



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The household. Vol. 19, No. 7 July 1886

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, July 1886

<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 UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

No. 7.

The Drawing Room.

OLD ROOMS MADE NEW.

“AUNT ADELAIDE,” I said, entering her sunny sitting room where she sat busily knitting. “Dora Browne is coming in two weeks to spend a whole month with us, and I am so sorry!”

Aunt Adelaide looked up over her glasses with interest and sympathy in her dear old face. Everybody went to her in trouble. “Why should you be sorry, dear?” she asked. “You ought to be glad to return the hospitality extended to you by your old school-mate last summer.”

“I know it,” I said dejectedly, sitting down at her feet, “but you don’t understand why I am not.”

Then the truth came out with sudden energy.

"Our rooms are so shabby, Aunt Adelaide."

She laid down her knitting and smiled sunnily at me. Every thing in her house was sunny. She possessed a wonderful knack for that.

"Is that the trouble, my dear," she asked. "But your friend comes to see you, remember, not to criticise your furniture, and true cordiality is better than elegant furniture."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "that's what father and mother said when I spoke to them about it, and they said we could not afford better, but the fact remains."

"Well, don't bother your head about it, dear. If it cannot be helped, it cannot, though I am inclined to think it can. What are the particular disadvantages of your rooms? Between us, perhaps we can better them. I have seen it done before."

"There are the dining room chairs," I said, "the cane seats are all broken and the varnish scratched from one end to the other. No doubt they were handsome when mother had them twenty years ago, but they are shabby enough now. Then the carpet is all holes, and the sideboard is disgraceful as it is all battered up. The piano cover in the parlor is ragged and soiled, in spite of my efforts to keep it whole. The windows, too, are bare and cold-looking, and there's that great grease spot down by the bay window. The big

cially if done in late autumn, exposes the mould to the beneficial action of the air and frost, and the garden gradually takes on the refined, mellow, fertile character which distinguishes it from the ordinary field.

In dealing with a thin, sandy soil one has almost to reverse the principles just given. Yet there is no cause for discouragement. Fine results, if not the best, can be secured. In this case there is scarcely any possibility for a thorough preparation of the soil from the start. It can gradually be improved, however, by making good its deficiencies, the chief of which is the lack of vegetable mould. If I had such soil I would rake up all the leaves I could find, employ them as bedding for my cow and pigs (if I kept any), and spread the compost heap resulting on the sandy garden. The soil is already too light and warm, and it should be our aim to apply fertilizers tending to counteract this defect. A nervous, excitable person should let stimulants alone, and take good, solid, blood-making food. This illustration suggests the proper course to be taken. Many a time I have seen action the reverse of this resulting disastrously. For instance, a man carts on his light, thin soil, hot, fermenting manure from the horse stable, and ploughs it under. Seeds are planted. In the moist, cool, early spring they make a great start, feeling the influence of the powerful stimulant. There is a hasty and unhealthy growth, but long before maturity the days grow long and hot, drought comes, and the garden dries up. Therefore every effort should be made to supply cool manures with staying qualities, such as are furnished by decayed vegetable matter composted with the cleanings of the cow stable. We thus learn the value of fallen leaves, muck from the swamp, etc., and they also bring with them but few seeds of noxious vegetation.

On the other hand, stolid, phlegmatic clay requires the stimulus of manure from the horse stable. It can be ploughed under at once, and left to ferment and decay in the soil. The process of decomposition will tend to banish its cold, inert qualities, and make the ground loose, open, and amenable to the influences of frost, sun and rain.—*Harper's Magazine.*

—The advantage of a heavy clay soil is that it is not easily exhausted. If cropped too severely nature interposes her protest by locking its fertility in clods until the land receives better treatment.

—In a wet season grain crops are usually smaller than they appear, for the large stem which moist weather makes, is not so well filled as when the grain has ripened with less humidity of atmosphere.

—It is worth while for farmers who are troubled to obtain good surface water to try the experiment of boring artesian wells. In many places flowing springs can be reached without great expense, and for stock farmers their convenience will soon repay the necessary cost.

"Our rooms are so shabby, Aunt Adelaide."

She laid down her knitting and smiled sunnily at me. Every thing in her house was sunny. She possessed a wonderful knack for that.

"Is that the trouble, my dear," she asked. "But your friend comes to see you, remember, not to criticise your furniture, and true cordiality is better than elegant furniture."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "that's what father and mother said when I spoke to them about it, and they said we could not afford better, but the fact remains."

"Well, don't bother your head about it, dear. If it cannot be helped, it cannot, though I am inclined to think it can. What are the particular disadvantages of your rooms? Between us, perhaps we can better them. I have seen it done before."

"There are the dining room chairs," I said, "the cane seats are all broken and the varnish scratched from one end to the other. No doubt they were handsome when mother had them twenty years ago, but they are shabby enough now. Then the carpet is all holes, and the sideboard is disgraceful as it is all battered up. The piano cover in the parlor is ragged and soiled, in spite of my efforts to keep it whole. The windows, too, are bare and cold-looking, and there's that great grease spot down by the bay window. The big

sleepy hollow chair is dreadful, and—oh, dear me, I cannot begin to tell you all the things we need but father says we cannot afford. You have seen them time and time again, and you know they are not fit to be seen. Will has his friends in, and they do about as they like, so how could any one keep things nice?"

"Never mind, dear," was the cheery reply, "don't worry. Give me time to think, and I am sure we can better matters."

The next day she came over bright and early.

"Come, my dear," she said, "are you ready for work? There is much to be done against your friend's coming."

And truly there was much to be done.

Mother gave us leave to do as we liked, and we did, taking the dining room first in our way. The furniture was moved to the hall, the ragged carpet taken up, the floor swept, washed and dried. Out in the store-house father kept several pots of paint, and from these we selected a soft stone color, with which, after the cracks were stuffed with putty to make them smooth and even, we painted the floor. While that was drying we went at the furniture.

For the chair seats, we bought at the harness shop enough red leather to cover them, tacking it on with brass-headed tacks, after firmly fastening the broken cane by weaving canvas across from side to side. Then the legs, rounds and backs were stained with black walnut stain making them as good as new. The battered sideboard was stained in the same way, the top covered with white marble oil-cloth, fastened under the edge with small tacks. On this was arranged the silver given to mother on her wedding day, and on the two side shelves above, were two quaint blue pitchers that had belonged to mother's grandmother.

Mother, beginning to be interested and offering to help, was set to work making rugs from such parts of the old carpet as were fit, binding them with wide crimson felt. The yellow shades at the window were good, and we bought enough gray canton flannel to match the paint for curtains, and crimson flannel for a wide border at the bottom and a deep lambrequin at the top. These were hung by common wire rings on poles made from old broom handles, stained, with wooden knobs glued on each end to hold them in place on the hooks driven in the wall.

My canary was brought in from the parlor and hung in the south window. I at first suggested plants, but Aunt Adelaide said they were better for the parlor as their fragrance was disagreeable to some people while eating.

The second room we took was the parlor. This was a large, light room, with two long windows opening on the piazza in front, and a bay window at the side. The carpet was good excepting the middle breadth which Aunt Adelaide said could be taken up to advantage by painting a brown border round the edge of the floor. The window shades were yellow, and over them we hung, as in the dining room, creamy cheese cloth curtains under crimson lambrequins and draped them with broad crimson ribbons which gave a light and dainty air to the room. These curtains could be taken down in winter, shaken out or washed if desired, and folded away ready for another summer while in their place brown canton flannel curtains with wide borders to match the lambrequins could be hung and looped back with a broad band of crimson made over stiff crinoline.

The worn old sleepy hollow was covered with heavy old brocade from a dress Aunt Adelaide found stored away in her garret, although she said some dark, rich-looking cretonne would otherwise have done nicely. Red plush tidy fasteners screwed in answered for upholsterer's buttons. The other chairs were good and only needed a coat of stain and an occasional pretty tidy or bright ribbon to brighten them, in consequence of which we decided that we could afford a wide-seated bamboo rocker with a crazy cushion and some crimson bows.

In place of the worn old piano cover, we made another of brown canton flannel with a border of yellow oxeys daisies worked on in floss, and a deep crimson fringe on the ends. The round center table had a cover of the same with a crimson worsted mat for the lamp, a vase of flowers and some books and papers giving a home-like look to it.

In each of the front windows was an

ox muzzle hanging basket of moss and ivy, and my stand of plants stood in the bay window behind the curtains, which were drawn aside to show them.

We were careful to fill every corner for Aunt Adelaide said, "A bare corner was a bugbear in a room." So my corner bookshelves stood in one, a low, wide otoman of plain wood made to fit, in another, stuffed and covered with what was left of the brocade, with a big soft cushion covered with crimson felt and embroidered in the center with oxeys daisies resting invitingly against the wall at the back. In the farthest corner from the windows stood an easel we made of plain strips of wood, stained, with two gilt knobs screwed in the lower bar, on which the picture rested. This picture was a marvel in its way, being the portrait of some far off ancestor of ours which mother had stored away in our garret, but which presented quite a respectable appearance, dusted and retouched with picture varnish.

The mantel piece we covered with a deep lambrequin of brown with crimson fringe and daisy border. This brown gave a rich tone to the room, yet was not bright enough to show off the old state of the carpet.

Next, the wide hall running through the house was cleared of the old oilcloth, the floor and staircase were painted brown, the side lights covered with French red, and the three high-backed chairs stained and covered with red leather. The long wooden "settle" that had been there ever since I could remember, had the back and legs stained, the seat stuffed and covered with cretonne, with a crimson fringe around the edge and a big, soft crimson cushion in each corner. A Chinese lantern hung by the door and one by the staircase. Carpet rugs were at each door and at the foot of the staircase. The legs of a square pine table were stained as well as about two inches around the edge of the top, and within this was a red leather cover which was tacked down with brass tacks. Under this was a stained wooden box for overshoes. Over the table hung a long mirror, and at each side a bracket with a small lamp. For an umbrella stand we used an old churn, one of those high, round ones, which we stained and decorated with acorns and cups and tiny cones which we fastened on with glue. This hall would be a delightful sitting room in summer with the doors open through.

The sitting room itself with its red and white matting and the addition of plain red shades for the windows was good enough.

My bed room carpet being good, it was removed to mother's room, hers being well worn out. In its place I painted my floor gray. I hung cheese cloth curtains, bordered with blue, and blue lambrequins over the gray shades at the windows. My bedstead being an old-fashioned one with low head and foot board, we draped it with a curtain of cheese cloth decorated with blue ribbons. The dressing table—a reversed packing box covered over the top and with a ruffle around the edge, of cream colored and blue cretonne—was draped in the same way. A common yellow cane rocker we made charming with the aid of a long white tidy for the back, a cushion of cretonne, like that on the dressing table, and knottings of blue ribbon. A spread for the bed was made of the same cretonne with a deep blue fringe at the sides.

My brother's room we fixed up quite presentable by cutting away the worn parts of the carpet, piecing the rest neatly together, and painting as deep a brown border around the edge as was necessary. His worn old arm-chair we arranged with red leather and stain and added many little decorative touches.

A small room opening off of mine we

prepared for my own use while my friend remained, as she was to have my room. This little room had white matting on the floor and a white shade at the one window. With the aid of French red stuff for curtains, bureau cover and bed spread it was made cozy and bright.

And when our work was finished, we surveyed it with entire satisfaction. I no longer dreaded my friend's coming, for my home was cozy if not elegant, and if Dora was not satisfied she was unworthy my friendship, I told Aunt Adelaide, with an air of pride.

J. K. LUDLUM.

The Conservatory.

THE VALLEY OF REST.

With summer-time blest
Lies the Valley of Rest,
Where peace and her soft-eyed daughters
Have chosen a home,
No more to roam,
But in shadow-haunts to lie.
All pain is annulled,
And the calm spirit lulled
By the music of falling waters;
And all you may do
The quiet day through
Is to muse on the tranquil sky.
Ah! sometimes we sigh for that Valley blest,
Its cool, deep rest.

The light airs drift by,
And their rich odors die
On the soul, and set it a-dreaming;
While the birds, ever swinging
In tree-tops, are singing
Their carols of joy and love;
And a river flows on
Where the great gold sun
Lays on it a restful gleaming;
Along the clear lake
Scarcely a ripple can break,
Where the swan and her shadow move.
Pleasant it is to get far from the noise
Of the loud world's joys.

All flowers bloom there,
Bright, delicate, fair,
The arbors and green walks adorning;
The lotus flower
Breathes mystic power;
The poppy and violet view;
The rose, blushing red,
Shakes her coquettish head
Where sparkle the jewels of morning;
And the lily, in turn,
From her white marble urn
Pours a crystalline flood of dew.
Ah! just to be there, if but for an hour—
To call one flower!

No cares ever come
To that beautiful home,
Where the soul in its languishment slumbers,
Where the noise of the strife
From the City of Life
Falls a distant, lulling sound.
A lyre is hung
With its chords unstrung
Where the wind may breathe soft numbers.
No thoughts of woe
The heart may know
On that ethereal ground—
For the least faint sigh, or a sorrowing tone,
And the dream is gone!

—Jasper Barnett Cowdin.

FLOWERS OF THE OLD GARDENS.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

IN THESE days a garden is an artificial production with which nature has as much to do as with the weaving of a Turkey carpet. The art of carpet bedding has been carried to perfection, and, in consequence, we all know what to expect when we enter a flower garden in the summer months. There are the patches of scarlet, purple and white, as smooth and even as the emerald turf in which they are imbedded. There is not a withered leaf nor a straggling spray to be seen, for it is the gardener's first object to repress the luxuriance of nature. What stately plants are these and what dignified names they bear! Our grandmothers would not recognize any of them scarcely, nor would they see any of their own favorites. The old-fashioned flowers have been banished from modern grounds. The tyranny of fashion has prevailed alike in the gardens of rich and poor, of the squire, the parson, and the farmer, and the delightful occupation of

gardening is exalted (?) to a skilled art in which there is no place for amateurs.

It was not so in the gardens of our youth. There was the stamp of character and all the charms of a surprise in the distinctive peculiarities of the old-fashioned walled gardens. One was famous for its peaches, sheltered from the early frosts by the mossy roof of an old shed; another for its wealth of golden-drop plums. In one there was a shady corner for lilies-of-the-valley; in another a sunny exposure where the autumn violets were the first to bloom. In all there were grass alleys, crooked and hoary old apple trees, valued as much for their age as for the quality of their fruit; there was a wealth and variety of pot herbs. One wall was crowned by a patch of Aaron's Rod, another was fringed with wall flowers, and the old bricks were often covered with a network of the delicate and beautiful creeper. There was the delightful smell of newly turned mould to mingle with the fragrance of a hedge of sweet peas, or of a bed of clove gillyflowers, sweet-william, and mignonette filled the vacant places, and the bees from a row of yellow-painted hives were humming over all.

Once in a while, in the country, you will stumble upon a garden where some of these old-fashioned flowers thrive in their glory. Peonies, poppies, hollyhocks, columbines, sweet sultan, clove pinks and the like, were the delight of our grandmothers, and they are beautiful in color and form, but they are not fashionable. Generally the housewife has some excuse for their existence: "My husband dotes on pinks," or "The phlox was mother's favorite flower, or "Little Eddie loved hollyhocks." In one garden that I know of, there has been a bed in one corner where every year for more than a hundred years English forget-me-nots have blossomed every year; the seed sows itself and comes up in time to bloom and the flowers are as blue and star-like as when pretty Dolly Rutherford plucked a handful to wear in the breast or her dress the night she danced with Lafayette and Rochambeau in those old days of the last century.

In some of the old gardens one could find beds of Easter lilies mingled with clumps of spider lilies and borders of sweet-williams, and columbines of every hue, intermixed with such annuals as mignonette and sweet alyssum, and edged with blue bells as sweet as a baby's breath. Nor a few of the plants were set out perhaps by the first settlers or their wives who brought the roots or slips from their older home. All along the banks of Kittery and the Piscataqua one will see a blaze of roses through the months of June and July, and the bushes are more than a century old, older, in fact, than the old Pepperell House where the first American baronet hobnobbed with Governor Benning Wentworth and Admiral Warren in colonial days.

To most of us the old-fashioned flowers have associations. I never see a spray of lilacs or breathe the fragrance of sweet-williams and mignonette, without thinking of the old school house where these flowers, placed in an old pitcher or bottle, stood on the teacher's desk through those long, golden summer days of the long ago. And the roses I have plucked for my pretty schoolmate, and the great peonies I have worn under my hat band, and the bunches of poppies and hollyhocks I carried to cheer a sick friend, all come to my memory whenever any of these flowers pass under my notice. These old flowers have a meaning and a signification that newer favorites do not have. They speak of another time, of the life of past generations, and their very perfume revives romances rich and varied as any of those in the Decameron.

HUMMING-BIRDS.

I remember reading years ago an article in a newspaper stating that humming-birds never sit still, and recently I saw a similar statement in regard to these beautiful birds, with the additional information that they never sing. It is strange that persons will make such statements and make them so positively, too. I have repeatedly seen humming-birds sit perfectly still. I have seen them light on the clothes-line, in the yard, and sit there, motionless for fifteen or twenty minutes.

As an attraction for these brilliant creatures, I have always endeavored to have in the yard and garden, a profusion of tubular and trumpet-shaped flowers, all through the summer and fall. They are extremely fond of honeysuckles and have more than a passing fancy for fuchsias. In the space of one afternoon, I have known them to riddle to pieces all the buds and blossoms of six fine, large fuchsias that were on a stand in the yard. The fuchsias were moved to the sitting room windows to save them from the depredations of these tiny birds, but the birds followed them, and darted in and out the windows with perfect unconcern, though I sat by the window all the evening.

One morning I was in the garden gathering some flowers, and had a handful of gladioli, sweet-scented honeysuckles and single tuberoses, when a beautiful humming-bird came like a flash of emerald light, and circled round and round the bunch of flowers several times, then daintily sipped of the hidden nectar contained in each fragrant cup. Not a flower did he miss. And then the tired, quivering, glittering thing lit on my hand and rested there fully five minutes. I watched him with breathless interest not daring to move. Directly, he, on flashing wings, resumed his dainty feast, and soon, apparently surfeited with sweets, again he rested on my hand for several minutes, when some one coming into the garden startled him, and he darted off as quickly as he came. Many and many a time they have lit on my hand and on my dress, and rested there. How strange it seems to me that any one should say that humming-birds never rest, and should represent them as being ceaselessly on the wing. Why, of course, they rest and often, and any one by thinking a moment will be convinced of it. Of course, they rest at night.

I fancy that the humming-birds could easily be tamed, for often when darting in and out among the flowers in the windows, they would lose their bearings, and, for fear they might dash their brains out against the wall, I would catch them, and on my open palm carry them to the door or window and offer them their freedom, and it seemed to be a matter of perfect indifference to them, whether they went or stayed, anyhow they would take their time about starting.

One morning, last summer, I went into the garden, and up a walk that terminated abruptly by the river bank. At the distance of five feet below the garden, is a terrace ten feet wide, which was then a perfect mass of flowers. The ever-blooming honeysuckles and the Virginia creepers (*bignonia radicans*,) seemed to have vied with each other in carpeting the ground and draping the bushes. Great clusters of the trumpet-shaped, orange red flowers of the Virginia creepers glowed from among the bushes, and looked up from the ground, and here, too, were the yellow morning primroses, with their delicate perfume, and the elegant cups of white and of blue morning glories were steeped to the brim with the morning dew, and all the air was filled with the spicy fragrance of the honeysuckles, and hovering over and darting

among these flowers, were four or five humming birds, their radiant wings flashing gem-like in the air. Oh, it was a sight well worth the seeing! To stand on the bank and look down on those birds and flowers, was to me a pleasure which I prolonged to the utmost, and this was my reward: I observed that one of the birds hovered over the flowers without tasting of their sweets. It seemed to be in a state of ecstatic bliss, and directly I perceived that it was crooning, or singing a low, soft song. This tiny song was entirely distinct from the humming noise produced by their wings. Beyond doubt, the bird was supremely happy, and had evidently feasted to its fill from the beautiful and bounteous repast spread before it.

Oh, what a sin, what a crying shame it is that these birds of dazzling brilliancy that flash and gleam through the air in opalescent splendor, should be cruelly killed, that their brilliant plumage may adorn the hats of ladies, and thus gratify a questionable taste and an unpardonable vanity!

UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

TREE PLANTING.

As a rule, I have not much sympathy with the effort to set out large trees in the hope of obtaining shade more quickly. The trees have to be trimmed up and cut back so greatly that their symmetry is often destroyed. They are also apt to be checked in their growth so seriously by such removal that a slender sapling, planted at the same time, overtakes and passes them. I prefer a young tree, straight-stemmed, healthy, and typical of its species or variety. Still, when large trees can be removed in winter with a great ball of frozen earth adhering, that insures the preservation of the fibrous roots, much time can be saved. It should ever be remembered that prompt, rapid growth of the transplanted tree depends on two things—plenty of small fibrous roots, and a fertile soil to receive them. It usually happens that the purchaser employs a local citizen to aid in putting his ground in order. In every rural neighborhood there are smart men; smart is the proper adjective, for they are neither sagacious nor trustworthy, and there is ever a dismal hiatus between their promises and performance. Such men lie in wait for new-comers, to take advantage of their inexperience and necessary absence. They will assure their confiding employers that they are beyond learning any thing new in the planting of trees—which is true in a sinister sense. They will leave roots exposed to sun and wind; in brief, pay no more attention to them than a baby-farmer would bestow on an infant's appetite, and then, when convenient, thrust them into a hole scarcely large enough for a post. They expect to receive their money long before the dishonest character of their work can be discovered. The number of trees which this class of men have dwarfed or killed outright would make a forest. The result of a well meaning, yet ignorant man's work might be equally unsatisfactory. Therefore the purchaser of the acre should know how a tree should be planted, and see to it himself, or he should by careful inquiry select a man for the task who could bring testimonials from those to whom he had rendered like services in the past.

The hole destined to receive a shade or fruit tree should be at least three feet in diameter and two feet deep. It then should be partially filled with good surface soil, upon which the tree should stand, so that its roots could extend naturally according to their original growth. Good, fine loam should be sifted through and over them, and they should not be permitted to come in contact with

decaying matter, or coarse, unfermented manure. The tree should be set as deeply in the soil as it stood when first taken up. As the earth is thrown gently through and over the roots it should be packed lightly against them with the foot, and water, should the season be rather dry and warm, poured in from time to time to settle the fine soil about them. The surface should be levelled at last with a slight dip toward the tree, so that spring and summer rains may be retained directly about the roots. Then a mulch of coarse manure is helpful, for it keeps the surface moist, and its richness will reach the roots gradually in a diluted form. A mulch of straw, leaves, or coarse hay is better than none at all. After being planted, three stout stakes should be inserted firmly in the earth at the three points of a triangle, the tree being its center. Then by a rope of straw or some soft material, the tree should be braced firmly between the protecting stakes, and thus it is kept from being whipped around by the wind. Should periods of drought ensue during the growing season, it would be well to rake the mulch one side, and saturate the ground around the young tree with an abundance of water, and the mulch afterward spread as before. Such watering is often essential, and it should be thorough.—E. P. Roe, in *Harper's Magazine*.

RASPBERRIES.

A rich, deep, well-drained loam is undoubtedly the best soil for the raspberry. It is sooner injured by excessive moisture than almost any other cultivated fruit, and in planting, an elevated location should, if possible, always be selected. In planting black caps of strong growth like Gregg, the rows should be at least seven feet apart, with plants three feet apart, in the row. Between the rows Irish potatoes may be profitably planted the first season. Red varieties of the Antwerp type should be planted five feet apart, with plants two feet from each other in the row. Fall planting is recommended by a majority of growers, but my experience causes me to believe that the tips of black caps can be most successfully transplanted in early spring. Mellow earth should be placed on the plants to allow the young shoots to reach the surface without difficulty. If properly pruned, the raspberry needs no artificial support. Plants of red or black varieties should, when two feet high, have the terminal bud nipped for the purpose of forcing a lateral growth, and thereby increasing the productiveness of the plant. Such shoots generally grow in a circle, and balance the plant when weighted with fruit.

As all shoots do not begin to grow at the same time, repeated nippings, during the growing season, will be found necessary. Black caps are propagated from the tips of the branches that should be covered with earth early in September to enable them to take root. About the end of October they should be taken up and "heeled in" on high ground, or allowed to remain where grown until spring, if not liable to be lifted by frost. All varieties that produce suckers may be propagated from root-cuttings, treated in precisely the same manner as root-cuttings of the blackberry. All dead wood should be removed as soon as convenient after fruiting terminates. This advice also applies to the blackberry, and is prompted by the belief that a dead branch largely taxes the vitality of living roots.

Red raspberries are not as firm as black caps, and on that account are almost invariably sent to market in quart or pint boxes. The two-bushel stand, containing four drawers, holding half a bushel each, is generally used in shipping black

caps. Tyler and Souhegan are probably the best extra early black caps now cultivated. Tyler, on account of its superiority to Doolittle, is rapidly taking the place of that variety in the great raspberry plantations of New York: and Souhegan, a more recent introduction, is warmly commended by all who have tested it. Gregg is the best very late black cap ever cultivated, and whoever will produce a better variety may well be proud of the achievement. Of well tested red varieties, Turner is the best extra early sort. It is very productive, of the most delicious flavor, and perfectly hardy. Cuthbert has no equal as a very late red variety. It is even later than Gregg. Very productive, hardy and a strong grower. Fruit large, sweet, and very attractive in color.—*Primer of Horticulture*.

A SMALL CONSERVATORY.

The sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD Band will please excuse a stranger, though an interested reader, if she intrudes long enough to give Philo some hints about a small conservatory. Being somewhat of an invalid this winter, my John invested in one that has given much pleasure to all from John himself to the two-year-old baby.

Our house faces the east, but the laws of the city forbid building over the street, so the morning sun was out of the question. The sitting room, however, has windows on the north and west, and by unhangings the window and shutters of one of the latter, and building on the outside a three-sided bulk made of old window sash just the height and width of the opening, we have a very inexpensive yet convenient conservatory, without even breaking the plaster.

On the floor stands a fish globe, two aloes, geraniums, etc., while on the two shelves above, heliotropes, geraniums, a fuchsia, begonia and oxalis are now in bloom.

If Philo lives in the country where she can get mechanics at respectable prices, or better, if her John has time to do it for her, a similar one can be made at very moderate cost, by using hot-bed sash instead of old windows.

Let me suggest one improvement on ours. By all means have a glass roof. As little wood as possible is better for the plants. There is so much of the time in winter that plants depend on light instead of sunshine that they need all they can get so as to burst into bloom when the sun does come instead of looking pale and white.

We have had thin curtains before our window and depended entirely on the heat of the room to resist the past severe winter. The plants have never had to be moved, except those on the floor which is only one thickness of board.

I desire that all who love flowers may be able to have them, and this little window may be brought within the limits of a very small income.

Our little girl stands in front of it, and gazing up admiringly, says, "Flowers sish bird," then off to her play till she is flower-struck again.

Perhaps this is too small for Philo, but the principle holds good for any size. I hope she will tell THE HOUSEHOLD what she decides on.

PHILA.

Pennsylvania.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to inquire if plants can be made to do well in a south window of the kitchen, where we keep a coal fire day and night and burn gas besides. If so, what kinds? I have tried several times but they do not grow well. Is it too warm, or what is the trouble?

S. M.

The Nursery.

THE HANG-BIRD'S NEST.

Rock-a-by, birdies, upon the elm tree,
When the long limbs wave gently and free;
Tough as a bow-string, and drooping and small,
Nothing can break them to give you a fall;
Rock-a-by, birdies, along with the breeze,
All the leaves over you humming like bees;
High away, low away, come again, go!
Go again, come again, rock-a-by-low!

Wonder how papa-bird braided that nest,
Binding the twigs about close to his breast;
Wonder how many there are in your bed,
Bonny swing-cradle hung far overhead,
Never mind, birdies, how highly it swings,
Mother bird covers you close with her wings,
High away, low away, come again, go!
Go again, come again, rock-a-by-low!

Rock-a-by birdies, there's no one to tire;
Mother rides with you; her wings are like fire;
All the bright feathers are round you so warm;
Rain cannot reach you and wind cannot harm;
Pretty bird-babies, let baby so swing
In your high cradle while mamma shall sing;
High away, low away, come again, go!
Go again, come again, rock-a-by-low!

—Our Little Ones.

THE STORY OF GALILEO.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

"I SHOULD like above all things to be famous," cried a little boy one day, in my hearing.

"And what should you like to be famous for?" I asked.

"Oh, for almost any thing," was his answer, and I did not think much of it, for there is a bad sort of fame and a great many ways to get it. Now the truth is, all the fame that is worth having has to be earned by hard labor, and hard labor in pursuit of some noble end. Sir Isaac Newton won splendid fame and was truly great. But it was by hard study and overcoming difficulties that would have staggered some men, that he secured greatness. So it was with Washington and Count Rumford and Benjamin Franklin. So it was also, with Galileo, who is famous for his discoveries in mathematics and astronomy.

Galileo Galilei, one of the greatest philosophers and mathematicians of all time, was born at Pisa, in Italy, in the year 1564. He came of a noble Florentine family, and his father, Vincenzo, was a man of learning, and the author of several treatises on music. Galileo acquired a good knowledge of the classics of music and drawing, and at a very early age he showed a strong inclination for mechanical investigations. In 1581 he attended the University of Pisa and entered upon the study of medicine and of the philosophy of Aristotle, the latter of which he soon became disgusted with, and afterwards openly attacked.

The habit of observation for which Galileo was distinguished was early developed. When he was nineteen years old, the swinging of a chandelier by the wind, suspended from the ceiling of the cathedral in Pisa, led him to investigate the laws of the vibration of the pendulum, which he was the first to apply as a measurer of time. He did not perfect it, however. This was done by the Dutch astronomer Huggens, who in the year 1656, first applied the pendulum to clock work. He now devoted himself exclusively to mathematics and natural science, and in the year 1589, was made professor of mathematics in the University of Pisa.

His salary was but sixty crowns, and he had to look for his support partly to private pupils. His leisure hours were occupied with grave studies. He invented a hydrostatic balance, and wrote a description of it, which introduced him to the friendship of Guido Ubaldo, the mechanist and mathematician. He demonstrated the error of supposing that the velocity of falling bodies is proportional

to their weight, by letting fall unequal weights at the same time, from the top of the leaning tower of Pisa, explaining that the trifling difference of time noticed in their respective descents was owing wholly to the resistance of the air.

The death of his father in 1591, imposed upon him the duty of supporting the family. Soon after this the interest of Ubaldo procured him the appointment of professor of mathematics for six years in the University of Padua. This new position upon which he entered in September, 1592, gave him a salary of one hundred and eighty florins, and enabled him to remove from a city where the hostility of his enemies embittered his existence. His lectures were attended by scholars from the most distant part of Europe. In 1597 he invented his geometrical and military compass. He also made several important discoveries in mathematics, one of which was that the spaces through which a body falls in equal times increase as the numbers, 1, 3, 5, 7, that is, if a body falls sixteen feet in one second, it will fall forty-eight in two, eighty in three seconds and so on.

At the expiration of his term, Galileo was re-engaged for six years longer, with an increased salary of three hundred and twenty florins. He is said to have invented the first thermometer, and he certainly constructed the first telescope. It was a very simple affair, being only a lead pipe with glasses in each end which magnified three times. He improved on the idea until at last he made an instrument with a magnifying power of thirty. The wonders of the heavens now unfolded to him, which no man had ever seen before, filled him with incredible delight. His earliest observations, were upon the moon, whose inequality of surface he was the first to trace. He saw myriads of stars in the milky way, counted forty in the Pleiades, and at length, on January 13, 1610, after six nights' observation, discovered the revolution of four satellites around the planet Jupiter.

The grand duke of Tuscany, Cosmo the Second, now appointed Galileo grand ducal mathematician and philosopher, with a liberal salary, and he removed to Florence. A storm was, however, gathering about his head, and when he announced the discovery of the phases of Mercury, Venus and Mars, the malice of his enemies acquired a dangerous intensity. The Copernican system which he had long supported, afforded them a good pretext for attacking him. The monks preached against him, and denounced him as a heretic. Finally the persecution became so severe that he was obliged to appear at Rome and answer for his "sacriligious" doctrines before the Inquisition. His trial was short and he was condemned to publicly renounce his "heretical" beliefs. Clad in sackcloth and kneeling he swore upon the gospels never again to teach the earth's motion and the sun's stability; he declared his detestation of the proscribed opinions, and promised to perform the penance laid upon him. When he rose, indignant at having sworn in violation of his firm conviction he is said to have exclaimed in an undertone, *E pur si muove*—"It does move for all that." This happened June 23, 1633, and Galileo was then seventy years old.

He was sentenced to imprisonment for an indefinite length of time, and every week for three years was to repeat the seven penitential psalms of David. He was subsequently banished to the Episcopal palace at Sienna, and soon afterwards to a place near Florence. His last years were spent principally in the study of mechanics and projectiles. The results are found in two important works on the laws of motion, the foundations of the present system of physics and astronomy. He suffered from disease of

the eyes and was nearly blind when in 1637 he discovered the moon's diurnal libration. Blindness, deafness and want of sleep, combined to shorten his life. He died at last of a fever and heart disease, in January, 1642 (the same year in which Newton was born.)

Galileo was of middle size, well formed, with fair complexion and penetrating eyes. His manners were frank and his disposition cheerful and amiable. He was buried in Santa Croce (the Westminster Abbey of Florence) and a superb monument now marks the sepulcher of one of the greatest scholars and discoverers of modern times.

A LETTER TO THE BOYS.

"And thus he bore, without abuse,
The grand old name of gentleman."

—Tennyson.

"A gentleman of the olden school."

We don't know of any one thing more than another, which is more essential for a young man or boy to learn than the art of politeness. The thousand and one little courtesies which go toward making up the sum of human happiness. If we were to speak of any but the most important, we might fill a small book. The most important are generally considered to be those which extend throughout our surroundings in every-day life. We measure our acquaintances somewhat by their attention to these things. A well bred child will notice many little deficiencies in breeding, where one that had been carelessly instructed would see nothing unusual. We cannot be too careful of our attention to these matters. A bow in the street, accompanied by lifting the hat. What is it? A simple mark of respect to a lady. Yet how very ungallant and rude a man or boy would be deemed, if they passed their friends with a nod. I knew one young boy who even lifted his hat to his boyish friends. There was no harm in it. It did me good. That was ten years ago. Do you think that he as a rising young lawyer in Chicago ever regretted so doing? That he enjoyed his play less? No, indeed. We are not so foolish as to think that. It is simply that the majority who do not attend to these things do it from carelessness. They are by no means necessarily ill-bred. They know what is right, but fail to do it.

Take another of these self-same courtesies. Introductions. Just watch, for some time, all the introductions that come under your notice. How many of those do it in an easy way? Take your own experience. Have you ever failed to catch the name of the party introduced? The object in introducing one person to another, is to make two people acquainted, who were previously strangers. If the name of either person is unfamiliar to the other, that is a double reason why they should be made distinct. Yet, in all the introductions, through which I have been, in more than two-thirds of the cases, it was well nigh impossible to catch the name. The trouble lies mainly in the great hurry that people seem to be in, when they introduce one person to another. It is a point well worth our attention. How much pleasure can be obtained, when you really know to whom you are speaking. Many young people have an erroneous idea, that politeness borders on affectation, or is effeminate. It is gratifying to know that they are able to see their mistake later in life, when they mingle with the world. We do not often hear the term now, "A gentleman of the olden school."

Let us see what they were. Careful of other people's feelings. Ready to assist the weak. Courteous to all. Attentive to the wants of others. Gentle-men in the highest, truest sense of that word. Is it then so nearly a forgotten accom-

plishment that persons possessing these traits are denominated "gentlemen of the olden school?" Has our modern school of politeness left out these particular branches of learning? For we have polite men and women, boys and girls, but, does their politeness spring from the heart? Above all, does the home find them as attentive to the wants of those around them, as when they are abroad?

Why should we be any more polite to strangers than to those of our own kindred? The latter are laboring constantly for us. Of course we are liable, when overworked or ill, to speak petulantly, and then ignore the common rules of politeness. Whether strong or ill, it should be our pride to daily work toward a higher type of gentleman. Commence at once. Fix the habits which shall last you a life time. "Fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer."

A gentleman is a higher title than you can obtain in any school from which you can graduate. All boys and men cannot be lawyers, doctors, or ministers. All boys and men can be gentlemen. You are aware of all this, you only need reminding. Be sure that the look of pride and pleasure on your mother's face, will amply repay your efforts. We cannot be gentlemen superficially. Our actions, which "speak louder than words," will proclaim to the world whether we are whole souled, manly men, or pitiful creatures, content to drag out a miserable existence, entirely unmindful of the wants of those around us.

CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

WORK FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY IDA BELL VAN AUKEN.

Let me tell the mothers and older sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD children how we have interested the infant class in mission work. The band was first started for the children but the interest has grown so that now all the Sabbath school is included in the society. Our name is the "The Happy Helpers." Any one can become a member by paying as many pennies as they have lived years, that is, a little girl five years old pays five cents. This membership fee brought us in ten dollars. Then we sent for the blue mite boxes, and gave one to each member, telling the children to earn the money themselves for the boxes. At the end of the year we would open them. Children's Day was observed last June, and in October we gave a "Harvest Home." A Japanese wedding was given also several mission concerts, all under the auspices of the "Happy Helpers."

Our time of meeting is Saturday afternoon at different homes. The young ladies superintend the sewing of the little girls, who are piecing quilts for the box which is to be sent to an Indian school. How happy and interested the little girls are, busily sewing, while the president reads or tells some story. We always give them a recess to play, and they go home at five o'clock not having any supper. Twice last summer we took our sewing to the woods and had a charming picnic. Then the delight of the children was unbounded.

It is quite difficult to interest little boys. They can collect pretty cards and pictures to make scrap books to send in the box. We also give them little pieces to recite, and take great pains to teach all the children to sing. Last year we met bi-weekly, but this year once a month. A few weeks ago was our annual meeting, held in the church, Sunday evening. The house was full and it was an impressive scene when the "Happy Helpers" marched in with beaming faces and took their places. The program consisted of readings, recitations, music, a map exer-

cise, by members of the band. Finally came the report from the boxes, the most interesting event of the evening. The names of the members were read off first, then the amounts found in the boxes, thus no one knew which name corresponded to the amount. The smallest sum was five cents, the largest one dollar and sixty cents. Upon each box was written the manner in which the money was earned. "Wiping dishes," "Running on errands," "Raising peppers and squashes," "Picking berries," "Hunting eggs," "Raising chickens," "Milking," "Selling berry roots," and numberless other ways did the "Happy Helpers" earn pennies for their boxes.

About twelve dollars resulted from this plan. Altogether we raised thirty dollars for our first year. This to be divided between home and foreign missions. How I wish all the children where THE HOUSEHOLD is read could earn pennies in this way. The little ones are so quickly interested in what mamma is.

Can they learn too early the beautiful grace, self-denial? The thirty dollars earned by the "Happy Helpers" is not much, to be sure, but the inspiration, the knowledge about missions, the manual labor performed, have left a sweet influence which will never be effaced. Children must do something. Restless, eager childhood, bubbling over with noise and fun, what better than to let some of this surplus energy be expended in the juvenile temperance and mission bands?

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous.

If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it.

If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running.

If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner.

If there is a dull one, help him learn his lesson.

If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before.

If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.—*Horace Mann.*

A CUNNING SPARROW.

A Hartford paper tells the following story of an English sparrow, on the authority of a friend who had it from the gentleman who witnessed the occurrence:

"This gentleman, who resides in New York, had erected in his back yard, a large box for sparrows' nests. It was divided into three rows, each containing four compartments. These were all speedily taken possession of by a dozen pairs of sparrows, and the business of making nests proceeded amid the customary chirping din of these fussy and pugnacious feathered colonists.

Sitting idly at the window one Sunday, watching the birds, the gentleman saw one cock-sparrow come flying to the place with a fine, soft, white feather in his bill. The box was so placed that he could see into the compartments, and he saw this bird fix the feather into an incomplete nest, and then fly away. No sooner was he out than a female sparrow from the adjoining compartment, who had evidently seen that proceeding, hopped into her neighbor's house and

pulled out and carried off the coveted feather. Becoming interested, the observer watched the performance expecting to see the little thief carry her stolen prize to her own nest; but no, she knew a trick worth two of that, and here is where she displayed an undeniable reasoning process, and acted on a clear perception of cause and effect, making a prudent use of her knowledge of the character and disposition of her plundered neighbor. She flew off with the feather to a neighboring tree, where she fastened it in an inconspicuous place upon and between two twigs and there left it. Pretty soon the bird she had defrauded came back with a straw to add to his nest. Discovering his loss, he came out with an angry chirruping that boded no good to the despoiler of his hearth and home, if he could only find the rogue. His first demonstration was to visit his next-door neighbor without any search-warrant. In that abode of peace and innocence he found no trace of the stolen feather; and as for the actual guilty party, she was hopping innocently about, and loudly demanding—as far as bird tones could be understood by the man at the window—what was meant by this ungentlemanly intrusion. The cock-sparrow was evidently puzzled. Unable, after a minute search, to find the lost feather, he apparently gave it up, and flew away in search of another. The thief demurely waited till he got well off, and then flew to the tree, secured the stolen feather, and took it in triumph to her own nest.

SOME OTHER CATS

Cats are endowed with far more sagacity, intelligence and affection than people accord them. Experience and observation convince me that cats are capable of evincing as much intelligence as dogs, and when properly treated are one of the most beautiful of our household pets.

The attachment of cats to places is wonderful, and instances have been known of a cat returning to its home after long absence, and over a very great distance. My brother once owned a beautiful tortoise shell cat, with a decided tendency for devouring young chickens, and he gave him to a friend. Romeo was placed in a tight bag and taken a distance of some miles one dark night and left with his new master. He had never been known to go outside of the yard, and yet by early morning Romeo had found his way home. This bit of sagacity saved his life, and he lived to a good age, leaving a grandson of wonderful intelligence, which on account of his sagacity is named Hieronymus.

When he hears the tinkling of the milk pails, he will run to his corner and sit by his basin waiting for his milk. No rattling or sight of other pails will attract him from his nap but a milk pail. Like the handsome "Peter" which received a eulogy in THE HOUSEHOLD, he is the only yellow cat in the house, and his mistress likes to keep him smooth and glossy, but he greatly delights in a combat occasionally. A short time ago he was obliged to engage in a duel. Although he came off victorious, he received a severe scratch on his nose. We caressed him when he came into the house, but when his mistress reproved him for receiving the scratch, he walked directly into the sitting room, jumped into a chair which stood before the mirror, and standing on his hind feet looked intently at his wound then looking into his mistress' face in the drollest manner possible, left the room and did not appear in the house again for a day or two. Do you think he was ashamed of his battered nose, or what was it?

A friend of mine tells me of a little kitten which will go into the neighboring

houses, lie down and roll over and over at the feet of any of the family until a piece of meat is given it, which seems to satisfy his demands, and he runs back home.

Some cats seem to possess great musical delight, others a great aversion to music of any sort. My cousin has a fine, large maltese cat, Jack. When Jack sees him coming he expects a song, and will follow him about the house while he sings to him of "warriors bold," though his seventeen years make him rather decrepit.

A lady has a fine black cat of great musical ability. When asked, "Nig, will you play us a tune?" he walks to the piano and sitting on the stool will tap on the keys, lending to the piano notes the melody of his voice, in a manner showing that he understands perfectly what is required of him.

I could relate many more instances and stories of cats owned and known by myself, which will open doors, perform tricks, recognize their owners' voice, and follow them in their walks like dogs, and run to meet them after a long absence. You can teach your cats many cunning tricks if you commence when they are quite young. BEE.

BIRD CHARITY.

Last summer a pair of robin red breasts built their nest in the vicinity of a fashionable country boarding house. In due time the heads of four young robins were observed by some of the boarders peering above the sides of the nest, when some thoughtless boys passing that way shot both the parents and left the young ones to perish.

The ladies and gentlemen, moved to pity by the poor helpless young birds, were devising plans for relief when a little brown wren flew to the nest, surveying the unfortunate state of things for a moment, then disappeared. In a few minutes it returned bearing food of some kind to the starving robins.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

SOME NOTIONS FOR MOTHERS.

"Busy days" with the babies have grown to be "busier" with babies still, with boys and girls, youths and maidens, and the claims of each for temporal care have almost crowded out the leisure hours for confidential talks and preachments, yet results are beginning to manifest themselves, and so far they are such as were hoped for. Silence has been because I have feared my theories might not be practical, might not work out as they promised, but with a thankful heart for blessings upon hours of labor for His work, the word must go out to cheer some young mother.

Do your best honestly every day. Teach and make your child's love for you an object, its obedience the foundation of all, and the final approval of our Father its earnest desire as well as your own, and trust Him for the rest. A little stream may be easily turned, a little temper must be led to a change of thought. Often a denial of some desire will raise a storm which substitution of some other pleasure may prevent. A child before it is three years old should be taught a measure of self-control—to endure a hard bump, or a slight cut, a disappointment or actual vexation. Mother's "never mind," if she does not mind, carries help and strength only understood by her own reliance upon a stronger will or power in her petty trials. The child who is allowed to fret at trifles, continues to do so more and more, to the perfect discomfort of his family. He who endures a trifling hurt or vexation, can pass over greater ones, sparing the feelings of those who may be

about them, yet powerless to avert or share their griefs.

Take time for sympathy with the growing boys, and girls—enjoy their fun, tell of your own, never forget your own childhood, nor hesitate to recall some incidents to amuse the children. Some of my little reminiscences have been repeated hundreds of times. Only to-day I was urged by Midget to "tell us about — as you used to. I never can help laughing."

As the choice of friends is one subject mothers are anxious about, it is never too soon to begin to look after it, while it may, in a day's time, be too late. While many object to allowing children to tell what occurs at school or when absent from home, I prefer to hear every thing, to never allow the beginning of a sentiment that might grow into "Don't tell mamma." No matter how objectionable facts come to light in this way, some way must be contrived to enforce a lesson, and lead away the thoughts to better things, and a knowledge of the real children or youth or maidens our own may have for associates, comes to us as it could not by the few opportunities we have for mere observation. A habit of "telling all about it" is a good one to form, and in it the confessions of little mistakes or sillinesses which may be passed over, yet suggestions given for the better way next time.

Mothers, let us not forget the little while ago when we were girls, let us be sympathetic and keep the precious confidence we can never find, once lost. Much is urged upon the young people, much blame laid upon them. Let us be careful and prayerful as to our part of the duty. Can we not keep the affection we see in the face of our darling baby, the quick glance for our approving smile, the pursed up lips for the greeting or parting kiss even of our grown up boys? Yet all around us we see a stolidness or a shamefacedness at any manifestation of affection, as if it were amiss or impolite. In fact politeness has had such a revision that our notion of respect for elders, for those in authority, or for any one or any thing, is antiquated, and the fashion is for children to evade their parents' supervision, to choose ways and means and associates for themselves, and command parental admiration (!) for their triumphs. It is pitiful to see the expressions upon faces of some mothers, the anxiety they strive to cover by a mask of complacency, the disappointed affection by a mantle of style and good (?) manners.

We must not expect too much. There are some things our children and youth must rely upon themselves for. They must decide many things for themselves, and if they do not begin to do so we have failed somewhere in our work. But when we see the motives behind their lives, the desire for right, the results we have arrived at, we must be thankful and can trust their future in the hands we have prepared to guide it, and the hearts where true affection for a mother's God and His people reign.

Sometimes we are too anxious for our own little world, too engrossed with ourselves to think of or help another. Yet every mother gains strength when she shares her own with others, when she sympathizes or suggests or encourages one with less experience than her own. Often a recital of a mistake made may do more than an exhortation to help some one in danger of a like error. No service is too humble for one mother to render, or to receive from another, and many may scatter seeds of kindness, little encouraging words or merry memories, to be passed on to others, and surprise them when it shall be said "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

ROSAMOND E.

The Library.

INFLUENCE.

Far in the distant years some deed of beauty
Hath struck the keynote of a bold refrain,
And many a noble act and high-souled duty
Led on the lofty strain.

Far in the distant years some thought came gleaming
Along the history of this world's great life,
And quivering down from heart to heart is beaming—
With glory still is rife.

Oh, blest the power such deeds of heavenly meekness
To pour down the tract of coming days,
And blest the thoughts that fall in living sweetness
Upon life's common ways.

And glad the gathering when our time is ended,
Of all the influence that one life hath cast;
The souls that through such earnest words have tended
Upward to heaven at last.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

—Longfellow.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

BY REBA RAYMOND.

MRS. GASKELL in her life-story of Charlotte Bronte, has given us a work of deep and tender interest. The life which was so early shadowed by sorrow and suffering. A brief sketch of her life will show something of her character and the cause of sadness which affected her throughout life.

Her father, the Rev. Patrick Bronte, was a native of Ireland. At an early age he gave evidence of extraordinary intelligence, but was forced to depend entirely on his own exertions for an education. His efforts and the results in this direction show him to have been a man of strong and determined character. He began teaching at the age of sixteen and continued this work for nine years, in the public schools and as tutor in the family of the Rev. Mr. Tighe. At the age of twenty-five he entered St. John's college at Cambridge. Four years later he received the degree of B. A., and was ordained to the curacy in Essex, afterward moving into Yorkshire. While a curate at Hartshead, where he remained five or six years, he wooed and married Miss Maria Branwell. Miss Branwell's home was in Penzance in Cornwall, she having gone to Leeds to visit her uncle, the Rev. John Fennell. While there she met Mr. Bronte, who had the reputation of being very handsome, full of Irish enthusiasm, and who stood high in the estimation of the people.

Miss Branwell was extremely small in person, not pretty, but very elegant, and always dressed with a quiet simplicity of taste, which accorded well with her general character, and of which some of the details call to mind the style of dress preferred by her daughter for her favorite heroines. Mr. Bronte was soon captivated by the gentle little creature, and they were married the following winter, December 29, 1812. The Branwell family were noted for their gentle and sincere piety and for their purity and refinement of character.

Mr. Bronte and his wife had both passed their youth, and had arrived at the years of matured judgment, he being thirty-five, and Mrs. Bronte twenty-nine years old, so that it was no passing fancy, but a keen perception of character, that drew them together. They lived a few years at Hartshead, and a short time at Thornton, before their removal to Haworth, which continued to be their home through life.

Six children were born to them, Maria, Elizabeth, Charlotte, (born April 21, 1815,) one son, Patrick Branwell, Emily and Anne. The removal to Haworth was made in 1820. Haworth is described as a

long straggling village with one steep, narrow street, so steep that the flagstones with which it is paved, are placed endways, that the horses' feet may have something to cling to in the ascent. The houses are built of grey stone, and the inhabitants are those interested in the factories near by—these also of stone—stone fences everywhere, no trees, but wild stretches of bleak moors in every direction—beyond and above. At the head of this steep street was the parsonage, the home of the Brontes. An oblong stone house facing down hill. The graveyard lies on two sides of the house, and the church is about a hundred yards distant.

The climate here was severe. The winters lingered long. The snows lay late and chilling blasts swept over the bare moors. Do you not feel the bleakness, dreariness and isolation of this home in the wild Yorkshire district? It must have required great fortitude for the gentle, delicate mother who had left the mild airs and pleasant home in Cornwall, to settle in the new home. Her health was already failing and the next year after their removal—1821—finds the little flock motherless.

The nurse tells how the six little creatures used to walk out hand in hand toward the wild moors. They were grave and silent beyond their years. You would not have known there was a child in the house, they were so noiseless and quiet. The long illness of the mother had subdued the natures of the children and so they crept quietly about the house as stated. Maria, but seven at the time, was like a mother to them—a precocious child reading the newspapers and being able to tell every thing she read, amusing the little ones by entertainments and diversions. The mother was gone and they were all in all to each other. As they grew from childhood to girlhood they were bereft not only of the precious mother, but of all society such as would have been natural to their age and station. A year after the mother's death, an elder sister of Mrs. Bronte's came to live with them. The children obeyed and respected her but never made her their confidant. She was diligent in teaching them household duties, sewing, etc. Their lessons were recited to their father, who was shut away from them a great part of the time. Taking his meals alone—owing to some illness of the digestive organs—thus they were left to themselves, and the quiet lives went on until July 1824, when the two older sisters were sent to Cowan Bridge school, a school started a year or two before for the daughters of clergymen. In September of the same year, Charlotte and Emily were placed in the same school.

It appears that this school was poorly managed, in the preparation of the food, especially, much of it being unpalatable and repulsive, and the children suffered from the effects of it. They were delicate children and the change from their home to this uncongenial place soon told on the health of Maria and Elizabeth. In the spring of 1825, Mr. Bronte came to take them home and was shocked at the change he found in them. Maria died in May 1825, a few days after her return home. Elizabeth a few weeks later in June. The loss of these precious sisters brought life-long suffering to Charlotte, and it is one of the many sad pages in her life. This school was at once identified as "Lowood" in Jane Eyre, and the persons spoken of are true pictures of those at the school. "Helen Burns" was the "gentle, patient, dying sister," (Maria) whose loss was always a deep grief to her. It was about this time, when Charlotte was nine years old, that the faithful servant, "Tabby," came to live with them and continued a member of the household

for thirty years, a woman of strong practical sense, a firm friend who stood by them in many troubles, and won their respect and friendship.

We find Charlotte for the following six years in her home at Haworth. In these years she had often tried her hand in writing short stories and a number of little volumes, editing little magazines, etc. She was also much interested in painters, and their works which she longs to see. In 1831 Charlotte is sent to Roe Head school. Here came to her some of the brightest days she ever knew. Roe Head was a cheerful, roomy house, and the country round about it very different from that of Haworth. The school was more like that of a private family, not exceeding ten pupils. Miss Wooler, the principal, is described as a "lady of remarkable intelligence and of delicate, tender sympathy, kind and motherly," in whom Miss Bronte found a true friend whom she loved all her life.

Here, too, she formed friendships with the girls who were almost like sisters to her, and who are delineated as the heroines in her novels. The many letters she wrote them have been a great help in writing her life. The friend "Ellen" is the "Caroline Helstone" of "Shirley," while "Mary and Martha" are the "Rose and Jessie Yorke" of the same book.

She is described by one of these friends at this time as "very small in figure, a slight, fragile body, and with soft, thick brown hair, and peculiar eyes difficult to describe, but from which a light would shine out and they would glow in a manner different from any I ever saw. As to the rest of the features, they were plain, large and ill set. But you were not aware of this in the general expression as the eyes and power of countenance overbalanced every defect. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw. She was very neat in her personal attire, though rather antiquated. She was very shy and nervous, and short-sighted, and spoke with a strong Irish accent. We thought her very ignorant, for she had never learned grammar at all, and very little geography. But she would confound us by knowing things that were out of our range altogether. She used to draw much better than any thing we had ever seen, and knew much about celebrated pictures and painters. She picked up every scrap of information concerning paintings, sculpture, poetry, and music, as if it were gold."

She is described as an indefatigable student, who never lost a moment of time, and seemed to grudge the time given to play hours and relaxation. She had no plan of life beyond what circumstances made for her. She knew she must provide for herself, and so applied herself very earnestly. Her idea of self-improvement was to cultivate her taste. She always said, "There was enough of hard practicality and useful knowledge forced on us by necessity, and the thing most needed was to soften and refine our minds."

She remained at Roe Head a year and a half. After her return home she instructed her sisters in their studies, her only amusements, reading and drawing. She describes her life as somewhat monotonous and her supply of books was small. The three sisters used to walk up to the "purple black" moors, rarely going to the village unless duty called them. They were extremely shy and reserved.

Mr. Bronte provided them with a teacher in drawing for which they all, brother and sisters, had a great liking. Charlotte had a notion to make her living as an artist, but she soon found that her eyes would not stand the strain of such work. When nineteen she went to Roe Head as a teacher, taking with her one of her sisters and helped them along with their

studies. She remained with Miss Wooler several years until her health failed. It was very pleasant for her to be with her old teacher and near the homes of "Ellen" and "Mary" seeing them quite often.

Later the sisters go out as governesses, which was very irksome to them. Referring to this kind of life she says:

"That none but those who had been in the position of governess could ever realize the dark side of 'respectable' human nature; under no great temptation to crime but daily giving way to selfishness and ill temper, till its conduct towards those dependent on it sometimes amounts to tyranny."

The sisters were anxious to relieve their father of their support and eagerly discussed plans of earning a living. Teaching had been tried with indifferent success yet nothing else seemed open for them. They were not without their hopes and daring aspirations at this time. They had written some poems and felt some confidence in their efforts. Charlotte wrote to Southey asking his opinion of her poems. The brother, too, sent a letter to Wordsworth, for his talents were equal in every way to the sisters. The answers to these letters came after some delay, and while not disparaging their talents, did not encourage their following literature as a profession.

The favorite idea now with the sisters was to establish a little school of their own, perhaps at the parsonage, but this idea had to be put aside from time to time although they still kept this object in view. While the sisters were so earnest in their plans, the talented and cherished brother on whom they always looked with such hope had in a great measure disappointed them. Habits of dissipation had grown upon him, bringing untold sorrow and suffering upon his family, and finally wrecking his life.

In view of the school they hoped to open, they felt the need of adding to their attainments. Their friends also advised them to spend some months in a school on the continent. And in February, 1842, Charlotte and Emily entered a school in Brussels. They were called home some months later on account of their aunt's death. Charlotte returned to Brussels alone, staying a year. During this year she gave lessons in English. On leaving this institution M. Higer gave her a diploma and recommendations to further her plans in teaching. The school they had hoped to commence, owing to circumstances, was deferred from time to time, and indeed, was never opened. A letter written a year later to one of her early school-mates will give us an idea of her life at this time.

"I can hardly tell you how time gets on at Haworth. There is no event whatever to mark its progress. One day resembles another, and all have heavy, lifeless physiognomies. Sunday, baking-day, and Saturday, are the only ones that have any distinctive mark. Meantime, life wears away. I shall soon be thirty, and I have done nothing yet. Sometimes I get melancholy at the prospect before and behind me. Yet it is wrong and foolish to repine. Undoubtedly, my duty directs me to stay at home for the present. There was a time when Haworth was a very pleasant place to me; it is not so now. I feel as if we were all buried here. I long to travel; to work; to live a life of action. Excuse me, dear, for troubling you with my fruitless wishes. I will put by the rest and not trouble you with them. You must write to me. If you knew how welcome your letters are, you would write often. Your letters and the French newspapers, are the only messengers that come to me from the outside world beyond the moors; and very welcome messengers they are."

In the autumn of this same year (1845) they decided to publish a joint volume of poems under the names of "Currer," "Ellis," and "Acton Bell," the first the pseudonym of Charlotte, the second that of Emily, and the last that of Anne. This was brought out in May, 1846. Of the poems, those of "Ellis Bell" receive highest rank. But there seems to have been little demand for the book. The sisters had each written a prose story under the titles of "The Professor," (Charlotte) "Wuthering Heights," (Emily) and Agnes Grey. The three stories tried their fate in vain together, then they were sent out separately and for many months were still without a publisher. Emily's and Anne's were at last accepted, but "The Professor," came back again and again from the publishers.

Another severe trial was upon them, their father was in great danger of losing his sight, was at this time almost blind. Charlotte persuaded him to visit a famous oculist in Manchester, and thither they went in August, 1846. Mr. Bronte submitted to an operation, and recovered his sight. It was here in this strange city, under these trying circumstances and under heavy discouragements that the story of Jane Eyre was begun. A month later she is at home, working away on her book. The interest grew upon the author, and it is said when she came to "Thornfield" she could not stop, but wrote incessantly for three weeks, until she was in a fever which compelled her to pause. In August, 1847, she finished her book, and it was accepted, printed and published by the middle of October. It met with wonderful success. She was especially fortunate in her publishers and the letters that passed between them are very interesting.

When Charlotte was asked by a friend whether the popularity of the book had taken her by surprise, she said: "I believed that what had inspired me so forcibly when I wrote it, must make a strong impression on any one who read it. I was not surprised at those who read 'Jane Eyre' being deeply interested in it; but I hardly expected that a book by an unknown author could find readers."

Giving her father a copy of "Jane Eyre" to read—who knew nothing of the book until its publication—we hear him saying to his daughters at the tea-table: "Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely."

The authorship of "Jane Eyre" was a close secret in the family, her most intimate friends did not know who wrote it. Shirley was begun soon after but "down into the midst of her writing came the bolts of death."

Branwell, the erring brother, died September 24, 1848. Her sister Emily's health failed from this time and she grew rapidly worse, dying December 19, 1848. How tenderly did Charlotte cling to her youngest sister, with what solicitude did she watch over the gentle, delicate girl who had begun to droop, hoping to get her through the trying spring months. She hoped to bring her back to health by change of scene. Carrying her to the seashore at the earnest wish of the failing girl—although her own heart misgave her—where she dies four days later, May 28, 1849. The dying girl crying out with her last breath, "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage."

The bereaved sister writes, on her return home, to the friend "Ellen" who was with her in the last sad days at the seashore, with the dying Anne: "Sometimes when I wake in the morning, and know that solitude, remembrance, and longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through, that at night I shall go to bed with them, that they will keep me sleepless, that next morning I shall

wake to them again. Sometimes, Nell, I have a heavy heart of it. But crushed I am not, yet; nor robbed of elasticity nor of hope, nor quite of endeavor. I have some strength to fight the battle of life. I am aware, and can acknowledge I have many comforts, many mercies. Still I can get on. But I do hope and pray, that never may you, or any one I love, be placed as I am. To sit in a lonely room—the clock ticking loud through a still house—and have open before the mind's eye, the record of the last year, with its shocks, suffering, losses, is a trial."

Taking up her work again, the first chapter she writes is, "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," wrung from her in agony of soul. She went steadily on with her book, "but it was dreary to write without any one to listen to the progress of the story, to find fault or to sympathize."

Shirley was published in October, 1850. The character of Shirley is Miss Bronte's representation of her sister Emily. Many of the characters are taken from life. People recognized themselves and others by her graphic descriptions. I believe her story, "Villette," was finished in 1852. It was in August, 1850, that Mrs. Gaskell first met Charlotte Bronte, in the home of a friend. They were together three days and it is a pleasant picture she gives of her in a letter to a friend. Most of the time was spent in driving about through the Westmoreland scenery. Her friend was struck by her careful examinations of the shape of the clouds and the signs of the heavens in which she read as a book, what the coming weather would be. She said that "no one knew what a companion the sky became to any one living in solitude—more than any inanimate object on earth."

This acquaintance ripened into the warmest friendship as we all know, by the beautiful tribute she has given to the world in the "Life of Charlotte Bronte."

The years go on, bringing her some pleasure in change of scene, and visits to her friends, though she shrank from meeting strangers, and suffered greatly from nervous prostration if she went among exciting scenes. She speaks of London as the "big Babylon," and of many persons distinguished in literature, whom she has seen. She enjoyed meeting these distinguished men and women in a very quiet way, a dinner, or an evening company was extremely trying to her.

There are days of great physical and mental suffering when sleep forsakes her and she is obliged to leave Haworth to recover her spirits which often sank under her lonely lot. Only at the urgent request of her father and of her friends, did she ever leave him, and then only for a short time, coming back and taking up her life in its desolation. After one of these visits she writes:

"There was a reaction that sank me to the earth; the deadly silence, solitude, desolation, were awful; the craving for companionship, the hopelessness of relief, were what I should dread to feel again."

There were a few months' happiness allotted to this lonely, suffering, and refined woman, ere she passes into the life beyond. In the little church at Haworth on a bright June morning, (June 29th 1854,) she was united in marriage to the Rev. Arthur Nicholls. A few of her dearest friends are about her. She is given away by her old friend and teacher, Miss Wooler. There is a wedding journey to Ireland, to visit her husband's relatives. A visit to Killarney, Glengariff, and Cork, seeing scenery, of which she says: "Some parts exceeded all I ever imagined." She was very much pleased with her husband's relatives, and found that he was much loved and praised in his own country. In the same letter she writes: "I trust I feel thankful to God for having enabled me to make what

seems a right choice; and I pray to be enabled to repay as I ought the affectionate devotion of a truthful, honorable man."

Previous to this she had put aside several offers of marriage, and in contemplation of this choice she writes to Miss Wooler. "The destiny which Providence in His goodness and wisdom seems to offer me will not, I am aware, be generally regarded as brilliant, but I trust I see in it some germs of real happiness. I trust the demands of both feeling and duty will be in some measure reconciled by the step in contemplation."

Mr. Nicholls had been associated with Mr. Bronte in his work for some years, and had long known and loved her. He is described as a "grave, reserved, conscientious man, with a deep sense of religion, and of his duties as one of its ministers." There are glimpses of the beautiful life in that little home during the few short months. Her devotion to her husband and his work. Even in her last illness there are pencilled notes. To her own "dear Nell" she writes, telling her of her happiness and contentment, not thinking the end, the separation was so near, but she grew worse until the end came. Wakening for an instant from a stupor, she saw her husband's sad face and caught the sound of murmured words of prayer, that God would spare her.

"Oh!" she whispered, "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy."

Early on Saturday morning, March 31st, the solemn tolling of Haworth church bell spoke forth the fact of her death to the villagers who had known her from a child, and whose hearts shivered within them as they thought of the two sitting desolate and alone in the old grey house.

THE REVIEWER.

One of the pleasantest books of travel we have read in a long time is A WINTER IN CENTRAL AMERICA, by Helen J. Sanborn. The book is written in a bright and interesting style, and the search after coffee was made any thing but a tiresome business. There is so little known concerning this somewhat out of the way corner of our continent that many readers will find the descriptions of country and people of greater interest than sketches of more distant travel might create. Price \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

MAY, the fourth volume in the THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS series is at hand, filled, like its predecessors, with choice descriptions of this month of poets. Price 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

The second volume in CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY gives the LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF BARON TRENCK, translated by Thomas Holcroft. This convenient little series offers an excellent opportunity to the general reader who may have little time to devote to biography and history. The books are neatly bound in paper, small enough to carry in one's pocket, and cheap enough to be within every one's reach. 10 cents each. New York: Cassell & Co. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

HOW THEY LEARNED HOUSEWORK, by Mrs. Ellen C. Goodwin, is a little book the object of which is to awaken the interest of girls in housekeeping, and train them to perfection in that line. The story is told in a bright and interesting style and can be read with profit by others than the girls for whom it is written. 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A new game played after the manner of the old favorite "Authors," is issued under the title of MYTHOLOGY, and, as its name suggests, is full of interest. Aside from the pleasure of the game it is instructive, and one can learn much of

the old world of mythology, a charmed realm to most students. Price 50 cents. Boston: The Chautauqua Press, 117 Franklin St.

We have received a little book containing PLAIN RULES AND DIRECTIONS FOR THE USE OF MORSE & KALEY'S KNITTING COTTON. It is fully illustrated and is well worth the three postage stamps for which it will be mailed to any address. Milford, N. H.: Morse & Kaley Mfg. Co.

We have received a copy of SCRUPLES, one of the volumes of the RAINBOW Series of original novels published by Cassell & Co., New York. Price 25 cents.

THE CENTURY for June opens with a delightful saunter through English by-ways entitled, "A Literary Ramble," along the Thames from Fulham to Chiswick, by Austin Dobson. Ernest Ingersoll contributes a pleasing sketch of "Harvard's Botanic Garden," beautifully illustrated. Mr. Howells is evidently on a new track in his "Minister's Charge," and his readers, admiring and critical, are quiet, wondering what will be the outcome. The second instalment of "American Country Dwellings," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, illustrates some charming homes. Thomas Nelson Page gives a delightful short story of Virginia life during the war entitled, "Meh Lady." M. Buckley, D. D., discusses "Faith-Healing and Kindred Phenomena," and there is an interesting chapter of "Unpublished Letters of Benjamin Franklin," a portrait of whom forms the frontispiece to the number. Several fine poems are given, and the space allotted to war reminiscences is well filled. "Topics of the Time," and other editorial departments contain the usual amount of interesting matter. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

The frontispiece in the MAGAZINE OF ART for June, "The Hay Wain," from the painting by John Constable, is one of the finest engravings of the year, and one is in no haste to turn to the excellent things which follow, although the pleasing sketch of the old town of Guilford, well known even in the days of King Alfred, with its eight illustrations, is full of interest. Alice Meynell contributes a paper on "Alexander Cabanel," with illustrations from several of his best paintings, and there is a curious chapter on "Some English Carriages," illustrated, by J. Hungerford Pollen. All lovers of romance will be charmed with Julia Cartwright's sketch of the lady who inspired many a poet, and of whom Tennyson wrote in his "Lord of Burleigh," the "Cottage Countess," whose memory is still fresh in the hearts of the Stamford people. "Celtic Metal Work," is a most interesting paper, its illustrations adding much to the pleasure of the reader. William Anderson contributes an entertaining sketch of "Japanese Homes," fully illustrated, and the two concluding papers, "Needlework as an Art," by Katherine de Mattos, and Alfred St. Johnston's sketch of "A Royal Artist," the crown princess of Germany, are well worth reading. The Art Notes contain much to interest the reader. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE FORUM for June comes to us well filled with scientific and scholarly papers on timely and interesting topics. Its list of contributors embraces the best writers of the day, and its pages are always a treat to the thoughtful reader. \$5.00 a year, 50 cents a copy. New York: The Forum Publishing Co., 97 Fifth Ave.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

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

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for June. \$4.00 a year. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for June. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE and BAY STATE MONTHLY for June. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The Bay State Pub. Co.

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

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

THE BOOK BUYER for June. \$1.00 a year. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE for June. \$2.00 a year. New York: The Brooklyn Magazine Co.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for June. \$2.00 a year. Louisville, Ky.: Home and Farm Pub. Co.

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

BAByHOOD for June. \$1.50 a year. New York: Babyhood, 5 Beekman St.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for June. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.

THE ALINE POLKA.

J. STRAUSS.

First system of musical notation for 'The Aline Polka'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first staff has a repeat sign and a first ending bracket labeled '1'. The second staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The first staff has a repeat sign. The second staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The first staff has a repeat sign and a first ending bracket labeled '1'. The second staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and ends with the word 'FINE.'.

Fourth system of musical notation, labeled 'TRIO.' at the beginning. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first staff has a repeat sign. The second staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Fifth system of musical notation, labeled 'Brillante.' at the beginning. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The first staff has a repeat sign. The second staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Sixth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The first staff has a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and ends with the instruction 'D.C. al fine.'

The Dispensary.

HOW TO GROW STRONG.

WORK AND REST.

ONE of THE HOUSEHOLD Band writes me to ask for a method of work and rest. The following is one adopted by a friend of mine, and so successful in her case has been this plan, that during all the time it has been adhered to never has she required to call in a physician.

To begin with morning: After breakfast she puts away the food that is left, clears the dining room table and brushes up the crumbs, looks through the closets to see that all are in order, and to notice what supplies are wanting; looks into the kitchen and areas and sometimes into the cellar, and then up through the parlors and other rooms, putting things in order as she goes along, opening or closing blinds, curtains, windows and doors to let in more or less sun and air, according to the weather, but being careful that every room is thoroughly sweet and airy from cellar to garret.

All this does not take so long as one might imagine, often less than half an hour, as she naturally works quickly when she does work, and besides the great secret is, the house is kept in order, and never suffered to be very untidy.

When she reaches her own room she is tired, and lies down upon a lounge that is just before an open window. Her bed is still airing, the bed clothing removed and hanging upon a chair or chairs. The pillows are on the head of this lounge. Upon these she lays her head, lying upon the lounge aforesaid, and turning her face to the window, looks up through the trees to the sky and asks of God grace and strength for this day's burden. She draws in long breaths of air, and tries to think of all the pleasant things, the blessings for which we all owe love and gratitude to the glorious Giver.

There is something peculiarly restful and healthful in looking at the works of God. One of our own poets says: "To him who, in the love of nature, hold communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language," and if we will, we may all find "sermons in stones, tongues in the running brooks, and good in every thing."

It is very true; and yet for many people this is an acquired taste; that is to say, some people seem to have eyes that do not see God in his works.

It is a great misfortune! How much they lose! But no two people see alike. For some the world is a very dull, prosy sort of world—to others it is beautiful beyond description.

"The truth lies all about us, all
Too closely to be sought;
So open to our vision, that
'Tis hidden to our thought.

We know not what the glories
Of the grass, the flowers may be;
We needs must struggle for the sight
Of what we always see.

Waiting for storms and whirlwinds,
And to have a sign appear,
We deem not God is speaking in
The still small voice we hear.

In reasoning proud, blind leaders of
The blind, through life we go,
And do not know the things we see,
Nor see the things we know.

Single and individual
We pass from change to change,
Familiar with the strangest things,
And with familiar, strange.

We make the light through which we see
The light, and make the dark;
To hear the lark sing we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark!"

Thoughts fly very swiftly! We can think of more in a few minutes than we can write in as many hours. So if we lie down for a few minutes whenever we are

weary, some such pleasant, cheering thoughts may come into the mind with prayer and thanksgiving, and then, strengthened and refreshed in mind and body, we may mentally draw the plan for the day's work and rise with new vigor to carry our plans into execution.

To work a little and then rest, or change the employment, is the way to accomplish most. As to methods of recreation they must needs vary with the season and the circumstances. Yesterday I went down to the seashore. A pleasant, breezy, half hour's ride took me out of the dusty, noisy city to Manhattan beach.

How restful and exhilarating was it to watch and listen to the ceaseless rush and roar of the waves; to inhale the cool sea-breeze; to listen to the soft music of the band playing in the pavilion, reminding us "tis distance lends enchantment (to the ear);" to see the glowing tints of the sunset, and then later the full moon rising over the ocean.

Surely this is one of the ways to grow strong. It gives one new life sometimes for hours, and even days, and the remembrance of these scenes of beauty lingers for years.

In short, whatever gives us innocent pleasure, whatever lifts our thoughts to a higher plane above the petty ailments and trials of this earthly life, helps us to grow strong in body and mind and spirit.

We must learn to cultivate whatever will take us out of ourselves and our own troubles; for it is an undoubted fact that the more we think of our ailments and troubles the worse they are.

Dr. Hall says that "the first rule to be observed in trying to cure an ailing child is to divert it, and the second thing is to divert it, and the third is to divert it."

If diversions are so important for ailing children, they are scarcely less so for suffering grown people. The only difficulty is grown people are not so easily diverted.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

FRUIT IN SUMMER.

Lightness is the first essential alike in the food and drink taken in warm weather. There is then less work to be done, less waste of tissue, less need of the pre-eminent muscle-forming and heat-producing substances, meat and bread; and fruit, as being both palatable and easily obtainable, is much in use. Its advantages are that it provides a seasonable change of diet, light and wholesome if well chosen, and a palatable tonic and stimulant of digestion with aperient properties. There are few who cannot enjoy it in one form or another. For diabetes, the only least desirable kinds, as certain nuts and almonds, are available, all others, as containing sugar, being forbidden.

Sufferers from acid dyspepsia must select carefully, and limit their consumption to the least irritating—a few strawberries or a few grapes. Diarrhea and dysentery preclude the use of all fruit. On the other hand, for constipated persons, it is sometimes the only reliable remedy which they can use continuously with comfort. It is also of benefit in renal diseases, by its action on the bowels. Atonic persons generally take it well, and feel the better for its digestive property. Those in normal health may eat almost any ripe fruit. The bland varieties are the most wholesome and nutritious—strawberries, apples, pears, grapes, and gooseberries. The last named, however, with currants and raspberries, are less wholesome than others. Stone fruits are apt to disagree with the stomach. But the more watery as peaches and large plums are better than the smaller and drier, as apricots and damsons. The pulp of oranges renders them heavy. Among other foreign fruits, bananas are wholesome. Dried

fruits, and the skin of fruits in general, are indigestible. Nuts, the edible part of which is really the seed, contain much albumen and some fat in condensed form, and are particularly difficult of digestion.

Fruit may be taken with a meal or on an empty stomach. In the former case it promotes digestion by its gently irritating effect on the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestines. If an aperient effect be desired it had better be taken in the morning before breakfast or between meals. A succulent and pleasantly acid variety is best for both these purposes, while it is also a food. The quantity of fruit which should be taken depends on the kind. If it belong to the bland nutritious class, a healthy person may now and then partake of it as freely as any other wholesome food. But he will gain most benefit if he take only a little, and take it regularly. The same may be said of the invalid with whom fruit agrees.

Cooking removes much of the acidity from crude fruit, and renders it lighter as well as more palatable. So treated, it is productive of good and no harm. But it is a fundamental principle that what ever fruit is eaten uncooked must be fully ripe, and not over ripe. This may sound trite, and, indeed, the principle is commonly admitted; but not, it would seem, by all, for we still find people, and not a few, who will themselves deliberately take, and worse, will give to their children, green gooseberries, green apples, etc., the very hardness of which, apart from their acid pungency, suggest the unfitness for digestion. Such people use as food an acid, irritant poison, whose necessary action is to cause excessive intestinal secretion, with more or less of inflammation. Hence arises diarrhea. On the other hand, fruit which is over ripe, in which fermentation has begun, is a frequent cause of this disorder and equally to be avoided, and perhaps also more difficult to avoid because the insidious beginning of decay is not easily recognized.

It should never be forgotten by any who incline to follow the season in their feeding, that the want of such precautions as the above may produce that dysenteric form of diarrhea, "British cholera," which is occasionally as rapidly fatal as the more dreaded Asiatic type of that disease.—*Boston Medical Journal*.

HOT WATER FOR INFLAMED MUCOUS SURFACE.

Dr. George R. Shepherd, of Hartford, Conn., adds his testimony to that of many others, by saying in the Medical Record, "I have used hot water as a gargle for the past six or eight years, having been led to do so from seeing its beneficial effects in gynecology. In acute pharyngitis and tonsillitis, if properly used at the commencement of the attack, it constitutes one of our most effective remedies, being frequently promptly curative. If used later in the disease or in chronic cases, it is always beneficial, though perhaps not so immediately curative. To be of service it should be used in considerable quantity (half-pint or pint) at a time, and just as hot as the throat will tolerate. I have seen many cases of acute disease thus aborted, and can commend the method with great confidence. I believe it may be taken as an established fact that in the treatment of inflammations generally, and those of the mucous membrane in particular, moist heat is of service, and in most cases hot water is preferable to steam. All are familiar with its use in ophthalmia and conjunctivitis, as also in inflammation of the external and middle ear, and I feel confident those who employ it for that most annoying of all slight troubles to prescribe for, viz., a cold in the head or

acute coryza, will seldom think of using the irritating drugs mentioned in the books, nor of inducing a complete anæsthesia with chloroform in preference to the hot-water douche."

—The Scientific American says: Lum-bago may be quickly relieved by binding a piece of enameled cloth, such as is used to cover tables, over the loins outside of the flannel shirt. Profuse perspiration is produced, which rapidly relieves the pain.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

M. D. A. *Cosmetics*. The particular preparation of which you ask, I know nothing of, nor should I wish to, after reading the advertisement, for that, in its unreasonable claims, is sufficient to condemn it. No really good article ever needs to be misrepresented, to claim what all sensible and thinking people must know to be false, and yet this swindling concern will swindle thousands of vain girls, of all ages, those who foolishly imagine that their true character, the estimation in which they will be held by the opposite sex, that is, of the decent class, will be judged of by the complexion, or by the paint which covers defects. To secure good health is the surest way of having a fair complexion. If you are naturally dark, be content to remain so, for those of the opposite sex, who are very light, having a nervous temperament, seeking their opposites, regard a dark complexion as really beautiful. If you are light, be content, knowing that the dark—seeking the opposite color—will prefer your complexion. It is generally safe to refer that "dingy look" to the use of rich foods and too much lard pastry. A derangement of the liver, indicated by this discoloration, is by no means removed by simply daubing the skin, which may temporarily cover this defect, only to re-appear when the mask is removed, leaving a still worse looking skin, the same result to follow each application. The same is true of the use of all of the popular cosmetics, whatever may be said by their unprincipled vendors. Those "pimples" as a general principle have the same origin, like little craters, allowing the escape of the surplus grease, the waste and poisonous matters of the system, which should be allowed to escape, as a means of preventing worse results. These do not appear in real health, but their appearance on the surface is an evidence that nature is trying to renovate the system, running off its impurities. That "salowness" may be attributed to a torpid liver, the liver never being at all improved by the use of cosmetics. No, I would not "wash in oatmeal water," principally because it is a waste of an excellent food to eat which, with similar wholesome foods, will remove all necessity for such washing. Allow the greasy deposits to pass off, by their disuse, living mainly on good bread, (the "cold blast" preferred) ripe and fresh fruits and vegetables, using sparingly eggs and the plainer fish and leaner meats securing a fair share of exercise in the open air, freely breathing it by day and night, bathing regularly, with ample friction of the whole surface, and you will have no occasion for cosmetics, good health affording the most beautiful complexion—not the pale and cadaverous look of death.

S. E. G. *A Bad Case of Dyspepsia*. In addition to being dyspeptic, I think that your stomach is inflamed badly, probably somewhat ulcerated. You ask the cause. That is very plain. Eating too much, that too difficult of digestion, eating at wrong times, too often, and generally abusing the organs of digestion. The "wind" is but the gas caused by the rotting of the undigested food, first fermenting as in any other warm place. If you are so different from other men that all kinds of food have the same effect, simple, easy digestion, or otherwise, your case is hopeless. I have heard similar statements in other cases, which I could no more believe—the patients being mistaken—than I can believe that heat freezes water. No stomach can as easily digest fat pork as it can plain beef or bread. There are rules to be observed in the matter of eating, as certainly as in any branch of our business. I know that there is something wrong in your habits as certainly as I know that inattention to business is followed by failure. I think that I know that great care in the matter of your food and habits—conforming to the laws of our being—will effect an improvement, since we are more nearly alike in these matters than some suppose. The "bitter taste" is attributable to a derangement of the liver, in sympathy with a still worse deranged stomach, as I know from the fact stated by you that "nothing sets well after eating." The stomach is exhausted, prostrated, as the body would be if you should attempt to work night and day for a week, simply from having had too much toil. Your food should be very simple, less taken, a very light supper, the simplest food of the day, as wheat germ meal or oatmeal, not more than one-eighth of the food of the day, while a tonic will be well for you.

The Dressing Room.

BEAUTY FROM THE ASHES OF AN OLD FELT SKIRT.

IT WAS presented to me by Sister Mary Ann, and was received with greedy gratitude, for I had long been waiting for just such a windfall as that old felt skirt. It was not altogether an unselfish gift on Mary Ann's part, for having had some experience of my capabilities in that line a few years ago, when a table and a mantel had been prettily draped with the remnants of a similar outworn garment, she gave me this in the full expectation that it would presently blossom into beauty all over the house.

It would have stood a better chance of being resurrected according to her expectations if it had all been there, but, to my disappointment, there was only a front breadth and two side gores, and hardly that, for the upper portion of these had been cut off and replaced by a yoke in the latter days of the skirt's respectability, and the stamped border was dropping to pieces in various places, after the usual manner of such borders. My supply of plain brown felt being thus sadly limited, a certain three-legged table, to whose adornment I had mentally devoted the best and biggest piece, was hastily shoved into a dark corner of my mind where it would be likely to be soonest forgotten, and my attention was of necessity turned toward humbler things.

For several weeks previous I had been casting covetous eyes toward a long board that stood on end in the back room, and had made up my mind that if any thing suitable to cover it with should ever come into my possession, that board should one day shine as a shelf in my room. The fact that it was full of knots seemed to me a reasonable foundation for the hope that none of the "men folks" would ever claim it, and on the strength of this hope I had some time since surreptitiously measured it, and crocheted for it a lambrequin of brown knitting cotton. So now, the hour and the material having arrived, and no other claimant having appeared, it only remained for me to cover the board, screw it to iron brackets on the wall, and tack on the lambrequin. Then I stood back and surveyed with satisfaction the very charming result of my labors. My mantel was indeed a thing of beauty, and a joy, not quite forever, perhaps, but so far into coming time as lambrequins shall continue in fashion.

But it was with far less satisfaction that I turned to survey the scene behind me, on the floor. It having been necessary to cover the shelf on both sides, there was nothing left of my material but the stamped border, a few small, irregular-shaped pieces of plain felt, and the plain portion of one side gore. Upon further investigation, the border cut from the two side gores seemed to be quite useless for my purposes. I handed it back to Mary Ann.

The next day as I was attending to the semi-annual wants of a home-upholstered chair, the need of a little extra wadding manifested itself, and Mary Ann, in response to my request for a bit of old quilt or a thin slice of cotton batting, held forth those two short pieces of border. One I used, then, all at once, the other seemed too good to be so buried, because of two whole figures that I discovered through which daylight did not shine. So the chair was finished without it.

Then I sat down in the reconstructed rocker, cut those figures out, basted one of them on a square of plain felt, sewed it down by button-holing it round with orange twist, tacked another square to the back of this one, and bound the two

together with dress braid just the shade of the appliqued figure, and there was a lovely sitting room holder, a pleasing contrast to a holder from the kitchen, which

"A man I know, but will not discover,"

had been seen to hang up behind the sitting room stove the day before, and which being made of very high-toned calico, and hung by a loop of white tape, was considered by those who sat in judgment upon him to be highly unornamental.

Beginning to look upon myself as quite an artist, I next washed the stamps and paper strips from two long, deep cigar boxes, replaced the paper hinges with brown ribbon ones, screwed the boxes to the wall, ends up, in such a position that the covers would open away from each other like little doors, and glued some of my prettiest felt figures on the covers and backs of the boxes—now the doors and sides of a pretty little cabinet, a third thing of beauty, and a joy to the heart of the invalid who at once appropriated it as a hiding place for her tiny homeopathic medicine bottles.

Now it was that I became fired with an ambition to excel all that I had done hitherto, and use the rest of that felt up quick. But how? I sat down on the floor, among the fragments, and fell to wishing. I wished that there had been more of that old skirt. I wished that the pieces I had left were larger. I wished that the figured pieces were plain. I wished that the ragged pieces were whole. If some fairy would but grant me these few wishes, what a handsome wood-box could be made for that same room!

Just then a new paper was brought in, and in a twinkling all my difficulties dwindled to nothing, for in that journal it was set forth that a covering for the top, and a valance for the front, were all that the most stylish wood-box could ask for in the way of decoration. Now it had happened to a certain old-fashioned bedstead "appertaining to" our family to break down a few years before, and be carried in pieces to the lumber room. A piece of the crinkly moulding that had ornamented the top of the footboard, in the days of this bedstead's grandeur, was brought forth by me in my enthusiasm, and four three-inch lengths were sawed from it to serve as feet for my wood-box. These were screwed to a smooth box of proper size, and a handle was improvised out of a barrel hoop. Then the whole was painted brown, a covering for the cover and a valance for the front were added, and there stood thing of beauty number four.

Once more I turned to take account of stock. Alas! there was but precious little left to take account of. To finish quickly a long story: I made the remaining pieces into holders and sent them to such of my friends as I could remember to have seen opening stove doors and turning dampers with the corner of an apron, including one whom I had never seen thus occupied, having, in fact, never seen her at all, her acquaintance having been made through THE HOUSEHOLD.

There is one holder left. Would some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band like to have it sent to her as a specimen of the beauty that can be evolved from the ashes of an old felt skirt.

NELLY BROWNE.

COMBINATION LACE AND INSERTION.

Cast on thirty-two stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, narrow, repeat twice (that is, over, narrow), knit five plain, over twice, purl two together, one plain, narrow, over twice, narrow, two plain, over, narrow, over, knit three.

2. Knit ten, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

3. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, narrow, repeat twice, knit four, over twice, purl two together, knit eight, over, narrow, over, knit three.

4. Knit fourteen, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

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

6. Knit twelve, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

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

8. Knit sixteen, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

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

10. Knit fourteen, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

11. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit twelve, over, narrow, over, knit three.

12. Knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

13. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, narrow, repeat twice, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit thirteen.

14. Knit two, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit seven, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

15. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, narrow, repeat twice, knit four, over twice, purl two together, knit seventeen.

16. Knit two, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit nine, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

17. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit four, over, narrow, repeat twice, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit eleven.

18. Knit two, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit five, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

19. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit five, over, narrow, repeat twice, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit fifteen.

20. Knit two, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

21. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit six, over, narrow, repeat twice, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit nine.

22. Knit two, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

23. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl

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

24. Knit two, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

Begin again at first row.

I am knitting some of linen, No. 50, for a skirt, which I think is very pretty and it will be durable. I have found so many pretty patterns for lace, and so much other help given by the sisters I feel like contributing something, therefore send this lace pattern. MRS. H. V. SMITH.

Townsend, Mon.

SCROLL LEAF LACE.

Cast on twenty-three stitches, knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, over, slip one, knit one, take slip stitch over, knit nine, over, narrow, over, narrow, over four times, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

2. Knit six, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit fourteen, purl one, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, over, slip one, knit one, take slip stitch over, knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, narrow, over, knit two.

4. Knit seventeen, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, over, slip one, knit one, take slip stitch over, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit two.

6. Knit fifteen, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, over, slip one, knit one, take slip stitch over, knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over, knit two.

8. Knit seventeen, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit two.

9. Slip one, knit one, over, slip one, knit one, take slip stitch over, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit two.

10. Knit fifteen, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit two.

11. Slip one, knit one, over, knit one, take slip stitch over, knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit seven, over, narrow, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit two.

12. Knit seventeen, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit two.

13. Slip one, knit one, over, knit one, take slip stitch over, knit fifteen, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three.

14. Bind off three stitches, knit nine, purl one, knit two.

LACE INSERTION.

Cast on thirteen stitches, knit across plain.

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

2, 4, and 6. Knit three, purl seven, knit three.

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

5. Knit one, over, slip one, narrow, pass slip stitch over, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow.

NARROW DIAMOND LACE.

Cast on nine stitches.

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

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

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

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

9. Knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, row three together, over, narrow.

11. Knit five, over, narrow three together, over, narrow.

Knit every other row plain.

Vevay, Ind. MRS. JAMES S. KNOX.

POPLAR LEAF LACE.

Cast on twenty-three stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit four, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one, over, slip and bind, over, narrow, knit four, over twice, knit two.

2. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit six, purl five, knit six, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit one, slip and bind, over, narrow, knit seven.

4. Slip one, bind off two, knit six, purl seven, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, slip and bind, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, knit two.

6. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit four, purl nine, knit four, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, slip and bind, over, narrow, knit five.

8. Slip one, bind off two, knit four, purl eleven, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

9. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, narrow, knit nine, slip and bind, over, knit two, over twice, knit two.

10. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit three, purl eleven, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

11. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, narrow, knit seven, slip and bind, over, knit seven.

12. Slip one, bind off two, knit five, purl nine, knit four, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

13. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit four, over, narrow, knit five, slip and bind, over, knit four, over twice, knit two.

14. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit five, purl seven, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

15. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit five, over, narrow, knit three, slip and bind, over, knit nine.

16. Slip one, bind off two, knit seven, purl five, knit six, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

17. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit six, over, narrow, knit one, slip and bind, over, knit six, over twice, knit two.

18. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit seven, purl three, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

19. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit seven, over, slip, narrow and bind, over, knit eleven.

20. Slip one, bind off two, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

This is very pretty knit of No. 60 linen thread.

Illinois.

LEAF EDGING.

Cast on twenty-six stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over, knit two, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, knit two, over, knit two, over, narrow, over twice, knit two.

2. Knit three, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, purl seventeen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

3. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, knit one, over, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit four.

4. Knit five, over, narrow, purl seventeen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, over, knit four, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, knit two.

6. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, purl seventeen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, knit one, over, knit two, slip one, knit one, throw slipped stitch over, knit one, over, narrow, knit seven.

8. Knit eight, over, narrow, purl seventeen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

9. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, narrow, knit one, over, knit three, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, knit one, over, knit three, over, knit one, slip one, knit one, throw slipped stitch over, knit one, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

10. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over, narrow, purl seventeen, over twice, purl two together, knit one.

11. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, narrow, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, throw slipped stitch over, over, knit five, over, slip one, knit one, throw slip stitch over, knit one, over, narrow, knit ten.

12. Bind off eight stitches, knit two, over, narrow, purl seventeen, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Repeat.

MRS. JENNIE A. McLAUGHLIN.
Pittsfield, Mass.

MIKADO LACE.

Chain forty stitches.

1. Shell (three trebles, two chain, three trebles) in fourth chain, triangle (one treble, three chain, one treble) in ninth chain from shell, chain four, shell in next ninth chain, chain four, triangle in next ninth chain, chain four, shell in next ninth chain, one treble in last foundation chain, chain three and turn.

2. Shell on shell, chain three, eight trebles in triangle, chain three, shell on shell, chain three, eight trebles in triangle, chain three, shell on shell, chain five and turn.

3. Shell on shell, chain two, one treble and one chain between each of the eight trebles in triangle, there should be six openings, chain two, shell on shell, chain two, one treble and one chain between each of the eight trebles in triangle, chain two, shell on shell, one treble in heading hole, chain three, turn.

4. Shell on shell, three trebles in each of the six spaces in the fan, shell on shell, three trebles in each of the six spaces in the fan, shell on shell, eight trebles with one chain between in the five chain loop, catch the eighth treble to the end of the shell in the first row, chain four, turn.

5. One treble half-made in the first opening, one treble half-made in the second opening, now draw the thread through the three loops on the needle, * chain four, one treble half-made in second opening, one treble half-made in third opening, finish the two trebles together, repeat

from * until the last treble is half made in the seventh opening, then one treble half-made in the shell, finish off these two together, and then complete the shell on shell as if its first stitch had not been interfered with, chain four, triangle in middle stitch of fan, chain four, shell on shell, chain four, triangle in middle stitch of fan, shell on shell, one treble in heading hole, chain three, turn and repeat from second row.

In joining the scallops, after catching the last of the eight trebles to the shell, chain two, take out the needle and insert it in the second of the last four chains in the preceding scallop, draw through the dropped loop, and then chain two, after which proceed to half make the treble, etc.

This pattern is very distinct and pretty for scarf ends, towels or an edging for underclothing. It can also be made wider or narrower, or used as an inserting. These directions are correct, as I have proved them.

CINDERELLA

PRETTY LACE.

Cast on sixteen stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, purl five, over, purl two together, purl one, over, purl two together, over, purl two together, over, and purl the two stitches each one alone.

2. Slip one, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, leave the two stitches on the left hand needle, turn.

3. Purl five, over, purl two together, purl two, over, purl two together, over, purl two together, over, purl the two stitches each one by itself.

4. Slip one, knit ten, over, narrow, knit three, leave the two stitches on the left hand needle, turn.

5. Purl five, over, purl two together, purl three, over, purl two together, over, purl two together, over, purl each stitch alone.

6. Slip one, knit eleven, over, narrow, knit five.

7. Slip one, knit one, purl five, over, purl two together, purl four, over, purl two together, over, purl two together, over, purl each one of the stitches alone.

8. Slip one, knit twelve, over, narrow, knit three, turn and go back.

9. Purl five, over, purl two together, purl eleven.

10. Bind off four stitches, knit eight, over, narrow, knit five.

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

12. Slip one, purl nine, over, purl two together, purl three, turn and go back.

13. Knit five, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

14. Slip one, purl ten, over, purl two together, purl three, purl and go back.

15. Knit five, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

16. Slip one, purl eleven, over, purl two together, purl five.

17. Slip one, knit six, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

18. Slip one, purl twelve, over, purl two together, purl three, turn and go back.

19. Knit five, over, narrow, knit one.

20. Bind off four stitches, purl eight, over, purl two together, purl five.

Repeat from first row.

Fort Scott, Kans. HILDA HANSAM.

WHEEL EDGING.

For the heading, take feather edge braid, make a loop on your crochet hook with about No. 40 cotton, and fasten with single crochet in third picot of braid, six

single crochets in next six picots, seven chain, pass over two picots, slip stitch in third, * chain five, pass over two picots, slip stitch in third, repeat from * once, chain ten, pass over one picot, fasten (slip stitch) in second, chain five, slip stitch in middle of ten chain, * chain five, pass over three picots, slip stitch in fourth, chain five, slip stitch in next stitch to middle of ten chain, repeat from * six times, fasten with slip stitch in the middle of ten chain, chain five, pass over one picot, slip stitch in next, * chain two, slip stitch in five chain opposite, chain two, pass over two picots, slip stitch in next, repeat from * once, chain three, fasten in the center of seven chain opposite, chain four, pass over two picots, single crochet in the next, then six single crochet, as in beginning, and so on until as long as desired.

For the under part, begin on the under side of the braid on the same end where you began the heading, make a loop on your hook as before, and fasten with slip stitch in twenty-first picot, * chain five, pass over two picots, slip stitch in third, repeat from * once, * four chain, pass over one picot, slip stitch in next, repeat from * six times, * five chain, pass over two picots, slip stitch in third, repeat from * once, ten chain, pass over one picot, slip stitch in next, five chain, slip stitch in middle of ten chain, * five chain, pass over three picots, slip stitch in next, five chain, slip stitch in next stitch to middle of ten chain, repeat from * six times, five chain, pass over one picot, slip stitch in next, * two chain, slip stitch in five chain opposite, two chain, pass over two picots, slip stitch in next, repeat from * once, then * four chain, pass over one picot, slip stitch in next, repeat from * six times, and so on.

ANNIE L. DOBBEL.

Hayward's, Alameda Co., Calif.

SHELL LACE INSERTION.

Cast on fourteen stitches.

1. Knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, knit three together, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

2. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two.

3 and 4. Plain.

5. Knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, knit two.

6. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit eight, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two.

7 and 8. Plain.

9. Knit two, over twice, narrow twice, knit nine, narrow twice, over twice, knit two.

10. Knit three, purl one, knit fourteen, purl one, knit two.

11. Plain.

12. Knit ten, slip three stitches over the first stitch on the right hand needle, then knit one and slip it back on to the left hand needle, and slip three stitches over it, now slip it back on the right hand needle and knit seven.

13. Knit seven, narrow, knit six.

14. Plain.

We think this is pretty. Please try it, some one.

A AND M.

SHELF LAMBREQUIN.

I would like to tell my frontier sisters, how to fix up a pretty shelf. First, fit some boards to make a corner shelf up three feet from the floor, measuring forty-five inches on the front edge. Fasten securely to the house. Then take an old, whole grain sack, rip the seams, which will make it the width of the front of the shelf, then draw threads until you have

six inches of fringe, then leave threads for an inch and a half, and draw out threads for an inch and a half. Then thread a coarse needle with a thread of the ravelings, fasten it in the first of the threads in inch and a half space, then count eight threads, skip the first four, take the second four in the thumb and finger of the left hand, pass the needle over the second four and down to the right, and under the first four; proceed with each four threads until all are used, then fasten the thread. Fit the sacking so as to cover the whole shelf, letting the fringe hang over as far as you wish, and fasten to the front edge with steel or gilt tacks. I used round-headed steel tacks. Tack neatly around the sides and corner and you will have a right pretty shelf, which dust or rain drops will not injure.

Western Texas.

MANUELA.

NARROW EDGING.

Cast on nine stitches and knit across plain.

1. Knit three, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit one.
2. Plain.
3. Knit two, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit one.
4. Plain.
5. Knit one, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit one.
6. Plain.
7. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow.
8. Plain.
9. Knit four, over, narrow, over, knit three together, over, narrow.
10. Plain.
11. Knit five, over, knit three together, over, narrow.
12. Plain.

BABY'S KNIT SHIRT.

Two-threaded Saxony yarn, and rubber or bone needles.

Cast on one hundred stitches, and knit thirty-two rows plain.

33. Slip first stitch, knit two together, knit the rest plain.

34. Plain.

35, 37, 39, 41, 43, and 45. Knit the same as the thirty-third row.

36, 38, 40, 42, and 44. Plain.

You have now narrowed seven times on one edge, now knit fourteen times plain.

Bind off thirty-five stitches, then knit thirty-five stitches on the same needle again. This makes an opening for the front.

Now knit fourteen rows plain. Then widen one stitch at the beginning of every alternate needle, always slipping the first stitch, until you have widened seven times. You should have one hundred stitches as when you began. Knit thirty-two rows plain, and the shirt is half done.

Bind off thirty-five stitches for the arm-hole, make thirty-five again, then knit the same as the front, only omit the opening in front. Bind off all the stitches and sew the edges together from the lower edge, leaving thirty-five stitches open for the other arm-hole. Sew the shoulders together.

For the sleeves, cast on forty stitches.

Knit eighty-eight rows plain. Bind off all but eleven stitches, knit these until a square is formed, which makes a little gore, then bind off. Pick up the loops on the lower edge of the sleeve on rather large steel needles. Knit a ribbed wrist, seam two, knit two, about one and one-half inches long. Sew up the sleeves, fitting the side of the gusset to the straight edge, the point of the gusset going into the lower notch of the arm-hole.

Crochet a row of shells on the bottom of the shirt. Face one side of the opening in front with narrow white ribbon or tape, and sew on three small buttons. For button holes an edge of looped crochet should be made, and also an edge

crocheted around the neck. Run a ribbon in the spaces on the neck to draw up tighter.

I hope you will like this pattern. I should be glad to hear how you succeed with it. I am told that split zephyr bears washing better than Saxony. Can any tell by experience? SUNNYSIDE.

STAR STITCH.

Make a chain the required length.

1. Put the hook into the second chain stitch and draw up a loop, keeping the two loops on the hook another is taken from the third chain stitch. Raise similar loops from the fourth, fifth and sixth stitches, slightly increasing their length. There are now six loops on the hook. Pull the wool through and make one chain. This completes the first star. * Put the hook through the small hole formed by the chain stitch and raise one loop, raise the second loop by inserting the hook in the back part of the last of the six stitches through which the wool was drawn, raise the third loop by drawing a loop through the same chain stitch that the last stitch of the preceding star was taken from, raise the fourth and fifth loops from the next two chain stitches of the foundation. There are now six loops on the hook. Draw the wool through all six loops and make one chain. This finishes the second star. Repeat from * to the end of the row, where make two chain stitches. Break the wool and draw it through the last chain stitch to fasten.

2. Commencing at the first end again join the wool with three chain stitches. Raise two loops on the chain, raise the third loop from the back of the first star, raise the fourth loop from the hole in the center of the first star, raise the fifth loop from the back part of the next horizontal stitch. There are now six loops on the hook. Draw the wool through all six and make one chain. This ends the first star of the second row. * Insert the hook in the hole formed by the last chain stitch and raise the first loop, raise the third loop from the same stitch that the last stitch of the preceding star was taken from, raise the fourth loop from the hole in the center of the star of the last row, raise the fifth loop from the back of the following horizontal stitch. Draw the wool through all six loops at once, and make one chain. This completes the second star of the second row. Repeat from * to the end of the row, where make two chain. Break the wool and fasten by drawing the end through the last chain stitch. All the following rows are like the second. MAY.

KNITTED MATS FOR DINING TABLE.

These mats are knit in three sizes. For the largest size cast on thirty-six stitches, for the next size cast on thirty stitches, and for the smallest cast on twenty-four stitches.

1. Knit three, turn and knit the same three stitches over again.
2. Knit six, turn and knit the same six stitches over again.
3. Knit nine, turn and knit the same nine stitches over again.
4. Knit twelve, turn and knit the same twelve stitches over again.
5. Knit fifteen, turn and knit the same fifteen stitches over again.

Continue knitting the rest of the stitches in the same way, only knitting three more stitches each time, and after knitting to the end of the needle, turn and seam back to the beginning. This forms a gore, and it takes twenty gores to make one mat.

After knitting the last gore, do not seam back to the beginning, but bind off the stitches, and then sew the mat together.

After making the other two mats, I crochet a border of red worsted around each of them, by making three double crochet stitches with one chain between, or if any one can crochet a pattern of her own, it is preferable.

The materials used are two knitting needles and a ball of knitting cotton, number 10. If any prefer heavier mats they can use coarser cotton. If one does not want to crochet the border of colors, use the knitting cotton that you have knit with. In that case you may need another ball. Use red Saxony yarn for the border if you use colors. Mrs. A. F. P. Boston, Mass.

PRETTY RUG.

I want to tell the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD how to make the prettiest and most inexpensive rugs that I have ever seen. Take a strip of ingrain carpet, old, poor bits too old for anything else, or new, three inches wide, ravel off the warp for three-fourths of an inch, leave the same space and ravel off one and one-half inches, double the unraveled space evenly, and lay it on the foundation you have already prepared for the living, cut in circular shape, commencing at the outside and work into the center. It can be cut in lengths to suit the colors, or you can make them as your fancy dictates. For the last and center row, use a piece long enough to gather after it is doubled, having both sides of this piece of the same width, and it will fill in the last row beautifully, falling both ways. You should put the foundation in a little frame made of laths, and after it is filled in, cut the edges wide enough to allow of a fold, then take a piece doubled as for the center and sew all around it, and you will be doubly repaid for your trouble. F. H.

A PRETTY TABLE.

Mother and I made a pretty table not long since from an old-fashioned washstand in this way: I took the top all off, and fastened on a board in place of it, twenty-six by fifteen inches. An unplanned board answers as well as any, or one with a large knot is equally as good. Then I painted it all over, except the top, with two coats of oil paint, a good shade of black walnut. I then, in place of the one large knob on the drawer half way down from the top, taken off before painting, put two small black walnut ones, and varnished the whole thing. After it had dried thoroughly, mother cut two pieces of old quilt—clean but past wear—to just the size of the unpainted top, and above that put a layer of cotton batting. She had a piece of velvet the right size and fastened it on by tacking it over the edge, drawing it smooth. Then we fastened a row of bright colored chenille fringe all around it with gilt tacks. Every one who sees it exclaims "How pretty!" and the expense was small.

KATY CLYDE.

DIAMOND LACE.

Cast on twenty stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit three, * over once, narrow, *; repeat from * to * seven times.
- 2 and 3. Slip one, knit nineteen.
4. Needle through first stitch as for plain knitting, thread over eight times, bring through, repeat for the next fifteen stitches, knit four plain.
5. Slip one, knit three, now pull out the needle used in the fourth row, leaving sixteen long loops.
- 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10. Slip one, knit three.
11. Slip one, knit three, skip four loops, take up next four on the needle and knit plain. Then take up first four, passing them through those already knit.

Proceed with the remaining eight loops in the same manner.

12. Knit across plain and begin again with first row.

This is very handsome made in white Saxony with fine needles. I hope some one will try it and report.

Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. J. W. T.

SPIDER PATTERN.

Cast on any number of stitches until you get the beginning the length across you may require, and knit across plain.

1. Knit three in one (knit first, seam next, knit next), knit one; repeat, making three and knitting one clear across.
2. Seam across.
3. Narrow the three together that you made in the first row, and make three stitches where you knit one before.
4. Seam across.

You can have either one or two stitches for the edge by allowing those extra and knitting them every row.

This is another way to knit the pattern that L. G. C. called strawberry stitch, in the May number. It makes a very pretty pincushion cover, with a crocheted shell border.

ENGLISHWOMAN.

BABY'S AFGHAN.

A pretty and inexpensive, but very warm and comfortable afghan for baby can be made by taking flannel of any color that you choose, either light or dark blue, crimson, wine or ruby, cream or pink, will, any of them, be handsome. Make it double, both sides of the flannel, with a thickness of cotton batting between. Applique daisies, rosebuds, fuchsias, or outline leaves over it, and see if the effect is not good. Of course you can make the covering of more expensive material if you choose.

AUNT ADDIE.

Rutherford, N. J.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

Will some of the sisters give directions for making a lap robe? ALICIA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—When in a hurry for a floor mat, did any of you ever try taking a piece of plain thick cloth, cutting it the shape and size you wish the mat to be when done, then fashion different objects of bright colored cloth, and sew them on the above named cloth, which serves as a ground work? MOSS ROSE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister of our Band please explain the many terms used in crocheting? also give some ideas in regard to Christmas presents for gentlemen, besides the slippers and smoking outfit? A NEBRASKA READER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will M. C. Farr please explain "Trujilian Insertion" in August number? I do not know where the trouble lies, whether I do not understand, or there are mistakes. L. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band please tell me how to do spatter work, and what they use to spatter with if they do not have an atomizer? MARY A. H.

Will one of the Band tell me how to make a pretty and inexpensive baby carriage robe? A. M. P.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send plain directions for open tidies and table covers, also narrow edging with insertion to match? MRS. A. L. B.

Box 71, Troy, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the subscribers tell me how to knit a three-cornered breakfast shawl and put in the border as you go along? I knit one, years ago, but have forgotten how. MINERVA.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Fifty-Four.

"SOMETHING new in the shape of hash and cake!"

My dear woman, do you think Emily is superhuman? Don't you know there is "nothing new under the sun," and that even our hash must be but a re-hash, a sort of comestible echo of that prepared by some busy housekeeper among the ancients? Perhaps these housekeepers of old days didn't stand over a hot stove in a small kitchen, with the thermometer in the nineties on the vine-shaded veranda, and chop and stir hash for their liege lords' breakfast; or fry his pet "dough-nuts" or concoct an "angel" cake; but they went through with some sort of performance which resulted in "three square meals" a day, if not more. Some of those old gladiators must have possessed enormous appetites!

It is said that civilization has brought all our troubles upon us, but, after all, civilization has its advantages and I had much rather put my cakes to bake in a modern oven than to spread them on hot stones and cover them with ashes. So, though we have undoubtedly improved upon the old methods, it is probably only that, and when we concoct some delectable dish, thinking—conceited women that we are—that it is our own invention, we are perhaps unconsciously following the recipe used by some far away sister of old whose pet dish it might have been.

I often wish when people are decrying the present, its follies and other faults, that they could wake up some morning and find themselves with just the old-time surroundings. The "Johns" with no railways; no horse cars; no steamers; no telegraph; no telephone; no morning paper. Their wives with no cook stoves; no hot and cold water faucets; no wringers and washing machines; no sewing machines; no bread mixers or egg beaters; no household helps of any sort. To what kind of a breakfast would that happy household sit down, do you think, and how long would it be before everybody sighed for civilization and the good "new" times they could not appreciate?

But we must return to our hash. One can wait for impossible things to happen, with some sort of serenity, but "John" won't wait very long for hash, and its large circle of near relatives.

We make hash very often in these summer mornings when it is not too hot, which, baked in our roll pans makes an entirely different dish from the platter of hash just warmed up in a frying pan. Cold veal makes very nice hash, and cold chicken may be used in the same way.

Chop the meat very fine and to a cup allow a cup of finely chopped potato, (cold boiled potatoes should be always on hand when hash is wanted,) two-thirds of a cup of fine bread crumbs, an egg, a tablespoonful of butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Put one-half cup of water or milk in a sauce pan, add the butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper if liked, and when boiling hot stir in the hash which should be well mixed together in the chopping tray, and stir till well heated through. Remove from the fire, put the roll pans on the stove to heat and butter them well. Beat the egg and stir into the hash and when the roll pans begin to smoke put a tablespoonful in each, dividing the remainder as evenly as you can if there is more than this amount. Smooth over the tops and put into a hot oven till nicely browned. Turn out on a hot plate and serve as soon as possible.

Corned beef, or any kind of fresh meat may be used in this way.

Cold ham makes delicious "hash gems." If boiled it is all ready to chop. If fried, put it in a sauce pan with cold water, let it heat gradually and just come to a boil. Then drain and chop. To a cup of the chopped ham allow one cup of potato and one cup of bread, two or three hard boiled eggs chopped fine, and add two tablespoonfuls of cream to the beaten egg if you have it.

Salt codfish, simmered twenty minutes, (put it on to cook in cold water, heating gradually,) and chopped very fine, prepared like the ham is very nice. Both of course must be heated and mixed as in the recipe for veal hash.

Or, if one doesn't want to bother with the roll pans, we make it a little differently and call it "scalloped" ham, or veal, or chicken, or whatever it may be. And people haven't the least idea they are eating "only hash, and nothing more."

Chop ham very fine. To a cupful allow a rounding cup of cracker crumbs, or two cups of bread crumbs, four hard boiled eggs, one and one-half cups of milk or water, a tablespoonful of butter, unless the ham is fat, if so, use but a teaspoonful. Butter a baking dish put in a layer of crumbs, one of ham, one of egg (sliced thin) and so proceed till all is used, having a layer of crumbs on top. Pour the milk or water carefully over the top before the last layer of crumbs is added, then put the crumbs over, cut the butter in pieces and put over the top and place in a quick oven for about half an hour or until nicely browned, and serve very hot. If it seems too dry when it begins to brown add one-half cup of boiling water. It is difficult to give just the amount as there is so much difference in bread and crackers, some absorbing a great deal more moisture than other makes.

With bits of cold steak or roast beef, one can make a delicious dish in the same manner, using generous layers of sliced tomatoes in place of the boiled eggs, and omitting two-thirds of the water, milk should never be used with tomatoes, although cream may be, and is very nice.

Cold veal or chicken, or fresh fish—cod and halibut are especially good—are nice prepared with boiled rice or white hominy instead of bread or crackers. With this you will need an egg well beaten, one-half cup of milk or water, two tablespoonfuls of cream if you have it, and a tablespoonful of butter. You will need two cups of rice to one cup of meat or two cups of fish. Butter the dish and spread a generous layer of the rice or hominy, then the meat or fish, with the cream and half the butter cut in bits, over it. Then the remainder of the rice, pour over the milk with the egg well beaten, and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Put the remainder of the butter over it and bake one-half hour. Freshly cooked rice or hominy is better to use for these dishes, but cold may be used if steamed until very hot and stirred until free from lumps. If salted while cooking one-half the salt given above may be omitted.

Scalloped tomatoes are very nice. For this dish the bread should be broken in small pieces, but not chopped, and all brown or hard crusts removed. To a quart of tomatoes peeled and sliced, allow two cups of bread, a tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a very little pepper dusted over each layer if liked. Put in alternate layers, the butter in bits over the top layer of bread. No moisture is needed at first. Bake an hour, adding a little boiling water if too dry when half done.

Macaroni—broken in inch pieces, well washed and put into cold water, letting it heat gradually and boil ten minutes, then drained—is very nice to use with the to-

matoes instead of bread, seasoning in the same manner.

Some one asked not long ago "just how to scramble eggs," and as this is an extremely nice breakfast dish for a warm morning, I'm glad to think of it now. Put one or two teaspoonfuls of butter into a frying pan, one teaspoonful is sufficient for four eggs, and when hot, but not hot enough to brown, break in the eggs, beginning to beat them with a fork immediately. Add before the eggs really begin to cook two teaspoonfuls of cream for each egg, (milk will do, but is not nearly so nice,) and sprinkle with salt and pepper, beating all the time. By the time the seasoning is well stirred in, the eggs will be sufficiently cooked, and should be turned immediately into a warm, not hot, dish, and served as soon as possible. The cream should be measured and in a cup on the back of the stove, where, also, the pepper and the salt box should be placed ready for use before beginning to cook the eggs, for one has no time to run to the pantry or even the kitchen table for such things while scrambling eggs. The whole process is a "scramble." The eggs should be broken into a cup and then turned into the hot butter. In this way one is sure to notice any stale tendency, which, however careful one may be, is not an unusual occurrence even when one has her own little poultry yard. About one-fourth teaspoonful of salt will be sufficient to season the four eggs, for moderate tastes. Of course, the quantity is to be varied to suit the "cook." Served with crisp dry toast or muffins and nice butter, with a dish of berries, and peas or asparagus this makes a very delicate and a most appetizing little breakfast.

A very nice looking omelet is made as follows: Beat any number of eggs, whites and yolks separately. Put two frying pans on the stove with a small piece of butter, perhaps half a teaspoonful, in each, and place one where it will not heat very quickly. When the other is hot and the butter begins to brown a little, pour in the whites of the eggs around the edge of the pan leaving a place in the center. It will probably fill up, but can be re-made by pushing back the egg with a spoon. Then pour the beaten yolks in the center, sprinkle the whole with salt and a very little pepper, and bring the other frying pan forward to heat quickly. When it is sufficiently hot to brown the butter, place the frying pan upside down over the other and turn both quickly. Thus you can turn this delicate omelet without breaking, and have it done perfectly, and it is the only way I know except placing in a quick oven, which always dries the top too much. Salt and pepper this side and turn out on a warm plate. Garnished with parsley, or nasturtium flowers and leaves, or even a few tips of carrot leaves, this makes a remarkably pretty breakfast dish.

Three eggs makes an omelet large enough for two people, but one needs frying pans like F. P. W.'s "me too," to cook these small ones just right. We often put cream with the yolks of the eggs, a teaspoonful to each egg, and the egg (yolk) needs to be broken a little, while cooking, by slipping a fork through and lifting a little from the bottom that the middle may not be underdone. The whites should be beaten very stiff, but the yolks need very little beating. A little cold chicken or ham chopped very fine may be added to the yolks, and to most people is a great improvement. Sometimes the pepper is omitted and sugar sifted over the omelet as soon as done. Omelets, no matter how cooked, should be carried immediately to the table, three minutes' waiting will make the best of them a failure.

While I am talking about summer dishes

I want to tell you not to forget to try the green pea soup which is a favorite with us as long as peas last. Boil a quart of green peas twenty minutes in just enough water to cover them. The water must be boiling when poured over the peas. Mash through a sieve and return to the sauce pan with one pint of milk and one pint of cream, or more milk and less cream if you haven't plenty, adding a tablespoonful of butter for each half-pint of cream omitted. Let it just come to the boiling point, season with salt and pepper and serve immediately.

And the cake? Really that must wait for some other time. EMILY HAYES.

THE DESSERT.

"No, sir," he said to the captain, "I am not seasick, but I am really disgusted with the motion of this vessel."

"My good man," said the philanthropist to the street laborer, "do you never have cause to grumble at your position?" "No, sir," was the answer, "I took my pick at the start."

—Policeman (to group of small boys.)—"Come, now, move on. There's nothing the matter here." Sarcastic boy—"Of course there isn't. If there was you wouldn't be here."

—To be a yachtsman one must own a white flannel suit, some brass buttons, a white cap with gold braid, and an idea that he owns the earth. It is not necessary to own a yacht.

"What are you reading, dear," asked the father. "Dumas' story, the 'Three Mousquetaires,'" replied the daughter. "The 'Three Mousquetaires'?" Never heard of it. Something about New Jersey, I suppose.

—Aunt Dinah—"Uncle Pete, what did dey do wid dat nigger, Toothpick Ben, in de p'lice co't dis mo'n'n?" Uncle Pete—"De judge said he would exonerate him dis time." Aunt Dinah—"Yes, I 'pected dat; but fur how many days?"

—What they were given: Head waiter—"James, see what those two men want at table number seven." James (returning)—"They say they're not particular what they have." Head waiter—"Well, give them the regular dinner, then."

—A smart little girl who had just laid aside her slate in order to adjust her stockings, was asked by her mother "What are you drawing on your slate, Mamie?" "I ain't drawing on my slate," she answered; "I'm drawing on my stocking."

—School board visitor while examining a scholar—"Where is the North Pole?" "I don't know, sir." "Don't you? Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the North Pole is?" "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin, and Dr. Kane and Markham couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"

"We are goin' to have a pie for dinner," said Bobby to the guest. "Indeed!" laughed the gentleman, amused at the little boy's artlessness, "and what kind of pie, Bobby?" "It's a new kind. Ma was talkin' this morning about pa bringin' you to dinner so often, and pa said he didn't care what she thought, and ma said she'd make him eat humble pie before the day was over, an' I s'pose we are going to have it for dinner."

—A lady residing in the country, wishing to please an expected guest from Boston, bought a fine portrait of Emerson which she hung over the book stand in the lady's room. The morning after her arrival, when she came down to breakfast, her hostess asked with a satisfied smile, if she noticed the engraving. "Oh, yes," replied the Boston woman vivaciously, "what a fine-looking old gentleman. Is it your father, dear?"

The Kitchen.

AUNT JANE'S LUNCH.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

NOT long ago Aunt Jane sent me an invitation to take lunch with her, and, as I knew she had invited half a dozen other ladies also, I went early in order that I might lend my assistance in the preparations. I found Aunt Jane sitting by the dining room window, with two open letters in her lap. She looked decidedly out of sorts.

"Eight plates!" I said, glancing at the daintily furnished table, with its tasteful arrangement of flowers at every place. "Just a nice number, Aunt Jane."

"Yes, but two of the plates must come off. It is too provoking! Here, at the very last moment, when it is too late to ask any others in their places, Mrs. Gaylord and Mrs. Daniels send regrets."

"Why, that is odd. I saw Mrs. Gaylord last night, and she appeared perfectly well."

"Yes, but she has, unfortunately, only one child, and she is continually imagining him about to be ill. She writes that 'dear little Bennie seems feverish and she fears to leave him.' Of course, she does not take into consideration the fact that by remaining away she disappoints and puts me to inconvenience. I would not mind so much if this were the first time, but it is the fourth. I shall never ask her here again, that is certain. The first time she wrote that she feared 'dear little Bennie was about to have the measles,' the next, that he had been threatened the night before with the croup, and she must 'watch his every breath,' and the third time, she was sure he had the mumps."

"You mustn't send her any more invitations until 'dear little Bennie' is grown," I said, laughing.

Aunt Jane laughed, too. "I invited her principally because she leads such a dull life, shut up with that spoiled child from morning to night," she said. "If she even goes shopping, he must be dragged along, for fear something might happen to him if he were left with the servants. She isn't conscious of it, of course, but she is growing narrow and commonplace, and inclined to make mountains out of mole hills. It seems a great pity. She used to be such a gay, bright girl, and was so fond of amusement. Now she can't think or talk apparently of any thing except 'dear little Bennie' and his numerous aches, pains, and smart speeches. He is so spoiled and such a ridiculous little prig as to be positively disagreeable to any one but his doting mamma. This may sound severe, but it is true, nevertheless. Mrs. Gaylord says she never finds time to read the newspapers or magazines. I happened to hear yesterday that Mr. Gaylord scarcely ever spends an evening at home, and I don't wonder at it. She is making a grave mistake in giving up her whole time and attention to that three-year-old child, but there is no one to tell her so, and I doubt if she would listen to any advice on the subject, however kindly it were given."

"And what does Mrs. Daniels write in excuse for not coming?" I inquired.

"That her husband wants her to finish to-day some copying she is doing for him. She is wearing herself out in catering to the fancies of that selfish man, who never thinks of her comfort or happiness. But I blame her as much if not more than I blame him. She began wrong, and has never had spirit enough since to assert herself. She yields to him in every thing. Her sister told me that she had not been to a concert since her marriage, five years

ago. And she was such a brilliant girl! Her friends were sure she would make her mark. She is a graduate of Cornell University, and spent four years at the Royal Academy of Art in Munich. She was a fine pianist, too, and understood several languages. She could have made a good living for herself by painting, if she had only remained single, but she met Henry Daniels and was persuaded into marrying him. She hasn't painted any thing since, and her piano is closed for months at a time. Daniels is a man who cares nothing for society, and objected from the first to going out anywhere in the evening. He has shut her up in that little house in Davis street as close as ever nun was shut in a cloister. He has peculiar ideas about women's sphere, and the duty they owe to their lords and masters, and he don't see that his wife is wasting her life if ever a woman's life was wasted. She has two children, you know, and can't afford a nurse—or thinks she can't. She works as hard as any servant she ever hired, and at night, when the children are in bed, and she might get a little time to practice on the piano, her husband wants her to read aloud to him, while he lies on the sofa! She never has any thing new or stylish. She is wearing her wedding dresses yet, and they look old-fashioned and dowdy, of course. And she never has a caller, because she never makes a call. She says all her old friends are forgetting her. When I went to invite her to my lunch, she said she so seldom went out that she feared she should not know how to act, and that, somehow or other, there didn't seem to be as much in life as she had once thought. No wonder she feels so. She is a woman fitted by talent and education to be a queen in the artistic and literary society of this city; but owing to her weakness in making her will and wishes subservient to those of a selfish husband, she has become little more than an upper servant in her own house. I never see Henry Daniels that I don't sincerely hope that Mrs. Daniels, number two, will be a strong-minded, aggressive woman who will take the law into her own hands."

"I think, as a rule, women think very little of breaking an engagement of any kind," I said. "I can't tell you how often I have received regrets at the last moment from friends who had only the most trivial excuses to offer for disappointing me. And, as you say, they do not seem to think that they may be putting any one to inconvenience. Mrs. Mardell was telling me only yesterday, about a lunch party she gave last week in honor of her friend Miss Banks, who was here for a few days on her way to New Orleans, where she is to spend the winter. You know Mrs. Mardell isn't at all strong, so it was quite an undertaking for her to give a lunch. But she determined to have everything in the best style possible, and went to a great deal of expense as well as trouble. The day came, and the six ladies invited to meet Miss Banks arrived in due season, but Miss Banks herself failed to appear. Mrs. Mardell waited for her until the lunch was nearly spoiled, and at length had to sit down without her. She fully expected a note or telegram during the afternoon, explaining her absence, but none came. The next day Mrs. Mardell was down town, and met Miss Banks on the street. Of course, she asked her why she had not fulfilled her engagement, and Miss Banks replied that she had been so busy finishing a little crayon sketch she wanted to send away that she forgot all about the lunch until it was too late to go, but hoped it hadn't made any difference."

"What did Mrs. Mardell answer?" asked Aunt Jane.

"She didn't tell me that, but she was

very indignant with Miss Banks. There's the bell, Aunt Jane. Another of your guests has kept her promise."

"I shall take pains to compliment her for it," said Aunt Jane, "and we will introduce into our conversation this subject we have been discussing. It can't do any harm, and it may do good. At least, we will discover what others think about it."

VARIETIES.

BY BROWNIE HART.

I have been ironing to-day, that is, ironing after THE HOUSEHOLD plan, smoothing carefully the table cloths, bed room towels, fine under wear, etc., and simply folding and pressing the coarser towels, sheets, and common under wear. What time and strength this method saves us, to be sure! Yet I was among those who were simply horrified at the mere suggestion of such a plan, when it first appeared in THE HOUSEHOLD. Not that I ever said any thing about it through the medium of our paper, (I'm glad now that I didn't,) but I had my private opinion of the matter, and resolved that I at least, who had been trained by my careful mother to iron a dish towel as religiously as I would "do up" a fine shirt, would never adopt this degenerating method of housekeeping. However, age brings wisdom, it is said, and I am now two years older, and, I trust, two years wiser, at least as regards the labor-saving problem, than when this subject was first presented to THE HOUSEHOLD sisters for consideration, and the plan which I then condemned I now gladly adopt, with many thanks to the brilliant originator of the same, for the extra hours of leisure and recreation which I am thereby enabled to enjoy. I was very much annoyed, while ironing, by my holder. It has done service for so long, that it has become too thin to be used with comfort, and, as I planned to make a new one before next ironing day, my mind reverted to the sister who, so long ago, told through the medium of our paper, her plan for disposing of old stockings by transforming them into holders. I could not recollect having seen a letter from her since that one, and wondered if it were because of the scathing criticism upon her "standard of niceness," which, under the title of "Kitchen Holders," appeared in a subsequent number.

It does not seem to me advisable to make pointed, personal criticisms through the medium of print. However kindly the criticism may be intended by the writer, when shorn of the pleasant expression of countenance, and friendly tone of voice, which would doubtless accompany it if spoken, its appearance in cold black and white is often sufficiently forbidding and disheartening to check, in the mind of a sensitive person, the desire to submit further communications, with the consequent risk of criticism thereby assumed. Especially is the habit of, apparently, severe criticisms to be deprecated, from the fact that, being all liable to err, it behooves us to be charitable, reserving criticism for extreme cases only. The old proverb, to the effect that none are so neat but that they are addicted to at least one untidy habit, is, I believe, from observation, a true one, and while others may, in some one respect, fall below our "standard of niceness," we, if our daily habits were made public, might be "weighed and found wanting" in many matters of careful nicety wherein those whom we have condemned, are assiduous in practice.

Now that the warm spring days are upon us, we of the culinary department, find it advisable to discontinue the concoction of many hearty, heat-generating dishes, suitable for the winter season,

placing instead, upon our tables, food strengthening and nourishing, yet cooling to the system. Early vegetables being still too expensive here in the north for daily use, we are forced to use for a little longer, their canned substitutes, which become somewhat monotonous unless varied in preparation.

Canned corn is a favorite dish with us, prepared as follows. To one-half of a two pound can of corn, add one-half pint of sweet milk, salt and pepper to taste, and one-half tablespoonful of butter. Place over the fire till it comes to a boil, thicken with one scant tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold water, let it boil up once, and serve.

For the next day's dinner, take the remaining half can of corn, add to it one well beaten egg, salt to taste, and one (or two, according to the thickening qualities of your flour) tablespoonfuls of flour. Have smoking hot in your frying pan, one tablespoonful each of butter and lard (though lard alone will answer, if butter is scarce) and into this, drop the corn in large spoonfuls, and fry, turning until brown on both sides.

For those fond of cake, I append a recipe which, for cheapness and capability of variation, is almost equal to Rosamond E.'s "handy cake." Beat together two eggs and one teacup of sugar, and add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one teacup of sweet milk. Into this stir two teacups of flour, into which has been well mixed, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with lemon. Bake in a deep, buttered pan, capable of holding about two quarts, that the cake may have room to rise. This makes a nice plain cake for tea, or, a portion of it may be converted into a pudding by cutting in thin slices, and pouring over it some one of the many simple and quickly prepared sauces, for which recipes have been given in THE HOUSEHOLD. Again, to the above recipe, minus the lemon flavoring, add one teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, and cinnamon, and a dark spice, cake is the result. Again, divide the cake mixture in half, add to one-half the above amount of spices, place in the pan in alternate layers of light and dark, and you have a cheap, but palatable marble cake. A handful of stoned raisins rubbed in flour, is a nice addition to any of the above variations, adding them, in the marble cake, to the dark half of the mixture. The cake is also improved and made suitable for more pretentious occasions, than the every-day tea, by the addition of a frosting, made by beating the white of one egg to a stiff froth, adding one teacup of pulverized sugar, and one-half teaspoonful of any desired flavoring. Spread over the cake with a knife previously dipped in cold water, and set in a cool place to harden. Cake frosting should never be hardened in an oven, as it dries too quickly, and thus becomes brittle and liable to crumble when cut.

Chicago, Ill.

FRAGMENTS.

BY IDA BELL VAN AUKEN.

Brownie Hart, glad you spoke about a "clean coffee-pot." I have found that the flavor of coffee is often destroyed by carelessness. A cloth must be kept on purpose to wash coffee and tea-pots. A dishcloth, however clean, will not do, nor should soap be used inside. The best way to clean them is to boil them out with ashes or soda. After the pot is washed let it dry on the hearth, careful not to let it get hot. We have had coffee spoiled because the coffee-pot had been heated when empty. Wonder how many sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD are old-fashioned enough to brown and grind their coffee? A little more work to be sure,

but any one who is anxious to get the best article for the least money will do well to look into this question of coffee. Best green Rio coffee is now a shilling a pound, cheapest it has been in twenty-five years. This cheap coffee browned at home and ground when needed, made in a clean coffee-pot, served with good cream and sugar, is a delicious beverage, better at least, than coffee double in price, browned and kept—no one knows how long in a grocery store. Let us enter a grocery. A man has just ordered two pounds of best Java. He selects it from an open case already browned. The clerk grinds it and immediately the atmosphere of the store is charged with a strong odor of coffee. The purchaser takes the fragrant package and goes home. His path is marked by coffee perfume. It scents the house, and in reality one-half its aroma is wasted on "desert air" before it reaches the breakfast table.

Mrs. J. B. J., I have found that starched clothes in order to be "stiff as a board," need to be starched twice in cooked starch and dried, then once in cold starch before ironing. Have the irons and ironing sheet scrupulously clean. Place a piece of old white cloth over the cuff or bosom, and iron it lightly. When removed, it brings with it any particles of starch which may have adhered to the bosom, then being sure that the iron is clean, iron it quickly bearing down as hard as you have strength—the harder and quicker the friction, the finer gloss. Minister's Wife says with a sigh, "nothing easy about that." No, it's the best kind of a recipe for flushed face and back-ache.

Gentian, let me tell you of the only apple dumpling we make. Never saw it made in any family but ours, in fact, the recipe is an heirloom handed down for generations. It is called "Brother Jonathan," and no doubt its origin is linked with its namesake. It has always been a favorite desert with the children. We only can have it the days we make bread. Take a piece of bread dough and shorten it as for biscuit, add a little more salt and flour, knead thoroughly. Place it upon a large buttered plate to get light, covered with a two-quart basin. Two large cups of dough will serve six people. An hour before dinner, peel and slice sour apples into a two-quart basin, thoroughly buttered, nearly cover with water, then turn the light dough over it, cut a large hole in the center of it, place another basin same size over it, and place on the stove to steam. The dough will puff up and completely fill the upper basin. It should steam about an hour, more or less according to size. Let it stand on the stove until needed. Cut out the pieces three-cornered with a sharp knife serving some apple with each piece. Eat with plenty of sweetened cream flavored with nutmeg or maple syrup. The basin in which the apples are cooked should be well greased as the apples are very apt to burn down. When a "Brother Jonathan" is made just right, so white and light, it is a very wholesome and delicious desert. And it would be one of the worst, if the dough was dark, heavy and removed from the stove too soon.

I am indebted to the ladies who sent directions for "tufted tricot," "beautiful lace," and "chenille rug." I found them handsome. Also I am indebted to many for recipes. Hermit's corn griddle cakes, corn starch cake, scalloped potatoes, and Uhlma's chapter on potatoes prove excellent on trial.

Keziah S., I find soft lace basted in the neck of an every-day dress is more agreeable and easier washed than linen collars. Wash illusion, one yard, will make many ruches.

I sew six months of THE HOUSEHOLD together. When I find a good hint or

recipe I mark it on the index then can find it easily. I consider each volume of THE HOUSEHOLD a housekeeper's dictionary.

MORE FRAGMENTS SAVED.

Another night during Mrs. Marcy's visit on her friend, Mrs. Carter—her visit lasted several days—there was a relishing soup for supper, of which the children, coming in hungry from school, ate heartily, and which made an appetizing dish for all the family. Mrs. Marcy remarked upon its excellence, and asked her friend in a laughing manner, if that was made of the odds and ends which she had noticed her getting together during the forenoon.

"The very same," replied the hostess, "another supper of fragments, and one which our people relish exceedingly, though we seldom have any two just alike."

"These soups are among our best suppers," said Mr. Carter, "and almost as good as oysters, though of course we do not care for them too often, but seldom get them half often enough."

"I do not like my family to tire of one thing," said Mrs. Carter, "and a change is needful, rather than the same stereotyped 'teas' which many families have, and men as well as children relish some of our homely suppers like this better than more dainty course. And so we serve our friends when they are staying with us, as we live ourselves, which usually pleases them better than would company teas all the time."

"Yes, that is so," responded Mrs. Marcy, "and now tell me about the fragments of which this soup is made, for as I am a comparatively young housekeeper, I must learn all I can when from home, and I think I take more easily to some general principles in cooking than to set rules."

"Well, you will find no set rules about this, and probably never will make one just like it if you try. You know that we have had roast beef for dinner one day this week, a spare-rib another, and fowl another, with some less pretentious meats other days. The bones, after cutting all the good meat from them, have been saved, together with bits of cold pieces, steak trimmings, and any coarse, tough bits of meat unsuitable for the table. These I put into the stew pan early in the morning, covering with cold water and a little salt to extract the juices from the meat, letting it all heat gradually and simmer on the back of the stove during the forenoon. I also had some outside trimmings of bread crusts, brown and good for nothing else, which I put in and let stew with the rest. Before dinner I strained the whole through a collander, turning a little hot water over the bones again to get all the goodness possible from them, and then set the liquid out to cool."

After dinner I could remove the cake of fat from the surface, and this I can use with butter and lard for shortening. Then into the clear dark liquid I put various other dishes of fragments saved for this very purpose from the table on former days. I had a saucer of rice from yesterday's dinner, half as much onions, left over, some cold potatoes cut in small bits, with pepper, salt, and a spoonful of catsup for flavoring. Now my soup is finished except to heat it up at supper time, or, if there is a fire in the kitchen during the afternoon it may keep warm till needed for the table."

"But what are the other kinds you spoke of making?" inquired Mrs. Marcy.

"Why for stock I save any kinds of fresh meats and bones, and often keep it ready for use, especially in cool weather. For the filling up of the soup various

things may be used which happen to accumulate. A dish of oatmeal left over may serve instead of rice or bread crumbs in place of either. Then if I have any tomatoes left, or a can happens to be open, I use that, and often we like beans, which may be parboiled on purpose, or which may be left in the bean pot, as the baking does not hurt them in the least for the porridge. A dish of succotash is also excellent, and as we make it all seasons of the year, we frequently have a saucer on hand for soup. If the soup has not much in it for substance, I put in pieces of broken bread before serving, or we crumb in toasted bread or crackers, as we do for stewed oysters."

Thus the dish is made mostly, or entirely from fragments, and it not only saves the pieces but satisfies the hungry man. Such a soup is good for first course for dinner, though we save it oftener for supper. If I do not have stock enough for a soup, why I save it for gravies, and the worth of it more than repays the little trouble of cooking and straining the bits of meat or bones."

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOW I IRON SHIRTS.

In the April HOUSEHOLD dear Patty Pitkin relates her trouble in shirt ironing. As I have a method which I consider most excellent, I venture to send it for publication.

Take two ounces of spermaceti, one ounce of white wax, one ounce of paraffine. Mix, and put in a saucer over a teakettle in which water is boiling, until melted, stirring several times. Then let it get cold, after which put it in a clean box for use.

To make the starch. For two shirts, collars and cuffs, take one tablespoonful of starch dissolved in water, shave a piece of the above into it the size of a bean. Pour boiling water in until thick, cook twenty minutes and set away to cool. Take one tablespoonful of starch, dissolve it in cold water, and when the boiled starch gets luke warm pour it over it, stir well and strain. Have garments dry and lay the starch on the wrong side and work it through. Be careful now that the starch is rubbed in until the right side is wet all over. When well saturated, roll up tight in a clean cloth. They need not lay but a few minutes. Stretch them on the bosom board, and with a damp cloth rub out all wrinkles. Lay a fine cloth over and iron over it twice. (If a collar or cuff, turn it over and do the same on the other side.) Take off the cloth and iron perfectly dry. If the bosom has pleats raise them before ironing dry, and dry under them. After the bosom is perfectly dry, (for this polishing process you need a good smooth hard board about two feet by one and one-half feet. The harder the better. A marble slab that size is better still), put the bosom on the bare board, dip a clean white cloth in water, wring almost dry, rub lightly over the bosom, then rub it with dry cloth and polish with back of iron, or with polishing iron. If any dirt gets on rub off with a damp cloth and polish again.

The polishing is not necessarily done the same day they are ironed. If your time is limited, or your work interrupted by callers or other duties, lay them aside after having ironed them perfectly dry. Would be glad if some of the sisters would write if they succeed with the above.

Mrs. RUSH J. THOMSON.
Dushore, Pa.

—In cleaning paint, spots that will not yield to rubbing, or to soap even—the spots which look like small gashes cut through the paint—may be removed by rubbing lightly with a damp cloth dipped in soda.

A CHAT.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

To begin with, I am going to imagine you are all here near me, dear sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, where I can talk to you, not the whole 80,000, perhaps, for probably the greater part would not care to come, or even to send their thoughts this way. But the few who would care to come and chat for an hour or two, I shall proceed at once to "make believe," as the children say, are with me at this moment.

Now that the handshaking is over, and we are all comfortably seated around the fire, our HOUSEHOLD is, of course, the first subject of conversation, and we are glad of the opportunity to compare notes, and tell each other how, and in what ways, in our various and varied perplexities, we have sought help and found it in those beloved pages. Diverse as our needs are, and must necessarily be, it is seldom, I think, that any one of us fails to find there some thought or suggestion which may be made applicable and helpful to the case in hand.

We can find plenty to talk about, and if a bit of gossip occasionally creeps in, I am sure it will be only the kindest of gossip, and need not be too severely frowned down.

If we only had Harrie's lovely, cosy room to hold forth in, we should find in the beauties and conveniences about us, matter sufficient to occupy eyes and tongues for more than one leisure hour.

Indeed, that room makes me envious. Could any thing be more charming for an invalid whose room is, or should be, her castle? How many pleasant hours of work or study or delicious reverie must she pass there! And after one of her visits to Old England, be it never so delightful, her own quiet, pretty nest must seem a haven of rest to come back to.

How I should like to walk in upon her some bright day, for I can walk now, though not very far. I have never tried using a donkey's feet in place of my own, but, Harrie, I did have a few horseback rides last summer—very few and short and slow of pace, but also very precious.

Another pleasant place for a meeting this afternoon—much more attractive, indeed, than this lonely house set in the midst of snow fields, Loraine might offer us if she would. Should she say that her house is not large enough to shelter us all, we should promptly reply that we do not want a shelter. She has all out-of-doors—Florida out-of-doors—surely that is spacious enough. Indeed, I have been beset at times with a wild temptation to pack my hand bag, and set off at once in search of her and her undesignated camp in the "land of flowers," for I have the Florida fever at its height, and begin to despair of ever finding my way there unless I do something equally desperate. And I want to talk to Loraine about Emerson—and other things.

Felicia, too, likes Emerson. Perhaps she will pack her hand bag and go with me. I should like company. I am not so much of an invalid, Felicia, but that I might go if I made a heroic effort and we could get very well acquainted on the way.

I am so much stronger than formerly that I actually went into the woods once more last summer, while I was visiting friends in the northern part of our state. We drove a little way out of town into the country, and then turned short off into a shady wood road. The low tree branches and long blackberry briars swept against the carriage as we passed, and raked the poor horse's sides in a way that most animals would have resented at once. But Peggy was used to it and did not mind. We did not have much time to pity her, for we were kept busy ward-

ing from our own hands and faces similar threatening rakes and scratches, and between attacks, catching at the sumac branches which thrust their brilliant tufts of crimson almost into the carriage, and yet always eluded our eager grasp. I believe I did have the poor satisfaction of crushing one unfortunate branch and dyeing my fingers in its blood, but not one real capture did I make.

After a time we left the carriage and patient Peggy by a tree, and then scrambled down the steep bank to the river. We were very glad to sit down and rest a while, watching the logs drift lazily down with the current, and wondering how many miles they had traveled and were still to travel, alone and seemingly uncared for, until they reached their proper and special places in the lumber yards at Muskegon. But these logs are all marked and are seldom lost.

A large "drive" came down and went over the dam while I was in the place, but I, unfortunately, missed seeing it. As it was the last "drive" of the season, the lumbermen came with it on their rafts. On these rafts are built tiny cabins in which the men cook, eat, sleep, and, in fact, live, through the working season.

When they drive the logs down the river, these men often come long distances on the logs themselves, running back and forth upon them, keeping them in good order of progress, and free from the snags. They have long, sharp spikes in the heels of their boots, which keep them from slipping. But even with this precaution, it would be a dangerous sort of a voyage for any person not skilled in the craft, as the logs turn and tumble about at any unguarded touch. The lumbermen become so expert that it is said they are in very little danger, and seldom meet with any accident. But I think it must be rather exciting to see one of them shoot the high dam, and skirt the whirlpool below it, standing upright on his log as coolly as if his feet were set on stable *terra firma*.

Women and girls also sometimes shoot the dam on rafts, for the sake of the excitement and sensation, I suppose; and on this occasion a raft with twenty on it went to pieces. I believe no one was hurt. They clung to the planks and were soon helped ashore.

We sat for some time on the river bank pondering these things and wishing—at least I wished—that we could stay there a week. But at last we realized it was time to retrace our steps, and began to do so. Going down had not been exactly easy, but going up was worse. It was the first climbing I had attempted for many years, and my movements certainly could not have been said to be distinguished by grace or agility. Little F., the five-year-old of our party, did better than I. I clambered and puffed and despaired and tried again, and was very glad that the lovely ferns and mosses offered so good an excuse for slow progress.

I wish the sisters might see those ferns and mosses, and the other wild-wood beauties that grow in our northern forests. They are exquisite. The arbutus has its haunt there also, and many other delicate spring flowers are very abundant. But it was long past the season for these at that time, and the golden-rod and cardinal-flower were beginning to show their brilliant faces by the roadsides and in marshy spots. The Indian-pipe is common there in many places, but we did not succeed in finding any that day.

The next day I came home with my hands full of ground pine and curious grasses, for which I could not by any squeezing make room in my trunk.

A day or two afterward a friend came to pay me a little visit, and one day when

we were riding, stimulated by my woodsy experiences in the north, and remembering what Sister Margaret had said in the February HOUSEHOLD, with regard to the beauties of our South Michigan woods, I set my pony's head toward a piece of woodland I knew of, not far away. We left him by the roadside, and explored the interior, as far as strength and time allowed. But to my disappointment, we found scarcely any thing of interest.

Now, Sister Margaret, can you tell me the reason? Were the beauties there, and had I no eyes to see them? Or are our woods so different from yours? Certainly all the ferns and mosses we found were coarse and ugly compared with the dainty beauties I found in the north, or those I remembered in the east. Please, Sister Margaret, tell me where you live. If it is near this place, I should like to understand what makes the difference between your "findings" and mine.

I was greatly interested in Mrs. L. H. Bickford's letter from San Luis Obispo, California, and also in the account of a woman's life on a ranch, by Daughter of Wyoming. The free, out-of-door life that is possible in those favored climates is very attractive to me, and, although Daughter of Wyoming may sometimes have, no doubt, a lonely hour or two, yet I think she has much to compensate for her isolation. Her horseback rides must be a never-failing source of delight, and with the music and painting and other pleasant occupations which she so evidently enjoys, her time cannot hang heavy on her hands. With resources in one's self and a contented spirit, one cannot well be very lonely anywhere.

It may be the sisters to whom society, and plenty of it, seems a *sine qua non*, will wonder at me; but, indeed, I think Daughter of Wyoming is almost to be envied. She orders her time very much as she pleases, and escapes the nervous wear and tear which is an unfailing attendant on the ordinary social and domestic life in thickly peopled centers.

I wish I might have a better opportunity for knowing Eolia Bronson than this afternoon chat affords. I am glad she makes and likes my favorite lemon pie. It is good, isn't it? I will say that for it, even though I do not approve of pie in general.

And, oh! how many I want to talk to, all in a minute—Magna Russel, Adelia Jane, A Kansas Sister, and a dozen others. But it is growing late. All the Johns will be wanting their suppers presently, so I suppose I can't expect to keep you longer this time.

Just one thing more I must say before we part—that I hope every one has read and duly appreciated how Hope Harvey "worked it out"—the ideal. I think we all cannot do better than to take a lesson from her, and, at least, try to work out our own problems in a similar spirit. With her solution, "this poor, miserable, hampered actual" becomes a very different thing—a germ enfolding wondrous possibilities of beauty and true power.

Shall we short-sightedly neglect its development, stifle and destroy these sweet possibilities lying so close to us, while we stretch out helpless hands toward some vision of unattainable happiness, dancing in the distance before our dazzled eyes? Shall we put aside our best chances, only to learn at last, when too late, that they were our best, and that the alluring vision could never have satisfied us, even had it been granted us to realize it?

A WEEK'S JOURNAL.

JULY 6, 18—.—By some mishap mother had the misfortune to hurt her ankle very badly, and as she sat in the sitting room nursing the injured member, she told my

sister Fanny and myself what we had feared before, that Dr. May had advised perfect rest. With the hot weather and haying just at hand, she thought she must be round to help us, but Fanny and I told her we could do the work just as well and she must let us. She very unwillingly assented, and so I am monarch of the kitchen.

Tell it not in Gath, but I am not sure father and the boys will like my cooking, as I have lots of recipes which I intend to try, and not use the old ones all the time.

An omelette was to be made for dinner, so I tried baking instead of frying, and it was splendid; far superior to some I have made in the old way. This is the recipe: Four eggs; beat the yolks separately and add two-thirds of a cup of hot milk and a bit of butter, a tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper to taste; beat the whites to a stiff froth and add them last. Bake in a buttered dish a few minutes until it is a nice brown.

While my omelette was baking I made a pudding from wheat germ meal, by taking one quart of water, a little salt, and stirring into the water when boiling one cup of meal, small handfuls at a time to prevent having lumps, stir and boil about five minutes. Serve with cream or butter and sugar, and you "have a dish fit for a king," so the directions said, but as we had never used any of it before I was fearful that my father and brothers might not consider it so nice. It looked good to me, and when cooked sufficiently, I poured it into a bowl and let it cool. It made a very pretty dish, and when served at dinner my father said, looking approvingly across the table at me: "Well, Tislet, that pudding is very nice, and I consider it a good kind of food."

I will show father that I am a born cook.

JULY 8.—I am a wonderful creature; not a mishap has befallen me since my advent into the kitchen. I sometimes wish that my cakes would fall or my bread fail to rise, just for variety; but no, every thing is perfect. I suppose I ought to be glad, but indeed I am not. Now Bessie cannot make a good cake. She was at home yesterday and wanted to make a cake for supper. So I gave her a recipe that had proved delicious, and she went to work, but her cake was soggy and not fit to eat. Whether she was not exact in measuring or what was the matter I could not explain. But upon taking the same recipe I made a feathery loaf ready for supper. Bessie watched me as I measured out the one cup of sugar, one cup of cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and two cups of flour, declaring that she measured hers the same. The mixing was the same, for I told her just how to beat the cream and sugar, then to add the yolks of the eggs, the soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of water, and beaten well, then the flour with the cream of tartar mixed with it; beat all together; add a pinch of salt to the whites of the eggs, and beat to a foam; add the last thing, stirring it well into the batter, and bake at once in a quick oven. The flavoring, either nutmeg or lemon, should be added to the cake mixture just before the flour.

I shall start some griddle cakes to-night for to-morrow's breakfast made in the following manner from wheat germ meal. Take one cup of meal, make a thin batter with warm water, and add one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar. Let stand over night. In the morning mix a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder in half a cup of flour, and stir in thoroughly. Bake immediately on a hot griddle.

JULY 12.—Hot! hot! It seems almost as though I should roast working over the stove these hot days. O, for the time

when I have me an oil stove and a steam cooker. I delight in cooking, but in such weather as this it is unbearable, and I sigh for winter's cold when it is only comfortable to work over the stove. Father went to the express office yesterday, and brought home some silver spoons which I had sent to B— for. I washed them before using in strong soap suds, and was sadly perplexed when I took them from the water to find them of a duller color, with several white spots plainly visible. I cleaned them with whiting, and to-day found a note in a housekeeping paper never to wash silver ware in soapy water, but wash in clear water and polish with kerosene and whiting. If I had only known that before to-day I might have saved the brightness of my silver spoons.

TISLET TEMPLE.

A TALK WITH THE BRIDES.

A greeting to all of the happy, trusting young brides who will receive this first installment of a most valuable wedding present!

My heart goes out to each and every one of you with a longing that is akin to prayer for your success and safety through this, your first year of housekeeping and home-making, perhaps the happiest, yet most trying one of your lives.

"O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth."

I say safety because I remember with trembling and with grateful joy how we passed those first few months after launching out on the uncertain sea, so fraught with dangers; alternate calms and storms. Full well do I remember the difficulties in learning to row together; but owing to the calmness and patience with which the best of husbands gently taught me the better way, and by his example helping me to be more lenient towards his failings, more careful to correct my own and more hopeful that sometime we might learn more easily to adjust the little differences and difficulties, we at length sailed out into smoother waters,—not that

"Calmer sea where all is peace!"

we do not expect to find that until we reach the other side; but by kindly and carefully weighing the opinions of both, a medium ground can be taken which will often prove better than either extreme.

And right here let me say to young wives that the sooner you throw away such injurious maxims as, "Begin as you can hold out," "Don't wait on him now, or you'll always have to," "Have what you want and make him wait on you now or he never will," and so on *ad infinitum*, the sooner you will reach the goal of happiness or the nearer you will approach to it.

Such mottoes are often given by unhappy wives or envious old maids. (Forgive the term, dear single sisters. I use it in a reproachful sense to those only who will talk thus unkindly to young and trusting ones, who might, if left to the guidance of their own loving hearts have been happy wives and helped to make happy husbands.) Listen carefully to those who have been successful in home-building; of the other class beware; shun them as you would poison. For in what other way could they more surely injure you than by dropping poison in your cup of domestic joy? But be guided mainly by your own instincts of right and wrong; apply the golden rule here as elsewhere, with thrice happy results. Do not think of things as mine and thine, but as ours. Think less about your rights than of your privileges, the precious privileges of living with, loving and laboring for each other. Prize these as something to be sacredly guarded and cherished above every thing else that is earthly.

Sometimes in those early days, if I had allowed my husband to leave in the morn-

ing with some little unpleasantness between us, I would reflect during the day upon what might befall him, and the question would arise, together with a lump in my throat, "What if he never comes back?" Oh! with what impatience would I await his return at night and be ready to greet him with open arms, a penitent heart and forgiving smile.

Now I would not encourage morbid fears or useless anxiety, but an occasional thought of what might be, knowing that "in the midst of life we are in death," may touch a chord that needs awaking, and teach us to be careful not to inflict needless pain, or imagine evil where no ill is meant, when we pause to think what life would be without the companionship of him who is really our dearest and best, without the comfort and cheer of that voice, the embrace of those strong, protecting arms.

His work is similar to what it will always be, laboring to provide for you and your home. Yours is likely much less than it will be in years to come. As both are usually provided with a supply of clothing, your linen, etc., is new and in order, so that sewing and mending is apt to be a small item the first year. If all you work with, and especially your house, is new and bright and clean and only two to work for, why may you not wait upon him, and attend to all the little duties which your health and strength will permit? Always care for these, not overtax yourself when it is possible to help it. I do not mean by this that he may toss his things about at will, because you have little to do but pick them up, or that you may be his servant in general; far from it; but in most households among the middle classes there are many little things which it is a disputed point whose place it is to do. Now, why not have them done by the one who has most time and strength to spare for them? Believe me, dear young sisters, if you show a willingness to be helpful in every way you reasonably can, ten to one he will remember it when your cares increase; and then, when the assistance is turned the other way in your times of need, you will be repaid a hundred fold, and if you truly love each other, and really wish to do all in your power to make each other happy and comfortable, this mutual helping will be noted among your greatest joys, leading as it does toward the abandonment of self and selfish interests, and teaching you to live for others.

The financial question is, perhaps, one of the most difficult ones to settle with those whose income is small and whose wants are many. It is so hard to do without the many little luxuries and elegancies which added to our enjoyment in our old homes, and this is especially trying where one feels the need of self-denial on these points in a much greater degree than the other. But here, as in other matters, each question that comes up should be quietly and kindly discussed until an agreement is arrived at, if possible, and it generally is. One dear old couple near us, who have long been grandparents, I am told by their daughter, have made it a rule of their lives never to go to sleep with a difference between them, adjusting it after retiring if not before.

As to table luxuries, I believe if we bring our minds to it, we can be just as happy over a bowl of bread and milk by the sitting room fire, as at an expensively furnished table in the dining room, and many a cozy little supper have we eaten that way. Yet when husband has been away with a cold dinner, or none, or either one has had an unusually hard day's work on hand, we want an extra good and tempting meal. And if "his folks" come on a first visit, new neighbors, or friends from far away and rarely seen, or even our own dear parents come to see

their daughter in her new surroundings, we take, it would seem, a pardonable pride in showing off to the best advantage with a well filled table; yet, I think we would generally get less credit for going beyond our means than for a simple meal within this boundary; but just what is within our means is often a perplexing question, and one that each young couple must decide for themselves, and where they make a mistake this year, profit by it next.

As to parlor elegancies, there are so many hints and suggestions in our good paper now that we can make so many handsome and useful things out of almost nothing, that we need not be without beautiful homes, however limited our purses. And now, during this first year of comparative leisure, see that all work of this kind is done that you will need for a while. Of course fashions in fancy work and ornamental parlor and bed room furnishings are constantly changing, but we cannot afford to always change with them. A pretty table scarf, handsome and serviceable toilet mats and cushions, hair receivers, match cases, towel rack embroideries, splashers, etc., will not be out of place for a long time.

OLIVE RAYMOND.

POULTRY NOTES.

In the most approved plans for building poultry houses everything is movable. To rid the house of lice the following plan is recommended: While the hens are out some pleasant day, take possession of the house armed with an ordinary large paint brush, such as painters use, and an ample supply of kerosene oil. Do not scrimp in this matter. Remove the nests gently and carefully to a suitable place, empty them, clean them and burn the contents. Then with your paint brush give them as thorough a coat of kerosene as the wood will absorb. Do it thoroughly even if you waste a few drops of kerosene, which is much cheaper than lice.

Let your nests remain for a while exposed to the air. Next remove your roosts. If they are boxes with the bark on, you can never clean them. Throw them away. If they are planed joists, as they should be, place them on two horses or poles and give them the same treatment as the nests. Leave them, too, in the open air.

Next, enter the poultry house and take an observation. Perhaps a load of dirt needs to be removed from the floor. With your broom and pot of kerosene serve the entire inside of the house as you did the nests and roosts, omitting no crack or corner. Replace the furniture and allow the fowls to return, but ventilate the house as much as possible for a few days.

A chicken if properly treated should continue to grow without interruption from the time it is hatched until it is fully matured. The most common cause of stunted chickens is not want of food, as might be supposed, but is usually owing to unsuitable quarters in which they are kept, and which are either filthy, cold or damp, if not positively wet. This condition of things produces diseases and lice, which alone would stop their growth, if, indeed, it did not stop their breath.

Chickens to thrive must be comfortable by day and night, and if they are comfortable they will thrive. Make the apartments clean, dry and warm, and if chickens are lousy do not daub their heads with grease, but kerosene their houses thoroughly.

Be sure and have plenty of light in the south side of the poultry house so as to let in the sun's rays, as they are very scarce in winter and must be made the most of. Ventilation and cleanliness go hand in hand, and are very important in

securing good health. A lining of tarred paper will serve to keep the house warm and is quite obnoxious to vermin.

Food in winter, as well as other seasons, should be given regularly and in moderate quantities. Be sure to see the fowls well fed the last thing at night just before roosting time, so they will have enough to last them through the long, cold nights.

The one way of really saving food and promoting the thrift of the flock is good shelter. The better they are protected from the cold the less food it requires to keep their bodies warm.

Fat in an animal is not necessarily a sign of disease, and a tendency to take on fat is not to any great extent an abnormal one. Yet there is a limit within which the tendency to take on fat is normal. There is such a thing as fatty degeneracy, by which all the tissues become impaired, and the animal weakly and worthless. Fowls can be made so fat that they will not lay well, or if they do lay their eggs will not hatch well.

When hens have been laying for quite a while, the eggs at the close of the prolific period will not produce as strong chickens as those which were laid at the beginning of this period. It appears as though the strength of the layer begins to diminish by this continued effort, and that the eggs are not sufficiently endowed with vitality near the last of the litter.

It is not uncommon for fowls to be troubled with leg weakness, particularly the large breeds, at a certain stage of their growth. Give generous feed and good care, and they will outgrow the trouble. When adult fowls are troubled in this way rheumatism or some nervous complaint may be suspected. A stock kept vigorous by proper breeding and good management should not have any serious trouble in this direction.

Fowls, when about to be moved short distances, should never be lifted by the wings, or tucked under the arms of their attendants. They should be seized gently but firmly by the legs, and carried head downward wherever necessary to take them. There is no danger of apoplexy, as there might be in human beings in such a position, and it is not possible for the bird so held to injure itself or its feathers during any short journey about the immediate premises.

Roup is of many kinds or phases. It is occasioned, or at least aggravated, by various causes, such as neglect, improper feeding, taking cold, exposure to raw winds in the daytime and cold draughts of air by night. It is infectious, and thousands of chickens die annually of this disease.—*Poultry World*.

USEFUL HINTS.

A solution of equal parts of gum Arabic and plaster of Paris cements china and earthenware.

To cement cracks in stoves mix stove blacking, flour, and cold water. Another way is, take equal parts of sifted ashes, clay and salt, and a little water.

Use white oil cloth back of the kitchen table, and sink, and under hooks that hold tinware.

If you scorch clothes in ironing, place in the sun to draw the marks out.

Save your cold tea; it is excellent for cleaning grained wood.

A little sweet oil and beeswax rubbed on mahogany polishes it up beautifully.

Stale buns may be made to taste as nicely as when fresh; if they are dipped for a moment or so, in cold water, and then put in a hot oven for five or ten minutes, they will turn out as light and crisp as when first baked.

Hot solution of salt and vinegar brightens copper and tinware, also zinc bath tubs.

Cup Cake.—Five cups of flour, two cups of molasses, one cup of butter, one cup of cream or milk, five eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, (or any good baking powder will do,) flavor with two tablespoonfuls of ginger, and a teaspoonful of powdered mace, bake slowly but regularly.

Chocolate Cake.—To one-fourth of a pound of finely powdered sugar, add one-third of a cake of chocolate scraped fine, and the whites of three very fresh eggs well beaten. Beat them all well together. Drop small portions of this mixture in small round cakes on writing paper, and let them bake in a slow oven.

KATIE F.

THE NEW CHARITY.

The old charity consisted in carelessly tossing a farthing to a beggar; the new charity exhibits a warm interest in its recipient, and seeks to enable him to turn his own honest penny. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in the new industrial schools undertaken by various churches and other societies, wherein girls and boys, but more especially the former, are taught to use their hands with skill. This movement has taken deep root in the cities, but there is no good reason why it should not thrive in the country also. In almost any community, there are dozens of girls who do not know how to sew neatly or knit, much less how to cut and fit a dress or darn a stocking. Now, if half a dozen ladies would join in such an enterprise, it would not be a difficult matter to start and conduct an industrial class every Saturday at a regular hour. It would not be a doubtful project for the ladies to take turns in conducting the lessons on various topics, with the rest to go about among the girls showing them how to arrange their materials and follow directions. Lessons in cooking and housekeeping could be added, if desired. Such a winter's work would be exceedingly profitable, not only to the recipients of the kindness, but to the promoters of the undertaking also.—*Housekeeper*.

STARCHING.

Allow a teaspoonful of good starch to each shirt and collar; use just enough cold water to wet the starch, mash it free from lumps, add a little more and stir it well; add for each shirt a piece of sperm or white wax as big as a pea, and a quarter of a spoonful of clean salt to three spoonfuls of starch, pour on boiling water, stirring slowly all the time; boil hard for fifteen minutes without scorching, skim and strain while hot; this can be done only by dipping the strainer in cold water, while the starch is in the bag, and squeeze it immediately before it becomes hot. Wet bosoms and collars in hot water, wring very dry, and starch while damp; rub the starch well in, and wring in a dry towel, and remove all starch left on the outside; spread out evenly, rub down with a dry cloth, and roll tightly together; let lie two or three hours and then iron, and you will have a gloss on your shirts and collars equal in appearance and perhaps better in quality than if it had been done at a Chinese laundry.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have come to the conclusion that what the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD don't know, isn't worth knowing. As I watch the questions asked by subscribers from one paper to another, I often think, "There, no one will answer that, I know." But in a month or so, lo, an answer appears, some one pops up from some unknown corner,

and proceeds to give the most minute directions concerning it—"they have tried it with the most perfect success," etc.

Did any of the sisters ever try dipping the sides of raised biscuit into melted butter, before putting into the pan? When baked they break apart as easily as can be. And of putting strips of narrow cloth dipped in milk or water, around pies that are juicy preventing them from running out in the oven. After the pie is done, tear the cloth off.

Here is a black pudding that we are very fond of: One cup each of molasses, milk, chopped suet, and raisins, one teaspoonful each of saleratus, cinnamon and cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, a little salt, and flour to thicken. Pour into a pail or tin dish well buttered and steam four hours, serve with a hard sauce, made of butter and sugar, rubbed together. This pudding can be kept for a month or more.

Now would some sister give me the recipe of escalloped oysters, and of Italian cream, and in fancy work, of a lambrequin of macreme, longer in the center than at the sides, and something "just lovely for a parlor mantel."

What does the star mean in knitting patterns?

Lily Disney, your lambrequin was very handsome.

FREDERICA.

Maine.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—This is my first year with you. I have been a reader of your excellent paper about nine months. It is sent me as a wedding present. I know all brides who receive it cannot fail to thank you for your generosity in sending it. Such an excellent paper, "a friend in time of need," for who can tell of the many trials and perplexities of a young housekeeper? Only one who has passed through the trying ordeal.

I must tell you of my home in sunny Kansas. We have just moved to a new town, and the carpenter's hammer is heard on every side. Our first train came in one week ago, and great excitement prevails among us.

Broad prairies stretch on every side of us. Distant views are only hidden by now and then a rise of ground not hardly high enough to be called a hill, especially by you Vermonters. My father is a "Green Mountain boy," and I have listened with interest many times to his stories of boyhood days, the mountains, rocks, and rills of old Vermont.

If it will not be out of place I will give a few recipes which I know to be good.

Cream Cake.—Three eggs, two cups of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water, two spoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt, one and one-half cups of flour. Beat eggs thoroughly. Bake in layers.

Cream.—One pint of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, flavor with lemon. Place this between the layers. Sweeten to suit taste.

Apple Johnny.—Pare, core, and quarter nice sour apples, steam until soft, make a crust as for any other pie, only not quite as rich, fill crust with apples, pour over one cup of cream or sweet milk, one-half cup of sugar, butter size of a walnut, sprinkle with flour. Flavor to suit taste. Nutmeg is good. Bake in deep pie tin with one crust. This is delicious.

I cannot write more now as household duties forbid.

I am in favor of letting the Johns write, for we always want both sides to a story.

Kincaid, Kan. MINNIE R. LEE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Wishing to make griddle cakes for supper and not having either of the necessary articles in the house which I found all my recipe books required, namely, eggs or sour milk, I made a venture and with such good success that I send it to THE HOUSEHOLD.

Griddle Cakes.—One small cup of Indian meal, one cup of flour, and two scant teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted through the flour and meal. Make a thin batter with cold water and fry on a hot griddle.

Here is also a recipe for graham gems which I found equally as good. Take three cups of graham flour, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt, mix with cold water and fill heated gem pans, (I use the iron ones,) and bake in a hot oven.

I have always been accustomed to boil my beans before baking, but this week tried a new way and like it better. Put the beans in a tin pan and pour boiling water on them, drain the water off and put them in the pot and bake as usual. I think they have a richer flavor which you lose by boiling them.

DUDIE.

Beachmont, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Many thanks for the package of HOUSEHOLDS I have just received as a wedding present from your office, so welcome, both on its own account, and also for its being like a friend from the dear old home, where it was always sure of a warm greeting when HOUSEHOLD day came.

I am, comparatively speaking, a stranger among strangers. Coming from a Canadian town, I find every thing so different. I remember reading the sister's letter from Kansas, that was written in a dug-out or sod house rather, and I wondered how such a place as I imagined it to be could exist where civilization was, but since my four months' residence on the prairie, I have seen a great many sod houses, and when once inside you soon forget that you are in one, so warm and cosy are they, at least, those that I have been in.

Now for some little helps, if they will be acceptable, if not, I will not be at all offended:

Lemon Pie.—This recipe is for Nettie Rogers: One cup of sugar, one lemon grated, and one teaspoonful of butter worked to a cream, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, bake as a custard pie. When done, beat the whites with a little sugar and put on top.

Here is a recipe for oat cakes that may be new to some. Three cups of oat meal, the finer the better, two cups of flour, one cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of lukewarm water, a little salt, and one teaspoonful of soda or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Roll thin and bake like cookies.

Here is a coffee cake which may not be the "genuine English," but is very good: One cup each of butter, brown sugar, molasses, and cold coffee, and three teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in the coffee, season to taste, flour till stiff enough. Add the last thing two cups of chopped raisins and a little peel. Bake in a moderate oven.

Will sister Ruth tell me where she got the slips from the eastern florist? I am fond of flowers, but like the minority of us (I sincerely hope) my pocket book is very lean. In return I will tell her how to make a frame for her cuttings from Harpers'. Make a pine frame the size required, then wet front and sides, or the part that is to be seen, with mucilage or glue, then cover or strew all over with millet seed or sand, so that none of the foundation is to be seen, when this is perfectly dry bronze or gild. Another simple way. Cover with velvet your simple pine frame adding a few brass headed tacks in the corners to make it look a little less original.

And now for a scrap book I am making in my spare moments, for I, too, am a busy farmer's wife on a "claim." I took a piece of green felt I had, cut it the size

of THE HOUSEHOLD minus four inches in the length of it. Pencilled the word "Scraps" on the back or front of it. Embroidered the word in gold floss, then got two pieces of card board for the cover, cover these, one side with the felt, the other with a pretty piece of chintz, then for the leaves get some grocers' paper, sew it in book fashion, and you have another addition to your library.

Can any one tell me how to "oil cloth" a bed room with wall paper?

Marshall, Minn.

CANUCK.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—While looking over the letters in the January number, I could but think what a spirit of cheerfulness runs through them all, and how much more interesting they are thus made to the many readers of this valuable paper. We all know what an inestimable blessing is a sunny disposition, and we can appreciate its influence through the medium of the press as well as its more essential presence in our hearts and homes. How many of us are inclined to check this important element, which is the basis of all human happiness, and substitute in its place a spirit of restlessness and discontent. Happiness is the aim of our being and yet the fact that the means of obtaining this desired end are constantly thrown within our grasp is one of the hardest lessons we have to learn.

None of us need be reminded that "blessings brighten as they take their flight," examples of which are innumerable in our experiences. One of the saddest mistakes of human life is this continual grasping after something just ahead and brushing the present aside as of no consequence only as a means of gaining some desired object. The small things of life make up the sum of human happiness, and this fact is more and more forcibly verified as we advance in life. It is true that oftentimes we necessarily harbor a troubled spirit beneath a pleasant and cheerful exterior and quite as often we seriously concern ourselves about prospective ills which never overtake us. The trifling tasks of every-day life and the cares which come with every sun, tend to discouragement, and it is hard to see amid them, all the blessings which surround us. But how much better it is to make the most of every day as it passes and look at the bright side of life instead of fostering needless care and trouble. Although it is much easier to preach than to practice, yet the cultivation of this principle, which is the foundation of our well being, is to be commended and encouraged.

None of us, whatever our circumstances or condition in life, are so situated as not to find something in our pathway to stimulate a cheerful and happy disposition.

Let us then profit by the lessons suggested in the social columns of our paper and improve the opportunities presented for the advancement of our own good and the happiness of those around us.

"Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart

Where'er our fortunes call;

With a friendly glance and an open hand,

And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,

Where toil is the portion of man,

We all should endeavor, while passing along,

To make it as smooth as we can."

Washington, D. C.

L. E. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—From this land of sunny Syria, I send affectionate greeting to the whole HOUSEHOLD of sisters and mothers in the beloved home land. Separated by so many hundreds of miles that our dear paper is one month old before I so eagerly peruse its pages, still I wish to join the circle around the hearthstone this March day. Although I am not a stranger to all the Band, I have wandered so far, and changed name as well as country since you last heard from me, that I cannot hope to be recognized. But please let me occupy a quiet corner, for I love you all so much and feel so thankful for the visits I receive from you in my Syrian home that I wish to speak once and tell you so.

I suppose in the northern states, (my old home was in central New York,) winter still holds sway, and perhaps sleighing parties can even be enjoyed. I can imagine it all as I sit here with no fire in the house, hearing the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of what I might believe were merry sleigh bells. I know full well that should I look out of the window I should see a long line of camels passing in the street below. By lifting my gaze to the towering heads of Mt. Lebanon, I should see their snowy caps glistening in the sunshine, but that snow is not available for sleigh rides. All through the warm weather the mountain gorges will furnish snow-ice which will be sold in the streets of the city for ice cream or iced lemonade.

The past winter has been one of unusual severity; one morning in February the mercury stood at 49° above zero. Now smile, oh, ye Da-

kotians, the cold smile of superiority, and tell of the attractions of China for your discouraged weather indicator. Only the reading of your cold reports one day, sent us to add another small piece of fuel to our fire.

We have had an abundance of rain, insuring abundant harvests, especially of olives which require hard January rain. Rain seldom falls during the five summer months, but oh, what hard showers we do have during the rainy season.

Now there are signs of spring. The almond trees have blossomed, the pure waxen blooms are unfolding on the orange trees, the apricots are covered with blossoms, and the wild flowers are brightening every orange grove, the roadside, and every stone wall. There is a great variety of wild flowers—many which are choice at home grow in profusion. The cyclamen are so common, their variegated leaves and bright eyed blossoms peep at you from every crevice in the rocks, from the stone walls and under your feet as you walk along the roadside. I meet many old favorites as well as make new friends here. Of the latter, the pomegranate I especially admire in its brilliant beauty. One of my first surprises was the immense cactus of the prickly pear variety which forms hedges. I often ride (donkey back) in lanes, bordered with these cactuses, so large that they form an arch overhead, the stems near the ground being as large as a man's body. The fruit is considered a luxury by the natives but it is very distasteful to Americans. There are many pretty hedges, lovely tangles of wild rose, clematis, and a great variety of other beautiful vines, while above all wave the pampas plumes. The deep, glossy orange trees with their golden fruit, pearly buds and fragrant blossoms form a picture of which one does not tire.

Housekeeping here, my dear sisters, is very unlike housekeeping with you. To begin with, the houses are so different, the floors are of marble, stone, or cement, the two former requiring frequent washings or flushing, i. e., an abundance of water is poured on which runs off through places in the walls. As every one lives in the upper story, there are long flights of stairs to be cleaned, and as the windows are very large and placed between the rooms as well as in the outside walls, you can imagine there is work for strong arms. It is one continual battle with dust, the wind carrying the fine sand through and through the house. It is almost an impossibility to teach a native girl the art of removing dust from furniture. In dusting a chair or bookcase, she will be most likely to begin at the bottom, and when the top is reached, covering all with a new layer.

So much for the house. Then the marketing must be done every morning, no cellar or nice pantry as in American houses. I am the fortunate possessor of a store room which is a luxury to be appreciated. Provisions spoil very quickly, so it is the custom of the country to purchase only what is needed for the day, of most things. It seemed so strange to see the cook bring in only enough vegetables or fruit for one day. The cooks are men, who must also do all the buying, as this is a Moslem city no woman can go to market or make any purchases. As we have about the same vegetables as at home, our table presents much the appearance of an American one, with the addition of some oriental luxuries. Some native dishes we are very fond of.

Right here I wish to offer my grateful thanks to Emily Hayes, for her Notes, which are so comprehensive that an inexperienced mistress and an Arab servant can understand and successfully attempt any one of her recipes. It was such a trial to me to be told by old, experienced housekeepers when seeking information, "Oh, use your own judgment about the quantity of this or that." Not realizing that judgment in such matters must be formed by long experience, and after many failures probably, and that when one is anxious to please her John from the outset, she cannot afford the time required to gain it.

But ah! methinks I hear an ominous rustling in that waste basket, as if "those gone before" were settling down to make room for this too lengthy and uninteresting communication, so I will resume my seat in the "ingle neuk," and quietly enjoy the talks of the rest of you.

Syr'a.

ALICE H.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

SODA CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, quite scant, one-half teaspoonful of soda, scant also, one cup of milk and three cups of flour. This makes two loaves. Flavor or not as you choose. I sometimes put fruit into half the quantity, and it makes it very nice, and I have two different kinds of cake. With me this cake is a stand-by.

M. L. D.

PASTE FOR WALL PAPER.—S. F. Bickwell asks for a way to paper whitewashed walls. This recipe will not fail. It was given to me by a paper-hanger and I have tried it with success. Take one pound of starch and make into a thin paste. Dissolve one-half pound of glue in as little water, as possible, and when the paste is

made pour in the dissolved glue. Let it stand until just warm and apply to the whitewashed wall, with a clean whitewash brush. When thoroughly dry put on the paper. I think starch paste far superior to flour paste. It would be well to sweep off all loose whitewash before putting on the sizing. This is what they use to paper overhead with. If there is any sizing left it is just as good as paste to hang the paper with. This did not fail on a room that had been whitewashed every season for twenty years.

ROSELYN.

WIDE-AWAKE PIE.—I hope some of the sisters will try it and report. One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-fourth cup of vinegar, two-thirds cup of water, and butter the size of an egg. Simmer them together, then add one cup of powdered cracker, allspice, cinnamon, nutmeg and raisins. Bake with two crusts. This makes two pies.

AUNT PRIM.

ORANGE PIE.—Four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half pint of milk, one cup of sugar, the juice of two oranges and the rind of one. Beat the butter and sugar to a light cream, add the beaten eggs gradually, with juice and grated rind, lastly add the milk thickened with a little corn starch. Bake in a slow oven twenty-five minutes.

LEMON PIE.—One and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in a little cold water, add to this a cup of boiling water, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, and one cup of sugar. When cool enough stir in the yolk of one egg. Bake on one crust. Make an icing and return to the oven to brown.

VERA.

CABBAGE SALAD.—One-half cup of sour cream, one-half cup of vinegar, a little salt and sugar mixed with the cabbage after it is chopped, and mustard to suit the taste. Heat the vinegar and cream, then pour over the cabbage.

A. A. B.

PLAIN CAKE.—Break two eggs in a cup, fill it up with sour cream, add one cup of sugar, stir well, a salt-spoonful of soda, one and one-half cups of flour, salt and nutmeg. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

COOKIES.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, a pinch of soda, and flour enough to roll out easily, but care must be taken not to get them too hard. Bake ten minutes in a moderate oven.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter or pork fat, one teaspoonful of soda, one dessert-spoonful of ginger, boil four minutes altogether, cool, mix hard, roll thin, and bake in a hot oven quick. This rule makes forty cakes.

CASTELLA.

Vermont.

COCOANUT JUMBLES.—This is for Lizzie J. Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, two cups of cocoanut, a small teaspoonful of soda, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Drop by the teaspoonful upon buttered paper in pans.

M. L. M.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES. Set a batter the night before according to the size of the family. Use one-half cake of compressed yeast, and one tablespoonful of molasses, and one teaspoonful of salt. Set them in an earthen dish. Leave a little batter every time, and that will be sufficient to raise them with one-half teaspoonful of soda in the batter every morning just as you are going to fry them.

MRS. J. D. D.

New London, Conn.

SWEET APPLE INDIAN PUDDING.—Scald thoroughly one cup of Indian meal and one cup of chopped sweet apple in a quart of boiling milk (skimmed), add two-thirds of a cup of molasses, a teaspoonful of salt and one of ginger, also a pint of cold milk. Bake in a covered dish from three to four hours. This eaten with sweet cream is delicious. Try it.

ORA.

HARD CARD GINGERBREAD.—Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg, mix it with a pint of nice molasses, a tablespoonful of ginger, and a quart of flour. Dissolve a large tablespoonful of saleratus in one-half pint of milk, strain it and mix with the ingredients, add sufficient flour to enable you to roll it out, roll it about half an inch thick and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. I believe they cut it, that is, mark it ready to cut before baking.

West Simsbury, Conn. MRS. A. L. VINCENT.

WASHING FLUID.—I would like to contribute my recipe for washing fluid. I have used it for upwards of a year with good success. It is a great saving of labor and no injury to clothes. For the fluid take one pound can of concentrated lye, two ounces of liquid ammonia, and one gallon of soft water. First dissolve the lye in the water in a jug or earthen vessel and when cool

add the ammonia. Put the clothes to soak over night in cold water. For a boiler containing about three pails of water, add one cup of fluid and the same quantity of soap. When it boils add the clothes previously wrung out of the cold water. Let them boil from five to ten minutes, take out and look over carefully in the sudsing water. If any spots or stripes of dirt remain, rub lightly with the hands, rinse, blue, and hang out.

Kathie Kringle, I have tried your recipe for graham bread and report favorably. I have also tried Charity Snow's boiling water pie crust, besides many others too numerous to mention.

DOWN EAST.

SQUASH BISCUIT.—M. G. M. asks for a recipe for squash biscuit. Here is one to be recommended. Two cups of sifted squash, one cup of yeast, two tablespoonfuls each of sugar, butter and milk. Salt to taste. Knead with flour like bread and set to rise over night. Bake in a quick oven in biscuit for breakfast.

New Hampshire.

NELLIE R.

FIG CAKE FILLING.—Three-fourths pound of figs, and one cup of raisins. Chop these very fine, then add one cup of brown sugar, a lump of butter the size of an egg, four tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, and one cup of water. Boil till done. Bottle it. This will keep some time, and is as nice to use in loaf cake as for filling in layer cake.

Lynden, Washington Ter.

F. A. J.

FROSTING WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup of granulated sugar or other white sugar, and five tablespoonfuls of milk, boil five minutes, stir until cold, and put on a cold cake. It is splendid.

FOR MAKING 'GOOD AND ECONOMICAL' PIE CRUST.—Take equal parts of lard and beef suet, mix with warm water and add a little salt.

I have been much troubled by pies running over in the oven and have found it could be avoided by putting on the upper crust very loosely, laying it in wrinkles, but fastening it tightly around the edges. They never run over in this way. Try it.

AN INTERESTED READER.

SWEET PICKLE.—Here is a recipe for sweet pickle that I think will please Mrs. John: Seven pounds of ripe tomatoes peeled and sliced, three and one-half pounds of sugar, one ounce of cinnamon and mace mixed, one ounce of cloves, and one quart of vinegar. Mix all together and stew an hour.

Will some one tell me how to exterminate water bugs? I am very anxious to know.

Rhode Island.

NEWCOMER.

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, two cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake the same as jelly cake. Spread a thin layer of frosting sprinkled with prepared cocoanut. Bake in three layers. Please try and report.

Frosting. Whites of two eggs, eight teaspoonfuls of sugar, and flavor to suit.

Eau Claire, Wis.

MRS. E. E. MCKEEN.

TO PICK TAME CHICKENS.—After killing the chickens, while they are yet warm drench them in a pail of cold water, and they will pick nicely, and it is so much quicker than waiting to heat water in which to scald them.

TO PICK DUCKS.—Pick them dry, beginning at the neck, with the thumb and first finger pull the feathers down towards the feet. After getting the feathers and what down you can off in this way, singe them, and give them a good rubbing to take off the remaining down.

SUGARED POP CORN.—One-half cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of water, and a teaspoonful of butter, boil together till it is quite thick in a large pan (a deep pan is best), then sprinkle in two quarts of nicely popped corn, stirring all the while, take it off the stove and stir till the kernels all separate. It is very good without the butter.

Steward, Lee Co., Ill.

HATTIE A. BALCOM.

POTATO BALLS.—Three cups of mashed potatoes with two spoonfuls of butter, then add one-half cup of grated Holland cheese and mash well together, then add two well beaten eggs, and mix well, now roll into small, round cakes, roll in grated bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard, or sweet oil is better if liked. I fry mine in the oil. These are nice.

STUFFED EGG PLANTS.—Take three large egg plants, and cut in two lengthwise, take out the inside leaving almost half an inch of the peeling, sprinkle on them plenty of coarse salt, and leave for half an hour, then squeeze and wash, put over the fire to boil, being careful not to break, or boil the shells too much, as they must be entirely whole, and only need to be thoroughly scalded. When done take up the shells and drain, and place evenly in a greased baking pan. I put two large spoonfuls of sweet oil in mine, but lard will do. Let the inside boil well, and prepare a small cup of grated Holland cheese,

one-half cup of grated bread crumbs, plenty of parsley and thyme, three or four cloves of garlic if liked, if not, use one small onion, and chop all together very fine. Now if the egg plant is cooked take up, drain and mash, then put in bread crumbs, cheese, parsley, thyme and garlic, and mash well, then add two well beaten eggs, and mash again until well mixed, now fill up the shells, make smooth and place bits of butter over each one, and bake in a slow oven one hour. I forgot to say I put two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil in my dressing, but if not liked use butter. These are delicious prepared in this way.

SUNSHINE.

LEMON PIE.—In reply to Miss Nettie Rogers' request, in the April number, for a recipe for lemon pies without corn starch, I send the following which I have made for years, and which is liked by all: Grated rind and juice of one lemon, pare and grate one raw potato a little larger than the lemon, one cup of sugar, one egg, a little salt, and two-thirds cup of cold water. To be made with two crusts.

MRS. C. E. SHERBURNE.

MUSTER GINGERBREAD.—This is the gingerbread which, when children, made general trainings and cattle shows of so much interest to us. We have eaten much gingerbread since then, but none so good as that. Three cups of flour, one cup of molasses, two eggs, one large teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, and milk enough to form a dough. Rub the butter and flour together, and add the other ingredients. Roll it out in sheets, cut thin and butter with molasses and water before they are put in the oven. They require a very moderate heat to bake them as they scorch easily.

M. L. H.

Malden, Mass.

RHUBARB PIE.—I often see recipes for rhubarb pie, and think how much unnecessary trouble is taken for what can be made so simply. Many seem to think they must remove the skin and cook the rhubarb. Here is the way in which my mother made them for years and they were always delicious: Cut the stalks into little blocks without removing the skin, stir in sugar and whatever spice you want, and when the rhubarb is juicy enough to run over, add a few pounded crackers. Bake in a deep plate with both under and upper crust.

CURRENT JELLY.—Here is a recipe for current jelly, which has been thoroughly tested, with great success, to our surprise, as we had always thought the use of water would be fatal. Boil together for half an hour four quarts of currants, stems and all, and one quart of water, strain and boil fifteen minutes. Add one pound of sugar for every pound of juice, and just bring to a boil. Pour while hot into tumblers.

Peabody, Mass.

E. C. K.

SPANISH CREAM.—Soak one-half box of Cox's gelatine, (three-fourths of an ounce,) in a large cup of milk for half an hour or more. Make a custard with the yolks of seven eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, and a quart of milk. Then stir in the gelatine, and beat it well. Flavor with vanilla or lemon. When nearly cold beat the whites of seven eggs until they stand alone, and beat them thoroughly into the custard also, then pour into moulds and set on ice to harden.

Jelly for the Spanish Cream.—Half a box of the gelatine and two gills of cold water. After soaking half an hour, squeeze a large lemon into the gelatine, adding the lemon, also ten ounces of sugar. Then pour over all one pint of fiercely boiling water, and stir well until all is thoroughly dissolved. Strain and set on ice to harden. When you turn out the Spanish cream on a flat dish, put the jelly around it and serve with rich cream.

STEWED POTATOES.—One quart of cold boiled potatoes, nipped off with a teaspoon to look like mint drops, before measuring, one cup of milk, one heaping teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful each of butter and flour rubbed smoothly together, put in a stewpan and let it come to a boil, then add the beaten yellow of an egg, stir until it thickens to a soft custard, then put in the potatoes and let them warm through.

HOT SLAW.—Shave the cabbage and put it in the skillet with butter the size of an egg, stir until it cooks through, then add one-half cup of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth as much pepper, a small level teaspoonful of dry mustard rubbed smooth with three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and yolks of two eggs, beaten first. Stir constantly until all heats through. Mix the eggs with the milk, salt and pepper and the vinegar with the mustard.

BEST WAY TO COOK CHICKENS.—Split them down the back, lay them in an iron granite baking pan that has a tight-fitting lid made for it—the insides of the chickens should be up. When in the pan, put butter the size of an egg in each chicken, salt, pepper and dredge flour over them. Fill the pan half full of water, cover the

pan tightly with the lid, and set the pan on top of the range or stove. When they are cooked until tender, stir in the pan a paste made of butter and flour. Remove the cover and set the baking pan in the oven, long enough to brown the chicken.

J. S. M.

The Willows, Bedford Springs, Pa.

FRUIT CAKE.—An Old Subscriber wants to know how to make fruit cake. I send two recipes:

First.—One pound of flour, browned in the oven, one pound each of brown sugar and citron, two pounds each of currants and stoned raisins, three-fourths pound of butter, one teacup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls each of mace, cassia and cloves, one teaspoonful of soda and twelve eggs. This is an excellent recipe and will make two large loaves. Bake five or six hours in a slow oven.

Second.—One cup each of brown sugar and butter, three-fourths cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour cream, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, four eggs, one cup each of raisins and dried apples, and one teaspoonful each of allspice, cassia and cloves. The dried apples should be soaked six or eight hours in a little water. I put mine in a bowl and turn them occasionally, and they absorb all the water, then chop and soak over night in the molasses. This makes two small loaves. Bake in a slow oven two hours, more or less, as the time required to bake fruit cake depends altogether on the fire you keep.

Will some one send recipe for cooking cauliflower—something different from the one given in the May number? Also, how to cook salsify—not in soup?

B. B.

Frankville, Iowa.

TO EXTERMINATE ANTS.—For the large black ants, take spearmint, such as grows in gardens, and lay it all around where the ants make their appearance, and they will soon leave. For the little red ants, if you wish to keep them out of the pantry just brush off the shelf and take a piece of white chalk and mark all around it, and the ants cannot get over the mark. Please try and report.

MRS. L. D. R.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

If M. L. B. will wash her iron sink with boiling suds every week, and dry, then rub it over with kerosene oil, I think it will not trouble her, unless it has been neglected too long. I wipe mine dry after every dish washing, or it would surely rust.

C. A.

Tell Inquirer that she can wash her napkin and scald in strong salt water and the color of her silk will not change. After commencing to wash don't leave until on the line. Don't soak.

C. L. G.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me what catarrh is and how to treat it?

California.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Will you ask the sisters for a recipe for old-fashioned election cake such as used to be made in Massachusetts every year at election time? and also how to roast coffee? and greatly oblige,

MRS. G. H. SCHROEDER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the sisters please tell how to make rubber cloth water proof, as mine wets through very quick?

EMMA.

If Mrs. G. L. C. will put a portion of the flour on her raisins before putting them in the cake, I think she will find they will not fall to the bottom of the loaf.

MAUD.

New Jersey.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send directions for canning green peas and corn, also apples or fruit of any kind suitable for canning? Will self-sealing jars do to put them up in?

ENGLISH ROSE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask Dr. Hanford or any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, if they can tell me of any thing that will prevent a young person's hair from turning gray, or that will be a benefit to it?

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—F. S. W. asked if the pile of a piece of silk plush that had ever been wet, could be raised, and how? If she will hold the plush over steam and move it around so that all of the garment shall be steamed alike, I think she will find it as good as new. Also will some of the sisters (who have had experience with them) tell me if silk and wool plush for a sack will wear well, and how long with careful usage?

M. GERTRUDE MOOAR.

Can some sister, or any one, give a remedy that will effectually remove callouses from the hands? If so a great favor will be conferred.

NORA.

The Parlor.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh;
Death chooses his own time, till that is sworn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,
This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die.
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,
Lo, all things can be borne!

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

OLD HILLACRE HOME

"IT'S rediklis," declared Aunt Melzena Mellen.

"Perfectly awdacious," agreed Uncle Simeon.

"Does the gal expect to live on grass an' yarbs, like the cow-brutes?" grumbled Cousin Gideon.

"She better of took the five hundred dollars 'Squire Stafford offered her," said Uncle Simeon, sagely. "It's more'n the old place is wuth, half rocks, an' the rest growed up with mullein stalks an' hoar-houn' an' wild chamomile."

"An five hundred dollars would of sot her an' Steve Kimble up real nice," pursued Aunt Melzena, briskly stirring away at a huge kettle of soft soap.

And so the chorus went on among the Mellen and Hillacre relations, far and near, and all because Mollie Hillacre, self-willed girl, refused to part with the old homestead and its twenty acres of sterile soil, which had become hers on the death of Grandpa Hillacre, some months previous.

Among all the clan there was no one to take Mollie's side of the question but old Uncle Dabney Mellen, who occupied the adjoining farm.

"Mollie ain't nobody's fool, I kin tell ye," he would say, nodding his head wisely. "An' ef she hangs onter the old homestead she'll make it pay, one way or another, or my name ain't Dabney Mellen."

But the other relatives only shook their heads forebodingly, and declared that "a willful woman must have her own way," and they washed their hands of her entirely!

"As she makes her bed, so she must lay in it," declared Uncle Simeon, tritely. "An' if she comes to grief she needn't spect us to help her out."

"Of course not," echoed the rest.

But still Mollie persisted in "taking her own head," in spite of their predictions and prognostications.

Even Steve Kimble, Mollie's affianced lover, sided against her. He was a distant cousin on the Mellen side.

"What could we ever do here, Mollie?" he argued. "I couldn't make a livin' on the old wore-out ground! Tain't fit fur nothin' but black-eyed peas. Why, it wouldn't grow a bushel o' wheat to the acre! An' look at the ole sheep pastur'. The ain't skeersely a blade o' grass on it all summer. But if we had five hundred

dollars I could set up a store at the cross-roads, an' we'd soon be a gittin' rich."

"But I love the old place, Steve," persisted Mollie. "I was born here, you know, and—"

"Shucks! what if you was," interrupted Steve impatiently. "Well, you kin have your choice, Mollie. If you think more o' the ole place than you do of me, why keep it. But you can't have both, that's all."

"Steve," cried Mollie, "do you mean it?"

"Yes," returned Steve sullenly, "I do mean it."

"There's your ring, then," said Mollie, quietly, "and good evening."

And she walked proudly up the grass-grown walk to the house, while Steve slung himself angrily away.

Here was fresh food for the gossips, for the news of Mollie's broken engagement soon spread abroad, and the tongues wagged and heads were shaken more vigorously than ever.

But Mollie paid no heed to their fault-finding.

"I must contrive some way to make a living," she told herself, "and why not try keeping boarders! If the place is worth five hundred dollars to 'Squire Stafford, it's worth that much to me. The old house has rooms enough to quarter a regiment, and if the furniture is old-fashioned, it's well preserved, and I must make it do. I think I can get grandpa's old housekeeper, Mrs. Hull, to stay and help me, and she has not made any engagement yet. And now for the ways and means. The place is rocky and worn-out, to be sure; but I'll have the old stable torn away—it's ready to tumble down anyway—and take that place for my garden, and a shed will do for the cow. I can raise vegetables enough with a little outside help, to pay for most of my groceries, and the old orchard and the berry patch, trimmed up a little, will bring quite a crop of fruit."

And having laid her plans like a skillful general, Mollie went to work with a will.

Mrs. Hull's services were soon secured, and the old house put in "apple pie order." The windows were scoured, curtains taken down, washed and ironed, and put up again. Carpets were taken up, cleaned, and put down again. The old-fashioned, ponderous furniture was rubbed with turpentine till you could see yourself in the tall bed-posts and chair backs, and the mirrors and brass fire-irons were polished till they shone again. Uncle Dabney Mellen, with his hired hand, came and pulled down the rickety stable, chopped up the old logs into fire-wood, and plowed and harrowed the garden, besides helping Mollie to plant it.

And when all was ready a few judicious advertisements brought Mollie the requisite number of boarders.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Smythe, a wealthy elderly couple, who were charmed with the big rooms, the old-fashioned, claw-legged tables and chairs, the vine-hung porches and verandas and the wholesome country fare. There was Mrs. Fenshaw, a gushing widow, who went into raptures over the beautiful view of crested hill-tops and the shadowy valleys, bounded by the far, blue-tinted horizon. And there was Miss Tufton, a good-natured, placid-faced maiden lady, who was quietly content with every thing about her.

Besides these already mentioned, Mollie's boarders numbered a sallow-faced young gentleman, who had sought the country in quest of health, and a brisk, wide-awake geologist, Professor Talman, whose chief delight and occupation was in gathering "specimens."

The garden thrived luxuriantly, and once a week Mollie took her early peas and cucumbers, mountain sweet-corn and

cauliflowers to the neighboring village of Sweetbriar, where she readily disposed of them, bringing back their value in coffee, tea, sugar and other necessary commodities.

Uncle Dabney's horse and wagon was always at Mollie's service on Saturday to convey herself and her "truck" to market, which proved quite a convenience to the young householder.

The old orchard, too, which had been well trimmed and cared for, showed its gratitude by producing quite a crop of harvest sweetings and northern spies, afforded Mrs. Hull ample means for the exercise of her culinary skill in the construction of her luxurious "pan-dowdies," apple cobbles and the like, while the milk from Buttercup, the little Jersey cow, furnished butter for the table and cream for the tea and for the big bowl of raspberries or blackberries which figured daily at the evening meal.

But while affairs continued to go swimmingly for Mollie, the croakers found fresh cause for gossip in that very fact.

"They live mighty fine, an' set a tip-top table," admitted Aunt Melzena, who had been spending the day at the old homestead. "But I dunno how Mollie works it. I'm afraid she goes in debt fur all them nick nax."

But Mollie was too smart a girl to go in debt, and if she did not lay up much she paid her way as she went.

"Miss Mollie," said the professor, one day, taking a seat on the porch beside Mollie who was scraping carrots for dinner, "what do you think these are?"

Mollie gave a cursory glance at the rough-looking bits held out to her. The professor was always exhibiting "specimens" of one kind or another.

"I should say they were rocks," returned Mollie, in true western dialect.

"Exactly," smiled the professor. "But what kind of rocks?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "I don't know one kind of rock from another."

"So I thought," returned the professor gravely. "If you did you would not be keeping boarders for a living."

Mollie looked up in surprise.

"Why?" she asked, with some curiosity. "What have rocks to do with my keeping house?"

"Just this," was the answer: "This bit of white rock here I chipped off a ledge in the old sheep pasture on the hillside. And to the best of my knowledge and belief, that ledge is magnesian limestone, a superior kind of building stone which is in great demand. This other bit is of a different kind of rock, but quite valuable also, and is used for door and window sills. It is worth forty cents a square foot, and there is no doubt but what it exists in abundance on your farm. But if the other proves to be really magnesian limestone, you could sell out to-morrow for \$10,000, Miss Mollie."

"O, Professor Tallman! But how—but how should I go to work to find out?" asked Mollie, clasping her hands, excitedly.

"Leave it to me," said the professor, kindly. "I am going to the city to-morrow on business, and I will take these bits of rock and exhibit them to the proper parties. Then, Miss Mollie, you can either lease or sell your property to good advantage."

"I shall not sell," declared Mollie, "if I can help it."

In due time the professor returned. The specimen he had exhibited proved to be magnesian limestone, and two business men accompanied him to inspect the ledge.

Before they left, Mollie was offered a good price for her farm, or \$1,000 a year and a certain share in the profits of the quarry.

She accepted the latter offer, and soon the sound of hammer and drill was heard in the once despised sheep pasture.

The news was a nine days' wonder among the neighbors.

"As rocky as the Hillacre farm," had been a by-word in that locality for years, and now to think those self-same rocks were to be coined into money before their very eyes!

The astonished relatives flocked to the old homestead to congratulate Mollie on her good fortune.

Steve Kimble was one of the first to put in an appearance.

"You was right in holdin' onter the old place, Mollie, after all," he declared, radiantly. "And—and, of course you didn't think I mean't to break off with you fur good and all, Mollie?"

"Indeed!" answered Mollie, with a smile.

"Of course not! I only wanted to try you, en' see if you wouldn't give in to my way of thinkin'. But it's lucky you didn't, after what's happened. And—say, Mollie, when shall the weddin' be?"

But Mollie drew herself up with a show of spirit, as she retorted coolly:

"I don't know when your wedding will be, Mr. Kimble, but mine is to be the first of September. I've been engaged to Professor Tallman for two months."

And there was nothing for the disappointed Steve to do but to take himself off.

Before Mollie's boarders left in September, there was a merry wedding at the old homestead, to which all her relatives were invited, but the most honored among the guests was Uncle Dabney Mellen, his genial face aglow with good-natured triumph.

"I said our Mollie wasn't nobody's fool," he asserted, proudly. "An' I reckon she's proved it."

And nobody felt disposed to dispute the assertion.

A PLEASANT TRIP.

I attended the fiftieth anniversary of the Essex and Champlain Baptist Association, and received so much pleasure from the attendance that when the fifty-first was to be held at Ficonderoga, I desired to go there, also, and we started, John and I, one morning in the early part of September. It was not a pleasant morning, far from it; it was cold, damp, and generally disagreeable. I strongly suspected it would rain, and almost thought we had better not go. All of our friends who were going to the same place, were going on the cars or steamboat, but we wanted to go with our horse and carriage so that we could go where we pleased and stay as long as we pleased. It did not clear off and become really pleasant until nearly noon. It was not until we passed Port Henry that the real interest commenced. There the road winds around the foot of Bulwagga mountain. There is scanty room between it and the lake for the two roads, one for the iron horse and the other for every one else.

It is a beautiful place. There grow the very first water lilies I ever saw, but they were completely out of my reach as I looked longingly at them. There was something else there that was not so pleasant. The road and the railroad were so close together that I could not help thinking of what would be the consequences if a train should make its appearance before we could make a disappearance. I always make good use of every opportunity I can get to watch a train of cars while on their winding way, but I like to choose my own point of observation. Distance always lends enchantment to the view. It was not time for the passenger train, but one never knows when a freight train will make an appearance.

and sure enough a puff of white smoke made its appearance in the distance. I called John's attention to it. He was walking up the mountain road, and did not see the smoke, and said, "Oh, that's nothing." It is not much wonder that he did not pay much attention, for I am always seeing and hearing trains if we are anywhere near a railroad, but the next thing he knew they were close to us. He caught the horse by the head and held him until they were out of sight and sound, and there we were all safe and nobody frightened but me.

We soon came to a pleasant, level, farming country. Pretty houses and thriving crops were the rule, not the exception. Soon we could see in the distance the ruins where Crown Point fort was. I had seen them some years ago. We went on the steamboat, a large party of us, and had a picnic on the grounds. There is a good deal of the wall left standing, much more than there is of Fort Ticonderoga. I hope they will be there many years longer. We are very proud of our old forts up here on lake Champlain, and mean to guard well the ruins, at the same time I hope we shall never need to build new ones.

We reached Crown Point village just about dinner time, and stopped at the hotel to feed the horse. We carried our lunch with us. While we were waiting we walked out to see the soldier's monument. It was erected by Charles F. Hammond, father of General John Hammond, to commemorate the soldiers who went from Crown Point and were killed or died before the war closed. I cannot remember how many there were, although their names were all written in marble together with the names of the battles in which they fell. I had long wished to see the monument, I had heard so much about it, and it is worthy of all the praise I had heard bestowed upon it.

As soon as John thought the horse had had sufficient rest and refreshment we started off. Our way led over Sugar Hill. I did not see any thing sweet about it, but it was very long and steep. There were several nice houses on the hill, and in one of them we saw a familiar face. The owner of it spied us and came running out to see us. We were sorry we could not stop and have a long visit, but as we were going to an association it was necessary for us to keep up our character for consistency. We only stopped for a little chat and then went on.

After a pleasant ride of seven or eight miles through a pleasant farming country and over a pretty good road we reached the village of Ticonderoga. We almost always say Ti when we speak of the place. It is more convenient if not so respectful. We soon found the Baptist church where the meeting was held. It is a very pretty church, and, of course, looked its best in honor of the occasion. The grounds were very pleasant, the shade trees were large and beautiful, and the pretty parsonage which stood near, was, it seemed to me, just what a parsonage should be.

It was four o'clock and the afternoon services were closing when we arrived there. We soon found our friends, and a pleasant place at which to stay, and I enjoyed the evening services very much. One of the speakers presented the cause of ministerial education, and another one, that of home missions. Oh, dear! How I should like to have money enough so that I could give what I should like to, instead of the mere trifle most of us are limited to.

The next morning before nine o'clock, which was the time for services to commence, John had been all over town, through the pulp mills, there were two of them, and I was sorry I could not go with him for they are very interesting,

and everywhere else that he took a notion to go. I did not try to keep track of him, but attended faithfully to the meetings.

In the afternoon we had our own meeting, the Woman's Missionary meeting. I should have told you before how beautifully the church was decorated. Long sprays of feathery wild clematis were twined around every available place, and vases and baskets of autumn flowers were placed where they would show to the best advantage. In the lecture room where we held our meeting to transact the business which came before the society, was a lovely basket of flowers, fuchsias and scarlet salvias. I looked at them while waiting for the meeting to come to order.

Well, we did up our business, in good shape, too, and then adjourned to the audience room for our public meeting. Last year our speaker was a lady who had spent many years among the heathen. She was a lovely woman and gave us a very interesting discourse. We never expected to have such a treat again, but we were electrified by the news that Mrs. Joseph Cook would give us an address. When Mr. and Mrs. Cook made their voyage around the world, they stopped at several of the mission stations, and were very much pleased and interested with what they saw and heard, and Mrs. Cook felt it her duty to communicate to the women of America something of what she knew and felt, and she did it well. I think all who heard her will remember it as long as they live. I know that I certainly shall. She is a lovely woman. When Mr. Cook introduced her, he said she knew better than he did what we wanted to know, and it certainly was fitting that a lady should address a ladies' society, and I can say that I am proud of our society. Every thing, business and all, was done promptly and properly and pleasantly. Our president is a pattern for a presiding officer over any society, and what better can I say than that?

The Association did not close until noon the next day, Friday. But John was very anxious to go through Lake George before we went home, and if we did go, it must be that day. Fortunately for us, several others wanted to go, and a small party was formed, consisting of two ministers, two deacons, two other gentlemen who were only delegates, four ladies, and John and myself. Two or three more intended to go, but for some reason dropped out.

We hired a small steamboat named the Meteor, instead of going on the regular boat, which only went straight through and back again. Our captain took us wherever we wanted to go, and stopped wherever we wanted to stop, and told us every thing we wanted to know about the different places and objects of interest on the shore, and engaged to bring us back in time for the rest of the party to take the cars at four o'clock, and he kept his promise.

The starting point was near Rogers' Rock. If the hotel which stands there now, had been there when the aforesaid Rogers took the wonderful ride or leap or whatever it was for which history gives him the credit, I wonder if any of the men who make their headquarters here would be tempted to emulate his performance. I should hope not for nothing but the last extremity of danger could be any excuse for taking such a terrible risk. The wind blew rather more than was really pleasant, but there was not the slightest danger, although shawls and overcoats were necessary. Indeed, three or four of us soon left the deck for the little cabin where the captain stayed. He was captain and pilot both, and never left the wheel more than a very few minutes at a time.

One of the young ladies of our party was very anxious to learn all about the

different points and places of interest on the shores of the lake, and she saved me the trouble of asking questions. I had only to listen and then remember the best that I could.

The lake is full of islands, some large enough to hold a large hotel and numerous cottages, but the most of them were small and uninhabited. One cluster was called the Hundred Islands, and the largest one of the cluster held a large and handsome hotel, with apparently every accommodation that the heart of man could desire for spending the warm weather pleasantly. Only a little way, and there was the Fourteen-mile Island House, nearly as large as the other, and all along the shores of the lake, which, I think, is thirty-six miles long, every few miles, either on one side or the other, there is a house built for the accommodation of city people. Many of the islands hold cottages for artists and others who for some reason prefer to live by themselves, instead of boarding with other people.

When we came to Sabbath Day Point, which stretches out into the lake from the western shore, the captain stopped the boat at the little wharf, and we landed and wandered around, looking at all the pretty things we saw with admiring eyes. There were two pretty houses, one of them a boarding house, of course, and the loveliest little church I ever saw. It has only been built a year or so. It is stone, brown stone, just as they found it in the ledges around it, I should think, but it is so lovely that if it was taken up and set down in Boston it would be considered a gem of art. I may as well give up trying to describe it for I am not worth much for description. Some one hunted up the key and we went inside and looked it all over. One of the ladies tried the organ, and I enjoyed the music very much. I noticed in one of the stained glass windows, a portrait of a gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Gillette, a clergyman, who, years ago, built him a house on the side of the lake, opposite this point, and for many years spent his summers there, and came over there and preached many Sabbaths, and who probably was the means of gathering and building up a church here. What better monument could any one have than this beautiful Union church?

When we were afloat again the captain said he was going to show us Paradise Bay. We wound our way in among the islands, apparently trying to lose ourselves, when suddenly we found ourselves in the loveliest little bay in the world. Oh, how lovely it was! And here let me say that we had a much better chance to see the lake than we should if we had gone on the regular boat. She would not have gone out of her way to show us all the prettiest places, nor stopped at every place where we wanted to stop, and let us stay nearly as long as we wished to, to look at things.

We had our lunch with us, but some of the party concluded they wanted a warm dinner, and so when we came to a large house on the east shore labeled Black Mountain House, the captain called to a man on shore, to tell them to have dinner ready when we came back.

We did not go quite to the end of the lake. The captain was afraid he could not get us back in time to catch the train if he did. We only went to Bolton Landing, about five miles from Caldwell, which is at the head of the lake, but we could see Sagamore Island, with its beautiful house and grounds, fitted up like the best city hotels, with electric lights and every thing else that heart could wish, and no city hotel could boast the fleet of elegant little boats that was anchored at the wharf. We sailed clear round the island so that we saw it on all sides, and ap-

preciated all its beauty, and then started on our return.

We stopped at Black Mountain landing and those of our party who considered a warm dinner necessary to their happiness went up to the hotel to get it. They expected to find dinner waiting for them. That was why they left word so that we need not wait. But we ate our lunch on the deck of the little steamboat very leisurely, and then went ashore and wandered around the grounds which are very pleasant and finally brought up at the hotel ourselves. It is built almost against the side of the mountain. A long flight of steps leads up to the first story, which consists mostly of piazza. There were some rooms at each end of the building, and a recess in the middle which held a deer stuffed so naturally that at first I thought it was alive. At each end of this piazza there was a long flight of steps that led to another story. The dining and sitting rooms were on this floor and were very pleasant. There was another story besides what appeared to be rooms in the garret. We found that our friends had not had their dinner yet, so we wandered about as long as we liked, and then went back to the boat, and waited what seemed like a long time. I amused myself with watching a group of children who had come down from the house, where they were spending the summer, to the boat. They were pretty children, or would have been if they had been taught to obey, but they had not, and paid no more heed to what their mother said to them than they did to the wind. If they are not drowned or killed in some way before the summer is over, I shall be agreeably surprised. We waited and waited until the captain grew impatient and blew the whistle long and loud, but it was not until he had whistled three times that the laggards appeared. They had only just had their dinner. Moral: Be content with a lunch.

We were soon on our homeward way, and we went as fast as steam could carry us. I forget just where it was, but not long after we started, the captain told us to look at a certain place high up on the rocky shore, and there we saw plainly a face, a grand, calm, stern face, that might have been alive it was so natural. It soon faded from our view, for it is only visible at one place, but there is a figure of a rooster, high up on the rocks, that is visible all the time and to any one. It is black and is very plain and natural.

We formed ourselves into a town meeting and gave the captain a vote of thanks for his efforts to make our trip pleasant. We found the carriages waiting for us at the landing, and we were soon in the village of Ticonderoga, and in a few minutes more John and I were the only ones left.

I wanted to say good bye to the lady who had so hospitably entertained us, and called on her for that purpose, while John went to the livery stable for the horse and carriage. The lady gave me some slips of geranium (one was an Autumn Leaf and the other something like a Happy Thought), and a scarlet salvia already rooted. I was particularly pleased with the salvia and both it and the geraniums are doing finely. The salvia has already had five beautiful clusters of blossoms on it.

I saw a lovely bed of verbenas in one of the gardens in Ti, and a lovely hedge of fuchsias in another, and in still another a round bed of rock work filled with nasturtiums of all colors. If there had been a white geranium in the center of the bed it would have been perfect.

It commenced to rain soon after we started, and we rode three or four miles in the wind and rain. I kept fast hold of my slips and took good care of them, if I did get a little wet. The next day was pleasant and we had a pleasant ride of ten miles and then stopped and visited with

one of John's brothers and his family, and the next day we spent with other friends. We were gone from home six days, and they will long be remembered as pleasant ones.

The drive home was over a road I did not remember ever to have seen before, and if my sketch was not so long already I should like to tell you something about it, but it will not do. I found my cherished plants all safe. The little girl I left them with had been faithful, and the next week I sent them to our county fair, and took the first premium for them. Isn't this a good place to stop?

PENELOPE PEPPER.

SELF-LECTURING.

BY HOPE HARVEY.

There are ways and ways of lecturing. I have just discovered a new way. It has no reference to elocution, attitude, or any special style upon the public platform, neither to the various subjects treated therefrom. But it is in connection with the private instruction popularly called "lecturing" to children and youth, on matters pertaining to their education, manners, morals, and general habits, that I promulgate my discovery, or the joint invention, it should be called, of a certain young person and myself.

This person, though very estimable and gentlemanly in the main, is not quite perfect, as who is, young or old? These faults of his, although coming under my frequent observation, I have not mentioned particularly to him, but several times of late have half playfully, half earnestly said, "I shall have to give you a lecture." One day he entered upon a merry grumble about it.

"I do believe you've had that lecture rod in pickle long enough. At any rate I'm well pickled."

"Why, my nice young man," said I, "you surely can't have been hurt, for I haven't given you my lecture yet."

"I know it," said he, "but then you see I'm expecting it. I know I deserve it, since you say so, but not knowing exactly what it's to be about, it worries me when I don't see you, and just the same when I do, for I expect the lecture and don't get it. Now if you have one or several for me, I would like to take them right straight off, and have done with it, so I shan't have the thing to dread."

"Well," said I laughing, "as you seem so susceptible, perhaps I don't need to give you a lecture after all. It may serve the purpose quite as well, or even better, if I save myself the labor of delivering, and you the pain of receiving, by giving you the subject only, and letting you make your own lecture. Who knows?"

"Who knows, indeed?" he repeated, with a chuckle. "Isn't that to be an easy escape for me?" He added gravely and thoughtfully. "And why wouldn't that be the best way always to manage us grown up children? Give us an inkling of the matters upon which we need correction, and let us make our own lectures. Now isn't that quite an idea?"

It was an idea, with good practicable sense in it, and I told him so, for I knew my man, and was sure that for him it would be no child's play if he undertook to carry it out. So the next day I handed him a sheet of paper headed, "Lectures to a Young man; by the Young Man Himself."

Then followed topics for two or three lectures, impressively displayed, and then followed a blank. Our eyes met with a significant smile which said all that was necessary. My nice young man has since been seen studying the paper furtively at intervals, but it is yet too early to look for definite results of the experiment, which I hope may be so good that I shall

record them in a woman's "P. S." at the end of this chapter.

But meantime couldn't we be trying this new educational idea upon some of our other young wards? It can do no harm at least, and if we find it does no good, we can return to our old methods, of which I warrant every one of us is tired, as well as their victims. Our little children are still so ignorant and forgetful that the "idea" will not, probably, work so well with them, so we must continue at present to give them "line upon line," though I think there is such a thing as giving even them too many "lines."

But when well past childhood, the line system does not at all agree with our young people. Their constitution is such that they do not readily assimilate advice and instruction in the form of "lecturing." Not that they do not need the advice badly enough. They are actually suffering for the knowledge of the truths we could give them, and gladly would. But their young blood is very quick, their young brains very wise, their young natures very impatient of much restraint, and this state of things is more often their misfortune than their fault.

What are we going to do about it? Shall we say that young people are thoughtless, obstinate, headstrong, that there is nothing to hope from them, and we will have no more to do with them? What would be the use of that? By such a course we put it out of our power to help them at all. No, we must accept them just as they are, and treat them accordingly. And how is that? Why, as reasonable beings. Now somebody who has forgotten how it seemed to be young, will scoff a little at this, and say, "Certainly of all the most unreasonable beings on earth, a boy or girl from fourteen to twenty-two is the most so." But you dear soul, you have been at the age of fifteen or twenty, and wasn't you a little bit unreasonable?

"O, never!"

Then I must laugh at you a little, and say that you remind me of one of the most self-willed old ladies I ever heard of, who, speaking of an acquaintance of hers, said:

"Marthy Jane is dretful set. She's good, and means well, but then she's set. Now I never was set."

I suppose we older people are quite as likely to look "set" and unreasonable in some of our habits, as the younger ones.

Now I believe in young folks, the dear, frank, winning, impulsive, affectionate creatures! I have a very long and commendatory creed concerning them. They have whims, follies, faults, and are often unreasoning, but I sincerely believe that there is no age so reasonable as theirs. No age so quick to perceive the truth, so ready to see and do the right, if only there is some competent person on hand to help suitably. To "the soul that slumbers things are not what they seem," and we may be in that state sometimes that we do not understand the relations of things in regard to the young. Even if we are pretty wide awake, we make mistakes enough in regard to the facts in the case, and often hastily condemn, when we should kindly consider.

One fact is that the young sometimes appear perverse simply because their mental and moral powers are still very much unsettled. There is a chaos yet. Which of this quality or that capability belongs uppermost they do not know, and they make many blunders before the appropriate places are found. They are unconscious that this turmoil and confusion are such. They do not know but such a condition is a normal one. But developing more and more, they become at first faintly then forcibly conscious of their needs of information and of guidance. But they are strangely reticent in asking

for any thing of the kind. Then, oh, then is the time when we should be the most judicious and patient with them. For they hesitate to acknowledge ignorance and weakness. They think they are growing so old that they ought to be sufficient to themselves. They resent the positive commands, "You shall do this; you shall not do that." They chafe at visible restraint. It looks to them like intended humiliation. Their self-respect is growing, and identity becoming established, and although the first exhibitions of the same may be crude and offensive, still we should kindly recognize this part of their young manhood and womanhood.

Another fact in reference to the conduct of our young friends, comes directly back to us. They often go astray and take up with wrong, because so few of us—ah, the pity and the shame of it—have lived the immutable right before them. As a rule, the clear truth they would see and practice; uncorrupted purity they would admire and follow; the beauty of holiness they would embrace. But how shall they choose or even seek to see that of which they have never known much by example? How seldom are the real articles just mentioned introduced by us to their notice, and so constantly, conspicuously, and yet quietly and beautifully kept before them, that they build them by "natural selection" into their character.

There is so much of right, pure living for us to do! We cannot say with much expectation of efficacy, except of ill, "Here, you youngsters! Haven't I told you time and again better than this? Don't let me have to tell you again." Neither does an interminable amount of remonstrance and entreaty avail usually. We often mistake as to our assigned part, which is largely to live instead of talk.

We cannot make the characters of our young friends, but that does not forbid a positive helpfulness. We do not know how to build nests for the birds. But when the little things flit among our shade trees, and peer with innocent chatter into our windows, we can scatter in their sight a few delicious crumbs to hold them attracted, and then a bit of moss here and there, some bright silken threads, and a few of baby's soft, golden hairs, and they will not be slow to take the hints, and weave the daintiest nests within our sight and very touch.

So with our darlings. Our constant, never wearying love and interest in them will be shown and known in a thousand ways so that we can retain their interest, and so influence them. And then we must have ready for their imitation the true principles of loving goodness in our hearts. We cannot simulate these things. They must truly be within us, or they will not show without. And then they will drop like pearls which our beloved will gather and wear; they will disseminate like seeds of flowers and fruits for their partaking and adorning; they will be precious bits of strength and beauty with which they will build their immortal palaces; they will be sweet incense floating upward to bear their souls to heaven.

In this way, oh friends, our lectures to our boys and girls in our homes, and schools, and circles of acquaintance, may be quite inaudible sometimes, but all the more palpable, visible, legible, and effective. Who is sufficient for these things? Not we, without the clasp upon the hand of the Strong One, who is our help. Thus we will go on, perhaps more silently than before, but less anxiously and more successfully.

There is an old Armenian proverb illustrating quiet influence, "Grape looks at grape and reddens." No purposeless talking there, only the eager, steady looking, then the bright reddening, the beautiful ripening. No, we will not "lecture" so much as formerly. We will fur-

nish our young folks with plenty of texts which we know something about ourselves, and then let them read their own lectures into their own lives. They will be more faithful and conscientious about it than we think. They are not to feel that we have neglected or forgotten them, but in proportion as they see we have confidence in them, their honor will assert itself, and put them on the mettle of their best endeavors. They will "look, and reddens."

P. S. Some time later. I asked my nice young man to-day how his lectures were progressing.

"I don't know," he replied, rather slowly and soberly. "I keep them in mind all the time, but I don't see much improvement, or rather, all I want to see."

But I see improvement, and have a few times softly applauded some perceptible one, saying, "That was a fine point in your lecture," so that he would know I appreciated his work. And don't you all see in his answer as many as five steps in his advancement? Perception of deficiency, which is of prime importance, humility, desire, effort, perseverance.

Those self-lectures are going to be a success!

A NIGHT AT SEA.

BY ANNIS WAYNE BOWEN.

Just off the coast of New Hampshire, nine miles out at sea from the charming, sleepy old town of Portsmouth, the Isles of Shoals lift their grand, storm-beaten granite ledges alike in clear and cloudy weather, enduring with unmoved serenity all the changes of calm and tempest.

In winter the snow mantles the gray rocks with the purest white, and they lie there, eight white spots in the dull, gray winter sea, under a dull, gray winter sky. Then they are desolate indeed, cut off from the great, busy world around them, sometimes even from one another, by the wild storm-tossed waves that beat upon their rock-bound coasts as they have beaten for ages.

But in summer, when the sun has had his way and thawed out the ice-bound ledges, and warmed up each little crevice and nook, then the stern granite breaks forth into a smile of flowers and tender green. Wherever a handful of earth—a pinch even—can find a lodging place, there shines some unexpected beauty. And the best of it is, that when they have once started, the island flowers don't know when to stop blooming, and keep right on in glad, hearty fashion, till winter ends the show with his sharp and cruel breath. They make no account of seasons and the fashions of their inland sisters. The wild rose runs rioting over the rocks, blushing with shy delight in the salt sea air, hobnobbing in easy good-fellowship with the golden-rod and aster, in utter ignorance that her pale-faced sisters of the main land are long ago dust and ashes, and that she ought to be if she cared at all to be "in style."

Down in the narrow clefts where the sea washes in, and in the shallow pools, grow the most brilliant sea plants, lovely with bright brown and green and crimson tints.

But life is not all calm and sunny weather on those stern, gray rocks, and my story is a tale of storm, and calm coming after the storm.

On a jutting headland of Star Island, a man stood peering anxiously out into the gathering dusk. His rough, sea-faring clothes, and weather-beaten, bronzed face plainly showed his calling.

Over in the northeast the clouds had been piling, black and threatening, and the fleet of fishing schooners that every fair morning sail out of the little cove on Star Island, had come reeling home before the first blasts of the northeaster.

Dan Ricker had secured his "Seagull," and hastily climbing the nearest high ground, stood gazing with keen and weather-wise eyes, now into the rapidly thickening clouds, and now at the "Seagull" plunging and straining at her cables. With his hands thrust into his pockets, he seemed not to heed the howling, shrieking blasts that swept across the rocks and lashed the waves into a fury. The force of the wind grew stronger each moment, and huge drops of rain came driving before it. A small hand slipped under his arm.

"I saw the Seagull come in, Dan. Are the boats all in?"

Dan threw one arm around the tall, lithe form of the girl, who clung close to him as a fiercer blast struck them, threatening to carry even the sturdy fisherman off his feet. The girl gathered her shawl still closer round her head, as the wind howled and roared and shrieked, as if all the fiends of the air had been turned loose to the work of destruction. The raving, dashing waves lifted their crests of foam and hurled themselves against the granite cliffs with an ever increasing avalanche of fury. And over and under and through all the roar and rush came a dull undertone of thunder. The girl shuddered.

"Hog Island was cryin' this afternoon, and Grans says to look out for a storm, there's going to be wild work to-night. Are the boats all in?" she demanded sharply. "Why don't you tell me, Dan? Is father in?"

The girlish face that was turned to the fisherman was young and pretty, though browned and freckled with the sun and wind, but there was a strained, anxious look in the clear, gray eyes, and lines of care too deeply indented in her forehead to be accounted for by the trouble of the moment.

And was there not cause? Was she not a fisherman's daughter and a fisherman's sweetheart? To stand upon the shore, and strain eyes and hearts, too, watching for father and brother, sweetheart, husband and son, and to pray that the white sails which come flying in before the dreaded northeaster, may reach the little harbor, before the waves run too high for them to enter—that is the common lot of the women of Star Island. Poor wives and mothers! they know only too well what it is to watch the swaying masts of the schooners anchored under the lee of the island when the waves form an impassable barrier to the safe shelter of the cove.

Tossed by the rough sea, cold, wet, hungry and sleepless, the men ride out the storm, while the night blots out the slender masts from the sight of the anxious women who stand in desolate groups upon the shore. They cannot tell from hour to hour whether the strain of wind and wave may not prove too strong for the cables, then destruction is sure, as the treacherous rocks of the New Hampshire coast bear ample evidence.

The women cry out in despair and wring their hands, and the wind roars and drowns their cries, and the rain drives them indoors to watch and pray till day comes and shows them their treasures. No wonder they are white-haired and old before their time, for the terror of the ocean is always before them.

But the men love the sea, and they love their boats, their graceful, white-winged schooners that fly at command over the rippling, sunlit waves, or "tough it out" in storms, and bring them in their daily "fare of fish."

But to-night the little hamlet on Star Island may rest peacefully, for the boats are all riding safely in the cove.

Dan turned from watching the Seagull. "I don't know," he said with the deliberate drawl of the Yankee fisherman, "whether or no she's goin' to stand. She's a pretty

piece of wood, but she won't never ride this safe. I'm a-goin' out to her, she's hove too short."

"O Dan, not to-night—she'll tough it out—she alwus has," Nabby pleaded with her woman's logic, catching her lover's arm to detain him.

But he shook her off roughly, though not unkindly, and ran down the steep path to the strip of white beach that bordered the cove. Nabby hurried after him and gave a half-suppressed cry as he sprang into his dory, and hastily rowed out toward the tossing Seagull.

"Go in out of the rain, Nabbaye," called out the gruff voice of her father, from a little group of fishermen standing at one of the fish houses. "It's blowin' great guns to-night," he added to the men, "an' Dan'll find it pretty resky,"—but the next moment he and all the other men who were scattered along the beach joined in the shrill cry of the girl.

Down swooped the hurricane, and caught the dory, and whirled it away as a dead leaf is blown over the plains. The horror-stricken people who rushed out of the cottages, and gathered upon the more sheltered outlooks gave Dan up for lost as he was soon swept beyond their sight.

Two or three sympathizing neighbors drew the sobbing Nabby away with them, and the storm drove even the men to the shelter of their homes, all the sooner perhaps that Dan's family lived upon the main land. The attraction of Nabby Varney's pretty face had led him to cast his lot in with the Shoalers.

What of Dan? Driven and tossed over that whirling and tossing sea, he gave himself up for lost. Still a strong man will struggle for life even when the struggle is hopeless. And above the tumult, and roar, and terror, sounded ever in his ears a cry, and that cry nerved him to effort when strength and courage failed.

The oars had been torn from his grasp. If he had had them they would have been useless. Alone in a little boat on the angry sea, he set himself to the task—no easy or certain one—of keeping the dory afloat and right side up. Tying himself with a loose rope that was aboard so that he could not be tossed out he bailed for dear life. It was all he could do. All that terrible night, driven he knew not where—drenched with every wave—tossed from billow to billow—he endured, and bailed.

The thick darkness gave no sign of rock or shore, the howling wind drowned all roar of breakers; he might be rushing to sudden death, or he might be flying out to sea, to toss for days of misery out of the track of ships, at last to die a lingering death of starvation and exposure.

But that agonized cry of a girlish voice still rang in his ears, and still he bailed, and still the waves washed in—and still he bailed.

The blackest night ends at last in morning, and to the involuntary voyager the sun came up, and the wind went down, and there before him the early sunlight was gilding the steeples of his native town of York, on the coast of Maine.

Dan Ricker, drenched and haggard, walked into his father's house in time for breakfast.

Hungry?

The Ricker family just stood around, with open and empty mouths, while the mother piled Dan's plate again and again. The home folks devoured his tale that day, and Dan made away with the breakfast.

This world fares on in a prosaic fashion after all, and people must go the way of the world. The morning train rolling through York took up Dan, dressed in dry clothes and showing no signs of his terrible experience, and dropped him at the station in Portsmouth. The steamer Appledore going out on the morning trip

with the daily crowd of excursionists landed him at Star by dinner time.

Somehow real life is not so romantic as the story teller would have us to believe. It would be more "artistic" to overturn the dory, and break Nabby's heart, and depict a heart-rending scene when a ghastly corpse was washed upon the beach. There were two strong objections to such a finish. Sunburnt Nabby, strong and lithe, was far too tough to kill easily, and strange as it may seem, the true ending really pleased her.

She was very well satisfied when Dan strode into her father's cottage followed by half the astonished villagers, who welcomed him as one risen from the bottom of the sea.

And Dan appeared to be satisfied too—it sounded as if he was!

TIZIANO VECELLI TITIAN.

Seventy miles north of Venice, in the midst of the wonderful scenery of the Venetian Alps, is the vale of Cadore, where the great painter first saw the light of day, in 1477, and here the years of his childhood were spent amid the grand mountains. Glimpses of this scenery, which was so familiar to him as a child, appear frequently as the background of some of his best pictures.

Titian, as he is usually called, was a descendant of the first count of Cadore. A grandson married a lady, as a part of whose dowry he received the chapel of St. Titian of Oderzo. So Titian became a familiar name in the family. For centuries the Vecelli family had won much military distinction and but little wealth. Gregorio Vecelli wished to choose a profession for his young son which would bring him both honor and ducats. A very natural wish.

Titian's natural inclination made the decision easier. When he was ten years old, it is said that he was found painting a Madonna with the juices of flowers, the excellence of which surprised and delighted his friends and they determined to send him to Venice, the city of the sea, to educate him for a painter. He entered the studio of the Bellini brothers, first that of Gentile, of whom he learned the importance of accuracy and skillful perspective; then that of the other, Giovanni, the true founder of Venetian art, of which Titian was the master. While in this studio near the Rialto, in the very heart of Venice, Titian had access to all the art treasures of the city, and was urged on to success by the talent exhibited by his fellow students Palma and Giorgione.

Titian's earlier works had sometimes the characteristics of one artist and then of another, for he was able to extend his style in whichever way he chose, and even to surpass his models, but he soon adopted the most pleasing characteristics of each and adapted them with his own striking originality. His first works were a fresco of Hercules, now obliterated, and a Madonna for a village church.

In 1501, he began portrait painting, in which he excelled. In 1511, he painted a picture which at once gave him a recognized place as the leader of the Venetian school. Thus far his many works had been mere copies of the style of others. A company of Germans came to his studio one day, and while discussing the merits of certain pictures, praised the careful finish of Durer's paintings which they thought Venetian art could not equal.

In order to prove to them that he was capable of combining both styles, Titian painted his "Christ of the Tribute Money." It shows the divine beauty of the youthful Saviour in contrast with a dark, shaggy Pharisee. Even the fine down on the faces and the texture of their gar-

ments may be noted, while each hair in Christ's ringlets can be seen and counted. It is said to be the most beautiful easel picture ever executed in Venice, and the masterpiece of Titian.

Titian now turned his attention to fresco painting, and, in 1513, applied for the privilege of decorating the Council hall, and obtained it with a salary which relieved him from want, together with a studio in a palace on the grand canal, where he painted for sixteen years.

His best fresco was the battle of Cadore where he introduced his beloved Alpine scenery, and the castle of Cadore.

In 1516 he visited the quaint old town of Ferraro, on the banks of the river Po, and formed the acquaintance of Alfonso D'Este, duke of Ferraro, who was ever after one of his best patrons. While at Ferraro, he became acquainted with Ariosto, whose portrait he painted. They were godfathers to each other's children, and their friendship soon ripened into intimacy.

"The Assumption of the Virgin," by some considered his best work, was produced that year, and exhibited for the first time in a marble frame, upon the high altar of the Frari church at Venice. It shows the "Bride of Heaven" upon the clouds surrounded by angels, and reaching her arms toward the welcoming face of the Father while the apostles stand below in humble adoration.

During the summer Titian returned to Cadore for a few weeks of recreation. Thus the years passed, each showing great paintings finished and a steady increase of the power and fame of the master. Until in 1530, came the great sorrow of his life, the death of his wife. Henceforth, he lived for his art and his children, Pomponio who was intended for the church, Lavinia and Orazio.

The most brilliant period of his life as an artist began in 1532, with the patronage of Charles V., who proved himself a most worthy patron, making him Count Palatine, and Knight of the Golden Spur. While painting his picture of the emperor, which represented him in a splendid gala dress, but with all his traditional homeliness, the sculptor Lombardi carried Titian's paint box, in order to see the emperor, and secretly made a relief portrait of him on wax. The emperor seeing him slip the completed work up his sleeve, asked to see it and ordered a copy in marble.

Titian painted his own portrait in 1542, showing a powerful face, grand with the purpose of work, a high forehead, bright, glistening eyes and a grey mustache and beard. Titian's best and most popular works were his portraits. Nearly every person of rank wished him to paint their likeness. Among these were the pictures of the dukes of Italy and their families, the family of Charles V., the Doges of Venice, and perhaps his best, the little daughter of Robert Strozzi, a lovely child, with round, rosy face, and curling hair, dressed in white satin; and also of the pope Paul III.

In 1545, Titian yielded to his friends' entreaties and for the first time visited Rome where he was treated with every possible attention. He made the acquaintance of Michael Angelo, and studied not only his work and those of Raphael, but those of the earlier Byzantine painters, and the antiquities. The next year he returned to Venice by the way of Florence, that he might visit the art treasures of that city.

One of his best pictures of this period is "Christ at Emmaus," showing the Saviour in the act of blessing food as he sits at table with Luke and Cleopas.

The next winter Charles V. summoned him to Augsburg where he painted many portraits. One was of the king as he rode into the battle of Muhlburg; he was

mounted on a fine chestnut colored horse, and wore chain mail and armor inlaid with gold.

Titian received a joyful ovation when he again returned to Venice. In 1552, he was again summoned to Augsburg to portray Prince Philip, whom one picture shows arrayed in white silk shot with gold. He also painted several devotional pieces which Charles V. took with him to the convent of Yuste.

One of his best portraits was painted when he again returned to Venice, that of his lovely daughter Lavinia, dressed in green velvet, one hand toying with her fan.

In 1562, Titian sent his "Christ in the Garden," to Philip. This represents the kneeling Saviour, an angel with the cup of sorrow, and the three disciples asleep near by. Soon after he completed his great work, "The Last Supper," which occupied his time for seven years. It contains thirteen life-size figures.

Titian spent his whole life upon paintings which at his death, in 1576, at the age of ninety-nine, amounted to over six hundred. His pictures are noticeable, especially for their rich coloring and the combined delicacy and brilliancy of their effect.

WILLAMETTA.

HUSBAND-LOVERS.

MRS. M. H. WHITEHEAD.

If it is a fact, as we sometimes hear, that a man once a husband is never more a lover, it behooves all womankind to try, if possible, to find out the cause of the change which comes so surely and sometimes so soon. We feel inclined to deny that as a rule that is so. We think if it were worth the trouble, we could prove that the lover in some cases remains true and steadfast even through all the many trials the husband must endure. But that there is after marriage a change in the manner and apparently a difference in the feelings of many men is undeniable. We see the change which, alas, in some cases comes very soon and sometimes we do not wonder at it. It is just what we expected from an ill-assorted, uncongenial union of two in the state of life which to be happy requires perfect accord. We say we are not surprised that these are not comfortable because they are so manifestly antagonistic in nature. We are sometimes mistaken in this idea. It is not always natural unfitness which produces discord. Many persons naturally capable of being happy and making others happy, throw away such natural advantages, neglecting or misusing the power which they hold in their hands. We wish our husbands to love us always, to be lovers always, do we not, dear friends? Let us ask ourselves a few questions and in all honesty answer them, and then apply the moral we draw from the investigation to our every-day life.

Question first is this: Do you love your husband as you did your lover? Well, if that be so, why do you suppose he loves you less than before marriage. You say he has ceased to show you lover-like attentions, and does not seem to take the same pleasure in your society that he did in other days. Such change ought not to be attributed to a change in the feelings of the heart. The heart may be all right. Your husband may love you as tenderly as ever, but little things for which you are responsible, fair lady, may check and prevent any manifestation of the presence of this feeling. Let us see what may check the overflowing demonstration of an emotional, affectionate nature, and if we desire these demonstrations, we must try to be benefitted by the investigation we are making into our lives and homes.

Do you try to make yourself attractive in appearance to your husband as you did

to your lover? Do you dress as you think he likes every day? Do you try to make your home bright, attractive, and give your parlor the looks of welcome it used to have when he came in days lang syne, when he never wearied of your company? Do you remember that he is a man, and as a man, cannot admire unsightly and unattractive things? You forget, do you not, that it must be a severe trial to the neatly dressed gentleman whose name you bear, to caress and fondle an ill-dressed, untidy woman. He used to put the curls away and kiss you on your white brow when you were younger, did he not? What has gone with the curls, the dainty rings in the coils of which perhaps a heart was caught. You have no time to dress up at evening or for dinner. You never did dress for breakfast. Is that so? What a pity the poor fellow did not find it out soon enough to decide with knowledge of your real habits whether he loved you enough to stand you. You did not wish him to find it out; you kept secret and hid away every little thing which you thought he would disapprove. You tried to please him, to excite his admiration, knowing that in that way only you could hold his love and gain the heart you desired to possess. Why do you not try this way now? It is a good way. Make him admire you and you need fear no change which can possibly come. He will only change to love you better and better as he sees in you every day something new and beautiful to admire.

While you are keeping your person and your house as your husband-lover admires, be sure that your heart and mind is kept also. Cultivate your mind; it is the storehouse from which you must bring forth things new and old to interest and instruct your children, if you are one of those women upon whom God has placed this responsibility. Keep your own heart pure and clean; your nature gentle and loving. No man admires a wicked, selfish woman; no man can love comfortably a cruel, tyrannical wife. If you want your way always, and care nothing for other people's wishes, he may chance to learn your ways, and care nothing for you or your wishes.

With a wife's opportunities, it is a shame for any woman to confess "my husband does not love me as he used to do." If he does not love you now as he used to do, make him love you—you knew the way once, try it again; it will succeed if you use it aright. Alas! alas! the fact is, many women will not take the trouble to please those whom they see every day, but reserve their company manners as well as their company garments for the outside world, leaving nothing but the remains of past admiration to keep the home love burning. This is a sad way—more sad because it is the way of so many, and your own fault, if the lamp of love and peace goes out in your house and home. Is there one who has made, knowing it, a marriage with one who is by nature fickle and inclined to wander? It is a fearful thing to be joined through life to any one man or woman, of this nature, but a fickle, perverse nature may be reclaimed; and if one is so unfortunate as to be mated with one of these, we must bear it patiently, if we can, as a cross you must carry all your days unless by prayer and love you can reclaim him. Is it worth the trouble to bring back a wandering heart? Ah, yes; because it is a wandering soul as well. What is the value of a soul?—E.E.

A PHASE IN TEXAN CHILD LIFE.

"I tole the chillen they might go crawfeeshin'," said black Hannah, when I inquired concerning the whereabouts of her kinky haired hopefuls, and she went on dropping the batter into the frying pan, unconscious of the train of thought her answer had awakened.

Crawfishing, to the average Texas child from five to fourteen years of age, is a fascinating pastime, no matter how muddy the ditch, pond, or branch, or hot the southern sun; white and black enjoy it equally.

The town where we lived, liked the ordinary Texan town, was built up of one-story cottages with long galleries in front, and occasionally all around, but it possessed one unusual advantage we children thought, and that was a small branch which, during the winter rains, boomed like a river, but under the summer sun dried up into muddy puddles in which crawfish, minnows, the cheerful tadpole, and changeful wiggletails, disported themselves gleefully all day long, while on either side the banks were covered with coarse, white sand, that, when damp, could be piled into huge mountains, and tunneled on all sides without falling until the sun of several days had dispelled all moisture.

Here the children collected from April till December, some daintily dressed, others, with more sensible mothers, in simple calicoes, nearly all barefooted, and all armed with very primitive fishing tackle, which consisted of a stick with a coarse thread attached, terminating in a bit of meat, generally cooked, a supply for future use in a tin can, but frequently eaten by the hungry fisher lad or lassie before the line needed fresh bait, another tin can half filled with water for the "catch," and a spool of coarse thread borrowed from mamma's basket in case some patriarchal crawfish proved too strong for the first line.

In my "mind's eye" I can see a whole line of little darkies winding down from the cabins on the hill, nearly all hatless, dirty, ragged, yet happy and frolicsome as kittens.

What shouts of joy arose when some lucky chap caught a big one, or drew out a tiny silverside which had dared to nibble at the bait. When the long shadows began to fall the weary but happy fishers reluctantly left their favorite haunts, and strolled homeward, bearing the can of ever moving crawfish, and occasionally getting imprudent fingers pinched.

The least crawfish were generally thrown to the chickens, and the larger ones boiled in a pan until red, when the young epicures pulled off the claws and tails, and ate them seasoned with salt, pepper and vinegar.

The minnows, silversides, or if extra luck found a catfish on a line, were put in the cisterns to eat up the wiggletails; one or two will keep the water entirely free of the little pests.

ELSIE.

Texas.

"DON'T YOU FIND IT DULL?"

A little street waif was taken once to the house of a great lady, and the childish eyes that had to look so sharply after daily bread were dazzled by signs of splendor on every hand. "Can you get every thing you want?" the child asked the mistress of the mansion. "Yes, I think so," was the reply. "Can you buy any thing you'd like to have?" The lady answered "Yes," and the child, who was of a meditative turn of mind looked at her, half-pityingly, and said wonderingly, "Don't you find it dull?" To the little keen mind accustomed to live bird-like from day to day, and to rejoice over a better supply with the delight born of rarity, the aspect of continual plenty, and desires all gratified by possession, contained an idea of monotony that seemed almost wearisome. Many an owner of a well filled purse has found life "dull," and pronounced in the midst of luxury that all things are vanity, but the hand that knows how to wisely distribute and scatter abroad the bounty possessed, will

never be without interest in life, will never miss the sunshine that abides for kind and unselfish hearts. Lady Burdett-Coutts entered upon a large inheritance in the year 1837, and she has used her money, not only for her fellow-creatures, but to secure humane and considerate treatment of dumb animals. She has given London Columbia market, several model dwellings at low rates, handsome fountains, etc.; she has helped the poor to emigrate, and established a shelter for women, besides taking an active part in improving the teaching of girls. Cape Town, Adelaide, and British Columbia, were endowed by her as colonial bishoprics, and the natives of South Australia have shared in her zeal for progress and light. She is considering a project for training poor boys to go out with fishing vessels; many and varied are the schemes of her public and private charity, for she early understood that riches must be "set flying" to secure what are far beyond riches—the blessing of God and the prayers of the poor.—*The Quiver*.

CONCERNING GARGOYLES.

Some of the earliest gargoyles are made in two pieces, the lower one containing the channel for the water, and the upper one forming the cover. These are simple in form, and generally possess dog-like or toad-like profiles. They are short and robust compared to the elongation of those of a latter date. Gradually sculptors recognized the value of these objects as vehicles for their choicest skill, and architects made use of them to break the severity of their outlines. Complete figures of animals clinging with their claws to the cornice, with their necks outstretched to the uttermost, so that the water passing through them should fall as far as possible from the wall, proved to be both useful and ornamental. Long blocks of stone were chosen for this purpose, and carved with all the artistic merit of the period. Occasionally we find winged demons amongst the strange creatures invented at this time. In the choir of the Cathedral of Clermont, for instance, there is a winged demon holding in its arms a small nude human figure. The channel passes along its back, and then enters its head to enable the rain water to come out of its open mouth. Eventually the opportunity was seized to introduce more beautiful forms, and human figures holding ewers, whence issued the water, were substituted, in many instances, for the fierce and strange creatures of earlier times.—*The Quiver*.

SUNNY ROOMS MAKE SUNNY LIVES.

Let us take the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house, says the Home, for our living room—the workshop where brain and body are built up and rewarded; and there let us have a bay window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin angels—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter. This window shall be the poem of the house. It shall give freedom and scope to sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and sunshine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can enjoy as we sit in our sheltered room, as the changing years roll on. Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor, but in light is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house, where the walls and furniture are dingy brown, you have but to take down the dingy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower pots on the brackets and ivy in the pots, and let the warm air stream in.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP

Is for sale everywhere, and has for twenty years been acknowledged by all to be

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD.

In order to bring its merits to the notice of a still larger constituency, we have recently reduced our price, keeping its quality unchanged, and offer the following

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS,

free of all expense, to all who will preserve and mail to us, with their full address,

The Wrappers Taken from this SOAP.

For Seven complete wrappers we will mail a set of Seven Cards, in six colors and a gold background, illustrating Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man."

For Fifteen complete wrappers we will mail a collection of

FIRST CLASS SHEET MUSIC FOR PIANO,

instrumental or vocal, the retail price of which in any first-class music store is ONE DOLLAR, or a new and beautiful set of seven Cabinet Portraits of

D'OYLEY CARTE'S ORIGINAL ENGLISH MIKADO COMPANY,

Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York City.

For twenty-five complete wrappers we will mail a copy of the most beautiful Panel Picture ever published, entitled,

"THE TWO SISTERS."

The original painting is owned by us, and cannot be copied or duplicated by any other firm, and hence is worthy a place in any house in the land.

For Sixty complete wrappers we will mail either Sheet Music for the piano, to the market retail price of FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, or a copy of

Worcester's Pocket Dictionary,

298 pages.

I. L. CRACIN & CO.,
119 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

PERSONALITIES.

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

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will R. B. A., Indiana, send her address to
MISS MARTHA B. TALCOTT,
Rockville, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Jael Vee, of Texas, please send me her real name and post office address? I should like to correspond with her. And oblige,
MISS DELLAH GROVES,
Farmington, San Joaquin Co., Cal.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

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

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. Hattie Cooper, Adel, Dallas Co., Iowa, will exchange Peter's Musical Monthly, 1882, for a bound volume of instrumental music, or large sea shells.

Mrs. Eunice Peppers, Greencastle, Missouri, will exchange the Cottage Hearth magazines for '85, for sea shells. Write first.

Mrs. Nannie Vincent, San Luis Obispo, San Luis Obispo Co., Calif., will exchange Pacific coast star-fish, sea urchins or curiosities, for fossils, minerals or foreign shells.

Mrs. A. B. Crawford, Elgin, Ill., will exchange handsome white apron trimmed with crocheted linen lace, for brush broom holder, or any fancy work in red. Write first.

Mrs. M. A. Eldridge, 2 Frank St., Providence, R. I., wishes nice adv. cards only, in exchange for the same. Put your address on package.

Miss C. A. Lapham, Remus, Mecosta Co., Mich., will exchange a female canary, bright yellow, for embroidered pieces for crazy patchwork, or something of equal value. Write first.

Alice M. Poland, Waitsfield, Vt., will exchange Richardson's New Method for the Pianoforte, for Gray's or Wood's Botany. Write first.

Mrs. W. J. Buchanan, Columbia, Maury Co., Tenn., will exchange a mocking-bird, fine singer, for a talking parrot, conch shells or something useful. Write first.

M. A. Wilson, Big Ridge, N. C., will exchange specimens from the Blue Ridge, or sea shells and moss, for the words and music of Sweet Home, by John Howard Payne. Write first.

Mrs. Hodges, Clayton, Iowa, wishes odd numbers of Youth's Companion for last six years. Write first telling what you wish in return. Also will exchange crochet samples.

Mattie F. Underwood, Flat Shoals, Ga., will exchange hydrangea, canna, hyacinth and lily bulbs, for shells, sea mosses, curiosities, or silk scraps for crazy quilt.

Mrs. M. L. Coder, Glenwood, Idaho, would like to exchange hair flowers for handsome shells. Write first.

Mrs. John Hildreth, Kenney, De Witt Co., Ill., will exchange patchwork quilt blocks and all kinds of fancy work, for minerals and seaside curiosities. Write first.

Mrs. John Gamage, box 1819, San Francisco, Cal., will exchange Seaside, etc., and silk, satin and velvet pieces, for reading matter or fancy work.

Mrs. L. H. Palmer, Jefferson, N. H., will exchange Vt. marble and geological specimens from White Mts., for specimens from western states and Tenn. Write first.

Mrs. R. Faulkner, Santa Paula, Ventura Co., Calif., will exchange pampas plumes, skeletonized cactus, sea moss, century and other plants, for crazy work materials and cabinet specimens.

Mrs. J. P. McNay, Wind Ridge, Greene Co., Pa., will do Kensington painting and stamping on velvet sent her, for "Fancy Work Recreations." Write first.

Mrs. E. H. Poole, Mystic River, Conn., will exchange Seaside, etc., for books. Would like Scott's works. Also silks, etc. for crazy work, for emb. silks. Write first.

Mrs. Ella Alexander, Middleton, Hardeman Co., Tenn., will do fancy work, crochet, knitting, etc., if material is sent. State what is wanted and what will be exchanged.

Mrs. Thomas Sturgeon, Sutton, Vt., will exchange six pieces of vocal music, for Kensington, lustra and hand painting outfit. Also "Manual of Fancy Work," for "Brush Studies." Write first.

Mrs. Sue Spencer, Santa Ana, Calif., will exchange pampas plumes or shell horseshoes, for two-threaded Shetland wool or one ounce of emb. silk.

Mrs. R. D. Morrasy, Dorchester, Saline Co., Neb., will exchange good serials cut from newspapers, for numbers of Lovell's Library, four or five for each book. Send list.

Florence M. Hall, Carpinteria, S. B., Calif., will exchange pampas plumes or California shells, for any thing useful or ornamental.

Miss Georgia Hadden, Waynesville, Warren Co., Ohio, will exchange geological specimens for minerals, sea shells or other fossils.

M. A. Weston, Hancock, N. H., has birch bark, (state size wanted), reading matter, and pieces of print postal card size, to exchange for Coat's white thread or patterns.

Leonora Adams, No. Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., will exchange mounted sea mosses and marine curiosities, for stereoscopic views, books, lace collars or crazy work. Write first.

Ettie Cary, Lafayette, Oregon, has eight varieties of bulb roots to exchange for corals, large shells and other sea curiosities.

Mrs. M. B. Weir, box 78, Allegan, Mich., will send 30 samples of knit lace with directions, or box of California specimens, for 10 slips of geraniums, single and double.

Mrs. Sophie Horner, Hancock, Ind., will exchange choice plants, for books used in the "Prep." and "Book a Month" course of the C. L. S. C. Write first.

Mrs. H. H. Heath, Diana, Dak., will exchange scroll saw work and patterns, for same, books, papers, stamping, fancy work, etc. Write, stating what you will send.

Miss Ellen Huntley, Great Barrington, Mass., has bound books to exchange for silk and velvet pieces for crazy patchwork and other books. Write first.

Mrs. Julia B. French, Faulkner, Iowa, will exchange sheet music, for books, fancy work, knit lace or other music. Write first.

Mrs. Ella Alexander, Middleton, Tenn., will exchange Saxony mittens, music, outline and emb. designs, for Goodrich's History of France, Longfellow's poems, Saxony, felt, etc.

Mrs. W. A. Tucker, Santa Ana, Los Angeles Co., Cal., will exchange shells and curiosities, for crazy patchwork blocks 14x14, or crochet. Write first.

Mattie M. Rice, Perrysville, Ashland Co., Ohio, will exchange The Home Circle, for a year of Peterson's either for 1885 or 1886, or Godey's any year.

Mrs. S. A. Coffy, Marion, Marion Co., Ohio, will exchange a year's Atlantic Monthly or Popular Science Monthly, for HOUSEHOLD, or any other magazine. Write first.

Mrs. A. L. Abbott, Plymouth, Me., will exchange velveteens and silk velvets in colors, for books. Chautauquan books preferred. Write first.

Mrs. L. C. Kent, Ida Grove, Iowa, will exchange Youth's Companions, for E. P. Roe's or Pansy's books, and Scribner's for begonia reas, or other choice bulbs. Write first.

Fannie E. Stafford, box 20, N. Walden, Vt., will exchange a zither or harpette, for Gaskell's Compendium in good condition. Write first.

Mrs. B. H. Gilman, Ft. Wingate, N. M., will exchange Indian curios, petrified wood, cacti, horned toads, for window culture bulbs, seeds, silks and velvets for crazy work. Write first.

Mrs. Eva Wade, Danville, Ind., will exchange useful and fancy articles, ribbons, laces, patterns, books and magazines, for silk pieces and useful things. Write first.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

LA BELLE FOUNTAINS.

One of the most interesting natural objects in America is the spring of water, clear as crystal and so large and constant as to merit the title "La Belle Fountain," which gives its name to Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. In all seasons, however turbid may be the waters flowing in the streams elsewhere, that sent out by this fountain is always pure and transparent, and always of about thirty-eight degrees of temperature. The favorite resort of visitors and citizens is to the head of the spring, a short distance above the town, where, peering downward through the depths of the crystals they see an unceasing movement of the sandy bed through which the water rises, filtered free from all impurities. That sight is one full of suggestions to the thoughtful, and it forms a picture for the memory always pleasant to revert to.

Each one who reads this may recall some other picture of a spring among hills which at one time or another afforded not only cooling refreshment, but pleasant thoughts. But every one may not have considered that within the body in which he dwells there is a fountain, in which the stream is not clear as crystal, but scarlet in color, and of a temperature of sixty degrees higher than the water of the spring with which his thirst was cooled. . . . In every moment of life this fountain flows. An irregular flow would be accompanied by discomfort and disease,

and a ceasing of the flow would be an end to life. Therefore, this fountain with stream of scarlet is a much more interesting subject for thought than even "La Belle Fountain" of Bellefonte.

This scarlet fountain, the heart, is the starting point of the life. Into it the stream which it sends out returns, after making the entire circuit of the body, on its way adding new material to every particle of tissue over which it passes and taking up and carrying away with it every particle of worn-out tissue, to the lungs where the stream is purified—we might say filtered, by constant contact with a current of incoming and outgoing air. And right here is an especially interesting series of thoughts in reference to this wonderful point of contact between the current diverted from the atmosphere without and that of the life blood within. One of these is the wonderful extent of the fine network-like air-cells over which the blood is outspread, exceeding in area the entire exterior surface of the body. Another is in reference to the striking change in the color of the stream on its entrance into and its exit from the lungs. From a deep bluish-purple it is transformed to a bright scarlet. The quiet in which this ever-flowing fountain works in its hidden chambers is another of these thoughts.

Wonderful as is the human mechanism, from various causes it occasionally gets out of repair and the current of the life-blood flows irregularly.

Some twenty years ago a method of treatment to restore the bodily powers which had been for nearly a century a subject of discussion was entered upon and found exceedingly effective. Acting upon Nature's own suggestion, this effort was to give aid to the lungs in their work of transformation of the blood. The method was by inhalation, and the means used were the elements of the atmosphere re-adjusted. The proportion of the oxygen was largely increased and of the dilutants diminished, and the new mixture was named "Compound Oxygen."

Drs. Starkey & Palen, of 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, are the physicians who have succeeded in this line of practice, and they have enrolled on their books the names of over twenty thousand patients. Reports of results written by these patients indicate clearly that very many diseases yield to the power of this treatment. Its wide range of power can only be measured by those who will go over the records. Part of these are printed by permission in a brochure of nearly two hundred pages entitled "Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," which is freely mailed to all applicants.

"Mamma," said the little inquisitive boy, "what makes kitty always eat the mouse's head first? Ain't it so the mouse can see where he's going?"

Discussing dentists. "I tell you he is the most expert man in the profession, you haven't time to howl before the tooth is out." "Oh, that's nothing to my dentist. He's quite as quick, and the operation is so painless that every time he pulls out a double tooth, you have to thank him and cry, "encore."

A prominent Texas politician was bragging to a crowd of friends a few days ago on the streets of Dallas. "Gentlemen," he said, "do you know that I was born on the very day that Thomas Jefferson died?" "This is a wonderful country," remarked one of his friends. "There is no limit to its recuperative powers. Just think of it, surviving two such disasters, and how true it is misfortunes never come singly."

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

A BAD SPELL.

You have heard of the City of Sioux—
The loveliest ever you know:
And the following tale,
I am sure, cannot fail
To be read with emotion by you.

To this bustling young City of Sioux,
Came a scion of Albion trioux;
When the name was pronounced
In his learning he flounced,
And at once in a passion he floux.

"Now tell me, O people of Sioux,"
He shouted, "what can a man diox?
As 'tis spelled, so we say it,
And that is the way it
Should be!" And he blustered and bloux.

And all through the City of Sioux,
That man raised a hullabullox.
With madness enraged,
Like tiger uncaged,
And fell upon Gentle and Joux.

And over the City of Sioux
He rushed, still the madder he grioux,
Till he fell in a fit
And his soul promptly it
Left his body—sans further adieux.

Then the coroner's jury of Sioux
Their verdict most solemnly drioux,
"By disease of the heart
Victim's life did depart."
You have heard the sad tale; I am thrioux.

—Those who fancied that the phrase,
"no bigger than a man's hand" would be
confined to the clouds, will be disap-
pointed. It has crept into the fire rec-
ord column of the papers and there is
now no knowing where it will spread.
Hereafter we shall expect every fire to
start with a flame of that size.

—A little girl in the infant class of a
Brooklyn Sunday school appreciated bet-
ter the difference between being good
from choice and necessity than many
elders. At the close of a recent session,
the teacher said to her: "Beckie, my
dear, you were a very good girl to-day."
"Yes'm. I couldn't help being good. I
got a stiff neck," the youthful Beckie re-
plied, with a perfect seriousness.

—That is a droll story about a fellow
on board an ocean steamer, who sat off by
himself and presented such a forlorn ap-
pearance that some ladies on deck thought
they ought to inquire what was the mat-
ter. So one old lady approached, and
asked the lonely one why he was so dis-
consolate. "The fact is," said he, "I'm
on my bridal tour; but I didn't have mon-
ey enough to bring my wife with me."

—Mr. Clapney, the humorist, goes to a
minstrel show, and with indignation hears
the brilliant end man "getting off" his
own jokes. He is not inconsolable, and
has just decided that the minstrel has
paid him a compliment, when he hears a
lady whisper, "There sits that stupid fel-
low, Clapney. He's straining his ears to
steal that end man's jokes. That's the
way such fellows fill up their papers."

—One day a clerical friend, who had
consumed an hour of his valuable time in
small talk, said to James Harper, the pub-
lisher: "Brother Harper, I am curious
to know how you four men distribute the
duties of the establishment between you?"
"John," said Mr. Harper good
humoredly, attends to the finances, Wes-
ley to the correspondence, Fletcher to the
general bargaining with authors and oth-
ers and don't you tell anybody," he said,
drawing his chair still closer and lower-
ing his voice, "I entertain the bores."

—At the Lime-Kiln Club: "De art of
whitewashin' has only reached de boy-
hood state. De las' five y'rs hab wit-
nessed many improvements, sich as pur-
vidin' for a perspective in kitchen ceilin's
an' arrangin' for a frieze of the fourteenth
century order in de parlor, but de nex'
will bring out art in direck competishun
wid landscape work. A fifth of a century
hence de world will wonder dat men eber
paid \$20 for a steel engravin' de size ob a
house doah when a ceilin' twenty feet
squar' kin be whitewashed in de Vene-
tian order for \$1.50.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO ANY CHAR-
ITABLE INSTITUTION,
IF IT CANNOT BE DONE AS IT IS STATED.

Rochester, N. Y., Union and Advertiser.

Friends of Ex-President Arthur are
very much disquieted.

Of course he is not going to die! He
is in the hands of a very particular phys-
ician.

His doctor does not call it Bright's Dis-
ease! No, it is stomach disorder that he
is suffering from now, and every few
hours he takes a cold, and from time to
time many other symptoms are developed.
These symptoms the public should know
are really secondary to Bright's Disease.

His physicians say that everything that
medical skill can do for him is being done.

This is not so!

This case is a prominent one because
the general is an ex-president; and yet
there are thousands of farmers quietly
dying, in their farm houses, of second-
ary symptoms of Bright's Disease, called
by every other conceivable name; thou-
sands of workmen, likewise dying, leav-
ing helpless families; hundreds of thou-
sands in all walks of life who have sick-
ened, and are likewise dying, helpless vic-
tims of powerless physicians.

Eight years ago a very well known
gentleman was about to enter upon large
commercial transactions. His medical
adviser quietly dropped into his office one
day and told his confidential clerk that he
would be dead in three months, and that
he ought to settle up his business affairs
at once!

That man is alive and well to-day, yet
he was given up as incurable with the
same disease that is killing General Ar-
thur!

Our reporter met this gentleman yester-
day and in conversation about the Gen-
eral's case, he said:

"I will give \$5,000 to any charitable in-
stitution in the state of New York, to be
designated by the editor of the New York
World, the editor of the Buffalo News and
W. E. Kisselburgh of the Troy Times, if
Warner's safe cure (taken according to
my directions) which cured me eight
years ago, cannot cure General Chester
A. Arthur of Bright's Disease from which
he is suffering.

Now I want you to understand," he
said, "that we do not profess to make
new kidneys, but we do know from per-
sonal experience and from the experience
of many thousands of similar cases, that
we can stop the consumption of the kid-
neys. Many a man has gone through life
with one kidney without inconvenience.
Thousands of people have lived a major-
ity of their life with one lung. They did
not have a new lung made. We do not
make new kidneys, but if the kidney is
not consumed too much we can stop dis-
ease and prolong life if taken in time."

This offer comes from H. H. Warner,
proprietor of Warner's safe cure, of this
city.

Mr. Warner also said, "My dear sir,
there are governors, senators, presiden-
tial candidates, members of congress,
prominent men and women all over the
country whom I personally know have
been cured of disease, such as General
Arthur suffers from, by our Warner's safe
cure, but owing to the circles in which
they move they do not care to give public
testimonial to the fact."

Mr. Warner is interested in General
Arthur's case because he is personally
acquainted with him and he says that it
is a shame that any man should be al-
lowed to die under the operation of old-
fashioned powerful cathartics, which
have no curative effects, rather than that
a modern, conceded specific for kidney
disease whose worth is acknowledged
world-wide, should save him.

"If you doubt the efficacy of Warner's
safe cure," say the proprietors, "ask your
friends and neighbors about it. This is
asking but little. They can tell you all
you want to know."

"We have kept a standing offer before
the public for four years," says Mr.
Warner, "that we will give \$5,000 to any
person who can successfully dispute the
genuineness, so far as we know, of the
testimonials we publish, and none have
done it."

Were General Arthur a poor man, un-
able to be left "in the hands of his phys-
ician," he would use that great remedy, as
many thousands of others have done, and
get well. How absurd then for people
to say that everything that can be done is
being done for the ex-president, when the
one successful remedy in the world that
has cured, or that can cure a case like his,
has not been used by them.

"THE COUNTRY WEEK"

The "Country Week," conducted by the
Boston Young Men's Christian Union, has
given, since its inauguration, in 1875,
more than fifteen thousand of the poor
children of the city, the pleasure of a ten
days' visit in the country in summer, a
pleasure which they would not otherwise
have enjoyed.

Aside from the benefit to health, of
which there is abundant evidence, the
visitors have gained much morally from
the change in surroundings and influences;
and this is especially true of those chil-
dren who have been received in families
as guests. The influence of home life
thus received is the greatest benefit that
can be derived from the visit, and often
has an effect upon the whole future life
of the visitor. Work for the present sea-
son has already commenced. The chil-
dren are ready, the homes are wanted. If
you are willing to invite one or more chil-
dren to visit in your home during the
summer, address Miss ELLEN H. BAILEY,
Secretary, 18 Boyleston Street, Boston,
who will furnish any further information
desired.

Fares will be paid by the committee.

—The border state—Tired of hash.

—Fruitful of trouble—Green apples.

—Often called to mind—The nursery
maid.

—The bluntest men generally make the
most cutting remarks.

—A rousing demonstration—Getting a
growing boy out of bed.

—"When a man falls down his temper
gets up before he does."

—False friends, like ice, melt away at
the approach of hot water.

—When the cow jumped over the moon
she probably went the Milky Way.

—It is said that there is a "ring" among
the bell-founders to send prices up twen-
ty per cent. We told you it would come.

—A Staten Island school teacher has
just launched a yacht which he has chris-
tened "Rattan." It is a sort of birch-
bark.

—A juvenile atrocity: "Why don't you
turn over a new leaf?" "I will, pa, in
the spring. Can't do it this time of year,
you know."

—"You say you know Sallie Jones?"

"Yes." "Is she homelier than her sister
Mary?" "Yes; there's more of her;
she's bigger."

—A cologne firm have caused the arrest
of a man who has been imitating their
goods. Of course the man had no right
to make a counterfeit scent.

—In Burmah editors receive elephants
in payment for subscription. In this
country the paper itself is about all the
elephant the editor cares to keep in stock.



We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as
Premiums to those who get up Clubs or purchase
Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and
Tea Sets, Gold-Band Sets, Silverware,
&c. Teas of all kinds from 30 to 75 cents per pound.
We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides
sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SIL-
VER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums with \$5, \$7 and \$10
orders. WHITE TEA SETS with \$10 orders. DECORATED
TEA SETS with \$15. GOLD-BAND or MOSS-ROSE SETS
of 44 pieces, or DINNER SETS of 112 pieces, with \$20 or-
ders, and a Host of other premiums. We carry the large-
est stock and do the largest Tea and Coffee business
in Boston. Send postal (and mention THE HOUSEHOLD)
for our large Illustrated Price and Premium List.

As to our reliability we are pleased to refer to the pub-
lisher of THE HOUSEHOLD.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,

801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

BRUSH STUDIES!

By LIDA CLARKSON. New and Revised Edition.
Finely Illustrated with original designs by the Author.

CONTENTS:—The Amateur's Outfit.—Harmony
and Combination of Color: A Panel of Field Daisies.—
Some General Hints: Fabric Painting.—Practice on
Academy Board and Sketching Canvas: A Study of
Wild Roses.—A Study of Pansies.—How to Paint Pho-
tographs in Oil or in Water Colors.—Hat Marks and Lin-
ings: Appropriate Designs, Initials, etc.—Plaques: How
to Paint and Frame Them.—How to Paint Trailing Ar-
butus, Feathery Clematis, Dogwood and Tulips.—Panel
and Screen Decorations: The Purple Clematis, Fleur de
Lis, Water Lily, etc.—Dye Painting: Lustrous, Iridescent
and Kensington.—Lambrequins and Other Artistic Home
Furnishings: Clock Scarf, Banners and Bannettes.—
Christmas, New Year's, Easter and Birthday Cards:
How to Paint Them.—Suggestions for Holiday and Birth-
day Gifts: Pretty Trifles for Home Decoration.—Paint-
ing Backgrounds.—Modeling in Relief.—Puzzling Que-
ries Answered.—Some useful Hints in Conclusion.
Sent, postpaid, for 25c. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.



LADIES SEE HERE!

Best in the World! Nothing like it!
Over Sixteen Thousand Sold.

Smith's Common-Sense
Broom and Mop-Holder

Holds a Broom either end up; is
never out of order. After scrubbing
hang your broom with brush down,
and it will dry out immediately and
not mold or rot, and always keep its
shape. Sample mailed and perfect satisfaction guaran-
teed on receipt of 15c. Agents wanted. Boys and girls
can more than double their money selling them. Send
2c. stamp for terms, as this will appear only in this issue.
SMITH BROTHERS, Camptown, Bradford Co.,
Pa. Be sure and mention this paper.



JAPANESE SOAP.

STRICTLY PURE. Best in the world for all
purposes, the Laundry, Bath, or Toilet. Will not yellow,
stick or green the clothes like many soaps made mostly
of rosin. Contains no filthy, disease-giving greases,
clearest soap made. Positively cures and prevents
chapped or sore hands. Send us seven Wrappers or
Trade Marks and get the handsomest set of cards ever
sent out. Sold by all grocers. Manufactured only by
FISK MFG CO., Springfield, Mass.



my Medical Compound and Improved
Elastic Supporter Truss in from 30 to
90 days. Reliable references given. Send
stamp for circular, and say in what paper
you saw my advertisement. Address Capt.
W. A. Collings, Smithville, Jefferson Co., N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S beauti-
ful Electric Corsets.
Sample free to those becoming agents.
No risk, quick sales. Territory given.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Book free.
DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, NEW YORK.



HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to
30 days. Sanitarium treatment,
or medicines by express. 15
years established. Book free.
Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

275 Scrap Pictures and Verses with latest Sample
Book, 5c. Austin Card Co., New Haven, Conn.

FREE. I will send to the readers of "The
Household" a sample of Cobb's Pure
Soap, for the Hair, Teeth, and Skin, and a valuable
Book for 6 cents Postage. A. H. COBB, 33 Bat-
tery-march St., Boston, Mass.

FREE! Send us your address and receive by ex-
press, free of charge, a trial bottle of HAIR
DYE that will not stain the skin. W. H.
HOWARD & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

NERVOUS and Mental Diseases and the Alcoholic
and Opium habits treated by DR. I. A. LOVELAND,
GLENN, N. H. Correspondence invited.

HIRE'S IMPROVED ROOT BEER. Pack-
ages, 25 cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious,
sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all drug-
gists or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.
C. E. HIRE, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

LADY AGENT'S Coin Money. New Rubber
Undergarment. Immense Success.
Mrs. B. R. LITTLE, Box 443, Chicago, Ill.



THE ACME is one of the best selling sewing-machines in the market.

Because it is **THE ACME** is the result of more than twenty years experience in the business.

This machine is capable of a very wide range of work, has all the good qualities of the best machines of the day, with others peculiar to itself, and is in every respect

AN HONEST SEWING-MACHINE.

Automatic Movement,
Cylinder Shuttle,
Minimum Weight,
Elegant Finish,

The Best to Buy or Sell.

Readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, do not buy a Sewing-Machine until you have first seen an Acme and you will thank us for the advice.

Agents wanted everywhere to whom satisfactory terms are assured, with perfect protection in territory assigned.

Address for terms,

J. A. TITUS & CO., BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE
NEW, RICH
BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 C.H. St., Boston.

(ESTABLISHED 1850.)

Reliable Carpenter Organs.

Manufactory and Home Office,
BRATTLEBORO, VT., U. S. A.

The Carpenter Organs contain the

★Celebrated Carpenter Organ Action★

They are pure in tone, perfect in construction, in exact accord with the voice, and full of patented improvements. More than 50 different styles, ranging in price from \$20.00 up.

AN HONEST ORGAN.

(From the Youth's Companion.)

"The Carpenter Organs have won for themselves a high reputation for durability and fine musical qualities. An organ may be fine in appearance, but unless it is built honestly in every part it will prove unsatisfactory. Mr. Carpenter makes most emphatically an honest organ; and this is, we think, the secret of their popularity."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We have discontinued the sale of the "Celebrated Carpenter Organs" to other organ manufacturers, and they can now be obtained only in organs of our manufacture.

WARRANTED FOR 8 YEARS.

Each Organ containing the Carpenter Organ Action is warranted to be made in the most skillful manner, of the most perfectly prepared material, and to be, according to its size, capacity and style, the best instrument possible. Each purchaser is given a WRITTEN GUARANTEE, FOR EIGHT YEARS.

Where we have no agent, Organs sold direct on easy payments. Buy no Organ until you have seen our new Catalogue. Send for our New Catalogue for 1886. New Styles! New Patented Improvements! New Prices!

Style No. 120. (PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

E. P. CARPENTER CO., Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.

N. B. Special Offer for 60 days—Write for particulars and state where you saw this advertisement. Refers by permission to publisher of "Household."

APRIZE. Send six cts. for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NO MORE CATARRH. The Great German Remedy is a positive cure. Free sample package and book for 4 cts. in stamps. E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn.

NEWTON'S IMPROVED COW-TIE holds them firmly, draws them forward when lying down, pushes back when standing, gives freedom of head, keeps clean. E. C. NEWTON, Batavia, Ill.

12 DOLLARS each for New and Perfect SEWING MACHINES. Warranted five years. Sent on trial free. Buy direct and save \$15 to \$35. Organs given as premiums. Write for FREE circular with 1000 testimonials from every state. GEO. PAYNE & CO., 47 3rd Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Just published, 12 articles on PRACTICAL POULTRY RAISING, by FANNY FIELD. Tells how she cleared \$149 on 100 Light Brahmas in one year; how she clears \$1,600 annually on a 60 acre poultry-farm; about a mechanic's wife who clears \$500 annually on a village lot; about incubators, brooders, spring chickens and capons. Price 25c. Stamps taken. R. B. MITCHELL, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Attractions OF BRATTLEBORO,

By HENRY M. BURT.

A CHEAP EDITION OF THIS WORK HAS BEEN ISSUED containing a full account of the most

INTERESTING SCENES in and around this well known PLACE OF SUMMER RESORT.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents.

Address, GEORGE E. CROWELL, Brattleboro, Vt.

SURE Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. Kruse, M. C., 236 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the treatment of both. Price \$1.00.

HOME GIRLS, treating of the physical and mental training, 20 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPETIC'S FRIEND, 25 cents.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Flat Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, 15 cents.

All sent by mail, free, on the receipt of the price. (Stamps for change.) (The "Health Rules" will be sent in *Good Bread*, *Anti-Fat*, and *Anti-Lean*, and with the medicine.)

My original and only offer to "brides" who have had The Household as a wedding present, and who will re-subscribe for it, was 75 cents for the "Mother and Child." This offer still remains, applying to all who subscribed in 1884, who will renew for 1885. Address Dr. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

Shopping by Mail!

Miss Marjorie March, Lock Box 76, Philadelphia, Pa., makes purchases for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, with discrimination and taste. Orders from all parts of the country promptly executed. Send stamp for circular. Miss March takes pleasure in referring by permission to a few of her numerous patrons:

Geo. E. Crowell, Ed. of HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt., Mrs. H. J. Bailey, Winthrop, Me., Mrs. G. V. Hocker, Leesburg, Fla., A. J. Fisk, Ed. of Helena Herald, Montana, and many others from thirty-seven different states and territories.

LADIES' DELIGHT

Stamping Outfit for \$1.00.

Contains fifty full size Perforated Patterns suitable for Table Scarfs, Banners, Tidies, Sofa Pillows, &c.; One full Alphabet; One good Felt Tidy stamped and materials to work it; One box Blue Powder, with directions for using without heat or cleansing of patterns; One Pad; One Distributor; also, Receipt for White Indelible Stamping; Send me \$1.00 and your initials and you will receive by return mail this entire outfit and a beautiful monogram. **Lustrous Painting Outfit \$2.00. Paris Tinting Outfit with sample and instructions, only \$2.00.** E. G. REMINGTON, 130 Tremont St., Boston.

FREE KNIFE

With every Pack of our NEW CARDS. Only 15c. for 40 CARDS—assorted. Cards. Fringed, Chromos, Hidden Name, and Plain (all Edge your name on all) and lovely Pocket Knife. Get a Club of 3 among friends, and we send your Pack and Knife FREE—that is, 4 lots for 54 cents. Agent's Sample Book, 4c. HOLLEY CARD CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

DO YOU OWN A HORSE?

HORSE BOOK Send 25 cts. in stamps or currency, for the REVISED EDITION of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 60 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, better than can be taught in any other way, a table showing doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of valuable RECEIPTS, rules for tending the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing \$5.00 and \$10.00. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is much more interesting. Address,

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

Agents Wanted in Every County \$5 a Day Guaranteed. Elegant line of samples (15 articles) silver plated knives, forks, spoons, &c. Illustrated circular samples FREE. NOVELTY SILVER PLATE CO., Wallingford, Conn. We are reliable manufacturers of silver ware.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

GAME OF STATES.

The Game of the "STATES" is pronounced by competent judges, the most Popular, Instructive and Entertaining Game ever published. It is a favorite wherever it may be found; can be played by every member of the company; no one is left out—ALL can take part. It is a thorough method of learning the location of the Cities and Towns in the United States. It has received the highest commendation from thousands of School Teachers, Clergymen and others, all over the country. It is not a silly, senseless game, but very instructive and amusing. It should be in every family where there are children. Buy it and see how your children will improve in the study of Geography. It will more than repay you.

Fine Edition, Elegant Tinted Cards 50 Cents.

One and two-cent stamps will be received in payment.

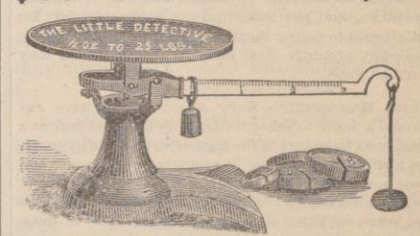
If not for sale in your place, send direct to the publisher, and you will receive it by return of mail.

HENRY G. FIELD, Publisher, Brattleboro, Vermont.

THE "Little Detective."

No More Short Weights.

\$10 SCALE for \$3.



Weights from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

This Little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than from \$8 to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's life time. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any store.

We will send one of the above Scales on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50. Address THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

INFANT'S OUTFITS.

New Health Patterns, a barrow-coat or skirt, bonnet, princess skirt, etc., 10 pat. in all, 50c. First Short Clothes, a Hubbard dress, bonnet, stocking, etc., 10 health pat. 50c. For 20c., pat. coat and kilt skirt. Full directions and amount required. LILLA DROWN, Brattleboro, Vt.

BIRCH'S KEY AND NOT SOLD by watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

TURKISH RUG Patterns. Catalogue Free. E. S. FROST & CO., 22 Tremont Row, Boston, Ms.

A FREE SAMPLE.

To introduce the great household remedy, Gordon's King of Pain into every family, I will send a sample free to any one sending address. Agents wanted. Address E. G. Richards, sole proprietor, Toledo, Ohio.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JULY, 1886.

DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by money order, either postal or express, postal note, or in a U. S. registered letter, or by a cashier's check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

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.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but DO NOT send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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.

CONCERNING ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.—To those of our readers who wish to buy an organ or sewing machine, we offer the advantages obtained by a wholesale purchase direct from the manufacturers, and guarantee to furnish a first-class and every way reliable article at a very great saving of expense. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction warranted in every case.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, every one, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters loosely? Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another 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.

A TRIAL TRIP.—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on trial THREE MONTHS—postage paid—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months a publication especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1886. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD into every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to anybody—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders, if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

Prof. Doremus on Toilet Soaps:

"You have demonstrated that a PERFECTLY pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article." CHAS. S. HIGGINS' "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP. Being made from choicest stock, with a large percentage of GLYCERINE, is especially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

Dr. Swett's Root Beer Packages.

Sarsaparilla, Life of Man, Juniper, Hops, Wintergreen. Makes the best temperance drink, and is highly medicinal, acting beneficially on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Material to make 5 gallons, 25 cts., 6c. extra for postage; 4 packages, \$1.00, prepaid. Prepared only at the N. E. Botanic Depot, 245 Washington Street, Boston. GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor.

ELY'S CATARRH Cream Balm

Gives Relief at once and Cures

COLD in HEAD.

CATARRH, HAY FEVER.

Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive odors.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

PAPER FLOWERS.

An illustrated book teaching the art of making paper flowers, samples made up, and material for making one dozen flowers sent post paid for 25 cents.

CAPITOL ART CO., Hartford, Conn.

Montague Curl Clasp

GREATEST NOVELTY of the AGE! Harmless, Tidy, Effective, Cheap. The most simple and perfect article ever invented for the toilet. By the use of THE Montague Curl Clasp, perfect and lasting ringlets are quickly and easily obtained, without the danger resulting from the use of lead, or the inconvenience of curl papers. USE THEM YOURSELF & show them to your friends.

One Doz. 15 cts. 2 Doz. 25 cts. 5 Doz. 50 cts. Stamps taken.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 322 Nassau St., New York.



THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.

A Sure Preventive of CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk.

It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by druggists—25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of Infants and Invalids.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.



This most exquisite of Toilet Preparations, the virtues of which have caused it to be in demand in all Civilized Countries, stands

PRE-EMINENT FOR PRODUCING A SOFT It is acknowledged by thousands of ladies who have used it daily for many years to be the only preparation that does not roughen the skin, burn, chap, or leave black spots in the pores, or other discolorations. All conclude by saying "It is the best pre-BEAUTIFUL preparation for the skin I have ever used." "It is the only article I can use without making my skin smart and rough." "After having tried every article, I consider your Medicated Complexion Powder the best, and I cannot do without it." Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

Send 10 cts. for a package of PRESERVE LABELS. 3 for 25 cts., gummed like postage stamps. Agents Wanted.

FINLAY BROS., SO. MANCHESTER, CONN.

MELLIN'S FOOD

TRADE MARK.

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free.

DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., 40, 41, 42, & 43, Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE.

We have for sale a new, first class, double thread

SEWING MACHINE,

with all the modern attachments. Will be sold cheap for cash, and freight paid to nearest railroad station. A warrant for five years, given by the manufacturers, will be sent with the machine. Address THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, For Wasting, Delicate Children.

Dr. NYSEWANDER, of Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion, and find it satisfactory in every respect. Children take it readily with excellent results."

"No," said little Johnnie, "I don't use my bicycle any more. I'd just as lief do my walking on the ground."

"Now, Gen'l, you're posted; come! give us your views. In a brush at the front, what's the powder to use." He winked at a star as he puffed his cigar. And slowly replied, "In a brush at the front I never use powder, but—SOZODONT."

Go Where You Will you'll find SOZODONT in vogue. People have thrown away their tooth-powders and washes, and placed this odoriferous preservative of the teeth on the toilet table in their place. It keeps the teeth in splendid order, and spices the breath.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

The New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass., which enjoys the distinction of being the largest and best equipped in the world, attracted to its halls last year 2005 students from 55 States, Territories, Provinces and Foreign Countries. With its Corps of 100 teachers including such well known artists as Carl Zerrahn, Augusto Rotoli, Carl Faellen, J. C. D. Parker, Louis Maas, Otto Bendix, Timothe Adamowski, Alfred De Seve and Leandro Campanari; it merits for the coming year a still larger patronage.

For ladies who wish to become proficient in the art of dress making, there is no assistant so valuable and easily understood as the Hanover Merchant Tailor System. The book of explicit instruction contains diagrams for every garment worn. Any lady can learn this system in her own home, WITHOUT A TEACHER. Notice advertisement.

For the Laundry, JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is invaluable. It cleanses the most delicate fabric without injuring it, and saves a vast amount of wearisome labor. For sale by grocers.

No one would think of feeding an infant on beef or mutton, yet the use of farinaceous foods is hardly less destructive to the lives of the little ones. Mellin's Food for Infants is so prepared as to be readily assimilated by the youngest child, forming the only reliable substitute for a mother's milk.

—The easiest way to mark table linen: Leave the baby and a blackberry pie alone at the table for three minutes.

FIRST-CLASS TOILET SOAPS.

From a long acquaintance with the Indexical soaps made by Robinson Brothers, of Boston, I take great pleasure in saying that I regard them as excellent, always giving me full satisfaction.

MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Halford Sauce the most delicious relish.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fees, etc.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.00. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

INFANT'S WARDROBE

Latest Styles. We will send 10 pat. of all garments necessary for an infant's first wardrobe for 50 cts. Also 10 pat. of first short clothes for 50 cts.; full directions and amount required for each pat. Will send through July and Aug. garment out from cloth ready to make. Health garments if desired. Unsolicited testimonials constantly received.

COMBINATION PATTERN CO., Poultny, Vt.

LADIES! For 25 cents I will send you by mail a beautiful pair of pillow shams. Address C. H. WILLSON, Bellows Falls, Vt.

PATENTS THOS. P. SIMPSON Washington, D. C. No pay asked for patent until obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

SEND 10 cts. for The Household Pilot 3 mos. on trial. Best paper for the price in America. PILOT PUBLISHING CO., New Haven, Ct.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED in the WORLD—100 Instructors, 2005 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, \$5 to \$20; board and room with Steam H. and Electric Light, \$45 to \$75 per term. Fall Term begins September 9, 1886. For Illustrated Calendar, with full information, address, E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

A BIG 10 Cts. WORTH! 50 Gen. Scrap Book Pictures, 50 Colored Transp. Pictures, 150 New Stitches, 250 Selections and Motives for Albums, Set of Comic Cards, Set of Colored Cards, Famous Games of FOX AND GESE and Ninety-eighty Morris, 48 page Picture Catalogue, with over 150 Special Offers, all for 10 cts. to pay postage and advertising. Stamps taken. Address WORLD MAN'G CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.

RHYMING DECAPITATIONS.

BY A. H. B.

Two boys, each armed with books and —
Slow walked to school, and, though 'twas —
Stopped, and ripe strawberries picked and —

Said Tom, "Just hear that bird's gay —
And the cool ripple of you —"
To think of school makes me feel —

Say! let's hook Jack! What use to —
Ourselves of fun, in all this —
By going to school? We've lunch to —

Let's leave our things by this huge —
"All right," cried Dick, with eager —
"Hurrah for the first good tree! Here's —!"

Up quick they climbed—oh, what a —!
Down tumbled both these youngsters —
Too far they ventured on the —

Helped by a friendly passing —
Homeward they limp, each weary —
The fun of hooking Jack is —

—Standard.

PRINTING IN THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

Here is a brief sketch from Shanghai, which shows some of the difficulties of book-making in China:

One of the first places that I visited on reaching Shanghai, was the Mission Press of the Presbyterian church of the United States—a wisely founded institution, which has been doing a great work. It is the most extensive printing establishment in China, and has been sending its light into Japan as well. The great work of Dr. Hepburn of Yokohama—his quarto Japanese dictionary—was printed at this press, and during the last year, the third edition, 2,400 copies, of another Japanese dictionary, the first two editions of which were printed at Yeddo, has been printed. It is a type foundry as well as a printing house, and, with judicious and liberal management, it may be made an important engine for good in time to come as it has been in the past. During the year 1868, 25,000,000 pages were printed at this press, and in the present year the whole of the New Testament and of Pilgrim's Progress has been admirably electrotyped. I have before me a copy of the Pilgrim's Progress in Chinese, illustrated with engravings drawn and executed here, and also a copy of the "Peep of Day" in Chinese, from the same press.

On entering this extensive printing establishment, I was confronted with a series of amphitheatres, in the interior of each of which stood a compositor. And I saw at a glance the immensity of the work which every one who learns to read or speak or print the Chinese language has to encounter. Each one of these amphitheatres was what printers call a case, containing, not twenty-six letters as in the English printing offices, but more than 6,000 different characters of types, and, with combinations that are made, more than 13,000. I do not much wonder that the Chinese adhere to their old method of engraving every thing on wood that they print, for I should be very loth to attempt to hunt up many letters or words out of the 6,000 boxes that I saw before me. And yet this mode of printing is a great improvement on the old.—*Exchange.*

HOW TO SELECT A PIANO.

In selecting a good piano from a variety of instruments, the chief object naturally should be to find one which combines, as nearly as possible, all those qualities which render it both pleasing and sympathetic in tone, as well as solid and durable in construction.

The quality of tone should be first considered, the question to be decided being whether the tone is sonorous, full and strong, and at the same time sweet and agreeable to the ear, and not sharp and offensive. With this is coupled the question whether the tone responds easily to the softest pressure of the key, and whether the touch of the key, on applying a

different force, will also produce a proportionate tone. This ought to be the fact throughout the entire scale, and if this is the case the piano may be considered as being of good quality and evenness of tone. A piano when lightly touched, may be found sweet and pleasing to the ear, but when a little force is used it will yield only a shrill, trembling noise, without any distinct, pure and round tone being heard at all.

Not only should the different octaves be equal in the tone of their several keys, but the same character of sound should prevail in the piano from the lowest to the highest note. The labor and expense of regulating a piano in the above-mentioned manner is so great as to prevent manufacturers who do not make strictly first-class instruments from bestowing the necessary attention upon this part of the manufacture; instead of this, however, they make the tone "brilliant" as they call it, in order to hide the defects in the evenness of the piano, resulting in either the bass being too noisy, or the treble too sharp, so that the ear is very soon offended by the sound.

The action of the piano must be elastic and the touch easy, although not light enough to cause a rattling of the keys after a short period of use. A heavy, unyielding action tires the player out and makes the piano disagreeable.

These are the main points to be considered in selecting a good piano.

The integrity of a well known manufacturer should be a safe guarantee that he uses only the best material, dry and well seasoned wood, substantial braces, good strings, etc., in manufacturing the instrument. As a matter of course, every manufacturer tries to make the outside appearance of his pianos as attractive as possible, but the purchaser should not be influenced by the faultless exterior finish alone in selecting a piano. The real merit should be sought in the perfection of the action and the inner construction of the instrument. Poor pianos may be fitted up in most elegant style, but after a little wear they fail to give satisfaction.—*Exchange.*

CONCERNING FRUITS.

It is not necessary to wait long for fruit trees to bear, says J. J. Thomas, if early bearers are selected and good cultivation is given them. To adduce instances: In a single garden, apple trees of the fifth year from setting out, yielded a bushel each, peach trees the third summer bore three pecks, and a Bartlett pear tree gave a peck of superb fruit in two years. In all these and other equally successful instances the treatment was not better than that which every good farmer gives to his carrots and potatoes and other field crops.

It is a notable fact that fruit growers who cultivate but a few acres, usually reap the largest rewards as compared with the extent of their efforts. This is owing to the fact that they can select the choicest ground, make it exceedingly rich, and give it the best cultivation and protection, whereas large cultivators are compelled to take average land, usually fertilize it sparingly, and cultivate it as they may be able.

Selection of seeds is of far more importance than is generally understood. The earliest ripening seeds are as a rule, the best, and by selecting systematically the earliest and most perfect seeds for a succession of years, superior strains of vegetables may be produced.

To supply any lack of vegetable matter in the soil, there is no readier and cheaper means than the plowing under of some green crop. Manuring with rye is an excellent way to ameliorate and enrich a garden.

Out door grown strawberries are offered in the New York city markets for about eight months in the year. Most of the berries from south of Virginia are forwarded in refrigerators, which add largely to their cost. Usually the first strawberries shipped are from Virginia and the more southern states, but this year Maryland seemed to be ahead. The experiments of sending strawberries from Tennessee to New York in refrigerator cars was tried this year for the first time but did not prove a success.—*American Gardener.*

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was in the days before Abraham—a center of trade and travel—an island of verdure in the desert—"a presidential capitol," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Straight, in which it is said, "he prayed," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago. There is still the sheik, the ass and the water-wheel. The merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their wares." The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height and was afraid to enter, "because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called the "eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco. damask; our beautiful fabrics of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England at the time of Henry VIII., the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of the manufacture of which was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united, called damasking, with which boxes, bureaus, swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters. The streams of Lebanon and the "river of gold" still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gardens.

A PHYSICIAN'S WARNING.

"Every time I look at this china," said one of the physicians who haunt the Pittsburgh Homoeopathic Hospital, "I think of how the girls have suffered."

What made them suffer? regret at having inflicted such atrocities upon a defenceless public?

No, I am in earnest. I mean physical suffering. Every one of these plaques and cups means a pain and an ache. I have four young lady patients whose maladies can be traced to china painting. At the School of Design, I understand, there is considerable of this sickness. The students blamed the stairs they have to climb, but when one of them gave me that reason for her illness, I told her that a girl who couldn't stand walking up stairs and down once a day had better get ready for another world. When I found she painted on china, I knew what was the matter.

What is it? Lavender oil and turpen-

tine. Both of these are used in working on china. Everybody knows what turpentine is, and the odor of lavender oil is a combination of all that is vile. The fumes of these liquids in a close room amount to a poison that few girls can withstand. I know of a dozen young ladies who have almost become physical wrecks through the china craze, have lost their beauty and animation, and I shall be glad when two daubs of paint on a teacup will be no longer thought charming.—*Exchange.*

TRIADS.—Three things to love—Courage, gentleness, affectionateness.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity, gracefulness.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.

Three things to reverence—Religion, justice, self-denial.

Three things to wish for—Health, a cheerful spirit, friends.

Three things to like—Cordiality, good humor, mirthfulness.

Three things to suspect—Flattery, puritanism, sudden affection.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, flip-pant jesting, loquacity.

Three things to govern—Temper, impulse, the tongue.

Three things to be prepared for—Decay, change, death.

—A bottle of chill medicine does not require to be labeled, "Shake well before taking."

—A locomotive pulled into a station and stopped, though the water-pump was still in motion with its monotonous plunging. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed a little girl on the platform, "that engine is awful tired. It is puffing and blowing just the way papa does after he has climbed up the stairs."

—At an evening party Dumley was introduced to a young lady, and after a remark about the weather, he said gallantly: "And have I really the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Miss Smith, whose praises are being sounded by every body?" "Oh, no, Mr. Dumley," the lady replied, "the beautiful Miss Smith to whom you refer is a cousin of mine." "Oh, that's it. Well, I thought there must be a mistake somewhere," said the gallant Dumley.

—Grace Greenwood does not disown her country girlhood. Her opinion that harnessing and driving a horse is not an unfeminine employment is sensible. She says: "For me, the actual daily care of a horse was far from a hardship. It may be a coarse employment, but it is congenial. I never was feminine enough to tend a canary, or clean house for an old gossip of a parrot; but I can look after the comforts and decencies of a stall most faithfully. I never could comb or curl a French poodle, but I can groom a horse upon occasion and after a fashion."

—"Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1639. "London, Bridge is Broken down" is of unfathomed antiquity. "Girls and Boys Come out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II., as is also "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where Have You Been?" is of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to allude.

Halford Sauce makes your food more nutritious.

OUR DAILY RECKONING.

If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done;
And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent.
But if through all the livelong day
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace,
That brought the sunshine to one face;
No act most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a Lynn teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just waked up on the back seat.

—Bjornsen, the Norwegian novelist and poet, has arrived in this country, creating quite an excitement in literary circles, and is anxious to meet Wilhelm.

—Doctor: "Well, Pat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?" Pat: "Yes, sir, be jabbers, I have; but I don't feel any better yet; may be the lid hasn't come off yet."

—"What you been a doin'?" asked a boy of his playmate, whom he saw coming out of the house with tears in his eyes. "I've been chasing a rattan round my father."

—A country squire asked a Merry Andrew why he played the fool. "For the same reason," said he, "that you do; out of want. You do it for want of wit—I for want of money."

—"The things we call women," are, according to Mrs. Swisshelm, of Chicago, "simply small packages of aches and pains done up in velvet and lace, and topped off with ostrich plumes."

—That chap understood human nature quite well when he remarked: "When your pocket-book is empty, and everybody knows it, you can put all your friends in it, and it won't bulge out worth a cent."

—A gentleman accidentally stepped on a dainty poodle led by an elegant woman. "Stupid, a little more and you would have crushed Fido." "Ah! if I had crushed him I would have replaced him." "You flatter yourself."

—Doctor—"You need exercise; what is your employment?" Patient—"I am a mason." Doctor—"But then you cannot lack exercise." Mason—"That depends. Sometimes, you know, we work by the day and sometimes by the job."

—A medical writer asserts that women are so constructed that they cannot jump. Just for the sake of argument we should like to induce the doctor to let a mouse into the same room with his wife and close the door. Science doesn't know every thing yet.

—"That butter is all right," said a boarding-house keeper; "it is firkin butter, and tastes a little of the wood, that's all." "If that is the case," replied a boarder, who is a contractor, "I should like to get some of that wood to make railroad bridges out of."

—Here is a curious instance of mispunctuation: "Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing."

—A London journal tells a story of a New York lady of wealth who sends for Italian artists to paint pictures to match her carpets. It probably costs less to get Italian pictures to match her carpets than to get new carpets to match Italian pictures—and economy is wealth.

—A minister traveling through the west some years ago asked an old lady on whom he had called what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a good doctrine if the people would only act up to it."

—"I hev al'us noticed," observes Aunt Tabitha, "that the boy who lets his mother bring in all the kindlin' wood and build the kitchen fire, is the mourner that bellers loudest at her funeral." And then she added, thoughtfully, "Mebbe as not it is because he misses her the most."

—There's no music in a "rest," that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too.

—"My little boy," said a gentleman, "you ought not to eat those green apples. They are not good for little boys." "They hain't, eh?" the boy replied with his mouth full. "Guess you don't know much about 'em, mister. Three of these apples 'll keep me out of school for a week."

—No matter how strong and brave a man may be, he will put his pocket-book in his inside pocket, that no thief may secure it. On the other hand, no matter how delicate and weak a young lady may be, she will boldly hold her pocket-book in her hand, where every one may see it, as though to challenge the highwayman.

—As a new member from a rural district stood one afternoon gazing admiringly upon the massive pillars of solid masonry that supported the porticoes of the capitol building, he turned to a companion and innocently remarked: "Well! them's the biggest posts that I ever see. I wonder if the trees grewed in Floridy."

—A minister forgot to take his sermon with him to church, and his wife discovering the mistake sent it to him in charge of a small boy, who was to receive ten cents for the job. Presently he returned for the money. "You delivered the sermon, did you?" she asked. "I jes' guv it to him; he's a deliverin' of it himself."

—Smith keeps a savage dog on his premises, and near its kennel a board is displayed with the warning in large letters, "Beware of the dog." "I suppose," said Jones, pointing to the warning, "you have painted that sign in large letters, so that 'he who runs may read.'" "No," said Smith, "but that he who reads may run."

—Rural reader to agricultural editor: "Will you please tell me in the next issue of your valuable paper if ashes are good to put on strawberries?" Agricultural editor (in the next issue of his valuable paper): "'Pomona' may like ashes on his strawberries; but, as for ourselves, we prefer sugar and cream."—Harper's Bazar.

—At a recent session of the Concord school of philosophy, one of the pupils inquired if "the consciousness of the ego was identical with the acute absorption of the actuality," and the professor answered that he thought it was. It requires a good deal of diplomacy to be able to answer questions in that school, now you hear us!

—A bit of conversation overheard on an Arkansas railroad: "Ye ain't a gwine to give ten cents for that seegyar, are you?" "Believe I will, Sally," he said. "Jest to burn up," said she. "That's what hit's made for, Sally," said he. "Well, I doan know," said she, "I'd look at a dime a long time before I'd give it for that thing and then burn it right straight up. If I was gwine to be a fool I'd be a fool some other way."

INGALLS' STAMPING OUTFITS.

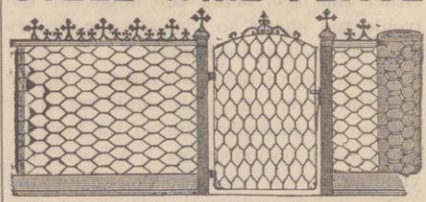
Ingalls' Mammoth Stamping Outfit contains 100 Parchment Stamping Patterns, Alphabet of 26 letters, Ingalls' Instruction Book, INGALLS' BIG CATALOGUE containing Thousands of Illustrations of Stamping Patterns, Box Powder, Pad, FELT TIDY and Imported Silk to work it. This Outfit sent, postpaid, for \$1.00.

INGALLS' NEW OUTFIT!

ALL LARGE PATTERNS! Our customers have often called for a Stamping Outfit containing all large Patterns. To meet this demand, we offer this New Outfit containing the following Perforated Stamping Patterns. A large branch of OAK LEAVES, size 9x21 inches, used for EMBROIDERY, KENSINGTON or LUSTRA PAINTING. A beautiful spray of Wild Roses, 8x15, and a fine cluster of Pond Lilies, 8x15, for Table Scarfs, etc. Artistic Designs for Ties, Panels, etc. Cluster of Daisies, 8x9; Golden Rod, 6x8; Fuchsias, 7x9; Outline Head, 9x12; Bunch of Forget-me-nots, 7x9; Design for Finsel Embroidery, 5x11; Vine of Ivy Leaves, 2 1/2x10; Cluster of Poppies 4 1/2x7; Woodbine, 4 1/2x9, for Lustra or Embroidery; Bouquet of Roses, Daisies, Pansies, Golden Rod, and Ferns, size 8x11 in. Box Powder, Pad, Ingalls' Instruction Book and Ingalls' Big Catalogue. This Outfit is actually worth over \$3.00. We send this Outfit, postpaid, for \$1.25. We will send all the Patterns in this \$1.25 Outfit, without Powder, Pad or Books, for \$1.00.

SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send you the INGALLS' MAMMOTH \$1.00 OUTFIT, and all the patterns in this \$1.25 Outfit by mail, for \$2.00. Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE



Is the best general purpose wire fence in use. It is a strong net-work without barbs. Don't injure stock. It will turn dogs, pigs, sheep and poultry, as well as horses and cattle. The best fence for Farms, Gardens, Stock Ranges and Railroads. Very neat, pretty styles for Lawns, Parks, School-lots and Cemeteries. Covered with rust-proof paint, or made of galvanized wire, as preferred. It will last a life-time. It is better than boards or barbed wire in every respect. The Sedgwick Gates made of wrought-iron pipe and steel wire, defy all competition in lightness, neatness, strength and durability. We make the best, cheapest and easiest working all-iron automatic or self-opening gate, and the neatest cheap iron fences now made. The best Wire Stretchers, Cutting Pliers and Post Augers. For prices and particulars ask Hardware Dealers, or address, mentioning paper,

SEDGWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.

ORANGE GROVE for SALE

Pleasantly situated on a large lake, one mile from the thriving village of Interlachen, on the S. R. R. Also land for sale. For particulars apply to L. G. HILL, Interlachen, Putnam Co., Fla.

EVERY SPOOL WARRANTED

100 ILL'D. PAGE PAMPHLET WITH RULES FOR KNITTING, EMBROIDERING, CROCHET, ETC. SENT FOR 10 CENTS IN STAMPS—WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK, ASSORTED COLORS, 40 CTS. PER OZ. WASTE SEWING SILK, BLACK OR AS-SORTED 25 CTS. PER OUNCE.

A full assortment of above as well as of the celebrated EUREKA KNITTING SILK, WASH ETC. and FILOSENE for ART EMBROIDERY. For sale by first-class dealers. Trade supplied by EUREKA SILK CO., Boston, Mass.

ASTHMA CURED!

A SINGLE TRIAL convinces the most skeptical. GERMAN ASTHMA CURE instantly relieves the most violent attack; insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all other remedies fail. No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain, and a cure is effected in all CURABLE CASES. "It permanently cured me. Refer to me at any time."

Hon. R. Lott, St. Paul, Minn.
"I am entirely restored to health by German Asthma Cure."
Thos. Fittin, Hamilton, Ohio.
"German Asthma Cure is all you claim for it. It never fails."
Prof. E. Von Fingert, Greenville, S.C.
"My physician recommended German Asthma Cure. It cured me."
Mrs. M. L. Tetrick, Londonderry, Ohio.

Thousands of similar letters on file. Ask any druggist about it.

German Asthma Cure is sold by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Trial package free to any address for stamp. R. SCHIFFMAN, M.D., St. Paul, Minn.

Brewster's Patent Rein Holder.
Your lines are where you put them—not under horses' feet. One agent sold 12 doz. in 5 days, one dealer sold 6 doz. in 15 days. Samples worth \$1.50 FREE. Write for terms.
E. E. BREWSTER, Holly, Mich.

WANTED. AN AGENT in every county in the United States to sell the Acme Sewing Machine. To the right persons a first-class opportunity is offered to establish a paying business.
J. A. TITUS & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES, AT AMHERST COLLEGE, AMHERST, MASS. Tenth Session—July 5th to August 6th. 21 Teachers, 12 Departments, including Science, Art and Music. For Programme, address PROF. W. L. MONTAGUE, AMHERST, MASS.

THE

Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of any thing of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

HUNDREDS

OF THESE

SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited

Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL, Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct.
Mrs. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD, Sir:—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it.
Yours very respectfully, Mrs. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFESBURY, Vt., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL, Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are.
Mrs. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
GEO. E. CROWELL, Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks." It is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.
Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFT.

REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH,

The Household

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufactory at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD,
Brattleboro, Vt.

THE BEST MUSIC

For Schools, Sunday Schools, Temperance Societies.

During Vacation and the Leisure Hours of Summer, Teachers and Directors will do well to examine and select from our very superior new books:

Song Creeting, by L. O. Emerson, has no superior as a collection of refined, melodious, high-class variety of songs for the higher schools. 60 cts., or \$6 per doz.

Song Reader, by Irving Emerson, and O. B. Brown, is a carefully made graded instruction book for teaching the notes, is by practical and able men, and is full of the best exercises and songs. Book 1, 50 cts.; Book 2, 60 cts.

Gems for Little Singers, by Emerson and Swaine, is the dearest, sweetest and prettiest of picture song books for little children. 30 cts.; \$3 per doz.

For SUNDAY SCHOOLS we call attention to **Songs of Promise**, (just out) by J. H. Tenney and Rev. E. A. Hoffman, compilers of the first ability. A large quantity of new Sunday School music. 35 cts.; \$3 doz.

THE TEMPERANCE SONG-HERALD, by J. C. Macy, is the brightest and best of Temperance Song Books. 35 cts., or \$3 per doz.

Mailed for Retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

Send to JOHN C. HAYNES & CO., Boston, (branch house of O. Ditson & Co.) for grand illustrated Catalogue of all Musical Instruments, Strings and Trimmings.

Wallingford's GARGET CURE

I can most fully recommend the Wallingford's Garget Cure, as I have known several instances where it has performed cures in bad cases, even when the cures have given bloody milk and almost lost the use of each test.

(Signed) S. S. WILLIAMS, Augusta, Maine.
W. W. WHIPPLE & CO., Prop'rs, Portland, Maine.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Vermont Agents.

THE BEST FOODS IN THE WORLD!

The Health Food Company claims to make the best foods in the world, and this claim is abundantly sustained by the testimony of over one million consumers.

The best bread in the world is made from the Health Food Company's "PEELED WHEAT FLOUR."

Peeled wheat is as different from natural wheat as hulled rice is from unhulled rice. The flour made from peeled wheat is all food, just as hulled rice is all food. Moreover, "Peeled Wheat Flour" is all good food, being free from the inert husks of bran, which exist in "crushed wheat," "grits," "graham," and other coarse and crude cereals. The "Peeled Wheat Flour" makes the perfect bread for the up-building of every tissue of the body.

The mother cannot do her whole duty by her children in the matter of nutrition for the growth of brains and nerves and bones and muscles, unless she provides for them the perfect bread made from the Perfect Peeled Wheat Flour.

The best Breakfast dish in the world is made from The Health Food Company's

(Trade mark)
WHEATENA!
(mark)

WHEATENA can be cooked in one minute, or it may be eaten in milk without any cooking at all. AS A NOURISHING AND PALATABLE FOOD IT IS PERFECTION.

READ OUR FREE PAMPHLETS.
HEALTH FOOD COMPANY,
4th Ave. & 10th St., New York City.

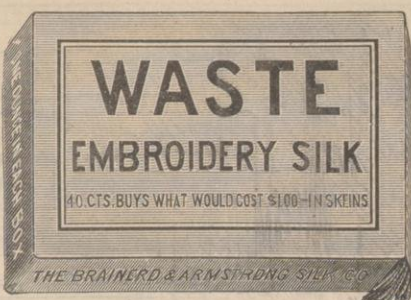
BEST ON EARTH
Without batteries, Springs or Clock-work. The only Perfect and Reliable SELF-REGULATING Hatcher in the world. Hatches Turkeys, Chickens, Ducks and Geese. Send for circulars.
Andrews Hatcher Co.
122 R. R. Ave., Elmira, N. Y.

Dining Room Notes,
By Emily Hayes,

is a practical little cook book compiled largely from the series of papers published in THE HOUSEHOLD during the past five years under this familiar title, with the addition of many new and excellent recipes. The book is in pamphlet form, containing over 200 pages. Price 40 cents in currency or postal note. Don't send stamps. Sent postpaid, on receipt of price. Address,

EMILY HAYES,
Lock Box 267, - Brattleboro, Vt.

WANTED AT ONCE 1000 LADIES to Crochet Dolls, Children's and Ladies' Caps, \$1 to \$4 a doz. paid. All material furnished. Steady work the year round. Send 15cts. for samples and particulars. Empire Knitting Co., 265 Sixth Ave., N. Y.



Our Factory Ends of Embroidery Silk are known far and wide, and are in great demand. Price, 40 cents per box. Club orders of ten boxes get one extra. Crazy Stitches in each package. One dozen applique-flowers and figures, only 50 cents. Send Postal Note.
THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,
469 Broadway, N. Y. 35 Kingston St., Boston.

EVERY LADY SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO
S. T. TAYLOR'S
Illustrated Monthly Fashion Report,
ISSUED THE 15th OF EVERY MONTH.
The cheapest Fashion Journal published. Single Copies 6 cents. Yearly Subscription, 50 cents. Send orders to S. T. TAYLOR, 930 Broadway, N. Y.

AUTHORS desiring to have either a BOOK or PAMPHLET printed should correspond with FRANK E. HOUSH, Publisher, Brattleboro, Vt., before placing their orders.

French, German, Spanish, Italian.

You can, by ten weeks' study, master either of these languages sufficiently for every-day and business conversation, by Dr. RICH. S. ROSENTHAL'S celebrated MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM. Terms, \$5.00 for books of each language, with privilege of answers to all questions, and correction of exercises. Sample copy, Part I., 25 cents. Liberal terms to Teachers.
MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING CO.,
Herald Building, Boston, Mass.

EMPLOYMENT. We Want 100 Agents to sell 100,000 Acme Sewing Machines this year. The handsomest and best machine in the market. Address
J. A. TITUS, & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

\$600.00!!

My Poultry Book tells all about how to make \$600.00 an acre; how to compel hens to lay eggs; pack eggs so they will keep twelve months; cure cholera, gapes, roup, etc., etc. All for 15 cents in stamps. Circular free.
G. H. FLINTHAM, Topeka, Kans.

INDESTRUCTIBLE FLATIRON
INDISPENSABLE! HOLDER!

Made from the wonderful Asbestos. It never burns, never gets heated. Every housekeeper should have one. Sample sent on receipt of 25 cents. Agents Wanted. INDESTRUCTIBLE HOLDER CO., 72 Water street, Boston, Mass. Mention this paper.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST AT HAND.—We live in those days wherein the Lord will gather His Israel out of both Jew and Christian Churches, that their spirit, soul and body may be preserved blameless to receive the Lord at His coming. Rom. ix, 4; Isa. xi, 12; Rev. vii, 4; Rom. viii, 29; Rev. xiv, 1; 1 Thess. v, 20, 21, 23; 1 Cor. xv, 52, 53; Phil. iii, 21; Mark xiii, 20; Math. xxiv, 14; Rom. viii, 11, 22, 23; Rev. xxi, 1, 4, 5; John xiv, 16, 17, 26. Further information can be obtained in two different books at 12c. each. Mention this paper. Address: J. WIELE, 143 N. Sixth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SECURITY
CORSET
ELEGANCE
COMFORT
ECONOMY
DURABILITY
PERFECTION OF SHAPE.
Send for Illustrated Circular.

No "breaking in" process, with accompanying discomfort. Conforms to the figure of the wearer in the most trying positions. GENUINE WHALEBONE used by our new process; each piece having a woven cover, and the ends secured by a new fastening, rendering it impossible for the whalebone to punch through. If not to be had of your dealer will be sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.75
WEEDSPORT SKIRT AND DRESS CO.,
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

CANDY A handsome box of Fresh, Pure and Delicious Candy, sent to any address prepaid, for One Dollar. Address
F. CALLARD, 456 MYRTLE AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania
The 37th Session opens Oct. 7, 1886. A 3 years' graded course of instruction is given in winter and spring terms. For further information, address
Rachiel L. Bodley, M. D., Dean, PHILADELPHIA.

THE NORTHERN PINE REMEDY is a quick Relief and a Reliable Cure for ASTHMA, Catarrh, and Hay-Fever. Trial free. Send to J. L. Leavitt, Attleboro, Mass.

FIVE THOUSAND LADIES

Wanted at once to do our Fancy Work. No Canvassing; No Humbug. Easily learned and neat. Five to Ten Dollars per week at this season. Steady employment the year round. Apply at once for particulars to KENSINGTON PLACQUE & PAPER ART CO. (Knickerbocker Building), 178 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. P. O. Box 5,208.

HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of subscribers for one year each, required to obtain it free:

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationery,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, Brush, Ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory Handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 10	4
13	One vol. Household,	1 25	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 50	5
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 75	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	2 00	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 25	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 50	6
24	Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler),	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler),	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (agent's selection),	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 00	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler),	7 00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6 00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7 00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7 50	16
59	Celery Glass, silver stand,	7 50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8 00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7 50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
65	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8 00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
67	Caster,	8 50	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8 50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10 00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 Views,	10 00	20
72	Folding chair,	8 00	24
73	Cash,	6 25	25
74	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
75	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
76	1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	14 00	30
77	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15 00	30
78	Sewing Machine, (Highy),	40 00	40
79	Silver Watch,	20 00	40
80	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Highy),	50 00	50
82	Silver Watch,	35 00	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50 00	100
84	Cash,	35 00	100
85	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75 00	150
86	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	150 00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail, express or freight.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states, and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of the list and name the premium selected.

Premium clubs will be kept open ONE YEAR if desired. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express or freight are at the expense of the receiver.

New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike for premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever.

Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

LOW COST HOUSES
How to Build Them
A large Atlas, giving cuts and full descriptions of 40 desirable modern houses, costing from \$400 up to \$6,000. Profusely illustrating every detail and many original ideas. Houses adapted to all climates described. The latest, best, and only cheap work published. Sent by mail, postpaid for 50c. in stamps. FRANKLIN NEWS CO., PHILADELPHIA.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure in ten days, and never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.



Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with \$10 and \$12 orders. Decorated TEA SETS of 44 and 56 pieces with \$12 and \$15 orders. STEM-WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Tea Sets of 44 pieces, or White Dinner Sets of 112 pieces, with \$20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper; we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO.
210 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

PARKER'S \$1.00 STAMPING-OUTFIT
For Embroidery and Painting. ALWAYS AHEAD!!
LARGER PATTERNS; MORE OF THEM! Best yet offered!
Powder Pad, stamped Tidy, Silk, Instruction Books, Mammoth Catalogue, &c., and

100 ELEGANT PATTERNS AND ONE COMPLETE ALPHABET.
THE VALUE OF THIS OUTFIT IS IN GOOD USEFUL PATTERNS. They are not a lot of worthless little patterns crowded together on a single sheet, but every pattern is useful. Illustrated Description of the Outfit FREE. By Mail \$1.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Kensington Embroidery Book, giving colors of all flowers, 35cts.; Fancy Braid and Crochet Book, elegant patterns, 10cts. Outfit and both books, \$1.15. Direct to T. E. PARKER, Lynn, Mass.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists,
London, England.

CANCER A SCIENTIFIC CURE.
Book with complete information mailed FREE.
ADDRESS
Dr. W. E. BROWN, CANCER
NORTH ADAMS, Mass.

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR.
(Reclining.)
A Painless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The LARGEST FACTORY in the world. Send for Circular to
E. P. MERSICK, Sec'y, New Haven, Ct.

FREE TO LADIES!
Send ten 2-cent stamps to pay postage, and we will send our Family Story Paper three months, also 12 Bouquet Curl Clasp free. The most useful and convenient article ever used for the hair. Warranted to curl the straightest hair, without breaking or injuring it in any manner. No lady would be without them after once using. Address,
SOCIAL VISITOR.
Box 3139, Boston, Mass.

LADIES HANOVER'S Merchant Tailor System of garment cutting is the latest and the only work used successfully without a teacher. Consists of a Square, all the Curves, and a Look of explicit instructions, with diagrams to cut all garments worn by ladies or children. Also teaches the padding, finishing, and finishing. We have the only perfect rule for cutting sleeves. Price \$5.00. To introduce, will send sample by mail on receipt of \$1.
JOHN C. HANOVER, Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, O.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES
or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART,
By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears." It sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ARBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$100 to \$200 a month made. (Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight.) Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

\$65 A MONTH & BOARD for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE
Of any kind, send stamp to A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio, for large illustrated Price List of New and Second-Hand MACHINES. Second-hand BICYCLES taken in exchange. BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated.

SALT RHEUM A positive remedy for these diseases. Has been used by a physician in active practice 20 years. Sample free, address G. W. Flood & Co., Highland Falls, N. Y.
ECZEMA

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	60.00
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	42.00	60.00	90.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00
Six "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00
Nine "	42.00	90.00	135.00	170.00	250.00	470.00
One column,	60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1886, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

What Constitutes a Pure Baking Powder. Opinion of Eminent New York Chemists.

We have analyzed samples of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER and of CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER, bought by ourselves in the open market.

We find in the ROYAL POWDER,

Sesqui-Carbonate of Ammonia.
Free Tartaric Acid.

We regard these two ingredients as highly objectionable.

Ammonia, which is a product of decomposition and a refuse of the worn-out tissues, should not be tolerated in any article of food. It is a powerful drug and its use in food is vigorously condemned by all physicians.

Free Tartaric Acid over-accelerates and wastes the leavening action of the baking powder. Both of these ingredients are cheap, inferior and deteriorative substitutes for the more costly and wholesome pure Grape Cream of Tartar and pure Bicarbonate of Soda which we find uncontaminated in Cleveland's Baking Powder, and which, with a small amount of flour to preserve the compound, are the only ingredients of this powder.

New York, Aug. 1, 1884.

STILLWELL & GLADDING,

Analytical and Consulting Chemists.
Chemists to the New York Produce Exchange.

A Florida Home for Sale.

"3 Acres of land with a pretty cottage residence of 6 rooms, stables, kitchen and storeroom. Bearing orange trees, peaches, figs, pomegranates, grape fruit, almonds, plums and grapes. A part of the 3 acres lies across the main street, and has on it one large storeroom rented. Price \$1200.00.

E. CARLETON, Providence, Florida.

COLTON'S Select Flavors

Perfectly Pure Extracts of Choicest Fruits, THE BEST. Unequalled Strength for all. Thousands of gross sold. Winning friends EVERYWHERE. DEALERS TREBLE SALES WITH THEM.

No Family can afford not to know their Delicious Flavors and Great Strength.

ASK YOUR GROCER OR DEALER FOR THEM.

PIANO AND ORGAN PLAYING AT SIGHT
New Method, Simple, Easy, Sure, Readily learned at a trifling cost. No tedious hours of practice. A child can understand it. Full particulars free, THOMPSON & CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR

WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.



Down With High Prices!

30 TO 70 PER CENT. OFF.
ONE THOUSAND DIFFERENT ARTICLES
Sold Direct to Consumers.

The "Little Detective," \$3.00
L. D. Postal gives Postage in CENTS.
Weights from 1/4 oz. to 25 lbs.

FAMILY SCALES, 240 lbs., \$5.
Platform Scales, \$11 to \$20.

Forges and Blacksmiths' Tools.
Farmers' Forge, \$10.

Forge and Kit of Tools, \$25.
Farmers can do odd jobs, saving time and money. Anvils, Vises, &c., &c.

WAGON SCALES.

Only manufacturers in America using nothing but the best of English Steel for bearings of all Scales:

2-Ton (6x12) \$40.
3-Ton (7x13) \$50.

4-Ton (8x14) \$60.
Beam Box and Brass Beam with each Scale, 300 other varieties. Also, Trucks, Wheelbarrows, Corn Shellers, Feed Mills, Copy Presses, Money Drawers, Clothes Wringers and all Hardware Specialties.

SAFES OF ALL SIZES.
No. 4, weight 1,100 lbs., \$50.

SEWING MACHINES,

PRICES REDUCED FROM \$65 TO \$18.

A beautiful Machine, perfectly finished, improvement on the Singer pattern, Black Walnut Furniture, containing a full set of latest improved Attachments. Warrented perfect. Save money. Send for Circulars.

Chicago Scale Co.,
151 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.



Dr. W. S. BAKER, 250 Mulberry Street.

Messrs. PROCTER & GAMBLE, Cincinnati.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 19, 1885.

Gentlemen: Although a stranger to you, and my testimonial entirely unnecessary, as it certainly is unsolicited, yet I take great pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your "IVORY" Soap, and thanking you for putting it on the market at so low a price. It has entirely supplanted the use of Castile and other fine soaps in my household for several years past, being in no way inferior, and from fifty to seventy-five per cent. more economical. A good test I find for the purity of soap is to try it with a brush for cleansing the teeth, and the taste of the "IVORY" Soap so used is perfectly sweet and clean. Very respectfully yours, W. S. BAKER, M. D.



A MOST AGREEABLE ARTICLE FOR
Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth
and PURIFYING THE BREATH.
It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Drug-gists, etc., 25c. a bottle.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. Awarded GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamilton Organ and Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mfd only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Can by Mail, 25c.

BABY'S WARDROBE

Latest styles. The most complete outfits of garments ever offered. Infant's Outfit, 12 patterns, 50c. First short clothes, 12 patterns, 50c. With directions. One garment free with each set. New England Pattern Co., Rutland, Vt.

Infant's Wardrobe.

For fifty cents I will send ten patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or ten patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Full directions for each pattern, also kind and amount of material required for each. MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS, (FATE), Brattleboro, Vermont.

DARN YOUR STOCKINGS

With the "PRINCESS STOCKING DARNER." A novel invention. Simple in construction. Easy to handle. Adapted for either cotton or woolen. A pleasure to use it. Just out, nothing like it. Manufactured, and sent postage paid, on receipt of 15 cts. by F. A. PRINCE, Danielsonville, Conn.



LADIES' BOOTS ONLY \$2.00.

The best for the Money made.

RETAIL

EVERYWHERE

FOR

\$3.00.

On receipt of Two Dollars we will send you by mail, POSTAGE PAID, a pair of these Elegant Button Boots, worked button-holes, in either kid or goat, or glove-top kid-foxed, any size you want. Give us a trial. Address CONSUMERS' BOOT & SHOE CO., BOSTON, MASS. 10 & 12 Brattle Sq., under Quincy House. Please mention where you saw this advertisement.

We Want Every Lady

To send for our New Illustrated Circulars of Stamping Outfits, Fancy Work Books, Felt and Linen Stamped Goods, Materials, etc., before ordering any of these goods from other firms. Circulars Free.

A FELT TIDY and Silk to work it, for 20c. A fringed LINEN TIDY and Embroidery Cotton to work it, for 16c. Florence "Waste" Embroidery Silk, 25c. a package. Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

ALL FOR 24 CENTS

We must reduce our stock in the next three months, and for 30 DAYS offer all the following for only 24 Cents: 10 Pieces Choice New and Popular Music, full size, finely printed; 200 Elegant Designs in Outline for Stamping and Embroidery; 100 Late and Popular Songs, including all the gems from the MIKADO, as well as "DREAM FACES," "LOVE, LOVE, LOVE," "SAILING," etc., etc., a large collection of New Riddles and Conundrums, over 250, just the thing for picnic and social parties; 250 Motto Verses, just side-splitting; 77 Tricks in Magic; 100 Puzzles, all kinds; 26 Popular Games, a Secret Alphabet; 200 Amusing, Interesting and Mysterious Pictures, the Great Game of Fortunes Told, etc., etc. We will send all the above in one package to any address, all prepaid, for 24 cts. in postage stamps; 2 packages for 50 cts.; 7 packages for \$1.00. Address all orders to WORLD MFG. CO. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.



"WOOD'S" PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS EXCEL ALL OTHERS. THOS. WOOD & SONS, BOSTON.