Pension and Bounty laws, state and federal regulations. We can refer to thousands of Pensioners and Clients. Address N. W. Fitzgerald & CO., PENSION & PATENT ATTYS, Lock Box 688, Washington, D. C.

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CORSET.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

By a novel arrangement of fine coiled wire springs, which yield readily to every movement of the wearer, the most PERFECT FITTING and comfortable corset ever made is secured.

Is Approved by the Best Physicians.

For sale by all leading dealers.

Lady Agents wanted.

PRICE BY MAIL, \$1.50.  
Manufactured only by CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.

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MONEY REFUNDED

OUR NEW PACK FOR 1882.

50 All Chromo Cards, Extra fine Stock, Ar-

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Wreath, Landscape, Gold &amp;

Silver panel, Bird Motto, Butterfly,

Moonlight, Summer &amp; Winter Scenes, all in beautiful

not gaudy colors, with your name in fancy type, 10c. Sample Book of 90 costly Styles for 1882, 25cts. 40 per cent paid Agents,

or beautiful prizes given for clubs. Full particulars with every order. CAXTON PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

70 ELEGANT CARDS, Extra fine Stock, Gilt-

Fringe, Wreath, Fan, &amp; Roses, etc., name neatly printed in fancy type, 10cts. 14 names \$1.

Agents make 40 per cent. Book of 90 Styles for 1882, 25c. or free with \$1. Order. CAXTON PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

Gustin's Ointment. See the

advt.

## HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of subscribers for one year each, required to obtain it free:

NO.	PREMIUM.	PRICE.	NO. OF SUBS.
1	One box Stationary,	\$0.50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's)	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1.00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1.00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1.00	3
10	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, or May Flowers,	1.00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1.00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1.00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1.10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1.25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1.50	5
16	Call Bell,	1.75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1.75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2.25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2.25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2.50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2.25	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2.50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2.50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2.50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2.75	7
28	Gilt cup,	2.75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3.00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3.00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,)	4.00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3.50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3.50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3.50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3.50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4.00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4.00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3.75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4.50	10
40	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler,)	5.00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5.00	10
42	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection),	5.00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4.00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5.00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5.00	12
46</td			

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 54,000 Copies.

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Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$8.75	\$11.50	\$16.50	\$30.00	
One "	6.00	11.50	16.50	21.50	30.00	50.00	
Two "	11.50	21.50	30.00	37.50	50.00	90.00	
Three "	16.50	30.00	41.00	50.00	71.50	130.00	
Four "	21.50	37.50	50.00	64.50	90.00	170.00	
Six "	30.00	50.00	71.50	90.00	130.00	235.00	
Eight "	37.50	64.50	90.00	118.00	170.00	300.00	
One column,	50.00	90.00	130.00	170.00	235.00	400.00	

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Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1882, by Geo. E. Croce, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

# CLEVELAND S. D. SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER

IS ABSOLUTELY PURE.

MADE OF GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR, AND CONTAINS NO ALUM, ACID PHOSPHATES, OR AMMONIA, AND IS ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM ADULTERATIONS.

Unparalleled for making delicious, light, white, sweet and wholesome Biscuits, Cakes, Pastry, Puddings, etc., which can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the distress caused by the use of heavy indigestible food.

Recommended for purity and healthfulness by the eminent chemists:

Professor Johnson, of Yale College.

Dr. Gent, of University of Pennsylvania.

President Morton, of the Stevens Institute.

Wm. M. Habirshaw, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, etc.

Sold only in  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1 pound cans by all Grocers.

**CLEVELAND BROTHERS,  
ALBANY, N. Y.**

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.

**GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.  
BAKER'S  
Breakfast Cocoa.**  
Warranted *absolutely pure*  
Cocoa, from which the excess of  
Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed  
with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,  
and is therefore far more economical.  
It is delicious, nourishing,  
strengthening, easily digested, and  
admirably adapted for invalids  
as well as for persons in health.  
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

**W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.**

I WILL send to any address, for \$1.00 each or \$3.00 for all, the Recipes for making "French Liquid Blue," Lemon and Vanilla Extracts, and "No Alum" Baking Powder. These Recipes make exactly the same goods purchased from stores. Have manufactured for large business houses and have the best and cheapest methods known. Merchants can manufacture their own and save 50 per cent. Address, L. ROBERTS, McVeigh, Macoupin Co., Ill.

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in Cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

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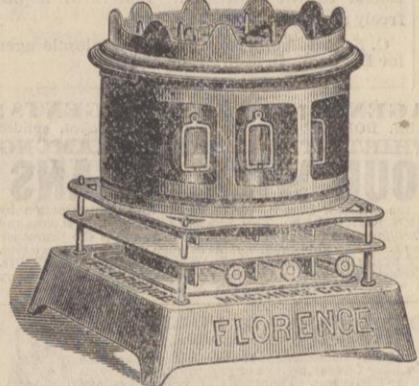
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR  
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

# "FLORENCE" OIL STOVES.



No. 3 COOK, the most powerful oil stove ever invented.

The Washington School of Cookery, 1823 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., June 1st, 1881.

Mr. J. F. PAGE, AGENT FOR THE FLORENCE MACHINE CO., Dear Sir: I have tested your OIL STOVES thoroughly during the past few months, and having experimented with many other patents, find yours in every respect the best and most efficient one I have thus far seen. It performs all the operations of the most elaborate range or stove, is easily taken care of, and is moreover entirely free from the odor usually the disagreeable feature of a Kerosene Stove. I take pleasure in commanding it, and am sure that its use in summer especially, would rob the kitchen of half its terrors. Yours very truly,

HELEN CAMPBELL,

Superintendent of the Washington School of Cookery.

814 I Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., June 8th, 1881. I take pleasure in giving a testimonial in favor of the FLORENCE OIL STOVE, two of which have been used in my family for a year. They bake and broil exceptionally well; are easily managed and require less labor and fuel than the ordinary cooking stove or range.

W. W. ELDRIDGE, Teller Treasury Department 1803 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., June 13th, 1881. Having used the FLORENCE OIL STOVE for upwards of two years, I freely concur in the above certificate of W. W. Eldridge, as to its merits. H. W. MENDEHALL.

Circulars and Illustrated Business Cards sent free by mail. Direct to J. F. PAGE, Southern Office of the Florence Machine Co., 1301 F Street, Washington, D. C.

**LADIES' Gossamer Waterproof Sleeve PROTECTOR.** Supplies a long-felt-want. A lady may now wear a silk dress at the wash-tub without danger of soiling it. The Sleeve Protector is tight-fitting and self-adjusting, can be put on or off in an instant, is cheap, durable, and the fastest selling article an agent can carry. Sells at sight everywhere. Every lady who dresses in the afternoon is obliged to either remove her dress to wash dishes or to perform any of the various household duties, or run the risk of soiling or injuring it. The Waterproof Sleeve Protector is made of gossamer rubber, reaches next to the shoulder, is light, durable and very strong. A pair of "Waterproof" sleeves, 25 cts. will save a dress costing as many dollars. Every lady will buy at sight. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Sample pair by mail, 25c.; 3 pairs, 60c.; 1 doz. pairs, \$1.65, postpaid.

Address A. D. PORTER & CO., 79 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

# No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of the American Christian Review, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.

Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

PURE  
FLAVORING EXTRACTS  
and brands of  
Genuine Selected  
SPICES  
by superior strength & flavor  
are preferable to all others.  
THOS. WOOD & CO., Boston.

# SUMMER OF ELOCUTION SCHOOL

For Public Speakers, Readers, Teachers, and Students. Term of Six Weeks, July 3 to August 11, at Cobourg, Canada, on Lake Ontario. Cool and Healthful. Send for Circular to J. H. Bechtel, Secy., National School of Elocution and Oratory, 1418 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW STYLES  
IN  
Dress Reform  
Garments.  
Bates Waist,  
(a perfect substitute  
for corsets.) \$1.75;  
made to order, \$2.75.  
Send for Catalogue.  
MISS C. BATES, 129 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

# FREE TO YOU

We make the following extraordinary offers to every reader of this paper for the purpose of introducing our new works of art to every household, and to obtain agents. We propose to send absolutely free to any person the four beautiful engravings described:

**Lord's Prayer.** This is just out and eclipses all others now in the market. It retails for fifty cents. We will send it free to any person who sends six cents in stamps to pay postage and roller. Don't fail to send for it.

**Marriage Certificate.** This is a beautiful engraving worth one dollar. It will be sent free to any one who sends 6 cents to pay postage and roller.

**Longfellow.** This is a large copperplate engraving of the poet. It also contains picture of the house where he was born, his signature, and a picture of the poet seated in his library. Sells for fifty cents. We will send this free for 6 cents to pay postage and packing.

**Garfield.** This is a large copperplate engraving of President Garfield which has sold for fifty cents. It will be sent free to any one who sends 6c. to pay postage and cost of roller.

**Special Offer.** above engravings free to any person who sends 18 cents to pay postage and packing. We refer to any newspaper in New York. Postage stamps taken. Mention this paper. Address LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.

# Dobbins' Starch Polish.

**HOW DASHINE** An important discovery, by which every family may give their linen that beautiful finish peculiar to fine laundry work.

Ask your Grocer.

J. B. DOBBINS,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**INWOOD'S HAIR PRODUCER.** A purely vegetable compound that contains nothing injurious and will positively make the hair grow if the roots are not entirely destroyed. A few applications will stop the hair from falling out. \$1.00 per bottle. **TOILET LOTION** removes sunburn and tan, renders the skin soft and white. \$1.00 per bottle. **ELEGANT TOILET POWDER.** 50 cts. per box, sent on receipt of price. Mrs. D. A. INWOOD, 147 Tremont St., Room 3, Boston, Mass.

**AGENTS WANTED**

# STANYAN'S PATENT BREAD MIXER & KNEADER.



No. 1, taking two to three quarts of flour, \$3.00. No. 2, taking three to four quarts of flour, \$3.25. Forwarded upon receipt of price.

DUTCHER TEMPLE CO., Hopedale, Mass.  
Money Order office Milford, Mass.

The most effective, simple and convenient yet invented. Works 30 lbs. in less than 5 minutes; also Creameries and Butter Printers. Agents Wanted. Send for Circular.

A. H. REID, 26 S. Sixteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.