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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 6. BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOVEMBER, 1873. No. 11.

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The Household.
A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.
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THE REIGN OF AUTUMN.

BY ALICE CARY.

The rust is over the red of the clover
The green is under the gray,
And down the hollow the fleet-winged swallow
Is flying away and away.

Fled are the roses, dead are the roses,
The glow and the glory done,
And down the hollow the fleet-winged swallow
Flying the way of the sun.

In place of summer a dread new comer
His solemn state renews;
A crimson splendor instead of the tender
Daisy, and the darling dews.

But oh, the sweetness, the full completeness
That under his reign are born!
Russet and yellow in apples mellow,
And wheat and millet and corn.

His frosts, so hoary, touched with glory
Maples and oak and thorn,
And rising and falling his winds are calling
Like a hunter through his horn.

No thrifty sower, but just a mower
That comes when the day is done;
With warmth a beaming and gold gleaming,
Like sunset after the sun.

And while fair weather and frosts together
Color the woods so gay,
We must remember that chill November
Has turned his steps this way.

And say as we gather in the house together,
And pile the logs on the hearth,
Help us to follow the light little swallow
E'en to the ends of the earth.

HOME ADORNMENT.

A WRITER in the New York Tribune on the subject of home adornment says: It is curious to note by what slender ties we sometimes bind our attachments, and what comparatively small matters will endear a home to us. And there are but few rural homes destitute of the means whereby such attractions may be created.

The meadow, now disfigured by a mud-hole where the shallow creek widens and the cows repair in fly time to cool their feet and dash the muddy water over their flanks, might, by a

little labor, be ornamented with a pond; a dam, built at a cost of a few days' work, might be made to overflow the shallow spot, and a pool, bordered with fresh green turf and shady willows, would add beauty and utility to the field and the farm, and the next summer there would be ice in the dairy, and ice-cream for the children, things almost unknown to farm-houses now, where, if anywhere they should be indigenous; or the great rock on the hillside, now bare and devoid of everything but ugliness, if planted around by a few chestnut trees and furnished with rustic benches, would be a chosen resort for children.

It is such simple things as these that make a home, not merely the place where we work, and eat, and sleep, but where the happiest moments of our lives are spent, and where our inner hearts live and find their growth. It is around such things our associations gather and the memories of them are held sacred. An untutored spring, wandering dark and dank through a bed of tangled, noisome weeds, is the opposite of lovely; but gathered into a channel and made to trickle musically from one moss-clad rock to another, and to give life to a bed of forget-me-nots, or a few nests of sweet violets, and coolness to a shaded retreat covered with vines or honey-suckles, where an hour of rest may be passed in pleasant musings, is a spot to be loved and remembered.

A home so furnished will not willingly be abandoned, and will be left when the inevitable time for parting comes—with a regret, and with an unquenchable desire to return and renew old and pleasing associations. And where such a love of the beautiful prevails it is likely to preclude all the business of the farm. Fence-rows will be cleared of noxious weeds, dead trees or leafless branches will not cumber the orchard; barn-yards will not reek with filth, barns and sheds will not exhibit great gaps through which the wintry wind, with keen tooth, may bite the shirking, shivering stock; but the general love of order will show itself in thrift and comfort, and on such a farm at least there will be no question but that farming pays.

ABOUT SHINGLES.

Something about shingles may be acceptable, now that we are having the roof-penetrating storms of winter. The American Artisan says the best shingles are those made by hand from clear white pine, which are not only very durable, but inasmuch as the stroke of the drawing-knife used in making them is nearly longitudinal

with the grain of the wood, the cells at and near the surface of the shingles are opened to the least possible degree, and the rain penetrates the shingles only to a very slight extent, and the surface dries soon after being wet. Next to those of the pine are hand shaved hemlock and spruce shingles, which are frequently substituted in the place of the former as being cheaper, but which are far less durable.

Of the machine-made shingles, recommended principally by their slight cost, that most universally known is made by sawing from a "bolt" of any suitable wood, the shingle in this case being of very symmetrical shape, but open to the serious objection that the saw tears the fibres of the wood so that the moisture passing into the minute ducts thereof, and penetrating its entire structure, causes it to decay rapidly. This may be to some extent remedied by planing the shingles, for the rapid performance of which several machines have been devised; but the action of the planing cutters, although to a far less extent, produces the same result, and the sawed shingles for these reasons cannot compare with those made by the old shaving or hand method from the same material.

Hard wood shingles are very durable, but are likely to warp, and this is a very serious objection to their general use. Several preservative processes are in use whereby shingles may be made much more durable than if left unprotected to the direct action of the weather. It is also a good plan to paint the shingles after they are laid and when they are perfectly dry.

WASHING FOR ROOFS AND BUILDINGS.

Slake lime in a close box to prevent the escape of steam, and when slaked, pass it through a sieve. In every six quarts of this lime, add one quart of rock salt and one gallon of water. After this boil and skim clean. To every five gallons of this, add by slow degrees, three-quarters of a pound of potash and four quarts of fine sand. Coloring matter may be added if desired. Apply with a paint or white-wash brush.

This wash looks as well as paint, and is as durable as slate. It will stop small leaks in roofs, prevent the moss from growing over and rotting the wood, and render it incombustible from sparks falling in it. When applied to brickwork it renders the bricks utterly impervious to rain; it endures as long as paint, and the expense is a mere trifle.—Country Gentleman.



GOOD MANNERS A DUTY.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MEN often speak of good manners as an accomplishment. I speak of them as a duty. What, then, are good manners? Such manners as the usages of society have recognized as being agreeable to men. Such manners as take away rudeness, and remit to the brute creation all coarseness. There are a great many who feel that good manners are effeminate. They have a feeling that rude bluntness is a great deal more manly than good manners. It is a great deal more beastly. But when men are crowded in communities, the art of living together is no small art. How to diminish friction; how to promote ease of intercourse; how to make every part of a man's life contribute to the welfare and satisfaction of those around him; how to keep down offensive pride; how to banish the raspings of selfishness from the intercourse of men; how to move among men inspired by various and conflictive motives, and yet not have collisions—this is the function of good manners.

It is not effeminate to be refined. And in this land no man should plead inability. There may be a peasantry in other countries, there may be a class in foreign lands, who have no opportunities; there may be those whose toil is so continuous, whose opportunities for knowing what constitute good manners are so few, and whose ignorance is so gross, that they are excusable; but this is not the case with any within the sound of my voice.

That a man is a mechanic, is no reason why he should not be a perfect gentleman. I affirm for every American citizen the right to be simply a man, but a good-mannered man. I have seen men at the anvil who were as perfect gentlemen as men of books or men of society. I know no reason why a man who digs in the soil, a man who works in metals and woods, a man who builds, should not be a perfect gentleman. There is nothing in mechanical occupations which is incompatible with the highest courtesy.

Not only is the violation of good manners inexcusable on ordinary grounds, but it is sinful. When, therefore, parents and guardians and teachers would inspire the young with a desire for the manners of good society, it is not to be thought that they are accomplishments which may be

accepted or rejected. Every man is bound to observe the laws of politeness. It is the expression of goodwill and kindness. It promotes beauty in the man who possesses it, and happiness in those who are about him. It is a religious duty, and should be a part of religious training.

There is a great deal of contempt expressed for what is called etiquette in society. Now and then there are elements of etiquette which perhaps might well be ridiculed; but in the main there is a just reason for all those customs which come under the head of etiquette. There is a reason in the avoidance of offence. There is a reason in comfort and happiness. And no man can afford to violate these unwritten customs of etiquette who wishes to act as a Christian gentleman.

I may speak also of a tendency which is bred by our institutions—the want of veneration. There are various ways in which this want of veneration shows itself. We often hear that there is not the same respect shown for the aged that there used to be. We know that there is very little respect shown for magistrates and men in authority. This is partly due, I think, to the constitution under which we live. One of the most unfortunate defects derived from the early stages of democratic training is the sense of personal sovereignty; the feeling that we stand on as high ground as anybody else. Under monarchical institutions men are taught to revere the great and glorious in government. The feeling of reverence does not prevail to any great extent among us. I discern a great lack in this respect. Children, now-a-days, are brought up to be pert, to be saucy, to be almost without restraint. They are brought up to have very little regard either for their parents or for their superiors. And, although there are a great many Christian households where children are rightly bred in this regard, it seems to me there has been a decay of that instruction which used to prevail, the tendency of which was to make children modest and respectful. We bring up our children to be old, and smart, and impertinent.

This courtesy which carries with it respect; this testimony of veneration to the aged; this yielding one's self in a thousand little society rites for the sake of making others happy—oh, what brightness it gives to life! What beauty, what adornment it gives to Christian character?

There are many other points that I might speak of. The effect of punctuality and order; the relations which men sustain to each other's convenience and necessities—these and a hundred other branches of this subject, I might discourse upon; but it is not necessary that I should go into them. I have given such examples as I have, merely as specimens for the purpose of calling your attention to the minuteness and carefulness with which the Scriptures inculcate these things. It enjoins not merely the right spirit, but the right spirit manifested in the most beautiful way.

PAPER DECORATIONS.

The decoration of dwelling-rooms with paper-hangings, is of course not comparatively, of ancient date, for it

is but about two hundred years ago that this practice of hanging paper on walls, and decorating by stencil dis-tempering and by drawing came into use. The next improvement was to print an outline by means similar to that now employed in block-printing, and upon that basis filling in the colors in stencil and by hand. The art gradually developed to what it was about forty years ago, since which time it has made little progress, except in the adaptation of machinery, towards the supply of the vastly augmented demand.

We offer some suggestions in the hope of promoting improvement, and because the subject is interesting. Sick people know the torment of some patterns, and although they would be difficult to please in any case, it often happens that their criticisms and objections are indorsed by those in good health. Comfort and propriety form the ultimate court of appeal in all matters of furniture and decoration. What sense is there in putting into a poor man's bedroom a small hard diamond pattern? If he is well he can hardly see it because it is so dazzling, and if he is ill he will put his head under the sheet as often as he can; and yet this is one of the choicest specimens for a bedroom. The sick man sighs in vain for the banished hintz hangings of the unhealthy kind, because that some birds of paradise, some convolvulus or rose, some sprig, leaf or tendril, unending, would be changeable objects for his weary time.

Then there is a freak in fashion in color which is not easily accounted for in England, where the climate and sky would suggest brightness as the first element of proper taste. We refer to the continual use of the light brown for dining-rooms, with generally the adjunct of some gold pattern. This looks so elegant and suitable when on the stand at the paper-hanger's shop that its selection is not to be wondered at, especially as it looks like tooled leather, which was in vogue hundreds of years ago; but experience must have taught many persons that such colors absolutely absorb the light, and that its delicacy flies very rapidly indeed. Yet that taste prevails. And surely the decorator who knows all this should endeavor to find some new idea that shall be an improvement, some grounds that do not absorb the light but increase its influence, that do not so rapidly "perish in the using," and some patterns having more in them than the plain imitation tooling of the bookbinder, and yet free from the flaunting vulgarity of thirty years ago.

Suggestions have been made, having for their object the rendering of papered walls instructive to the household. It arose from the circumstances that in the early days of paper decoration, when part of the labor was hand-work, it was not uncommon to fill up certain spaces with water-colored drawings, or chalks executed by the ladies of the house or their artistic friends. Some antiquarian scholars sought to bring the paper stainer's art to their service by suggesting that small spaces in cheap hangings should be devoted to separate pictures of plants, birds, animals, etc.; but the idea was impracticable.

But the pictorial idea is much too good to be abandoned; and for houses of the better class, there should be an attempt to set on foot an enterprise of change. These could well afford a new design for a ground pattern, composed of the floral and the scroll, light, graceful and of the most correct taste. In this pattern-ground there might be introduced spaces of various well-known sizes, into which the vast variety of French and Austrian oleographs, or best wood engravings, could find a place at once bright, effective and beautiful.—*London Furniture Gazette.*



A LILY'S WORD.

My delicate lily,—
Blossom of fragrant snow.
Breathing on me from the garden,—
How does your beauty grow?
Tell me what blessing the kind heavens give!
How do you find it so sweet to live?
"One loving smile of the sun
Charms me out of the mould;
One tender tear of the rain
Makes my full heart unfold.
Welcome whatever the kind heavens give,
And you shall find it as sweet to live."
—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE ROSE AS A WINDOW PLANT.

THE rose is one of if not the most beautiful of all flowering plants which are adapted to window culture; it is rightly said to be "the poor man's friend, clinging to him in every vicissitude." It possesses the remarkable trait of adaptability to circumstances to a greater degree than most other plants, yet there is no other plant which will better repay good care and attention.

Our pot roses are descended from *Rosa Indica*; *R. semper-florens*; and *R. odorata*. From these, as parents, have descended all the great variety which at present are under cultivation, skillful hybridization has so multiplied varieties that their names are legion. The China rose is of stout growing, and often of a close, twiggy habit; they are so nearly hardy that they will endure the winters without protection out of the latitude of Washington; and in some of the states north of that line by bending them down and covering lightly with soil they live out through severe winters; still with us it is the safer plan to house or pit them through the winter season.

These are most commonly known as "monthly roses," though the name hardly indicates its true character as a bloomer, still under judicious culture it will seldom fail of showing either blossom or buds. The colors of blossom, run through almost all the colors and shades, from white to deep crimson or red. The foliage is usually smooth, glossy, and fine cut, clothing every little twig, and of a lively fresh appearance; such roses we find exposed to the streets, and otherwheres, for sale during the spring, sometimes showing a single blossom, and again every shoot being

crowned with a bud or blossom; yet in some instances these plants are deceptive, having been budded or grafted on to wild roots. Some years since we recollect having been taken in by purchasing a splendid plant, as we then thought, having a single blossom, with buds, of a rich crimson color; we took it home and in due time turned it out into the border; some of our people took the notion to cut down the shoot which shot above the rest, and we soon discovered that what was left was a worthless wildling, or something else; this was in our younger days and served as a good lesson.

The soil for the rose should be rich and well mixed, old cow manure somewhat weathered, with about one-third sand and loam, or leaf mould, makes a good potting soil, the manure may be droppings gathered from the pastures, having lain out till dried, this should be pounded, but not sifted, and the sand or mould well mixed with it. In potting it is well to shake off the old soil, and dip the roots in water, and then set the plant down, cover with the collar, in the new soil, carefully spread the roots and place the soil in close contact with them; finish by compacting the soil about the plant and give a good watering, without flooding, showering the top; great care should be used not to break or injure the roots; if any are broken or bruised they should be cut off smoothly; set the pot and plant under the shelf, where it will not receive the direct light, for several days, then bring it forward to the light gradually.

Pruning should be strictly attended to, as the rose blossoms more freely when judiciously cut back. It is always best when repotting, or taken from the open ground, to cut back the new growth freely, and after resting bring them forward, as above; and as they begin to push, give water freely, giving them the full light of the sun and more heat, and you will soon have blossoms and buds on many new shoots; stir the soil often and never allow it to get sodden and cold, or water to stand around the roots, or in the saucers. A few bits of charcoal, made fine and scattered over the pot-soil will add richness to the blossoms.

The following named varieties will give as good satisfaction as any, where only two or three are desired. *Simperflorens*, or *Sanguinea*, very double, cupped, with crimson; *Fels Blush*, profuse bloomer, flowers large and double, resembling a tea rose. *Eugene Beauharnais*, bright amaranth, very fine form, and fragrant. The Tea Roses are perhaps preferred by some, being quite fragrant, and the character of the blossoms varying somewhat from the China. The culture and treatment is the same except they require a richer soil and greater heat and light, in order to prove satisfactory, as well as greater care in most respects.—*N. E. Homestead.*

A FEW GREENHOUSE AND POT PLANTS.

At a late meeting of the Wisconsin State Horticultural Society, Mr. Joseph Pollard, read a paper on "Greenhouse and Pot Plants" from which the following is condensed:

Greenhouses have now become as

necessary to complete houses as parlors or dining-rooms. If possible they should be built in a warm, sheltered situation with a south aspect. Every crevice should be closed. Fire heat should be applied by flues or hot water pipes, running them near the coldest parts of the house. Occasional syringing is very necessary when fire heat is used. On warm, sunny days the top of the soil dries first, but in severe cold weather, where strong heat is needed, pots dry first at the bottom, and plants may suffer although syringed. When there is an appearance of wilting of the foliage, the plants should have a thorough watering, showing at the bottom of the pots. The water should be as near the temperature of the house as possible. Unskillful watering is a great evil in greenhouse management. Plants cannot be watered without injury unless they show the need of it, for the water will remain stagnant in the soil. Neglecting to water at the proper time is equally injurious to the plant.

A few favorite plants are the following:

Camellia Japonica.—The dark green, glossy foliage and glorious flowers of these plants command the admiration of all. They are more easily cultivated than is generally supposed. They should be potted in a soil composed of two parts sandy loam, one part peat, with a little leaf mould added. They should be syringed three or four times a week except when in flower, and kept in a close, moist place while growing. Water sparingly if the plant is strong and robust, to cause a better bud setting. When this is done be careful not to allow them to become too dry. The plant flowers freely in a temperature of 50° in a moist atmosphere.

Azaleas delight in a soil of two parts peat, one part loam, and considerable sand. In well drained soil, and not allowed to become too dry, they thrive in almost any situation, although preferring partial shade. Exposure to the sun is better than too much shade. In Summer months they must be plunged to the rim of the pot in the ground. No hard-wooded plant requires so much watering as this.

Acacias are Australian plants of many varieties, with showy yellow flowers, blooming from January to April. They should have a soil of two parts loam and one part each of sand and peat, a low temperature and abundance of water when flowering.

The *Pelargonium* is often erroneously called the Lady Washington Geranium. No plant is more beautiful than a well grown *Pelargonium* loaded with flowers, and none need more care. In almost every collection we find it in a worthless condition. To propagate them take cuttings as early as possible in June, and put them in a six inch pot in a close frame. In about a month they will be rooted, when they are to be carefully repotted in three inch pots, replaced in frame, admitting air mornings and evenings after they begin to grow. The top should be pinched off to induce side shoots. When pots are well filled with roots, repot in six inch pots, giving air night and day, but guarding

against heavy rains. September 1st change to eight inch pots, replace in frame for two weeks, and give them no water except when they show signs of suffering. House them at the approach of frost, keeping near the glass, giving air freely and watering once a week. As the days begin to lengthen, give a little more water. By the middle of March put in ten inch pots, giving plenty of water, and after showing bloom, give liquid manure three times a week until buds show color. Two inches of drainage with a little moss is used in potting. The soil is equal parts of loam and leaf mould, with a little sand and well rotted cow manure.

Fuchsias should be brought from the cellar or pit about the middle of February, if an early bloom is desired. Use the knife freely, and give a temperature of 45°. Water sparingly until leaf buds break, then repot in small pots; shifting into larger pots as they grow; continue this until it is wished to have them flower. This plan gives strong, stocky plants. They can be shaped as desired by cutting. The soil should be sandy loam and leaf mould. Water and light should be given freely while flowering, avoiding too strong heat.

Calla Ethiopica, if to flower in winter months, should be exposed to full sun in June, sheltered from rain and without water. At the last of August remove from pots, shaking off old soil and removing all decayed matter and young shoots. Put them in rich soil, and sandy loam and leaf mold, exposing to full sun in open air. Water freely until they are housed at approach of frost. In the house give them a sunny place near the glass. The pots should be well drained and the plants freely watered while growing. The least frost will kill them. With air, light, moisture and a temperature of 50° they will flower freely. The plant deserves to be in every collection.

Scarlet Geraniums are easily grown. They require a light, rich soil, of loam, leaf mould, or rotted manure and sand. They root readily without glass or bottom heat. Take cuttings in autumn, put into well drained six inch pots, filled with sand. Place them in a cold frame, where they will root in a month or five weeks, when they should be put in three inch pots and watered occasionally until housed. During the winter they need little watering and only a low temperature. In March shift them to five inch pots. They can easily be grown without a greenhouse. When frost nips the foliage, put them into as small pots as possible, and put in a dry pit or cellar free from frost, and leave them dry until spring, when they should be cut back to four or five eyes, and they will flower better for the winter's rest.

THE CARE OF YOUNG CANARIES.

J. S. W., Newark, N. Y., makes inquiry in relation to the care and proper food for young canaries. Possessing the information desired, it gives us pleasure to answer, more especially as we can in this instance from our own practical experience.

Some people make hard work of anything, and the more they can mys-

tify it the better they seem satisfied. We say this much in regard to breeding canaries and rearing their young. We have had hatched, during the present season, from one pair, fifteen young birds, of which we have reared eleven. The first litter of four, that were hatched and reared until four weeks old, died from exposure to the cold, the female having got off her nest during the night and got caught in some manner so that she could not get loose to hover them. The female has had four litters in all, the second and third being four birds each, and the fourth three birds, which have been reared without the least trouble. The most remarkable thing in our experience this year is that there was but one female in each litter of young ones.

In feeding our young birds we followed the directions given by Mr. Blackston, in the London Poultry Chronicle, somewhat modified. The mode is to boil an egg hard and allow it to get cold before chopping it, or, which is much the best way, grate it with a coarse grater. It is very important that the egg should be cold, for if the yolk of a hard-boiled egg be grated or chopped fine, it will harden and dry very rapidly, thus inducing husk. The difference can easily be seen by cutting a cold egg through the middle, and also a hot one. The cold one will remain unchanged during the time that the surface of the hot one will dry and crack; and if the whole yolk be exposed by being chopped fine, every fragment will present the same dry, caked appearance.

When the birds are first hatched and until they are a week old, we use only the yolk of the egg grated with stale bread, equal proportions; after which we grated the white and yolk together. One reason for this is that the yolk is not so tough as the white, but more mealy and much more easily digested. In our opinion bread crumbs are more preferable to mix with the egg than any other condiment. Some breeders recommend soaking the bread, which should be stale, squeeze it dry, and mix with the egg; but this we deem unnecessary. Nothing is better than bread-crumbs, and this forms a good diet for nestlings. When a hen bird is disposed to feed she will feed with anything, and needs no tempting delicacies, but in case of disinclination add a little crushed hempseed.

One thing we would impress upon the reader's mind, and that is to let the food for young birds be fresh at all times. Do not allow it to remain in the egg-cup or trough until it turns sour, as too many are apt to do, and then wonder why their birds do not thrive better, or why they cannot succeed with rearing young canaries. Another thing is to keep up a supply of fresh, green food, such as chickweed, lettuce, or plantain rods, and see that the seed-box is duly replenished with clean white canary seed free from dust and dirt. Summer rape and linseed may be given occasionally by way of change.

When the young birds are old enough to remove from the parent cage we continue to give a fresh boiled egg every morning and also

rolled or cracked canary seed. We take a common rolling pin and put the seed on a table and roll the pin over it until it is thoroughly cracked, and then put it in the seed-dish. Always, when you put fresh feed in the cage, put also fresh water in the water-cups. If you desire the hen bird to have a bath, put none but tepid water in her bath-cup. We always leave the bath-cup in the cage during the process of incubation, and observe no bad effect from it.—*American Rural*.

FLOWERS AS WEEDS.

Mr. Josiah Hoopes, of Pennsylvania, in a letter to the New York Tribune on "Some Troublesome Weeds," thus alludes to a few that are cultivated for their bloom:

Weeds are not unfrequently introduced at first as garden flowers, and thus we unfortunately made the acquaintance of the Toad-flax, or Butter and Eggs, etc., (*Linaria vulgaris*). A plant with such very showy flowers might well be worthy of better society than the companionship of such as I have chosen for this paper. The root is perennial, and the only way to clear our fields of its presence is to continually mow it off before the seeds are ripe. It is particularly objectionable on account of its creeping roots causing it to form large lumps or patches, and these are difficult to destroy.

Speaking of weeds with showy flowers reminds me of one which is a terrible nuisance, although even excelling the former in beauty. The Viper's Bugloss (*Echium vulgare*) is extensively naturalized in some sections, and where this is the case it has been found extremely difficult to eradicate. It grows two or three feet high, with narrow, hairy leaves, and bears spikes of bright blue flowers. As the root is biennial, cutting it off and cultivating the ground for a few seasons will extirpate the evil. Another vile plant with handsome flowers is the Bindweed (*Convolvulus arvensis*). It is supplied with a long creeping, underground stem, which sends up numerous young plants, vine-like in character, after the manner of the common morning glory. The leaves and flowers are however, comparatively small, and the latter pinkish-white in color. Like the Canada thistle, it is difficult to get rid of, owing to the tenacity of life in the subterranean stems. It really seems as if nothing would kill it. I have tried every available method, but, like Warner's "Pusley," it rather enjoys being interfered with, and consequently keeps on the even tenor of its way, gradually spreading each year—the most invincible of weeds. Dry or wet, hot or cold, it is all the same to this pluckiest of plants, so that we believe nothing will kill it, but digging the whole thing out. A closely related plant was introduced a few years since which will prove equally as pernicious if due care is not taken. I allude to the *Calystegia pubescens*, with exceedingly handsome, double, rose-colored flowers. It is supplied with the same underground stem, so much to be dreaded, and increases with marvelous rapidity.



A SUM IN REDUCTION.

E. U. U.

HERE were two or three of us, old friends, visiting together at Mrs. George Pomeroy's, when Mrs. Dalton, one of the brightest and pleasantest ladies in our little city, happened to call.

"There," said our hostess, after greetings had been exchanged, "you are just in time to take tea with us, so let me have your hat, without making a single excuse, or saying a word to the contrary."

The invitation thus cordially given was readily accepted, as the two ladies were more than mere ceremonious acquaintances, while the rest of us, nearly strangers to Mrs. Dalton, were glad of this opportunity for more intimate acquaintance, than thus far we had enjoyed.

What we talked about that afternoon I am not going to record in full, but will say that our conversation was not all upon fashion, or upon servants, or housekeeping, nor did it run entirely to gossip, as is supposed is necessary in case a knot of ladies spend, even as much as an hour together. It might have partaken somewhat of each; be that as it may, many sensible things were said, and finally the "dress question," and how to manage in these times of elaborate toilet; to be sensible without being odd, to make both ends meet, and yet be presentable in society, was discussed.

Mrs. Pomeroy said, as for herself, she did not care to conform to one half of the prevailing customs which were considered necessary for one of her position, "but the girls, you know," said she, "must do about as the other girls do, and insist that I must yield to their ideas of what is about right for their mother to wear. So I lay the ruffles, and scallops, and puffings to their door, while they in turn, shove the blame on to some one else—and there it is."

"Just so," said Mrs. Gaylord, a most common sense woman, "but the fact of it is, so much extravagance in matters of dress does not pay, and the sooner we all make up our minds to more independence in the matter, the better for ourselves, and for our families, whose better example we should be. I for one have begun a reform in the trimming line, and find that it makes a very material difference in my expenses."

Now we all knew that Mrs. Gaylord's husband was one of our solid men, and there was no need of her thus encouraging, except for the principle of the thing, and Mrs. Barton ventured to hint as much as that to her.

"But it is the principle of the thing," said she cheerily, "and because I do not need to, some one who does feel it a necessity to conform to more modest expenditures may be encouraged to do so."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Dalton, "for your example, or rather company,

for I am trying to solve this same question of reduction, in my own way, and must admit that the necessity of the case first set me to studying on the problem, and now I rather enjoy the working of it out to some extent."

"But" said Mrs. Barton, "you are always nicely attired, and your children also, what do you mean about reducing expenses?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Dalton, smiling, "that we have reduced our expenses for dress, and what we call incidentals, in our family about one-half during the past year, and yet scarce suffered any inconvenience from so doing."

"Do tell about it," said I, to which request the other ladies added their votes.

"If you will not think me egotistical, and making too free of family affairs," said Mrs. Dalton, hesitating.

"We are all friends here," replied our hostess, "and one's experience may benefit us all; or if we are beyond benefit," said she archly, "it may entertain us, at least."

"Well, you remember my husband's illness some two years since, and the much longer convalescence that followed," began Mrs. Dalton by way of introduction to her story. "His income before that had been sufficient for the style in which we lived, but had allowed us to lay by very little for the rainy day that now, most surely, had come upon us. The consequence was, that we must get somewhat into debt, and the anxiety which that fact caused, together with the solicitude for my husband's health led me to seriously ask, had we been as prudent as we ought, could not something have been saved for such emergencies as this? And the question then asked, we attempted to solve, if possible, wisely in the future."

We resolved, however, that economy must not stint the educational advantages of our children, if avoidable, while the necessities and everyday comforts of life must not be sacrificed for show. So it must be in superfluities, and in a thousand little ways, which seem little at the time, but the sum total of which amounts to more than we realize.

Before we took this matter practically in hand, I had planned somewhat according to my usual expenditures, for our summer outfits, and this I resolved must be summarily reduced. The black grenadine which I had promised myself could be dispensed with, for though I had lotted on it, yet had I not seasonable dresses, which with a little repairing would serve me well, even though I might be obliged to do with less changes than usual? And so in this one item there was saved, with the making of the dress, at least twenty-five or thirty dollars, while I can assure you I did not suffer in the least from the self denial practiced. One good, servicable suit was all I purchased, and having less new to make up, I was able to do my own dressmaking and thus save a large bill, which before had seemed positively needful to incur.

In trimming, I also studied simplicity, instead of trying to be elaborately dressed in the newest novelty, and thus saved not only money, but much time and annoyance, as well.

And as I did by myself, I did by Ella,

though she thought it hard at first not to have as many changes as the other girls did, and as she had been accustomed to have. But partly worn dresses must serve for one part of a suit, something else for the polonaise, or waist, or whatever we planned, so that instead of new we made the old so servicable, we scarce regretted the need of so doing.

And then in hats and bonnets, was it necessary to allow the milliner to put on all the trimmings, and flowers, and jets, or what not, that she advised? I know it is hard to be independent here but I succeeded in so doing, and never was better suited with the result than then, while nearly half the expense of what I should have submitted to a year before, was saved and the children's hats I trimmed myself, with no expense for trimmings at all.

Then in matters of parasols, gloves, collars, ribbons, ties, and those thousand little fixtures added to a ladies, and even children's toilets, could there be no reduction here? Was it necessary I should have one of the richest lined, and heaviest handled parasols because some of my friends—those better able and others no better able than myself, had purchased such? Were three button gloves for Ella and myself, and different shades for every suit absolutely necessary? I like good gloves, but need I be extravagant, and think only the latest style would be respectable?

Well to be brief, I found that our bill for these many little articles had been really heavy ones, and now by economizing, partly in prices but more in studying to do with fewer changes to purchase shades that could be worn with a variety of dresses, we need not expend half what we had, and still always have something presentable in the little extras of the toilet.

Then in underclothing, was it necessary, I asked, for so much to be expended in making and trimming? I had planned for the girls some handsome tucked skirts, with a rich embroidery for the edge, the expense of which would be no inconsiderable item now. Why not get a neat, simple edging instead of the elaborate one, which a year since I should not have hesitated upon purchasing, as I had always been accustomed to select good trimmings, and considered it rather a sign of a lady to purchase only nice articles in that line. But my ideas were undergoing a change, and yet, in conforming to circumstances, the self denial in giving up to what seemed right, cost us little to what we imagined it would.

The fact is, if we begin to count our wants in matters of dress and personal expenses, we may never cease to count, but if we commence to reduce them to our reasonable needs, we shall find that a much more modest sum may cover the expenditures than we could have thought possible. And so I found it, carrying the war into little things in every department of household economy, and studying to simplify expenses all around. Why, even in buttons I saved quite a little sum using the more common ones on the children's every day clothing; on garments where I had usually thought that only a pearl or other nice button

was good enough in the family. And as much as buttons need to be replaced the item is no small one in the course of the year.

In the purchase of toilet articles also we have found room to save something, for nearly the amount spent on the many little things, so pleasant to have at hand, is considerable, but if not supplied in abundance no real suffering ensues. The children have entered into the experiment of helping save, 'because papa had been sick,' and surely it is doing them good, rather than otherwise, by causing them to consider if they are spending wisely, and teaching them to practice self denial in little ways, before untied. And in this, their father joins us, studying carefulness without stinginess, more than before."

"If you had not told us this," said Mrs. Gaylord, "no one would have dreamed you were living in less good style than before, or thought that all these things were being practiced in your household."

"Yes, it is just as I said," replied Mrs. Dalton, "where we reduce our expenses is mostly in superfluities, and in being content with less changes of raiment, and sometimes with a less elaborate yet not a bit less respectable article than before. And now I find that I can do more of my own sewing and yet not be so worried and perplexed as when more suits, and such intricate trimmings were indulged in. And thus we have less to go out of fashion, and," continued she smiling, "are less puzzled as to what to wear, when we have fewer changes from which to select. But the pleasure of it all is, that by this giving up so many fancied wants, we have saved enough to make up for Mr. Dalton's illness, and are now laying up something every month for future needs."

And the thought that we can save for such times, and for the larger expenses of the children's education and needs, as they grow older, more than repays little self denials, while we feel altogether more indulgent of Mrs. Grundy than ever before we have done. If we have less for show, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have something of worth in substance occurring, and at the same time no real need is sacrificed to that end. But dear me," said Mrs. Dalton, "how egotistical I have been, only you promised to overlook it you know."

"And we all thank you, and I hope may profit by your story," said Mrs. Pomeroy, "but tea is ready now."

"And my yarn finished," said Mrs. Dalton.

SEWING MACHINE CONVENIENCES AND USES.

Those who have sewing machines without cabinet cases, can make a very useful cover of a pasteboard box, which can be found at any dry goods store. Cover this, either by pasting or by sewing, with cambric the same color of the table, turn this bottom upwards over the machine upon the table; it will protect from injuries as well as a box of wood costing two or three dollars.

A more convenient cover, for those who have small children and little house room, may be made of one and

a half yards of cambric; cut in two pieces, three-quarters each, sew together, round off the corners, hem the edge, and put in a strong elastic cord. This will cover both machinery and table, the elastic will keep it in place; it can be easily put on, and when not in use can be folded and put in the work basket.

A pair of scissors fastened by a piece of braid to some part of the machine will keep them ever in readiness. A pin cushion attached to some other part will be found very convenient. The peculiar formation of our machine suggested this idea, which we put in practice, and have found it exceedingly useful. A piece of pasteboard covered with cambric, on which pockets may be sewed, after the manner of lining work baskets, can be tied to the framework of the machine below the table. In these may be kept thread, thimble, buttons, and small pieces of work, which the one drawer of many machines would not hold.

The mother who has not a single hour each day to devote to her sewing, will find much can be accomplished when all these conveniences are just at hand. The little dress or pants might often be finished in the time taken to hunt in basket and cupboard, the articles and utensils necessary to complete it. Boys of ten and twelve years, who have no sisters, can easily be taught to do the machine work on their own clothing.

Much of the family mending may be done by the machine. We have never enjoyed ours more than when by its use we have repaired some heavy garment for farm wear, in one-half the time it would have taken to do it by hand.

If we make good use of our sewing machines they will bring us many hours of rest and pleasure; but if we cover our garments with tucks and ruffles, and thus multiply our sewing till it meets the capacity of the machine, its use increases our work instead of lessening it. The making of elaborate clothing may be done very rapidly, but the washing and ironing of it will return on many a sultry summer day. We do not discard all trimmings; there is no more tasteful inexpensive way of finishing garments than with a moderate quantity of tucks and ruffles, on a few of the nicer fabrics, that are not for every day wear. In mercy to ourselves and our domestics, if we have them, let us make most of our clothing in a plain, tasteful manner—then the sewing machine will become a blessing wherever found.—*Western Rural*.

ENAMELLED FACES.

The fashion of painting the face is actually getting to be almost universally practised in "good society." There was a time when the flashy enamel, the glaring rouge, the India ink for the eyebrows, and the crimson lip salve, were left to the exclusive use of women who are never seen or mentioned among decent people; but with the general adoption of false hair, the art of frescoing the human countenance seems to have become legitimized among persons who deem themselves the best of the hu-

man family. Even men condescend, it is said, to use these cosmetic artificers to make themselves beautiful! The slaves of these silly fashions deceive nobody but themselves.

An English writer forcibly remarks: It is impossible to walk in the row, to saunter along the drive, or attend any of the various gatherings where fair faces are supposed to be the chief attraction, without noticing how many of them owe their imagined charms to another hand than that of nature. During the last eight years the odious practice of painting the face has been steadily growing, until, in the most conspicuous classes of society, the practice has ceased to be the exception, and has become a rule.

Once more, as in the time of Steele, we have a race of Piets amongst us, and even the youngest fingers dabble in the pigment. The disease has spread from the cheeks to every portion of the face. The mouth, which one would have thought the last to catch the infection, has taken it in the most violent form, and hundreds of women in London go about with a perpetual lie upon their lips. Pencils for the eyebrows, and even for the eyelashes, are common wares on a modern toilet table.

Nothing strikes a stranger to Hyde Park more forcibly than the want of expression in the countenances which dash past him during the hours that carriages congregate in that much affected spot. They lack all mobility. There is no play of the features about them; they are fixed and set. Moore would never have compared any of them to the lake that breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun. This phenomenon, so often remarked on, is fully explained when it is remembered that a single injudicious smile might mar the labor of hours. It is lamentable to think that the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere is too often to be attributed, not to any inherent refinement or to any inherited calm grace, but rather to a horrible fear that a moment's animation might thwart the study of an entire morning.

POISONED BY HAIR DYE.

Shortly after the death of Dr. J. M. Witherwax, which occurred on the 15th of last June, the Scott County Medical Society appointed a committee, consisting of Drs. J. W. H. Baker, Hazen, Farquarson, Cantwell, and French, to investigate the causes which led to his death, it having been the opinion of several medical gentlemen that he died from the effects of lead poison.

The Committee, through Dr. Baker, have prepared the report, in which they unanimously concur in the opinion that the cause of Dr. Witherwax's death was rightly surmised, and that the poison was introduced into the system through the use of hair dye. For four years previous to his demise, Dr. Witherwax had used the dressing almost daily on his hair and whiskers, and frequently during the whole period suffered from pains which were similar to those produced by lead colic.

Drs. Hazen and Cantwell each made four separate analyses of the liver of Dr. Witherwax and one of the kidneys, and found lead in the tissues of those organs each time. Their report ac-

companies that of the committee.

In the report Dr. Baker as chairman cites many instances given in prominent medical works and journals, in which individuals have died from diseases produced by the use of hair dyes, in which symptoms very similar to those manifested in the case of Dr. Witherwax were betrayed. Furthermore, it is established that congestion of the brain is not unfrequently produced by these dyes.

It is stated that all the numerous hair dyes in use, except one class, contains lead. The one exception contains nitrate of silver instead of lead, and that, while it does not poison the system, crisps and dries the hair—to its injury, of course.

The lead used on the hair is absorbed by the skin and thence conveyed to the different organs in the body, and effects its work of destruction by poison. The magic combs which are warranted to turn gray hair black, are made of lead, and Dr. Baker, cites an instance of the death from lead poison of an individual who used them.

And so the committee clearly demonstrated the fact that the use of modern hair dyes are dangerous to life, producing painful diseases, which sooner or later result in death. Gray hairs are honorable, it is said—and healthy might be added.—*Davenport Iowa Gazette*.

HINTS ON SHOPPING.

It is poor economy—or, rather, no economy at all—to purchase inferior fabrics because they are cheap. Persons in limited circumstances often commit this error. If a calico at ten cents a yard looks about as well as one at twelve or fifteen cents, the prudent purchaser will often think it economy to choose the low-priced goods. As it is low-priced, she may indulge in a yard or two more for ruffles or bias folds, flattering herself that cheap ornamentation is an equivalent for fine quality.

This mistake may be seen permeating the entire wardrobe of many sensible people. The result is simply this: they never have anything of really good quality, are always shabby, and always buying. None but rich people can afford to buy poor goods. This rule applies to all sorts of goods—muslins, cloths, carpets and table linen. We grudge the time we see women spending making up muslins of low grade for underclothing. There are so many stitches in a shirt! And when it lasts one year instead of two, as it should, there is just twice as much work as need to be. Better make three shirts of a finer quality of muslin than six of a lower grade of muslin.

Just so in flannels. A fifty-cent all-wool Shaker flannel will wear two or three times as long as flimsy cotton and wool stuff a few pennies cheaper. Especially in a family of children, fabrics should be chosen for service that when made up they may descend from one child to another, thus saving the mother time to stitch into her brain a little embroidery of thought and culture. A few rules with regard to shopping itself may be in place.

First: Have a list of articles to be purchased made out in black and white.

By this means you will be saved from sudden temptation to buy what is not really necessary, and forget nothing that you require.

Second: Deal only with merchants in whose business integrity you can confide.

Third: In a long run one always does better to buy at one and the same place than to run about for the purpose of hunting up bargains. A regular customer can often get favors denied to an occasional purchaser.

Fourth: Never buy what you don't want simply because it is cheap.

MAKING A CALICO DRESS.

Caroline had just come in from the store with a new calico dress of a large sized pattern, which she was about to make up.

"You know, Aunt Elizabeth, I have only my evenings to sew in, but with the sewing machine I can get along fast. Now, how would you make this up? I bought fifteen yards, so I might surely have enough."

"Enough for two dresses, almost," said Aunt Elizabeth.

"Oh, but I must have an overskirt, and I think I shall trim the skirt with two bias pieces stitched on both edges. It will take a great deal of time to cut and baste on the strips, but I think I shall do it. Or would you ruffle the overskirt and flounce the under one? Which was fashionable when you left the city, Auntie?"

"Caroline, if you will take my advice, you can make a very good dress of this, though I should have chosen a smaller pattern. But if you 'witch up' the skirts in the style you speak of it will make it ridiculous. What might be suitable in other material would look absurd in calico. A neat, simple Garibaldi waist, with a pretty row of buttons down the front, and a narrow ruffle of the calico down each side of the buttons, set on firmly to a full plain skirt, neatly hemmed, would be the nicest and most elegant style you could make it. There may be real elegance in even the style of a simple calico dress, and there may be just the opposite. Our country girls too often make a mistake just here. If they cannot afford rich dresses, bunched up in the present absurd style, they fancy that the next best thing to it would be to make up their calicoes in that fashion. A French sewing-girl knows better; you do not see such an incongruity in her dress; you do not see them go out in the streets with a shabby old hat in faded ribbons and flowers. They may wear very plain ones with only a band of velvet, but they are fresh, and clean, and beautiful. Shabby finery is an American institution. Try, dear Carrie, to cultivate a healthier and more fastidious taste in these matters, and your example may help some other poor girl to do likewise."—*Country Gentleman*.

—Lemon juice and glycerine will aid in whitening the skin. Pour a little glycerine in the palm of the hand, and add a few drops of lemon juice. Rub over the face, neck, and hands. Repeat the operation every night and morning for a week or ten days.



COUNTRY CHILDREN.

Little fresh violets,
Born in the wild wood;
Sweetly illustrating
Innocent childhood;
Shy as the antelope—
Brown as the berry—
Free as the mountain air,
Romping and merry.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
Peep from the hedges,
Shaded by sun bonnets,
Frayed at the edges!
Up in the apple trees,
Heedless of danger,
Manhood in embryo
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly patch,
Seeking the berries—
Under the orchard tree,
Feasting on cherries—
Trampling the clover blooms
Down 'mong the grasses,
No voice to hinder them,
Dear lads and lasses!

No grim propriety—
No interdiction;
Free as the birdlings
From city restriction!
Coining the purest blood,
Strengthening each muscle,
Donning health armor
'Gainst life's coming bustle!

Dear little innocents!
Born in the wild wood:
Oh, that all little ones
Had such a childhood!
God's blue spread over them,
God's green beneath them,
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them!

THE CARE OF INFANTS.

Number One.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

THE young of the human species is not only tender and frail, a beautiful opening bud of humanity, but is the most helpless and dependent of living creatures. In its helplessness and frailty it challenges our admiration and attention, secures our regard, monopolizes our affections, twines around our hearts and finds a safe resting-place in the inmost retreat of our emotional nature. Reach us as they may, though unwelcome as they sometimes are, they still storm the citadel of our better nature, capture our finer and more ennobling feelings and love, and soon become a part of our nature as of an endeared necessity. Pity for the man who in coldness turns away from such a frail flower, but a thousand pities for the creature claiming to be a woman who is willing to sacrifice her maternal nature, or who does not legitimately and lovingly yearn for the care of such a treasure and who does not as naturally and as necessarily love such a being, as the delicate flower turns its beautiful face toward the glorious sun. And what words of scorching censure, what terms of overwhelming and scathing reproach should be hurled on that recreant mother—if she may be allowed that sacred name—who, forgetful of every noble and humanizing impulse, every womanly characteristic, and every vestige of moral obliga-

tion, who can ruthlessly "stamp out" such frail life, attack with malicious intent such a frail and innocent creature and murder her own offspring! Yet she does it and is too often aided in her murderous designs by the father and by the family physician, or some one of the profession, whose culture and position should serve as an insurmountable barrier all such ignoble and heinous crimes.

It is well, helpless as they are, that they are such special objects of affection, that most parents are so ready to lavish such treasures of love upon them. Yet, in our ignorance and as a result of strange follies and crude ideas of the needs and nature of such tender creatures, they are far too often the victims of neglect, cruelty and injudicious treatment, the result of false principles. Indeed there is even now a fatality among infants when diseased, an amount of bodily infirmity, which, if existing among the domestic animals, would excite intense alarm and arouse entire communities in the effort to investigate the causes of such frightful ravages and to seek remedies for their removal. The time has been, and not far in the past, when about one-half of the entire population in civilized society died before reaching the age of five years. Now it cannot be possible that such fatality, such an amount of pain and suffering are really necessary, or any part of the divine plan, applying only, under ordinary circumstances, to the highest order of creation. It would be a reasonable inference indeed, that since reason, intelligence and judgment are superior to instinct in the brutes, and since man is constituted the lord of creation, made, as the Psalmist assures us, to have dominion over the lower orders of creation, man's higher position should secure an exemption from most of these ills, resulting in a life of comparative health, vigor and physical power. But such are only obtained, either for the infant or adult, by obedience to the laws of our being.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the greatest suffering and fatality are during the first days and weeks of mortal life, during the brief term in which the infant is becoming accustomed to the new relations and conditions—acclimated—so abrupt is the change in condition. It is from this fact of the abruptness of the change in condition, the changed performance of the functions of some of the organs, that there is so much occasion for tenderness of treatment, the exercise of patience, the existence of unfailing affection—paternal care and maternal regard and solicitude.

In future issues it is proposed to discuss the subject more in detail, presenting some of the more glaring errors of treatment with some of the more cruel customs, etc.

FRANKNESS WITH CHILDREN.

On a very important topic a writer in the Christian Union wisely says:

Several children were playing near my window to-day, while I sat writing inside. My attention was drawn to them by the clear, happy voice of my little son, for it was a dirty word I heard him say. I saw by his whole

manner that he had no conception of its meaning, but made the exclamation as he had heard some one else—and to a little girl as innocent as himself.

"Hush!" said an older boy. "Your mother can see you." The little fellow did not seem to see the application to the remark, and the play went on. That evening, when we were alone, I asked him about it. No particular impression had been made upon his mind, so I told him what I had heard, and explained the immodesty of using the word he did—a word that has no decency in any sense whatever. He comes to me now with every new idea he gets. If I can only retain his confidence, how thankful I shall be! It is worth while to consider how this can be done.

Some mothers very carelessly betray the little secrets their children confide to them. They are simply amused by the candor of the little ones, and repeat their sincere utterances as good jokes. Then, perhaps, the big brothers or sisters tease the little things about their honest speeches. It is very cruel, especially in its lasting results. What a beautiful thing a child's sincerity is, and how it refreshes one in the midst of the artificiality and constraint of grown-up people! It should be carefully guarded, and need only be taught such restraint as a liberal interpretation of the golden rule imposes. A mother who does not encourage her children to confide childish pleasures and troubles to her sympathy, need not expect that her sons and daughters will make her a confident of their love affairs, or speak freely to her of their religious hopes and doubts and denials.

It is not difficult to teach children a becoming modesty, in respect to certain subjects, in mixed company. But children should be encouraged to speak with the utmost frankness to their parents. There are certain questions that they will ask, and they will naturally go to their mothers first for the desired information. It seems to me a great pity for any mother to lose this precious opportunity. Their curiosity, once roused, must be satisfied somehow. Who shall do it, and how shall it be done?

A mother can tell a falsehood—some sort of silver spade, or hollow log or doctor's saddle bags story—but it will not be long before she will be found out in a lie, and will that pay?

She may put off her child with the remark that "it is not proper to talk about such things;" or "when you are old enough you will know all about it;" but such a course only whets curiosity, as I know by my own experience. My mother used to tell me kindly but mistakenly, "when you are older I will tell you all about it." I would come again, begging, "I am older now. Tell me now," to be again put off. The curiosity was certainly innocent. It always is in its beginnings, but the only way to preserve its innocency is to meet it frankly. A playmate told me part of the truth, and I ran with it to mother. She with the best of intentions, affected to be shocked, promised to tell me all I wanted to know when I should be fourteen years old. She never had the op-

portunity. Long before the appointed time came, I learned a great deal more than I should have thought of asking her or any one else, as I lay awake and heard two older girls—excellent girls, too—relating to each other all that they had surreptitiously gleaned relating to the physical development and functions of woman. I did not tell this to my mother, for it was what she did not wish me to know. Some feeling of honor led me to keep it all to myself for a good while, and then how I astonished some of my companions with my knowledge! Worse things than this might have happened to all of us. Suppose some ignorant and evil minded servant girl had found a vile pleasure in feeding our curiosity. Such things have occurred.

There are mothers—an increasing number, I suppose—who meet their children's questions of this kind promptly and truthfully. I have never heard of one who had reason to regret such a course. Once I heard a good man deal with this subject in a sermon, so plainly that some modest people, and some not so modest, had to bow their heads. One woman who heard him, soon had occasion to put his teachings in practice. Her little boy, eight or nine years old, came to her with the question of every child about the origin of our bodies. This is my opportunity, thought the mother, and she promised him as she would about anything else, that when she could get a chance she would tell him what he wanted to know. She kept her word. The child listened reverently—for you can guess a good mother would speak very seriously and tenderly, as of sacred things. He asked more questions, and she answered them probably with a frankness hardly contemplated at the outset. It seemed to her that the talk did them both good, and that her son was hers more intimately than ever before, in close confidence and guardianship.

Does any one suppose that a child so taught would go and retail the knowledge to profane ears? The children are rare, I hope, who could betray such confidences. It must be safest for children to get information on these topics before the development of the passions. Yet one would hesitate to direct a child's thoughts to these matters before curiosity is awakened. Mothers will see the proper occasions if they are attentive to their children's development. It is surprising how little information will satisfy a child if given just when desired. Give an honest answer to the first question, and probably a long time will pass before it will be followed up.

I have heard how boys sometimes congregate on board piles or in sheds, on summer evenings, and tell all the indecent stories they have gathered in vile places, chuckling over having found out so much that big folks know, but conspire to keep boys ignorant of. If a child who has received "well-stated knowledge" strays among them, I fancy he will not love to linger. But an innocent child to whom all these things are strange, might be detained by itching ears till great harm had been done.

THE BEAR'S DINNER.

"O, papa! please tell us a story now, while you have nothing to do!" exclaimed one and another of a group of little ones, climbing around their father, as he sat resting by the evening fire.

"Well, as I have 'nothing to do,' I suppose I must. What sort of a story shall it be?"

"A bear story," said one; "O yes, tell us about the bear who stole a dinner!"

Papa protested that he had told that story over and over again, but indulgently gave it again, as requested.

We listened, too, to the story which was such a favorite with the children, and as we had never seen it in the newspapers, we thought it might perhaps amuse "our little folks."

"A good many years ago," said papa, "before I was born, my father and mother went to live in the northern part of New York State. If you look on your map now you will see towns and villages dotted about where then there were scarcely any settlements—nothing but thick woods."

"Bears in 'em?" asked a boy with wide open eyes.

"Yes, woods with bears in 'em—only think!"

"I shouldn't think your father and mother would have liked to go and live where the bears were."

"O, the bears did not often trouble settlers. I do not know that any ever came near my father's place. But afterwards, when they had come back to the East to live, and I was a little fellow climbing on my father's knee, just as you do now, he used to tell me this story about a man who settled out there—I suppose somewhere near them.

This man had built a saw-mill, some distance from his house, and often he used to go to the mill to work all day taking his dinner with him.

You have seen a saw-mill? You know its use is to saw big, heavy logs—the trunks of trees—into nice, smooth boards, to build houses with.

Well, one day the man had been hard at work all the morning at his mill, and when it drew near noon, he began to feel hungry, and thought he would stop and eat his dinner. So he sat down on a log upon which the saw was working, with his tin-pail by his side. Was he afraid of the saw? O no, he could jump off at any moment, if he came too near the saw.

While he was eating the good things which his wife had put up for him, and thinking of his work, his home, and his babies, who should come up but a rough old bear!

Bruin smelled the goodies, and thought he would put in for a share. So he quietly mounted the log, on the other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck his nose into it, as if he should say, 'Give me some.'

The good man was somewhat startled, you may believe, by the appearance of such a visitor. Of course he would not be so impolite as to refuse him a share of the feast; but he was afraid that when Bruin had finished his dinner, he might take it into his head to give him a loving hug by way of thanks so he prudently withdrew to a safe distance, and gave up

the whole to him. Bruin munched in perfect content, with his nose in the pail and his back to the saw, while the owner of the dinner looked on from his hiding-place, and wished for his gun.

But in the meantime the log had been gradually working up towards the saw, and now all at once the bear felt a slight nip in his tail. At this he growled and gave an angry shake, moving a little further down the log. Presently he received another nip, and growled more savagely, but could not turn from his delightful repast. But when he had moved a third time within reach of the saw, and felt another bite, his bear nature could stand it no longer; so he turned in a rage, and hugged the old saw with all his might. And what happened then? Why of course he was cut in two; and the man had bear meat enough for a number of dinners, besides nice bear-skin caps for his little boys, to keep their ears warm.

Now you have been told to look out for a moral in a story; what shall we learn from this? Why,

1. That he who steals a dinner, is likely to pay dear for it.

2. That he who flings himself in a passion against anything which annoys him, will be apt to get sorely cut and wounded thereby, and make matters very much worse."

PLAYTHINGS FOR CHILDREN.

Would you allow children to have abundance of playthings, new ones daily, as many as they might wish?

Ans.—No. A few that will bear handling, and may be cuffed and kicked about, are better than a multitude of toys that are mainly worthless. Reflecting people are beginning to discover that there are too many playthings invented for children. The thing is overdone entirely. Instead of being adapted to the few and simple wants of expanding child-nature, they are piled up about the juveniles just to incite their wonder; and they are made in this way precocious, forward and old. Childishness is expelled. The bloom is rubbed off. Young folks only want to be amused, and the surest way of doing that is to help them a trifle in amusing themselves.

Instead, therefore, of so many senseless toys, which are a matter of merchandise more than anything else, give a little girl her doll, her little utensils to learn the work in the kitchen with, and some other things to lead her along in the love of domestic work. Housekeeping is to be her realm. As for the boys, a rake, a hoe, spade, wheelbarrow, hammer, and a few more articles of such character are what they require. A patch in the garden or field, where they can combine amusement with learning, is better than a dozen rocking horses or a floor covered with toys.—*Herald of Health.*

DON'T GIVE LIQUOR TO CHILDREN.

One of the first literary men in the United States said to the writer, after speaking on the subject of temperance: "There is one thing which, as you visit different places, I wish you to do

everywhere; that is, to entreat every mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight it as for my life all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirits when a child. I acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine take a drop of liquor for anything. Warn every mother, wherever you go, never to give a drop to a child."

THE PUZZLER.

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

ANSWERS:—1. Duke of Wellington. 2. Andrew Jackson. 3. Warren. 4. An earthly steed was yoked, they say,

Unto Apollo's golden grey,
To draw the burning car of day,
But stumbled on the starry way.

5. REGAL 6. HALE
ELUDE AMEN
GUIDE LEAD
ADDER ENDS
LEERS

7. V
LEE
DERRY
VERMONT
TIOGA
INE
T

8. Shakspeare. 9. Byron. 10. Dryden. 11. Hemans. 12. Cowper. 13. Goldsmith. 14. Bancroft. 15. Lingard. 16. Webster. 17. Scott. 18. Johnston. 19. Darwin. 20. Gibbon.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of forty-four letters.

My 29, 36, 18, 21, 34 according to Greek mythology, was the founder of Ninevah.

My 33, 27, 40, 4, 12, 22, 16 is supposed to have been the first astronomer of antiquity.

My 31, 39, 35, 24, 11, 3, 38, 43 was a famous hero of the Trojan war.

My 35, 6, 44, 19, 2, 13, 26, 34 was a famous battle of the eleventh century, fought by the Normans and English, in which an English king was killed.

My 23, 5, 37, 17, 14, 12, 42, 9 was a celebrated French orator.

My 41, 36, 7, 32, 43 was a fort in one of the southern states noted in the Indian war of 1813.

My 1, 24, 10, 34, 28, 25 is the name of a general.

My 20, 30, 17, 21, 8, 33, 15 was a celebrated English poet.

My whole is an American poet and his birthplace.

ENIGMA.

3. I am composed of thirty-two letters.

My 29, 4, 15, 23, 12, 19 is an Austrian city.

My 20, 18, 28, 10 is a bird.

My 17, 8, 4, 27 is an animal.

My 31, 14, 27, 3, 5, 25 are a foreign people.

My 7, 21, 13 stands for one of the months.

My 11, 6 stands one of the points of the compass.

My 20, 1, 22, 32, 5 is a weapon.

My 9, 24, 16, 26, 30, 2 was a great inventor.

My whole was a president of the United States and his birthplace.

ANAGRAM.

4. Ho snaitofun! newh ni ouy halls I Symfel, saede fo lufpeacune ghtouht pyse?

Oh, lefids! ho, dowos! hewn, newh halls I eb dema

Het pypah antent fo royu sheda?

SQUARE WORDS.

5. A precious metal; one of the states of our union; stage of fibre; to regard with fondness.

6. A fruit; an adjective; to suffer pain; L. of a medicine.

CHARADES.

7. My first and second are articles, Or a preposition in Greek;

My third's a weight among the French; And now my whole you seek.

But do not leave it with aversion, For it always signifies inversion.

8. My first possessed of fragrance rare Has long been known to fame,

It grows in foreign lands afar; My second is the same.

At first my whole so softly ran All through the swaying crowd,

Then rose and fell in billowy swell With surging long and loud.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

9. I never saw such a — in all my

10. The — judge made a —.

11. The — by — means.

12. The — dull.

HIDDEN FRUITS.

13. At the cape a rolling surf breaks.

14. A plump chicken is good eating.

15. On the slope a church stands.

16. John is good at everything.

A COLLECTION OF POETS.

17. A servant. 18. A church officer.

19. Merry. 20. A color. 21. A tall

man. 22. A Scotchman. 23. A metal

and a workman. 24. A preposition

and an imperative. A. M. B.

ARITHMOREM.

25. 1000 and oey; a large city in Japan.

6 and tanoo; a public demonstration.

150 and neu; an elder relative.

500 and ezar; levelled.

1100 and atcosarn; a large city in California.

50 and rau; a range of mountains in Europe.

202 and abb; pertaining to the Scriptures.

2 and searb; a country of Asia.

1051 and ucranota; a dangerous person.

1000 and pro; a rough girl.

4 and haone; a celebrated novel.

151 and pruea; some kind of people.

50 and yrtu; verily.

252 and e; a cold point, let it drop.

1000 and aoah; a place out west.

6 and rgtatona; an accomplished seaman.

The initials represent what is required of the reader, and the finals show what it will cost.



HOW TO CARVE MEATS.

CARVING is a very desirable accomplishment for both ladies and gentlemen, and should be taught. One cannot learn it by intuition, but by practice, joined by a small slice of theory. It is true that the French style of serving meat sliced is fast banishing the necessity of carving at the tables of the rich; but in middle life, where such elegance is not practised, a knowledge of carving should be a part of a boy's or girl's education.

How often we hear a person say: "Oh! excuse me, I cannot carve. I never tried." Or, if it be attempted, one soon finds himself sadly embarrassed. He grasps the knife and fork desperately; he has learned that a slice of the breast of a turkey is a dainty, that a wing is good, the second joint also, and the leg not so nice; but it is not an easy task to separate them; and he thinks he would rather chop wood than cut turkey. He does not know that on the back lies a delicious morsel called the "oyster," and that the side-bones below the second joint are considered titbits. This must be taught him.

Ladies ought especially to make carving a study; at their own home the task often devolves upon them, and they should be able to perform it with ease, and not be forced to accept the assistance of visitors, who would probably dread the operation. The platter should be placed so near to the carver that he has full control over it; if far off, nothing can prevent an ungraceful appearance. A sharp knife is requisite, and a thin, well-tempered blade.

In carving a turkey, cut off the wing nearest to you first, then the leg and second joint; then slice the breast until a rounded, ivory-shaped piece appears; insert the knife between that and the bone, and separate them; this part is the nicest bit of the breast; next comes the "merry thought." After this, turn over the bird a little, and just below the breast you will find the "oyster," which you separate as you did the inner breast. The side bone lies beside the rump, and the desired morsel can be taken out without separating the whole bone. Proceed the same way with the other side. The fork need not be removed during the whole process.

An experienced carver will dissect a fowl as easily as you can break an egg or cut a potato. He retains his seat, manages his hands and elbows artistically, and is perfectly at ease. There is no difficulty in the matter; it only requires knowledge and practise, and those should be taught in the family, each child taking his or her turn. Chickens and partridges are carved in the same way.—*Hearth and Home.*

SUPPER.

Nothing makes a tea-table so cozy as a bubbling kettle. The only wonder is that any one should dispense

with the luxury. What with its shining copper sides reflecting your smile, its glaring flame, gas-fed or alcohol-fed, its hiss of blue steam, its home-like singing, everything about it is suggestive and delightful. And what good tea it makes when all the old-fashioned rules are observed: the hot cups, the drop in each saucer, the freshly-scalded pot, the water caught at the happy moment of boiling, the judicious steeping over the lamp! Oh! there is nothing like it. No Irish Biddy ever finds the knack. "Catch people making good tea out of the room where they are not going to drink it themselves," says Charles Reade. And he is right.

And then, if the kitchen fire is low or the cook out or sulky, the same spirit-lamp or gas jet can be made to do further duty. For, in spite of the laws of health, people will sometimes grow tired of sweetmeats, and they demand a morsel of something savory with their bread and butter; and what can be better than a bright tin chafing dish on the table? There is Katie or Louisa, who will consider it fun to stir the scrambled eggs carefully about the shining dish, while mamma pours the tea, or to thicken the cream for dipped toast, or frizzle the crisp slices of dried beef with a little butter. And small hungry noses all around will sniff the appetizing gale, and petitions will be put in by small voices for a little bit, "just a little tiny bit," off papa's plate. And the cozy, and, so to speak, picnic character of the performance will make the whole meal pleasant and cheery.

The material of supper should not be too sweet nor too heavy. Preserves and cake are nice in their way, but they should be treats rather than matters of course. Fresh fruit, or fruit simply cooked, mush, farina, wheaten grits, toast, cold bread, grated cheese, radishes, cress, simple and unexciting dishes of all kinds, are in order. Boiled ham grated fine is a nice relish for bread and butter, or a little finely chopped salmon or halibut. A light meal of this kind is apt to be followed by a pleasant evening: and then it means something when, lighting our bedroom candles and exchanging kisses, we prepare to go up-stairs and wish each other "Good night."

OF A CUP OF COFFEE.

It has been truthfully said that even in these enlightened days, and in the land most blessed by the influence of civilization, there are thousands upon thousands of persons born into the world who live long lives and then go down into their graves without ever having tasted a good cup of coffee. There are many reasons for this, and the principle one, of course, must be that so few persons know how to make good coffee. And yet there have been thousands of recipes and directions published which teach us how to make good coffee by boiling it; by not boiling it; by confining the essence and aroma; by making it in an open vessel; by steeping it; by clearing it: by not clearing it; by grinding it fine: by grinding it coarse, and by many other methods opposed to each other and to all these.

Now we do not intend to try to tell

anybody how to make good coffee, but we just wish to say a word about the treatment of the coffee after it is made. And on this treatment depends its excellence, brew it as you may. The rule is simple: never decant it. Whatever else you do about it, bring it to the table in the vessel in which it is made. A handsome urn or gorgeous coffee-pot is the grave of good coffee.

Of course, if it is a consideration more desirable to have the pot look well than to have the coffee taste well, we have nothing more to say. But when hot coffee is emptied from one vessel into another, the kitchen ceiling generally receives that essence-laden vapor which should have found its way into the cups. When the coffee enters them it should find the milk or cream already there. By observing these rules, ordinary coffee, made in almost any way, is often very palatable indeed.—*Scribner.*

SETTING THE TABLE.

Let us be a little extravagant in our fresh table cloths, when soap, water, and a little labor are all we have to pay. And now we must decide, shall we have the best china and do with stoneware every day? or shall we pay ourselves the respect usually reserved for company? Clearly, we are the persons to whom it is of the most importance. Shall we sit down to odd plates and cracked saucers six days that we may enjoy gilded china the seventh? By no means. We shall have plain white French china, which can always be matched when broken, and we will set down to it every day.

In the same way we will bring out the plated knives and silver forks, and partake of food with a sense of our own deserts. We shall feel increased respect for ourselves, also, with napkins and butter plates; so those we will have.

HARD AND SOFT BOILED EGGS.

It is understood that eggs are more easily digested if "rare" than "well" done, but which portion of the egg resists digestion—the "white," which is nearly pure albumen, or the yolk? Lately experiments have been made in this direction with ample opportunity of demonstration that healthy gastric juice, which the stomach secretes for purposes of digestion, will not act readily on firmly coagulated white of egg, even if cut in small pieces not larger than ordinary peas (and that is as fine as people usually chew their food) while it acts with facility upon the more brittle yolk. The reason is that the coagulated albumen is very compact and tenacious, and would need to be "ground to powder" to accept the chemical affinities of the gastric juice.

Pour into the basin boiling water sufficient to cover the eggs, put the eggs into the water and let them remain ten or fifteen minutes, according to circumstances and your own taste; keep the water nearly up to boiling temperature, but do not boil the eggs. Fresh eggs will cook more quickly than old ones, and of course small ones quicker than large ones. By this process you will find the yolks well cooked, while the white is left in a condition to digest readily.—*Ex.*

THE DESSERT.

"When I put my foot down, I'll have you to understand," says Mrs. Nojoker, "that there is something there." On investigation it was found to be a No. 11 shoe.

"I am certain, wife, that I am right, and you are wrong. I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to such extreme lengths."

"Bitten by an alleged mad dog" is the mild way in which it is put in Baltimore, to avoid hurting the dog's feelings, should he merely be laboring under a temporary aberration.

A citizen of Connecticut, recently introduced to a newly-married man, congratulated him warmly, and said: "Ah, these Litchfield county girls make clever wives; I've had three of 'em."

An Irishman referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high.—"I can't say he did," said Terence, "but he died high." Like the banks in those days he was suspended.

A venerable country gentleman said to a newsboy in the Strand, London, on Thanksgiving day, "boy, I want to go to the Somerset House." "Very well," replied the boy, "you may go, if you'll promise not to be gone long."

The progress of luxury is strikingly illustrated in a modern sea voyage. A letter written from on board an Atlantic steamship says: "I hear the notes of a piano, the lowing of a cow, the cackle of hens, indeed all the noises of the barnyard, here in mid ocean."

The bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff Englishman, on being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith, an' you'll find it plenty long, sir, when you get into it," was the reply: "for then there will be two feet more added to it."

A stingy man who pretended to be very careful of his horse, but kept him nearly starved, said to a friend, "You don't know how much we all think of that horse. I shall have him stuffed, so as to preserve him when he dies." "You'd better stuff him now," retorted the friend, "so as to preserve him living."

"Now Johnny," said a venerable lady to her six year old nephew, who was persistently denying an offence of which she had accused him, "I know you are not telling me the truth." Putting down the lower lid of the organ that had so nearly betrayed his veracity, Johnny exultingly replied: "You can't tell anything about it aunt; that eye always was a little streaked."

"Well, my little man, what are you going to do for a living when you grow up?" inquired a gentleman of a little boy at the Four Courts the other day. "O, I'm going to be a lawyer," was the reply. "I wouldn't be a lawyer, if I were in your place," said the gentleman. "Yes; my father is a lawyer, and I intend to be one, too," returned the little fellow, adding in a confidential whisper, "if you are a lawyer the policeman can't take you up o'nights."



SPINAL DEFORMITY.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

A GLANCE at the "forms" of far too many of the females of our boarding-schools, factories, and at our homes—of course abating what the dress-maker has done to disguise certain deformities—would scarcely suggest the idea of the psalmist, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made." In far too many instances the beautiful and graceful curve of the spinal column, so admirably constructed and adjusted to secure ease of movement, prevent injury from accident, and protect the internal viscera, is wholly supplanted by the most ungraceful and destructive distortions. Added to the absence of a proper muscular development in early life induced both by wrong or deficient exercise and by a disregard of the supply of the food best calculated to nourish and perfect the muscles, the ill-constructed seats in our school-rooms and elsewhere are annually producing a vast amount of suffering and disease. High, narrow, and in all respects uncomfortable, they necessitate an unnatural position, the shoulders being raised too much by the resting of the elbows on the desk, producing a stooping or unnatural posture, while the same influences are exerted elsewhere, from similar causes, sadly distorting the spine—rarely sufficiently supported by firm muscles—and slowly but surely robbing far too many of the young of their natural grace and ease of movement, and with this destroying vital energy and health.

And at our homes, those who run the sewing machine, or who from any cause sit long in a posture in which adequate support is not secured, with those who sit for weary hours—as a task instead of enjoyment—at the musical instrument "practicing" at the command of a thoughtless teacher, sitting on a backless stool, all are alike the victims of this evil, sadly ignoring the laws of our physical being, save in the exceptional cases in which firm muscles may afford the necessary support.

As a result of such influences and indeed the legitimate result, the shoulders are depressed, the blades standing out at quite an angle from the back, the spine fearfully distorted, the chest "settled down," of course necessitating the crowding and displacement of the internal organs, designed, in their natural position, only for free action, having only sufficient room when the body is kept in its original condition.

This crowding of the stomach and the organs of digestion in general is sufficient cause of much of the debility of these organs, usually known as dyspepsia, that fearful scourge of civilized society. But the crowding of these does not complete the injury sustained by the victims of these deformities. Since there is no unoccupied space in the human body, the

crowding of one organ from its natural position necessarily intrudes upon the space of another, the upper ones falling into the space intended for the lower, of course crippling them, if not entirely destroying their integrity. As a necessary consequence, if the stomach, for example, is crippled from a want of sufficient space, it is manifest that it cannot freely perform the movements necessary to the proper digestion of the food, those intended to revolve such food in the stomach and combine it with the gastric juice, of course preventing perfect digestion. The liver and other organs are similarly crippled, though the greatest injury sustained is by those, connected with the derangement of which, females suffer intensely, the direct and indirect cause of most of debility, the "nervousness," the melancholy, and the general debility of a large class of sufferers.

Until recently but little has been done, save by advice and voluntary effort, to remedy these evils. A few years since a chair was constructed to conform to the natural curve of the spine which referred only to the natural posture while sitting at ease, affording no special aid to those sitting at work. The special demand for support to the spinal column is connected with the necessary posture of one while sitting at work, as at the sewing machine, the musical instrument, etc., labor in which the body must have some motion and elasticity, in which a wrong one, especially among the young, is almost inevitable, unless some support or guidance is afforded.

This support and control are admirably supplied by the "new spinal support"—invented by Cozzens, we think—an appendage to the chair or stool by which the body is rested and supported—kept in its true erect posture—preserving the natural curvature of the spinal column. This elastic support, fitted to the lower curve, not only secures a more natural position—erectness—elevating the head, relatively, but tends to prevent the pressing out and backward of that part of the spine, so often seen among the young, the commencement of this deformity. The general introduction of this support, it is believed, must prevent much of the deformity now so usual, especially among the young.

ADVICE TO YOUNG DOCTORS.

Dr. Youdell advises young doctors as follows about the treatment of the sick:

"In all things study the quiet, the ease, the enjoyment of your patients. Give them abundant fresh air and ice and cold water and fruit, when they desire such things. As to food, obey their appetites. Hunger and thirst have been well styled our 'physical conscience,' which in the sick-room is never to be disregarded. They are safer guides in respect to diet and drink than can be found in all our medical philosophy. They make known to us what the living organism needs. Whatever sick people have a true desire for they ought, therefore, to be indulged in. When your little patients have been sick a long time, and have become anæmic and emaciated, it may be for want of proper

food, have them carried to the table, and allow them to indicate by signs, if they have no words, what their systems require to build them up again.

Infants suffer great distress when ill, on account of thirst, which they have no way of making known to you except by their moans and cries. You will often be delighted to see how instantly these plaints cease on your giving the little sufferers a drink of cold water. Dismiss from your minds, then, and everywhere discountenance the absurd notion that cold drinks can ever be injurious to the sick.

Avoid noise in a sick room. Whispering, too, should be discountenanced. The attention of patients is attracted by it, and they are annoyed and fatigued by effort to hear. Some of my colleagues whisper that this is especially the case with lady patients. As a general rule, you may safely trust the feelings of convalescents in regard to sitting up and taking exercise as well as in reference to diet. In a word, you can scarcely consult the inclinations of the sick too far, except as to physic, of which, of course, they know nothing."

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

Take a strong rope, and fasten it to a beam overhead; to the lower end of the rope attach a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the center of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first—perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak—and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body, with the exception of the clavicle with the breastbone, being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest; and as Nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air, the natural purifier of blood, and preventing the congestion or the tuberculous matter.

We have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs and threatened consumption for thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and with good results. But especially as a preventive we would recommend this exercise. Let those who love to live cultivate a well-formed, capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes—ay, all—should have a swing on which to stretch themselves daily. We are certain that if this were to be practiced by the rising generation in a dress allowing a free and full development of the body, many would be saved from consumption.

Independently of its beneficial results, the exercise is an exceedingly pleasant one, and as the apparatus costs very little, there need be no difficulty about any one enjoying it who wishes to.—*Dio Lewis.*

KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.

When the cold, wet weather of autumn comes, men and boys put on thick shoes or boots. But women and girls hardly ever make any change until winter comes in dead earnest and very frequently not then.

How often do we see girls and women in the country, either with paper soled, or cloth gaiters on their feet, or old leather shoes so broken as to be no sort of protection against water? In the autumn we generally have heavy, frequent rains, and the ground is as full of water as a sponge. Farmers' girls and wives are in the habit of waiting upon themselves, doing their own part of the work, and not unfrequently doing things more properly belonging to the boys.

They run up the orchard for a basket of apples, they fetch a pumpkin from the field, they draw a bucket of water, and bring in an armful of wood. Sometimes, and quite often too, they feed the pigs. You will seldom find dry walks to all these places, and broken, or thin shoes, and the ground saturated with water, will, if they come in contact, produce wet feet.

Now as a preventive, put on thick soled shoes as soon as it comes on cold and damp. Don't say I'll wear my old shoes, and put on rubbers when its wet. You won't do it, you will be in too much of a hurry for a pail of water, to stop for rubbers; and you'll run out and get you feet wet, and you can't stop to change or dry them, and you wear them till night. Then will come upon you all the evils herein set down.

Dear girls, do take care of your feet. Keep them warm and dry. By so doing you stand a better chance of being healthy, and being healthy, a better chance of being happy.

GOOD TEETH.

Civilization makes sad work with our teeth. Savages are rarely troubled with a defect or ache in their dental apparatus. It is not hot drinks which destroy them prematurely, nor warm food, so much as acids too concentrated in vinegar, pickles, etc., which acts directly upon the lime in their composition, and thus crumbles them.

The foundation for sound, firm, white teeth must be laid in early life, by subsisting on food that contains the elements which the teeth must have, or they will be imperfectly formed, feeble in structure, and fall early into decay. If wheat flour were never bolted, but eaten with the bran, as we find it partially in graham bread, then the system would be abundantly provided with phosphate of lime, the essential ingredients for the formation of the teeth.

Butter contains a good proportion of the phosphate of lime, and hence those who consume much of it furnish from that source a supply for keeping their teeth in good condition. Children are usually lovers of bread and butter, especially if they are habitually fed on white-bread. In that way they obtain something for their teeth, but by no means enough. The coarser the food, especially bread, the better for young people. The soundest teeth belong to persons who have not been reared on delicacies.



BEYOND THE TIDE.

We read that beyond Death's dreary tide
Is a land so light that it needs no sun,
Where the gates of pearl stand open wide
Through a Sabbath-day that is never done.

We read that no pain can ever smite
The dwellers upon that glorious shore;
No dying is there, nor sin's sad blight,
And their tears are wiped for evermore.

It is very lonely this side the flood,
When those we loved have meekly died;
And in the silence of our abode
We listen for sound beyond the tide.

We know that there is a wondrous land,
And we stand on the River's stormy side;
Oh say if upon this earthly strand
There may float no sigh from beyond the tide?

Where is the angel that rolled the stone
From the sepulchre? Is the gulf so wide
That they only crossed to the Holy One
And never again from beyond the tide?

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE;
ITS QUALITY AND TENDENCY.

BY MARIA A. BROWN.

EVERYTHING has its influence, either for good or evil, and this influence is determined by the inherent qualities of the thing itself: like produces like.

The literature of a country partakes of the characteristics of the country from which it emanates, being a perfect reflection of its state. The American books of to-day prove this conclusively; they are superficial, glittering, evasive on all great questions, with an immense attention to details and none at all to substance, so that the diseased and deformed body with its morbid and sentimental mind, is well-dressed, the author is satisfied. Fashions and novels have the same aim. But there is occasionally a broad shaft of light from some rational and aspiring soul, which reveals through its bold genius the true standard and altitude of Americans. The grandeur of our republican basis, our far-reaching views and supernal principles, make the individuals of the nation in danger of seeming puny and pitiful on the colossal pedestal destined for titanic natures and superb achievements. The United States have made big promises, therefore their failures are more obvious and contemptible. Besides a magnificent prospectus by no means signifies literal fulfilment of all specifications.

Evils are very tenacious, and no formal rejection will actually keep them off. Thus under one name or another, perhaps with no name at all, but nevertheless in essence, we have all the oppressions from which our fore-fathers ran away, supposing they had left them behind. We have monarchy, in innumerable forms of despotism, monopoly, the spirit of caste, the supremacy of the higher classes over the lower, persecution of all kinds, religious intolerance, and lastly papacy, stubborn, complacent, secure of its empire, counting its proselytes by thousands. To all intents and purposes we might as well live in Europe, save from those principles,

which are occasionally remembered and subscribed to by the few firm men and women who are able to stand upright amid a reeling throng. Those same principles will yet save us, but we have a long way to travel before we reach attainment.

Now it may be that some nations, who have made none of our professions, have yet come nearer the desired condition, who have not succeeded in ridding themselves of the old forms, but yet enjoy better government, a purer and more cultivated society, a happier and more comfortable people, and a calmer and clearer mental sphere. These nations know that monarchy, aristocracy, a state church and imperfect laws yet exist among them, and are using the wisest and best considered efforts to remove or modify these obstructions to human progress. We think we have done away with them all, and these persistent barbarisms do all the more harm because their haunting presence is unnoted. There is nothing so dangerous as fancied security and fancied superiority.

The Scandinavian countries are making great strides in their quiet and equable way. No revolt, no revolution, no noisy debate, no public meetings, no clamor of any sort, yet manhood is proclaimed, individual sovereignty protected, woman's wrongs righted, and the masses made so contented that they have concluded not to emigrate to that fabled Elysium which turns out an actual purgatory. Consequently the Northern men are manly, upright, sincere and brave, with character, heart and nerve; the Northern women are women, and not nonentities; while the poets, artists, and writers expand in a pure and ideal mental atmosphere, upheld and encouraged by an unvitiated public taste.

Scandinavian literature is the only literature that has escaped censure on the score of immorality, grossness or perverted ideas,—the common complaint against foreign writings. It has been called simple and primitive, but are not simplicity and primitiveness sheer metaphysics to a false and artificial generation? It may do no harm to go back to fundamental laws. In the same sense may a statue and a painting be primitive because the art has been made subservient to nature and derives all its beauty from the source of beauty and perfection.

Americans have had their sense of right misled and their brains mystified with French and German literature, been intoxicated with the glare of a fitful and erratic genius, lending strange shapes and hues to realities, or plunged into obscure depths of aimless speculation, mis-named research, and now it is high time that they should have some healthy reading, not less interesting because it is veracious and life-like, nor less intellectual and profound because its equilibrium has not been lost.

Madame Maria Sophie Schwartz, the Swedish novelist, whose works we are publishing, is not a reformer in the American sense of the term, but she is the earnest and able advocate of every hoped for and prayed for progress. The novels almost imitate the high use for which novels are intended.

Professor Z. Topelius is one of the few men, past or present, who have been equal to producing historic romances. For this one must be a patriot, a just and discriminating judge of character, an impartial observer and reasoner, must revere great deeds and great persons, must discern causes, and lastly be brave enough to utter the truth. Topelius comes of an honest race, he has received the culture of little Finland, who stands first in enlightenment and civilization, and has breathed in the mystic poesy of the North from his boyhood days. He is thrice qualified for his work, and reaps a proportionate success.

THE HABIT OF READING.

"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake.

It isn't the books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. Those we devour in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on to the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, if but a page or a paragraph, we shall find our brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us.

Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be considered while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts, which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armor for the soul.

"Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, "and you will be learned." The odd minutes which we are inclined to waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall be ever thankful for.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

THE REVIEWER.

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr. Hitchcock & Walden, Publishers, Cincinnati.

The readers of the first two volumes of THE HOUSEHOLD will readily call to mind the excellent series of papers by Mrs. Dorr entitled

"Letters to Alice" and "Letters to Philip," the said "Alice" and "Philip" being supposed to be a newly married couple, just embarking upon the somewhat uncertain sea of real life, and in need of, as all young and inexperienced voyagers are, the friendly counsel and warning which only the experienced mariner can give. The Letters were much admired by our readers and were the subject of frequent comment by the press, by whom they were always alluded to in terms of highest commendation. Their re-publication in the beautiful manner in which they now appear is a matter of congratulation to the author and her many friends, and we are sure that none will more heartily rejoice in the advent of this volume than those members of THE HOUSEHOLD Band who read the same as it appeared from month to month in the pages of this journal. Aside from the interest which is attached to this work by our readers on the score of acquaintanceship it commends itself to every thoughtful man and woman, and especially to the newly married, its words of friendly counsel and cheerful encouragement being well adapted to temper the ecstasy of "Love's young dream" and dissipate the clouds which too often attend its awakening. We wish the volume could be read by every "Philip" and "Alice" in the land, and as the holidays are near at hand we would suggest that no more appropriate gift could be made a young couple than to place upon their center table a copy of Bride and Bridegroom.

We have received a beautiful steel engraving entitled THE ORPHAN'S RESCUE, engraved by J. A. J. Wilcox, from the original painting by Joseph John. The following poem descriptive of this picture is from the pen of Cora Van De Mark and is touchingly beautiful and graphic:

'Twas near the close of a summer-day;
The clouds had wept their grief away,
And left a sky so bright and clear,
It seemed that Heaven itself drew near.
A boat, in which two children played,
By swollen waves was gently swayed:
Till, loosened from the stake that bound
And held it to the beach aground,
It floated quickly from the shore,
As though the cataract's deep roar
Had charmed it, by a magic power,
To hasten to its doom that hour.
The frightened children saw the fate
That must their little bark await,
The boy, accustomed to her care,
Turned to his sister, in despair.
But through her veins what impulse thrilled,
And all her sensate being filled
With such a wild, resistless hope?
She seized, with steady hand, the rope,
And, standing with one hand upraised,
With calm, heroic face, she gazed
On foaming rapids, rocks and fall,
Prepared to bravely meet them all,
But suddenly she felt a power,
Born of the danger of the hour,
Turn, quietly, the boat aside,
And land it just beyond the tide,
Where rocks a niche of safety made,
And they could wait for human aid.
She did not see, with spirit eye,
Her parents' outstretched arms so nigh.
But felt the strong magnetic thrill
Of love, which danger changed to will;
When she that subtle power obeyed,
The hand of Death the angels stayed.

The original painting, valued at \$1500, is now on exhibition at the room of the publishers, Messrs. R. H. Curran & Co., 28 School-st., Boston, Mass.

SCRIBNER'S for October contains the third and last of Dr. Blauvelt's articles on "Modern Skepticism," which have excited more discussion than any similar articles which have appeared for a long time. The same number has the concluding pages of Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle," and of Bret Harte's "Episode of Fiddletown." Lulu Gray Noble prints a trenchant essay on "Free Marriage." George W. Cable gives us a very bright and characteristic little New Orleans story, and Albert Rhodes describes "A Day in the French Assembly." There is a pleasant paper on "Paying Debts," a valuable sketch of "Dr. Francis Lieber," a curious collection of "Turkish Proverbs," an interesting illustrated article on "The Geysers of California," by Benjamin P. Avery; another pictorial paper on "The New York Central Park," and a description, with Pictures, of "The Old Van Rensselaer Mansion." The poetry is by Geo. Macdonald, Edward Klug, D. N. Beach, J. V. C., and Caroline R. Wilkinson. Dr. Holland, in "Topics of the Time,"

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

EDWARD CLARK.

1. If men cared less for wealth and fame, And less for bat-tle-fields and glory; If, writ in human hearts, a
2. If men dealt less in stocks and land, And more in bonds and deeds fra-ter-nal; If Love's work had more will-ing
3. If men were wise in lit-tle things, Af-fect-ing less in all their dealings; If hearts had few-er rust-ed

name Seemed bet-ter than a song and sto-ry; If men, in-stead of nurs-ing pride, Would
hands To link this world to the su-per-nal; If men stored up Love's oil and wine, And on
strings To is-o-late their kind-ly feel-ings; If men, when wrong beats down the right, Would

learn to hate it and ab-hor it; If more re-lied on Love to guide, The world would be the better for it.
bruised human hearts would pour it; If 'yours' and 'mine' would once combine, The world would be the better for it.
strike to-gether and re-store it; If Right made Might in ev-'ry fight, The world would be the better for it.

discusses "Gentlemen in Politics," "Moderate Prices," and "A New Woman's College." In the Old Cabinet are "The Stagey Person," "A Friend with a Single Fault," and "Morning, Noon and Night," and the other regular departments are interesting. With the November number a new volume will commence. With it will begin two American serials, "Katharine Earle," by Miss Adeline Trafton, and "Earthen Pitchers," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The frontispiece in the September number is a very pretty picture giving an ideal view of a marshy forest during the carbonaceous period of the world. There are several other illustrations in this issue, and the literary contents are attractive and instructive. Since the enlargement of this magazine each number has contained a large amount of valuable reading

matter, comprising stories and articles on natural history, poems, etc., while the illustrations are not the least of the attractions contained within its pages. The different household departments always give much useful information, and the latest fashions are liberally portrayed and described each month. The subscription price is only \$2.50 a year, with a reduction for clubs. A beautiful steel engraving sent free to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs. Address T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

The ever welcome **LADIES' REPOSITORY** serves up the following olio in its September number. Early Christian Art as seen in the Catacombs; Care for Flowers; Some distinguished Suicides; The Life that now is; Contented and Happy; The Potency of the Paros; *Per Crucem ad Lucem*; Under the Oak; My Refuge in Distress; Betsey Niggs, continued;

Colorado Canons; The First Continental Congress; Tribute to Cæsar; The Hyrcanian Desert and the Principal Roads across it, (illustrated); Watching; A Sabbath; *Abt ad Plures*; A Representative Minister; Our Mother; The Readableness of the Bible; The Education of Girls; The Progress of Art at the Capital; Scripture Burials; and Reading. Beside these, are the usual editorial contributions, fully as excellent as ever. The engravings, "Cat Mountain," Lake George, and "Gathering Flowers" are gems.

We have received the October number of the **FOLIO**, containing an exquisite portrait of Anna Granger Dow, and eleven pages of choice music, viz.: "Two Little Heads lay side by side," Song and Chorus, by C. A. White; "Rosbud Waltz," by R. F. Raymond; "Just touch the Harp lightly," by C. Blamphin; and "Almighty God, Thou knowest

best," a Sacred Quartette by C. A. White. The literary department is carefully made up, of judicious selections and original matter, together with a complete digest of the musical news of the day, making it altogether the largest, cheapest, and most newsy Musical Magazine which comes to our table. Published by White, Smith & Perry, Boston, Mass., at \$1.00 per year.

POWDER AND GOLD is the title of the second of the "Puck Novels" a series of short translations from French and German authors, published by Henry L. Hinton in a very unique binding. The story is a tale of the Franco-Prussian war, simple and brief, and the aim of the series we understand to be to furnish light and entertaining reading. The press work is excellent and these books furnish pleasant reading for summer travelers.



THE FAMILY QUARREL.

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

BY MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

Once on a time, a cabin stood
Upon the borders of a wood;
And in its walls a pair were found
Whose fame had spread for miles around;
Each tried the other one to sway,
And both would fight to win their way.
One morning, so the story goes,
Old Uncle Nathan early rose,
And sauntered off into the wood,
To find what little game he could:
But scarce an hour had passed, not more,
When Betsey, from the open door,
Espied her husband coming back,
And bringing with him something black.
When he, his domicile, drew near,
These taunting words fell on his ear,
"Before that I would hunting go
And bring back nothing but a crow."
"A crow?" said Nathan with a scowl,
"Why Betsey, don't you know an owl?"
"Well, I should say you'd got ones eyes,"
Aunt Betsey in a pet replies,
"If you can call that sable fowl,
At all related to an owl."
And thus they had it all day long,
Each one declared the other wrong,
Until at last it came about,
The quarrel ended in a rout,
When both rushed out the cabin door,
Resolved they'd enter it no more.

Now when two weeks were at an end,
By the entreaties of a friend,
Old Uncle Nathan and his wife
Agreed to settle up the strife,
Provided never more a word
About the crow or owl be heard;
So to the cabin both returned,
To profit by the lesson learned,
And be it to their honor told
They dwelt like lambs within the fold.

Now when twelve months had passed away,
Since that eventful parting day,
Aunt Betsey like her parent Eve,
No longer could the apple leave;
And as that night they sat at tea,
"How very foolish 'twas," said she,
"For you and I, one year ago,
To get so mad about that crow!"
"That crow?" came forth with deaf'ning howl,
"Of course, you meant to say that owl."
"I meant exactly what I said,"
Quoth Betsey, tossing back her head,
And thereupon a contest rose,
Not only waged in words, but blows,
For this time, mops, and tongs and broom,
Went swiftly flying round the room,
Indeed, it would be hard to tell,
How long they would have fought, how well,
Had not there happened in a friend,
And to the contest put an end;
But then so fierce had been the strife,
That both resolved to part for life!

MORAL.

This teaches us that it is best,
To let a quarrel settled, rest,
Take warning from these erring souls,
And never overhaul the coals!

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BREAD.

HIS enquiry has been again, and again inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, and many have answered it, but I have seen no rule just like mine; and for nearly three years, I have been benefited by its invaluable instructions, I venture to give to the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD my method of bread making.

As I live near a village I do not make my own yeast but use "the national" yeast cakes; though any of the rules for yeast making which from time to time have been given us in THE HOUSEHOLD are good, some of them I have tried myself.

I take at noon a good sized potato,

add three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and stir well together until it is smooth; over this pour enough boiling water (be sure it is boiling) to make it the consistency of thick paste; stir well together, and when blood warm add half of a yeast cake which has been dissolved in luke warm water, (say a tablespoonful,) set it in a warm place and by night you will have a nice sponge.

Sift five quarts of flour, add a little salt and a heaping tablespoonful of lard, mix well, rub both well into the flour, in the center make a cavity, turn in the yeast or about a cup of home made yeast, if you use that, add water enough to mix; I mix stiff enough to knead and as soft as I can have it. Spread a clean cloth or towel over it and set it away to rise, in the winter I use warm water and set it near the fire, in summer I use cold water and set it in a cool place. In the morning the pan will be full.

Take a mixing spoon or knife put in a little flour, and mix it over, set it in a cool place, repeat this process as often as it rises, I have mixed it over as many as seven times, though that is an exception. I never had my bread sour even in warm weather. At tea time you can have some nice light biscuit and some nice loaves of bread. This rule I received from a friend who has the name of being the best bread maker in town. D. M. D.

MR. CROWELL:—I like THE HOUSEHOLD very much and have often thought I would add my mite, and will take this opportunity to do so. Some one in the August number wishes to hear something more in regard to the bread question.

Although I am a young housekeeper and perfectly inexperienced in regard to preserves and fancy cooking I can make good bread and prepare most all kinds of plain wholesome dishes. The yeast is made after the manner described by "sister Sarah" in the July number, one-half cup, if lively will make two large loaves; in very warm weather mix with cold liquid, water if you choose but part milk is much better, stir it pretty stiff with a spoon let rise till morning and mould a little then put it into the tins to rise for baking, don't let it rise in the tins till it is thin and shaky if you do it will look coarse grained, better give it a chance to rise a little in the oven which must be only moderately hot, bake thoroughly.

If the yeast is sweet and lively the bread will be sweet in the hottest weather, and that will be good if you follow "sister Sarah's" directions and keep in a cool place corked tight. In cool weather bread should be mixed with luke warm liquid in good season at night, covered and placed in a warm place, and never moulded unless well risen in the pan, but should not be left to rise too much in the baking tins. I would advise those who have had luck with their bread to learn to make good hop yeast, there is nothing better. I hope these simple directions will do some good to the inexperienced, and am very grateful for the many useful hints received from HOUSEHOLD contributors. J. L. E.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD an inquiry

was made for a recipe for breadmaking from a competent breadmaker, I thought I would respond to the call. All who have had an opportunity of knowing, call my bread "splendid," and I know it to be very nice; I will try and tell you my way of making it.

The day before I wish to bake, about noon I put in a dish about one pint of flour and a mixing spoonful of salt. (We use St. Louis flour and call it the best.) Then pour on boiling water until the flour is thoroughly scalded. When the potatoes are nicely cooked I take four about as large as hen's eggs and mash them very fine and mix with my flour already scalded. Now for the yeast, I use the National dry hop yeast, I like it better than home made yeast as it is easily obtained, sure and reliable and does not need to be watched lest it sour.

For four loaves which I always make I use one cake and soak it soft in a little warm or cold water (not hot as that would be likely to destroy the strength of it) and mash all the lumps out and when the flour and potatoes are nearly cold I mix in the yeast thoroughly. Then I cover it and set in a warm place to rise. After supper this mixture will be light as sponge, when I put in more water, enough to make about two quarts in all, add one-half cup of sugar. (I do not use soda.) I take a large milk pan nearly full of flour and pour the mixture in; this will be quite soft. I let it stand until morning when it will be light and nice. Early in the morning, as soon as convenient, for if it stands it will be likely to sour, I mix in more flour and knead it thoroughly. I have no stated length of time but give it a good kneading. Then put it in the pan and let it rise again; when it is light take it from the pan, and knead it into shape and cut it into four loaves and knead each one separately, and in a short time it is ready for the oven which must not be too hot as the bread will burn before it is done through.

As the inquiry was made for brown bread I will give my way of making it. Three cups of Indian meal, and three of rye, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and one quart of cold water: bake two and one-half hours having the oven pretty hot when it is put in.

MRS. A. P. S.

Marlboro, Mass.

MR. EDITOR:—In answer to the question concerning bread, in the August number, I can say from experience there are several ways to make good bread, and a great many ways to make bread that is not good. I will give my experience. I have a family of seven fine, stout, healthy boys. I have been married nineteen years, and all these years—save the three last—have I made stout bread, and perhaps that is the reason my boys are stout; now my bread is far from stout, in fact it is the very reverse of that, it is very tender, and I hope their last days may be their best days. Once I tried to use my dry bread in toast or puddings, but now we use crackers instead, for my bread is never left to dry up. I am sure, unless there is a pig in the pen, many barrels of flour go to waste in families by the bare

want of knowing how to make good bread. I am not proud; I truly feel it a duty to assist any one to a recipe for white bread. Here is one method:

Take a few hops, (some one says there is good yeast made without hops, and I am going to try it, but have not yet,) say a pint, put them in four quarts of water, pare and add two large potatoes, and boil until they will mash, then strain. Formerly I would pour the boiling liquid over a quart of flour, but now I only add a cup of sugar (or less) and nearly as much salt, let it stand until luke-warm, then put into it half a pint of good yeast. I call it beer yeast. If you can't be sure of good yeast, get a bottle of beer for yeast. Put the new yeast in a gallon jug, having it a little less than full so that it can have room to ferment, keep it in a warm place over night, then cork tight and put it away in the cellar. Shake it before using. This will keep three weeks; and with my family I use it nearly up in that time. I take a good pint of the yeast, add a little hot water just to warm it, then stir in flour until a little thicker than griddle-cake batter, set it at noon and let it stand until nine o'clock in the evening. I add two potatoes, mashed fine in cool water that has been scalded, in all but dog days, to make the bread moist, and in dog days, or the time of year you referred to when it seems bread will sour, then I scald a cup of flour and put in the bread, not the sponge. Potatoes make the sponge light, puffy, and makes the bread damp, but it hastens the process so rapidly it is not safe to use in moist, mildewy atmosphere.

Sometimes I set the sponge at nine in the afternoon instead of at noon, but it delays the bread-baking until afternoon, but in warm weather it is safer for the reason that the bread can be watched and baked when ready, while if left over night it gets too far along. If set at noon, at nine P. M. I take a large bread pan, sift it two-thirds full of flour, make a place with a large spoon, pour in my sponge, and add my dish full of warm water, (no milk or lard,) only clear warm water, a handful of salt, then I stir in the flour until it will suffer me to handle it without adhering to anything. If the sponge is right and the flour good, a half hour can be profitably spent in neatly moulding it on a board. I mould it until it shines, then put it back in the pan, cover it with a tablecloth folded several times, and set it in a nice cozy place near the stove in winter. It ought to be up before the gude wife is. As soon as convenient I butter my bake dishes, to have them ready, then cut the dough into loaves and briskly knead them. I make nine loaves, as that is just what my oven holds. I have a Peerless stove, and it bakes beautifully.

I have the method of bread making so deeply ingrained that I can scarcely see how any one can fail, and yet I forget how many years I have battled for the experience. I put the loaves of bread in a warm place to rise, but have no rule how long, varying according to the kind of bread and the state of the atmosphere. Quick, lively yeast will come up much quicker than when past its vigor, one-half to three-

fourths of an hour, or touch the bread and see when it yields to the touch. Always cover it up to prevent its being crust bound. As soon as baked open the oven a little and let it remain in long enough to prevent its being cloggy or heavy when done, then put it in a dry closet in the cellar; give it good air, but keep it in the cellar. My family consume eighteen brick loaves in a week, and never tire of it, or speak of bread as a tiresome diet.

Before I made such perfection in breadmaking I really pitied my neighbors' children for having to eat so much white bread, but now I think I was the one to be pitied. Then a loaf or two was a week's supply; we ate almost everything else in place of it, while now we eat it in preference to almost everything else. I used to make milk yeast, or six hour yeast, with very excellent success, but now I do not dare even to speak of it after using beer yeast.

THE APPEARANCE OF UNTIDINESS.

BY AUNT LEISURELY.

DEAR LADIES OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I have read your letters with much interest, and gleaned some information I think from every one. I believe most household subjects have been commented upon, until I sometimes think there is not much left to furnish a theme for an epistle. There is one subject, however, I never saw discussed in THE HOUSEHOLD, or any other periodical, and I intend expatiating upon it to my heart's content, for I feel it is original with me, no one else can claim it, so I shall not be tormented with the idea, that before it reaches you, (if it ever does) that some busy body will send a letter on the same subject, and "take the wind out of my sails." My subject is "The appearance of untidiness."

Now I expect you will raise your classic eye-brows and say, "can there be such a paradox? an appearance of untidiness, when it is not the genuine article?" and I will humbly sigh, "there can!" and proceed forthwith to expound it to you, and also prove that it will take a tidy person's (that's me) appetite, quite as quickly as the simon-pure.

One afternoon I went to take tea, per invitation, with a valued neighbor of mine, who was a quakeress, and famed throughout the community as a model housekeeper. I went early and found my very good friend in the cleanest of dress, the clearest of caps, and most immaculate of white linen bibs, over her black alpaca apron, compounding a cake for tea, in the washbowl. I apologised for my unseasonable arrival, but was met with the cordial "Oh, thee's not a bit too early, it's only I that is a little late, but thee asked me for the recipe for my Madison cake, and the thought struck me, thee would be profited by seeing it mixed, so I waited until thee came, so lay aside thy bonnet, and draw thy chair here by me, and when our cake is in the oven we will adjourn to the parlor."

"Are you particular what you mix cakes in?" I ventured, in an interval of beating whites in a deep dish,

while she was relentlessly stirring butter and sugar together in the washbowl. "Oh no," she replied, unblushingly, "but I have used this bowl as often as anything else, and I find it answers the purpose admirably." I looked around the well appointed kitchen, every thing in its place, and spotless in its purity, and I sighed over the inconsistency of poor human-nature.

The cake was put in the stove, and we betook ourselves, to the cheerful, pleasant parlor, and a delightful afternoon we had together, although that ill-contrived cake, like Banquo's ghost, would rise from time to time in my mind's eye: fluently and pleasantly our discourse ran, for she was at once witty and intelligent, many new devices she communicated to me for saving labor, she took me to her neat cellar to show me her invention for milk lids. She said cream did not rise well when closely covered from the air, so she got double as many keg hoops as she would need at a time, and covered them with fly-netting, sewing it round the edge of the hoop with a needle and thread. It kept out the little milk flies and dust, and did not exclude the air; when one set began to be a little musty, as all milk lids will from the dampness, she soused them up and down in hot soap suds rinsed them and hung them up to dry. So far, so good! but the cake, the cake! how should I ever excuse myself from partaking of it, when its turn came round.

It was on the table in all its glory when we took our seats, light and beautiful, and it being uppermost in my thoughts, I doggedly remarked that "I always mixed my cake in a stone pan, that I thought the roughness of the pan made it light more quickly." "Does thee!" replied my unsuspecting friend, cheerily, "well I believe I did too, until some time ago I was in a china store, and one of the clerks broke a wash-pitcher, his employer told him he might as well have broken the bowl too, while his hand was in; the thought struck me, what a nice thing it would be to mix cake in, so I bought it for a trifle." Here then was the mystery explained, the inconsistency evaporated like morning dew, respect for my little friend restored, but was I pacified? dear friends, not quite; I ate of it for it was excellent, and I knew it was clean, but my sense of the fitness of things was offended. "The rose called by another name was not so sweet"—it had the appearance of untidiness and I could not relish it. She was so accustomed to it it would never have entered her head to make an explanation, had not I persistently drawn her out. Although I would not have been so unlady like as to have remarked upon it to any one, yet to my last day I should have thought that cake was mixed in the same bowl the family performed their daily ablutions.

At another time when I was quite a child, I went with my mother to pay a visit to one of her old friends—I'm sure I was not a captious child, or one inclined to see only the dark side of everything, but the first object that arrested my attention was some fine peaches, piled up in the spittoon, in

the open fireplace—it was a tin one, clean and new looking, the peaches were pared when prepared for tea, but I thought then and I still think they would have tasted better had they been in something else than a spittoon. So with several excellent housekeepers I know who invariably wash the stove hearth with the dish towel, it may not be untidy but it has the appearance of it and should be tabooed.

At another time I was spending the day with a friend, a widow with an only daughter, a lovely, amiable girl in her early teens. It was a place I loved to visit, they understood the art of entertaining so thoroughly. In the course of the afternoon the young lady was telling me of a small sociable she had attended a few evenings before and mentioned a new style of dressing the hair then in vogue. On my expressing a desire to see it, she kindly volunteered to arrange hers so, for my benefit. She got comb and brush and went to work, I admired it much, it was pretty and becoming but, ah me! when it came time for my youthful friend to set the table for tea, she neglected to wash her hands, and the abundant and skilfully prepared meal was a Barmicide feast to me.

I expect by this time my lady readers will be ready to exclaim, "well, if Aunt Leisurely is such a fastidious nobody, I hope she will never visit me!" but dear ladies, remember I am not discarding upon untidiness, only the appearance of it, and if a glass held before our faces by friendly hands causes us to reflect, should we be displeased with it, even at the expense of a little inward retrospection?

And I have seen tablecloths that had served several meals, dotted here and there with coffee stains, spread over bread dough when it was rising—I suppose it was better than no cloth at all, and the dough black with flies—these stains would not rub off but did it look tidy? The best part taken out of an old table cloth or sheet, hemmed, starched and ironed neatly, and kept for that purpose alone would render the bread much more appetizing. I have been at table when just as the hostess was passing a fragrant cup of coffee, an absent minded fly would drop in, spin round for a fraction of a minute, and remain stationary; did that condemn that cup of coffee in the mind of the practical head of the table? not at all! she would just dip the defunct navigator into the slop bowl, with the tip of the teaspoon, and send the cup of coffee on its winding way. In her opinion it was just as good as new, but how about the poor guest? although she might manage to worry it down, her enjoyment of that meal was over.

And so with many thoughtless persons who discuss the merits of this and that remedy for felons at the table, how long to a minute Johnny's nose bleeds when it once gets started, and like kindred reminiscences. Do not let us dear friends so far forget ourselves as to make such blunders if we wish our friends to enjoy what we set before them; do not let us for want of a little thought deprive ourselves of the pleasure.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have just been re-reading an article in your January number on "Woman's Self-Imposed Wrongs," and I think however unfair some of its charges may have seemed to us at its first reading, that its justice will grow upon us with reflection. Indeed there are few of us who are over-burdened with the various duties of housekeeper, wife, and mother, who are not guilty of many if not all of them. And for my own part, there is nothing, or hardly anything, that so ruffles my temper and overstrains my nerves, producing exhaustion beyond that which the most active labor causes, as does the feeling that I am spending precious time, that I need very much for better purposes, over some hopelessly long task; which I fear I may have occasion in the end, to look upon as time wasted, and labor lost, in consideration of the better use I might have made of my time, had I employed it otherwise.

And yet I am not willing to plead guilty, but instead would charge it back again upon the inequality of our position. When a woman is married, and commencing a new life in a home of her own, especially if her husband's income is small, she has such an ambition to help, such a desire to do something herself to advance their comfort, and such a very small field of action is open to her unless she steps out of her sphere, or does something that might wound his pride of maintaining her by his bounty, that her busy brain impels her to unlimited action within that sphere, and she develops all the resources left her, hardly stopping to consider whether they are tending towards thrift or its opposite. And I (sensible woman that I pretend to be,) being physically weak, and somewhat lacking in ability to execute with my hands what my head directs, and moreover being troubled with a love of thoroughness, which, however much I fall in it, hinders my performing my duties as swiftly as I otherwise might; I have to confess a sense of shortcoming, because I have not braided mats, and pieced bed quilts and wrought the many fanciful articles with which my friends adorn their homes, and this too when I have three little ones whose delicate organizations require the tenderest care, and I not only perform in general all the labor of our household and wardrobe, even to the most of our dressmaking, but add a little to my pocket money by doing a little sewing for others when I can find a little time that I can spare from my own work, besides teaching my children much at home instead of subjecting their health to the confinement of the schoolroom.

Thanks to the author of that article, for lifting that burden for me. Then too, in regard to "Woman striving to do everything herself, instead of having help when she needs;" it is very difficult to obtain satisfactory female help in this vicinity, often difficult to get dressmaking or milliners work in the country, so that one has little hope of getting anything done easier than to do it one's self. We have not the same opportunity that men have to let others live by their trade while we stick to ours, for unless

a woman has some particular business aside from housekeeping, it seems to be her business to do everything that she possibly can for herself. One more point and I have done, for I sat down with the resolution that there should be one good thing in this communication, and that should be brevity.

It is not easy for a woman who has received a lover's attention passively, as it is supposed that a model maiden should, making no advances or proposals herself, but relying upon his consideration, becoming dependent upon his loving bounty, feeling that she can not repay him except by her love, (which is worthless except as he may prize it,) to awake to the fact that she must look out for herself when she is married, and urge her wants if he does not choose to see them. Of course no woman should so lose her identity, but it is not only a brave, but a self-conscious one that will not, unless her head is stronger than her heart. Where is the remedy? It is to be found in equal rights. I believe in woman's rights if rightly interpreted, but it is so often misapplied that I prefer the term *equal rights*, for that is all we want, and much as it has been discussed of late I do not think people have any idea of half that it implies. I think all these self-imposed wrongs would be quickly overcome and also those that are not self-imposed, if men and women could do their work together, he assisting about the house then going to some business together and again at eve sitting down to their sewing together. You may laugh at this dear reader for a wild fancy, but you haven't thought of it as much as I have and don't see at once how the household labor and expenses would soon be reduced one half and the sewing more than three-quarters and they could live comfortably on a much less income than it takes to support them now.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have often thought that I should like to write a few words and be sociable like the rest; but as there are so many that can write so much better, that I have kept in the dark, but when I received my last *HOUSEHOLD*, it looked so cheerful and bright, I was encouraged to pen a few words. I have taken *THE HOUSEHOLD* nine months and would not do without it for anything, there are several of my neighbors who I think will take it next year. In the March number there is a letter from Belle Davis, why don't she write again or has she forgotten her sisters? As I am afraid I will tire you I will close by sending a few recipes which I like very much.

Dyspeptic cookies.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one egg, one tablespoonful each of vinegar, water, ginger, and soda, and salt to taste.

Prime vinegar in three hours.—One quart of molasses, one pint of yeast, two and one-half gallons of warm rain water, put into a jug, and tie a piece of gauze over the bung to keep the flies out.

One egg cake.—One cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, three cups of flour, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of raisins.

Please some one tell me how to make a pretty lamp mat, also how to take paint out of linen, and you will greatly oblige
NELLIE M.
Fargo, D. T.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am a housekeeper, young both in years and experience, but yet may be able to give a little useful information. A recipe for biscuit is requested in the July number and I will give the following. Take flour into which Horsford's bread preparation has been sifted, add a pinch of salt, and mix with cold water just hard enough to be formed into biscuits and put directly into the oven, and they will be good; mixed with sweet milk they will be better, but if a little butter is added or cream used instead of milk they will be the best biscuits ever eaten.

A plain kind of cookies which are convenient for the children's dinner-basket or to put on the tea-table to take the place of richer cake are made as follows: One egg, two-thirds of a cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, use flour (prepared the same way as for biscuit) sufficient to roll out. Add caraway seeds if liked.

In canning fruit I have successfully tried the way of placing the cans on a cloth folded several times and wet in hot water, which is much easier than putting them in hot water.

When I put up tomatoes I do not use many glass jars but stew and seal them up in stone jugs. As the light acts very strongly upon tomatoes they are more sure to keep in the jugs away from the light if they are put up properly and thoroughly sealed. In winter the contents will keep a week which is ample time to prevent any waste. An excellent cement for the purpose is made by melting together three parts rosin with one of tallow; stir well with an iron spoon.

My recipe for tomato ketchup has been used several years and always proves satisfactory. Take ripe tomatoes, wash them, not skin them, and thoroughly boil one hour, then put them through a hair sieve. To one quart of juice, add one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of black pepper, one-half tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, one-half of a nutmeg, one tablespoonful of good mustard and two-thirds teacup of salt. Boil three hours, then to one quart of juice add one pint of pure cider vinegar. Boil one-half hour longer; bottle while hot and seal carefully with the cement given above.

Not one-twentieth part of young mothers know anything what to do with their children and they blunder along and often lose two or three little ones, before they have sufficient knowledge to properly care for one and steer it clear of infantile diseases. With all the facilities for education, it seems right that something should be done to prevent these terrible lessons; something might be dropped from the present course of study for girls and at least a few months devoted to the study of medicine so that it need not be a reality that one-half of all the children die under five years of age.

I have in mind a young mother, an excellent scholar, to whom there came a time when she would have given all

her mathematics, music and languages for just the knowledge of how to care for a child sick with the cholera-infantum, and to know what symptoms indicated fever, what to do when a child has a spasm and how to stop vomiting, etc., for in order to save an infant one cannot always wait for physicians.

There were three months of watching and studying and the reward was the child's life. The study became interesting and so far profitable that this summer the same child has not seen a sick hour. All the wisdom and skill known cannot entirely prevent sickness, but it is better to feel a strength and confidence in ourselves than to go blindly about in the dark when a life is to be saved or lost. May some other mother be tempted to study this subject and call to her aid the works of well known medical authorities and the many excellent health magazines which are published. ALLIE.

DEAR H. H.;—Is it Helen Hunt? Tho' a stranger to you yet I cannot keep myself from thanking you in the name of my little four year old girl—for your "Bits of Talk." I found it on a friend's table and sat down to read it; it sent me down to the darkest valley of despair and remorse, for I saw myself as in a glass (very darkly indeed). But you will be glad with me to know that through my deep remorse will germinate such a light that a warm sun of happiness and joy will shine on my dear little child. I had thought myself a good mother, you have taught me better, and in deep appreciation of my sins of omission and commission I send you my most grateful earnest thanks and blessings. Believe me your seed this time has not fallen on barren places. Yours most gratefully,
Ishpeming, Mich. W. E. D.

An Ohio correspondent sends us the following "Cry of Distress."

I wonder, dear *HOUSEHOLD*, if during your visits to your many namesakes you ever come across another such as our own. In one of the queerest, driest, pokiest out of the way places in the state of Ohio our roof-tree grows and flourishes; that is if nine dirty faced, rosy cheeked little olive plants are visible tokens of growth and flourishing. We do not take many papers—the piles of magazines and periodicals carefully treasured away are signs of better days gone by—but we feel that *THE HOUSEHOLD* is an absolute necessity, inasmuch as it ministers unto man—woman, I mean—spiritually, mentally and physically, and it is for this reason that I feel like confiding my troubles to the motherly ear of *THE HOUSEHOLD*. If I don't find any other help, all is well, for trouble (like every thing else) is easier borne when there is more than one to bear it.

Imprimis, my friends, like Ethel Lyme in a by gone number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, "I want something to do." There are eleven of us of whom I am the oldest, who must some of these days be thrown out upon the world (making use of a lovely phrase) "to scratch for ourselves." Our parents have little to bequeath unto us except a common-school education and the proverbial "spotless reputa-

tion." I believe I was intended from the beginning of existence to be a school teacher, but people rarely become what they were destined for by ambitious relatives and consequently I am not a "school-marm." It is true I did teach six months at one benighted period of my life and escaped clear of actual insanity by the skin of my teeth. One obstacle in my way is that male teachers are generally preferred in this part of the country; another is, I do not like children. Of course I don't like to see the little miseries abused but I can't love them all. To pass by teaching, sewing is next in order, but it is plain as "the nose on your face" that I never was intended for a seamstress or milliner. I can tell pretty things when I see them, but as to making them, if I get my own "duds" fixed up I am doing well. I can make various fancy article but there is no sale for them here and it is an impossibility for me to go to town. We are five miles away from any village let alone a wide awake sensible, noisy town. Music I have little taste for and no talent. Painting is still farther in the back-ground. I understand housekeeping but have not the strength to perform it satisfactorily.

In fact, every avenue seems closed to me but one, of which I am half ashamed to speak, namely, that of writing. There it is—the inevitable book of course—but dear friends don't turn your noses so high that you can't see to read it for I know as well as you do that there are thousands of worthless aspirants for this position. When a mere child, my greatest delight was to get a pen full of ink and a sheet of fresh paper in my possession. Whether I ever gain name and fame, whether in fact I ever gain a "red cent," the "woe is me" is upon me and I must and will write. My productions have been well received so far but have not profited me much in a pecuniary line. However as I am scarcely turned of nineteen, there may be better days coming. Will Mrs. Dorr or some one else tell me what they think of my aspirations or point out a better path. I am always and ever hope to be one of your constant readers. MAUD.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed in your columns a request for a recipe for cream puffs. I have one which I have proved to be delicious and have never known to fail. I took it from the May number of *THE HOUSEHOLD* for 1871.

CREAM PUFFS.—Boil in half a pint of water three-fourths of a cup of butter, stir in while boiling one and three fourths cups of flour; when cools, mix in five eggs, one at a time, not beating them, and a scant half teaspoonful of dry soda. Drop on buttered pans half the size wanted when baked, then varnish each with a feather dipped in the beaten yolk of an egg. Bake in a quick oven till quite brown. If they are taken out too soon they will fall. When baked cut them open at the side and fill with the following mixture: Heat one pint of milk; mix one-half cup of sifted flour, one cup of sugar and two eggs together, stir in the hot milk and replace on the fire to thicken. Flavor to taste. This recipe makes about twenty puffs.

I also send some recipes which are great favorites in our family, and are all excellent.

BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of corn meal, one cup of rye meal, one cup of flour, one cup of molasses, three cups of sweet or

sour milk, and one teaspoonful of soda. Steam about three hours and a half, and bake fifteen minutes.

WAFFLES.—One quart of flour, one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, four eggs, a piece of butter the size of a large egg, and a little salt. Bake in waffle irons. Sour cream and less butter improve them.

SUET PUDDING.—One-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of chopped suet, one cup of chopped raisins or currants, three cups of flour, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, and cloves and cinnamon to taste.

Sauce for the same.—To a thin batter of flour and water, add a large piece of butter, a little vinegar, sugar and spices to suit the taste. A NOVICE.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you a few recipes which I would be pleased to have you publish as I think them very nice.

POTATO PUFF.—To two cups of cold mashed potatoes add two cups of sweet cream, two spoonfuls of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, and a little salt; mix thoroughly, turn into a basin, and bake in a quick oven.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—Heat a pan of thick sour milk over a kettle of hot water until it wheys, then drain through a coarse cloth; when nearly drained stir in salt and a cup of sweet cream, and if you like a little sage or tansy; put it in a dish and cover with a plate, on which place a weight. It will be good the next day.

APPLE DUFF.—Put one quart of boiling water into a kettle with one quart of sour apples, sliced thin and salted, let them cook until soft, then stir in Indian meal as for hasty pudding. Good with milk or sauce.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Grate two large sweet apples, add one pint of milk, one egg, one spoonful of sugar, spice and salt to taste, and bake with one crust.

KING'S PUDDING.—One quart of milk, one pound of sugar, one dozen crackers, six good-sized mellow sweet apples, sliced very thin, and salt and spice. Bake two hours. F. H. T.

COOKING POTATOES.—I send a new way, to me, of cooking potatoes, if you think it worth inserting in THE HOUSEHOLD. Pare, wash, and dry in a cloth, enough potatoes for a meal, put them in a kettle of hot lard same as for frying doughnuts. They cook in less time than by boiling in water. This recipe was sent me from Wisconsin, and we think them very nice. L. H. K.

GRAHAM BREAD.—I have seen several inquiries for a recipe to make graham bread. I will give mine as we like it better than made with soda. Two quarts of graham flour, a small teacupful of yeast, and a little salt, then stir to a stiff batter with warm water; let it raise over night, or until light and spongy, then mould into loaves with as little flour as possible; as soon as it begins to raise in the pan, put into the oven. It is nice to make into biscuit for breakfast. M. H. M.

TO MAKE VINEGAR.—I would like to add one article to the many valuable recipes I have found in THE HOUSEHOLD. Some time since some one asked for a recipe for making vinegar, and as I have a way of my own I thought I would send it, as the season of making jellies and preserves will soon be here, and that is my vinegar making time. Whenever I make jelly of any kind, after straining the juice from the fruit I empty the refuse from the jelly bag into a stone jar, cover with soft water and place it in the sun, covered, and as I make jelly or preserves take the skimmings of either, rinsings of the preserve kettle or pan, and put in the jar, let it stand till soured thoroughly, then strain, and if I have any vinegar plant put it in, or a little good vinegar. Green apple parings soaked in soft water and treated in the same manner make excellent vinegar. All without cost. In a few weeks it will be ready for use. MRS. M. A. C.

MUFFINS.—Dear Household:—Seeing in a late number a request for muffins without yeast, I herewith send the following

which I know to be an excellent recipe. One egg, one large tablespoonful of sugar, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and a little salt.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST.—Place the article on the grass where the sun shines, or if more convenient fold an old piece of cloth several times and put under it and place where it will be exposed to the sun's rays. Dissolve some tartaric acid, using as little water as will take it up, and wet the stained parts thoroughly with the solution; let it remain until the spots are removed, then wash out the acid. Or, dissolve some oxalic acid in water and rub the spots in this until they disappear. S. H. C.

RHUBARB WINE.—Mr. Crowell:—One of your subscribers wishes a recipe for rhubarb wine. I send one that is called very nice. Six pounds of rhubarb, one gallon of water, and four pounds of sugar. First, remove the skin from the rhubarb, then bruise it in a mortar, put it in the water and let it stand one week, strain and put it in a jug, or anything else, with the sugar until fermented. Have it well shaken so that the sugar will be dissolved. After fermentation strain into a jug or bottles and cork tight. LEC. Andover, Mass.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for three years and cannot do without it as long as I can raise a dollar or get up a club, which is just the same. Some one in a late number of your paper asks for a recipe for light corn bread, such as our grandmothers used to make. It is made with a little milk, water, salt, and about a table-spoonful of flour to a loaf, made into a stiff batter and let stand in a warm place to get light. It is not good baked in a stove.

CORN BREAD.—I also send my recipe for corn bread, which we think excellent. One egg, one pint of sour milk, one pint of sifted meal, one tablespoonful of shortening, one teacupful of soda dissolved in the milk, and a little salt. Bake in a quick oven.

HOE CAKE.—An old-fashioned hoe cake is made with equal parts of milk and water, a little salt, meal stirred in to make a thick batter, and baked on a griddle. I like it best made with sour milk, soda, and a little shortening.

GINGER PUDDING.—Four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter or lard, a desertspoonful each of soda and ginger, and flour to make the thickness of pound cake. To be eaten with butter sauce. Half the quantity is enough for a small family.

MOLASSES PIE.—Four eggs, one teacupful of sugar, one and one-half teacupfuls of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and half a nutmeg, beat them all well together and bake on pastry the same as custard. This is enough for two pies. L. V.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL:—In a late number of your paper was a recipe for pop corn pudding. I made it and it was too thick; half the quantity of corn to three pints of milk and two eggs, with spices, raisins, and sugar, and you have a delicious pudding. It is not necessary to grind the corn in a coffee mill, as it is almost impossible to do so; crushing it with a rolling pin is sufficient. M. E. B.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers give directions for making corn balls? I think I saw it in your paper a few months ago, but I cannot seem to find it now.

Will some one be so kind as to inform me how to make sugar candy hard, so it will not give after standing a day or two?

I saw in one number of THE HOUSEHOLD that Dorcas wished to know how to take iron rust out of linen and cotton goods; some one answered that lemon juice and salt was good; so it is, but tartaric acid and salt are better, because it takes it out quicker. Wet the spots with a little water then rub on the acid and salt and place in the hot sun. IDA E. C.

Will you please inform me through your paper how to prepare a clear white mucilage which will not mould or sour? Which is best to use, gum arabic or gum tragacanth?

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some one of the many readers of your charming paper, who is a practical lover of flowers, give me information—habit, soil, out and in-door culture—regarding the following plants: pedelanthus, smilax and feralla? and oblige; Carrollton, La. MRS. L. C. T.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please give a formula for making a kalsomine wash? and oblige a SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one please inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD of a simple way of making a chair tidy? Also inform me of a method of cleaning kid gloves? and oblige, J. A.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please allow me to ask through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD how to make Sally Lunn bread? also how to cook dried cod fish? Any one giving the desired information will greatly oblige, NETTIE.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some one of your many readers please give me, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, a recipe for making cream crackers? Also how to make cucumber lily? Also how to make chow-chow? and greatly oblige, LIZZIE H. H.

Can any one send directions for removing copperas stains from white cotton cloth? and oblige, MRS. M. A. G. C.

MR. EDITOR:—One sister asks what color is best to dye a blue merino. It takes a fine green or a beautiful purple. It is hard to get a brown on them, and if colored black it looks "dyed over" and never gives satisfaction.

Now the canning season is upon us some one may be interested to know that I heat my cans by pouring in a few spoonfuls of the hot syrup and filling my cans slowly with the hot fruit; the steam warms them. I have practiced the method four years and never lost a can.

Will some one please tell me how to clean my "best knives" from rust. I have been very careful with them, but I find a few spots of rust on some of them that seem to have eaten into the steel, and defy all my scouring.

I wish every one had your paper. I never saw it until I subscribed for it last year, and now I would not be without it. A SISTER.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—To destroy bed-bugs, procure at the drug-store one-half pint of crude carbolic acid, and with a small brush apply thoroughly in all crevices about the bedstead and cracks in wall, if any, and it will not only kill all bugs but will destroy the eggs also, and will disinfect and deodorize the room, making it much more healthy. Danville, Ill. J. M. J.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I regret exceedingly that my negligence has deprived me for two months of your most welcome visits, and I hope the two back numbers can be supplied, for I hate to lose one thing you may have to tell me, particularly any of the sayings and doings of my sister correspondents. Your Questions and Answers seem to draw us widely scattered women so near to each other, for each and all of us seem to need the very same things.

I would like to ask a few questions. Some ladies have great skill with pencil or scissors, and will some of them be kind enough to give me patterns for making paste-board furniture for doll houses? I have heard of such furniture but never saw any. Also, the pattern for making rabbit pin cushions out of cotton-flannel.

Is there any way to make tooth brushes stiff? I buy the very best I can find, but after three or four weeks they become soft and useless.

I am very much troubled with bed-bugs in the walls of a servants room; can any one tell me how to get rid of them? I remember one of your correspondents suggests to burn the house, but some of us do not possess the

magic ring (or belong to one either) that can build another house or the wishing.

Charlotte, N. C.

L. J. J.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. C. R. M. wishes to know why her butter is so long in coming. I do not know that I can give her any information on the subject, but I will give her a little of my experience. Formerly we had great difficulty in getting the butter to come, in fact two or three times were obliged to give it up altogether. Last winter I was very particular to have my cream near the fire for a day or two before churning, in order that it might become not only sour, but thick. Twice we attempted to churn without waiting for the cream to become thick, when all the symptoms of former experience would present themselves, in frothing, foaming, etc., and both times I had the churn set away to await the process of thickening, when the butter would come in a very short time. This, as a general rule, I think is a very good one, yet I have no doubt there are other causes that prevent butter from coming. Before last winter we had a farrow cow and I think that had something to do with it; then again I have seen people churn cream perfectly sweet and bring the butter in a short time, but I have never had any luck in churning sweet cream. In warm weather I have never been troubled by dilatory butter. Dakota City, Neb. MRS. B. M. P.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to inquire through THE HOUSEHOLD if pie plates that have been used a long time can be cleansed of the grease so as not to taste? if so, how? MRS. C. C. P.

GEO. E. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—A. A. F. asks how to make roll jelly cakes. I will send her my rule. Take two eggs and one cup of sugar and beat very thoroughly together, then add sixteen teaspoonfuls of water, a little salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one and three-fourths cups of flour. Spread thin on a large bake sheet and bake quickly. When done turn it out on a clean towel, taking care it does not break, then cover the bottom of the cake with jelly, and roll it over and over while hot. Set it aside until cold. I think it very nice.

Please tell me how to make a nice frosted lemon pie, and oblige, M. E. M.

MR. EDITOR:—In the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD M. F. B. wishes to know how to make cracker lemon pie. I have a recipe I think very nice. One large grated lemon, three large soda crackers, two even tablespoonfuls of butter, two teacupfuls of sugar, one egg, and a wine glass of water poured over the crackers. This will make two pies. NETTIE H. B.

MR. CROWELL:—In the February number Katie inquires how to take rust off an iron sink. I think if she will practice washing the sink in greasy dish water every day she will not be troubled with rust, and once in a while cleanse it thoroughly with hot water and soap and if need be a little coarse sand to keep the surface smooth. A little lard dissolved in hot water and put on with a cloth once a week will keep the sink looking beautifully.

I would like to inquire of my friend cooks how to make steamed berry pudding from canned fruit?

A. A. F. asks for a rule for making roll jelly cakes. I will send mine which is nice. One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one table-spoonful of cold water. Bake quick in long shallow tins, and as soon as it is ready to slip from the pans spread jelly on the bottom and roll up, then roll a napkin tight around it until cooled. ADDIE.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one tell me how to make a picture frame of leather, or anything else that is pretty? Also, how to make a pork apple pie. MANTIE E. L.

Will some one send me a good recipe for delicate cake in cup measure? also for fritters and silver and gold cake? and oblige, A NOVICE.

Will some one please give me a recipe for soda crackers, through THE HOUSEHOLD? L. V.



GATHER THE WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

O cherish the human flowers
That are scattered along the way,
And help them turn their faces
To the light of the brighter day!
O help them to seek the sunshine
That gleams o'er the path of right,
Till the shadows that lie about them
Shall change to a glorious light.

O many there are that are fading
On the great highway of life!
Fading, drooping, and dying
Mid ceaseless toil and strife.
But there's never a little flower,
Be it e'er so humble and small
By our Heavenly Father forgotten:
He tenderly loveth them all!

O ye who would serve God truly,
And hear the words, "Well done!"
Stretch forth thy hand to his children,
And gather them one by one
Into the beautiful sunshine
Out of the shadow of sin;
With a hand that is gentle and loving,
Tenderly gather them in!

O then will the blessings of angels
Be wafted to thee from above,
And the light of their presence will guide thee
In thy beautiful mansion of love,
And for the kind words thou hast spoken
To the suffering children of God,
A crown of bright flowers immortal,
My brother, will be thy reward!

MRS. THOMPSON'S WHITE WARE.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

MRS. THOMPSON stood by the kitchen table paring potatoes for dinner. Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of "spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes in the pan of cool spring water, waiting there to receive them. It was a sultry July day, and through the open window came the sound of mowers whetting their scythes, blended with the call of the robin, and the faint notes of the cuckoo in the shaded wood. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson—indeed everything irritated her that day. Looking out from the back door, one saw a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of mellow land, fringed with graceful belts of birch; and softly rounded mountains lifting their velvety foreheads to the white, fleecy clouds, that went slowly sailing across the exquisite ether, like huge drifts of thistle-down. But this also irritated her; everything could be beautiful save her life, and that was cold, and rude, and barren.

But to begin at the beginning; Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artist or scholar who would take her to Rome or Venice, where she would live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do, and perhaps that is the reason so many barter love for gold.

But contrary to all her preconceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical farmer; and instead of Italy, she went to live at the old homestead, which had been the abode of the Thompsons for generations. And instead of lounging in

elegant studios, or gliding down storied rivers in picturesque gondolas, she made butter and cheese, and raised poultry, and cooked dinners in the long, low ceiled kitchen, for three or four great, brown-handed, ravenous men. Quite a contrast you will admit.

If she could have had things a little different, she wouldn't have minded the work so much. If she could have had soft carpets and tasteful furniture, and books, and pictures, and flowers. To be sure she had a little strip under the south windows, where a sweet-brier grew, and pinks, and sweet williams, and marigolds blossomed in their season. But they were so old-fashioned; and she pined for the rare and elegant plants that she had seen in conservatories and public gardens. But Robert Thomas would as soon have thought of buying the moon, as such useless things as flowers. And though his wife earned them a dozen times over, it never entered his heart that she did. Indeed, he considered it a very liberal thing when he gave her twenty-five dollars fall and spring, to buy her clothing, and wondered vaguely where it all went to, and if she had not some hoarded away somewhere.

As to books, there was the Family Bible, with the record of all the Thompsons for three generations. There was the Fox's book of Martyrs, and Pilgrim's Progress, and an English reader, which her Thompson had when he was a boy and went to school in the little red school house up on the "Pine Barrens." Besides, there was the report of the Board of Education, Laws and Resolves, Patent Office Report, and a pile of Farmer's Almanacs for twenty-five years, besides any number of documents upon the best and most improved breed of cattle, the theory of under draining, rotation of crops, grass and forage culture, etc., etc.

What could any reasonable person ask for more than that? And as for pictures, there was "From the Cradle of the Morave," an allegorical picture painted in colors, with a descriptive couplet attending each particular stage of the journey; a sampler which his mother had "worked at eleven years of age," and a very effective scene illustrative of "The Lovers' Parting," wherein a very red-cheeked damsel in puffed sleeves, short waist and very low neck, dissolved in the arms of her parting swain.

Certainly Mrs. Robert Thompson must have been very hard to please. But the particular matter of grievance on this particular day was of quite another thing. The "Easterville Sewing Circle and Ladies' Benevolent Society" were to meet at the farm house the next Friday, and Mrs. Thompson had set her heart on a new set of white ware for the occasion, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband.

"What's the matter of these dishes?" he asked, pointing to the 'mulberry and white' plates, which Mrs. Thompson was washing.

"They are all out of date to begin with; and half of them are cracked, or broken; besides, there isn't nowhere near enough to set the table."

"What's become of the china mother used when she had company?"

"It won't look well on the table, Robert, with this mulberry, all cracked up as it is."

"I guess the victuals will taste just as well out of 'em, anyway."

"But we really need the dishes, Robert. There has not been a dish bought since I came here, twelve years ago, and—"

"They'll do just as well for twelve years to come. You wouldn't have thought of it, if it had not been for the Sewing Circle. If they can't come and eat out of such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away;" and he took down his hat to go back to his mowing.

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes, but she crowded them bravely back, and tried hard to steady the tremor in her voice, as she said, pleadingly;

"Please to give me the money to get them, Robert. Grover has got some real pretty ones—and cheap, too; I can get all I shall need for four dollars."

"Well, I guess Grover'll keep 'em for all me. I've got no four dollars to spare," turning to go out. "By-the-way," looking back from the door, "Jones, and Lee, and Hubbard will be here to dinner, and perhaps to supper. We want to get all the south meadow down to-day, if we can. Grass is stout this year, there's a third more than there was last. And Hubbard wants six pounds of butter to-night—don't forget to have it ready;" and with these words he went out, leaving his wife to her long, weary day's work, darkened and made distasteful by her disappointment. She was both grieved and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things that delight or annoy.

Life looked very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With all her love of ease, and beauty, and symmetry, how rude, and coarse, and hard looked all her surroundings. It was only one long monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetesses and graces that might make every toil pleasant. She did not often think of it, but she remembered that day, with the faintest little stir of regret, that she might have been far differently situated; and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill, embowered in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, and caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something like a sigh trembled on her lips. "Squire Burnham's wife didn't have to beg for a paltry four dollars, that she might be able to set a table decently," she thought bitterly.

And then, as one does when they feel grieved, she remembered a score of other things, equally needful, and equally within her means—for Robert Thompson was not a poor man by any means—which had been as churlishly refused. There was the parlor carpet, it was half cotton, and faded and threadbare at that; and the paper had been on ever since she was a child, and was stained where it had leaked down last winter, and yet Robert said, "it was well enough for what little they used it," and absolutely refused to get either. And so of a score of other things which she remembered that morning as she toiled through all the

long, sultry forenoon, with an aching head and discouraged heart.

What did it matter to her if the grass was heavy, and butter up to forty cents a pound? It only brought her more and harder work, and no recompense save her bare board and clothing. She could earn more than that in any other man's house.

"Well, she had no business to marry Robert Thompson," she said, moodily to herself, her slender wrists aching from beating over the butter for Hubbard, "everybody always said he was close and shrewd, and prophesied that he would be rich some day—what did she care for riches, if they didn't do her any good—didn't make her life any fairer or softer? She was not fitted to be a farmer's wife—and yet she had loved Robert Thompson!" She said this half savagely, as if she was disgusted and angry with herself for it.

And yet Robert Thompson was not an unkind man—only thoughtless. He was a type of a very large class of men—more especially farmers—who do not feel, in themselves, the need which a woman's more æsthetic nature demands. Absorbed in his stock, his crops and his politics, he did not realize what his wife needed, and had a right to, a few of the things that, with her peculiar organism, were as much needed of her being as the food she ate.

And so when the years ran on, they grew farther and farther apart; he getting more and more absorbed in gain, and growing more careless in looks and culture, and more thoughtless and less tender in regard to his wife's tastes, or toils, while she grew bitter, and despondent, and irritable.

Robert Thompson was, besides, a little inclined to fault-finding, and not being at all of a sensitive temperament himself, he did not realize how keenly he wounded his wife; and when, sometimes, she gave back a bitter retort, he wondered what it was that had soured her disposition so, for he remembered she used to be called unusually sweet tempered.

All through the long forenoon Mrs. Thompson had nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. "She would not have the circle meet there, and set the table with that old-fashioned china, and that stained and cracked mulberry—no, not for twenty Robert Thompsons. The rooms were shabby and out of date enough, mercy knew;" and her thoughts reverted to the pretty tasteful homes of her friends, where she had met on circle day.

Fifteen minutes before noon, and full that time before dinner would be ready—for they were usually a little behind, and Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner boiling hot—Mrs. Thompson saw four tired, heated, hungry looking men coming up through the orchard. The table was not set, and she hurried quickly about it. Just then Frank and Charlie, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each shouting, "Mother, Mother," and each wanting something right off. She felt tired, and hurried, and out of temper, which was not helped by her husband's impatient—

"Why isn't dinner ready? I told

you we were in a hurry to-day. If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd try and do it before night."

A bitter retort sprang to her lips, but just then Charlie cried out,

"Oh, mother, mother, just look at my copy. I ain't going to write a, b, ab's any more; I'm going to write sentences just like Frank. Just read it, mother. The teacher said I must get it by heart, and always remember it."

Mrs. Thompson glanced up, laying the plates as she read, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." It was not that it was new—she had read it a score of times—but something in its appropriateness, that fell like a cool hand upon her heated pulse,

"I will have it ready in a moment, Robert," she said quietly.

He looked up: evidently he had not expected just that reply, for if the truth must be told, he had thought more than once that forenoon of his wife's request; not that he thought of granting it, but that he expected that she would, as he termed it, "sulk over it."

"I say, boys," he said, as they went into the cool north room to their dinner, "it don't feel much here as it did down in the meadow. A woman has an easy time of it; they don't know what hot weather is."

Mrs. Thompson, waiting on the table with a scarlet face, did not reply; but Hubbard gave Jones a queer look out of the corner of his eye, as he half glanced at her.

"Why didn't you set the butter in the stove? you might as well. I don't believe there's any need of having the butter like this if it is warm weather," he growled.

"I took it out of the cellar since you came in; but I will go down, and get some more, if you think I'd better," was the pleasant reply.

"No, never mind. Well, I declare! why didn't you boil this meat? It's as hard as a rock. Not much like that I had at your house, Hubbard. Your wife knows how to cook a dinner that is fit for a king."

"I tried to have it nice, Robert," Mrs. Thompson said, struggling hard to choke down a rising sob, as well as an angry word.

The men did not speak, and Mr. Thompson finished his dinner with a thoughtful face. By and by he grew to watching his wife's face: there was something in it he could not understand. He looked down at the mulberry and white—it did look old and dingy beside the snowy table-cloth—he wondered he had never noticed it before. He went out into the kitchen—how hot and stifling it was! A vague idea that it wasn't such a comfortable place after all, flitted through his mind. He went out towards the barn, the sun was hot but there was a fresh breeze blowing from the south, and the men were lounging in the shadow of the barn.

"I never pitied a woman so in my life," Hubbard was saying; "she works like a slave and does not even get a 'thank ye' for it."

"She'd never ought to married Bob Thompson," replied Jones, "a delicate sensitive little thing like her. How-

ever, he won't make money out of her blood and bones many years. I never saw a woman run down so fast. She looks as faded as the old house that hasn't seen a drop of paint since old Grandfather Thompson had it fixed up for his second wife."

"And Jennie used to like things nice so well! She'd better have married Squire Burnham—I wonder if she isn't sorry?"

Was she? The thought came crushing like a bolt of fire through the heart and brain of Robert Thompson. She might have married Burnham he knew. And then remembered how proud he had been that she turned from the wealthy young squire, to marry him, and to come to the old homestead to take care of his invalid mother. And how tenderly she had done it, too! He could bear it no longer. He stole noiselessly away from the unconscious talkers, and started at a quick pace down the street.

Mrs. Thompson had washed and put away the last dish, and with a weary step had taken down the broom, when the sudden sound of wheels coming into the yard sent her to the door.

"I've brought down that ware, Mrs. Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover, springing to the ground, and lifting a large basket carefully from the wagon.

"I didn't order them, Mr. Grover," she gasped in a frightened voice. "I only said perhaps, I—"

"O, its all right. Mr. Thompson came up this noon and ordered them. I thought you didn't send him, for he didn't seem to know what he wanted, only he gave me ten dollars and told me to bring what was necessary. I have brought you a tea and dining set, including three dozen plates. If there is anything you don't like, I'll take it again and make it all right."

"Oh, I shall like them, I know," she said, trying hard to control her voice.

"Well, I'll leave the basket, and Robert can bring it up some time," he said, springing into the wagon and driving off.

Then Jane Thompson sat down on the floor beside the basket of crockery, and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for they washed all the weariness and despair from her face, and the shadow from her eyes and heart. She forgot that she was tired, or that the day was hot, but went to unpacking and washing her new treasures, singing softly to herself all the while. She put some nice clean papers on the shelves, and then she folded some and cut them in scallops, and put them over the edges, and then she arranged her beautiful ware with the drooping sprays of convolvulus and fuchsias, standing off every few moments to admire it. I doubt if Mrs. Squire Burnham was ever so entirely happy in her life.

She had got it all arranged, and stood in the pantry door, with a bright happy smile in her eyes and on her lips, when a voice—it was a trifle husky—said close beside her.

"What is it Jennie?" (he used to call her that in old days, before hardness or indifference came between them.)

"O, Robert!" taking a step toward

him. He opened his arms and drew her close to his heart, kissing her as fondly and tenderly as he ever had in the days of their courtship.

"I have been a brute, little wife," he whispered huskily; "can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? O, Robert! I never was so happy in my life! I have been to blame too; I haven't—"

"Yes you have!" he interrupted, "you've been an angel compared to me. I've made a slave of you, you shan't work so any more. Jones's Laura is coming up to-morrow, to help you till after haying, and then I'll make some permanent arrangement."

"O, Robert, I can get along now. I feel light as a bird."

"And you are, almost," he said, smiling a little sadly into her eager face. "No I am able to hire some one to help you and I am going to. And, by the way, I saw Leeds this noon. It's a dull time, just now, and so I thought I'd give the poor fellow a job."

"O, Robert? You ain't going to—"

"Ain't I?" he said, teasingly, laughing at her enthusiasm.

"Are you really, Robert—really going to have the old house painted?"

"Every square inch of board, Jennie, inside and out. And when you get over the summer's work, you can be looking up something to brighten up the old place a little."

"Robert?"

"What?"

"I want to tell you something—you won't be angry?"

"No," smiling.

"Well, to-day—it was wrong, I know, but I felt so discouraged—I almost wished I had married Squire Burnham; but now, O, Robert! I wouldn't marry him for fifty thousand French cottages!"

For answer he stooped and kissed her tenderly on the lips.

LETTERS TO MARAH.

Last May there came a mourning one to our HOUSEHOLD, and asked, "what shall I do—?" She was a young, a loving, yet alas! not a happy wife. She told her story with simple words, that came to all our hearts with a conviction of their truthfulness, and we all felt to clasp her in our arms and comfort her with soothing words. Many have replied to that epistle of a sorrowing heart, yet few have dared advise. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and we dared not "intermeddle with its wo."

Yet it has seemed to me that our young sister is walking in the wrong path, and that it may not yet be too late for an earnest word to save her. Many a time since I read her pathetic story, has my pen been raised for reply, and laid down with the thought: who can advise another in so solemn and tender a relationship?

Having dared to say this much, let me go on to urge a few words in her husband's behalf. It is not right we should all agree to censure him. He must have a fair trial, with a counsel for the defence.

"Marah" comes to us, she says, with "tear-laden eyes," but the trouble is, men, as a usual thing, don't admire "tear-laden eyes," particularly when they have themselves caused the tears.

Her eyes were bright with love and happiness when he wooed and won her; he feels and sees the change although too much engaged in "business" to ascertain its cause.

It seems to me that Marah is homesick. She was like most of our American girls, the petted one of a loving home. Fond parents loved her, "faults and all," brothers and sisters like herself without a care made a merry as well as a happy season of her youth. She married one who paused in his onward and upward career to woo and win and now he passes on his way.

What shall she do? Sit weeping in her "pretty home" because he cannot leave the "business" by which he gains the means to make it pretty, to sit with her, admiring her birds and plants or listening to her music?

Dear Marah, you are but learning the lesson which every wife must learn that courtship and the honeymoon cannot last forever. Nor is it desirable they should. Milk and honey are good in their way but we want bread and butter and beefsteak, and lots of other things in a well-regulated household. Even a little pepper and ginger are good if not used too liberally, and a proper quantity of sauce is indispensable.

Now, Marah, take the advice of a plain speaking but true friend. Leave off all this sentimentalizing, trouble him no more about his "easy chair and slippers," if he wants them he is as well able to get them as you are. If your plants and birds do not suit him enjoy the care of them in his absence. Do the same with your piano. If you really love music you will find a comfort in your loneliest hours, but never intrude these things upon him if he does not like them.

It may seem strange to you but there are many really worthy men who care nothing for flowers and canary birds and almost dislike music. If it was necessary to your happiness he should like these things, you should have ascertained his tastes before marriage. Not having done so you have no right to complain now.

As to the being "scientific," it is easy to become so in these days, and society no less than your husband requires at least a general knowledge of the sciences. If he is a scientific man, he has of course scientific books in his library, if not they are easily procured. The time you spend upon them will be better than that spent brooding over your lost happiness, and may help you to regain it. If your want of a new bonnet or dress surprises him, wait them oftener, that will lessen the surprise. Of course I am supposing he has the means and your wants are not unreasonable. Then if he does not invite you to go with him to proper places of amusement, invite him to go with you, and although he may not care to have you go with "aching heart" "tear-laden eyes and trembling lips," yet I think divested of these he will be glad of your company.

You say your husband "is a young man of worth and he is rapidly gaining favor with the wise and good." Marah, dear sister, did you weigh those words as you wrote them? Young as you are, have you not seen wives bowed beneath the weight of a

husband's shame? Have you not seen homes meagre as famine, and desolate as death, where women once as tenderly cared for by fond parents as were you, have toiled early and late to keep their little ones from starvation? Women who would deem it joy enough to say, not as you do, "he never gets angry and scolds me," but "he never gets drunk and abuses me, and the little ones dearer than myself."

And, Marah, one word more. Did you think well when you wrote "I am glad no longer at his coming?" What if he should never come again? If the footstep to which you think your heart has forgotten to thrill, should be hushed in death? With what awakened eyes would you read every evidence of opposition, when now perhaps you think he is only indifferent. Even the very silence which oppresses you now, would show itself to your awakened conscience as absorption in his business or profession. Would you have him sit idly in a lady's bower, carolling love ditties forever?

"To ride by your palfrey, to come at your call,
And nightly go with you to banquet and ball"
may be a lover's privilege, but it is not a husband's duty. If he is a professional man, the world must be in a certain sense his home. Let your heart go with him there, and if he has a heart, it will turn to you in his hours of weariness; if not, then God only can help you, poor Marah, and to Him we commend you, for He loveth you, and will hear your prayer.

MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

DEAR SISTER MARAH:—"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." When one is expecting an answer to some important question by every mail, and week after week passes and no reply, time hangs heavily, and we query, "could my letter have been miscarried?" But when we know from some reliable friend that our missive reached safely its destination, then we feel sure of an answer, also impatient to learn its character. We imagine it has been thus with you.

Four months since THE HOUSEHOLD came, telling you of the receipt of your letter; and this long continued silence has become oppressive, and doubtless you have said, "why is it; is there no one to advise, comfort, or pity me?" Dear Marah, we doubt not your letter was read by the sisterhood as it was by us, with dim eyes; yes fairly blinded by the tears which fell on its contents. All the sympathy and pity of our nature were aroused, and we threw our arms of love about you and took you where we take all of life's joys and sorrows, and asked that you might be comforted and guided aright. After having familiarized your letter by reading again and again we thought, wisdom, unerring judgment, and discretion, should rest on her who might answer your appeal, not having the least idea of so doing. feeling myself deficient in the requisite abilities. But this silence has become burdensome even to us—how much more so must it be to you that we have concluded to break it, hoping some one better qualified will yet address you. We believe that an All-wise Father designed that love, to its fullest capacity should exist between man and woman to unite them as one; and that

short of this, no one united in marriage although possessing the wealth of an Astor or Stewart, accompanied with all its train of luxury and ease will, nor can be happy. But where love in both has prompted a union, they will find the angel their images have impressed on the other, and the doors of their home will swing over charmed thresholds, whose gate strict loyalty keeps, and shut into safety their hopes and sorrows, and home be an inviolable asylum of defects and failures. Such will be the home of two lives so deeply interfused that all "faults may use their pricks on its pavements in vain." The same love ever presiding, prompting the yielding of preferences to the other; bearing each other's burdens, and every succeeding year—if such can be—becoming more deeply attached to each other.

We believe you brought a heart thus filled with love to the marriage altar, and have endeavored to make yourself as lovable since, as you did before in the eyes of him you left all others to accompany, and have striven to discharge every duty, and receiving no return of kindred devotion. We wonder not that the "sky" seems less "blue," the "stars" to have lost their brightness, the "flowers" to be drooping and fading as well as the music of the "song bird" to be less beautiful, but sad. We wonder not, at the saddest of all, that that "love is dropping from" your "heart," for the atmosphere of our homes reflects light, brightness, joy, and every insect's note is musical to our ears, or else a shadow, sorrow and no notes of gladness enter the homes where a union of hearts is unknown. But let not that love die; though there may be but a spark, cherish it! The sky is as blue, the flowers as beautiful, the birds warble as musically, and a loving heart beats as warmly in unison with ours, as twenty years ago. From this moment may hope enter your heart, and if you have not already done so, let not another day pass without having an understanding with your husband.

Ask him why it is thus; tell him what you have told us. There should exist perfect confidence and freedom between you, and may the future unfold to you all you anticipated four years ago. Go with this burden of burdens to Him "who is nigh unto all them that call upon Him." He will comfort, support and direct you.

There is no one who can sympathize, comfort, and advise as a pious mother, (we speak from experience,) open your wounded heart to her, as when a child, that she may soothe and cheer you, and you will find great relief, for such grief sealed in the heart eateth as a canker.

We are too deeply interested in your case to lose sight of you. Let us, please, hear from you again. We should like to hear personally from you although you may not give us your name. Our address you may learn by writing the Editor.

But what shall we say to your husband? for we would speak to him. We will ask him how he so successfully won the affections of Marah that she cheerfully left her "loving home, affectionate parents who watched over and guided her, dear brothers and sis-

ters who made home a place of joy, and the family altar?"—so sacred! Was it in telling her she was not scientific enough to converse, and could not comprehend sufficiently to listen; or when seated to entertain you with the sweet strains of the piano, by manifesting a relief when she ceased; or in speaking disparagingly of that which she most admired and delighted to care for and cultivate; or was it in making yourself more agreeable to others and avoiding her society, and when meeting her not so much as pass the common civilities of the day, or was it a combination of all of these? If so, you will retain that love, yes, become more lovely in her eyes as years roll on, by pursuing the same course. But if it was the reverse, we beg of you pause and consider! Let not the gulf that has come between you widen, but heal the breach. Let not the love that is dying die. Kindle it while you may. Touch again the chords of her heart that it may again "thrill" at the sound of your "footstep," and "be glad" as the time for your coming draweth near; or it will—very soon—be too late, the remaining spark will have flown, and all efforts to rekindle it will be in vain. Then indeed will it be a "loveless life" where it might have been "so beautiful." Help her to keep the vows she has taken by fulfilling yours.

Affectionately, SISTER SARAH.

WEDDING CUSTOMS.

The hymenial custom prevailing now and hitherto among various nations are as novel as they are numerous. Sir John Lubbock and Sir Edward Wood have devoted much attention to the subject, and communicate many entertaining facts in their published works. At Jarrow Church, in Northumberland, England, there is a chair in which all in the vicinity, becoming brides, sit themselves, when the marriage ceremony is concluded, that they may be happy wives and the mother of many children. In Derbyshire and Wiltshire, bee-hives were formerly decorated on the occasion of a wedding, the supposition being that the bees were knowing to the ceremony, and wished to participate in the festivities. In one locality of Yorkshire, when a newly married couple first enter their home, a person brings a hen, and makes it cackle, to "produce good luck to the pair." In the north of England it is considered ominous of misfortune to be married in green. If there is an odd number of guests at the wedding, one is sure to die within the succeeding twelve months. The sneezing of a cat was anciently considered by some Englishmen to be a lucky omen to a lady who was to be married the next day. In the sixteenth century, a wedding sermon was preached at the marriage of almost every person of consequence. In the last century celibacy was frequently published in some parts of England. Under the date of 1739, the parish register of Hilton, in Dorset, contains the following mandate: "Ordered, that all young unmarried persons above seventeen years of age, do forthwith go to service, or be proceeded against according to law."

In the reign of Edward II., a toll

was exacted from women married at Skidton. The order read; "Every bride coming that way should either give her left shoe or 3s. 4d. to the forester of Crookryse, or by way of custom of Gaytclouys."

In the days of Mary, Queen of Scots, the bridesmaids carried the bride to the bed-chamber, undressed her, and lay her in bed. They were then compelled to throw away all the pins taken from her clothing. "Woe to the bride if a single one is left about her; nothing will go right. So also the bridesmaids if they keep one of them, for they will not be married before the Easter following, at sunset."

The Irish peasantry, when too poor to purchase the wedding-rings, hire them of jewelers, who keep them to loan on such occasions. Formerly, the Irish bride presented to her betrothed husband a pair of bracelets made of her own hair. The natives of the Isle of Man always carried salt in their pockets when being married, under the belief that it brings luck.

"Bundling," which at one time prevailed in Pennsylvania, was introduced from Wales, where it is said to have originated in a scarcity of fuel. During the last century it was customary in Prussia to throw broken crockery at the doors of newly married people.

In ancient times the French were married on the door-step, and not, as now, within the church, at the altar. A few years ago marriage brokerage was quite extensively carried on in Paris. The brokers regularly advertised in the papers, guaranteeing to suit every taste and sentiment. Formerly, a young man was held in great reproach in Belgium who should marry a woman much older than himself. The bride always wore red gloves, with three pieces of silver on each of them.

In Genoa, a young man, on becoming engaged, was compelled to present his betrothed with a bouquet every morning until they were married.

In Venezuela, when a young man formally asked for the hand of a girl, her father gave him a very hard stone to pierce. On his completing the task, the lovers request was granted.

Some of the marriage customs of our Pilgrim Fathers were not less novel than those of their English ancestors. Mr. Wood tells us, that, in 1695, the local authorities of Eastham, Mass., voted that every unmarried man in the township should kill six blackbirds or three crows yearly, while they remained single; and that, as a penalty for not obeying the order, he should not get married until he had destroyed the requisite number in arrears. In 1756 the assembly of Maryland laid a tax of five shillings a year upon all bachelors above twenty-five years of age who were possessed of one hundred pounds.

In Malabar, the marriage ceremony consists simply in tying a thread round the neck of the woman. In Bonares, in the East Indies, a couple wishing to be united would formally wade into a stream along with a priest and a cow, the man and woman being tied together by their clothes; they then, upon walking around the cow, were pronounced man and wife.

According to Herne, the Hudson Bay Indians have been accustomed to

wrestle for brides. "A weak man, unless he is a good hunter, and well beloved, is seldom permitted to keep a wife that a stronger man thinks worth his notice. This custom prevails throughout all their tribes, and causes a great spirit of emulation among their youth, who upon all occasions, from their childhood, try their strength and skill in wrestling."

Among the Chinese and Abyssinians, lifting a bride over a door-step constitutes the ceremony. In Australia, no man is permitted to marry a woman whose family is the same as his own. Persons bearing the same family name, although not related, are strictly interdicted from marrying each other in China. In western Equatorial Africa, father and son are frequently married to the same woman.

In his journey to the shores of the Polar Sea, Franklin says, that among the American Indians of the far north, it is considered extremely improper for a mother-in-law to speak or even look at a son-in-law; and when she has a communication to make to him, it is the polite thing for her to turn her back upon him, and address him only through a third person.

Among the Mongols and Calmucks of Asia, a woman is not allowed to speak to her father-in-law, or to sit down in his presence.

Some of our Indian tribes formerly killed one infant on the birth of twins, probably on the supposition that one strong child was better than two weak ones.

WHERE SHALL OUR CHILDREN SPEND THEIR EVENINGS?

It is not of the marriageable portion of society we wish to speak. We allude especially to those half way between childhood and youth, a great increasing host; too big to be put to bed out of the way at sundown, full of animal spirits, warm with social instincts, longing to entertain and be entertained, interested in a thousand things that are foolishness in the eyes of maturity—pictures, games, romps—it is to these we would call attention, for these we put in a plea when we ask, Where shall our young folks spend their evenings?

"Not in my parlor, I assure you," exclaims Mrs. Fusabout. "I'm not going to have my young folks taking a crowd in there to soil, deface and destroy—not I, indeed! And as to having them here where I am, I couldn't stand that no way; they would drive me crazy in a week with their endless chatter."

Hundreds of notable housekeepers brandish their dust-pans before that sacred realm, "the parlor," at the veriest hint of an invasion, and echo Mrs. Fusabout's outcry.

"Mother, can't we go into the parlor?"

We were two girls shivering in the damp air of an evening in September,—two girls just budding into womanhood, that critical period when both soul and body need the tenderest care and vigilance. The woman addressed had come from the warmed and well-lighted church close by, and was ready to sleep on the sermon. Not so her daughter. That young brain was alive with busy fancies; no end of

pleasant confidences were busy at her tongue's tip to be transferred to the sympathizing heart beside her; her pulse throbbed high with youth and hope; she had no desire to shorten her days by a single hour. And what was her answer?

"In the parlor, indeed! I think not! If it isn't good enough for you out here on the steps, you can come in and go to bed."

Those poor young things had shivered there an entire evening; but what did it matter? Perchance many an after pain and ache, which should by right have recoiled upon the parent, reached the tender frame of her woman child. So the precious parlor remained undescended, what did it matter? It mattered much, O wives and mothers, so quick to wipe away the least suspicion of a cloud on your window-panes, so indifferent to the clouded eyes of your offspring; so indefatigable in keeping stains from carpet or curtains, so careless of the one that may have crept into the soul of son or daughter; whose nerves are steady under sound of poker, hammer, scrubbing-brush, and broom, and entirely upset by the patter of childish feet, a game of romps, a whistle, drum, or crying doll; who, with washing, ironing, baking, carpet-rags, canning, and all the various duties of the notable housewife, can "litter up" a room from daylight until bedtime, and take genuine satisfaction in it, too, yet can not endure a stray hat or apron, or a few scattered toys. We say such things matter much, since every species of injustice, however small or trivial, shielded under whatsoever pretense, will some day, most assuredly, recoil upon the perpetrators thereof.

"I never have known any one who allowed their boys to occupy the parlor of an evening, or bring company in the house at all." Such is the testimony of a lady who for several years has been a teacher in one of our public schools, and how many, many witnesses could set their seal thereto.

Walk out any time before ten, on a pleasant evening, almost anywhere in our large cities, and you will see dozens of young girls, mere children, of the most respectable parentage, strolling around the streets, or sitting on the steps, for the purpose of enjoying those social privileges denied them in their homes. These either go to school or to work during the day. Then comes the long evening. Youth very naturally desires recreation and the companionship of their own age. If home is not really a home, but only a place where they are allowed to eat, drink, and sleep, what is left them but to take to the streets, fraternizing with others equally as unfortunate as themselves?

Most people think boys take naturally to the street; that is because they are not allowed to be boys in the house. With his mind always open to the wise and thoughtful supervision of parents whose law is love, a little roughing in the street never yet hurt a growing lad, but to leave him with no other resource but stagnation or the street is criminal.

The days are growing short, the nights cold, and rosy, rolicking girls will be obliged to remain indoors, and

only the boys be left out. We shall see them clustering with their cronies around the store-windows, in a circle about the street lamps, anywhere where light seems to impart something of warmth and good cheer; we shall see them slapping their numb hands together and dancing about to keep life in their half frozen bodies. Bright brave boys most of them are, too, yet we tremble for their future, since their very presence is a living testimony to the fact that parents are too many, fathers and mothers too few; that while we build and adorn too many houses, homes are too few.

Fine furniture, overneatness, and nerves put out the home-fires of many a heart and hearth. We often feel like exclaiming, with some considerable change of the original text:

"That furniture should be so dear,
And these young souls so cheap!"

And we see no open door, no genial fire-side, no home where our young folks, every one, can gather in and spend their evenings, their gayety heightened, not checked, by the tender, sympathizing presence of older heads, until a condition of affairs so censurable no longer has tolerance inside of any four walls which a child calls home.—*Christian at Work.*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Thirty-nine.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

I do not know that it will concern any one very deeply this time, dear friends of THE HOUSEHOLD; for in good truth I am somewhat worn and weary just now and the pressure of many cares is upon me. Yet I am loth to lose my place among you at our November gathering, even though I have no gift of help or healing or wisdom to bring to you to-day. I cannot even hope to amuse you.

So, waiving our usual talk, will you let me take a low seat by the fireside and repeat to you a little song instead? I will call it

EVENTIDE.

Whenever, with reverent footsteps,
I pass through the mystic door
Of Memory's stately palace,
Where dwell the days of yore,
One scene, like a lovely vision,
Comes to me o'er and o'er.

'Tis a dim, fire-lighted chamber;
There are pictures on the wall,
And around them dance the shadows
Grotesque and weird and tall,
As the flames on the storied hearthstone
Wavering rise and fall.

An ancient cabinet stands there,
That came from beyond the seas,
With a breath of spicy odors
Caught from the Indian breeze;
And its fluted doors and mouldings
Are dark with mysteries.

There's an old arm-chair in the corner,
Straight-backed and tall and quaint;
Ah! many a generation—
Sinner and sage and saint—
It hath held in its ample bosom
With murmur nor complaint!

In the glow of the firelight playing,
A tiny, blithesome pair,
With the music of their laughter
Fill all the tranquil air,—
A rosy, brown-eyed lassie,
A boy serenely fair.

A woman sits in the shadow
Watching the children twain,
With a joy so deep and tender
It is near akin to pain,
And a smile and tear blend softly—
Sunshine and April rain!

Her heart keeps time to the rhythm
Of love's unuttered prayer,
As, with still hands lightly folded,
She listens, unaware,
Through all the children's laughter,
For a footfall on the stair.

I know the woman who sits there;
Time hath been kind to her,
And the years have brought her treasures
Of frankincense and myrrh,
Richer, perhaps, and rarer,
Than Life's young roses were.

But I doubt if ever her spirit
Hath known, or yet shall know,
The bliss of a happier hour,
As the swift years come and go,
Than this in the shadowy chamber
Lit by the hearth-fire's glow!

MURMURING.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. It had always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn't want a cake, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles. "I'd rather be in prison," I said one day, "than to have my life teased out," as Jamie knocked my elbow, when I sat writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash, one chair less to set away by the wall in the dining-room; when Jamie's little crib was put away in the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with the dark May morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience than at any other time. By-and-by he was singing in another room, "I want to be an angel;" and presently rang out that metallic cough. I never hear that hymn since that it don't cut me to the heart: for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse toward night, and when my husband came home he went for the doctor. At first he seemed to help him, but it merged into inflammatory croup, and all was soon over.

"I ought to have been called in sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash the dishes now; and when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her without having to work all the time.

There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no shavings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled by looking over the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading-table just as I leave them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty," said a weary-worn mother to me.

"Oh! no," I muttered to myself, "there are no little boots to dirty it now."

But my fate is as weary as theirs— weary with sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight, weary with watching for the arms that used to twine around my neck, for the curls that brushed against my cheek, for the young laugh that rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing fire, or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa coming home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what a price? And when I see other mothers with grown up-sons, driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with gray, I wish I had murmured less.—*The Appeal.*



THE CONCERT.

Such a concert, dear, as I've had to-night,
Full of sweet sound and deep delight;
And yet "the house" was poor:
Poor, if you count my crowded seats;
But judging only glad house-beats,
'I was a splendid house, I'm sure.

First, Baby sang as well as she could
Some sweet little notes that I understood:
And wee Kate's chirp of a laugh broke out
As Willy ran in with a merry shout;
The pussy purred on the rug in state,
And the good clock ticked, "it's late! it's late!"
While over the fire the kettle sang
Its cheery song with the least little twang.

That was Part First, you must know my dear,
When only we five were there to hear.
The fire crackled applause:
The baby's soft little pat-a-cake
Made reckless *encores* for the music's sake,
And pussy flourished her paws.

Well, the Second Part? Ah, that was fine—
Fine to the heart's core, over mine!
For over the kettle's winsome plaint,
And the baby's breathing, sweet and faint,
And over the prattle of Will and Kate,
And the clock's impatient "Late! it's late!"
I heard the blindest sound of all—
A click of the latch, a step in the hall!
And "Home, Sweet Home," pulsed the air
As you came calling up the stair.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

COTT RUSSELL thinks a certain amount of science is a necessary qualification for a good wife. In other words, that the art of good economical living which mainly depends upon the exertions of the wife, no matter how liberal the provisions made by the husband, can only be secured in the highest degree through the aid of technical knowledge. He asks, "ought a wife to know anything about fuel or not? Should she know that there is good and bad coal? That what is sold to her as best coal is oftener bad coal than good? That bad coal produces smoke and flame and not heat, and that the one wastes money and the other uses it. Ought a woman to know this knowledge, or is it beneath her?"

I must answer once for all, that I do not think any household knowledge of this sort is beneath any well-born woman. When of two things you have to choose, whether you will do the better or worse, it seems to me, you have a great responsibility. It seems to me, if you choose the worse, or don't choose, you are to blame. It seems to me then, that a woman should know good coal from bad, or she may waste her husband's earnings. But, next, if she buys only the best coal, comes the question, is there a right way of using coal and a wrong?

Ought a wife to know how to use good coal? to use it for the purpose for which it is bought? to use it for, light, cheerfulness, ventilation, warmth, cookery, cleanliness, or to use it to waste, smoke and discomfort? Is any knowledge necessary for that? Can not anybody make a good fire, keep a good fire, prevent smoke, maintain cheerful heat, warmth without waste?

Verily, there are few women who

know this; the art to make, to maintain a good fire, without excess, without smoke. Much science goes to understand a fire. 1. What is fuel made of? 2. What feeds the fire? 3. What wastes the fire? 4. What regulates the fire? 5. What makes the flames? 6. What wastes heat? 7. What preserves and maintains heat? 8. What spreads it equally around the room? 9. What creates smoke, drafts, rheumatism and colds?

Is it not the work of a moment to understand and answer all these questions? A wise housekeeper should have asked them all, and got a good answer to each. That is one element of a good home, health and comfort. Can every housekeeper solve all this?

To feed her household well, agreeably, wholesomely, without stint, without waste—there is a problem of home life. What does each kind of food cost? What parts of food are the more wholesome, the more nutritious? What kinds of food do harm—to the young, the middle-aged, the old? What quantity should be cooked, so as to give plenty without waste? What is the real value of each kind of food compared to its price? What is the price of food bought wholesale and bought at retail? What is the true weight of good kinds of food? How do I know good food from bad? How can I tell adulterated food from pure and wholesome food?

What are the wholesome ways of cookery? What kinds of cooking render wholesome food more or less nutritious, palatable? What dishes are comely, elegant, clumsy, gross, vulgar? How can I use the least sum of my husband's earnings in housekeeping, and yet never make him feel in want of anything?

Shall I be told that all these things come by intuition, by experience, by practice? That they are for servants to study, not for mistresses? That in every household they are already perfectly well done? If I am assured that this is already done, I have only to admit that no technical education in housekeeping is required by women.

Should the mother of a family know anything about her own clothes, her husband's, her family's? What sort, quality, price or stuff they should be made of? What stuffs wear well? what wash well? what wash out? What parts wear out first? How to make those parts last the longest? What sewing holds? How many yards of stuff go to each piece of dress?—how much for lining, how much for trimming, how much for shaping, how much for sewing?

Should the head of the house know how to make anything with her own hands—out of her own head?—to cut out, to shape and fashion, to use a sewing machine, to sew, embroider, mend?

All about clothes I think is woman's work and woman's duty—price, style, shaping, sewing, durability, washing, ironing and mending. A woman who cannot do all these things, and teach them to servants and daughters by example and precept, has not to my mind, a good technical education.

There is no such physician as a wise wife or mother. Not to cure disease—that is a doctor's work—but to prevent disease, or stop it at starting.

What are our gravest illnesses? neglected colds, indigestion and headaches. Who first finds out that we are ill? Who knows what has caused our illness? Who first takes alarm? Why should not every wife know the first symptom of disease, the cause, the cure? There, not by the sick bed or in the hospital, but there, by the family fireside, the kindly mother should wisely watch the first symptoms of disease, wisely give the early warning, wisely apply the simple cure. Which is better in the house, a wise wife, or a perpetual physician? There is no technical training so valuable to a woman as that which shall enable her both to keep the doctor out of the house, and to send for him the moment he is wanted.

GOOD NIGHT.

How tenderly and sweetly falls the gentle "good night" into loving hearts, as members of a family separate and retire for the night. What myriads of hasty words and thoughtless acts, engendered in the hurry and business of the day, are forever blotted out by its benign influence. Small token, indeed; but it is the little courtesies that make up the sum of a happy home. It is only the little courtesies that can so beautifully round off the square corners in the home of laboring men and women.

The simple "I thank you" for a favor received will fill with happiness the heart of the giver. True wealth is not counted by dollars and cents, but by gratitude and affection of the heart. If a home be happy, it is of heaven the truest earthly symbol. If a home be happy whether the owner possess a patch of ground or one thousand acres, they are indeed wealthy beyond mathematical calculations. Then how much the more lovingly are the sable folds of night gathering around the happy homes; much more confidently do its members report their weary bodies in the care of divine goodness, smoothing their over-taxed minds to the living realities of a beautiful dreamland; awaking refreshed and invigorated for the coming day's labor, by their having bid their loved ones an affectionate "good night."

And if, during this life, we have faithfully attended to all these little courtesies, these little soul needs; if we have guarded carefully all "God's hearts" placed in our keeping, at the close of its brief, yet eventful day, how much the easier to bid all our dearly beloved ones a final "good night."

ANGRY WORDS.

Why is it that we ever speak them? Why do we not master our rebellious passions and refuse to give them utterance? It is because our emotions and impulses are unrestrained, because we give them broad scope and unlimited sway. Oh, how grand and heroic it must be to rule one's defiant and turbulent spirits! When wrongs and disappointments arouse the discordant elements of our nature, when heavy clouds press sorely upon us, and tossing billows are surging within our bosoms; if we can but say, "Peace,

be still," then surely we have achieved a victory of which a Cæsar or a Napoleon might exult.

We must learn of the Great Teacher. We must make daily intercession with Him, if we would subdue the evil in our hearts. Speak no angry words. They have poisoned the nectar of friendship's sacred goblet, lacerated the tender and confiding heart of the young, traced tears of bitterness on the rosy cheek of childhood, and scattered gray hairs on the brow of the aged. They have blurred the brightness in many homes, overshadowing each heart with gloom and discontent.

Let the sun shine ever so royally, and nature's gay songsters warble ever so sweetly; let there be one grand anthem and concord of song and beauty pulsating around us, permeating every recess of our souls with its divine harmony; yet the rude accent of one little angry word can mar the loveliness of all.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

I live for those who love me,
And for those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too—
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—The dream of one age is the science of the next.

—To have the best wife, you must be the best husband.

—A life properly seasoned with grace has a uniform flavor.

—An honest employment is the best inheritance that can fall to any one.

—When you receive a kindness, remember it; when you bestow one, forget it.

—The tears of our misery often prevent our eyes from seeing the mercy close at hand.

—Mankind has been learning six thousand years, and yet how few have learned that their fellow-men are as good as themselves.

—The first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even though he is in the right.

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About 25000 spools of the Eureka Machine twist are manufactured every day. Still the supply is inadequate, and the manufacturers are obliged to increase their facilities.

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

The long evenings are now coming, and the children should have good games to help pass them pleasantly. Avilude, with its birds and their descriptions, is the best ever published. Sold by all booksellers and toy dealers, or sent post paid, on receipt of seventy-five cents, by West & Lee, Worcester, Mass.

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AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—The estimated value of all farming lands in the United States in 1870 is a little more than \$9,000,000,000 against \$6,500,000,000 in 1860. The increase in some of the Northern States is most extraordinary. Indiana has nearly doubled in valuation; Illinois and Michigan have nearly doubled theirs; While Iowa, most remarkable of all, has grown up from \$119,000,000 in 1830 to almost \$400,000,000 in 1870. The Southern States are slowly going backward. This decline will doubtless continue for many years. In the British West Indies, values have steadily declined from the date of emancipation.

The roads of north Minnesota are said to be lined by the teams of disgusted settlers pushing towards Iowa. They say they like cold weather, but they don't want so much of it in one year.

In point of fertility it is estimated that Iowa stands first, Illinois second, and Missouri third. It has been demonstrated that Iowa can feed thirty million people.

NERVOUS AND SICK HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.—In almost every instance these diseases are produced by derangement of the digestive organs, and liver diseases. Rarely, indeed, would any one suffer from these diseases, if they kept their bowels regular and digestion good by proper attention to the liver, which is the great governor of these functions. This can be done by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with small daily doses of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets; they re-establish the action of the liver, thereby purifying and enriching the blood, and effectually removing the cause of those diseases. 683

THE ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN MANUFACTORY has lately been increased by the addition of several new buildings and is now the largest establishment of the kind in the country. Their instruments have been long and favorably known both in this country and in Europe, and give the fullest and most complete satisfaction wherever they have been introduced. Edward Clark, A. M., of Brattleboro, is the traveling agent for this company in Vermont, and is well qualified to select instruments to suit the taste and means of his customers, and all who may deal with him will be pleased with his efforts to meet their wants and give them the best music for the least money.

Housekeepers in laying in your winter supply of goods don't forget to include a box of the American Peerless Soap. You had better do without many luxuries than omit this one article which

has become a necessity in every well-regulated household.

Our readers will find in another column the announcement of the most remarkable book which has been published in this country for many years—the completion of The Mystery of Edwin Drood by the spirit pen of Charles Dickens. From whatever standpoint it is regarded, whether it be the dictation of a supernatural agency or another of the many clever literary frauds which have been perpetrated by unscrupulous authors upon an innocent and unsuspecting public, upon one point there can be no doubt, the book is destined to have an immense sale. As a literary curiosity it stands unrivalled; the circumstances under which it was produced were of a most singular nature and sufficiently mysterious to create a deep interest in the minds of all who have known or heard of Charles Dickens.

We would call the especial attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Woods Cutlery Co., to be found in another column. From experience in the use of their goods we are enabled to add our testimony to the popular verdict which has already pronounced them first class in every respect and well worthy the attention of all who wish a cheap yet really excellent article of table cutlery. To test the "hot water proof" qualities of these goods we boiled one of the rosewood handle dessert knives for half a day without having any injurious effect whatever upon it. We are satisfied that they will stand hot water in any quantity and for any length of time. We are making arrangements with the company to offer this cutlery as premiums to those obtaining subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD and hope many will avail themselves of the opportunity to supply their tables with the best knives and forks in the market.

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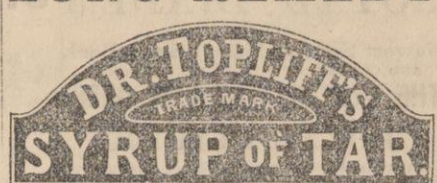
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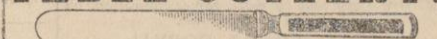
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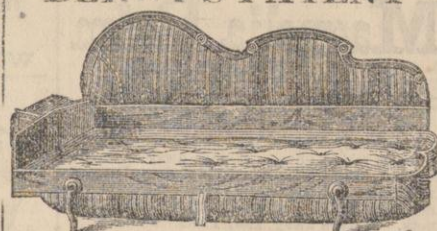
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It promotes the GROWTH, PRESERVES the COLOR, and increases the Vigor and BEAUTY of the HAIR.

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Trains leave Greenfield for Turners Falls at 6:40, 9:50 and 11:55 A. M., and 4:30 P. M. Leave Turners Falls for Greenfield at 7:30 and 11:10 A. M., and 1:50 and 5:40 P. M.

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

O. T. RUGGLES, Superintendent.

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing Monday, Jan. 1, 1872.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Main train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., Grou's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New London at 5:30 p. m., connecting with steamer for New York. This train will leave Brattleboro on Monday mornings at 4:45 a. m., arriving at Grou's Corner at 5:35 a. m.

Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 m., Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. Johns at 4:50 p. m., St. Albans at 7:20 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 3:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m., Grou's Corner at 5:15 a. m. and New London at 11:05 a. m.

Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation) at 5:45 a. m., Brattleboro at 6:41 a. m., South Vernon at 7:10 a. m., Grou's Corner at 9:50 a. m., arriving in New London at 5:10 p. m.

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

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Main train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lowell and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 5:00 a. m., Grou's Corner at 5:25 a. m., South Vernon at 5:55 a. m., Brattleboro at 6:35 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:50 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R. Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal and Ogdensburg.

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

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m., Grou's Corner at 8:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:50 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed) at 5:35 p. m., arriving in W. R. Junction at 8:30 p. m., and Rutland at 8:30 p. m.

Night express leaves New London at 2:45 p. m., Grou's Corner at 3:00 p. m., South Vernon at 3:28 p. m., Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., Boston (via Fitchburg) at 5:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:20 p. m., connecting at W. R. Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at 3:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, etc., arriving in St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Montreal at 9:45 a. m., Plattsburgh at 12:00 m., and Ogdensburg at 12:45 p. m.

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

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St. Albans, Dec 23, 1871.

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4	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife	50 2
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6	Autograph Album,	1 00
7	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00
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9	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves,	1 00
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MR. KENNEDY, Dear Sir, I sit down to pen you a few lines this evening, to inform you that the Prairie Weed you sent me last fall has done me much good; truly I have not words to express my gratitude to you for it. My health has not been so good for the last twenty years as it has been since I commenced taking the Prairie Weed in November last. I thank you thousands of times for it. Not one night since last December have I been obliged to sit up one hour with phthisis since I have been taking your medicine. I have two bottles left yet; and I cannot thank you enough for your kindness to one that is poor and no money. But my health is so improved this winter that I can work all the time at light work, so I more than pay my board, and that is what I have not been able to do for a long time. Truly I have reason to rejoice with joy to think that I have found something to help me. I ever remain your humble servant,
M. MARIA LEACH.

APRIL 3, 1873.
DR. KENNEDY, Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that the Prairie Weed has helped me. I have used five bottles; and my cough has stopped. I have not spit up any more lumps after taking the first bottle. My pains are not half as many as they were; and my sleep is sweet. I am a very delicate lad, and weigh more now than I ever did in my life. I have scattered your Prairie Weed circulars all through the country; and this is very little to do for you who have done so much for me.
Yours truly,
JACOB BACON, Cleveland, Tenn.

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

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

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