



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The household. Vol. 5, No. 4 April 1872

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, April 1872

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/SNTRM4UBS7HSE86>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

THE HOUSEHOLD

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

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1872.

No. 4.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.
GEO. E. CROWELL,

Editor and Proprietor,
Crosby Block, - - - Main Street,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

TERMS: - \$1.00 per year.



THE COTTAGE DOOR.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields
Before his cottage door.
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallow on the eaves,
And love is beaming in each eye
Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,
More dear to him than wealth.
Peace like the blessed sunlight, plays
Around his humble cot,
And happy nights and cheerful days
Divide his lowly lot.

Oh, happy hearts, to him who stills
The ravens when they cry,
And makes the lily 'neath the hills
So glorious to the eye—
The trusting patriarch prays to bless
His labors with increase;
Such ways are "ways of pleasantness,"
And all such "paths are peace."

AMERICAN HOMES.

It is one of the perpetual losses of American families, that they have no abiding place. We are a moving people. We have carried the nomadism of civilization to a perfection of restless misery not achieved by any other nation under heaven. Family mansions, entailed estates, descended properties, are matters alike unknown to our statutes and our institutions. No family expects its oldest or its youngest son will live and die where he was born. So rare is such an event that the newspapers mention it, and that with half a tone of pity, and the other half contempt.

No young man sets out in life with home as a first intention. Localization, for any but temporary uses, is a thing not taken into the account. No young man expects to live as his father lived, or to live where he lived, any longer than till an opening appears where he can do better. The prize of competition is success, and success means not contentment, not ease, comfort, freedom

from care, not a quiet home, a happy family, local usefulness and obscure enjoyment, but wealth or fame. If he can win this best where his father lived, he lives there, but always with an eye open to a better prospect, and with his loins girded for a fresh start to any point on the face of the earth that promises a better "chance" of making money. If he lives where his father lived, he will certainly pull down the old house and build new the moment his wife's vanity demands it or his means will allow.

There seems to be the smallest attachment to and value of old associations. Affection for the places hallowed by family ties, or enhanced by early associations, is a weakness that seems to require vindication, or deserve an apology, and something not to be balanced against industrial success or commercial gain.

Consequently no American begins to think of a home till the fever of life is over; till he has either made a fortune or shown that he can't—which isn't generally till he is a good deal nearer the end than the beginning of his career. What is then done is done in haste, like preparations for a journey just before we start. Not with a calm anticipation of manly occupation and continued enjoyment. Not with an eye to improvements here and changes there, and additions somewhere else, as opportunity shall afford and means admit. Not with the hope of grateful recollection by his children, and remembrance by them amid scenes hallowed by his life and beautified by his hand. But with a consciousness that it is only for himself; only for a little while; only for the fagged remnant of an uneasy life, to be inherited by the highest bidder.

Who lives under the roof that sheltered his grandsire's head? Who reads or rests in the shadow of the trees his grandsire planted? Who tills the acres his grandsire reclaimed from the wolf and bear? What American man points with honest pride to a local ancestry or has a family portrait in his hall older than himself? Who commences to unwind the thread of experience at twenty-one, with any more notion of where than of when he will find the end? It is not so with other nations. Is it a gain or loss that it is so with us?

S. KETCHUM.

COBBLE SIDE WALKS.

A great many persons in the rural districts and in the vicinity of cities and villages, go splashing through mud and water, sometimes half shoe deep, when they are in possession of wagon loads of the best material for making good walks that would keep footmen out of the mud. On almost every farm, there may be collected in a few hours a quantity of cobble-stones sufficient to lay a good walk from the dwelling house to the out-

buildings. Cobble-stones are often allowed to lie around in heaps on the meadows, and scattered in the tillable fields, where they are a great nuisance, when, if neatly laid in a walk, they would subserve an excellent purpose.

Let us suppose, for example, that it is desirable to make a walk of cobbles from the kitchen door to the barn. If the ground is nearly smooth and level, let two lines be stretched in the desired direction and secured to stakes, say two feet apart. If the cobbles are from four to five inches in diameter, let the lines be tied to the stakes, say five or six inches from the ground.

If sand or fine loam can be readily obtained spread a layer, say two inches in depth, between the lines, then scoop out a hollow with a trowel, or some other tool, and place the cobbles, one at a time, in the depressions. Select those that are as nearly of a size as may be practicable, to be placed in one section of the walk and let small ones be used where the ground rises a trifle. Always put the small end down, and endeavor to maintain a uniform surface. A large stone may be laid among small ones by making a deeper excavation.

After the stones are laid, haul a load or two of heavy clay, or gravelly clay, and spread a quantity along each side, treading it down firmly to prevent loaded vehicles from displacing any of the stones. Let as much sand or fine earth be spread over the surface as will wash down between the stones, filling the interstices.

One industrious man may make several lineal rods of such walk in one day, when stones and sand are within a mile of the desired place. Such walks should be made before cold weather, that the stones may become firmly bedded in the earth. Let the walks be made early in the autumn, and scatter grass seed along the borders. After a few weeks the bare ground will be green, and the proprietor will wonder why he had not constructed such a convenience long ago. If the stones should become uneven, make a heavy rammer of hard wood and batter the higher ones down to a uniform line.—*Technologist.*

—There is nothing in the wide world that looks so shiftless and disheartening as to see the residence of a human being perched on some elevated knoll "out on the prairie," without a solitary tree or shrub to interfere with the bleakness or loneliness of the location. A few hour's work each spring will, in five years' time surround your dwelling with a beautiful grove which will protect you alike from the scorching suns of summer and the bleak winds of winter. It will render the residence attractive and children will love to call such a place by that endearing name, home.



CURTAINS AND HANGINGS.

THERE is no part of our house decorations that baffles more completely all efforts to make it seemly than the curtains. It is not strange that it should be so, for Americans have very little use for curtains. Our remnant of the old traditions respecting them still lingers, but it is a remnant of tradition only. The last general usefulness of them ceased when French bedsteads came into fashion, and bed-curtains were taken down as things no longer needed.

Bed-curtains seem to have been the first draperies used in private residences; beginning our reckoning with the beginning of modern civilization—they and their like of like use. This use was to protect from the cold and from drafts of air. Castle chambers, in the tenth century, were huge and walled with stone, without glass or other means of closing the window-openings. Later, they were lined with plaster or with wainscoting of wood, and wooden shutters were hung; and even glass set in sashes was very generally supplied by the beginning of the twelfth century. However they might be finished and fitted up, there were currents of air, and the wind blew in through crevices, and down the wide-throated chimneys; and the heavy tapestries and stuffs of woolen and linen, made in the middle ages, were found useful to shut out the weather.

It is commonly supposed that "arras," or hangings, were in common use throughout the middle ages, though no certain record is found of their use to cover walls of private residences prior to the thirteenth century. The historical facts are nearly these: Rich oriental hangings and European imitations of them were in use in churches as early as the ninth century, but were too costly for ordinary use. When first introduced into domestic life they were used where most needed—at doors and windows; but the beauty of material and pattern, which had made them suitable decorations in the most splendid churches of the time, recommended them also for the walls of the wealthy, and they gradually superseded wainscoting and plaster, and were hung to mask the rough walls from ceiling to floor.

It is to be observed, that this means of covering walls was eminently suited to the circumstances of the time when rooms were large and but little encumbered with furniture. Of these hangings the best were wholly embroidered with the needle, and with chronicles of the events of the time or with scenes from romantic fiction. Others were

wholly woven, but very rich in design. These hangings, when used for the wall-coverings of a room, hung across the doors, acknowledging the existence of these only by a slit or a partly sewed division between two pieces; and the whole fabric hung from the ceiling or from a moulding at the top of the wall immovably fixed above. But the windows were curtained separately by pieces of stuff which were sewn to rings sliding upon a rod, so that the shading curtains might be, at pleasure, easily slid back and the window left unobstructed.

So much of history it is well to know. For it is wise, before inquiring to what uses curtains can be put, to ask to what uses they have been put.

We have little use now for hangings to shut out the wind. Our windows fit tight, and our chimneys are narrow and tortuous, not even rain drops fall into our coal fires. Even bed-curtains are abolished. Window-curtains remain. Now, for use, we have "roller-shades," which shut out the sun thoroughly and are not at all in the way; and these can be made of material of any color, from translucent white to nearly opaque dark green linen, and can roll from top or bottom of the window. These have their definite purpose, and answer it.

Then, to screen from observation from without the interior of the room by day, in a way somewhat less disagreeable than by using wire-gauze, we have the lace curtains of city drawing-rooms. These are good, and just what are needed; the material is well suited to its purpose, and hangs gracefully. Even the embroidered muslin curtains, which form a cheaper substitute for lace, are unobjectionable. All these should, of course, hang easily and not too full, and should just reach or not reach the floor; the undue length of curtains which lie a foot upon the floor, even when hooked up, as is the fashion at present, is merely fashion and inconvenient display of magnificence. Moreover, we have wooden blinds outside or inside, or both, and these tend to render all window-curtains unnecessary, for we know of very pleasant rooms where rich carpets and costly furniture are, which have no curtains and need none. But the curtains and shades we have spoken of are no objection and have their uses.

So much for utility. But, in considering present customs, we find much that has no view to utility. White muslin curtains are dear to the hearts of ladies, because of their display of clean, fresh, crisp material. As decorated with ribbons or cords, which tie them up or pretend to, and immovably fixed on each side of the window, they are the principal ornament of cottage bed-rooms, and are much desired by young ladies for their bowers everywhere, both in city and country. The male critic, however, can hardly regard them with complacency. They obscure the windows, they collect dust, they are dangerous in the evening when lamps are lighted; they are much in the way when one would open or shut window or blind; their use has never been discovered, and their beauty is ugliness. The removal of these from a pleasant country room and substitution of white or buff shades or rollers, is the first touch necessary, in most cases, of that manipulation which will make such a room pretty as it might be.

It often happens that a room is very well without curtains. If they are needed for any purpose, let the material and arrangement be used which will best an-

swer that purpose. Do not suppose that drapery is beautiful and decorative in itself; it is not. It takes its sole value from the use to which it gracefully lends itself.

It will be very well, however, to consult mediæval practice for the possible uses of curtains. It will be found that more use can be made of them than is generally supposed. Many houses are badly planned in one respect, viz.: the doors of chambers are in such places and open in such a way as to show the interior too plainly.

In a beautiful library we know of, two beams (or, strictly speaking, girders) cross the ceiling of the room, which is about eighteen feet wide by twenty-four feet long; and underneath one of these beams is a rod from which two curtains are hung with rings. These curtains, when drawn, divide the room into two uneven parts; the fire-place is in the larger part, sixteen by eighteen feet; the only entrance door is in the smaller part. All day the curtains are thrown back, and fall in close folds against the walls, leaving the room unobstructed. At night, when the family or any members of it would be undisturbed to converse or to study, the curtain is drawn; then, if the door opens, the person entering is not at once in the room, he is in a vestibule as it were, where his step is heard by the inmates, who need not be taken by surprise.

The decoration or finish of the whole interior of a room by means of linen or woolen stuffs is not unknown in our own time. Boudoirs in Europe, at least, are not uncommonly fitted up with chintz or printed linen, which, however, is generally secured to the wall at intervals, and "tufted," as upholsterers say. We have seen a lodge-room hung with dark red, and another hung with gray worsted stuff, the hangings in these cases being secured at the top only, gathered so as to hang very full and just touching the floor. Now, none of these are altogether suitable to a drawing-room or library; the first plan is not beautiful, the second is inconvenient where there is much furniture. But there are cases when some interior wall-covering is wanted, different from those commonly in use.

It is hard, for example, to finish the walls of a room so as to equal in richness of effect the splendid furniture and rich carpets it may contain. Wall-paper is very limited in its application. Painting in polychromy is good; but who is to do the work? Wainscoting in hard wood may be inconvenient and will generally be too costly. Wainscoting in white pine will still require polychromatic painting. Tapestry may well be used if it can be obtained fit for the purpose; and if the lower part of the wall be wainscoted as high as the backs of the chairs, or, say three feet and six inches above the floor, tapestry may hang from the top of the wall to the top of the wainscot, and be there secured at the lower edge; not, however, as it is at the upper edge, but less often and not drawn tight. It should merely hang along the wall. At the top it should be secured every inch or two, or, still better, continuously.—*The New Path.*

—A neat, clean, fresh, cheerful, sweet, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceful and considerate of each other's feelings and happi-

ness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life are observed, contributes to make its inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of others.



THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

In April, when the days were bright,
And growing longer in their scope,
When buds were shaking off their sleep,
And all the air was full of hope;

We walked together, you and I,
In mood that sometimes pensive grew;
For memories of a gladness past,
Eclipsed the present to our view.

By crooked foot-paths faintly traced,
Our way along the fields we took;
Climbed broken fence and loosened wall,
And crossed the shallow, gliding brook.

We reached the hills, beneath whose base
The river flows with ceaseless sound,
And knowing the enchanted spot,
Knelt with our faces to the ground.

For those who come with lofty tread,
And careless undiscerning eyes,
May often go with empty hands,
Nor find this treasure where it lies.

We brushed the withered leaves away,
Old remnants of a worn-out year,
And shouted with ecstatic glee,
"The flower is here! the flower is here."

When crowned with spoils we homeward went,
Our thoughts assumed a gayer hue;
Beneath the magic touch of spring
Belief and courage bloomed anew.

Among all blossoms of the year,
Say, where shall I another find,
Whose sweetness thus the senses charm,
Whose energies content the mind.

Nature's brave messenger, that tells
Of present good, and good to be;
Whose brief companionship excites
The brave desire in you and me.

That we might cast old habits off
To let a nobler growth appear;
And greet all seasons with the thought
"The flower is here! the flower is here."

—Miss M. E. N. Hatheway.

A WORD FOR FLOWERS.

THE cultivation of flowers, and the improvement of stray patches of ground, is becoming much more general than it was a few years since. It gives us more respect for the inmates of a humble dwelling to see a pot of flowers in the window; and many people, with an eye for the beautiful, but small means of gratifying it, are not aware how much can be done in this way with very little expense. It is an easy thing for the man of wealth and taste to have beautiful grounds; but to turn practical things to prettiness, and accomplish something that shall rival the Frenchman's soup made of a chip, is not so easy. We propose showing, however, that it may be attempted.

Many despised things that grow at our very doors are capable of great beauty, if properly managed; and in this connection we do not hesitate to say that the common morning glory has never been half appreciated. It is generally regarded as the coarse parent of a beautiful family: the rich convolvulus, the delicate ipomœa, are of the same nature, but they are the pet and pride of the

cultivated gardener, while the morning glory is often thrust aside as a worthless weed. And yet far more can be done with the despised vine in the way of ornament than with the delicate favorites.

A tangled mass of morning glories in full bloom is really a beautiful sight, and a most effective screen for ugly fences and dilapidated buildings. Mrs. Stowe writes of a woman whose inward longings and outward surroundings were quite inharmonious, and whose eye for the beautiful was constantly tortured by an unsightly hoghead that was her only hope of rain water. In a moment of inspiration, morning glories flashed into her mind; the ugly hoghead was immediately encircled by a border of seeds, and strings prepared for the accommodation of the young vines. In six weeks from the time of planting, the object that had once distressed her was the admiration of every passer-by, and the delight of its proprietor.

Morning glories can be grown in winter in a sunny window, and trained over the wood-work, forming a brilliant natural curtain. The green leaves of the morning glory are beautiful, even without blossoms; and they soon form so dense a mass that they are invaluable as a covering.

Another winter ornament for windows is the nasturtium or tropæolum, with its brilliantly colored varieties; a piece of this broken from the plant and placed in a bottle of water, will soon take root. A string can be tied to the neck of the bottle, and then fastened to a nail in the wood-work at the side of the window; if the bottle is kept carefully filled with water, and the situation is neither too warm nor too cold, the plant will climb and bloom in the depth of winter.

A rockery arranged with taste is ornamental to the humblest grounds, and a simple one is easily made. Stones are not difficult to obtain; and, after marking out the size of the circle to be covered, place a layer of these and a layer of dirt, graduated towards the top, in succession, until the structure is high enough. It is pretty to have the top level, and filled with some creeping plant like the portulaca. A few large shells add to the beauty of the rockery; and small plants like the lobelia, dwarf nasturtium, anagallis, gentiana, portulaca, etc., are especially desirable for this purpose. Many pretty things, such as wild strawberry, small ferns, and mosses, can be brought from the woods, and made to flourish in the rockery.

Another beautiful ornament for rustic grounds is the stump of an old tree, hollowed out and filled with earth—or what looks like it, a half barrel sunk in the earth and covered with strips of bark nailed on. Petunias, phloxes, verbenas, scarlet geraniums, and anything bright, that is not too tall, look well in these novel flower-pots. Small boxes can be covered with bark, and placed on the railing of the veranda; these, filled with lobelia, or various colored maurandias, have a very pretty effect.

Hanging baskets are always graceful, in doors or out; and these can be made of so many simple, inexpensive things, that none need be without them. A basket can be cut of pasteboard and sewed together, then lichens of various colors glued on the outside; inside, a common bowl or flower pot filled with earth; strings to suspend it, and your basket is complete. Another very pretty one is made of pasteboard, with small cones, grains of coffee, etc., glued on and

varnished. The cup part of the goblet with bright scarlet worsted crocheted over it, and scarlet cord to fasten it, makes a small and pretty basket. The contents of these baskets are as various as the baskets themselves. Almost any low plant, anything that trails, or anything that is likely to bloom in winter, is desirable. These suspended plants impart a look of cheerful refinement to the plainest room; and, when snow and sleet are raging without, their bright green leaves seem to whisper of the coming summer.

There is usually one room, at least, in every house, where a few pot plants can be cultivated to advantage. The great mistake is to give them too much heat, and too little sun; but roses, geraniums, and heliotropes, sometimes smile out at us in the depth of winter from very humble quarters. The ivy geranium is a great favorite for this sort of culture, as its beautiful leaves are ornamental without blossoms. The English ivy is easily trained over doors and windows, and grows almost anywhere, forming beautiful festoons of dark green leaves, and clinging to the slightest support. It is beautifully trained in masses by planting it in a large pot, and twisting it around small hoops.

Almost any ingenious person can make original flower-stands, pot-covers, hanging-baskets, and various things in which plants can be suspended, twined, or otherwise arranged, to the adornment of a room. Some one once said that an open fire was the handsomest piece of furniture that could be put in a room; next to this we would place flowers. A single pot of violets is worth more than some showy ornament; and frequently people who say that "they cannot afford to buy flowers," waste money on things that are positively hurtful.

Not a square foot of ground should be allowed to run to waste; those portions that lack sun can be filled with pansies and other shade-loving plants; and a little taste and labor will soon grow the most unpromising spot a thing of beauty that is a joy forever. It is more health-giving and more lasting to make living flowers where all can see them, than to embroider dead ones on garments that seldom meet the eye. A rake or hoe, in place of a needle, is a most desirable exchange; and the bright flowers, that some one has aptly called "God's smiles," will fill the mind with beautiful thoughts, and raise the heart to that bright clime where storms never come to wither the blossoms.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

HOUSE PLANTS.

Geraniums, verbenas and heliotropes being most extensively cultivated, both as house and garden plants, a few suggestions as to their management may not come amiss. They are half-hardy perennials, capable of extensive cultivation and of great brilliancy of effect. They may be propagated from slips, which should always be well rooted in water before their insertion into the soil prepared for them; and before being placed in water they should be split at the end of the stem. Let them remain in water, (soft water, always) from four to ten days; then insert them in the soil in which they are to remain. The practice of slipping plants and then transplanting them is not advisable unless the gardener be a practical florist. The compost for geraniums which we have found most successful in promot-

ing healthy plants of rapid growth and rich brilliancy, is;

- 1 part sea or river sand.
- 1 " peat, well rotted.
- 1 " leaf mould.
- 3 " rich garden loam.

One-fifth of the pot should be filled with broken pieces of earthen ware, lime, etc; over these should be placed a little meadow moss to prevent settling.

The loam and sand should be mixed thoroughly with the peat; and the leaf mould used for topping. And here let us say a word for leaf mould. It is generally supposed that this most excellent dressing is available only to practical gardeners, but there is no reason why every florist should not abundantly supply him or herself. The months of October and November are the seasons for its preparation. Rake the dead leaves into piles, mix them with a little stable manure, and let them remain through the winter covered from the snow by boards or old matting. In the spring remove the covers. Let the piles be exposed to the sun and frequently turned over with a fork. In the summer they should be put in the shade and turned occasionally. A child can easily attend to it, and it is we consider, the very best fertilizer.

Slip your geraniums into large flower pots, water the slips sparingly and keep them out of the sunlight until they get a good start. If a blossom plant, remove it, for its expansion will detract strength from the plant. If you wish your plants to be low and full, keep clipping them from the top, if you wish them to grow tall, clip the under branches. In the warm weather sink the pots in your garden plats, and early in the fall remove them to the house. Water the whole plant, not merely the roots, and wash the leaves occasionally with a soft sponge.

The same treatment is successful with heliotropes and verbenas, except that heliotropes should be trained over a frame. These directions, carefully followed, with plenty of sunlight and fresh air, cannot fail to produce good plants.—*Ploughman.*

THE GLADIOLUS.

FROM RETNOLDS' FLORAL GUIDE.

There has no flower grown into popularity more rapidly than the gladiolus. The first of the "Gandavensis hybrids" being exhibited at a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in 1855. From that day its popularity has been rapidly growing.

For parlor ornamentation it is superior. Place a spike in water of which the lower blooms are just opening, it will go on and expand every flower, often continuing weeks in full beauty. Some we exhibited at the fair in October, were not in blossom when cut, but opened in the cars, attracting much attention, and at the fair were admired by all who saw them.

Gladiolus culture is very simple. Rank manure and a cold damp soil are unfavorable—everything of a heating tendency causing disease.

As soon as the soil is dry and warm in the spring, fork the ground thoroughly, mixing in a liberal supply of well-rotted cow manure, being careful to mix it thoroughly with the soil. Plant the bulbs from four to six inches deep, according to size,—the largest bulbs the deepest.

Having provided stakes, painted green,

when the shoot is eight inches high give the first tying, a second when the flower stalk appears. As soon as the bloom has faded cut off the flower stalk, unless you wish to ripen seed, but do not cut off the leaves until you take up the bulbs about the last of October, drying them in the sun for a day; trim and clean, and preserve until spring in a cool, dry, frost-proof cellar.

Many varieties produce seed freely. It should be saved and sown in the frame, or in pots the next spring. The plants grow rapidly, and usually bloom the third year, but if given extra care, they will bloom in half that time. It is a great pleasure to watch the development of a large bed of seedling gladiolus.

Each flower is a new revelation, different from the others, and often far finer than imported varieties.

* * * * *

"Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue bell to the rose:
All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the year:
All that wreath the locks of spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of autumn bloom,
All to thee their tribute bring,
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
Their hues, their odors, all are thine."

THE PETUNIA.

Beginning, some forty or fifty years ago, with the modest but fragrant little single white petunia, *nyctaginiflora*, and the single purple, *P. violacea*, both, originally, from Brazil, improvement by hybridization has been constantly going forward in this most desirable of all bedding and border plants, until it has now become, in its variety of markings and dazzling splendor, without a rival in our lawns and flower gardens. And, what is a little unusual, this great improvement has not been purchased at the expense of either hardness or ease of culture.

There are many varieties of the petunia, ranging in color all the way from a deep purple to a pure white, and possessing all conceivable peculiarities of striplings, blotchings and marginings. Particular varieties are perpetuated by cuttings, but for ordinary out-door culture plants are most readily raised from seed, sown any time from September to March. Packages of "mixed" seeds, which can be procured from almost every seedsman, for ten cents, will afford an ample supply of plants for a large flower garden; and these, if planted in rich sandy loam, will give a profusion of bloom from May till frost. The double varieties are not so brilliant in coloring, nor so desirable for massing in beds or borders as the single varieties; nor is there any certainty of their coming true from seed. As single plants raised from cuttings, and cultivated in pots for the window or veranda, the double varieties are quite desirable.

For the lawn or garden the seed should be sown quite thickly on circular mound-like beds of four or six feet diameter, and as soon as the first plants develop themselves, the interior ones should be taken out, and the others pegged down so as to cover all vacant spaces. From these, shoots will spring up from almost every joint, and in a short time will cover the whole bed with such a floral mantle as can be obtained by no other process, and from no other variety of plants.

If there is any plant that can properly be called the Poor Man's Flower, it is the petunia, for with little care, and

almost no expense, every one can have such beds of it as an emperor might go into extacies over.—*Our Home Journal.*

HABITS OF FLOWERS.

It is said that almost all kinds of flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun and rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning and closes at nine in the evening. The daisy opens its day's eye to meet the early beams of the morning. The crocus, tulip and many others, close their blossoms at different hours towards evening. The ivy leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and closes forever at four in the afternoon.

The night flowering cereus turns night into day; it begins to expand its magnificent sweet-scented blossoms in the twilight; it is in full bloom at midnight, and closes never to open again at the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf opens till after sunrise. So says a celebrated author, who has devoted much time to the study of plants, and often watched them in their slumbers. Those plants which seem to be awake all night he styles the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom.

PLANTS FOR THE SHADE.

A correspondent inquires for a list of ornamental plants suitable for growing in the shade, or on the north side of a dwelling. The following succeed well, some of them much better than when fully exposed to the sun. For small, neat, well kept beds, nothing is more beautiful nor succeeds better in the shade than Auriculas, Pansies, Double Daisies and the smaller Primulas. The small blue-flowered Forget-me-not, the different species of Nemophila, and of the Leptosiphon, the two latter low, hardy annuals, are also well adapted to exclusion from the sunlight. Small evergreens, such as the dwarf box, which are slightly tender and liable to become injured and turn brown by the hot spring sun after a freezing winter, always appear of a fresher and more brilliant green by being grown in the shade; and they form a fine relief and contrast when placed in the rear of the delicate flowers we have mentioned, and against the otherwise bare lower walls of the building.—*Country Gentleman.*

FROZEN PLANTS.

The Agriculturist says: Some plants in a room where the fire went out, allowed some observations to be made upon the effects of cold, which in part compensated for their loss. Some Chinese Primroses, which were just coming into bloom, had every leaf completely killed while the flowers and the flower-stems were not touched. One would suppose that the delicate tissues of the flowers would show the effects of frost sooner than the more robust leaves. It seems impossible to predict what will be the effects of cold upon different plants that are closely related. There were several Begonias; all those of the *Fuschoides* section were killed to the root, while *Begonia nitida* did not suffer at all. We naturally expect plants with very succulent leaves to be most liable to injury by sudden freezing, but succulence does not seem to have much to do with it.



I WOULDN'T! WOULD YOU?

I wouldn't give much for a girl who would follow
Such fashions as our girls do—
Who dress in the finest of silk, then besides
Wear bracelets that shine as if new:—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would bend,
As graceful as Grecianers do;
Who struts down the street to exhibit her feet,
While the boys stand with eyes all askew;—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would try
To cut herself almost in two,
With the hope that she'll o'erhear somebody say
"That's a nice little waist, I tell you;"
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

And the girl who ought to wear shoes number four,
Yet torture themselves with a two;
And then with the Boston limp, onward they go,
With the grace of a kangaroo:—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would cut
Such extras as most of them do;
Who tries to convince all the gents that their hump
Is the natural flesh as it grew:—
I wouldn't give much for all such—
Would you?

THE FASHIONS.

AS the mild weather approaches, mantles are dispensed with, and the basque or polonaise walking suits are worn without wraps.

A very pretty basque suit is made with a full postillion back. The lower part of the front curves upward toward the sides. The front buttons close to the throat, and the basque has short shoulder seams; the darts are taken deep and low, and the forms in the back are gracefully curved. The garment may be trimmed in a variety of ways; a pretty style being to place the trimming so as to simulate a vest. The sleeve is the Duchesse shape, which is a simple coat sleeve with the outer seam rounded open above the wrist. It is very stylish and effective with pleated muslin or lace, or a double tulle ruffle basted inside and up around the opening at the wrist, or square cuffs may be worn with these sleeves if preferred.

The overskirt of this pattern is very simple, being long and plain, and of the same color and material as the basque, but the underskirt is often of some other material and of a darker color or shade. When the entire suit is made of some rich material, the overskirt is often simply hemmed without other trimming.

This basque suit is very nice for spring cashmeres, and with an underskirt of silk of corresponding color looks very rich. The entire costume is very handsome in black silk, or in the fashionable silks with a hair line. It is also a very suitable model for black alpacas, which need to be rather plainly made to be in good taste. A very stylish mode of trimming them is to trim the underskirt with a pleated ruffle, and the overskirt and basque with fringe.

A new style of trimming dress skirts is to trim them differently in the back and front. For example, the front breadths may be trimmed with a deep kilt pleating, the top of which is covered by the apron front of the overskirt, while

the back breadths are trimmed with several ruffles overlapping each other and gathered very full. Clusters of kilt pleating with straps of velvet between are also used for trimming.

Capes will be the fashionable spring wrap. The double cape, or sleeveless sacque, being the favorites. They are very similar to the winter capes, only shorter, and they have the sides and back slashed. These capes and mantles are made of pale cuir-color and gray cloths of light quality, as well as of the material of the suits. The cloth mantles are very pretty with black alpacas or silks.

A new style of sash is a belt of overlapping folds, or a single bias band, with an attachment at the back. These are of various styles, most of them in imitation of postillion basques. One is a simple square of the dress material surrounded by trimming on three sides, and the upper side attached to the belt in a double box-pleat, or wateau fold. A tape underneath in the center of the pleat, catches it up a little toward the center of the belt. Other postillions are fan shaped, and one design is two ends rounded and puffed below a bow.

Overskirts remain about the same, being short in front, long at the back, and simply draped at the sides. They are fuller than formerly, and some of them have the first side gore made longer and sewed with gathers to the second side seam, which is much shorter. Some overskirts are not draped at all, but are round and trimmed up the sides with buttons and folds; while others have buttons on the side seams, and are draped by fastening up with loops. House dresses are sometimes trimmed in front to simulate an overskirt, while only the back breadths have an overskirt.

Some of the new polonaises have the new style of belt with postillion attached. The skirt behind is held to the waist in great box-pleats, while the front is fitted with darts. A single talma cape is sometimes worn with them, or else a new style of mantle that has a double cape behind and resembles a vest in front.

A single wide flounce is oftenest seen on the bottom of underskirts, or what is even more stylish is a kilt pleating three-fourths of a yard deep; the top of the pleating is stitched on the skirt high enough up to be concealed by the overskirt, and the kilt hangs loosely from the top like other flounces. A tape is tacked beneath the pleats about two fingers above the lower edge, to hold them in place. The goods for this pleating is cut bias, and the pleats are rather scant but pressed flatly down.

The latest style in bonnets is just like the round hats in shape, only distinguishable by having ribbon strings. Pretty spring styles are made of very white straw, and ornamented with faille, black lace and flowers. A pretty style of trimming is to place a folded ribbon around the crown, and falling in long loops at the back. This ribbon may be covered with a black dotted net, laid over the ribbon like a scarf. A cluster of flowers is placed on the top, directly in front of the bonnet, and falls over the crown.

Pretty black silk aprons are wrought around the edge, and pockets with white and colored embroidery; and alpacas are braided or machine-stitched in colored silks.

Black lace scarfs are worn on sunny days, and are lined with white net and edged with blonde lace under black thread edging. Pretty square handker-

chiefs of colored crape or silk are worn simply knotted in front, for home toilettes. These have a very enlivening effect over black silk and alpaca dresses.

Shell jewelry is now very fashionable; the finest tortoise shell being made into ear-rings and brooches, and carved very beautifully in cameo heads. The ear-rings made with hoops within hoops, are much worn. Dark and light shells are seen in the same article and have a very pretty effect. Shell bracelets are made from one to three inches wide, the wide ones being in the shape of a cuff and ornamented with a carved head or monogram.

Novelties in jewelry are two shades of pink coral. A cluster of roses and buds made of these shades form a brooch, and a single rose and spray of buds the ear-rings of a lovely set of jewelry. Coral ear-rings are also made of loosely strung blocks of coral, arranged so as to move easily instead of hanging in a stiff line.

RUFFLES AND WRINKLES.

"Do be thankful that you are a man," I exclaimed, throwing aside my sewing ready to give up in despair.

"Always was thankful," said Leonidas, stroking his beard. "But what is the trouble now—getting anxious to vote?"

"If fashions and woman's dress came within the province of the ballot, I would be anxious, or at least willing to have the suffrage, I am sure. To think of the little care that the dress of an ordinary man—or an extraordinary one—costs him, compared to the anxiety, and perplexity, and distress, to say nothing of actual labor that a single suit causes us; and then multiply that by the number of changes we must have, to be even presentable, and who wouldn't say, be thankful you are a man?"

"Rather think I should not like to wear women's toggery myself," said Leonidas, with provoking coolness, "even if I didn't have to make it or have any care about it. Aren't all those rows of flumadiddles on the bottom of dress skirts, and as many more rows on that puckered up thing you call an overskirt, rather a heavy weight to carry around, besides all the padding on the back and elsewhere?"

"Of course they are heavy, and more especially so when the skirt is lined, but that was not what I was talking about. We are used to heavy burdens, in more ways than one, and you men know just nothing about it."

"Glad we don't," quoth my tormenter, "men are not strong enough to endure so much. Why, when I dressed up to play, when a school-boy, with not half as heavy a dress as yours, I could only hobble about at the best, and said good bye to petticoats forever."

"Well, we are going to wear dresses, that is certain, and are thankful for ones of only moderate length, as we wear in the street now."

"But you make them weighty and cumbersome with so much trimming; besides wasting cloth enough for a sensible dress on every suit you have made up."

"I have two yards less than Madame, my dressmaker, told me to get, as it is," said I, priding myself on my economy. "But it was not the weight of the dress, or the amount of cloth that I commenced talking about, but the care, and work, and perplexity that the making it causes me which tries my patience so severely."

"Why not be sensible then, and make your dresses more simple and save your time and temper, as well as your extra material, by so doing?" asked Leonidas.

"Just a man's idea of the case!" said I arranging another row of trimming. "As if I must look stingily dressed more than others among my associates, even if I do suffer for the folly. Now there is Gertrude Howard, who is one of my intimate friends, and you ought to see the trimming that Madame has just been putting on to a dress of hers; and if mine comes a little short of being as elaborately trimmed, it shall not look ashamed beside hers, if I do make it myself."

"But she is abundantly able to bear the expense, besides hiring the suit made," said my mentor, with emphasis. "And yet instead of your adapting yourself to circumstances, and go within reasonable means, you must attempt to equal, or come as near her rule as you can, thus not only robbing yourself of some more needed thing or pleasure, but overburdening yourself with care, anxiety, and severe toil for a little extra show, and keeping up with the height of fashion. If," he went on seriously, "money was the only waste in such extravagant and needless elaboration of woman's garments, it might not be so ruinous, but there are things that cost more than money's worth, and that is a woman's slavery to work; at least among those of moderate means, with immoderate desires to go beyond those means. Here you are taking upon yourself your dress-making in addition to your household cares, when, by having a plainer suit and using less material, you could afford to put it into the hands of a dressmaker entirely, and thus save yourself the care, and have the time for what would give more benefit or satisfaction, in other ways, or for, now and then, a bit of real rest. But your dress will be fine no doubt when it is finished," pleasantly said Leonidas, seeing how almost tearful I was looking, "only I hope you will not have another to make for half a year, at least, as this is causing you to look old and care-worn, as too severe perplexity will have this effect on any woman. But where it can be avoided it ought not to be; for a bright cheery countenance is more of a beautifier than are forty rows of folds, flutings, fringes, and fol-de-rols, in general, on any woman's garments."

It was all just so; I knew it when I reflected upon it, and yet it is hard for a woman to forego these little attractions of dress, as foolish as they may be. But, I thought to myself, it is true that while a moderate degree of trimming is not only becoming but tasteful, is this vast amount, such as I had been piling on to my dress, covering underskirt, overskirt, basque, and street sacque with almost interminable rows, not only destroying all beauty, but presenting a mass of shapeless incorrigibilities, neither tasteful nor sensible in any respect? And it is true, I know it is so, that many women, of what we may call the middle classes, or, if you please, the poorer genteel classes, are of all people the greatest martyrs there are in society. The wealthy, who can purchase as they choose, without denying themselves the more common comforts of life, ladies who can put their dress-making as well as cutting, and often the care of matching trimmings into the hands of others, know little of the martyrdom that falls to those who must do all this for

themselves, and often this in addition to numerous other labors. The really poor make no attempts to keep up in style, as a usual thing, and in their poor way of doing work, such housewives have an easy time, as far as labor is concerned, to the more ambitious, thrifty woman of the better class, in moderately well-to-do circumstances.

And yet, it is just this class that to a certain extent, are straining every nerve to keep up appearances, and to dress as nearly as possible like those of far more means. This alas! was just the sin of which I found myself guilty. For how much had I sacrificed to have this last suit of mine nearly, if not quite as elegant as was that of Gertrude Howard? I had not only economized where economy ought not to have been practiced, for the sake of saving five dollars more to put on to my dress, but I had planned and perplexed myself not a little about it, and then after being to the expense of only getting the dress cut, I had cut all the trimmings, arranged them over and over again, and then plaited, and basted, and sewed, till mind as well as body was thoroughly exhausted, and I felt more fit for the hospital than anywhere else. Besides, I had neglected needful work, and even social duties that I might manage to get time to make and thus elaborately trim my dress, and when we consider that not one, but several, must often be made or repaired in the course of the year, is it a wonder that we are martyrs indeed? There was a time, and it dates back not many years when almost any lady, with common skill, could make a dress without wearing her very self out in so doing. As it is now, no one but a skilled artist ought to attempt the task, as it requires too much of woman's precious time to carry out the designs given, even in the most common sense fashion books, as well as taxes the nerves almost beyond endurance. Were we content, while keeping within range of custom, to be independent and put on no more labor than our means, time and strength warranted, then we might still be our own dress-makers, and not be actual slaves to ourselves.

How many young mothers stitch, ruffle, embroider, and tuck their very life blood into their infant's garments—time which ought to be spent in rest or recreation; strength which ought to go to nourish their offspring, and thought that might be more profitably spent in adding to one's mental resources and fitting themselves to be true mothers to their children, and intelligent companions in their homes and society! And as they begin, so often they go on, and there is no end to the trimmings and plaitings of little girl's clothes, which a fond mother makes a martyr of herself to perform. Ah, they think, often really think, that in this overwork and care they are faithfully performing their motherly duties, when, the truth is, they are neglecting real duties to both themselves and their children, to gratify vanity and ambition to have their children "show off" in fine clothes, as well as other people's. And other mothers we know, who will perform kitchen work which would be sufficient for two women at least, that they may, if they do not attempt all the sewing, hire a seamstress to deck out themselves and their children in the multitudinous rows of trimmings that must find a way into the wardrobe.

When the Divine Word promised us

strength equal for one day, it was for duties, labors, and trials, such as Providence allotted us; not strength to bear additional burdens, which we know to be entirely beyond our strength; and that which, in the end, is only vanity and vexation of spirit. Often womenkind—as well as mankind, in the over toil for gold—tempts Providence to lay her on a sick bed, or place her in an invalid chair, or have her nerves broken; not by actual duties as much perhaps as doing what His will or pleasure would have discountenanced, could they rightly interpret the laws of life as well as the fixed laws of nature. Or if this vast chain of ruffles, that is now encircling woman-kind, does not actually break the health and mar the peace of all, it is working that effect on not a few; while, to say the least, they are adding wrinkles to many a woman's brow, and robbing her of precious time which ought to be consumed in adding resources to the inner side of the head instead of wrinkles without. There are extravagances besides waste of money; and till woman is willing to let judgment, rather than ruffles rule she must be

A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

BEWARE OF THE SPARE BED.

A correspondent of the Health Reformer says:

In our itinerant life we have suffered much by sleeping in beds that were not daily used. Beds that are not daily exposed to the air and sunlight will gather dampness. And there are but very few who understand the necessity of having the sun and air come frequently into their sleeping rooms, that bed and bedding may be kept perfectly dry and free from impurities.

Beds that have been left unused for days, and even weeks, in the damp season of the year are dangerous to the health and life of those who sleep in them. When visitors are expected, the parlor stove may be for the first time set up, and a fire kindled in it, and the parlor bedroom opened. And this is considered sufficient preparation to make the friends comfortable. But the bed and bedding, if not carefully separated and aired, are not safe for any one to use.

I have had very afflictive experience in sleeping in damp beds. I slept with my infant two months old in a north bedroom. The bed had not been used for two weeks. A fire was kindled in the room, this was considered all that was necessary. Next morning I felt that I had taken cold. My babe seemed to be in great pain when moved. His face began to swell, and he was afflicted with erysipelas of the most aggravating form. My dear babe was a great sufferer for four weeks, and finally died, a martyr to the damp bed.

A few weeks later I accompanied my husband to fill appointments in several places. In four of these places we had the misfortune to be assigned the spare bed in rooms opening from the parlor. The stove was set up in the parlor adjoining these bedrooms the very day we were expected. Dampness had entered every part of these unheated, unventilated rooms. The windows had not been raised, and were carefully covered with paper curtains, and outside of these drapery, and the blinds were carefully closed. The air had not been permitted to circulate freely through the house, and the precious sunlight was excluded

as though it was an enemy. Why was there need of windows at all when they were not used? It would have saved expense to have made these houses without windows. Our good-hearted friends received us cordially, and we should have enjoyed our visit, had it not been for the dreaded spare bed.

At the first two places we visited, we took severe colds by sleeping in their damp, unused beds, and we suffered greatly with rheumatism; but tried to fill our appointments. In the third damp bed, we lay nearly two hours trying to get warm; but the clothing was literally wet. We were under the unpleasant necessity of calling our friends; for we felt that it would be positively fatal to life and health to remain in that damp bed. Our friends cheerfully renewed their fires, and the bedding was removed from the bed and thoroughly dried.

We returned home from that journey and exposure to suffer for months. I feared that I should be a cripple for life. My husband was afflicted with pain in the chest and lungs, and he had a severe cough for months. After three months of almost helpless suffering, and careful treatment, by the mercy of God, I was able to walk.

We have been exposed in our late journeys to "death in the spare bed." We have taken colds, which have settled upon the lungs, causing soreness of the flesh. Since our fears have been aroused we have been careful, and have been under the necessity of close questioning in regard to our beds. In some cases, we have removed the bed clothing and have dried it by the fire before we ventured to sleep. This may have given the impression that we were particular, and perhaps notional. We own that we are particular. We value life which God has preserved, by a miracle of his mercy, from the death in the spare, damp, and moldy beds.

In the case of all these beds, where the air has not circulated through the rooms daily, the bedding should be removed and thoroughly dried by the fire, before being slept in. Sleeping rooms should have the windows raised every day, and the air should circulate freely through the rooms. The curtains should be withdrawn from the windows. The blinds should be fastened back. And the blessed sunlight should thus be invited in, to brighten and purify every bedroom in the house.

ABOUT HATS.

The hat is the climax of all the dress of man. It finishes him. It tops him off. A man can metamorphose himself by a change of his hat sooner than by that of any other garment. What is a knight without a helmet, a Turk without a turban, a Bonaparte without a cocked hat? Would a trapper be a trapper without a wolf-skin cap with the tail dangling between his shoulders? Where would the stage Yankee be without the bell-crowned hat? What would become of the ideal Ethiopian queen of the plantation without a red bandanna?

It isn't the tailor that makes the man, neither nine or nineteen of them. It is the hatter. The broad brim is essential to the Quaker, and these modern friends that wear plug-hats may be just as good, and for ought we know better than their fathers who wore broad brims, but we wouldn't give two cents for a follower of Fox in a modern hat. All picturesque-

ness is gone as soon as the broad-brim hat vanishes, and if you take away the picturesqueness the Quaker is no better than any other good Christian. Our advice to young Quakers is to stick to their wide hats. We like variety. When our eyes are weary of the black chimney-pot hat in Broadway, we like to meet a rosy-checked young Irish priest in his priest's cap. It relieves the eye.

What anybody wants with a modern beaver we do not know. What demon of ugliness prompted the first inventor of the things to introduce them? There is no form or comeliness to them that they should be made or worn. There is not a graceful line in their contour. In vain the ingenious hatters change them and seek out new devices, widening them atop and turning them up at the sides, and then reversing the process. All is vanity and vexation of spirit. They are ugly, first, last, and all the time—ugly continually. These cylindrical "stove-pipe," "nail-keg" things, as the boys call them, have nothing that can recommend them. They are cold in winter. They are hot in summer. They destroy the hair. They do not protect the eyes. They disfigure the man, and they want no quality possible in a hat that could make them more uncomfortable.

The very glossiness of the high-crowned top-dressing is a disadvantage. Instead of sheltering the wearer, as they pretend to, they have to be sheltered. Ten drops of rain are sufficient to impair their luster. The wind has every chance at them. They are too delicate to travel in. They are too nice to wear around home. They are generally unfit for use, and worse than worthless for ornament.

What a martyr a well-dressed man is to his hat! He dusts it with a soft brush bought on purpose that he may not scratch its surface. He cherishes its gloss with his sleeve and his pocket-handkerchief. In a crowd he gives his whole attention to the preservation of his beaver. At his destination he deliberates where he shall put it. In a rain he shields it. In the cars he bandboxes it. And in a wind—oh! in a wind, how he holds it! Not too tightly, lest he put it out of shape. Not too loosely, lest it escape. Not with one hand, but with both. And if it should escape—oh! fearful catastrophe! How it rolls! How does the nice eccentric of the brim give it a graceful limp, like the gait of a Grecian-bender! How it is now poised on the brim like a velocipede, and now rolling the glossy crown on the dirty side-walk! And as the panting owner tries to seize it, how does it elude him! Inevitably it makes a graceful curve, as if by a calculation of sines and co-sines and tangents, toward the mud-puddle or the gutter. And when the panting proprietor of a hat, who has lived solely for that hat, wholly consecrated to the welfare of his beaver, when at last he claps impatient hands upon the truant whirling, he is like the boy that caught the butterfly. The gloss of his nine-dollar beaver has disappeared. And the shape. It is now that most pitiful of objects—a shocking bad hat.

—Exposing the lungs by inadequate shielding of the chest and back from cold is too generally practiced, especially among the ladies. To cover the chest alone most carefully is not enough; there should be thick covering between the shoulders.



THE SHEEP, CAT AND HEN.

A NURSERY SONG.

I.
As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say:
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie with his nimble feet;
With eyes so bright,
And wool so white;
O! he is my darling, my heart's delight."
And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

II.
I went to the kitchen and what did I see,
But the old gray cat with her kittens three?
I heard her whispering soft; said she,
"My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe—she
May love her babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon and night;
Now I'll take up my kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm
stove."
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my darling lies here on my arm.

III.
I went to the yard and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked, and she scratched, and she bustled
away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine!
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you
please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as
these.
My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cozily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep in their feathers so
warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.
—Woman's Journal.

THE FAIRIES IN THE WOODS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

UNCLE James was sitting on the piazza, with his chair tipped back, comfortably reading his newspaper, when a small, curly head popped over his shoulder, and a merry laugh sounded close to his ear. Nina Gray had stolen up softly behind him, a pretty child in a white dress and a pink apron, with long brown curls and eyes like blue china.

"Oh, it is you is it?" said Uncle James, composedly.

"Yes, uncle, it's I," said Nina, importantly. "I'm seven years old to-day."

"Seven years old, are you, miss?" said Uncle James, deliberately drawing a small paper box out of his pocket. "Well, here's something the fairies left on my pillow this morning for the first little girl I saw who was seven years old—only you must not open it before you get home."

Nina took the box into her hand with eyes very wide open, and a mouth all dimpled with smiles.

"Uncle, did you see the fairies?"

"Well, no; I can't say I did."

"Then how do you know they left it there?"

"Why, I found it on my pillow, and who else should have put it there?"

Nina was not prepared to answer this question, but she was very anxious to see what was inside of the mysterious little box; so she said,

"Uncle, I think I'll go home."

"Good-by then."

So Nina kissed her uncle and trudged away towards home, carrying the box in her hand, and wondering very much what could possibly be inside of it. The sun was very hot, and the air scarcely stirred the leaves, and when Nina came to the little spring that bubbled out under a great, brown pile of rocks, with maple trees growing out from the crevices, she was very tired, and sat down to rest.

"I'll put my box in my pocket," thought Nina—for there was a pocket in the pink apron—and she bathed her hands in the cool water as it came trickling down through the moss, and wet her brown curls until they hung around her face like a mermaid's locks. And then she tied on her white sunbonnet and ran on, down the shady wood path, singing as she went, until she came to the open pasture field and the farmhouse under the cherry trees which was her home.

Nina's mother was away from home on a visit, but her grandmother sat in the doorway, knitting, a cosy, little, old lady, with hair as white as silver and a black silk dress, and a string of great gold beads round her neck.

"Oh, grandmother! grandmother! guess what I have got!" called out Nina, dodging in and out among the currant bushes, in her hurry to reach the shortest way to the porch door.

"A pair of red cheeks," said the grandmother.

"But I've got something else."

"A kiss for me, perhaps."

"That's not all," but Nina give the kiss, nevertheless.

"Well, what else?" said the grandmother looking very good natured.

"Something that Uncle James said the fairies left on his pillow. It's in my pocket, and I—"

But Nina stopped suddenly—the little pocket was empty—the box was gone!

"Oh, grandmother, I've lost it!"

"Where could you have lost it?"

"I stopped to rest by the spring in the woods, and maybe I lost it there."

"Run back, and look, dear; I don't believe the fairies will allow their gift to be lost so easily."

Nina stopped to think a moment.

"Oh, grandmother, if the fairies will only help me! do you think they will?"

"Listen, my dear," said Mrs. Gray. go back to the spring, lift up every dead leaf, and look behind every tuft of moss, and there are two fairies then that will surely lend you a helping hand."

"Shall I see them, grandmother?"

"No, they will be invisible, but they will help my little girl all the same. I am not certain, but I think with the fairies' wands you will find the lost treasure. Only you must go and look for it immediately."

So Nina ran back, secretly expecting in her heart to see a tiny lady all in green, with gauzy wings on her shoulders, and a silver wand, tipped with a sparkling diamond, sitting where the water bubbled through the moss. But Nina was mistaken—there was nothing and nobody there, but a blackbird singing and warbling in the branches of the maple overhead, and a brown toad, with

velvety black spots all over his back, who hopped away under the fern leaves as fast as he could go.

Nina was a little disappointed, but she remembered her grandmother's directions, nevertheless, and began a diligent search among the dead leaves and tangled mosses, fancying she heard the invisible fairies' light footsteps in every rustle of the wind.

"Oh, I only wish I could once see a fairy!" thought the little girl, with glowing cheeks. And in the self-same moment, something white met her eye, nestling away among a cluster of huckleberry bushes close beside the spring—the lost white box, tied with pink twine!

Nina uttered a cry of joy as she pounced down upon it.

"Grandmother was right—the fairies did help me—the dear, little, kind fairies that lived by the spring!"

And Nina scudded home, holding the box in both hands.

"I've got it, grandmother! I've got it!"

"I thought so!" said the old lady, nodding her head good-naturedly. "And now let me see what is in the box."

Nina untied the string, and took off the lid with burning cheeks and a throbbing heart, and there, in some white cotton, lay a little coral necklace with gold clasps, engraved with the name "Nina." Mrs. Gray fastened it around the child's neck.

"It just fits you, my dear; the fairies had a very good idea of the size of your neck."

"Fairies, grandma?"

"The names of Uncle James' two fairies are a kind heart and a pocket full of money, Nina."

"Oh,—h—h!" said Nina gravely.

"And who are the fairies who helped me in the woods?"

"Perseverance" is the name of one, and "Application" of the other. Do you know what those names mean?"

"No, grandmother."

"Well, Perseverance helped when you kept steadily on, even though you were tired, and Application was there when you kept your attention and mind closely devoted to what you were doing."

Nina laughed.

"I thought you meant real fairies, grandmother, such as are in books."

"I don't know anything about the book fairies," said Grandmother Gray; "but these are the fairies I find most useful for everyday wear."

"I think so, too, grandmama," said Nina.

ROMEO AND JULIET IN PANTOMIME.

BY HARRIE FULLER.

CHARACTERS AGED FROM EIGHT TO TEN.

ROMEO.—*Suit of black velvet, long stockings and pumps. Short mantle of black velvet—broad white collar. Scarlet sash with a long sword thrust through it. Cap with scarlet feather.*

FRIAR LAURENCE.—*Black shawl tied around the neck so that one end is left for a hood to be drawn over the head. A cord around the waist from which hangs a rosary. The shawl pinned up the front and under the arms to make flowing sleeves.*

JULIET.—*Long white dress, colored silk bodice, hair flowing and braided with wax beads. A large black silk mantle for the end of the first scene.*

NURSE.—*Dark stuff dress, handkerchief crossed in front, apron, big cap with bright ribbons—gray curls in front—spectacles—dabs of snuff on her face*
CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, MONTAGUE AND OTHERS.—*The gentlemen have dark suits, with long stockings, pumps, swords, and hats with feathers in them. CAPULET and MONTAGUE have gray hair. The ladies wear trains and fantastic head-dress.*

SCENE I.

Some one unseen sings "Love's Young Dream." A dim light. The background hung with some neutral color. In the center an open window through which shines a light. A packing-box on a table under the window draped. Plants arranged in the box. Juliet discovered sitting on a low seat in the balcony or box, with chin resting on hand, looking up pensively. Larger plants on the floor arranged to look like a garden. Romeo steals in, kneels in front of balcony, clasps his hands beseechingly, occasionally raising his arms. Juliet starts, bending over the balcony stretches out her arms to him, smiling. Suddenly she turns looking over her shoulder into the window as if hearing something, but turns back to Romeo. This she does twice when suddenly out rushes the Nurse from the window, with a ferule in one hand; with the other she grasps Juliet's shoulder and drags her in, shaking her ferule revengefully at Romeo, who jumps up, and looking frightened, runs and hides behind one of the flower-pots. The Nurse comes to the window and closes it, shaking her head and fist at the unseen Romeo. In a moment the light disappears. Romeo rises quietly and runs off the stage. While he is gone the window is softly raised and Juliet, covered with a large mantle, steps on to the balcony, looking anxiously around. Romeo comes back with a short ladder which he places against the balcony, and assists Juliet to descend, when they both run off.

The curtain drops.

SCENE II.

Music of the Wedding March. The window is covered like the rest of the wall. On the table instead of the packing-box a crucifix and flowers. Friar Laurence discovered kneeling in front of this altar telling his beads. Enter Romeo and Juliet, the latter with a white veil thrown over her head and without the bodice. The Friar rises, blesses them by placing his hands on their heads, after which they kneel for a moment at the altar. Rising they place themselves before the Friar so that they are nearly facing the audience, Romeo on the right and nearer front than the bride. Friar Laurence joins their hands and Romeo places a ring on Juliet's finger. They kneel before the Friar who stretches his arms over them in blessing, and the curtain falls on this tableau.

SCENE III.

Music of a Funeral March. Friar Laurence's cell as before. Juliet lies stretched out on her back before the altar with her hands clasped on her breast, and a big, black bottle marked "Laudanum," standing at her head. Romeo enters, sees Juliet, staggers, slaps his head, wrings his hands, and finally stabbing himself with his sword, falls by her side—dead. Juliet stirs, sits up, sees Romeo, rubs her eyes, feels his heart, and finding that he is dead, mourns over him, tearing her hair, then snatching his

sword stabs herself and falls by his side again—dead.

From one side enter in agitation Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others, headed by Friar Laurence. They mourn over Juliet. From the other side rush in Montague and others. They mourn over Romeo. In their despair Capulet and Montague stride about getting at opposite side of the stage. Suddenly they turn face to face, and opening wide their arms rush frantically together, throwing their arms about each other in reconciliation. The music changes to a lively measure. Friar Laurence is standing by the altar fronting the audience and holding high the cross of his rosary.

On this tableau the curtain falls.

LET THE CHILDREN ALONE.

Let your children alone when they gather around the family table. It is a cruelty to hamper them with manifold rules and regulations about this, and that, and the other. As long as their conduct is harmless to others, encourage them in their cheerfulness. If they do smack their lips, and sippings of milk and other drinks can be heard across the street, it does not hurt the street; let them alone. What if they do take their soup with the wrong end of the spoon; let them alone.

Suppose a child does not sit as straight as a ramrod at the table; suppose a cup or a tumbler should slip through its little fingers and deluge the plate of food below, and the goblet is smashed, and the table cloth ruined, do not look a thousand scowls and thunders, and scare the poor thing to the balance of its death, for it was scared half to death before. It "didn't go to do it." Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers since you were grown? Instead of sending the child away from the table in anger, if not even a threat for this or any like nothing, be as generous as you would to an equal or superior guest, to whom you would say, with a more or less obsequious smile, "It's of no possible consequence." That would be the form of expression even to a stranger guest; and yet to your own child you remorselessly, and revengefully and angrily, mete out a swift punishment, which for the time, almost breaks its little heart, and belittles you amazingly.

The proper and more Christian method of meeting the mishaps and delinquencies and improprieties of your children at the table, is either to take no notice of them at the time, or divert attention from them at the very instant, if possible, or to make a kind of apology for them. But afterwards, in an hour or two, or, better still, the next day, draw the child's attention to the fault, if fault it was, in a friendly and loving manner; point out the impropriety in some kindly way, show where it was wrong or rude, and appeal to the child's self-respect or manliness. This is the best way to correct all family errors. Sometimes it may not succeed; sometimes harsh measures may be required; but try the deprecating or the kindly method with perfect equanimity of mind, and failure will be of rare occurrence.—*Dr. Hall.*

"Oh, Tommy, that was abominable in you to eat your little sister's share of the cake." "Why," said Tommy, "didn't you tell me, ma, that I was always to take her part?"

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

The earliest known wood-engraving was made nearly four hundred and fifty years ago. It represents a very strong old man fording a rapid stream, and bearing a child on his shoulder. On one side of the river is a mill-scene, and on the other stands a hermit holding out a lantern, as if to light the old man on his way. The water is so poorly represented that one would hardly take it for water if it were not for a fish which is swimming through it in plain sight.

The old man carries a palm-tree for a staff; and his head, as well as the child's, bears a halo or ring of light about it. It is a picture of St. Christopher, and the child is intended to represent the infant Jesus.—This is the legend:

St. Christopher lived in the third century and was one of the martyrs who were beheaded by the Emperor Decius in the persecution of the Christians. His occupation was to carry persons across the stream on the banks of which he lived. One evening a child presented himself and asked to be carried over. St. Christopher willingly consented, and, taking up the little one, he stepped into the stream. At first the child's weight was that of others of his size; but soon he grew heavier and heavier, until at last the burden was almost greater than St. Christopher could bear. The child then said: "Wonder not, my friend, I am Jesus, and you have the weight of the sins of the whole world on your back."

There are many old pictures of St. Christopher bearing his holy burden across the river. Sometimes you will find the scene represented on cathedral windows, sometimes in carvings on buildings, and often you will be able to trace it out on the borders of old engravings and illuminated pictures, as they are called. Whenever you see the picture, of an aged man with the halo and the palm-tree staff, bearing his human burden, you will know what it means, if you have read the story of St. Christopher.

"LOVE MAKES LABOR SWEET."

One morning little Dora was busy at the ironing table smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look of sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mama," she said softly. How true it is that "love makes labor sweet!"—*Children's Hour.*

THE PUZZLER.

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

ANSWERS:—1. Webster's National Dictionary. 2. Breakfast.

3.	V	erno	N
	E	ri	E
	R	ainbo	W
	M	acung	Y
	O	ron	O
	North Bridgewater R		
	T	unkhannoe	K
4.	Z	ebr	A
	N	egr	O
	O	r	I (ole)
	M	er	L (e)
	O	nych	A
	L	u	G
	Yearlings		

5. S
SON
SOLO
SOLOMON
NOMAD
NOD
N

6. 2400 feet. 7. Lyon. 8. Braga. 9. Hue. 10. Herat. 11. Utica. 12. Berne. 13. Leon. 14. Bahia.

15. FAST 16. PAROL
AREA ANILE
SEAL RIDER
TALC OLEAN
LERN A

17. Mimic, Ill, Livid, Lid, Im, Oven, Node—Million. 18. Hen, Ohio, Son, There—Host, None. 19. Cat ate ten. 20. Lo-well. 21. Pater-son. 22. Bright-on. 23. Yon-kers (curse.) 24. Pensaco-la. 25. Swell, well, ell, ll, l. 26. Beau, bore, boast. 27. Knee, near, nest. 28. On, honor, honest. 29. E, ear, erst. 30. Pa, par, past. 31. Lowed, load, lode. 32. Pear, pare, pair. 33. Prays, preys, praise. 34. Raise, raze, rays. 35. Oar, o'er, ore. 36. Scene, seen, seine. 37. Seer, sere, sear, cere.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of sixty letters. My 11, 18, 36, 30, 23 was an ancient council.

My 6, 10, 5, 39, 31, 8 was a German god called "The Good."

My 3, 27, 6, 1 was cup bearer to the gods.

My 4, 12, 28, 48, 45, 51, 59 was daughter of king Edwin.

My 43, 17, 21, 34, 9, 14 was the wife of Odin.

My 22, 42, 35, 46, 55, 13, 44, 54, 47, 56, 60 a race that peopled England more than 1200 years ago.

My 2, 16, 40, 17 was a heathen god called "The Thunderer."

My 37, 7, 5, 58, 49, 52 were slaves.

My 15, 55, 24 was the surname of a French ecclesiastic of the last century, distinguished for his piety and learning.

My 19, 53, 20, 25, 8, 23 was a Saxon god called "The Wise."

My 29, 50, 26, 32, 2, 38, 8 was the surname of an American army officer who distinguished himself at the battle of Bunker Hill.

My 57, 55, 59, 41, 33, 28 was brother to "Edward the confessor."

My whole was the name and influence of a Saxon queen. E. A. V.

ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of thirty-three letters.

My 15, 19, 14, 33 is the cause of much sorrow.

My 8, 3, 21 is used in almost every family.

My 25, 32, 30, 20, 5 is a sweet substance.

My 13, 23, 31 is a part of the body.

My 2, 16, 28, 10, 7, 24 is a musical instrument.

My 18, 4, 26, 17, 9 is generally found in a mill.

My 12, 1, 6, 22 is much used in the manufacture of hats.

My 27, 11, 29 every girl should learn to do.

My whole is a Russian proverb. E. A. D.

CHARADES.

3. Behead me and I am a troublesome weed; curtail me and I am a luminous body; behead and curtail me and I am a resinous substance; transpose the latter and I am a small animal; my whole strangers often do when visiting the city. E. A. D.

4. A girl's name; to connect; a good thing when rightly used. My whole is metal. Mrs. C. H. G.

ANAGRAMS.

5. A itelt seesnonn own nad hent is hisdeler yb het siwtas nem.

6. Fi het dorwl meess loed ot uyo, Nikled rifes ot marw ti; Tel reith roftmoc dihe rfiom wiew Werstin hatt rofmed ti.

PUZZLE.

7. Come take my whole and you will see An ancient title I shall be; Behead me, and a man I name Of early age and noble fame; But if my head you take once more, You'll find me plac'd by Holland's shore; Take one more head, I shall not die, But will existence signify; And if beheaded once again, You'll find a thousand still remain. GERTRUDE.

FIGURE WORDS.

A letter is represented by the same figure.

Trees.—8.—1, 2, 1, 3, 4, 5. 9.—1, 4, 3, 6. 10.—8, 3, 6. 11.—1, 3, 7, 6. 12.—6, 4, 1, 3, 8. J. H. W.

SQUARE WORDS.

13. Search; improper; a boy's name; pleases; drawn tight. 14. A disputant; simply; a small fruit; a sacred song. SIA.

HIDDEN CITIES.

15. What have you to say against Louis? 16. Bad boys like to throw stones at hens and chickens. 17. Labor, O men of spirit, for the right. 18. The word for *good*, in French, said Bell, is *bon*. 19. The stock is below par, is it not? M. ARNOLD.

BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with the words in italics transposed.

20. — went a — to the city of *Leon*. 21. I drank some — the — had made.

22. We killed the — in the — where the waters *lave* the banks.

23. A — said he took a — into a lion's *lair*.

24. You must — putting — in the — for flower *pots*.

25. The captain tells his — to — his *meats*.

26. You may — the fields, or an — make, still ne'er an *angel* be.

Fill the blanks with words spelled differently, but pronounced alike.

27. Put the — in a — made of —.

28. I wonder if — carried a —.

29. The — of thieves took a — to —.

30. The worthless — made but little —.

31. A lovely — but of — parentage.

32. We — to climb the — together.

33. — saw the — under a — tree.

34. The cat had — shut in a —.

35. The architect did — us to the — of his palace, and a beautiful — it was.

36. Mr. — did — his speeches — before the — began. E. A. V.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

37. O, do beg. 38. Near fever. 39. Till it snows. Mrs. C. H. G.

JUMBLES.

Names of Rivers.—40. Ozoya. 41. Sneeu. 42. Ctnloie. 43. Csooa. 44. Gachnia. 45. Gmotbbeel. 46. Dagn. 47. Anaakhw. H. H. L.



WIND IN THE STOMACH.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

AMONG the popular fallacies and gross errors there is, perhaps, none more destructive of health than that relating to "wind in the stomach." It is far too generally supposed, even by the intelligent, that in order to keep the stomach free from atmospheric air it is necessary to keep it so full of food that there will be no room for the air to enter. If this is true, when this organ is partially emptied by the digestion of a portion of its food, it becomes necessary to add still more to fill the supposed vacuum, that no air shall be able to gain admittance lest it should produce pain or some form of derangement, though it might be difficult to ascertain what is the most usual form of this derangement, according to the popular fancy.

In the first place, no such air ever gains an entrance into the stomach in any appreciable quantity, and if it should do so, no material harm would result. This air is by no means poisonous—unless breathed in many of our sleeping rooms, churches, school houses or lecture halls—and is designed for the lungs, not the stomach. The stomach so contracts upon itself, as fast as it is freed of its contents, that the admission of air would be almost or quite impossible, while its presence would not in any important respect interfere with the process of digestion.

But what is this supposed wind? The answer is very plain. When there is more food in the stomach than can be properly disposed of, or digested, which is often the case, the undigested mass—like the same food in any other warm place—commences to ferment, throwing off carbonic acid gas, and this is what is often supposed to be common air. If it is from the grains, fruits or vegetables, it has more of the acid nature, as the fermentive process continues, while the products of animal food will develop more of putrefaction. This, combined with constipation, may account for more of the offensiveness of the breath than the decay of the teeth, to which this is generally attributed. If this is true, and no physiologist will deny it, the very means used to remedy the evil not only increases it at the time, but its injurious effects in other respects can be scarcely overestimated. The stomach, like the body as a whole, demands rest, while this would allow of no rest, day or night.

Nearly allied to this fallacy is another, that a faint, sinking, "all-gone" sensation at the pit of the stomach, is an indication of the necessity for food, an evidence of hunger. It is a condition in which that organ is uttering a complaint, or grumbling at its most inhuman treatment, an evidence of weakness, an inability to perform its Herculean tasks, a demand for rest. But instead of rest, it has, oftener than otherwise, an additional labor given it to perform. It is by no means strange that such stomachs become dyspeptic and worn out.

But the classes more generally the victims of this strange delusion make the results all the more unfortunate. I refer to the sick and to infants. Whenever

these tender plants of mortality are sick, as often indicated by vomiting—an evidence that the stomach is overloaded and essentially deranged—the fond mother or anxious grandmother feels sure that such a condition is the result of "wind in the stomach"—and this may be true in consequence of indigestion—the remedy for which is supposed to be an extra supply of food. And as if to aggravate this condition the richest and most indigestible food is selected, especially if the little one seems disinclined to take nourishment, as a means of temptation, inducing the child to take what the appetite does not crave. In this manner these frail stomachs are overloaded by unusual inducements, while the natural and necessary penalty is a fearfully aggravated condition of the organs of digestion, if not some fatal form of disease. All of this is not only "highly preposterous and totally absurd," but cruel in the extreme. When such a child becomes hungry there will be sufficient indication of such hunger, but if all food is loathed, if the sight or odor of it nauseates, it is worse than folly to urge its acceptance. These little innocents are far too often cruelly treated in this manner, thus laying the foundation for fearful forms of disease in subsequent life. One has sensibly said: "Men eat too much, fret too much, exercise too little, sleep too little, and then drink whisky. Let them turn themselves into the fresh air, eat simple food, sleep enough—and they will be more healthy."

Similar remarks apply with the same force to most forms of fevers and inflammatory diseases. In great mercy the appetite ordinarily disappears, or is wisely taken from us that these diseases may not be aggravated by the injudicious use of food. And, as if to place a double barrier in the way of wrong doing, the taste is also destroyed in some instances, removing all temptation, to which a nausea is added. With all of these obstacles there are many who, either from principle or from a desire to yield to the solicitations of friends, are induced to "force down" food "to keep the wind out of the stomach," or in the vain hope of increasing the strength. It might be useful to such friends to know just how many had been sacrificed in this manner—how many lives have been destroyed by efforts to keep the wind from the stomach, all of which have increased the amount of this dreaded "wind."

The safest time for eating is ordinarily when the appetite is best, or when it is natural, while the safest time for fasting is when disease renders eating unsafe. We need not give ourselves much anxiety about this matter, since very few if any cases ever exist in which the real demands of the system are not indicated by the appetite. In growing children and persons in the prime of life, this appetite is generally sufficiently decided to prevent all mistakes in this matter. If there is wind or gas in the stomach, our principal object should be to fast a reasonable time and seek out and remove the cause of the derangement, giving ourselves no anxiety about the outside air.

OUR REPORTER IN BUFFALO.

Under this title the New York Evening Express gives a short account of a visit to Dr. R. V. Pierce's establishment in Buffalo N. Y., from which we take the following extracts:

I found Dr. Pierce in his consultation parlors, surrounded with patients and

amid piles of books, papers, manuscripts, and letters, a large library, a cabinet of curious looking instruments, and another of anatomical, pathological and other specimens, maps, pictures and diplomas, which he has received from different colleges and hospitals, upon the walls, with assistants passing here and there, that at once conveyed the idea of an immense business of which he was the central figure, and it diverging in all directions. Although in rooms thus furnished and decorated with surroundings characteristic of talent and learning, also indicative of a life crowded with cares and duties, with an appreciation of valuable services by an afflicted public, I was most agreeably entertained, both by his conversational and business aptitudes and the exhibition that his establishment affords, which he very kindly placed at my disposal.

We see patients at his rooms from all parts of the continent, afflicted with all kinds of chronic disease, who have come to avail themselves of his superior skill, and those associated with him, making a Council of Doctors, who have devoted lives to this specialty. Besides this, an endless number make known their maladies by letter, all of which are very carefully considered by Dr. Pierce and his medical counselors, the necessary prescriptions, advice or medicines being promptly forwarded by mail or express, none being neglected, but every inquiry answered, every want supplied, and every attention paid necessary to establish health again. Aside from all this, there are many from his own immediate community who seek his services, and by the wonderful cures made, attest his skill in treating chronic diseases.

A beautiful illustration of the instincts and finer feelings of true manhood is here exemplified. While his specific medicines, with a knowledge of their application, are being scattered broadcast over the land, and placed at prices within the reach of all, a life devoted to the interests of others, and schooled amid suffering, cannot remain idle to enjoy the fruits of such labor, but instead, he still lends an ear to the appeals of the sick, a tender sympathy to the distressed, and a cheerful heart and to hand all their necessities. No poverty, however abject, or adverse circumstances, however discouraging, need debar the afflicted from approaching him for his services.

Passing into the laboratory, we are most favorably impressed with its extreme neatness and order. Every mechanism necessary to facilitate the manufacture of his medicines is used, and these are arranged in perfect order. The crude roots and barks are ground, pulverized and mixed by steam-power, and most important of all, the process of extracting their virtues is not by the stereotyped and imperfect methods of the past, but by an entirely new discovery of his own, whereby perfect and beautiful medicines are produced containing all the medicinal qualities of the ingredients composing them, and which are palatable and without equal. So perfect are their composition, the ingredients so nicely proportioned and adjusted, so superior the mode of manufacture, that they are perfectly transparent and not subject to change in any climate or temperature. It is with such means, perfect in themselves, and their correct adaptation, that his skill in disease is partly attributable, and the public are not slow to understand and appreciate

the fact, as evinced by the enormous demand for his medicines from all parts of the continent.

We next pass into the bottling room, where an endless quantity of bottles are washed and filled by machinery, and with exact nicety. Then into the labeling room, where the work is done by girls; also folding printed matter, trimming labels, tying packages, and such other work as the business requires. Thence into the packing room, where the goods are securely put up for shipment to all parts of the land.

MILK AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

Considerable has lately been said in medical journals concerning the value of milk as a remedial agent in certain diseases. We notice an interesting article upon this subject that lately appeared in the London Milk Journal in which it is stated on the authority of Dr. Benjamin Clark that in the East Indies warm milk is used to a great extent as a specific for diarrhoea. A pint every four hours will check the most violent diarrhoea, stomach ache, incipient cholera and dysentery. The milk should never be boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agreeably warm, not too hot to drink. Milk which has been boiled is unfit for use.

This writer gives several instances to show the value of this simple substance in arresting this disease, among which is the following. He says: "It has never failed in curing me in six or twelve hours, and I have tried it, I should think, fifty times. I have also given it to a dying man who had been subject to dysentery eight months, latterly accompanied by one continual diarrhoea, and it acted to him like a charm. In two days his diarrhoea was gone, in three weeks he became a hale, fat man, and now nothing that may hereafter occur will ever shake his faith in hot milk."

A writer also communicates to the Medical Times and Gazette, a statement of the value of milk in twenty-six cases of typhoid fever, in every one of which its great value was apparent. It checks diarrhoea, and nourishes and cools the body. People suffering from disease require food quite as much as those in health, and much more so in certain diseases where there is rapid waste of the system. Frequently all ordinary food in certain diseases is rejected by the stomach, and even loathed by the patient; but nature, ever beneficent, has furnished a food that in all diseases is beneficial—in some directly curative. Such food is milk.

The writer in the journal last quoted, Dr. Alexander Yale, after giving particular observations upon the points above mentioned, viz., its action in checking diarrhoea, its nourishing properties, and its action in cooling the body, says: "We believe that milk nourishes in fever, promotes sleep, wards off delirium, and in fine, is the *sine qua non* in typhoid fever."

We have also lately tested the value of milk in scarlet fever, and learn that it is now recommended by the medical faculty in all cases of this often distressing children's disease. Give all the milk the patient will take; even during the period of the greatest fever, it keeps up the strength of the patient, acts well upon the stomach, and in every way is a blessed thing in this sickness. Parents, remember it and not fear to give it if your dear ones are afflicted with this disease.



CONDIMENTS, ETC.

Number Three.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

WHATEVER may be said of the propriety and even the necessity of the use of salt and the milder condiments, there can be but one opinion, it might seem, among the more intelligent in reference to those so often employed for the purpose of blistering the outer surface, those regarded as medicinal agents. Most of these are found in the tropics, on the islands more generally, and have so narrow a range that their universal use would seem unreasonable, at least as an article of food, or in any way connected with our ordinary diet. It is quite reasonable to suppose that they are intended for medicinal purposes or occasional employment, to meet, it may be, some special exigencies of such climates.

For example, cinnamon is found only on the island of Ceylon, and its narrow range is even narrowed down to a small district in the south-western part of that island, at least in its native growth. So great is the demand for this simple bark of the small twigs of the cinnamon tree that its export amounts to two hundred thousand tons. Cassia, resembling this very nearly, but regarded by botanists as a distinct species, is found in China. The clove is a native of the Malucca Islands; the whole of the tree being fragrant, but of which only the calyx of the flower is used as a condiment. The nutmeg is the kernel of a fine tree of the same islands, but now has a wider range of cultivation in the southern part of the peninsula of India. Ginger has also extended beyond its native soil, southern Asia, to South America and the West Indies, etc., and is a product of the roots of the ginger plant. The common black pepper grows abundantly in the islands of Sumatra and Java, but is a native of the mountains of Malabar. Capsicum is a native of India, but at least one of its varieties has been acclimated in this country.

The fact, as has been stated, that most of the spices are limited in their range of production, restricted in their use, not being relished by but a very few of the animals in their wild state, is good evidence of the limited design of their use. While the more usual of our grains from which our most valuable food is prepared are found, or their equivalents, in nearly or quite all parts of the civilized world, at least those parts designed for human residence, it is reasonable to infer that their use is universal. In the hottest climates, it is true, these grains do not grow abundantly if at all, yet the bread fruit furnishes a substitute, one more nearly adapted to such climates, possessing most of the characteristics of the "staff of life." The fruits and vegetables of one section of the temperate zone, are more generally found in corresponding sections throughout the world, in a similar climate, or their equivalents. From which we may infer that the good Father intended the products of every climate to meet the wants of the inhabitants of such climates, at least to supply all their real necessities.

From these considerations, it would seem that many of these more pungent and irritating condiments, so restricted in their growth and culture, are designed only for a restricted employment, for medicinal agents, or for some accidental or temporary use, connected with the peculiarities of the hot climates. These remarks apply with special force to such articles as mustard, black and red pepper—the bell pepper included—and cloves, with such vegetables or bulbous roots as radishes, onions, artichokes and horse-radish, all of which more or less inflame or blister the surface when applied outwardly for that purpose. Very few if any of the brutes will eat any of these regularly, while they are universally unpalatable to the young of the human species, aside from hereditary influences. Like tobacco, they are at first rejected, or produce sickness, an evidence that they have no connection with the nourishment of the body.

It is reasonable to infer that these or any supposed article of food which is generally or universally unpalatable, or unfavorable in its first use, just to that extent must be unfit for general use. Our uncorrupted appetites may be safely trusted, particularly in sickness, while it is possible so far to vitiate them as to render the most disgusting articles perfectly agreeable after a systematic training, the acquired relish for such being in the inverse ratio of their natural unpalatableness. While the beasts of the field and forest select with a wonderful accuracy the food best adapted to their nature in health, and in sickness select the proper remedies by a natural instinct, rejecting all harmful articles, we may reasonably infer that man, aside from a fallen nature, will do the same, particularly in early life, before the whole current of being is turned into unnatural channels. Guided by these sentinels of the stomach at the outposts, the natural tastes, it will be safe to select only such condiments as naturally please the taste, thus exciting the secretions and promoting digestion.

A writer has given a few simple rules in this matter, which are safe to follow: "First, use none at all with food that can be relished without it; second, use that which best agrees with the natural (not the acquired) taste; third, use the smallest quantity that will satisfy the unperverted taste, and never allow the quantity to be increased."

These principles must exclude from regular use most if not all of the pungent and irritating articles specified, which, if not nearly related to tobacco and ardent spirits, are generally craved by those using these articles, affording evidence in both instances of a vitiated, unnatural and depraved condition of the system, a wide departure from the integrity of man as he came from the hands of the Creator.

POPPING CORN.

There is no evening fireside luxury much more enjoyable than a dish of nice popped corn. Almost every one likes it, and all can have it, for in expense it amounts to but a trifle. Now it is with pop corn, as with very many other things we have to fix up for the palate, much depends upon preparation. Some pop corn in hot fat, but this mode is not generally adopted. It is prepared in almost every conceivable way by experts for the market, nicely colored and sweetened; but, as yet, I have never

found any having quite the richness of that prepared at my own hearthstone. I do not mean by this to boast of any superior ability, or set myself up as a champion corn popper, for what I know of it I learned of others, and after I tell you how it is done, you can do it as well as I.

Salt and sugar seem to be the favorite articles for flavoring, but used together they are no benefit. Grease is sometimes applied to make the salt adhere—for dry salt will rattle through and soon be at the bottom of the pan. Now try this plan: Take a pepper-sauce bottle or one like it, and fill it with water in which the largest possible amount of salt has been dissolved; then with this sprinkle the corn, at the same time stir the corn briskly with a spoon. The brine should not be put on so plentifully as to make the corn wet, for this will make it tough. A small amount of salt water will be absorbed instantly, imparting the flavor evenly and perfectly all through.

Those who prefer sweet to salt, can make a great improvement over the old method of balling with molasses, by taking loaf sugar and dissolving it with just water enough to keep it from burning; then, while the syrup is hot, put a little at a time upon the corn and stir rapidly. The grains will not compact, but each one be coated or crystallized. The corn will not be sticky and none of that raw molasses flavor will be imparted.

As to the popping part, it makes no odds whether it is done in a spider, kettle or patent popper; the latter, however, is the most convenient, but do not let the work be done too rapidly. If heat expands and bursts the kernels suddenly, the corn is not cooked as well as under a more moderate process. By trying this you will see the difference in flavor. I prefer the rice corn to any other, and would advise all who have even a few rods of ground to raise some pop corn. If you raise it, you'll have it; and if you don't its possible you'll go without.—*Bertha, in the Ohio Farmer.*

THE PROPER SELECTION OF FOOD.

Professor Blot, the celebrated French *cuisinier*, speaking of the importance of the culinary art, says that the United States have the most money of any people, and the greatest abundance of raw material for food; yet they live more poorly than any civilized nation. For instance, there is a millionaire in Brooklyn, who has pork and beans every second day for dinner.

There is no country where there is so much dyspepsia as in America, because our people pay but little attention to food, and eat too much meat for the exercise they take. If one has mental labor, fish every second day, at least, is requisite. Soup sets all the glands at work, and prepares the stomach for the more important functions of digestion, and, therefore, should be taken at dinner every day. Beef broth is to the old what milk is to the young. Cookery properly attended to keeps man in health. If the stomach is out of order, the brain is affected.

As the body is composed of a variety of elements, a variety of food is requisite to nourish it. We should eat more fruits, vegetables, soup, and fish. Good and well prepared food beautifies the physique, the same as a good and well-

directed education beautifies the mind. Wrinkles are produced by the want of variety of food. The man who does not use his brain to select and prepare his food is not above the brutes, which take it in the raw state.

THE DESSERT.

—Seeing the girls by moonlight is now called meet-er-ology. It is regarded as a tune with a very pleasant sort of a metre.

—A young lady of Staunton, Virginia, keeps a list of her male acquaintances in a pocket dairy and calls it her devotional him-book.

—Revenge is sweet. The young ladies' anti-tobacco society in Waterville, Me., is off-set by the young men's anti-corset association.

—"Late hours," says our esteemed Aunt Dorcas, "are apt to lead either to the penitentiary or—matrimony." Think of this, young men.

—A painter, being asked to estimate the cost of painting a certain house, drew forth pencil and paper and made the following calculation: "A nought is a nought; three into five twice you can't; I'll paint your house for fifty dollars."

—"Indian Joe," a Piute medicine man well known among the whites, was stoned to death by his tribe, for having failed to restore to health two sick Indians. The practice of medicine among Indians evidently has its unpleasant features.

—A school mistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

—Two darkies recently came into Louisville, from the country, and walked in the middle of the street. One of them seeing a couple of his sable brethren on the sidewalk, left his companion and getting upon the brick pavement called out; "Jock, come up heak an' walk on de hearth."

—At a certain hotel in Ohio, a large mirror is placed at the entrance of the dining hall, which is so constructed that you see yourself a thin cadaverous, hungry person; but when you come out from the table and look again in the glass your body is distended to the extremity of corpulency.

—A Judge in Iowa attempted to settle the disputed ownership of a calf, Solomon-fashion, by depositing the animal midway between the residences of the contesting parties, and noting the direction it took. The calf, who was not posted in the Scriptures, cocked his tail and bounded over the fence, and was in the next township before the counsel had time to move the arrest of judgment.

—"Our Major," says an old Mexican volunteer, "had very long feet, and also a horse that threw every one but the Major." One evening the Major's servant was out on the parade ground with the horse, and as usual, got thrown off, when one of the boys spoke up and said: "I know why the horse don't throw the Major!" "Why?" was asked by a dozen or more. "Well, you see the Major's got such long feet that the horse thinks he is in shafts."



"BUSINESS HAND."

BY G. DORA NICKERSON.

I HAVE yet to learn if any one is excusable for being a miserable writer, other attainments being fair. But step into any post office and watch the letters as they go under the stamp. Some are so blurred and blotted one wonders where the superscription begins or ends—another is a varied collection of hieroglyphics which might have delighted the ancients amazingly, but are wonderfully perplexing to us moderns, nevertheless.

Here is another which we are obliged to search attentively to detect whether it is really the work of a human hand, or the scrawling tracks of a frightened hen whose muddled claws had perpetrated all these characters. Here is another which appears to give evidence of the plentifulness of ink with the writer, but seems to shadow forth a sort of lack of discretion in its use.

Another address is composed of such fine cramped characters that government should furnish every postmaster with a powerful microscope, if it has any mercy on their optics. Here is another whose superscription seems to be describing all manner of curves and starts in every direction but the right, in the simple attempt to write a name and place of residence. Think of it! only occasionally comes under the stamp, a clear, intelligent address.

All this study and perplexity a postmaster and the receiver of the letter goes through, just because people have not, or will not exercise good, practical common sense enough to sit down in some of their leisure moments and practice some of the first elements of penmanship, if no more.

But of all the hand writings that should not be tolerated is a "business hand." Of all the misnomers that was ever stolen from a dictionary is this title. Business hand indeed! why if a business man wants his business understandingly performed, he has no business to employ such a medium to confound the uninitiated and perplex the unlucky recipient.

It really seems as if a man thought after he had got a sign out, he was in duty bound to disfigure a sheet of paper as much as possible, if it is only an order of ten words, or they would doubt his business qualities. Just watch him as he writes and you never will wonder more why such pen and ink inflictions are sent out upon the world. Look! he seizes a piece of paper—grasps the staff at its extreme point—dips the pen frantically, decides to write an order for grain or flour perhaps. One more frantic dip followed by a series of circuitous rivers and canals of ink—five or six vigorous scrawls; more frightful curves; half a dozen successful imitations of deer's horns and broken harps; two or three desperate plunges in which an unoffending *o* is dotted and an *i* left eyeless—*h*'s are crossed and *t*'s left unmolested.

Another dip followed by a moment's scratching, and the name is signed. (But the business card should accompany it if the writer expects a reply.) Then a clutch and a deluge of sand to fill in the gulfs and bays of ink—two

spasmodic jerks and it is folded; one or two vigorous thumps and it is sealed. Then for the address—but the postmaster has the sequel.

In a real "out and out" business office, thirty-five letters can be despatched in an hour; an average of less than two minutes apiece, but you see the time is not what is required at this end of the line of communication, it is at the other.

Busy clerks puzzlingly fill in the letters where sense seems to direct—pull apart some of the longest strings, gather together the most widely separated, and after much labor the meaning is reached, perhaps. If not, why something is shipped in answer and then the poor man shuns every dray or drayman for days, lest he find the whole returned and his sanity doubted. And could he be blamed? Can any body be blamed when in the "business hand" salt looks like scramble, oats like flour, cotton like ostriches, iron like senna and flour like opossums?

This is not an overdrawn picture at all. Ever so many are aping it, just for a sort of an advertisement. For girls to ape it and write sentimental letters it is not quite so reprehensible. The swain's fertile brain may supply the honey where the words are past deciphering, and *vice versa*.

If the doctor employs this execrable style it may sometimes be pardonable, for should the apothecary strive to decipher the prescription, fail, and send nothing, the patient may live. In the lawyer it is pardonable, for sometimes falsehoods are better tied together too strongly to untie, than left plain for all to read. In the thief, escaped prisoner, or swindler, it is pardonable, for they necessarily desire concealment, and if they will but employ the real "business hand" they can have their desire. But in the man of business, it is neither pardonable, excusable or tolerable; for it is necessary that his letters should be understood and must be legible, and everyone that bores another with this abominable business chirography deserves to be compelled to pay heavy commission on every illegible word.

The fact is, illegible, scrawling, zigzag writing is excusable in no one, for any one can find a little time in which to practice the first principles and to write their own names intelligibly. If every one would but do this, we might soon be rid of this despicable, execrable, intolerable, abominable, unreadable "business hand."

HOME EDUCATION.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please allow me to call attention through your columns to the education of our daughters. Thanks to our system of public schools our daughters are generally well instructed as far as the branches there taught go, but I wish to speak of the home education, of the social education and whatever goes to fit a woman to earn an honest, honorable livelihood.

Now beyond her generally superficial knowledge of books, her tatting, her crocheting, her piano playing, what are most of our girls taught that can be of any benefit to themselves or their friends? The young man is accustomed from his very childhood to think of some honorable employment, trade or profession by which he can amass a competence or obtain some desired honor. But if the little girl looks beyond the

years of childhood it is to the time when she shall have a beau, and if she has any spark of ambition in her nature it shows itself in her desire to be escorted by the best dressed young dandy, who drives the fastest horses and makes the greatest display.

To effect this—but the process I need not describe, it is too familiar to the ladies already, and this article is for their benefit alone. Sometimes, 'tis true, a patient, long-suffering mother endeavors to initiate her daughter into the mysteries of housekeeping, but perhaps the dish-washing, bed-making, scouring and scrubbing prove distasteful to a young lady of taste, and what then? True she may yet become a dress-maker, a tailoress or a milliner; but generally the market is over stocked and then they have constantly the one great idea ever before them—to get married—and as that must be well attended to, it very much interferes with any useful occupation. Any idea of excelling in any branch of labor is discouraged because she only takes it up to earn a pittance till she gets married.

Now I would have little girls grow up with the impression that they may do something for themselves and others. Let them understand that it is possible for a poor girl to acquire a competence and at the same time be a lady without being obliged to run the gauntlet of sarcasms, jests and ridicule; that she may dare to ride, walk, attend lectures, concerts or parties without being pointed out as "our old maid."

Now, in the family even—in the home circle where one daughter remains single longer than some others—is she dubbed "our old maid."

Being an old maid is no harm or disgrace, but when spoken with malice or contempt it becomes a term of reproach and is generally understood to designate a person devoid of attractions, unlovable and unloved.

It is wrong that such construction should be put upon the term or that a single woman should fight the unequal battle against poverty, the jests, sarcasms and ridicule of the public. The only virtue attributed to them in the past (may we hope for a better criterion for the future) is her ability to nurse the sick and take care of other people's babies.

Wealth has long been and long will be a power among us. Only let ladies single or married possess themselves of some of the avenues to wealth now so generally controlled by men, and by earnest endeavors and constant attention to business they will soon be a power in themselves. Any lady with tact, energy and perseverance can manage a dry goods store, supplying every article a lady needs, better than a man can do it. Any young lady with liberal education and genius for teaching may establish a flourishing boarding or day school, attend to all the duties of a post office, bank or anything else not requiring more physical strength than she possesses.

Now then teach your daughters that the world is wide, and noble work with great reward awaits those who will work with a purpose, with energy and perseverance.

Girls, select some avocation for which you have a taste and do not give it up for slight reasons. Let Tom, Dick and Harry cultivate their whiskers and say soft things, but let them understand that when you marry your husband must

have something better to recommend him than the usual qualifications of a bar-room loafer or "ladies' man."

Young men will then begin to see that they have something more to do in gaining "any girl in town" for a wife than to distribute sugar plums and "pop the question."

It will require some sterling merit to win one of your whole-souled, clear-headed, independent girls. Not one of them would marry an "old back" merely because he has the money and she wants a home. Neither will she marry a brainless fop because she "wouldn't be an old maid for anything."

No, such girls can do better and marry (as very likely many will since such is the order of our existence) "nature's own noblemen." Then if bereft of a true heart and a strong arm, and many tender little ones should look to her for support and guidance she would not be obliged to open a boarding house, go out washing, or depend on the charity of relatives to provide food and clothing for the little ones.

A DAUGHTER OF THE GRANITE STATE.

THE REVIEWER.

FIRESIDE SCIENCE, by Dr. James R. Nichols, editor of the Boston Journal of Chemistry, and author of Chemistry of the Farm and the Sea.

In this new volume Dr. Nichols has given us a series of popular scientific essays upon subjects connected with every-day life. They are brief and plain, while accurate and satisfactory. Facts bearing on hygiene, art and agriculture are presented in this volume in a way to interest and instruct those who have not time to examine works devoted to science, but who desire to be informed of what bears on their welfare, and to know the results without caring for the processes, which have no interest for them. The work has been done well. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Price, \$1.50.

THE METAPHORS OF ST. PAUL AND COMPANIONS OF ST. PAUL, by Johnson S. Howson, D. D. Two volumes in one. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.

The name of Dr. Howson, author of the tracts in this volume, needs no introduction to American readers; his writings have made him as well known in this country as in England. Even in these elaborate works he has shown a rare faculty of so treating his subjects as to interest and instruct readers of every class; in fact, the writings are unexceptionable in character and detail, and are well adapted to the wants of the general reader, as well as of the student and preacher. The crowning excellence of the work is its practical aim and earnest religious spirit, and its ample learning; illustrations and eloquence are subordinate to that end.

OUR CHILDREN, by C. K. Gardner, A. M., M. D. Belknap & Bliss, Hartford, Conn.

A book of some 300 pages treating of the Physical and Mental Development of Children. It contains chapters on all matters pertaining to the rearing of children, their Physical Development, Food, Clothing, Amusements, Diseases, etc., etc. Parents will do well to study this work.

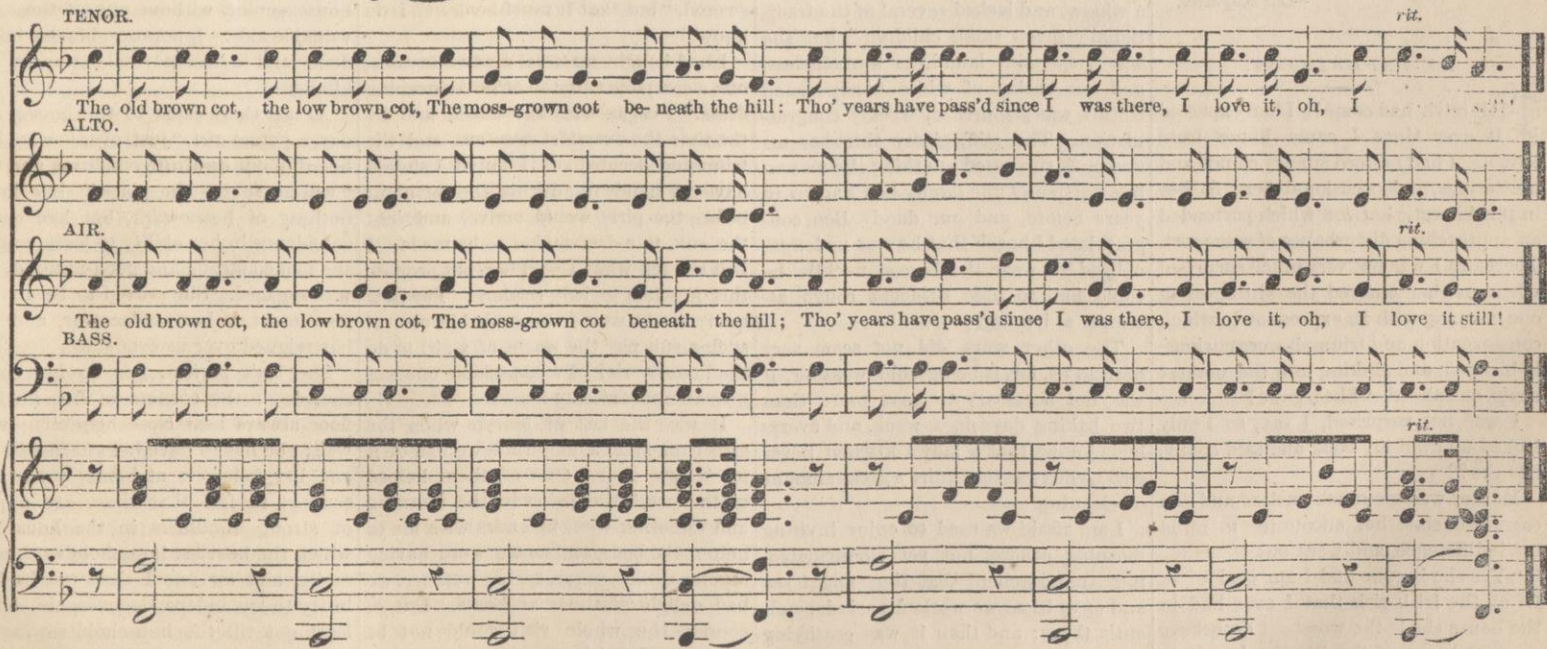
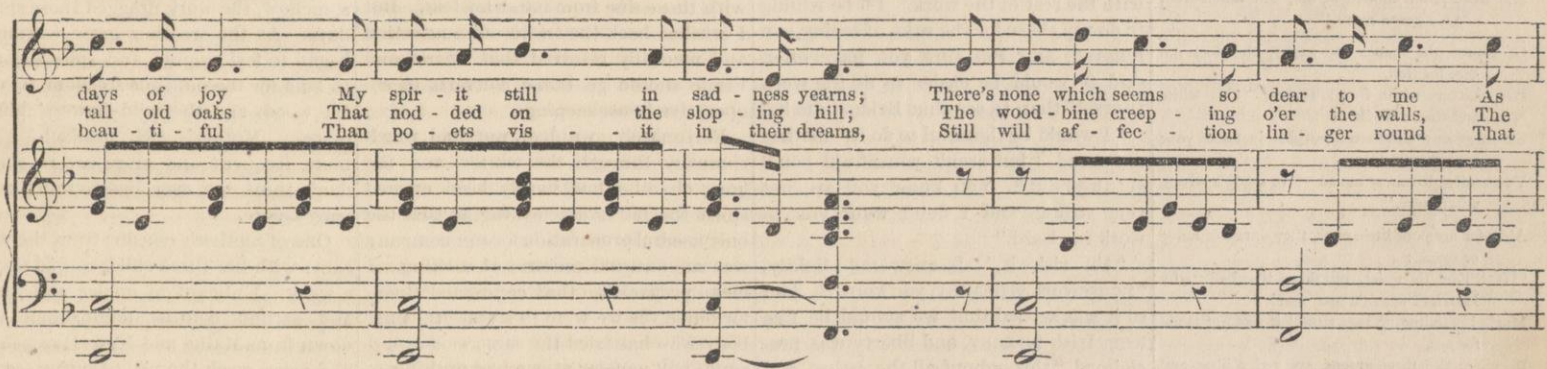
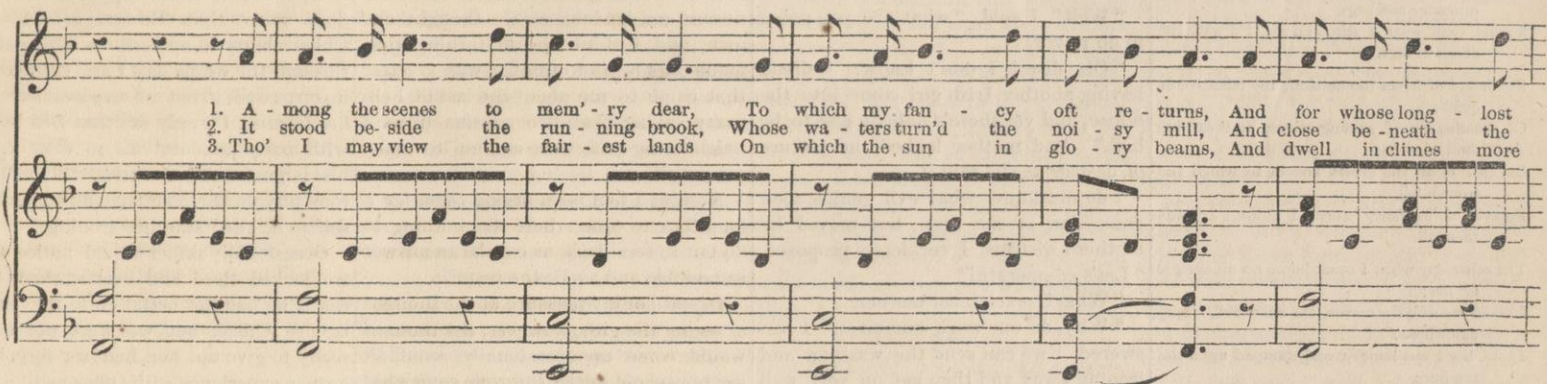
WEBSTER'S DICTIONARIES.—We can not but hail with pleasure the general introduction and use in our public schools and higher institutions of learning of this popular and valuable series of dictionaries. To adopt them to all grades, we name the Primary, with rules for spelling, unusually complete, 352 pages; the Common School, revised and enlarged, 400 pages; the High School, with numerous valuable tables, 416 pages; the Academic, 562 pages, and the Counting-House Edition, really valuable to the business man, the prices varying from 63 cents to \$3.50. These are progressive, well adapted to the use of our schools and families. But the master piece is the Unabridged, illustrated, specially valuable for its correct orthography, pronunciation and definitions—a library in itself, containing a vast amount of useful information. One great idea of Dr. Webster seems to have been the purification and simplification of our language—naturally so heterogeneous—keeping pace with the most rapid strides in the march of improvement. A general verdict of success has been rendered by most of the scholars of the age, such as "The best defining dictionary of the English language," Horace Mann; and "A work of extraordinary merit and value," Daniel Webster.

FOR EVERYBODY.—Everybody for January is a truly superb number; rich in letter press, engraving

THE OLD BROWN COT.

Words by E. A. DARBY.

Music by E. CLARK.

Allegretto moderato.

ings, and general appearance. Its reading matter is unexceptionable, collated with great care, and given the reader in an enjoyable style. It is a pleasure to look at such specimens of the graver's

art, as those that adorn the number before us. "Grandma's Come," is natural and life-like, and exhibits a phrase in humanity, that carries with it pleasure and joy wherever it is evidenced. Every-

body should receive a wide circulation, and we doubt not it will soon stand in the front rank of illustrated serials. Henry Sage, publisher, Buffalo, N. Y., \$2 per annum.

THE TYPOGRAPHIC, published by L. B. Wilder & Co., 62 Congress street, Boston, Mass., is a beautiful specimen of printing, and should be in the hands of all journeymen printers.



THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

I hate the name of German wool in all its colors bright;
Of chairs and stools in fancy work I hate the very sight;
The shawls and slippers that I've seen, the ottomans and bags,
Sooner than wear a stitch on me, I'd walk the street in rags.
I've heard of wives too musical, too talkative or quiet;
Of scolding or of gaming wives, or those too fond of riot;
But yet of all the errors known to which the women fall,
Forever doing fancy work, I think, exceeds them all.
The other day when I came home no dinner got for me;
I asked my wife the reason, she answered, "one, two, three;"
I told her I was hungry, and stamped upon the floor,
She never even looked at me, but murmured, "One green more."
Of course she makes me angry, she does not care for that,
But chatters while I talk to her, "One white and then a black,
Seven greens and then a purple—just hold your tongue, my dear,
You really do annoy me so—I've made a wrong stitch here."
Alas, for my poor little ones, they dare not move or speak;
'Tis "Tom be quiet, put down that bag; why Harriet! where's your feet?"
Maria! standing on that stool! it was not made for use,
Be silent all! three greens, one red, a blue, and then a puce."
Besides, the things she makes are all such touch-me-not affairs;
I dare not ever use a screen, a stool, and as for chairs,
'Twas only yesterday I put my youngest son on one,
And until then I never knew my wife had such a tongue.
I'll put my children out to school, I'll go across the sea,
My wife's so full of fancy work I'm sure she won't miss me;
Even while I write she still keeps on her "one, two, three, and four,"
I'm past all patience, on my word, I'll not endure it more.

—Old Magazine.

AN EXPERIMENT.

THE crisis had come! I had expected it ever since I came home from school. I had noticed sundry clouds and mutterings, and occasional fiery flashes in the domestic horizon which portended an approaching disturbance of some sort. Therefore I was not very much surprised when mother entered the sitting-room one morning with an expression in which consternation and triumph were curiously blended, and sinking into the nearest chair, exclaimed, "She's gone!"

I was not surprised, I say, so I only looked up from my book and said coolly, "Is she?"

Mother was too much excited and too eager to relate her encounter to mind my indifference, and went on:

"Yes she is gone and I am glad of it. Of all the Irish girls that I ever had in the house she is the worst. I do believe a month more of the life she has been leading me lately would bring me down with a brain fever. She has been acting for the last week as if she was possessed;

not a thing that I have set her about has gone right. Monday she was so cross that I really dreaded to step into the kitchen. She didn't half wash the clothes, and when I made her do them over, she showed her spite by slopping water over the floor at such a rate, that I couldn't find a dry place big enough to step on. And then she went on the same way with the ironing; everything she could not smut she scorched, and it was because I was speaking to her about it this morning that she got angry and went."

"Well," I said, "what are you going to do now?"

"Oh, dear! I don't know. I dread having another Irish girl come into the house, and yet there's nobody else to be had." And mother looked the picture of despair as she said it.

I do not know what evil genius took possession of me then, but moved by mother's distress, I recklessly proposed, "Let's co-operate!"

"What!" exclaimed mother.

"Why, do our work ourselves," I answered, "we can send the washing and ironing away and then get on very well with the rest of the work. I'll be willing to do my share for the sake of seeing you relieved, and I'm sure you have often said it would be easier to do the work yourself than to see that Bridget did it."

"I would be thankful to do it," mother answered, "but aren't you afraid you'll get tired out? You know you are not very strong, and I don't want you to work too hard."

"I'll risk it," I answered lightly, "housework is healthy, you know." And so it was settled that we should be free from Irish tyranny, and liberty was proclaimed "throughout all the house and to all the inhabitants thereof."

I must confess that father and the boys did not seem to appreciate the deliverance quite so heartily as mother and I, and our ten year old Alf even ventured to ask who was going to make his bed, and to whine that he didn't want to wash dishes. But beyond informing him in a lofty tone that his bed should be attended to, I took no notice of his remarks, and nobody else presumed to offer any objection.

For a while everything went on beautifully. We found a perfect jewel of a washerwoman. To be sure she was not a widow, and lacked several of the traditional "seven small children," but she was a splendid laundress nevertheless, and our basket of white nicely-ironed clothes was a source of weekly congratulation. The stiff, glossy shirt-bosoms and cuffs surpassed anything the masculine portion of the family had known in years before, and our dandy Ben congratulated himself that he was no longer obliged to wear the largest necktie he could find to hide Bridget's rough attempts at ironing.

The other work did not seem very hard to us, for, it being cold weather, it was not necessary to have more than two baking days in a week, and everybody knows that a lady's kitchen never gets so dirty as to require a great amount of cleaning.

I am afraid we used to enjoy inviting morning callers, not yet emancipated, into that kitchen, that they might see and envy us as we worked so independently there; and then it was gratifying to open a cupboard door and not be driven back in disgust at the streaky, grimy shelves; and to be able to set the table with dishes that fairly shone with

cleanliness, and knives that had really felt Bristol brick.

We didn't have much time for making or receiving calls, to be sure, except as the neighbors run in informally; but there are worse deprivations, and mother's evident enjoyment of the present state of affairs was more than compensation for the want of leisure.

We began to pride ourselves on having solved "the great social problem" and wonder why everybody did not go and do likewise. But "pride must have a fall," even though its occasion be as innocent and laudable as we thought our own, and I think the first thing that made ours begin to tumble was a letter that came to me about the last of February saying that two cousins from a neighboring state were coming to make me a visit.

Now, as I had been urging them for a long time to come, there was nothing to do but to send back as cordial an answer as possible and await the result.

In spite of my pleasure at the thought of seeing the girls, however, the thought would come up occasionally, wouldn't my household duties interfere somewhat with those due from me as hostess. But I crushed back the traitorous suggestion and mentally resolved that Carrie and Franc should go home converts to co-operative housekeeping.

Fortunately, we had not had much company through the winter, and the guest chamber had hardly been opened since the fall housecleaning, so that the only needful preparation for our company was an unusual amount of cooking. I mean preparation that concerned them, for ourselves we were in a state that nobody who has tried the same *modus operandi* will wonder at, we had nothing to wear! Of course it would never do to excuse myself from going out with the girls because I had had so much housework to do that I had given up sewing and had not had a new dress for the winter, so the first thing on the programme was a shopping excursion.

The shopping was easy enough, but when mother saw its results at night, she only echoed my own dismayed thoughts when she exclaimed, "Why, Anna Dean! how in the world do you think you are going to get all that stuff made up in two weeks?"

"I don't know how, I'm sure," I answered, "but that it must be done, I do know."

I had bought material for two dresses, one a complete suit, the other an evening dress. I began with the latter, and by the time the overskirt was cut and the trimming decided on, I found I should have my hands full during the fortnight before the girls would arrive, and sent the suit to a dressmaker to be made. I will not tell what I paid her, but propose this problem to lady readers: For how many weeks would the probable cost of such a suit pay the wages of a girl to do the housework? Perhaps some one can give an approximate answer.

It was the last of March when the girls came, and a jolly time we had of it for a few days. One of them helped mother wash the dishes in the morning and the other went up stairs with me to help make beds, and as we were having regular sloshy, soggy, spring weather, we had delightful times at home. But, of course, the whole visit could not be spent so; the girls must have some fun, and the streets becoming passable at last, I found to my dismay, that a part, at least, of every day the second week was

devoted to pleasure seeking away from home. On poor mother fell the burden of housework. I was sorry, but what could I do!

When at last the girls said good-by, mother looked worn and tired and just ready to go to-bed with sick headache, and I felt more like resting than working.

"It never rains but it pours," so nobody will be surprised to learn that just at this time, our beautiful laundress left town and we were left to the tender mercies of an itinerant washerwoman who, I verily believe, slopped the kitchen floor worse than Bridget of old, and whose ability to make the washing drag through the whole day I am sure to be unsurpassed, if not unsurpassable. For her ironing, I'll only say that Ben began with many lamentations to wear again his largest sized neckties, till mother took pity on the poor boy and began herself to do the "starched ironing."

Occasionally father would notice that we looked tired and over-worked, and ask if he had not better go to the Intelligence Office, but we were not quite ready to give up, nor had we forgotten former experience with Office help. But somehow, the work dragged those spring days. As the weather grew warmer I began to feel languid and spiritless and to long for the old time freedom to visit the woods and the wild flowers' hiding places. Mother's sick headache grew more frequent and more severe, and I don't think we ever had so much company before.

One of mother's cousins from the west came with her three children and stayed a week. Unheard of uncles and aunts and second cousins found their way down from Maine and New Hampshire, and every week the pile of spring sewing grew larger and larger, till at last the question must be answered, shall we hire housework or sewing?

"I'm afraid," said mother, at last "that we shall have to hire a girl," and as I was of the same opinion, father was commissioned to visit every office in the city and see what he could procure in the way of "help."

My pen refuses to attempt a description of the next few weeks. I shall always believe that the genius who presides over the affairs of our Celtic sisters, took it upon himself to punish us for our temerity in daring to attempt housekeeping without one of those invaluable aids. Ignorance, brazen impudence and inefficiency held sway in our kitchen.

At last there came to the house, one day, a young girl "just over," who had heard of our destitute condition and was "willing to try the place." She knew nothing of housework, but had entire confidence in her ability to learn, and as she looked strong and good-natured, she was engaged. She proved to be an improvement on her predecessor, and she has reigned over us ever since.

She isn't perfect, nor do her closet shelves or the corners of her kitchen floor always bear close inspection very well; she has to have her afternoons out and her followers at home, but it is a comfort to feel that there are a pair of strong shoulders in the house on which the heaviest household work rests easily, and for one I shall not be in a hurry to try independence again, or at least not till the household sewing assumes less portentous dimensions.

I have learned some lessons from the experiment; first, that it is of no use for us women of the present day to try to

be as smart as our grandmothers. They did their own work, to be sure, and raised large families, for whom they not only sewed, but even prepared the material for sewing; but they had strength in proportion to their work, and were troubled by few of the outside cares which distract us. I have learned, too, that a waste of physical powers is the worst kind of extravagance and the hardest for which to atone. It is cheaper to hire work done than to pay doctor's bills after working yourself sick.

And last, I don't think I'm as hard on servants as I used to be. After having tried the "fire," perhaps it is easier to keep still in the "frying pan." I know American servants are proverbially poor, but should we not be worse off with nobody to pick up the burdens we cannot carry? Patience, sisters! perhaps in the "good time coming" this trial, too, will disappear, and wouldn't it help hasten that good time should each careful housekeeper in New England make an effort to train in her own kitchen at least one poor ignorant foreigner? F.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE HOUSEHOLD meets a cordial welcome in our family, and is read not only by the mother and housekeeper, but also by the boys. They are all members of the Band of Hope and are particularly interested in such pieces as the one entitled "The Bear in the Dining-room." Will not Mrs. Carney, or some other of your able contributors, give us more of the same sort?

I will own I am grieved to see wine and brandy in so many recipes. If any young mother wishes to train up her boy for a drunkard let her observe the following directions and I am sure she will succeed: Commence early, have him bathed in brandy daily for several months, at the same time be sure nurse gives him a sling; drink freely yourself of milk punch that you may afford him proper nourishment—by and by you will need porter. If the little one takes cold, give him whiskey; should he have a bowel complaint while teething, give brandy.

As soon as he is old enough to eat at the table, give him mince pie well flavored with brandy; make all your grapes and currants into wine, and let him sip a little as often as you use any, which will be very often, as you will need wine for all kinds of pudding sauce; keep a supply of brandied peaches and give him access to the jar. Don't read, or let him read, such articles as the one entitled "The Bear in the Dining-room."

Follow these directions until he is old enough (or thinks he is) to go down town alone in the evening, then let him go; You have accomplished a great work.

A SUBSCRIBER.

I observe a communication from Mrs. Beecher in the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD, entitled, "The Guest Chamber," which commences: "It is a prevalent opinion among housekeepers that the guest chamber, or 'spare room,' must, in every respect, be the best and most desirable room in the house."

If this be the "prevalent opinion," my observation goes to prove it is not acted up to in a large majority of cases through the land, and perhaps in thousands of households where your paper goes; at least there is a sad neglect of those "conveniences" and "regards to comfort" connected with it, which she so justly

recommends. If some of your correspondents would favor your readers with an article or two in reference to the "spare room," stating plainly where, if possible, it should be in the house, how arranged and how prepared for the guests, they would do a very, very good work. They should write mainly, perhaps, in reference to the country, and not so much in reference to cities and large villages.

There is another topic which I long to see most fully and thoroughly presented in THE HOUSEHOLD. What shall I call it? Well, say House Occupancy. It has long since been said that "many persons build a large house and then build a little piece on one corner, or end, to live in." Never was a truer saying. If some one could write an article, or a series of articles, inducing people to live in their house, occupy it, and take the comfort of it, and not be afraid even to invite their friends, and strangers too when they call, out of the back kitchen from among the pots, kettles, churns, wash-tubs, and trumpery in general, into some more favorable locality, which they have abundantly at their command, I scarcely know of an earthly thing in which they could be a greater benefactor to their race. This is needed exceedingly in scores and hundreds on hundreds of households where your paper goes. A thousand times more needed than to tell them how to build a house, although this is important in its place. This is applicable, as in the other case, more generally perhaps to the country than to cities and large villages, but it is applicable to a greater or less extent everywhere.

I would suggest another topic, Make Home Pleasant for the Children.

WITNESS.

The following criticism speaks for itself:

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I saw in your paper "how rock Candy is made." Was the person that wrote it an idiot does he think that Baby talk does do with children. When a boy or girl is sensible enough to read or understand reading he does not want interesting reading put in goosetalk or if he does he should not hear it because Children should not hear nonsense and in this instance he goes over a good deal of Trouble to tell how his candy is made, and no person can see but what he is making fun till he reads it over twice and then has to set and study with rubbed brains to understand it. His Small receipt could be made in a few words and take the rest of the space to telling catstories and make more sense. The person ought to have sent a dictionary along to explain his big words.

(P S) let any one speak freely on what I have said yours J L

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have taken your paper only a short time, but it is needless for me to say anything in its favor, as it speaks for itself. I have found many valuable recipes in it, and don't think I could very well do without it now. I think "Kittie Candid" is "just splendid," or at least her writings are, and I know she must be too.

I sat down with the intention of asking a question, but I couldn't help saying a little in favor of your very interesting paper, as I like it so much. I wanted to ask if anyone could tell me how to prevent white Swiss muslin suits from turning yellow when put away for the win-

ter? Mine has never been washed, and I dislike to have it as it never looks as pretty afterwards. If you will please reply in your Questions and Answers I shall be greatly obliged. ANNIE C.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been a constant reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for about two years. I would not be without it for twice the price paid for it. It seems good after reading some of the sensational nonsense with which most of the papers are filled, to read something solid and substantial. I like Mrs. Dorr very much and hope we shall hear from her every month. And the others, too, I like them all. I think the music is beautiful; that piece in the last number was very pretty. "Echoes from the Poets" I hope will be continued. The recipes I think are good; all I have tried I like very much. I would like to get a recipe for making sweet pickles; and if through the columns of your paper, you would send me one, you would greatly oblige, D. M. D.

MISS MALONY ON THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clean broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six years I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I ever left the owld country—to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix and I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' your remarks) an' is it myself, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive sooner 'n put up wid it a day longer.

Sure an' I was the graneborn not to be lavin' at onst when the missus kim into the kitchen wid her peilaver about the new waiter ma'd which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself that looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," Says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, their paper collars and brass rings on their finger, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest.

Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' schared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll hav too much sense to mind his bein' a little strange."

Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrustid if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly Fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stood a rale haythen Chineser a grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll blave me, the crayture was that yellor it 'ud sicken yun to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trousers, and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hanging down from it, behind, wid his two feet stuck into the heathenest shoes you ever set eyes on.

Och! but I was up stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin', an' only stooped wid her by her, raisin' me wages two dollars, an' playdin'

wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taich 'em all in our power—the saints save us!

Well, the ways and trial I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissid thing end I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whisker on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a larnin' him, and he a grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that chary, you'd be shurprised, an' ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a atin' wid drom-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toos-day, an' me a foldin' down me fine clothes for the ironin' an' fillin' his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirit through his teeth stret over the best linen-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of it all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be distracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me ever since I've bin in this cyunthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythen would do the same thing after me whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shooes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave for that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythen? You're aware yourself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now an' then take out a cup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper an' put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit and there it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands forninst her wid his boondles, and she motions like to Fing Wing, (which I never would call by that name nor any other hut just haythen,) she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar, an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did th blatherin' Chineser do but take out a cup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprize, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud curdle your blood. "He's a haythen nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she give me so much sass as I

cuddent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

GRIDDLE-CAKES OF VARIOUS KINDS.

We give below several well-tested and excellent recipes for breakfast-cakes to be cooked on a griddle. To ensure success, the griddle must be kept thoroughly clean. When in use, grease lightly either with a small newly-cut piece of fat salt pork, stuck on a fork, or with a piece of butter, tied in a clean rag, and kept on a saucer. The habit with some cooks of using the same piece of pork and same greasy rag, morning after morning, is shocking. A broad bladed knife is essential to scrape off the griddle after each baking. A pair of tongs placed under a griddle or frying-pan, when it is once thoroughly heated, prevents burning.

Cakes should not be served in a close pile; they should be spread carefully upon a hot plate, and not allowed to press upon each other. A clean napkin thrown over the cakes as soon as dished is better than a close-fitting cover.

Soapstone griddles are preferred by those who use salt instead of grease, but the flavor of the cake is so changed by the salt that we believe the majority prefer the old iron griddle. There is no danger of having greasy, burnt cakes if the above directions are closely followed. For griddle-cakes, yeast is always preferable to soda. When soda is used, let it be the super-carbonate, procured from the druggist. The "cream of tartar" likewise should be procured from the druggist. Professor Horsford's self-raising bread preparation and Hecker's prepared flour are both reliable for griddle-cakes. Tartaric acid should always be avoided; unfortunately, it is used in many of the "prepared" flours.

Indian Griddle-Cakes.—Three handfuls of Indian-meal (yellow and white mixed); one teaspoon (level full) of soda; one teaspoonful of salt; four of sugar; pour on boiling water, stirring briskly to the thickness of stiff mush; pour on cold milk till it is as thick as gruel; then add sifted flour to the consistency of griddle-cakes—thick or thin as preferred. They can be varied by the addition of one or two eggs beaten and added last.

Buckwheat Cakes.—Sift together one quart of buckwheat flour and a teacupful of corn-meal. In cool weather make up a moderately thin batter with lukewarm sweet milk; salt to taste. In warm weather it is best to use water, the milk would sour; add half a tumblerful of good lively hop yeast (hop yeast is the best for buckwheat); make it up in a jar (covering closely) at nine o'clock at night. The next morning beat in three eggs; let it set fifteen or twenty minutes; just before frying, stir in a teaspoonful of soda, first sprinkling it over the batter. Soda is unnecessary if the batter is perfectly sweet. Eggs are not essential, but are an improvement. A mixture of four parts of buckwheat—two of Graham and one of Indian—makes a more healthy cake and more spongy.

Rye Batter Cakes.—Warm two tumblerfuls of sweet milk containing a teacupful of salt; two eggs, well beaten; stir into rye-meal beginning with a pint and add more till of a proper consistency for dropping upon the griddle; add a

two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar also. Rye and corn-meal cakes should be made thin; flour cakes moderately stiff.

Wheat Flour Cakes.—Mix at night, four pint bowlfuls of flour, or half white corn-meal; one teaspoonful of salt; two and a half bowlfuls of tepid-warm milk; one half tumblerful of yeast. In the morning, add an egg, well beaten, also add milk if too thick; the cakes must be spongy. This same combination made with the "Horsford Preparation," instead of yeast, is excellent.

Hominy Cakes.—One pint of boiled hominy well mashed; one-half pint of sifted flour; one egg; one tablespoonful of melted lard or butter; sweet milk enough to make a rather thin batter; a teaspoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of soda, sifted with the flour, and two of cream of tartar. Drop the batter small on the griddle.

Muffins.—Three pints of milk; three or four eggs; a small teacupful of yeast; a piece of butter the size of an egg, melted in a little milk; one teaspoonful of salt; add sifted flour till as thick as buckwheat batter; after eight or ten hours rising, cook either in muffin rings, placed on a griddle, or pour directly on the griddle in thin cakes. Powdered sugar and ground cinnamon served with the cakes improve them.

Soyer's Pancakes.—Put the pan on the fire with a tablespoonful of lard, let it melt, pour off all that is not wanted, then pour in three tablespoonfuls of the following batter: Break four eggs in a basin; add four small tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt; beat all well, mixing by degrees half a pint of milk, a little more or less, depending on the size of the eggs and the quality of the flour. It must form a rather thick batter. A little ginger, cinnamon, or any other flavor you fancy. Two eggs only may be used, but in this case use a little more flour and milk. When set, and one side brownish, lay hold of the frying pan at the extremity of the handle, give it a sudden but slight jerk upward, and the cake will turn over on the other side; which, when brown, dish up with sugar sifted over. Serve with lemon. Chopped apples may be added to the batter; currants and sultanas can be mixed with it.

Short-Cake.—Four cups of sifted flour; one teacupful of cream; one pint of milk; one even tablespoonful of butter; one teaspoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of soda; two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, sifted with flour. Roll as soft as possible; cut small, thick cakes with a form, and bake on a griddle.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE GRIDIRON.

The principal difference between preparing a breakfast in the city or country is this: In the former the meat is broiled, in the latter it is fried. No one would think to commence housekeeping in a large town without first purchasing a gridiron, though a fryingpan might not be thought of. In the country the converse of this is true; every house contains a fryingpan, often quite a number of them, but a gridiron is rarely seen.

Whether tested by the light of science, the rules of economy, the laws that govern health, or the appetite that has become cultivated by good living, the fryingpan may justly be regarded as the most objectionable cooking utensil, as far as preparing meat for the table is concerned, that ever was invented. Its

origin dates from the dark ages of cookery, in the gloom of which many people are now living. Its use is most wasteful, inasmuch as it drives out of the meat cooked therein many of the juices that form the most nutritious part of that substance, and puts the remaining portion in a poor condition to be digested, or to be relished by one who has been accustomed to eat steaks, chops or cutlets prepared in any other way.

More cases of indigestion and dyspepsia among farmers' families can be traced to the fryingpan than to any other cause. The fryingpan vitiates the taste to such an extent that the victim of fried meat often requires years to prepare his appetite to enjoy the delicacy of meat cooked in a rational way. A physician who would recommend fried beef for a patient would be set down by the medical profession as an ignoramus. A city hotel keeper who would include fried fresh meats among the dishes on his breakfast bill of fare, would drive all his guests, who were accustomed to good eating, from his table. The fryingpan is a relic of culinary barbarism, the continued use of which in farmers' families can only be defended on the score of convenience.

The chemist, physician, cook and epicure all unite in commending the gridiron. Its invention marked the commencement of a new era in cooking. It can be said of few things that economy and epicurean taste both favor them; but the gridiron is certainly of that number. There is far less waste in weight in broiling than in any other method of cooking meat. There is also less loss of nutritious principles and agreeable flavors. Scarcely anything is taken from the meat except a small portion of water. If we except sausage, fresh and salt pork, there is no kind of meat, poultry or game, that is not vastly better, every way considered, when cooked on a gridiron, than when fried out in a fryingpan. Most persons who have tried both methods will prefer to have salt pork cut in very thin slices and broiled, to having it in the usual way it appears on farmers' tables, the peices fried to a crisp and floating like pieces of a wreck in an ocean of gravy.

But because the gridiron is a good thing, it is no argument that meat should be kept on it, as good Saint Lawrence was, till the flesh becomes blackened. As a rule, the quicker the operation of broiling is performed, the better. To this end there should be a good supply of coal from which all the gases have escaped, so that there will be no blaze and no smoke. The coals should rest on a bed of ashes, so that they will not cool too quickly. They should extend upwards as near the meat as possible without touching it.

The heat should be suffered to sear over the under surface and prevent the escape of the juices. Almost as soon as this is done the pieces should be inverted. A little experience will teach one how long the pieces should lie on the gridiron. People who have been habituated to eating meat fried to a scrap, will not at first relish steaks or cutlets cooked rare, but they will soon prefer meat cooked in this way. As a rule, all seasoning should be added to broiled meat after it is taken from the gridiron. If the weather is cold, the table plates should also be warmed. "Piping hot," Webster says, is an inelegant expression; but really it expresses the way a steak should come to the table better than any words we have at our disposal.—*Prairie Farmer.*

WORTH TRYING.

Here is a simple way of preventing dough from sticking to the tin in which it is baked. Grease the tin thoroughly, and then put in a handful of flour; shake it all over the inside of the dish in which you bake; then, after turning it upside down, strike it on the edge of your flour bowl; that will free all that does not adhere to the grease. Now put in the dough, and your baking will "come out nicely."

—The discovery has been made that grape leaves make a yeast in some respects superior to hops, as the bread rises sooner and has not the peculiar taste which many object to in that made from hops.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

PUMPKIN SAUCE.—Mrs. S. P. asks for a recipe for pumpkin sauce. I will send her mine. Cut the pumpkin in slices or squares, as you prefer, an inch or an inch and a half thick, put in a pan or deep dish and add one pound of sugar to one pound of pumpkin, mix well together and let it remain over night. In the morning the pumpkin will look dried up and there will be considerable liquid. Put it all in a preserving kettle and cook slowly until tender and transparent like citron, and when nearly done add as much sliced lemon as you wish. If the lemon is cooked too long it will impart a bitter flavor to the sauce.

Mrs. E. M. C.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Take seven heaping spoonfuls of Indian meal, two spoonfuls of butter or lard, a teacupful of molasses, and salt and ginger to suit the taste. Pour these into a quart of boiling milk, mix well and just as you set it in the oven pour in a teacupful of cold water, which will produce the same effect as eggs. Bake one hour and a half in a moderate oven.

PLAIN CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg.

MARBLE CAKE.—*White.*—One cup of butter, three cups of white sugar, four cups of flour, one half cup of sour milk, a little soda, and the whites of nine eggs. Flavor with lemon.

Dark.—One cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, five cups of flour, yolks of nine eggs, one whole egg, and spices of all sorts.

Put in pans, first a layer of dark, then one of white, and so on, finishing with a layer of dark. Bake in a moderate oven.

VINEGAR PIE.—Two-thirds of a teacupful of molasses, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of butter, two eggs, and nutmeg.

Mrs. S. H. C.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—*Dear Household:*—Having read several recipes for mock mince pie, all different from mine, I send the following which we think excellent. One egg, one cup of sour cream, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, fruit and mixed spices.

Mrs. H.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Being very much interested in the recipes of your paper, I thought I would like to contribute a few which I have tried and know to be good, and think they will please your many readers.

WATER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, and flour to thicken.

NUT CAKE.—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one pint of hickory-nut meats, and flavor with vanilla or bitter almonds.

SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—One cup of corn starch, one cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, the whites of eight eggs. Mix the corn starch with part of the milk, leaving enough for the soda, and mix the cream tartar with the flour, putting the eggs in last. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.
MRS. A. M.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—Grace asks through THE HOUSEHOLD for a recipe for raised doughnuts. I send one I took from THE HOUSEHOLD in 1869. I have changed it a little to suit myself. They are excellent, and I never fail. In two cups of sweet milk melt one cup of lard, and dissolve one and one-half cups of sugar, (white coffee is best.) When luke-warm add the yolks of two eggs, a little grated nutmeg, a little salt, one cup of yeast, and the whites of two eggs beaten to a froth, add flour to make a thick batter and let them rise till very light, then knead well, roll and cut out with a biscuit cutter, and cut the center out with a canister top, set them around on the board, and when they are light fry in hot lard.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Two cups of sour milk, four tablespoonfuls of sour cream, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt. Stir stiff with Graham flour and bake quick.

SQUASH PIE WITHOUT EGGS.—Take two tablespoonfuls of squash prepared as for the table, and one heaping tablespoonful of flour, stir them thoroughly together, then add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a little nutmeg, stir them all well together and add one pint of sweet milk, stir well and strain into the pie. Make the crust as for custard pie. Bake slow.

VANITIES.—Beat one egg light, add a little salt, and stir with enough flour to roll, roll thin as a wafer, cut out with a saucer and fry in hot lard. They make a pretty appearance on the table.

FRITTERS.—One cup of sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a batter thick enough to drop from a spoon. Drop in hot lard and fry a light brown.
M. E. B.

DEAR SIR:—I am an interested reader of your paper, and have seen frequent requests for a good recipe for citron preserves. I give the following good one that I have tried successfully:

CITRON PRESERVES.—In the evening pare, cut into slices an inch and a half square, and lay them in cold water over night. In the morning put them in boiling water and let them boil until they are soft enough to run a broom straw through them, then to one pound of citron—after thoroughly draining them—take one pound of sugar, and to every five pounds of sugar take one quart of water, boil and skim them from six to eight hours, or until they are transparent. For flavoring, one heaping teaspoonful of cloves tied up in a white cloth put into the bottom of the kettle when they are put on to cook. When they are about done flavor with vanilla to suit the taste.
A LOVER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

RAISED CAKE.—I would like to send you my way of making raised cake, which is as follows: Four and one-half cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of hot milk poured on the flour and butter, the butter being first rubbed into the flour, two eggs, half a cup of yeast, two cups of sugar. Put all the ingredients together and rise over night, and in the morning pour into pans and bake immediately.

LOAF CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of raisins, one-half pound of currants, one-fourth pound of citron, four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, three nutmegs, one teaspoonful of cloves. Bake slowly one and one-half hours.
M. M.

DANDY PUDDING.—One quart of milk, three eggs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch. Pour nearly all of the milk into a tin vessel and set the dish in a kettle of hot water, let it commence to boil then take the yolks of the eggs, sugar, starch, and a little milk, beat it together and pour into the milk on the stove; stir this rapidly till it becomes thick, then pour in a dish set where it is cool, and after it has become cold take the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Flavor with lemon or va-

nilla. Frost, and set it in the oven and let it slightly brown.

EXCELLENT COOKIES.—One pint of sweet cream, one pint of white sugar, one ounce of hartshorn, grated, and caraway seed. mix soft. Sugar sprinkled on them improves the looks.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one of strong cold coffee, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of chopped raisins, four and one-half cups of flour, cinnamon, cloves and spice.

HAMBURG CREAM.—Ten eggs, the rind of two and juice of three lemons, one large cup of sugar. Let the yolks of the eggs, lemon and sugar thicken over a fire, have the whites of the eggs thoroughly beaten, and add, stirring constantly.
E. L.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—For the benefit of one who asked for a recipe for mock mince pies, I send the following, which I have used for two years, and prefer it to the real mince pies, as we consider it less unwholesome. Three rolled crackers, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of boiling water, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of vinegar and boiled cider together, or either, two eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of each kind of spice, and raisins. This makes four pies.
MRS. E. N. P. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In reply to the question by M. C. L. I would say, that if she will omit the salt in her milk yeast until risen enough to make over, there will be none of that offensive odor she speaks of. I would like for her to test it as thoroughly as I think I have done, and am confident she will be satisfied with the result.
MRS. S. H. C.

I send you a few recipes which I know to be good, in answer to questions in a late number:
FOR SOFTENING HARD WATER.—Add to each pailful of water one-half teaspoonful of finely pulverized borax, or one teaspoonful of ammonia water. The borax makes the clothes look beautifully white.

A few drops of ammonia water, put into water for bathing, is worth a great deal. It makes one feel so thoroughly fresh and new, and is particularly useful to persons who perspire very freely. Use it once and you will always do so.
BELLE B. C.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Please inform one of your many readers how to make a nice chocolate cake; also, how to purify rancid lard, that has become so from standing in a cellar, and oblige,
JANE.

A subscriber would like to ask Mollie, who gave directions for washing flannels in the July number, if she uses a washing board when washing flannels, and if she rinses colored flannels in hot water, and where the detergent soap can be obtained?

I have been very much pleased with the recipes in the cooking department, and as I have never seen any for pork cake, I send mine:

PORK CAKE.—One-half pound of fat corned pork chopped fine, mix with one pound of chopped raisins, five cups of flour, one cup of molasses, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and spice with one tablespoonful of cloves, one nutmeg, and one-half tablespoonful of cinnamon. This will keep all winter, and is better after being kept a long time.

A lady asked some time ago if it was necessary to knead bread a long time to have it good. I knead mine but very little indeed, and I have the name of making very nice bread. I have made it without kneading at all, and my bread keeps moist a long time.

Another lady asks, "What can be done to make a bridal rose blossom?" I had one two years and it did not blossom at all. I then had another which blossomed and had twenty roses on it before I had it a year. It was a slip when I got it, and it received the same treatment I gave the other one. I use common garden soil mixed with bone meal.
F. A. J.

Can any of your readers inform me how to tint walls of rooms, and what to put into whitewash that would give a pretty tint? Also, how to make grape wine that will not sour after a few months? and oblige,
M. J. G.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of your paper kindly inform me through its columns how to make a sago pudding? and oblige,
N. L. C.

MR. EDITOR:—In the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD, H. S. wants to know of a remedy for little red ants. If she will cover the shelves with tarred paper, and place the dishes on it, the ants will leave. The food will not taste of the tar.

To keep her teakettle free from crust, she can keep an oyster shell in it all the time. This will prevent the crust from forming.

When A New Subscriber puts her salted cucumbers into water to freshen, before pickling they will swell out, as they always do shrink when salted.

CHOCOLATE CANDY.—To half a cake of chocolate add one cup of molasses, three cups of sugar, a cup of water and a piece of butter the size of a small egg. Boil until it hardens when dropped into cold water. Pour into buttered tins, and cut before entirely cold.

COCOANUT DROPS.—To a pound of cocoanut add half a pound of sugar and the whites of six eggs. There should be egg enough to moisten the whole. Drop on buttered paper and bake.
H. F. D.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Noticing an inquiry in your excellent help to the housewife for a recipe for blackberry wine, it occurred to me that perhaps I might help some sister out of a difficulty by sending mine, which I have proved good.

Measure the berries and bruise them, and to every gallon add one quart of boiling water. Let it stand twenty-four hours, stirring it three or four times from the bottom, strain and add three pounds of sugar (two will answer but three is better) to each gallon, and stir until the sugar is dissolved, then put into a cask. Let it stand till the following October and, my word for it, you will have a delicious wine that will only need to be carefully drawn from the cask, and bottled if you wish to bottle it.

I would like, also, to tell A New Subscriber that if she will carefully cut her cucumbers, leaving on a little of the stem, wash carefully and pack in three parts coarse salt and one part, or a little less, of pulverized alum, I think she will find no trouble in keeping them any length of time, as the alum keeps them green and brittle. I have kept them perfectly good for two years. Perhaps hers can be reclaimed by soaking in alum water now.

One more recipe I will send this time and try your patience no farther.

Mrs. I. S. H. asks for a good recipe for pie-plant jelly. I make it as follows: Pick the plant while it is tender and juicy, and boil in as little water as is possible without scorching, adding as many lemons, sliced, as you wish or can afford. Strain through a flannel bag without squeezing, and add to every three pints of juice two pints of sugar, or pound for pound if she desires it very sweet, and boil until it jellies nicely, as you would other jellies.

I like your paper better and better, and if in adding my mite I confer a favor on any one I shall be satisfied.
MRS. E. S. W.

MR. EDITOR:—I like THE HOUSEHOLD more and more, and do not know how I should get along without it. My subscription ran out in September and I have neglected renewing it till now. I have just tried the recipe for tea cakes written for the young housekeeper, and like it well. Perhaps she would like to know how to keep red flannel bright. Wash in soap-suds and rinse in cider and vinegar. This will keep them almost as bright as new.
S. D.

Will some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD furnish recipes through your columns for the following articles, viz.: A good fruit cake, how to make crumpets, and imitation coral baskets? and oblige,
MRS. J. R. D.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to answer some of the ladies that make inquiries through THE HOUSEHOLD.

To keep the worms from their house-plants, if they will put one ounce of carbonate of ammonia in one gallon of warm water and water their plants with it once a week, they will be free from these worms, and it will make the plants grow and be beautiful and green.

If the lady who wishes to know how to kill those little bugs which get on oleanders will take a piece of lime the size of a hen's egg and

dissolve in about two quarts of water, and wash the stalk and branches of the tree, they will disappear. I have tried it successfully.

I would like to ask through the columns of your paper if some one will tell me how to make chocolate cream drops, and how to make candy from white sugar? and oblige,
L. H. J.

MR. EDITOR:—I have just commenced taking THE HOUSEHOLD, my brother having presented me with a year's subscription. I believe I shall like it very much. I observe that its columns are open to those who want information as well as those who give it, and I wish to ask a question or two about coloring and things generally, and about making a rag carpet. I am a young housekeeper of moderate means, and have to consider things which are of least expense, and know absolutely nothing about coloring in any of the different ways.

I want to make twenty-five or thirty yards of rag carpet. I wish to color a little red, (not aniline,) and some blue, for bright bits of color in a "hit and miss" stripe. I shall have to use both cotton and wool rags and wish to know how to proceed with either, how much dye stuff to a certain amount of rags, and all the minutiae of operations. Most recipes merely give the ingredients, leaving people like me in the dark as to what to do, while old, experienced housekeepers would not be at a loss. I have five or six pounds of white cotton rags to be colored copperas, and I would like to know how to do that. Now as to how I should arrange the stripes. The colors I shall have will be brown, black, blue (army overcoat), copperas, "hit and miss," and may be a thread or two of red. That's my sum total.

That recipe for coloring red with muriate of tin does not mention the quantity of goods, or whether it would injure a tin boiler to put the dye stuff into it, providing one could not get a big brass kettle.

I want some old housekeeper to tell how to make a good bread cake—all the *modus operandi*, and how thick it should be when set to rise before baking, etc.; how to make regular, genuine mince pies without the brandy; also plain sauces for puddings, etc., without wine.

I think I have asked enough. May be there'll come a time when I can tell somebody else something or another. I do not need to make anything on a grand scale, for there are only my husband, myself and little three year old. Please excuse prolixity, for I could not well put my wants in fewer words.
MRS. EDA.

QUERY FOR THE HOUSEHOLD:—We have bought a second hand refrigerator, but on placing food in it we find that it acquires a peculiar taste which we think not only unpleasant but unhealthy. The refrigerator is a large, nice looking one on the outside, but there is a slightly musty odor inside. We have washed it repeatedly, aired it often, shut it up with chloride of lime inside for a number of days, but still the food tastes disagreeably, particularly butter. Can you or any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell us what to do to abate the evil complained of?

What shall be done to keep the papers in a safe from mildewing or growing musty?
E. S.

In the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD Mrs. M. E. G. of Omaha, Nebraska, wishes for information how to make a toilet soap out of common hard soap. I enclose a recipe giving the information asked for, and it works to a charm if the American Peerless Washing Soap is used for a base. Adulterated soaps, of which there are many, may not work so well.

Cut in thin shavings one bar of the Peerless Soap, put it into a tin dish, add one or two wine glasses of water according to the dryness of the soap. Heat moderately upon a stove, keep well stirred to prevent burning. When well melted add a few drops of essential oils, stir briskly until thoroughly mixed. Put the paste into some vessel suitable to cut into cakes, let it remain twelve hours or more to harden. Cut into pieces to suit. Trim the cakes if you like; you can use the trimmings for another melting or again dissolve them for the shaving-cup, jelly soap, or for soaking clothes for washing. A tin waterbath, such as is used for making jellies, blanc mange, etc., is preferable to dissolve in, as no difficulty will then be experienced by its sticking or burning while melting. Two hours or less of an evening will do all the work required to make this soap, and you get what will cost two-thirds less than the same amount of, possibly, an inferior article. CURTIS DAVIS.
Boston, Mass.



DON'T GRUMBLE.

This world has its roses and thorns,
Made up both of pleasure and sorrow,
And often the saddest to-day
Is found the most joyful to-morrow.
So varied the changes we see
While twenty-four hours are gliding,
That wiser that mortal will be,
Prepared for whatever betiding,
Then halt not, though rough be the ground—
They fall who are fearful of stumbling;
And hard as your lot may be found,
Did you ever know good come from grumbling?

The man who doth rise with the lark,
Seeking, like the bee, for the honey,
Finds something turn up before dark,
That brings to the pocket the money.
The soil must be tilled for the grain,
The net must be cast for the fishes,
And only by striving, 'tis plain,
Will fortune fall in with our wishes.
Then halt not, though rough be the ground—
They fall who are fearful of stumbling;
And hard as your lot may be found,
Did you ever know good come by grumbling?

Don't always depend on your friends,
Who fly at the tidings of sorrow,
But rather your purse touch with care,
Seeing that it yields for the morrow:
In fact, be a friend to yourself.
And thus by self-effort succeeding,
You soon unto others can say,
"Thank you, but your aid I'm not needing."
Then halt not, though rough be the ground—
They fall who are fearful of stumbling;
And hard as your lot may be found,
Did you ever know good come by grumbling?

OUR PORKER.

"A PIG!" I exclaimed in great astonishment, pausing in the act of helping Nellie to a slice of steak. We were at breakfast.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Dobb, "a pig. We could keep one just as well as not, and it would be quite a little item of saving, when meat is so high."

"Why, Susan, you'd have to buy food for it—corn and apples, and I don't know what all—it would cost more than it would come to."

"No," persisted my wife, "it would not, James. Father always kept a pig."

"But he lived in the country."

"That makes no difference. I was talking with neighbor Jones about it over the fence yesterday, and he said we throw away swill enough every day to keep ten pigs."

"I should like to know what Jones knows about our swill," said I.

"Why, he judged from his own experience, James. He keeps a pig."

"And while we are on the subject Susan, I'll just take the opportunity to say that I do not approve of your flirting with married men over the fence."

"James, do be serious! Flirting, indeed—with pigs and swill for a basis of conversation. You just want to vex me."

"Oh, pigs are a pretext; anything will do for a pretext when a woman is determined to flirt. I knew a woman once who tried to use the portrait of her dead grandmother as a pretext for a flirtation. And as for Jones—"

"Now, James, you shall not go on in that way; before the children, too. Look at Nellie's eyes."

"Perhaps you'll pretend," I continued, "that Jones didn't bring you a bunch of his Isabellas at the same time—"

"Yes, and you ate the best part of them last evening yourself, for I saved

them for you, and you know Mr. Jones' grapes are much superior to ours; I'm sure I'm thankful for all he gives me. Will you get a pig for me, James, or won't you?"

"Oh, if you ask it as a favor, Susan, of course I will. I'll get you anything that will be a source of pleasure, you know; but if you want a pig for a pet, don't try to pretend it's for economy's sake."

"A pet!" pouted Susan. "How ridiculous you are! I detest pets."

"Then why don't you avoid them, my dear?"

"What are you driving at? I know."

"Why, you are in one now, Susan. Be calm. The coffee will get cold."

Mrs. Dobb gave one more despairing look, and poured the coffee. Before I left the house I had promised to see about getting a pig.

Now if there is any eatable animal I know less about than I do about another, it is the pig. I remembered having seen pigs alive when I was a boy; but since I grew up my knowledge of the species has been confined to the porcine corpses I have seen suspended from hooks in market-places, and to certain works of art in which they had been represented—not in landscapes. I may remark; that if there had been a market for live pigs adjoining my studio I could not have selected an available one from the lot. I thought about it a good deal during the day, and the result of my meditations was, that on my homeward way in the afternoon I made a circuit around by the residence of Peter Van Popp, a Dutchman whom I employed to take care of my garden, and to do such other heavy work as might be necessary about the house from time to time. On consultation, I found that Peter was just the man for the business. He had a brother who kept a small farm up in the vicinity of Schraalenburgh, back of the Palisades on the Hudson; and Peter said,

"Next week I goes oop to see Hans, and my wife she goes along, too, so I brings you a pig home, Mr. Topp."

"Good!" said I. "I'll pay your fare for your trouble, Peter, besides the price of the pig. A good one, now! None of your snub-nosed, pug-eyed fellows, you know—a sleek, intelligent one."

"Yah," said Peter.

A few days later the pig came. I was just leaving the house to go down town when I met Peter with the pig in a bag.

"I got him," Peter remarked—very unnecessarily, however, for the pig announced the fact loudly in his own behalf. Nothing but a pig could have squealed so.

"Where I put him?" asked Peter.

"Oh, put him in the barn," said I. There is a barn attached to our house, but there was nothing in it. Animated by a desire to put the barn to some useful purpose, I bought a cow and put her in there last summer, but she gave no milk after the second week, and so I sold her. I was glad I had another tenant for the barn.

But Peter shook his head. That wouldn't do. A barn was no place for a pig. I would have to have a pen, he said.

"It would hardly do to let him run in the garden, I suppose," I said musingly, "can you build a pen, Peter?"

"Yah," Peter said he could, and so I sent him off after tools and materials, having the pig tied to a tree by one leg. My family gathered about the new-com-

er and viewed him with deep interest. He was a little fellow, but healthy, as was proved by the capacity of his lungs.

"Mercy!" cried Susan, "what a noise he makes! He must be hungry, James."

Susan's experience with babies encouraged her to this conclusion.

"I know what'll make more noise than that," said my Fred with a roguish twinkle in his eyes.

"What is it?" I asked, to encourage my son.

"Two more pigs," said Fred.

When I came home at night the pig was fast asleep, in his pen on a heap of straw, and I felt quite a pride in him. I had secret hopes of my own in regard to him, though I did not impart them to Susan. He cost \$2—that is, *per se*. The pen cost about \$10 more, and Peter's fare brought the sum total up to \$14.83.

I watched the growth of our porker with a high degree of interest. The swill-pail always stood by the side of the wood-house door, and, though it was not an agreeable object in an æsthetic point of view, I could not for some time get over a vexatious kind of curiosity as to its contents. I found some strange things in it sometimes—viewed as articles of food; one of Fred's boots, for instance, or a pair of scissors, or a teaspoon. Once when I found a silver fork in the swill, I remonstrated with the servant girl—a stupid German creature, who had succeeded to our intelligent Bridget when the latter got married.

"It is not so much that I care for the silver, Katrine," said I, "but I don't want the porker choked to death in his prime."

My wife discharged Katrine, in an impatient moment, soon after this, because the girl threw into the swill-pail four quarts of rich cream-covered milk that had been procured with great trouble from the country, to make a prize pudding for a dinner party that I gave to some of my friends. Katrine was pure city-bred, and had never seen such looking milk before in her life; she supposed it spoiled, and into the swill-pail it went.

We had had our porker about a month, and he had grown with marvelous celerity. The condition of things in my back garden occupied a very large share of my attention; for though small, it had been liberally stocked and diligently cared for, and there was quite a rivalry between my neighbor Jones and myself in this matter. Jones boasted of a very superior erudition in these things, and being a gentleman of leisure he had more time to look after them than I had; but I struggled hard not to be distanced. There was no disputing the point of Jones' Isabellas being rather ahead of mine, but in most respects I felt myself his peer.

September showed our garden rich with an abundance of tomatoes, cabbages, onions, beets, beans, and so on, while the apple-tree, the two plum-trees, and the grape-vines hung heavy with their load.

One day our porker got out of his pen, and went rooting around in the garden with a tumultuous exercise of his sudden freedom. Of course those women never saw him; it was washing-day, I believe. The havoc he had made by the time I came home at night was thrilling to witness. Nobody could tell how long he had been out of his pen; but judging by the devastation I witnessed he must have been out since morning. Tennyson's verse in "Maud" may give a faint

indication of my emotions, as I stood in the back-door that evening:

"The roots of my hair have stirred * * *
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock
on my heart."

There was nothing to do now, however but to put him back in the pen. As he had grown, porker had developed a very ugly expression of countenance, and as I looked at him now, with his tusches protruding in a most villainous way, I confess, he was not a cheerful sight for a timid man. However, I got a big stick and went at him with loud "shoos" and extravagant flourishings of my weapon. He eyed me quietly out of his vicious little optics, and whisked his curly tail defiantly. I soon found there was no driving him back to his pen. He dodged me in the most exasperating manner. He doubled and twisted in a way to set at naught all my calculations. I was no match for him. Jones came out while I was exercising myself with the porker, and laughed at me over the fence.

"You don't go at it in the right way, Dobb," said he.

"Perhaps you'd like to try it yourself, Mr. Jones," I said, with some dignity of manner and a very red face.

"Take him by the tail," said Jones calmly, in reply. "Get his nose aimed towards the pen then pull his tail. The more you pull one way the more he'll pull the other, and he'll be in the pen before you know it."

Susan, who was standing on the back steps looking at me, laughed so heartily at this, that I felt quite good humored again, and asked Jones to come over and give us the benefit of his superior wisdom. After a little more banter, and the handing of a splendid cluster of Isabellas to Susan, he climbed the fence.

"Now, Dobb," said Jones, "We'll form a line—you and I and Mrs. Dobb and the servant girl."

"I beg to be excused, Mr. Jones," laughed Susan, with a timid glance at the porker.

"My dear madam," said Jones, gallantly, "there's no danger at all. I am quite in earnest, I assure you. It is a pig's nature to yield to overwhelming numbers. We have only to form a line and close down upon him in a sort of crescent and he will give up the struggle at once; as you will see."

So it was undertaken. Porker, stood by the fence, eyeing us with a deep expression of interest. We moved down upon him; he wheeled about, snorted, and then made a dive at us, or rather at me, and whisk! he went right between my legs, so that I sprawled on the ground most ungracefully. Susan and the servant girl ran screaming into the house, and Jones was over the fence in no time.

The result of it was, we sent for Peter. It had grown somewhat dark, but Peter made short work of the job. He got a rope, and took in his other hand the big stick I had been flourishing; then he went up to porker, fetched him one tremendous blow over the proboscis, and while poor piggy was staggering and seeing a million of stars, slipped the rope over one of his hind legs, and had him into the pen in a trice.

"Peter," said I, after that, "you may come round to-morrow if you are not engaged, and gather what's left of the vegetables."

He did so. There was a good deal left, after all. Porker's havoc was greater in appearance than in reality. Peter

stored the cellar with abundance—among other things, with a nice lot of superior beans in the soft pods, which lay there till they got mouldy, and were fit for nothing but swill.

I remember, as if it were but yesterday the morning those beans were fed to our pig. I was going out of town to be gone three days, on business of importance. I saw a supply of the mouldy beans fed to the porker, and then I departed. To say I did not think of my pig while I was away, would be to state an untruth. I did think of him. Though lost to sight he was to memory dear.

I am seldom away from home, and consequently I am missed when I am away—and my welcome on returning is wont to be of the most affectionate description. But on this occasion, greatly to my surprise, Susan was not in the front hall to greet me. I waded through the children into the back part of the house, where Susan was. I fancied she looked at me with a half-frightened air, but I took her fondly to my arms, and was about imprinting a rapturous kiss on her lips when my eye chanced to go out of the window, and I suspended the kiss midway of delivery. The door of the pig-pen stood wide open, and there was a peculiar aspect of desolation about it.

"Where's our porker?" I asked, postponing the kiss *pro tempore*.

"Our porker," said Mrs. Dobb, gravely, "is in his grave."

"Good heavens!" I cried, "dead?" and immediately went out to look at his deserted abode.

I was quite calm by dinner-time, and informed Susan that I was ready to hear the particulars of the sad event.

"Well, James," she commenced, "you know you directed those beans to be fed to him."

"Oh, that's it! I thought it would be laid at my door in some manner, notwithstanding the little circumstance that I was over two hundred miles away. Well, proceed."

"So the girl gave him beans for dinner, and beans for supper, and the next morning she went out with some more, and then I heard her scream. I went out, and there he was—swelled up—oh, dreadfully—twice as large as life, dear—and lying on his sides and kicking his legs faintly. Neighbor Jones looked over the fence and asked what the matter was—"

"With a bunch of Isabellas, doubtless."

"And when we told him, he came over to see the pig, and said pooh! he wasn't dead; that he knew what was the matter with the pig; bloated stomach; he could cure him. 'Have you any brandy?' said he. I told him we had, and came in the house and got a bottle."

"What! that S. O. P. brandy?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, dear, of course."

"Good gracious! and you gave that fifteen-dollar brandy to that miserable two-dollar pig?"

"Yes, dear; but it did no good. Then neighbor Jones bled him—"

"The savage!"

"And that did no good either. So at last we gave it up, and neighbor Jones had his man bury it in the garden."

"Mrs. Dobb," I asked "do you mean to tell me that you have buried that dead hog in our garden?"

"No dear,—in Mr. Jones' garden."

A sudden idea crossed my mind.

"Well, upon my word!" I responded. "It seems we are not even to have the benefit of his carcass as a fertilizer of the soil! This caps the climax."

"What do you mean, James?"

"Why, Susan, don't you know that dead animals enrich the soil when they are buried in it, decomposing, and supplying the ammonia and phosphoric acid and things that make the vegetables grow big?"

"James, how can you talk such stuff?"

"Stuff! not a bit of it. Jones knows all about it. That's the way he fertilizes his garden. He's got a dead dog and three dead cats buried at the foot of his grape-vines—which accounts for the superiority of his Isabellas, my dear."

"Mr. Dobb, if you don't stop I shall leave the table," said Susan, in great disgust.

So I stopped, like a dutiful husband. But Susan hasn't eaten a grape from Jones' garden since.

We have had the pig-pen cleaned up nicely for the children, and they use it for a play-house. It makes a very good play-house.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Twenty-three.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Some one said the other evening—was it you or I, dear friends? for in these HOUSEHOLD talks of ours I often seem to myself to be your mouthpiece, giving utterance to your thoughts as well as to my own—some one said that woman's best work is that which is unseen by mortal eye. What if we consider that work a little to-night?

In the first place—what is it? It is hard to define it, hard to put into words that which is in its very essence so intangible. As there are thoughts that are too vast for human speech, so is there work that is too nearly allied to the spiritual, too ethereal in its very nature, to be fitly defined by human tongue. But perhaps we may make an approximation towards it by saying that this work is the steady uplifting and upholding of a higher standard of living; it is the reaching forward and upward, both for ourselves and others, towards a loftier life.

Do you tell me that this is hard work? Do you say that the world, the flesh and the devil stand in the way, stretching out hindering hands, and opposing us with weapons sharper and keener than the blades of Damascus?

Yes, it is hard. But, sisters, it is work that belongs to us. It is work that, if not done by us, will never be done at all.

For man cannot do it—as far as the family is concerned. He may do it for the world. With lips and pen and eager, helpful hands he may do—and he does do—grand work for God and for humanity. But when he steps within the family circle, into woman's own peculiar domain, he is comparatively powerless. Without her aid, her countenance, her support, he can do little or nothing. I venture to say that there is hardly a man on the earth to-day—no matter what his hopes, his desires, his aspirations may be, who can long hold his household up to a lofty standard of living without the help and co-operation of his wife and daughters.

So, young men, you see that it behooves you, when you marry, to know what manner of woman she is whom you make the crowned queen of your hearts and homes.

For as a rule, and it is a rule that has few exceptions, woman creates the atmosphere of the home. Outside influences have their weight; adverse influences from within may change and modify. But after all home is for the most part what woman makes it; or what she allows it to be.

And it seems to some of us that she has enough to do for the present; and that it is not until the homes of America approach more nearly the ideal standard, that she needs to weep for new worlds to conquer.

But how can she do this best and noblest work,—how can she uphold this loftier standard of living, if she be not noble herself? If she herself be not ready to scale the heights and breathe the upper air, what hope is there for those who find in her their inspiration?

No woman can make her home what it should be who has herself ceased to grow; or who—and this amounts to the same thing—has lost the desire for growth. For growth and aspiration go hand in hand.

Did you never hear it said that marriage dwarfs woman?—If it does, why is it? Surely God never intended that it should dwarf her. He never designed that the mothers of the human race should fail to reach their full stature, the noblest height of womanhood. Then if the above statement is true, why is it?

Is it not because under the pressure of the cares, big and little, that come swarm-down upon her in the earlier years of married life, she too often neglects, or forgets, to feed her immortal nature? And if it does not die outright, it dwindles. Too often she starves her intellect, starves her soul, starves her very affections, while she feeds her vanity, her pride, her desire for display, her yearning after social distinction. She sells her birthright for a mess of pottage, and then wonders, mayhap, that it fails to satisfy her hunger; she clips the wings of her soul and then marvels that it cannot fly. She does this, not intentionally, but out of thoughtlessness, or from ignorance of the laws that govern her own being. Instinct and experience have taught her that the body must have food and warmth and rest. But hundreds and thousands of women are to-day in the agonies of soul-hunger and heart-hunger, who have not the slightest idea what it is that ails them.

Long ago, One who trod the streets of Jerusalem with a small band of humble followers, spake to them these words—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Let us put the shoes from off our feet, for we are treading upon hallowed ground; and speak softly, with hushed voices and reverent hearts. But the words of Christ have come down through the ages, not only as a truth but as a prophecy. From that day to this no one who has not himself been "lifted;" no one who has not himself stood upon high ground, spiritually and morally, has been able to accomplish much for the help and elevation of others. No mother who stands upon low ground herself can hope to place her children upon a loftier plane. They may reach it; but it will not be through her.

Some of you are looking at me to-night with clear, practical eyes, and you say to me:

"All this is very well. It is easy to talk in sounding phrases of 'higher standards' and 'loftier living.' But what does it all mean?"

O my sisters! it means this. It means that we must be less engrossed in the mere externals of living, and have more to do with the hidden heart of things. It means that we must not be all-absorbed in the question as to "what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed," while our minds and our souls are famishing, and we stand naked and ashamed in the sight of God. It means that while most of us are, and must be, Marthas—"careful and troubled about many things"—we must so order our lives that we may, at least occasionally, sit with Mary at the feet of Jesus.

But what is it to sit at the feet of Jesus? It is not simply to read our bibles, and to go to prayer-meeting, or even to enter into our closets and to shut the doors. It is to place ourselves in a receptive attitude; to open the windows of our souls to light and air and bird-song and fragrance; to welcome and cherish all good influences, whether they come from nature, or books, or art, from divine inspiration or from human teaching. It is to come out from the shadows of earthliness into the clear sunshine of God's unalterable truth. It is to let go the material, at least with one hand, and reach out after the spiritual.

We are sitting around our household fire to-night, a band of women seeking for ourselves and for each other the highest good. We come from vast distances, over hundreds of miles of mountain and valley. We come from homes as diverse as place and circumstance can well make them. We are rich and poor, cultured and uncultured. Some of us are "in society;" some of us are "out." Some of us are fashionable, some of us are unfashionable. Some of us wear velvet and diamonds, some of us wear calico—and that not of the newest. Some of us minister unto others, some of us are ministered unto. But with all these differences of position and surroundings, we are still bound together by the common tie of womanhood. These other things are mere externals, mere husks, the outer rind which may be removed without reaching the life beneath. And that life is pretty nearly the same thing after all. As I look into your faces I see traces of the same yearnings, the same sorrows, the same disappointments, the same failures. Women are women, the world over.

And seeing all this, the pain, the longing, the dissatisfaction, I want to say even at the risk of repeating what was said the other night, that this higher life of which we have been talking depends but in a slight degree upon one's station or one's daily occupations. As what seems to be the useless life of society may be ennobled by a lofty motive, so may the life that seems to be one of mere drudgery be sanctified by the spirit in which it is lived.

But if you make it your chief aim, dear madam, your highest object in life, to outshine your neighbors, to live in a finer house, to set a more expensive table, to dress more elegantly, to tread the richest carpets and recline upon the most costly upholstery—if this be what you are living for, do not dream that the faintest foreshadowing of the glorious possibilities of existence will dawn upon you. You might as well shut yourself up in a dungeon, as to be bound hand and foot in the thralls of an ignoble ambition.

And you, on the other hand, you who are looking up at me with weary, anxious

eyes; you whose form is bent with years of toil, and whose hands are dark with labor-stains—there are words that must be spoken to you also. Have not you, too, your ignoble ambitions? To do more work in a given time than any other woman in the neighborhood; to have your washing on the line before that of your friend over the way is displayed; to "get through" housecleaning two or three days earlier than Mrs. Smith,—to have it said that you are the smartest housekeeper in town and the greatest manager. And if to accomplish all this you sacrifice health and temper, make your family uncomfortable, scrimp yourself and them in a thousand ways, and live from year's end to year's end a narrow, dwarfed, contracted life,—what will you say to the Master when he calls you to account for the golden hours he has given you?

A woman loses her life who devotes the whole of it to material uses; who crowds it so full either of work or of pleasure that there is no room for anything else. "To be carnally minded is death; to be spiritually minded is life eternal."

LETTERS FROM AN OLD MAID.

Number Two.

MY FRIENDS:—I believe I finished my last letter to you by asserting that I was determined to make the most of life. Well, so I am. I'm not going to contradict myself; but there are occasionally days when life seems determined to prove that I am the merest hop-o'-my-thumb, when the fates are against me. We all have such days—days when everything goes wrong, when one is at sword's points with the world in general and himself in particular. There is a reason for it, of course, and the reason is generally within one's self—in the stomach or nerves. Indigestion, fatigue, nervousness, worry, anxiety, or any or several of fifty similar causes may give one an uncomfortable night, and he comes down to breakfast ready to grumble at everything. The coffee is sloppy, the beef-steak tough, the potatoes watery, the bread sour—nothing is right, although to the other members of the family everything may seem very much as usual, excepting that they think the much abused individual is exceedingly cross.

Then if one begins the day wrong, it is hard getting back into the take-it-easy track. One thing piles itself on top of another until one gets on a twenty-inch face, and adopts the conclusion in savage disgust that "life is a demmed horrid grind." It seems rather cruel, too, that when there appears to be a regular conspiracy between people and things to put one down, he receives no sympathy for all his suffering, but is only considered cross. Well, he might as well own it, he is cross.

"And haven't I a right to be cross?" he inquires gloomily.

And I answer cheerfully, "Oh, certainly! If crossness is a pleasure and a comfort to you, you have a right to assume that happy condition, but you have no right to obtrude that peculiar vein of happiness upon other people."

But there is a deep longing for sympathy in the human breast. If you get your head punched, just punch some one else's head, then he will know precisely how you feel, and your sentiments will be in the most perfect accord. Do unto others as others have done unto you.

This modern version of the golden rule faithfully carried out leads to peace on earth and good will towards men as we all know.

My niece, Maria, came into my room this morning on her return from a shopping expedition. Her new plum-colored suit was very stylish and becoming, but the expression on her face was very far from becoming.

"Dear me! aunt Jane, I never saw such a set of stores in my life. There's nothing in them that anybody wants, and as for matching a thing in this place, it's out of the question. I've been all over town and I can't find a piece of green velvet an inch square that's anywhere near this shade. Goodness! clothes are such a nuisance. I can't see why we weren't made with fur on like cats and rabbits, it would save such a lot of trouble."

Did you ever think, my dear young ladies, how much you exaggerate in your ordinary conversation? Maria did not mean one sentence that she said literally, she only wished me to understand that she was very tired and very much out of temper hunting unsuccessfully for some velvet. The stores here are excellent, and it is generally quite easy to match almost any color or material, and as for Maria's really wishing herself attired *a la* Bunny or Grimalkin, of course she doesn't. She fully realizes all the influence and fascination that pertain to feminine costume. Do you think she would give up piquant bows, fluffy crimps, nobby hats, puffs, ribbons, curls, high-heeled boots, dainty gloves, cob-web handkerchiefs, and all the thousand and one set-offs to natural graces that a lady's toilet admits of for the sake of "saving a lot of trouble?" No, indeed. Our girls may sigh for simplicity, but down in the bottom of their hearts they feel that it would be very unbecoming to a good many styles of beauty; so much beauty now-a-days is made, gotten up in the highest style of art, perfected by delicate touches and artistic combinations that the fair devotees may suitably worship the goddess of fashion.

But Maria doesn't consider what she says. If some one should come to her a few days hence and repeat her statements as commonplace, sober facts, she would declare positively that she never said or thought anything of the kind, or if she did, she never meant it. But I perceive that this is one of her cross days. Everything she passes has its corners turned outwards, so she bumps against them. You have all noticed, I suppose, that one finds no circles anywhere on such days. All things have sharp corners placed just in the right position for one to hit against. But what is to be done? "Mamma, I've been good a whole hour, can't I be naughty a little while now?" the little girl inquired. And that's the way grown-up children are apt to feel sometimes, as if it were rather nice to have a little while now and then to be naughty in.

If one goes sulking, or blustering, or fretting about, making others uncomfortable because he is uncomfortable himself, he does it out of pure selfishness, and because it affords him a sardonic satisfaction—for the time, that is. But if he would stop and reflect long enough to convince himself that the best in the end is the pleasantest, ten to one his face would shorten and broaden, and he would make an effort to throw off his grumpiness. And then see the change! Everything has so many sides

to it that it makes all the difference in the world about selecting a standpoint. And if one takes it for granted, for one day, or any number of days, that the world is against him, it will be.

Thackeray says the world is a mirror. If we look at it with a laughing face, it reflects mirth and jollity, but if we meet it with a sour, grim visage, it gives us nothing in return but sneering bitterness. To him that hath, much shall be given, is just as true of discontent as of anything else. If one is cross, he will be likely to get crosser, and if he is determined to make the best of everything, he will find that things at their best are very well worth taking.

Perhaps, my friends, you will skim through my moralizing and say, "Oh, well, it's easy enough to preach!" thereby implying that the preacher often omits to practice what he preaches, which very likely may be so, but whether he does or does not cannot affect the abstract truths that he may utter. And I know you will all believe me when I say that if one is cross he is very disagreeable to himself and to everyone else. So smile and be happy, laugh and be merry, grow fat and jolly, and the wide world will wag very pleasantly on. Don't doubt it.

Yours, with good wishes,

OLD MAID.

WORK FOR LEISURE HOURS.

We have long been a convert to the belief that all work makes "Jack a dull boy," yet are quite as firm in the conviction that all play would never make him a bright one. The virtue of recreation is not in idleness, but in diverting employment, such as will lead the thoughts in another direction. If one is wearied with brain labor, let him rebuild the faculties by perfect rest and go to developing the physical, with an hour of light gymnastics; if *vice versa*, try the benefit of a quiet hour of mind work. One should never exert any faculty too long in one pursuit. A very suggestive and appropriate name for what we offer might be "Recreative Work," for the same time the hands are busy, the mind is pleasantly interested. This is a happy kind of rest, which unites the useful with the ornamental. Then again the knowledge of some little handicraft enables those who are fond of making their halls or parlors pretty, with bits of art, to furnish many inexpensive decorations, which require only a little spare time and ordinary ingenuity to make them.

The first about which we shall tell you is bracket work. This open, ornamental work which you often see used about pianos, and particularly for the music rest, is called fret work, and is done at large work-shops where moldings and various kinds of fancy wood-work are done. At home, a few tools will afford the necessary articles to do the same thing on a small scale with excellent success. Provide yourself with a sharp jack-knife, a set of jewellers' saws, (if you wish to cut elaborate patterns,) a small rat-tail file, a medium sized gimlet, some very fine sandpaper or pulverized pumice, a little common glue, and a bottle of hard varnish.

Secure, if you can, some old cigar boxes. You may then judge from the size of the box how large you may make your brackets. You must always reserve one of the longer pieces for the shelf. You will find no difficulty in making up a pattern, if you have the least eye for

graceful outlines, and if not, you may borrow the idea from some arabesque or scroll patterns, on wall-paper. Modern gas chandeliers offer very pretty designs in Grecian key-work; patterns for braiding may sometimes be adapted to this use, and so on. By observation you will readily find something to suit the purpose.

After perfecting a design on white paper, you may cut out those portions which are intended to be open, and laying it on card-board cut a fac-simile. If the design is an elaborate one you had better preserve it in tag, or stencil plate; you may then use it again. The tag plate may be found at stores where they furnish shoe findings. The pattern is then transferred to the wood with a lead or colored pencil.

In cutting, you must first bore a gimlet hole, to avoid splitting the wood in putting in the knife. Care should be taken through the whole work, for this wood, usually Spanish cedar, is very apt to split, and the work of hours is then entirely ruined. The rough edges may be smoothed with glass, and the corners softened with the file. When the cutting is done rub with the dry pumice or fine sand-paper, then brush off every particle of the dust before varnishing.

The wood of cigar boxes is easily made to resemble mahogany by steaming with Brazil wood, and finishing with two coats of hard varnish. It cannot, however, be made to look like oak, or in fact any light wood, for its own deep color. Sometimes we finish them simply with a coat of cold drawn linseed oil, and after that brush over with a little thin varnish of gum shellac dissolved in alcohol.

The simplest style of bracket shelf which we have made consists of three supports for the shelf, two at the back and one from the center of these. They are joined firmly with glue before varnishing.

A more elaborate pattern has five supports, affixed to a centerpiece about an inch in diameter, cut with six flat sides, one of which rests against the wall; the five supports diverge from this, which brings one in the middle and two each side; the bottom of the center piece may be finished with a small ball or acorn. Acorns may be glued around under the front edge of the shelf, to form a little cornice. The shelf to this is about as long as it is broad, while that of the former design is twice as long as it is wide. It is in the shape of a half circle, straight at the back, with five sides in front to correspond with the supports.

We have made them on quite a large scale out of soap and starch boxes, but as the wood is rather heavy to be cut with a small knife, after drawing a design on thin white paper it must be pasted on the wood, and if the wood is not more than half or three-quarters of an inch thick three pieces may be tacked together with brads, taking care to nail them where they will not come in contact with the saw, as they would injure it seriously. Marking with a cross parts intended to be cut out, it was sent to the shop where such work is done, and cut for a moderate sum. You have then only the finishing up to do, which is a mere pastime.

A pretty receptacle to put over the wash stand to receive the brush and comb is made of a long cigar box, held by a bracket at each end. The cover may be fastened with bits of ribbon glued to them—two at each end will suf-

face—letting one on each side go inside of the box and outside of the cover, and the other outside of the box and inside of the cover; this holds the cover in its place. A little loop glued underneath the cover in front will serve to lift it up with.

An ornamental set of shelves for books may be produced by having three pine shelves, about two and a half feet long and six inches wide, set in side pieces of black walnut, or stained, which wood cuts in some very fine fret work pattern. The two ends of the side pieces should project about half a foot above and below the shelves, and must be cut at an angle like the support of a bracket. The shelves must be about ten inches apart and covered with chintz and edged with a little plaited ruffle, or heavy dress rep and worsted fringe to match, put on with steel or gilt nails. These shelves are very suitable for a cottage parlor, and may be made more or less elaborate according to the use. In the bed-room white pique may be used to cover the shelf, edged with deep white cotton ball fringe.

S. K. P.

HOME.

BY LAVINA LINWOOD.

This has been the subject of many a theme; poets in all ages have sung of it, and painters have endeavored to portray its varied charms. There is a magic influence encircling it which is felt and known by those within its sacred precincts, but which cannot be seen, cannot be made known by voice, pen or brush to others. Home, the receptacle of the heart's purest affections, the center around which cluster so many bright anticipations, fond hopes and sacred memories!

"Home, the sacred refuge of our life!"

But what constitutes a home? There is many a stately mansion, furnished with princely magnificence; costly and elegant carpets upon the floors; tables spread with richest plate, and loaded with most sumptuous and delicate viands; walls hung with rare paintings by the old masters; statues of exquisite beauty, master pieces of the best sculptors, standing gracefully in niches seemingly made to receive them; and shelves filled with the choicest literature of all ages. A visitor would scarcely fail to exclaim, "Surely this must be the abode of peace, joy and happiness!" Yet not unfrequently such a palatial residence is a home only in name. Outward adornings; a multiplicity of the works of nature and of art, things calculated to please the eye and cultivate the taste; do not, in and of themselves, constitute a home; they help to make it, but without the vital element are comparatively worthless.

Mrs. Nowell evidently had this in mind when she said:

"The home is where the heart is—and the heart is of that home its best and dearest part."

Many do not realize this. Young men and maidens look forward with glowing anticipations to the time when they shall have a home of their own. They enter into the most sacred relations of life, and for a time their home is all their imaginations had pictured it. But young people at the present day feel a great unwillingness to begin life in a humble way, and to live in accordance with their means; they wish to start from the point at which their parents have arrived after years of toil and self-

denial; and too frequently a love of display, and, notwithstanding the insufficiency of means, a determination not to be outdone by their neighbors, causes unpleasant feelings if the money is not to be had to gratify their desires. Seeds of contention are thereby sown, which, if allowed to take root, produce a harvest of unhappiness; and the at first happy home becomes but a dwelling bearing that name.

Many enter the marriage relation, with entirely erroneous ideas concerning it. They utterly repudiate the thought of the necessity of forgetfulness and forgiveness. Neither has any intention of yielding to the other, or a thought that there will be any call for so doing. Such cannot have a true home until they learn to have the divine spirit of forgiveness and realize the beauty of self-forgetfulness.

There are very few who cannot have a pleasant, attractive and happy home if they will. A few needful and comparatively inexpensive articles tastefully arranged; a few pictures which, though they be but copies, shall be of a character to cultivate the taste; choice books always a source of improvement and pleasure; and a few plants, which cost nothing but care—these will render a home attractive, and surely they are within the reach of all. A little self-forgetfulness, a bearing of one another's burdens, and a tender care for the comfort of each, cannot fail to produce happiness, cannot fail to make a true home.

WHAT FACES SAY.

Philosophers declare that the body is adapted to the habits and uses of the species, and of the individual soul with which it is connected; and by close trains of reasoning, they prove this adaptation to be so manifold and complete, as to indicate that the agent that forms and moulds these peculiarities is the same that uses and applies them. As the body is moulded by the soul, the body in return manifests the soul to those who have eyes to see spiritual things. Yet, despite the faithfulness of Nature to law in all her workings, what are all other mysteries to us compared to the mystery written on human faces?

As no one is able to sound to its wondrous depths in his own heart, it need not surprise that little thought is given to the riddles that we are unceasingly offered to solve. We are, day after day confronted with the presence of an aggregate life, and the teachings of the spiritual nature are like dreams filled with confused meetings and undetermined shapes.

There are faces which we meet in the streets into which has passed a subtler mystery than the mind can think on. They belong to that highest type of face of which the standard is thought. They are of the order of face that provokes speculation while it repels it. We would give something to know whence comes that subtle thing which has so marvelously incorporated itself with the physical lineaments. It may be born of trouble, a trouble that has fastened upon the face, and teased it into beauty as the wind makes beautiful the snowflake. Trouble there surely has been, for there is no mystery without sadness; and the sad mystery of these faces must have been wrought by the vexing of years. There are faces that seem wanting in depth, albeit they are full-fraught. Such faces are falsehoods. Yet they are false

unknowingly. They cannot speak the mind; the lineaments are of the hardest marble. Nature's chisel has worked dextrously enough its part; but life has failed to penetrate the granite front. It has avenged its incapacity by certain deep seams; but all delicacy is wanting. We miss the luminous effect, the shining of the soul behind. Such faces come upon us rudely, but not with the disappointment of immaturity. The full fruition of a divine art is there; only its coarseness blunts our sympathetic perception. Yet we need not forget that to the cunning eye God is as visible in the rude root as in the rose. Nay, he symbolizes his workmanship by what is false and fair. The scowl of the murderer, the greeting of lover's eyes, are the productions of the same art, each exquisitely perfect in its kind.

There are faces that haunt the memory, where met, when encountered, may not be recalled. They stand out from the darkness of night, and fade and faint along the dreams of sleep. You have seen them in the streets, but did not pause to consider them at the time. There was nothing indeed, so it seemed, about them to startle you into attention. It is only when they re-appear that they surprise, or alarm, or terrify.

There are faces to be encountered all dispassionate, save in the eyes which burn with the passions that deny their intelligence to the face. When the wearers of such fleshy masks die, their souls escapes through their eyes. They would find them the only outlet. With other men the spirit might depart as the perfume departs from the flower. The soul seems to chafe at being pent up within such narrow limits as the eyes. You can see it dilating and contracting upon the keen retina, as one who approaches a window to find egress and retires, and returns again and again.

There are faces which all men meet, which all men know, which all men love. When they re-appear unto the eye they do not haunt, they soothe. They are ministering faces, faces which seem crowned, like a saint, with a halo of light of whose subtle irradiation the heart is alone sensible. In such faces is to be found no personification of the darker emotions of life. The lips and the eyes are genial with a tenderness to which wisdom has imparted the exquisite refinement of a faint sadness. Such faces can not offend, neither in their rejections or in their beseechings; neither in their gladness when confronting despair, nor in their peacefulness when opposing anger, nor in their love when facing hate. Upon them humanity has stamped its fairest impress. They are not more describable than faces which are weird, or cunning, or intellectual, or haughty, or depraved. But they embody the idealism all thinkers on the Madonna, all painters of Charity, all dreamers of some sweetest achievement of God, strive to realize. Nor let them be held impossible because of this faultlessness of expression; or non-existence because they are rare.

—Etc.

THE FRAGRANT PINCH.

Snuff-taking is indeed an old custom. If we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, and had been unacquainted with it before, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave old gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in,

brings away a pinch of a sort of powder, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he were doing one of the most important actions of his life (for even with the most indifferent snuff-takers there is a certain look of importance,) proceeds to thrust it at his nose; after which he shakes his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claim of his well-being.

It is curious to see the various modes in which people take snuff; some do it by little fits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. These are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is everything. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff, a sort of essence of pin-points. Others are all urbanity and polished demeanor; they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box to those around them as much out of dignity as benevolence. Some take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable; others with a luxuriance of gesture and a lavishness of supply that announce a moiester article, and shed its superfluous honors over shirt-front and coat. Dr. Johnson was probably a snuff-taker of this kind. He used to take it out of his waistcoat pocket instead of a box. There is a species of long-armed snuff-takers that perform the operation in a style of potent and elaborate preparation, ending with a sudden activity. But a smaller and rounder man sometimes attempts it. He first put his head on one side, then stretches forth the arm, with pinch in hand; then brings round his hand, as a snuff-taking elephant might his trunk, and finally shakes snuff, head and nose together in a sudden vehemence of convulsion—his eyebrows all the while lifted up as if to make room for the onset; and when he has ended he draws himself back to his perpendicular, and generally proclaims the victory he has won over the insipidity of the present moment by a sniff and a great "Ha!"

Snuff, originally introduced as a medicine, speedily became better known as a luxury, and the gratification of a pinch was generally indulged in Spain, Italy and France during the early part of the seventeenth century. It was much patronized by the clergy, a patronage which led to the anathema of Pope Urban VIII, 1624, against any person who took snuff in a church. In *Le Bon Usage du Tabac en Poudre* (Paris, 1700,) the author says it is "the passion of prelates and abbés; the religious community generally are fond of it; and in spite of the pope and his ordinances, the Spanish priests will not scruple to place their snuff-boxes on the altar for their use."

It is, however, to the courtiers of Le Grand Monarque that we owe the introduction of luxuriously scented snuffs and costly snuff-boxes. Strange to say, that monarch entertained a deep antipathy to tobacco in any form, and strove to discourage the use of snuff by insisting upon his valets-de-chambre discontinuing its use upon their appointment. One of them, the Duc d'Harcourt, is said to have died of apoplexy in consequence of giving up this practice in which he had previously indulged to a large extent. The king's daughters were no enemies to tobacco, and had their private snuff-boxes; indeed the

fashion became so general in France that a snuff-box of elegant material was part of the toilette of a beauty of *ton*.

In these, its early days, snuff was made by rubbing a roll, or *carotte* of tobacco upon a brass grater, then fixed in all snuff-boxes; the thus-powdered weed was then scooped up in a small spoon or shell, placed upon the back of the hand, and so snuffed up the nose.

The popularity of snuff in England was much increased after the great plague, which added a powerful impetus to the consumption of tobacco. When William ascended the throne, it was considered the thing to have a taste in snuffs; magnificent boxes of every description were displayed, and all the beaux carried clouded canes, with gold or silver hollow heads that snuff might be conveniently inhaled through the perforations, as they strolled about town. —*Chambers's Journal*.



WAY NOTES.

Number Eight.

FROM MILAN TO FLORENCE.

VERONA—Ruins of Roman Arena. **PADUA**—Mythology. **VENICE**—Architecture, Art. **BOLOGNA**—Antiquities. **FLORENCE**—Climate, Art, News, Gossip, etc.

FLORENCE, Dec. 8, 1871.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My last communication was dated from Milan, the capital of Lombardy, which I left early in October, and I now propose to give you in few words the result of my experience and observations at various points of interest along the route from Milan to this city, trusting they may not be without interest to your numerous readers, and may perhaps furnish some hints of practical utility to such as may contemplate at some future time a similar tour through this classic country, for which nature has done so much, and whose associations endear it to every student of ancient history and literature.

Half way on the direct line between Milan and Venice lies the city of Verona, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, whose history dates back between four and five hundred years previous to the Christian era, and which at a later date under Charlemagne became the capital of Italy.

Among her distinguished sons whose names have since been associated the world over with literature and art, are Pliny, Cornelius Nepos, and Paul Veronese. The most remarkable outward feature of this ancient city are the ruins of the Roman Arena, or Amphitheatre, once the scene of Gladiatorial conflicts. This wonderful structure, dating back before the Christian era, is composed of blocks of white and red marble from the quarries of the neighboring mountains. It is about a quarter of a mile in circumference, oval in shape, with marble seats or steps extending entirely around the inner circumference, and rising in regular gradations from the arena to the summit of the walls, and are capable of seating an audience of twenty-two thousand people. The outer walls are much crumbled, but the ravages of time have hardly made an impression upon the in-

terior; the Latin inscriptions over the main entrance are still distinctly legible, and the long rows of marble seats as square and smooth as if but lately from the hands of the workman. Within the enclosure formed by the outer walls and the rows of marble seats are a series of prisons, destined for the confinement of prisoners condemned to be publicly torn by wild beasts. It will be remembered that many Christian martyrs in the early days of the church met their death in this barbarous manner.

Like many other European cities, Verona is divided into two parts by a river, (the Adige,) spanned at intervals by heavy stone arched bridges; the current at this point is swift, and furnishes power for numerous floating mills whose turning wheels are not without a picturesque effect.

Leaving Verona, a ride of three hours brought me to Padua, one of the most ancient cities of northern Italy, the history of its origin being preserved among the traditions of Mythology. In the first book of the *Aeneid*, line 243, we find its foundation attributed to Antenor, after the taking of Troy: "*Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit.*" Patavium being the original Latin name by which it was known in the early ages of its history.

It contains a botanical garden with a rare and rich collection of exotic plants and trees, and its cathedral, said to have been built from designs of Michel Angelo, contains paintings of no ordinary merit, Padua during the fourteenth century having been the art center of Italy.

From Padua the distance is but a short hour by rail to Venice, the City of the Sea; a city unique among the cities of the world, its houses and palaces have their foundations in the sea; dust and noise are strangers; its streets and avenues are canals of varied width and length which serve for communication between the seventy miniature islands of which the city is composed, and are spanned by nearly four hundred bridges, many of them beautiful in construction and some of great antiquity; among them the famous "bridge of sighs," over which the criminal passed to receive the execution of his sentence and never to return to the light of day.

From the railway station you enter a gondola, a long, narrow barque of most funereal hue, provided with a comfortably carpeted cabin draped in black cloth, and are silently and swiftly conducted by the gondolier to your hotel. As you approach the angles of the streets a short, peculiar cry is given to warn any approaching from the opposite direction, and with wonderful dexterity your barque is propelled along the narrow, watery streets and by the angles of the houses until you safely reach the desired landing. Though differing in finish and sculptured ornamentation, these gondolas are uniformly black; a state decree having been issued to this effect early in the fifteenth century, since which epoch the wealthiest lord has not been allowed to vary from the established rule.

One of the disadvantages of the peculiar position of Venice is the difficulty of procuring a water supply suitable for household purposes, the water being brought in large barques from the river Brenta and distributed by women and girls wearing a peculiar costume and each provided with copper pails supported over the shoulder by a yoke. This primitive system together with the irregular and unreliable supply from rain are

the only dependence of this isolated city, the artesian wells established in various parts of the city having proved a failure, the water being unfit for use. Of the hundreds of canals ramifying in every direction through the city, the Grand Canal is the largest, being nearly three miles in length, and at places upwards of two hundred feet in width and sufficiently deep for steamers and ships of ordinary tonnage. It is traversed in the center by the ancient bridge of the Rialto, on either side of which are stores or booths for the sale of every species of merchandise and fruits, so that in crossing the bridge the effect is that of a busy street of shop keepers.

On this canal are located the finest hotels, palaces and churches, the noblest monuments of a past age of power and splendor, when Venice gave its laws from the Alps to Ravenna and Rimini, and from the Istria to Bergamo and Brescia. This golden age, the latter half of the fifteenth century, was the most brilliant in Venetian history. Its authority was recognized along the coasts of Dalmatia, in Naples, Cyprus and Candia; an authority acquired perhaps more by its commerce than by its conquests. In these bright days of prosperity its merchant marine counted over 3,000 vessels and over 40,000 sailors, while Foscar, to whom it owed its proud position, was ill requited for his devotion to the republic, his son exiled and tortured, while the unhappy father, forced to abdicate, left the ducal palace to hear the bell of St. Marc announce the election of his successor. From this time Venice rapidly lost its prestige as a commercial power, and after the discovery of America and the passage of the Cape of Good Hope, Spain and Portugal acquired the first rank among the maritime powers.

In the architecture of its monuments and palaces, its churches and public edifices, one may trace the influence of the once intimate commercial relations of Venice with Greece and Turkey, whose models and artists contributed in no small degree to the embellishment of those works of architectural art which have since formed the subject of the artist in successive ages, the Byzantine style being especially noticeable in the church of St. Marc, begun toward the end of the tenth century and which still forms one of the chief attractions of the tourist; the Gothic style succeeded to this during the thirteenth century, and although no one distinctive style may be said to prevail, there is in the ensemble a grace and beauty, a harmony in contrasts which can hardly fail to leave a lasting and pleasing impression upon the observer.

After ten day's rambling among the art treasures of this silent city, I continued my journey toward southern Italy, stopping a night at Ferrara, and old town of 25,000 inhabitants, whose origin dates from the fifth century. The most noticeable features of this city are the cathedral, containing bas-reliefs and paintings of considerable merit, and a marble column erected to its great poet Ariosto. Tasso also originated in this little town, which, to these famed patrons of the muses, owes its proud title of the "Cradle of Epic poetry." G. W. T.

—Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own life ere you venture,
If that has not failings too.

—Handsome apples are sometimes sour.

—In prosperity caution; in adversity patience.

—He that speaks ill of other men burns his own tongue.

—We should not retain the remembrance of faults we have once forgiven.

—It is doubtful if any man could by possibility do his noblest, or think his deepest, without a preparation of suffering.

The American Peerless still triumphant. "The best kind of soap in the market," says an experienced housekeeper.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Holbrook's Swivel Plows and Hand Seed Drill. These are standard implements. The plows are giving the best of satisfaction and are rapidly growing in popularity for general use. The Hand Seed Drill and Hand Cultivator, for the garden and field, are used extensively in thirty-eight states and territories, proving highly satisfactory to all who have had them.

Unexceptionable advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents per agate line of space each insertion.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless and warranted to remove all Brown Discolorations, from the Face. Sold by Druggists everywhere. 4-6ad

SKIN DISEASES. PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Medicine of the Age. Is warranted to cure all PIMPLE eruptions of the face, FLESH WORMS and BLOTCHED disfigurements of the skin. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere. 4-6ad

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The copartnership heretofore existing between Geo. E. Crowell and Silas M. Spencer, under the name of Geo. E. Crowell & Co., has expired by limitation. The business will be continued as usual by the undersigned.

GEO. E. CROWELL.
Brattleboro, Vt., Feb. 1, 1872.

AGENTS LOOK! Genteel and Respectable Business. Most attractive little article. Everybody wants one. Our agents are surely making \$3 to \$20 daily. Send stamp for circulars to CHURCHILL & TEMPLETON, 74 Broadway, New York. 4-1a

BISHOP SOULE'S LINIMENT,

Invented by the late Bishop Soule, is an invaluable remedy for

Sciatica, Chronic and Inflammatory Rheumatism, Lame Back, Contracted Cords, Sprains, Burns, &c.

Bishop Soule's Liniment is the only known positive CURE for that terrible disease, Sciatica. If you are suffering with any of the above named diseases and have tried so many remedies that you have lost all faith in medicine, do not despair, but give Bishop Soule's Liniment a fair trial.

Bishop Soule's Liniment will almost invariably cure the most severe cases of Sciatica, Rheumatism, &c., after all other remedies have failed, and the best physicians have pronounced them incurable.

Try Bishop Soule's Liniment and you will not be without it in your house for ten times its cost. Time and experience have proved its worth.

"Success is the test of merit." In severe cases always procure the large bottle. If your druggist has none on hand, ask him to procure it for you. Take no other. Send to the proprietors for circular.

Large Bottles, (12 oz.) \$1.50;
Small Bottles, (6 oz.) 75 cents.

Sold by all Druggists.
JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College Place, New York,
Agent for New York and the Middle States.

F. W. RYDER & SON, Proprietors,
2-12d No. 5 Boylston Hall, Boston, Mass.

CABBAGE, ONION, SQUASH!

I have published three works, most amply illustrated, on the cultivation of these three vegetables, giving the thousand details so invaluable to the beginner. Price of each, sent post-paid to any address, thirty cents. 4-smph

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

500 AGENTS WANTED. Male and Female, to sell two new articles, as saleable as Flour, and needed in every family. Samples sent free by mail, with terms to clear \$5 to \$10 per day. This is no gift enterprise or humbug, but they are new articles of real merit. Reader, if you want profitable and honorable employment, send on your name and post-office address, and receive full particulars, with sample free, by return mail.

Address, N. H. WHITE, Newark, New Jersey. 4-lsmph

One form of Catarrh begins with uneasiness of nose; the nose is obstructed by the thickened lining membrane and feels dry, a desire to pick it, bleeds a little, sores soon start, spread and get deeper, crusts form on them large and hard to get away, matter discharges, flesh is eaten and the bone decays, breath very offensive and face becomes disfigured. Terrible disease! Nothing will cure but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery taken earnestly to correct the blood and system, locally, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, a healing specific, and to apply it properly, Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche. This reaches all the diseased parts. All these sure means of cure sold together for \$2 by Druggists.

605

We have received two nice engravings of flowers from which we have derived much pleasure, and we will tell our readers just how they can go and do likewise. Enclose 25 cents to Peter Henderson & Co., 35 Cortlandt St., New York, and these plates will be sent you by mail, prepaid, together with their Seed and Plant Catalogue, numbering 150 pages.

The Smithsonian Institute records show that the capital city of Minnesota has a winter of 148 days, during which the temperature is 16 deg. Fahr. below the freezing point. That such an arctic temperature is more favorable to the cure of Consumption than a climate comparatively warm and uniform throughout the year, is a point that is not proved. Of the consumptives who go to Minnesota, even in the early stages of their complaint, but one in fifteen are cured. The young men's Christian association of St. Paul has found it necessary to take in charge the burial of the unfriendly invalids that flock there in the vain hope of the climate cure; and they have abundant duty as undertakers. In short there seems to be no sovereign balm for Consumption in Minnesota. And this is not only the case there, but is also true of other supposed beneficial climates. Far better would it be for the patient to remain at home, and take some prescribed and reliable remedy, like the Medicated Inhalant Balm of Dr. A. J. Flagg, a practicing and well known physician of Claremont, N. H., whose remedy is working wonderful medical cures.

To restore the impaired nervous system without injury to the constitution, and to eradicate kidney, bladder and glandular diseases, diabetes, gravel, retention or incontinence of urine, female weaknesses, and uterine complaints generally, and to tone and stimulate the nervous system, administer SMOLANDER'S BUCHU. It will surely produce the desired effect, and counteract any of the ills arising from any of these maladies.

We have often wondered whether there is a person in all New England, who does not know and appreciate the value of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment as a family medicine? It is adapted to most all purposes, and is the best pain killer that can be used.

Farmers and stock raisers have frequently told us that they have seen very good results from giving Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders to cows and swine before and after they drop their young. The powders put them in good condition, and give them strength to care and provide for the sucklings.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—W. KELLY, of Amsterdam, N. Y., earned with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, in 14 years, \$14,564, in making coats; an average of more than \$20 a week, with but a few cents for trifling repairs.

GRAFTON MINERAL FERTILIZER.—The advertisement of this wonderful production of New Hampshire, which has so often been mentioned in the agricultural papers of the country, appears in our columns to-day. The proprietors will furnish a pamphlet of information in regard to the same, with strong testimonials in its favor, from reliable parties who have used it.

Improved Style!—Reduced Price!

MOORE'S Rural New-Yorker.

THE GREAT NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED Rural, Literary, and Family Weekly, Has long been the Favorite Farm and Fireside Weekly of America, but its Improved Style and Reduced Price for 1872 render it still more popular.

TERMS—Only \$2.50 a Year; \$2 in Clubs. Sold by all News Dealers; price 6 cts. Great Premiums to Agents. Specimens, Premium Lists, &c., free. 4-1smpry

D. D. T. MOORE, New York City.

COLONNADE ROW, 161 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

Seeds, Trees, Plants, Bulbs, Gardening Implements and Cutlery, Lawn Mowers, Fertilizers of all kinds,

AND OTHER ARTICLES CONNECTED WITH Agriculture, Horticulture and Floriculture.

ALSO WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN PARK AND GARDEN STATUARY, ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK, RUSTIC WORK OF ALL KINDS, WIRE WORK, ETC.

Our endeavor and specialty is to furnish our customers with seeds of prime quality and true to name, always taking great care in their selection and purchasing none but those grown from the very choicest stocks.

The Nineteenth Edition of our ILLUSTRATED FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDEN DIRECTORY of 150 pages, containing also a list of Summer Flowering Bulbs, Selected Pears and Small Fruits, Ornamental Trees, Hardy Ornamental and Perennial Plants, Miscellaneous and Bedding Plants, etc., etc., is now ready, and will be mailed to all our regular customers without solicitation, and to all others who inclose us two three cent stamps—not one-sixth its cost. No amateur or market-gardener should make their spring purchases of these articles without first sending for our carefully prepared, Comprehensive, Priced Catalogue for 1872.

CURTIS & COBB, Importers of Seeds, &c., 414

TWELVE MUSIC BOOKS WHICH CONSTITUTE A

COMPLETE MUSICAL LIBRARY! 1200 or more Songs and Pieces for Pianoforte or Reed Organ. Worth from \$300 to \$400. Sold in book form for \$30.00!!

THE MUSICAL TREASURE. Vocal and Instrumental. The most recent work. Very popular.

THE SILVER CHORD. Vocal. Large number of the best songs.

GEMS OF GERMAN SONG. Vocal. The very best songs of Deutschland.

GEMS OF SACRED SONG. Vocal. A choice collection.

GEMS OF SCOTTISH SONG. Vocal. Selected from a large number. The best.

WREATH OF GEMS. Vocal. Popular songs. More recent than Silver Chord.

OPERATIC PEARLS. Vocal. Comprises most of the favorites of Standard Operas.

SHOWER OF PEARLS. Vocal. Completely filled with the best Duets.

PIANISTS ALBUM. Instrumental. Is the same as Home Circle, Vol. 3.

PIANOFORTE GEMS. Instrumental. Is the same as Home Circle, Vol. 4.

HOME CIRCLE. Vols. I and II. Instrumental. These five books gave a name to the whole set, which is often called **The Home Circle Series**, all the books being of uniform binding and size, and filled, not with the most difficult or the most severely classical music, but with that which is genial, bright, popular, and fitted for the entertainment of the happy "circle" at home.

Price of each book, \$2.50 in Boards; \$3.00 in Cloth, and Full Gilt, \$4.00. Sent, post-paid, for the above prices. 4tfod&co

O. DITSON & CO., Boston.

The only Genuine Mineral Fertilizer in New England.

THE GRAFTON

Mineral Fertilizer

AND

DESTROYER OF INSECTS

IS DEATH

to Canker Worms, Grubs, Rose Bugs, Potato Bug, Hop Insects, and all other Plant-Destroying Insects. It protects the plants from insect mischief, and largely promotes the growth of all vegetation.

WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

DAVIS THAYER & Co., Proprietors, Littleton, N. H.

WADE, HUMPHREY & DODGE,

General Agents, Concord, N. H., To whom all orders must be addressed.

Send for Descriptive Circulars. 4-2nd

Comfort for the Household.

THE NORTH EASTERN

MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

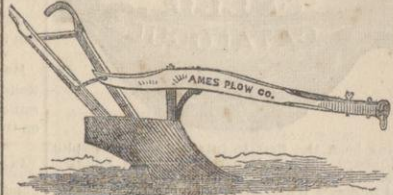
Places the benefits of Life Insurance within the reach of all classes. Safe, cheap, simple in plan and working. For full particulars apply to Ex-Gov. HOLBROOK, Pres't, or JAMES DALTON, Sec'y Brattleboro, Vt. 4tf

CURE FOR

FEMALE WEAKNESS,

Made from an Indian recipe, and will cure without supporters. Send for circular. Prepared by Mrs. LINUS BELCHER, Randolph, Mass. Price, \$1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists 4-3smpry

SESSIONS & KNOX'S PATENT HARD STEEL PLOWS



EMBODY IN THEIR SHAPE THE Scientific adaptation of natural lines embraced by KNOX'S PATENT, and have extra qualities of hardness, each piece of metal being made by a process that converts about one-third on each side into steel, and allows it to be hardened as much as fire and water can make it, while the center remains soft or flexible. This gives them a toughness that avoids the liability of breakage so general with other plows, and a surface better adapted to slide through the soil, which reduces the amount of power required and further adds to durability.

These Hard Steel Plows received the highest premium \$20, awarded to Plows at the Vermont State Agricultural Fair, Sept., 1871.

Messrs. Sessions & Knox were awarded the highest prize by the New York State Agricultural Society, October, 1871.

Awarded the highest prize, a Silver Medal, by the New England Agricultural Society, Sept., 1871.

ALSO, KNOX'S PATENT AND IMPROVED EAGLE, PROUTY & MEARS' CELEBRATED CENTER DRAFT, IMPROVED SWIVEL, FOR Side Hill and Level Land, that leave no Ridges or Dead Furrows, and MAPES' IMPROVED SUB-SOIL PLOWS. Made only by

Ames Plow Company,

Manufacturers of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS and MACHINES. Dealers in Seeds, Fertilizers, and other requirements of Agriculturists and Agricultural Districts.

WAREHOUSES:—Quincy Hall, Boston, and 53 Beekman St., New York.

Factories at Worcester and Ayer, Mass.

Price List and Descriptive Catalogue on application. 4-1

HOVEY & CO.'S ILLUSTRATED SEED CATALOGUE For 1872.

Contains 150 pages. The most extensive and complete Seed Catalogue published. Sent free to all applicants. **Seeds Warranted Fresh and to reach the Purchaser.** 4-1e

HOVEY & CO.,

53 North Market street, Boston, Mass.

TO THE LADIES.

A FINE COLLECTION OF

Asters, embracing 15 of best varieties, \$1.00

Balsams, " 6 " sorts, " 50

Dianthus, " 8 " " " 1.00

Cockscorn, " 6 " " " 50

Phlox Drummondii, " 12 choice fancy colors, 1.00

Ten-Weeks Stock, " 8 brilliant varieties, 1.00

Everlasting Flowers, " 6 " " " 1.00

Ornamental Grasses, " 10 most beautiful sorts, 50

Floral Guide, elegantly illustrated, 10c. 4tfx

Address, M. G. REYNOLDS, Rochester, N. Y.

Fresh Garden, Flower, TREE AND SHRUB,

Evergreen, Fruit and Herb Seeds,

PREPARED BY MAIL.

A complete and judicious assortment, 25 sorts of either class, \$1.00. The six classes (150 packets) for \$5.00. Also, an immense stock of one year grafted Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Fruit Stocks, Young Fruit, Ornamental and Evergreen Seedlings, Bulbs, Roses, Vines, House and Border Plants, &c., &c., the most complete assortment in America. Priced by mail. Priced Catalogues to any address, also trade lists, gratis. Seeds on commission. Agents wanted.

B. M. WATSON,

Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established 1842. 4-1

COTTON SEED MEAL!

Cheapest and Best Food for Working Oxen and Milch Cows, and for Fattening Cattle and Sheep.

Cows will give double the quantity of milk and of greatly superior quality to those fed on hay or any kind of grain. 1 lb. is equal in value to 3 lbs. of Corn, 9 lbs. of Shorts, or 10 lbs. of Hay. Mix with cut-feed, corn meal or shorts, until the animal has acquired a taste for it, one quart in the morning, and two quarts at night to each cow, and always after milking.

For sale by all Grain Dealers.

M. FIELD FOWLER & CO.,

144 State St., Boston.

4-1

Wanted \$75 to \$250 per month,

everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, blind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay \$1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from \$75 to \$250 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. 4-3e

WANTED—Agents, male and female, to sell

Pictures everywhere. 11,234 retailed by one. Send stamp for circular. 3-6

WHITNEY & CO., Norwich, Conn.

RARE and BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS and CHOICE VEGETABLES Can always be obtained by sowing



B. K. BLISS & SONS,

23 Park Place and 20 Murray Street, N.Y., Importers, Growers and Dealers in

Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, Small Fruits, Horticultural Implements, Fertilizers, and other requisites for the Farm and Garden.

LAWN MOWERS of the most approved patterns.

The Eighteenth Annual Edition of their celebrated Seed Catalogue and Amateur's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden is now ready for distribution, and will be mailed to all applicants, upon receipt of 25 cents; an edition beautifully bound in cloth, 75 cents.

This is without exception the largest and best Catalogue ever published in this or any other country. It contains about 200 pages, including several hundred finely executed engravings of favorite flowers and vegetables, and a beautifully colored Chromo of a group of the most popular flowers in cultivation. Also a descriptive list of 2,500 species and varieties of flowers and vegetable seeds, including all the novelties of the past season, with full directions for culture.

We will send a packet of choice Flower Seeds gratis to persons ordering Catalogues, if they will state the name of the paper in which they saw this advertisement.

Address **B. K. BLISS & SONS,**

4-2e **P. O. BOX 5712, New York City.**

"Conspicuous example of successful religious journalism."

—Chicago Evening Journal.

The Methodist

THE WORLD IS MY PARISH

In May next, LAY DELEGATES will for the first time be admitted to seats in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. No thoughtful layman can afford to be without THE METHODIST, THE SUCCESSFUL CHAMPION OF LAY REPRESENTATION, and the most reliable medium for learning of its workings.

THE METHODIST is, in fact,

The People's Favorite,

the most widely circulated Methodist paper in existence, and popular with both clergy and laity. Complete in every department, ably edited, well arranged, handsome in appearance, pure in tone, it is pronounced by many "THE BEST FAMILY PAPER PUBLISHED."

Live editorials on live subjects: Charming Stories for Children; Hints for Farmers; Lecture-Room Talks by Beecher; Sermons by Talmage and other great preachers; Foreign and Domestic Correspondence; News from the Churches, are some of its attractions.

Price, \$2.50 a year; or with the American Agriculturist, \$3 (a saving of \$1); Harper's Weekly, Monthly, or Bazar, \$5 (a saving of \$1.50); Hearth and Home, \$4.25 (a saving of \$1.25); Christian Union and its \$10 Chromos, \$4.25 (a saving of \$1.50); Weekly Tribune, \$3.50 (a saving of \$1.50); Advance, of Chicago, \$4.25 (a saving of \$1.25); and other publications at like reduction. Specimen copies, containing full information, sent gratis.

To ADVERTISERS.—THE METHODIST goes everywhere, North, East, South and West. Over 4000 clergymen take it. It has 100,000 readers.

Subscriptions, which may begin at any time, may be paid to nearest Methodist preacher, or sent direct (by check, money order, or registered letter) to

G. C. HALSTED, Publisher,

4-2d 114 Nassau St., New-York.

Holbrook's Swivel Plows

Sold by Dealers. For level land and side hill, do perfect work without dead furrows or ridges. Easy draft. Have Hinged Cutters.

Send for Circular. **F. F. HOLBROOK & CO., Boston, Mass.**

Holbrook's Hand Seed Drill

Sows all kinds Vegetable Seeds. Hand Cultivator does work of 10 men.

Sold by Dealers. Send for Circular. **F. F. HOLBROOK & CO., Boston, Mass.**

4tf

WOOD & MARSHALL,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS AND STOVES

of every description. Also dealers in

The Holbrook Plows,

which have taken the lead in all parts of the country.

We sell the Cylinder and Doe Plows, and many other kinds, Corn Shellers, Seed Sowers, Harrows, Churns, Road Scrapers, &c., all at manufacturers' prices. We always keep a nice lot of Bird Cages.

E. A. WOOD,

Exchange Block, Main street, (opposite Elliot street,) 4tf Brattleboro, Vt.

A. MARSHALL.

The Best Family Health Magazine.

HOME AND HEALTH.

TERMS, \$1.50 PER ANNUM

Home and Health is an Octavo Monthly Magazine, devoted to Health and the Home Circle. Its design is to give the fullest possible family information concerning the art of preserving health. It is not edited in the interests of any party or clique, but will

Gather Information from all Possible Sources, Glean from all Fields, Hold under Contribution all Schools of Medicine, and Seek Aid from all intelligent, Accessible Teachers.

Many of the most practical writers on Hygiene, and of the most successful practitioners in Medicine and Surgery of different schools, in this country and Europe, contribute to its pages. Papers of elaborate preparation, and a great variety of brief articles, pointed, suggestive, and practical, all carefully edited, are furnished with the successive numbers.

This Magazine is designed especially for the Home. Its selection of topics, and its method of presenting them, is made in the interest of the families which invite its visits. It encourages nobleness of purpose and purity of life. While especially freighted every month with the most useful articles concerning the physical health, and with varied miscellaneous hints and rules which relate to the more practical departments of human life, it aims also to educate the conscience and improve the heart.

The terms are placed low, so as to insure the widest possible circulation. The subscription price, only \$1.50, is

Less than the Cost of a Single Visit of a Practicing Physician.

Surely the constant presence of such a Magazine in the family will pay. At the close of the year the numbers will make a most interesting and useful volume of Four Hundred pages Royal Octavo.

AGENTS WANTED

in all sections of the country to canvass for Home and Health, to whom the most liberal cash commissions will be allowed.

TO MINISTERS.

The publishers will send Home and Health free to any minister of any denomination who will send the name of one new subscriber with the regular subscription price, \$1.50.

Volume I, for 1871, elegantly bound in cloth, with gilt back and sides, sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.50.

DE PUY, HOLMES & CO., Publishers,
805 Broadway, New York.

Sunday School Music!

THREE POPULAR BOOKS.

BIGLOW & MAIN,

(Successors to Wm. B. Bradbury.)

Call attention to their Sunday School Song Books—

"PURE GOLD,"

35 Cents retail; \$30 per 100.

"SONGS OF SALVATION,"

35 Cents retail; \$30 per 100.

"CHRISTIAN SONGS,"

50 Cents retail; \$40 per 100.

The above are the newest and best, and have been published but a few months.

Everybody says "PURE GOLD" is a superior work, and the public have endorsed that opinion by purchasing over

300,000 Copies in Nine Months!

We are assured that "SONGS OF SALVATION" gives entire satisfaction wherever used, and the very large demand for it still continues.

We recommend "CHRISTIAN SONGS" to Schools in want of a large and varied collection of Hymns and Tunes. "CHRISTIAN SONGS" is composed of POPULAR SONGS FROM ALL OF OUR PUBLICATIONS, with choice new material; contains 224 pages, compiled by us, under advisement with prominent Sunday School workers.

Either of our publications sent, post paid, on receipt of retail price. Address

BIGLOW & MAIN,

425 Broome St., N. Y., or 726 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Our Books are sold at our Chicago House at New York prices, and by the trade generally. 31f

Steinway Pianos.

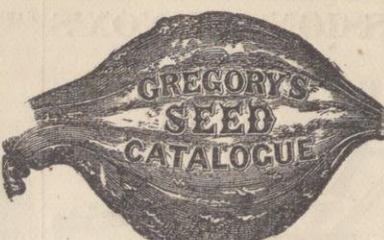
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

The Steinway Pianos, for FULLNESS, CLEARNESS and PURITY of TONE and THOROUGHNESS of WORKMANSHIP, are unequalled. The majority of the leading artists throughout the world prefer them for their own use and concede to them the highest degree of excellence.

EDWARD CLARK, Agent, Brattleboro, Vt. Also, Agent for the Behning & Klix Pianos, and the Estey Cottage Organs.

HOUSEKEEPERS can mend their tinware over a common lamp with our Prepared Solder. One package, postpaid, 25 cts. Agents and the trade supplied. WRIGHT & CO., Springfield, Mass. 31f

30 NEW SONGS and 20 Receipts Mailed Free. T. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. 3-4



Having been the first to introduce to the public the Hubbard Squash, American Turban Squash, Marblehead Mammoth Cabbage, Mexican Sweet Corn, Phinney's Water Melon, Brown's New Dwarf Marrowfat Pea, Boston Curled Lettuce, and other

New and Valuable Vegetables,

with the return of another season I am again prepared to supply the public with Vegetable and Flower Seeds of the purest quality. My Annual Catalogue is now ready, and will be sent free to all. It has not only all novelties, but the standard vegetables of the farm and garden, (over one hundred which are my own growing,) and a carefully selected list of Flower Seeds. On the cover of my Catalogue will be found copies of letters received from farmers and gardeners residing in over thirty different states and territories who have used my seed from one to ten years. I warrant—1st: That all money sent shall reach me. 2d: That all seed ordered shall reach the purchaser. 3d: That my seed shall be fresh, and true to name. Catalogues free to all. 3-2amp

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.



The virtues of simple Tea as a Hair Tonic and Preserver has long been known, but no attempts have been made to extract the oil scientifically. By a process peculiar to this preparation, the essential oil of the tea plant has been added to other vegetable extracts, and an unequalled Toilet Article for the Hair is the result. It is especially useful to prevent the hair from falling out or growing thin, and as a wash for the scalp, to stimulate the hair bulbs and prevent the gradual decay and loss of color in the structure of the hair tubes. Price \$1.00. R. L. KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury, Mass. 5-12e

500 Wanted for the Splendid Work. AGENTS "Our Children,"

Male & Female. Their Physical & Mental Development.

BY AUGUSTUS K. GARDNER, M. D. It treats of Amusements, Education, Diseases, Physical and Mental Training, and everything which the Young Mother should know. It is worth its weight in gold, and EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT. ILLUSTRATED. PRICE \$2.00. Send at once for Circulars. BELKNAP & BLISS, Hartford, Conn. 3-2x

COWLES' PATENT

TREADLE POWER

Saves one-half the labor. Cannot turn the wrong way. Has no dead-centers. Can be stopped instantly. The injurious effects resulting from the constant use of the Sewing Machine are entirely obviated by the use of this TREADLE POWER. In operation on all kinds of machines at Salesroom.

No. 252 Washington street, Next door to Jordan, Marsh & Co's. Agents wanted. 1-8 HILL, HOLMES & CO.

Æ T N A
AS IMPROVED IN
1871
EXCELS ALL OTHERS.
24 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.
H. S. WILLIAMS, General Agent.
AGENTS WANTED, TERMS LIBERAL. 10-come

USE THE Eureka Machine Twist,

50 and 100 YARD Spools, AND THE EUREKA BUTTON-HOLE TWIST, 10 YARD SPOOLS.

They are warranted in every respect, and are the best for hand or machine use. For sale at retail by all Trimming Stores, and at wholesale by all small ware Jobbers, and by the manufacturers, BEAVER, FOSTER & BOWMAN, 42 Summer street, Boston. 3-4e

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR GAMES

IS AT D. B. BROOKS & BRO., 55 Washington St., Boston, Ms.

Send stamp for their Illustrated Catalogue. 11-1f

WANTED. To energetic men and women we will give employment that pays from \$4 to \$8 per day. Address, J. LATHAM & CO., 292 Washington St., Boston. 2-3amp

COLBY'S WRINGER

With no Cogs.

Runs so easy a Child can turn it.

Has Moulton's Patent Bolls made on, and warranted not to come loose on the shaft.

Is so light any lady can handle it with all ease.

Fastens itself firmly to any Tub, and can be easily moved.

The frame is all made of finely galvanized metal, and brass. Can never rust, rot, shrink, swell or wear out.

We invite comparison, and will bide your decision after a trial. Agents wanted.

COLBY BROS. & CO.,

91f 508 Broadway, New York.

FLOWER POTS.

Buy direct of Manufacturers and save two or three profits.



We are Manufacturers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in common hand and machine made Flower Pots, Hanging Pots of every description, plain and japanned, Pots and Saucers attached for house use, with a full variety of Brown Earthen Ware. Florists should send for our price list before ordering elsewhere, as we can save them 50 per cent. by so doing. Ladies wishing a small variety can have them packed and sent as freight without extra charge. Pottery Water Fountains constantly on hand. No poultry grower should be without them. All inquiries promptly answered. Address, A. H. HEWES & CO., 12-12 North Cambridge, Mass.



"It is in fact perfect in every respect."—N. Y. Evening Express. "They more than answer the guarantees of the manufacturers."—Frank Leslie's Illustrated, N. Y. "It is as much superior to the sandpaper makeshifts, as virtue is superior to vice."—N. Y. Sunday Times. No one having a bird after once using these mats will ever be without them. Two packages (containing 12 mats each) to any address, 50c.; 5 pkgs. \$1.00, sent prepaid. Each package lasts one month. Sold by all Druggists and Housefurnishers. Manufacturers Depot, 90 Ann Street, New York.

NEW SERIES OF VIEWS OF Cape Ann Scenery,

Published by Procter Brothers, "OLD CORNER" BOOKSTORE, 123 FRONT ST., GLOUCESTER, MASS.

\$2 00 per Dozen; Single View, 20 Cts. Sent anywhere by mail on receipt of price.

In addition to these, we have a full assortment of other Cape Ann Stereoscopic Views, comprising upwards of a hundred choice subjects, together with a general variety of other American and Foreign Views; also a large assortment of Colored Views.

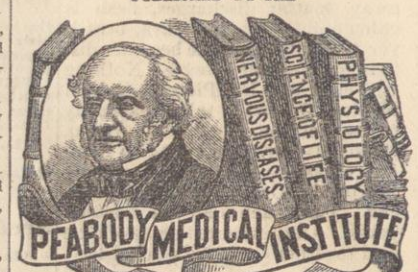
Willow Road, Lanesville. New City Hall. Baptist Church, (Interior.) Front Street, from Custom House. Middle Street, looking from Pleasant. Annisquam Point, from Dennison's Hill. Collins School House. Sawyer School House. View from Russ' Island. Middle Street, looking west. Methodist Episcopal Church. Orthodox, Unitarian and Catholic Church. Church at Bay View. Entrance at Oak Grove Cemetery. Universalist Church. Front Street, looking east from "Old Corner." Custom House. Atlantic House. Front Street, looking west from Hough's Block. Eastern Point Lighthouse. Fishing Schooner in Gloucester Harbor. Gloucester Harbor, from Rocky Neck. Duncan's Point, Gloucester Harbor. Cape Ann Granite Co's Works, Bay View, No. 1 and 2. Annisquam and Bridge. Annisquam, from Riverdale. East Gloucester, from Friend street. View from City Hall Tower, (East, South, West.) Five Pond Island. Annisquam River. 9-

The NATIONAL BUSINESS INDEX is full of information valuable to all who transact business. It will make or save money for any intelligent person who reads it with care. Published monthly at \$1.00 a year. Send 10 cents for specimen number. Agents Wanted everywhere. The Index Co., Publishers, 433 W. Jackson street, Chicago, Ill. 2-4ex

Scientific and Popular Medical Works

ON Manhood, Womanhood, & Nervous Diseases,

PUBLISHED BY THE



No. 4, Bulfinch Street, Boston,

(Opposite Revere House.)

Dr. W. H. PARKER, Assistant Physician.

Medical Knowledge for Everybody. 250,000 copies sold in two years.

A Book for every Man.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE or SELF-PRESERVATION. A medical treatise on the Cause and cure of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline in Man, Nervous and Physical debility, Hypochondria and all other diseases arising from the errors of youth, or the indiscretions or excesses of mature years. This is indeed a book for every man. Price only \$1. 286 pages bound in cloth.

A Book for every Woman.

Entitled SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY OF WOMAN AND HER DISEASES; or Woman treated of Physiologically and Pathologically, from Infancy to Old Age, with elegant Illustrative Engravings. 350 pages, bound in beautiful French Cloth. Price \$2.

A Book for Everybody.

Flattered by the reception of, and great demand for, the above valuable and timely treatises, and also to meet a great need of the present age, the author has just published a new book, treating exclusively of Nervous and Mental Diseases. 150 pages cloth. Price \$1, or sent free on receipt of \$3 for the other two books postage paid.

These are, beyond all comparison, the most extraordinary works on Physiology ever published. There is nothing whatever that the Married or Single, of either sex, can either require or wish to know but what is fully explained, and many matters of the most important and interesting character are introduced to which no illusion even can be found in any other work in our language. All the new discoveries of the author, whose experience is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any man, are given in full. No person should be without these valuable books.

"VALUABLE BOOKS.—We have received the valuable medical works published by the Peabody Medical Institute. These books are of actual merit, and should find a place in every intelligent family. They are not the cheap order of abominable trash, published by irresponsible parties, and purchased to gratify coarse tastes, but are written by a responsible professional gentleman of eminence, as a source of instruction on vital matters, concerning which lamentable ignorance exists. The important subjects presented are treated with delicacy, ability and care, and as an appendix, many useful prescriptions for prevailing complaints are added."—Cros Republic, Lancaster, N. H.

"The author of these books is one of the most learned and popular physicians of the day, and is entitled to the gratitude of our race for these invaluable productions. It seems to be his aim to induce men and women to avoid the cause of these diseases to which they are subject, and he tells them just how and when to do it."—Chronicle Farmington, Me., Sept. 7, 1869.

N. B. The Author of the above named medical works is the Chief Consulting Physician of the Peabody Medical Institute, and is so constantly employed in consultation with invalids from all parts of the country, that he has no time to attend to mere business details. Therefore all letters should be addressed to the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, or to Dr. W. H. PARKER, the Medical Assistant or the Author, and his Business Agent, who, as well as the Author himself, may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill, and experience. 2-12



A Standard Preparation, endorsed by the most reliable Physicians, and its astonishing curative powers attested by thousands who have used it. It is a sure, quick remedy for all diseases of the Urinary Organs existing in male or female, Irritation or Inflammation of Kidneys or Bladder, Gravel, Diabetes, Reddish Sediment in Urine, Thick, Cloudy Urine, Mucous and Involuntary Discharges from Urethra, Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Chronic Catarrh of Bladder, and all Chronic Maladies of the Urino-Genital Organs.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere. 12-12d

MRS. D. A. INWOOD'S

New Celebrated Diagram.

The best ever invented for perfectly cutting Dresses of every kind, Boys' Clothing, &c. Illustrated Book of instruction for every kind of garment with each Diagram. Sent by mail for \$1.50. Agents wanted. Send stamp for circular.

MRS. D. A. INWOOD, Box 93, East Somerville, Mass. 2-6omd

BENT, GOODNOW & CO., Boston, Mass., Publish "THE PATENT STAR," sell patents, and give profitable agencies to canvassers. 9 12d



DR. A. J. FLAGG'S MEDICATED INHALING BALM

After a large practice in the treatment of diseases of the Lungs, and having learned by sad experience that malady of this kind could not be reached by medicines taken into the stomach, Dr. A. J. FLAGG'S attention was called to the consideration of the importance of some means of applying remedies directly to the seat of the disease to be alleviated or cured. After much study and a long series of experiments he has succeeded in producing a new article in the long list of remedies, which will cure almost every form of disease of the Blood, Throat and Lungs. Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption yield to it more readily and naturally than to any other known remedy. This medicine goes directly to the immediate seat of the disease, and its beneficial effects are at once manifested.

THE MEDICATED INHALING BALM

Was first prepared with a view to the cure of Catarrh and kindred diseases of the Throat and Lungs; but it has since been used for almost all diseases of the blood, with success far beyond the expectation of the discoverer. It is breathed directly into the lungs, and through them is carried into the blood, decomposing the impure matter, and expelling it through the pores of the skin. Its effects are almost immediately perceptible, and but few applications are necessary to accomplish a complete cure, in curable cases. This is the only remedy known that can arrest tubercles on the lungs, or restore the vital functions of those organs to their healthy condition. It can be administered to the most delicate and feeble with perfect safety and certain relief.

TESTIMONIALS.

Dr. FLAGG has many communications showing the wonderful cures which have been effected by his Inhalant Balm. He is at liberty to refer to a few of his immediate neighbors and townsmen in Claremont, N. H.: Geo. H. Abbott, Dr. F. C. Wilkinson, Russ B. Walker, and others, who have each given certificates of equal value of the following:

Claremont, N. H., Dec. 22, 1870.
Having been for some time afflicted with pain in the chest and general debility of the system, assuming consumptive symptoms, arising, doubtless, from an impure state of the blood, one bottle of Dr. FLAGG'S Inhalant Balm gave me almost immediate relief, and I think it has effected a permanent cure.
K. R. COTTON.

Send for circular and descriptive of this wonderful invention.
PRICE \$3.00 PER BOTTLE. Price of LARVY'S INHALANT, which is recommended in using FLAGG'S Inhalant Balm, is indispensable, \$1.
For sale by all respectable Druggists, or can be procured of the Inventor and Manufacturer,
A. J. FLAGG, M. D.,
INVENTOR OF INHALING BALM,
Washington St., CLAREMONT, N. H.

GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., General Agent,
Proprietor of the New England Botanic Depot, 37 Court Street, Boston.
1-12

TILDEN LADIES' SEMINARY.

O—O—O

HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M., } Principals.
MRS. E. L. ORCUTT, }

Twelve experienced and efficient instructors are constantly employed in the several departments.

Located on the banks of the Connecticut, at the junction of four railroads, in the midst of scenery the most delightful, with a Building Spacious, Elegant, and Tastefully Furnished, with an extensive and thorough course of Study, both solid and ornamental; and under the management of a Principal whose experience as a practical teacher covers more than a quarter of a century.

TILDEN SEMINARY challenges comparison with the best institutions of its kind in the nation. Charges very moderate and 20 per cent deducted to Clergymen.

SEND FOR A NEW CATALOGUE.

WINTER SESSION BEGINS MONDAY, JAN. 1st, 1872.
WINTER SESSION CLOSES FRIDAY, MARCH 22d, 1872.
SUMMER SESSION BEGINS MONDAY, MAY 25th, 1872.
SUMMER SESSION CLOSES FRIDAY, JUNE 21st, 1872.
West Lebanon, N. H., Nov. 1, 1871. 10-11

New Rare Vegetables.

I make the seed of New and Rare Vegetables a specialty, besides raising all the common varieties. On the cover of my Catalogue will be found extracts from letters received from farmers and gardeners residing in over thirty different states and territories who have used my seed from one to ten years. Catalogues sent free to all. I grow over one hundred varieties. Get your seed directly from the grower. 3-3-10
JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

J. Estey & Co.



ESTEY COTTAGE ORGANS, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

These Instruments contain the beautiful Vox HUMANA TREMOLO and VOX JUBILANTE, improvements peculiar to and original with the ESTEY ORGANS.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Every Instrument fully Warranted. str

Model House Plans!

Special Plans, combining Convenience, Beauty and Economy.

in the highest degree, drawn to order and warranted to please.

For special terms please address, with stamp,

GEO. J. COLBY, Architect,
541 Waterbury, Vt.

CONNECTICUT & PASSUMPSIC RIVERS RAILROAD for White and Franconia Mountains, Lakes Willoughby and Memphremagog, Montreal and Quebec.

Trains leave White River Junction 8:20 A. M., Express; 1:45 P. M. Mail.

The completion of the Massachusetts Valley Railroad, July 1, will make a short all rail connection between the Province of Quebec and the United States.

A. H. PERCY, Superintendent.

VERMONT & MASSACHUSETTS AND TROY & GREENFIELD RAILROADS. Cars leave Boston (Fitchburg Depot) for Brattleboro, Greenfield, Hoosac Tunnel, and Troy, N. Y., at 7:30 and 11 A. M. Leave Boston for Greenfield at 7:30 and 11 A. M., and 4:10 P. M.

Leave Hoosac Tunnel for Boston at 7 A. M., and 1:20 P. M. Leave Greenfield for Boston 6:30, and 9:30 A. M., and 2:30 P. M. Leave Brattleboro for Boston 9:00 A. M., and 1:50 P. M.

Trains leave Greenfield for Turners Falls at 6:40, 9:50 and 11:55 A. M., and 4:30 P. M. Leave Turners Falls for Greenfield at 7:30 and 11:10 A. M., and 1:50 and 5:40 P. M.

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

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

O. T. RUGGLES, Superintendent.

VERMONT CENTRAL AND VERMONT AND CANADA RAILROADS.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing Monday, May 22, 1871.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St. Albans at 6:21 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., Grouse's Corner at 4:35 p. m.

Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 1:00 p. m., Montreal at 3:45 p. m., St. Albans at 7:30 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 3:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m.

Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation) 7:40 a. m., Brattleboro 8:41 a. m., South Vernon at 9:26 a. m., arriving at Grouse's Corner at 9:45 a. m. Express leaves Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., South Vernon at 2:30 p. m., arriving at Grouse's Corner at 3:00 p. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 5:00 a. m., Grouse's Corner at 9:25 a. m., South Vernon at 10:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:45 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R. Junction with day Express, arriving in Montreal at 9:00 p. m., and Ogdensburg at 12:20 a. m.

Express leaves Grouse's Corner at 11:20 a. m., arriving in Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m. Accommodation leaves Grouse's Corner at 3:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:00 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed) at 5:35 p. m., arriving in W. R. Junction at 8:30 p. m. and at Rutland at 8:40 p. m.

Night express, leaves Grouse's Corner at 8:20 p. m., Brattleboro at 9:14 p. m., Boston (via Fitchburg) at 5:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 10:20 p. m. Connecting at W. R. Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at 6:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, &c., arriving in St. Albans at 2:42 a. m., Montreal at 9:00 a. m., Plattsburgh at 11:40 a. m., and Ogdensburg at 12:30 p. m.

Mixed Train leave Grouse's Corner (Saturdays only) at 10:00 p. m., Brattleboro 11:35 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls at 1:35 a. m.

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

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

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

G. MERRILL, Gen'l Sup't.
St. Albans, Mass, May 22, 1871.

POPULAR BOOKS, Household Premiums.

Sent FREE of Postage at the price marked.

Dr. Chase's Receipt Book. - \$1 25
The most comprehensive and reliable book of the kind ever published.

Hoyle's Games	75
The Original Letter Writer	50
Dialogue for Young Folks	50
Comic Speeches and Laughable Dramas	50
Book of Love Letters with advice on Courtship	50
The American Home Cook Book	50
Rarey & Knowlson's Horse Tamer and Farrier	50
Live and Learn; or, 1000 Mistakes Corrected	75
Athletic Sports for Boys, 124 Fine Engravings	75
Book of Fireside Games and Home Recreations	50
Book of Riddles and 500 Amusements	50
Parlor Magician—Full of Tricks, 125 Engravings	50
In-Door Games for Boys and Girls, 197 Ills.	50
Out-Door Games for Boys, 124 Illustrations	50
Household Pets—How to Tame and Manage them	50
Amateur Theatricals	50
Sensible Letter Writer, 300 Notes and Letters	50
Hand Book of Etiquette	50
American Ready Reckoner and Calculator	50
The Young Reporter; or How to write Short Hand	50
Chesterfield's Etiquette and Letter Writer	40
The Arts of Beauty, by Lola Mentz	75
Haney's Art of Training Animals	50
Gentlemen's Book of Etiquette and Fashion	1 50
Ladies' Book of Etiquette and Fashion	1 50
Trapper's Guide, by Newhouse	1 50
Hunter's Guide and Trapper's Companion	25
Piano and Melodeon Without a Master, each	75
Violin, Banjo, Cornet, etc., Without a Master, each	60
Shakespeare, Complete	75
Byron, Complete	75
How to Furnish a Home with Small Means	50
Comfort for Small Incomes	50
My Ten Rod Farm; or, How I Became a Florist	50
Farming for a Profession; How I Made it Pay	50
Amateur Dramas for Parlor or exhibition use	1 50
American Housewife and Kitchen Directory	50
Young Debater and Chairman's Assistant	50
Laws and By-Laws of American Society	50
How to Amuse an Evening Party, 200 Ills.	50
How to Cook and How to Carve	50
Egyptian Dream Book and Fortune Teller	50
Book of Tableaux and Shadow Pantomimes	50
Parlor Tricks with Cards	50
Rhyming Dictionary; or, Poet's Companion	25
Comic Recitations and Humorous Dialogues	50
The Poultry Yard	75
Yonatt's Treatment of Horses in Health & Disease	75
Rewards of Merits on Cards, per dozen	05 to 25
Sunday School Rewards, per dozen	06 to 25
Stereoscopic Views, Am. or F'n per doz.	1 00 to 2 00
Autograph Albums, Morocco	- 1 00
Photograph Albums, 50 Pictures, Mo.	1 00 to 2 00
Tin Type Albums, 50 Pictures, Morocco	50

New Styles Initial Note Papers etc.

Siddons's Initial, Rose Tinted, highly perfumed, very recherche	50
Carrier Dove, Stamped with a new and unique initial	35
Rustic Initial	30
In each 24 sheets paper with envelopes to match.	
Italian Violin Strings per set	1 00
Italian Guitar Strings, per set	1 50
Ladies' Fine Gold Pen and Pencil in Silver Case 2 00	
Ladies' or Gents' Fine Gold Plated Pencil	1 00
Ladies' Fine Penknives	25, 35, 50
Ladies' Scissors	1 00
Visiting Cards, per Pack	25
Playing Cards—Euchre or Whist	25 and 50

Sent free of postage on receipt of price.

ANY BOOK, PICTURE,

—OR—

Sheet Music,

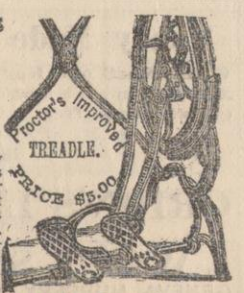
sent free of expense on receipt of the publisher's price. Information and prices given, if requested.

Cheney & Clapp,

Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

PROCTOR'S TREADLE, FOR ALL SEWING MACHINES, Only \$5.

This is the only Treadle that brings the machine under perfect control of the operator. Runs one-third lighter, and is less injurious. For sale by live Sewing Machine dealers everywhere.



G. K. PROCTOR, Patentee,
Salem, Mass.
2-6

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 new subscribers, for one year each, required to obtain it free:

No.	PREMIUMS.	Price.	No. of Subscribers.
1	One box Initial Stationery.	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's.)	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors.	50	2
4	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife	50	2
5	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
6	Autograph Album.	1 00	3
7	Package Garden Seeds.	1 00	3
8	Package Flower Seeds.	1 00	3
9	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers.	1 00	3
10	Butter Knife, (silver plated.)	1 00	3
11	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book.	1 00	3
12	Set Jet Jewelry.	1 50	4
13	One vol. Household.	1 00	4
14	Six Teaspoons (silver plated)	1 75	5
15	Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated)	2 00	5
16	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings.	2 00	5
17	Rosewood Writing Desk.	2 25	5
18	Rosewood Work Box.	2 50	5
19	French Velvet Photo. Album.	2 00	5
20	Gold Pen with Silver Case.	2 50	6
21	Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.)	3 50	7
22	Any two vols. Household.	2 00	7
23	Peters' Musical Library.	2 50	7
24	Ice Knife, (silver plated.)	3 00	7
25	Package Garden Seeds.	3 00	7
26	Soup Ladle, (silver plated.)	3 00	7
27	1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated.)	3 50	8
28	Set Chess Men.	4 00	8
29	Pump and Sprinkler (Page's.)	4 00	8
30	Family scales, (12 lbs. Shaler.)	4 00	8
31	Six Tablespoons, (silver plated)	4 00	9
32	Six Dining Forks, (silver plated)	4 00	9
33	Family Scales, (24 lbs. Shaler)	5 00	10
34	Chromo.	5 00	10
35	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection.)	5 00	10
36	Alarm Clock.	5 00	12
37	Hi. chromo, Morning or Evening.	5 00	12
38	Gold Pen and Pencil.	6 00	12
39	Carving Knife and Fork.	6 00	12
40	Spoon Holder, (silver plated.)	6 00	12
41	Accordion.	6 50	14
42	Croquet Set.	6 50	14
43	Family Scales, (50 lbs. Shaler.)	7 00	14
44	Clothes Wringer, (Colby's.)	7 50	15
45	Webster's National Dictionary.	6 00	15
46	Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated)	6 50	15
47	Harper's Fireside Library.	6 75	16
48	Fruit Dish, (silver plated.)	7 00	16
49	Harper's Bazar, one Vol., bound.	7 00	16
50	Gold Pen and Holder.	7 50	17
51	1 doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated.)	8 00	18
52	1 doz. Dining Forks.	8 00	18
53	Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.)	10 00	18
54	Stereoscope and 50 Views.	10 00	20
55	Elegant Family Bible.	10 00	20
56	Violin.	10 00	20
57	Set of Plans and Views of Model House.	10 00	20
58	Eight Day Clock, with alarm.	10 00	22
59	Child's Carriage, (Colby's)	10 00	25
60	Cash.	6 25	25
61	Crayon Portrait, from any picture.	10 00	25
62	Castor, (silver plated.)	10 00	25
63	Flutina, (Busson's.)	12 00	24
64	Cake Basket, (silver plated.)	10 00	25
65	Nursery Stock.	10 00	25
66	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter.	12 00	25
67	Spark's Am. Biography, (19 vols.)	12 50	30
68	Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.)	18 50	30
69	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.	12 00	30
70	Sewing Machine, (The Green Mountain.)	18 00	36
71	Cooper's Works.	15 00	37
72	Guitar.	20 00	40
73	Silver Watch, (Waltham.)	20 00	45
74	Ice Pitcher, (silver plated.)	20 00	50
75	Copland's Medical Dictionary	21 00	50
76	Stencil Outfit.	25 00	50
77	Cash.	15 00	50
78	Nursery Stock.	25 00	55
79	Harper's Boy's and Girl's Library	24 00	60
80	Child's Carriage, (Colby's.)	25 00	60
81	Sewing Machine, (Home Shuttle.)	37 50	75
82	Tool Chest, (Parr's.)	25 00	75
83	Silver Watch, (Waltham.)	35 00	80
84	Zero Refrigerator.	38 00	80
85	Harper's Pictorial Bible.	35 00	80
86	Cash.	35 00	100
87	Lawn Mower, (Allen & Co.'s.)	45 00	100
88	Peerless Cook Stove, No. 8, with utensils.	48 00	100
89	Bayard Taylor's Works.	45 00	110
90	Tea Set, (silver plated.) elegant.	50 00	120
91	Sewing Machine, (Grover & Baker)	60 00	120
92	Lamb Knitting Machine.	60 00	125
93	Sewing Machine, (Florence.)	63 00	150
94	Sewing Machine, (Empire.)	80 00	160
95	Ladies' Gold Watch, (Waltham.)	80 00	175
96	Harper's Weekly, complete, 12 vols., bound	84 00	200
97	American Cyclopaedia, (Appleton's)	80 00	200
98	Metropolitan Organ, (Mason & Hamlin.)	100 00	225
99	Sewing Machine, (Singer.)	100 00	250
100	Irving's Works, (Sunnyside Edition.)	105 00	250
101	Mowing Machine, (Wood's.)	125 00	250
102	Harper's Magazine, complete, 38 volumes, bound.	114 00	250
103	Dickens's Works, (Riverside Edition, 27 volumes.)	108 00	260
104	Gent's Gold Watch, (Waltham.)	125 00	275
105	Cottage Organ, (Estey.)	150 00	300
106	Sewing Machine, (Singer.)	150 00	330
107	Cooper's Works, (Library Edition, 32 volumes.)	144 00	350
108	Harper's Family Library.	150 00	380
109	Harper's Select Library.	225 00	500</

The Household.



Special Premiums!!

Besides the large and valuable premiums offered to agents and others who procure subscribers to The Household, we take pleasure in presenting the following list of Special Premiums, to which we invite the attention of our readers. To the one who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers previous to April 1, 1872, from each of the States, Territories, or Canada, we will send a Green Mountain Sewing Machine—fully warranted and confidently claimed to be the best single thread machine in the market; for the second largest list we will send a Colby Clothes Wringer, well known and a general favorite; and for the third largest list a Chromo worth \$2, or a bound volume of The Household, as the agent may select. Remember that this list is not for three premiums only, but is repeated for every State and Territory, and the Dominion of Canada, thus giving nearly 150 Special Premiums, and giving our friends in the most sparsely inhabited Territory an equal chance with those in the most populous State. These premiums are in addition to the ones offered elsewhere. Bear in mind, too, that every new subscriber gets two extra numbers, making 14 months for One Dollar. Sample copies furnished free on receipt of stamps to prepay postage.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose a dollar in a letter, giving name and P. O. address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell & Co., Brattleboro Vt.

CANADA SUBSCRIBERS will please remember that we require 12 cents in addition to the regular subscription price to prepay the American postage.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is to be received, as well as to the one to which it is to be sent.

TO INSURE SAFETY IN SENDING MONEY by mail, the letters should be registered, or money orders procured. All money sent by either of these methods is at our risk.

PARTIES RESPONDING TO ADVERTISEMENTS which they see in THE HOUSEHOLD are requested to make mention of the fact that they were noticed there, that advertisers may know to whom to give the credit.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons desiring 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.

TO ANY OLD SUBSCRIBER, who, in renewing a subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD, will send us one new subscriber, we will mail, free, a copy of the Attractions of Brattleboro, advertised in another place, or the same will be given as a premium for two new subscribers.

WE CAN NO LONGER furnish the January or February numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD for the present year. New subscriptions will date from March for the present, unless subscribers prefer to commence with the April number.

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.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.00 per year. Any one offering it for less is a swindler. And this title applies as well to those who promise the paper free of postage or offer any other special inducement not found in the paper itself. We do not prepay postage nor club with any other publication whatever.

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 remitting 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. 61, 77, 86 and 111 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 or in registered letters.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desires to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or special authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us stating which premium you have selected. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or States and sent as convenient. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

PERSONS WHO ARE ENTITLED TO PREMIUMS are particularly requested to mention the fact, and also state their selection when sending in their lists of subscriptions, as we do not send any premium until it is ordered. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received within two weeks from the time the order was given. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. Occasionally a person writes: "I have sent you six subscribers and would like the premium to which I am entitled." No names are signed, no date when they were sent, no article selected. The latter is not essential, but we must have the names and P. O. address of each club, or the date of sending the same, before forwarding a premium. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

Unexceptionable advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents per agate line of space each insertion.

TREES, FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL, For SPRING of 1872.

We invite the attention of Planters and Dealers to our large and complete stock of Standard & Dwarf Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, New & Rare Fruit & Ornamental Trees Evergreens and New Plants.

Prompt attention given to all enquiries. Descriptive and Illustrated priced Catalogues sent prepaid on receipt of stamps, as follows: No. 1—Fruit, 10c. No. 2—Ornamental Trees, 10c. No. 3—Green-house, 10c. No. 4—Wholesale, Free. Address, ESTABLISHED 1840. ELLWANGER & BARRY, 2-3ds Mount Hope Nurseries, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Better Still for 1872.

PAGE'S PORTABLE PUMP, Patent Syringe and Fire Extinguisher, with metal boxes, and otherwise improved, for \$5. Send for Circular. 4-3n N. PAGE, JR., Danvers, Mass.

Visiting Cards.

Send 50 cents and get 50 fine bristol VISITING CARDS, with your name printed on in elegant style, by mail pre-paid. No less number printed at that rate. Write name and address plain. Address GEO. E. SELLECK, Brattleboro Vt.

Money Made Rapidly

With Stencil and Key Check Outfits. A light, healthy and honorable employment. Circular with samples, free.

S. M. SPENCER, 1-1f Brattleboro, Vt.

ORION'S LUSTRE.

W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA NURSERY, Geneva, N. Y. 400 Acres. Send 10 Cents for Catalogue. 4-1dis

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN SEWING MACHINE

IS THE BEST SINGLE THREAD MACHINE

FOR THE PRICE IN THE MARKET. NEWLY PATENTED. FULLY WARRANTED

Hand Machines, \$18 00; with Table and Treadle, \$28 00.

Agents can make money. Send for Circular.

ABBOTT & CO., Gen'l Agents.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

DR. PIERCE'S ALT. EXT. MEDICAL GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

This is the most thorough blood purifier yet discovered, and cures all humors from the worst Scrofula to a common Eruption. Pimples and Blotches on the face, and scaly or rough skin, which are such annoying blemishes to many young persons, yield to the use of a few bottles of this wonderful medicine. From one to eight bottles cure Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Ring Worms, Boils, Scaly Eruptions of the Skin, Scrofula Sores, Ulcers and "Canker" in the Mouth and Stomach. It is a pure medicinal extract of native roots and plants, combining in harmony Nature's most sovereign curative properties, which God has instilled into the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick. It is a great restorer for the strength and vigor of the system. Those who are languid, sleepless, have nervous apprehensions or tears, or any of the affections symptomatic of weakness, will find convincing evidence of its restorative power upon trial. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated and despondent, have frequent Headache, mouth tastes badly in the morning, irregular appetite and tongue coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver or "Biliousness." In many cases of "Liver Complaint" only a part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy. For the cure of Habitual Constipation of the Bowels it is a never failing remedy, and those who have used it for this purpose are loud in its praise. In Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, it has produced many truly remarkable cures, where other medicines had failed. Sold by druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared at the Chemical Laboratory of R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. 2-3

\$1 Per Doz. mixed Gladiolus Bulbs; \$1 for one Tuberosa, one Madeira Vine, two Tigridia and eight Gladiolus Bulbs. Post-paid.

4-1 SARAH H. MARTIN, Marblehead, Mass.

Have You Examined the WEED "FAMILY FAVORITE"



None other is so thoroughly adapted to the wants of the Household Dressmaker, or Tailoring purposes. Every Machine warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Apply to, or address,

WEED SEWING MACHINE CO., 349 Washington St., Boston. W. H. UPHAM, Agent for Windsor and Windham Counties, Vt.; Office at Bellows Falls. 4-12

SEED FOR THE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Our new Catalogue is now ready. Finely illustrated on tinted paper, with LOW PRICES.

Free to All. Address WOOD & HALL, 4-2 Geneva, N. Y.

The Great Work for Dairywomen is WILLARD'S

Practical Dairy Husbandry!

MR. WILLARD is widely known as the Best Authority on all matters pertaining to Milk, Butter and Cheese. This Great Work contains about 550 large octavo pages, fully illustrated, and handsomely printed and bound. It tells all that is known to date about MILK and ITS PRODUCTS, including Butter and Cheese Factories, Dairy Utensils, &c., &c. Price \$3. As this book is sold by Subscription, we want an active and reliable Agent in each County throughout the United States and Canada, to whom a liberal commission will be given. Send for Circular, containing terms, &c. To any person residing where we have no Agent, or who cannot wait for one, the Publisher will send a copy, post-paid, on receipt of price, \$3, (or for \$5 the book and RURAL NEW-YORKER one year.) Address

D. D. T. MOORE, Publisher. 4-1smpry 5 Beckman St., New York.



HARRIS' Improved HEMMER & BINDER, with new Blind Stitch Guide. We challenge the world. Fits any machine. Does 9 kinds work; hems 2 ways; binds 4 ways; makes French fold, umbrellas and linen seams. Pays its cost in ONE DAY. Highest award at Am. Int. Fair, 1871. Increases capacity of \$80 machine 50%. Sent free on receipt of price. State the kind of machine you wish it for. Great inducements to the trade. Address HARRIS, 791 Broadway, N. Y. PRICE \$1.50.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE

FOR FAMILY USE—Simple, Cheap, Reliable, KNITS EVERYTHING. AGENTS WANTED. Circular and sample stocking FREE. Address HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Maine. 11-6

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH.

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS, under other names, but resembling ours in shape and color of wrapper intended to deceive.

THE RISING SUN POLISH IN BULK, for stove dealers' use, at twelve cents per pound—twenty-five and fifty pound boxes. "Cheaper than any other Bulk Polish for nothing." THE RISING SUN LUMBER PENCIL—No Sharpening Cheap and Durable—supercedes other articles for purpose. THE RISING SUN BLACK LEAD LUBRICATOR. For axles, bearings and machinery. Lasts six times as long as oil alone. 25 lb. and 50 lb. boxes, 15 cents per lb. Try it. MORSE BROS., Prop'rs., Canton, Mass. 3-3e



NOTICE TO LADIES making Shirts or putting new Bosoms to old Shirts. The Patent "Reinforced" Shirt Bosom Will not crack or slit in the plaits, will wear as long as the body of the shirt, and laundry and do up much handsomer than the common Bosoms. Sample Bosoms sent by mail (postpaid) on receipt of price. A discount of 5 cents each when six or more are ordered. PRICES.—First quality, - 60c. Second " - 50c. Third " - 40c. State number of plaits wanted, and whether for open back or front shirts. E. G. BROWN, Agent, 4-1d 218 Washington St., Boston Mass.



FOR ONE DOLLAR we will mail you a box of LORING'S NOTE PAPER stamped with any Initial or pet name. Four sizes and sixteen patterns in each box. It meets the daily wants of any lady. Boarding school girls are adopting it. It's the prettiest present to a young lady. Try one box for yourself. Address LORING, Publisher. 3-2t P. O. Box 5011, Boston, Mass.