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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. 10.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1877.

No. 8.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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A SUMMER MORNING.

What dainty note of long-drawn melody
Athwart our dreamless sleep rings sweet and clear,
Till all the fumes of slumber are brushed by,
And with awakened consciousness we hear
The pipe of birds? Look forth, the same white
day
Blesses the hilltops, and the sun is near;
All misty phantoms slowly roll away
With the night's vapors toward the western sky.
The real enchant us, the fresh breath of hay
Blows toward us; soft the meadow grasses lie,
Bearded with dew; the air is a caress;
The sudden sun overtops the boundary
Of eastern hills, the morning joyousness
Thrills tingling through the frame; life's pulse
beats strong;
Night's fancies melt like dew. So ends the song!

CARE OF SHRUBS IN LAWN AND DOOR-YARD.

SAYS the Country Gentleman, roses and shrubs are now much grown in suitably arranged masses or natural groups, and that is the best way of keeping up a varied and varying show of all their beauties, with least trouble.

When they are grown as isolated plants in front yards, it is necessary to make them "hold their head up," and look trim and tidy. Every day we see examples of such bushes tied up in compact bunches, with a stake to secure greater uprightness; but towards April it is common to see stake and all dangling helplessly over. Then they are straightened by resetting the stake, and by barbarous pruning shears or knife.

This treatment is senseless. It directly defeats the main object, which we suppose to be the securing of a plant of neat figure, robed in luxuriant leaves, and brightened with well-expanded flowers. For it is obvious that not one of these crowded shoots can open its leaves to the light, and as they were similarly suffocated last summer, they have nothing laid up—no means or substance from which to produce good flowers this year, even if there were room to display them.

Next summer they will, of course, be

barren too, if the leaves are given "no room to turn."

But the bush will do something, so long as it has roots safe and sound, and as it can do nothing else well, it will go back to the primitive course of throwing up fresh sprouts from the ground, thus adding too, and aggravating the crowded condition above.

The right treatment in such a case is to use a strong, narrow knife, or saw, or sharp pointed pruning shears, such as French gardeners use, or a suitable chisel and mallet, and cut out all the old exhausted shoots, and all the young ones that are weak or unripe, close at the surface wherever possible, or beneath it, for neatness sake, leaving only those which have been first selected as the best and the best placed. Separate these by tying or spreading, using a light hoop if necessary, to secure a well-balanced and evenly distributed figure, with full room around each shoot for its flowering branchlets and leaves, and full access of light and free air throughout. If a stake seems needful, it will not look amiss, provided it is set erect and centrally, even although it may be thick and tall. In that position it may be even taller than the shoots. The shoots left to bloom should not be shortened further than to take off ill-formed, unsymmetrical branchlets, or slender ones incapable of bloom.

If this care is supplemented by a trifling attention, in May or June, to pinch out the sprouts that will appear numerously then, leaving only the suitably placed few that are wanted to fill vacancies, or to renew good blooming canes, according to the nature of the plant, the fullest rewards of successful training will be attained. Some plants make a rank growth from the tops in August or September, and in their case a pinching of the ends of wild or wanton shoots is advisable.

Climbing roses, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, etc., class under the above rule of treatment.

When shrubs are grouped in masses they are not tied up in any formal figure. Pendant branchlets or low growing sorts placed in front of erect ones hide the stems, and present to the sight only leaves and flowers, as in natural bosage.

PREVENTION OF DAMPNESS.

Dampness in walls is often a great annoyance to housekeepers, and in moist climates good precautions should be taken to keep it out of the walls and buildings. It may be prevented from rising in brick or stone walls by a thorough application of asphaltum to the upper portion of the foundation, or to several of the lower tiers of brick. Asphaltum thoroughly ap-

plied to the outside of brick work will also prevent the ingress of dampness. The walls may be painted over the asphaltum, if desired.

Another method is also recommended by a leading scientific paper, as follows: Three-quarters of a pound of mottled soap are to be dissolved with one gallon of boiling water, and the hot solution spread steadily with a flat brush over the outer surface of the brick work, taking care that it does not lather; this is to be allowed to dry for twenty-four hours, when a solution formed of a quarter of a pound of alum, dissolved in two gallons of water is to be applied in a similar manner over the coating of soap. The operation should be performed in dry, settled weather. The soap and alum mutually decompose each other, and form an insoluble varnish which the rain is unable to penetrate, and this cause of dampness is thus effectually removed.

Alum is also a valuable preventive of mildew. Cloths or other fabrics, dipped into strong alum water, are proof against mildew, no matter how much they may afterwards be exposed to damps or other causes favoring the growth of this disagreeable fungus.

About a year ago, says a correspondent of the Journal of Chemistry, I was filling up a large scrap book, and in the course of my work, used in connection with it a goodly amount of paste, a small quantity that had alum in it. A spell of wet weather coming on before my book was dry, caused it to mildew badly throughout, except where the alum paste had been used; there no trace of mildew was to be seen.

Upon observing this, I began trying various experiments with alum as a mildew preventive, all of which succeeded, though put to the most severe tests. I therefore feel that I have, by the merest accident, made a valuable discovery, and as such I take pleasure in offering it to the public.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

—The canker worm is not so numerous this season as it has been for the past three or four years, consequently the orchards will have a chance for growth. If persons would take the trouble of shaking the worms from the few trees that are infested upon sheets, and destroy them, they would soon be rid of them. A little labor in this way would pay well.

—Don't forget to have a good woodshed, this fall well filled with wood. Dry wood stored in the shed will be much more pleasant and economical to use during the cold, unpleasant weather of winter, than that which has remained out of doors.



CAREFUL DUSTING A NECESSITY.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IT IS not easy for persons yet accustomed to the daily routine of household care, to realize how essential to cleanliness is the practice of daily, thorough dusting; and there are some old, experienced housekeepers who, though very particular in many things, are nevertheless quite remiss in this important department.

"What nonsense! Who will believe that there can be any perceptible difference between a house that is dusted every day and one that receives that attention once or twice a week? It is a saving of patience, time, and dusters to be content with less of that kind of care."

We heard remarks like these not long since. Two ladies were giving their experience with unfaithful servants, and one complained of infrequent dusting as forming a part of her trouble. We did not linger to hear more; but think one could easily see what would be the difference in the appearance of the two homes, over which these ladies ruled.

Suppose these ladies were just beginning a home life—and we think they were—occupying two houses, newly furnished, and in all respects similar. For a few weeks there would be but little perceptible difference. Both are alike pleasant, complete and attractive. But ere long a difference is noticeable. In one no spots on the furniture are found, no dust has settled in carved work, or mouldings. The statuary, marble-top tables, and mantels are as fresh and pure as when the house was first occupied. No scroll, or bud, or leaf in the exquisite carved marbles shelters the dust which can always be so easily removed, if caught on its first entrance and not allowed to settle, and become solid by dampness or neglect. The window panes are clear as crystal, and no dark spots of dirt are heaped up in the corners of the sash. The gas fixtures are in good working condition; the top of each burner free from anything that can obstruct a full, clear flame. The most fastidious caller, with immaculate white kids, need fear no damage in taking up a book, or resting her hand on a table.

The neighboring house, opened and occupied at the same time, presents a very different aspect. The furniture

has already grown rusty and old; the highly-polished rosewood is losing its fine sheen; dust has found a refuge in every available nook and corner, giving an ancient look to rich carvings that deserved better care. The windows clouded and streaked with dust; dark shadows that have been gathering slowly in the corners are now realities, in the shape of dust and lint that from day to day have been allowed to find lodgment there unmolested.

Marble-top tables, mantels and statuary, even at this early day, are looking gray and moldy. All the elegant and artistic work which adorns them is defaced. The gas flickers or shoots up uneven or irregular flames, because the orifices in the burners are choked with dust and lint from fires and sweeping, and the shades unwashed and heavily clouded with neglect.

Such a difference is often seen between two houses having equal facilities for neatness and order, but under entirely different administration. Unfortunately the descent from careless, surface dusting to real slovenliness is so gradual that the latter state becomes the established fact before the mistress has recognized the evil, and then, though she may deplore it, is unconscious that it arises from any remissness on her part. No doubt every morning the mistress or the maid goes through the pantomime of dusting. With a pretty feather brush she flirts from chair to bookcase or table, and gracefully passes it over the top surfaces, but never thinks to look farther, and day after day the dust slyly secretes itself in every crevice where it is secure from the gentle approaches of that innocent dusting-brush. The upper surfaces, or that part of the furniture which is always visible to a casual observer, may look bright and comparatively well kept; but soon even that luster fades, and if the doors or windows are opened on a damp or rainy day the dust, which has settled so long uncared for, cannot be very easily disposed of. Something more than a feather brush will be needed to make the least impression, and if no more efficient means are used a few more weeks of superficial work will have changed the rich rosewood to a dead russet-color, and the marks of premature old age and decay be seen everywhere.

Now, mark the difference between such carelessness and true cleanliness.

Instead of using a feather brush for anything more than to give the last touches, a good housekeeper will take an old silk handkerchief for the finest articles, or a soft dusting towel with a fleecy surface, which comes expressly for the purpose, and rub the furniture all over, not simply wipe it. If there is a damp spot where the dust has settled, it must be rubbed thoroughly till it disappears; or if too firmly fixed, washed off in luke-warm suds, and immediately rubbed dry with a chamois skin.

Draw one end of the dusting cloth or handkerchief back and forth through all the fine open-worked carving; or where the cloth cannot enter use a clean soft paint-brush, which should be always kept with the dusting articles for that purpose. In this way all the dust that can accumulate, if looked after every

retain its youth and freshness in a great measure clear down to old age.

This process sounds like something tedious—consuming much time. On the contrary, the daily attention that should be given to dust, which no care can prevent from entering, but which at first rests on the furniture so lightly that it is removed with ease, consumes not half the time that a careless and less methodical mode of working, or pretending to work, will do; for after some delays the day of reckoning for negligence will come, and hard and long-continued work will be the penalty before the furniture can be restored to anything like decency. By neglect, in the end, not only is much time wasted, but the articles will be permanently defaced.

There are some small places in the carving of rich furniture which even a paint-brush will not reach; but it can be removed by blowing hard into the spot and thus drive it out. A small pair of bellows is a great convenience to keep on hand for such a purpose, as it easily removes all dust from the most intricate carving.

There are very few things that to an orderly person are so annoying as to see dust daily increasing in all of those ornamental parts of furniture which would be a perpetual pleasure if kept clean. Some houses seem made purposely for the dust to hide in, as if to defy careless girls and thoughtless housekeepers.

Near akin to careless dusting is the neglect of doors and door casings, which if not frequently washed off will in a few days become badly soiled. Servants bringing up coal, with hands begrimed from being over the furnace and other rough work, are apt to leave the marks of their fingers on the sides of the doors or casings as they pass in or out. Sometimes the whole hand is pressed on the door if one enters with a heavy coal-hod, to steady the steps. It is very natural that any one should do this when carrying a heavy weight; but one can hardly imagine such perfection in our domestics as to feel any surprise that they do not themselves see the damage done or take instant steps to remove the marks without being reminded of it. But who ever has the care of the rooms, whether dining-rooms, parlors, or chambers, should be instructed that it is their work regularly to watch for such marks and remove them speedily.

If at once attended to, it is very little trouble. A clean, damp cloth will take off all such marks easily if they are not left on too long.

The same care is needed to keep the door knobs or handles clean. Children with soiled hands, right from their meals, often leave the knobs sticky or greasy, and they can receive the necessary care at the same time that the wood work is cleaned, taking no longer time, but adding greatly to the neatness and comfort of the house. One of the most essential qualifications of a good housekeeper is a quick, observant eye, that at a glance almost by instinct knows when and where such little touches are needed, and secures prompt attention to them.

RECIPE FOR MAKING TATTERS.

Take a handful of the weed called

root called Nimble-tongue, a sprig of the herb Back-bite, a tablespoonful of Don't-you-tell-it, six drachms of Malice, and a few drops of Envy. Stir them well together, and simmer for half an hour over the fire of Discontent, kindled with a little Jealousy, strain through the rag Misconception, cork up in the bottle of Malevolence, hang it on a skein of Street-yarn, shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil and that continually.

of sustaining vegetation. The process of this assimilation of matter or food in plants is a direct result of the action of sunlight, though there is reason to believe the process is not wholly intermittent during the night, but that the peculiar action induced in the plant by the direct sunlight is continued with a diminishing force in the hours of ordinary darkness; probably but little new matter is received into the plant at night, but the process of assimilation is in completion. The facts and experiments on which these deductions are made could be given in detail, but those curious in this matter we would refer to the writings of vegetable physiologists.

So far, then, as growing plants are concerned, we have a clear case, and can say positively that they are not only not injurious, but actually beneficial. There is, however, another view to take of the subject, and that is in regard to blooming plants. The perfume of some flowers is not only disagreeable to some persons, but, when they are exposed to them for some length of time, affects them with headache, nausea and febrile symptoms, more or less aggravated—especially is this the case with those peculiarly heavy odors, given off by some varieties of hyacinths, tuberoses, jasmines, orange blossoms, and some other kinds. Of these effects there is no question, and all such plants should be avoided by those sensitive to them, and, probably, it would be well for any one not to have many such plants in a sleeping room, but the caution is hardly necessary, for it is seldom that any great amount of bloom is attained in house plants in the winter. Again, the ventilation that is necessary, and that in every well regulated room is given, secures from all harm, in ordinary practice, from the odors of flowers.

A bouquet left standing in the same water for several days, as is sometimes allowed, may become quite offensive, but this case of vegetable decaying matter is far different from the living plants. A light burning in a room, or a small animal like a cat or a dog occupying it, will vitiate and destroy the atmosphere to a very sensible extent, but who objects to their presence on this account? The least care in ventilation corrects it all. In this connection we may well re-quote an extract from a note we published last year from the editor of one of our medical journals. He says:

"I think plants could be used as a sort of vitrometer. The value of plants in a health point of view is not yet appreciated as it will be. A room where plants do well makes a good living room. The three sources of ill health in in-door life, in winter in particular, are first, super-heated air; second, too dry air; and third, an air loaded with carbonic acid. Regulate the first two conditions so plants will live and thrive, and they will rapidly absorb the acid. Under our plant stand my wife has a long tray of water, which keeps the air moist by evaporation, absorbs the carbonic acid, and our plants are the wonder of my patients, and the health of our rooms. I can thus point many a lesson in hygiene."

In conclusion, then, only discrimi-



FLOWER SPIRITS.

We are the guardian spirits of flowers,
And to us belongs the care
To watch through the pleasant summer hours
O'er the flow'rets fresh and fair;
To open their leaves when the morning sun
Peers over the eastern trees,
And to close them again when day is done
In dread of the chilly breeze.

With gentle hand the dewy tear
We brush from the cheek of the rose,
And lift from the earth the lily fair,
Borne down by its fancied woes.
Then we nestle down by the violet blue,
A word of fond love to speak,
And coquette a while with the daisy, too,
Till a blush mantles on her cheek.

Then we nectar quaff from the woodbine's flower,
And dance in the bluebell's shade
Or lie asleep at the noon-tide hour
In the primrose-scented glade.
Then we flit awhile with the poppies gay,
Where in scarlet pomp they dwell,
Till warned by the coming close of day
By the pink-eyed pimpernel.

Then we fly with haste to gather up
Our charge for the coming night,
Closing them all, from the buttercup
To the rose and the peony bright.
Then we fold our wings when the work is done,
And sleep, each sprite in his flower,
Till the darting beams of the morning sun,
Awake us to life and power.

PLANTS IN LIVING OR SLEEPING ROOMS.

A LADY writes as follows: "I have about fifty different kinds of plants in my sitting-room up stairs; this room adjoins our sleeping-room, and my husband is afraid it is not healthy. This is the only room I can keep my plants in, and it is well ventilated by a window lowered from the top; my room is very light, for the windows are large and reach the floor, thus affording plenty of sunlight to the plants. My husband, as well as myself, is a lover of flowers, and we do not like to be without them, and, therefore, ask your opinion of this matter."

Growing plants, vegetation in general, is the means nature employs to purify the atmosphere; the gases which are the products of respiration, and of the decomposition of organic matter, either vegetable or animal, are assimilated by the growing plant, or converted into its tissues. In the wondrous laboratory of nature these processes are constantly in operation, so that all organic substances, in their turn, together with all the effete products of animal life, serve the purpose

nating against those plants the odors of which we know to be disagreeable or injurious to us, we can safely say that plants in living or sleeping rooms are beneficial in purifying the atmosphere, and that a room with more or less of thrifty growing plants has not only an air of refinement, but literally a purer air than without them.—*Vick.*

WINDOW GARDENS.

Just as drapery adds to the grace of a room, and gives it what mirror and picture and artistic furniture cannot with all their elaboration of form or color afford, so the vine gives to our window gardens their overshadowing air of protection and comfort, and of brooding persuasiveness—something like the effect in sacred pictures of kindly, hovering wings. Our first thought, then, in ornamenting our windows may well be for the vines, and they reward care more readily, perhaps, than any other house plants. At any rate, their luxuriance is sufficiently sympathetic to give answer, and quickly, too, to the tending touch.

Shall we choose for ourselves a variety of these over-arching and daintily climbing greeneries? First of all, then, is the ivy, which hardly needs words of praise, since it speaks so frankly for itself. Only for beginners in its culture need advice be offered, and to those not yet beginners, to whom we say: Do not let your house, do not let your sitting-room, at least, be without this unexacting but generous little friend. Ivy is readily grown from cuttings. All we have to do is to cut from the parent plant little branches about three inches in length and immerse them in vials of water, or plant them in shallow boxes filled with sand and wet to the consistency of mud, and kept so fully moistened until the roots have sprouted from the ivy stems.

Ivy already potted out of doors should be brought into the house in November, and by degrees accustomed to the heat of the sitting-room, so as to flourish all winter. You must wash its dusty leaves, and once a week give a tiny stimulant of guano and nip off with sympathetic judgment the terminal shoots, so as to duplicate the up-reaching effort of new leaves, and your ivy will gratefully respond and domesticate itself, and you will ask little of it that it will not perform.

Of flowering vines there are a hundred beauties, and selections must be made from the florist's tempting lists with reference to the temperature of our rooms and the exposure of our windows. In windows facing the south, and with rooms of warm temperature, we may have the variegated kinds of the Mexican vine, named after the priest who brought it from the wilds, the *Cobaea scandens*, with its bell-shaped flowers, and the passion flower (*Passiflora cerasia* and *Rernusina*), which needs also for profuse blooming such sunlight and temperature of from sixty to seventy-five degrees, and the *Assus discolor*, a close dependent upon heat and light.

For shadier windows there are the *Ipomoea*—the morning glories—in many varieties and colors, from sky-blue to scarlet, generous rewarders of care, and so rapid in growth that they

will blossom in six weeks after the seed is planted, and the vinca, the charming little *pervenche* of the French, with its leaves glossy like myth, and its starry blossoms, lavender-colored and blue. And again, if the temperature is too warm for ivies, one may have for foliage vines the smilax, an exotic from South Africa, a plant requiring rich sandy soil and plenty of watering, and sometimes, if attacked by its mortal enemy, the red spider, a dusting with cayenne pepper. And for the same conditions of growing there is a new vine, a wonderful fern, called the walking fern, just now appearing in the conservatories—a vine so graceful, so novel, the smilax has hardly a hope to remain the reigning belle among the festoon plants of the window basket or the winter's beauty in the epergne or the vase.

OUR CANARY.

Cheep! cheep! tweedle deedle dee dee cheep peep, purr-r-r-r, twit cheep! The little fellow is up without a doubt. Plump! go his feet on the paper bottom of the cage. Silence. One long call: Chee-e-p! "Yes, pet," we answer, and open our eyes to the morning. The sun is not up; we snuggle down again. An impatient stepping about; a flutter of wings and two sharp, imperious "twits" chase away sleep for good. We frown and yawn. "Time to get up. Going to be a rainy, disagreeable day. Oh! dear." A great scattering of seeds in the other room. A small imitative grumble at the chaff, and then a merry, rollicking strain, as if breakfast were of no account after all. We fairly jump up at that, and go to the cage with smiles all over the face. How the yellow ball rounds out as we approach. The body dips towards us; the head is thrust forward; the whole golden midget is the personification of eagerness. He can hardly wait for his food; he follows the cup with his jet-black eyes, until it comes back filled with the seed he loves. If he rubs his expectant bill once in the minute he does ten times. He jumps and re-jumps from perch to perch so swiftly, that he knocks one down, and cannot wait for it to be put up again; but now hops on to the edge of his cup, and begins the business of the day with full speed.

You would think him a greedy little scamp. Just wait until you see how much he eats! Three yellow seeds, a drink of water, a snip of cracker, and one of apple; then on the topmost perch, with one big hemp-seed much too large, he sits and works and tries with all his little might to crack the thing. Now take a lesson by this little bit of determined persistence. He steadies himself well; he rolls it up and down his bill; he bears his tongue against it; he turns it and twists it; he drops it in the cup and looks it over; takes it up and goes at it again. What but a seed of rock could stand such concentrated will? Of course it breaks open and of course he enjoys it. Then he sings.

He prepares for slumber with elaborate completeness. For preliminary, he jumps from one perch to the other at least sixteen times. Every time he lights on the perch he polishes his

bill. The moods he expresses by this one motion are various. Sometimes he is fierce, sometimes contemplative, sometimes brisk, sometimes lazy. He finally settles down to the upper perch, and begins to draw up his leg. To get his balance to suit him is difficult business. The points of his tiny feet uncurl and drop on the perch at least a dozen times. He then begins to puff out. He makes a bundle of himself as round as an apple. He soon begins to muse. Then he yawns, showing the tiniest cavern of pink, where we know his sweet songs lurk. His eyes half shut, but at the slightest sound pop open again. Sleep at last conquers him. His bill goes up in the air, his graceful head nods and settles back; then, with the languor of half-unconsciousness, it is turned around and slid beneath his wing. Birdie is gone for the night.—*Golden Rule.*

TRANSFERRING ENGRAVINGS.

MR. CROWELL.—*Sir:*—I have noticed several inquiries in THE HOUSEHOLD as to transferring engravings, and not having seen any answer, I will tell them how it is done, and hope they will succeed, as they will if they follow the directions strictly.

Take glass that is perfectly clear, (window glass will do,) clean it thoroughly, then varnish it on one side only, taking care to have it perfectly smooth, place it where it will be free from dust, let it stand over night then take the engraving, lay it in clear water until it is wet through, say ten or fifteen minutes, then lay it upon a newspaper that the moisture may dry from the surface and still keep the other side damp, immediately varnish your glass the second time, then place the engraving on it, pressing it down firmly so as to exclude every particle of air; next rub the paper from the back until it is of uniform thickness, and so thin that you can see through it; varnish it the third time, then let it dry.

For the varnish take two ounces of balsam of fir and one ounce of spirits of turpentine, shake well, and apply with a camel's hair brush.

Kent, O. *Mrs. B. W.*

A LARGE FUCHSIA.

In a recent number of the London Garden, the Knight of Kerry writes as follows from Valencia, Ireland, concerning a fuchsia which he has: "I believe that at this moment it is one of the finest sights in the shrub way that can be seen. It measures just 148 feet 3 inches round the extreme tips of its branches, and would have been considerably larger had it not been stopped at one side to form it into an arch to cross over a walk. The south side of it is one blaze of most beautiful blossoms, a condition in which it has been for some time. It is now exactly twenty-two years since it was planted, and during that time nothing whatever has been done to further its growth. It has simply been left to itself."

AZALEAS.

These beautiful flowering plants are natives of North America, Turkey, down.

and China. The American kinds are quite hardy, but the Chinese kinds require the protection of a green-house. All the species should be grown in peat earth, heath mould, or very sandy loam; and, provided the ground they grow in is well drained, and they are never allowed to become too dry, they will thrive in almost any situation, though they prefer the shade. They may be transplanted at almost any age, or season, even when in flower, provided a ball of earth be kept around their roots; and as they hybridize freely, and ripen seeds abundantly, innumerable varieties may be raised.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. CROWELL:—I have luxuriant ivies, and my mode of treatment has been very successful. I fill my pots in which they grow by layers of earth, compost, and charcoal dust, alternately, till the pot or box is full, and water them twice a week, giving always the same quantity to each. Mine are the admiration of all my friends, and they send out a new shoot each every day. I have never had an insect, a slug, or any disease on either, and I attribute it to my preparation of the soil and regular food.

Mrs. A. N. C.

Worcester, Mass.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you allow me to answer Fida, who, in the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD, asks what to do to her plants to rid them of slugs, lice and spiders. I am glad I can tell her what will kill these pests every time. Get a small bottle of quassia at a drugstore and drop a few drops in a quart of water, and give the plant a thorough wetting with it. It will surely kill every "pest of her house plants." It acts as nicely for out of door plants, roses and geraniums, etc., only be sure to put three or four drops of the quassia to every quart of water. Please try it.

Mrs. M. K. T.

Warsaw, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your subscribers tell me how to free a rose tree from the green blight that eats the young sprouts and causes the leaves all to fall off.

St. Louis, Mo. *A SUBSCRIBER.*

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I saw an inquiry by Ruhla respecting the growth of the English ivy. I will give you my experience. I have one, with seven branches growing from the root, three of which measure nine or ten yards in length, having grown nearly two yards this winter; the others are not as long but all have grown rapidly. I have given it rich earth, always taking from the pot as much of the old earth as possible without disturbing the roots, and adding new spring and fall, watering it regularly and freely.

New Britain, Conn. *LENA.*

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir:*—I would like to inquire through your valuable paper, THE HOUSEHOLD, if there are canary birds where the crest stands upright on the head, such as we see on the Houdan or Black Spanish fowl? If so where can I procure a female? I have those where the crest lies

A SUBSCRIBER.



SHROUDS.

BY MARY E. IRELAND.

YES, it is a serious subject, and to most persons, not a pleasant subject to contemplate; and though it may appear out of place in our cheerful little paper, we will take it into consideration that in the hundreds of homes where THE HOUSEHOLD is a regular visitor, bearing its monthly installment of help and good cheer, there may be some to whom the hints given in this unpretending sketch may be useful.

There is no more natural event in the world than death, and its sequence the shroud, and one which sooner or later is brought to the consideration of every household in the land, and yet I do not remember ever having seen the subject of shrouds, and how they should be made, mentioned in any paper or magazine, so if this article is not appreciated by the majority, it is no less our duty to contribute our mite of knowledge even if it serves no other purpose than to suggest to some other member of the Band, possessing wider experience, to contribute of her stock to the general fund.

Let persons be ever so indifferent how their loved ones are robed in life, every one has a desire to bestow upon them the very best and most appropriate which they can obtain for the last dress they will wear upon earth.

It is no selfish feeling which prompts them, it is not to gratify their own taste or the taste of those who shall view it, it is because they feel it is the last attention they can ever give them, the last kindness they can ever bestow upon them, and in many cases, I doubt not, the only atonement they can offer for the thoughtless word, and cold, indifferent action with which they had wounded them in life.

How lovingly they linger over every fold, how zealously exclude everything not perfectly pure from that serene and solemn presence, how reverently touch even a bud or blossom, now become hallowed because of its association with the beloved sleeper, and which a few short hours before they would have passed carelessly by.

To residents of cities and towns where shrouds can be obtained ready made, directions for making them may be of little value; even in country neighborhoods it has become very customary for the undertaker to procure both coffin and shroud from the city, yet there are many persons both able and willing to bear the extra expense thus involved, who prefer having none but friends to perform this office for their dead.

Fashion is not the word I should select in speaking of shrouds, did I know of one more appropriate, but I will have to say that the fashion of shrouds changes as do the styles of dress worn by the living, and different localities have, I doubt not, different modes of making them; but we all agree, I think, in preferring white cashmere for them to any other material.

A few years ago it was customary here, (Maryland,) to robe the dead in the style of clothing they wore in life; in fact the best toilette they possessed whether simple or expensive formed their shroud; but that custom has, as a rule, passed away, and given place to the white shroud, either plain or elaborate, costly or inexpensive, as suits the tastes or means of the survivors.

Children are very frequently dressed in the little white dresses they wore while living, and even where shrouds are used, they are made much like the dress, and trimmed with satin fold and narrow edging.

The making of a plain neat shroud for a man is a mystery to many who are adepts at all kinds of wearing apparel for the living. There is not much sewing upon a plain shroud, and a person accustomed to making them, can do so in a comparatively short time. Even in making the most elaborate and handsome shrouds the time consumed is in the trimming and fixing.

For a medium sized man's shroud, neat but plain, it takes five yards of double-width white cashmere, which is about one and one-eighth yards wide; take off half a yard, and cut the four and a half yards in two, which allows each two and a quarter yards in length. Cut one of the breadths in two lengthwise, and out of one of the half breadths cut the sleeves exactly like a coat sleeve, only larger; lining them with white paper muslin; it will take one and a half yards. Join the other half breadth to the whole one, double it and cut a slit in it about half a yard long for the breast. Turn back the edges like lapels. Many persons trim these edges, and let them answer for the lapels, but as they show the wrong side of the goods, it is better to make the lapels out of the half yard that was cut off at first.

They are cut like those of a coat, lined with the paper maslin, bound neatly with mantua ribbon about an inch wide, allowing about half an inch to show on the upper side; ribbon that has satin edge is preferable. Lay three folds about an inch wide from each shoulder, to the waist, basting them to keep in place; make a belt of the material to hold the folds in place after basting is removed; and after the shroud is put on these folds are straightened down the same width to the feet. Cut out the neck and arm holes, join shoulder seams, and run a hem down each of the back breadths. Place the lapels neatly on over those already turned back, not joining them at the neck, as they are pinned at the back after being put on the body.

The sleeves generally have a turn-back cuff, trimmed like the lapels, and are not sewed in, but pinned to the shirt sleeve after the shroud is on, as it can then be lengthened or shortened as occasion demands. The necktie is cut bias, and bound at the ends which are pointed, with ribbon, and tried in a neat bow.

Wishing to speak understandingly of the subject in hand I took time to visit some of the largest wholesale and retail houses where ready made shrouds are kept, and though informing the proprietors in the beginning that I was not a purchaser was kindly shown all the latest styles.

Most of the shrouds for men were made exactly as the one I have described, except that they were more richly trimmed, and the backs were only muslin, the cashmere being used for the front. Many of them were of black cashmere, the lapels and cuffs being of corded black silk, or quilted satin; some also were of brown cashmere with brown trimmings; they were very handsome; they were, the proprietors informed me, principally bought by Catholics. The majority of them, however, were of white, and most all of them had a fold of white mussels under each lapel to simulate a vest; and many of them were confined at the waist with a rich silk cord and tassel to match the shroud.

Of shrouds for women there was almost an endless variety, ranging in price from two dollars and a half to fifty, but the quality of the cashmere used and the trimming made all the difference in price and appearance, as they are all cut gored from the shoulders to the feet, like a child's gabrielle dress, and it was over these seams the trimming was put.

Some of them were trimmed with a puff of rich white corded silk which ran from the shoulders to the feet, while down the front was a row of silk buttons; some had alternate folds of silk and cashmere, while some of the plainer ones had a cashmere fold and silk cord or gimp. All had ruches to correspond, at the neck and wrists.

There were some very elegant, where the whole front gore was of rich white satin, fulled on to the cashmere lining, fit accompaniments of the handsome caskets they were designed to occupy.

And speaking of caskets, I would like to quote the words of a gentleman who visited the work-rooms of an undertaker and obtained information in regard to them.

"The manufacture of caskets and coffins in all of our principal cities, has assumed gigantic proportions, employing the most scientific and mechanical talent, which with the aid of abundance of money and the most improved machinery, enables manufacturing establishments of this nature to supply undertakers with everything pertaining to their business at a less cost than it can possibly be done upon a small scale, and in a much more attractive manner than the time generally allowed to complete the work will admit.

In looking over the present stock, my attention was particularly attracted to the white-covered caskets for children, from the celebrated 'Stein Casket Works,' which furnished the state casket for the remains of the late Hon. Henry Wilson.

To produce as fine and handsome an article as possible, at moderate price seemed to be the object of the designers, and they certainly succeeded.

The great difficulty to be encountered, and which must be avoided, is uncleanliness in their manufacture; the least finger mark, spot or blemish marring their snow white purity. The material with which they are covered is manufactured in a special department by workmen with gloved hands."

The grandparents of to-day see a great difference between the highly polished casket and handsome shroud

of the present time, and the gloomy concomitants of the grave in vogue in their younger days. To them it may seem but little advantage over the old customs, but there are but few of a younger generation who would not be appalled at the sight of the vault-lidded old time coffin, with only enough of the lid turned back on hinges to allow the face of the deceased to be visible on the day of interment, the few shavings left by the undertaker serving for a pillow, where now we have the soft cushion of cashmere or satin, and the coffin-shaped hearse.

Ah! well, we are all passing away. Soon the places which know us shall know us no more forever; and while we endeavor to give our friends as respectable burial as lies within our means and ability, let us for ourselves see to it that our hearts are fixed, not upon the array in which our poor perishable bodies are clothed either in life or in death, but in striving to merit and wear the robes of the redeemed, those robes which have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

ROUND HATS.

The novelty among shade hats, says the Bazar, is the use of Manila straw of ecru shade, woven in a slight, indistinct pattern, and very light and pleasant for midsummer wear. The crowns are high, and the broad brims are indented on each side and in front in Watteau fashion. A large cluster of roses is in front of the crown; fringed ribbon of pale blue, rose, or tilleul forms a bow on top of the crown, and the ends pass down the indented sides, falling behind as streamers; a small bouquet of roses holds the ribbons back; the brim is lined with silk to match the ribbons, and edged with very narrow Valenciennes.

Other shade hats have large crowns of white chip, with broad brims of rough straw. These are trimmed with lace scarfs, sometimes all black, and again with white Valenciennes insertion in the middle, with black thread lace on each side. This scarf passes around the crown, has a bow in front and streamers behind. Apple blossoms, snow-balls, or roses with rubber foliage and hanging buds, are clustered in the lace bow, around the crown, and under the brim on the sides or back. The Gainsborough, however, remains most picturesque of all summer hats, and is more faithfully modeled after that seen in the lost picture of the Duchess of Devonshire. The crown is ample, and the broad brim is turned up on the left side evenly with the side of the head, and not projecting in the least, while the right side is compressed closely against the head. In many instances a velvet bandeau is below the brim to fit it securely to the head, and the hat then curves away most gracefully in front.

White chip Gainsboroughs, trimmed with cream white gros grain, black velvet bandeau and bindings, and clusters of pale pink crushed roses filling the turned sides, are in the perfection of taste. To complete such hats, a characteristic feature is a bunch of short nodding ostrich plumes placed just in front of the brim and curled over toward the face. For the hat

just described, these plumes may be of dark crimson, cream color, white, or very pale blue. White hats are evidently preferred for fetes and afternoon drives in open carriages; yet there are also black chip hats with broad brims, trimmed under the left side with drooping fringe of scarlet berries of the mountain ash, or vines of wild roses, or yellow buttercups. There are also rustic straws, all black, or black with gilt, or else creamy white crowns of Tuscan yellow, with brims striped or plaided with black.

Walking hats suitable for city streets have narrower brims and high crowns in English shapes, such as the Oxford, with low sides rolled against the crown somewhat like the familiar English walking-hat; or the Equestrienne, with brim turned down all around, and very high square crown; or else a modified Gainsborough hat, which is called here the Danicheff. Fastidious milliners object to putting flowers on these round hats that are to be worn in town and for traveling; they use instead feathers, buckles, wings and brooches, reserving flowers for the more picturesque shade hats described above. Velvet cut from the piece and edged with gold braid or with silver is used for bands around the crown, with loops on the left side holding a shaded wing, a bunch of cocks' plumes, or of ostrich tips. The rolled brim is not faced on the outer edge, but has a biased velvet facing next the head, which is also edged with tinsel braid.

This revival of tinsel braid at the beginning of summer is an unseasonable caprice, but it has suddenly become very fashionable for trimming, not hats only, but basques and overskirts of dark wool or silk. There are imported white chip Oxford hats, trimmed with olive brown velvet, gold braid, and shaded greenish-brown cocks' plumes, also black chips, with black velvet, gold braid, brooches of renaissance designs, and shaded green wings. White or black Equestrienne hats have black satin scarfs laid in rich folds around the crown, and held by an antique gold buckle, or else one of lophophora feathers, while on the left side far back is a cluster of short curled ostrich feathers, with some peacocks' breast feathers to give a touch of color. Velvet bands edged with gold also trim Equestrienne hats, and there is still a fancy for the rough threaded gauzes, either black, blue, cream-color, or cardinal, for scarfs on hats of every shape.

The Danicheff, with one side rolled up and filled in with flowers, is, perhaps, the most useful and popular of dressy round hats. This is worn quite back on the head, while the Oxford and Equestrienne are low on the forehead, affording grateful shade to the eyes, as well as contracting the apparent height of the forehead and the length of narrow faces. Colored chips are liked in the Danicheff shapes, and the best houses show olive, mandarin yellow, and navy blue hats of this style.

THE BED CONSIDERED AS A GARMENT.

There is still one of our garments to be considered which generally is not regarded as such. I mean the bed—that piece of clothing in which we

spend such a great part of our time. It is equally indispensable to the sick and to the healthy, and at all times it was considered as a sign of bitterest want if a man had no place to lay his head.

The bed is not only a place of rest, it is especially our sleeping garment, and has often to make up for privations endured during the day and the day's work, and to give us strength for tomorrow. You know all the different substances and materials used for it. They are the same as our garments are made from. Like them, the bed must be airy and warm at the same time. We warm the bed by our body just as we warm our clothes, and the bed warms the air which is constantly flowing through it from below upward. The regulating strata must be more powerful in their action than in our day-clothes, because during rest and sleep the metamorphosis of our tissues and resulting heat becomes less, and because in a horizontal position we lose more heat by an ascending current of air than in a vertical position, where the warm ascending current is in more complete and longer contact with our upright body.

The warmth of the bed sustains the circulation in our surface to a certain degree for the benefit of our internal organs, at a time when our production of heat is at its lowest ebb; hence the importance of the bed for our heat and blood economy. Several days without rest in a bed not only make us sensible of a deficiency in the recruiting of our strength, but very often produce quite noticeable perturbations in our bodily economy, which the bed would have protected us from.—Dr. Pettenkofer.

A CORRECTION.

In description of patchwork patterns, in March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, were some typographical mistakes, two of which I beg leave to correct.

First. In the letter T block, the calico pieces correspond in shape, size and number with the white.

Second. After "etc.," in description of the "charm," it should read, "beginning and finishing each strip with a half-charm to fill the ends out straight. Then set the strips together."

I would also say regarding those patchwork patterns, many of those who have sent for them have asked to be told the price of them. I would here say that in publishing the communication to M. B. and M. C. S., in the December number of THE HOUSEHOLD, also the "Description" in the March number, nothing was further from my thought than asking pay for them, but so many requests are being received that I am obliged to hire help to prepare the patterns, and so I have concluded to say in reply, that each person sending for patterns may enclose twenty-five cents to help meet expenses.

This is the way to get the patterns: Write to Gladys Wayne, saying what is desired, giving your name, post-office, county, and state, very plainly written, and put it, with twenty-five cents, into an envelope directed to Mr. Crowell, our editor, and he will forward your requests to me.

I send patterns in the order that requests are received; so, be patient, all.

GLADDYS WAYNE.

TO KNIT A ROUND RUG.

MR. CROWELL:—I noticed a request in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD, from Carrie N., asking some of the sisters of the Band to tell her how to knit a round rug. Della has written a reply for making a round rug, but this is the way to knit one:

Take old print or delaine and cut or tear in strips about an inch wide. Take some large needles, or have some made from wire, from fifteen to eighteen inches long. Now cast on the stitches, any number of threes; for instance, if you want a small rug, cast on fifteen stitches, now knit three stitches, then turn the work around and knit back, then add three to the three you knit at first, that is knit six this time, then knit back, next time nine and back, and so continue till you have knit across the needle and back. Now this makes one gore. Sew on another kind of cloth and commence as before, first by knitting three stitches and back, then six and back, etc.

This makes a very pretty rug by putting braid around it, or you can knit it larger if you choose, but it is harder. Be careful to keep the cloth right side out and it looks a great deal better. It takes eighteen gores; nine of each kind. There will be one seam to sew, and a small place in the center, which can be drawn together with a needle and coarse thread, or after sewing the seam, sew a small piece of berlap on the under side and draw in a little. I think you will understand how, and I hope to hear what success you have.

M. A. G.

South Newbury, N. H.

COLORING WITH COCHINEAL.

MR. CROWELL:—I noticed in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD a request that some one would send a recipe for coloring with cochineal, and seeing no reply as yet I send mine, which I consider reliable. I use a porcelain kettle. For one pound of yarn take one ounce of cochineal, finely pulverized, (which is done at the drug store.) Put one half ounce of cream of tartar in water enough to wet the yarn thoroughly without crowding it; when boiling hot add the cochineal, boil it well together, then add two ounces of muriate of tin, put in the yarn, and boil ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, according to shade desired. Then take out and rinse thoroughly in pure cold soft water, without soap, and hang in the shade to dry.

If the muriate of tin is good you will be sure to have a bright scarlet, which is the only color I have ever tried to color with it.

E. T. L.
Geneva, Wis.

THE WORK TABLE.

MR. CROWELL, — Dear Sir: — Some one asked some time ago how to wash blankets. I have good success with mine. Take of common bar soap one-half pound and slice into water enough to cover one pair of blankets, (if the blankets are new or very dirty use more soap,) boil the soap and water and pour while boiling over the dry blankets, then poke with the clothes-stick till cool enough to wring out by

hand, wring and rinse in hot soft water with some blueing. I always use some blue in the first water. Don't be afraid of spoiling your blankets, they will be softer, whiter, and full less than if washed any other way.

JENNIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Penelope will procure some black walnuts and have them sawed in slices, pick the meats out, get a tin dish the shape she wants the basket, glue the pieces together, fitting them to the dish, she will have a nice basket. When the glue has hardened slip the basket from the dish and varnish.

To Color Blue — For twenty-five yards of carpet, or thirty-seven pounds, take four ounces of prussiate of potash, two ounces of the oil of vitriol, and five ounces of copperas. Scald the rags in the copperas water, letting them boil about five minutes, then throw the water away. Put the oil of vitriol and prussiate of potash in clean soft water; when it is at a boiling heat put in the rags.

Canandaigua, N. Y. E. A. S.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—On the fifth page of the January (1877) number, E. Clough gives a recipe for restoring gray hair which is extremely simple and apparently harmless. I would like to ask, when the tea is poured on the other ingredients, will not the oil separate and rise to the top? If it does, how is the preparation used? An early answer will oblige, L. H.

Bloomington, Wis.

MR. CROWELL:—If Mrs. R. A. L. will wash and rinse her woolen blankets in as hot water as she can bear her hands, I think she will not be troubled with their shrinking.

Lena, Ill. E. M. M.

Can any one tell me how to remove apple stains from white goods? also black ink stains?

To wash white blankets I take a pint of soft soap and two teaspoonfuls of borax to a pair of blankets. Dissolve the soap and borax in a tub of cold water, and soak the blankets over night in it, in the morning rinse well through two waters and hang out without wringing. I like this way of washing so well that I send it to you in the hope that others may profit by it.

Lebanon, Oregon. M. P. M.

MR. CROWELL:—S. S. H., in April number, wishes to know how to bleach over hats and bonnets of straw. I have seen it done in this way: Set a dish of burning brimstone in a deep box or bucket, and hang the hat over it, cover closely, so that the smoke will fill the box and be kept in. It is best to try something old the first time.

A YOUNG WIFE.

Boston, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—If Mercy will please send small patterns of tatting, of the different kinds that she makes, to East Greenwich, R. I., lock box 12, and give her address, I will return the compliment, as I make twelve kinds, and some of them are very beautiful.

I would like to ask how to wash black calico that it may retain its original color?

HARRIET A.

Fair Haven, Minn.



NAMING THE CHICKENS.

There were two little chickens hatched out by one hen,

And the owner of both was our little boy Ben; So he set him to work as soon as they came, To make them a house and give them a name.

As for building a house, Benny knew very well That he couldn't do that; but his big brother Phil Must be handy at tools, for he'd been to college, Where the boys are supposed to learn all sorts of knowledge.

Phil was very good-natured, and soon his small brother

Had a nice, cozy home for his chicks and their mother;

And a happier boy in the country just then Could not have been found than our dear little Ben.

But a name for his pets it was harder to find, At least just as suited exactly his mind; No mother with twins was ever more haunted With trouble to find just the ones that she wanted.

There were plenty of names, no doubt about that, But a name that would do for a dog or a cat Would not answer for chickens as pretty as these; Or else our dear boy was not easy to please.

These two tiny chickens looked just like each other;

To name them so young would be only a bother, But with one in each hand, said queer little Ben, "I want this one a rooster, and that one a hen."

Benny knew them apart by a little brown spot On the head of the one that the other had not; They grew up like magic, each fat, feathered chick, One at length was named Peggy, and the other named Dick.

Benny watched them so closely not a feather could grow

In the dress of those chickens that he did not know;

And he taught them so well they would march at command.

Fly up on his shoulder, or eat from his hand.

But a funny thing happened concerning their names:

Rushing into the house one day, Benny exclaims: "O mother! O Phil! such a blunder there's been—For Peggy's the rooster and Dick is the hen!"

—Selected.

MINNIE'S BOOK.

MINNIE, what are you doing?"

"Reading, mother."

"What book are you reading?"

"Such a darling book, mother, and so interesting! Fanny Smith lent it to me."

"Well, put it aside now. I want you to take Alice out in the meadow for a little time."

"Yes, mother."

But instead of putting the book on the table or shelf, she slipped it into her pocket.

"I can mind Alice and read my book too," she thought, but she did not say it aloud, which makes me think that in her mind she knew it was not right, and that she could not do two things at the same time well.

"Shall I take her into the second meadow, mother? There are so many flowers there, and such nice long grass, and several trees; so we can sit in the shade."

"But the river is there," said Minnie's mother.

"Yes, but the river is a long way from the path, mother, and I will take care that Alice does not go near it."

"If you will be sure to keep a long way from the water, and take great care of Alice, you may go."

So they went. Minnie was old enough to take care of her little sister, for she was ten years old, and Alice was only three; and she was such a kind little girl that the little one loved her, and was always glad to go with her.

Minnie took her hand, and led her in the best places, and lifted her over the stiles, and was as good to her as ever.

When they reached the second meadow, she gathered a number of daisies, and put them on a thread, and made a chain for Alice's neck, who thought she looked very fine indeed when she had it on. Presently they saw some very large bright buttercups, they were nearer the river than the daisies, but far enough off to be quite safe—as least, so Minnie thought. They went and gathered some of them, which pleased Alice even more than her daisy chain.

Presently they were so tired that they sat down on the grass to rest. And then, seeing that Alice was amusing herself, she took the book from her pocket and began to read.

At first she looked up several times while reading a page, to see that Alice was all right; but after a time she came to such an interesting part of her book that she really could not think of anything else, and she did not again look up until she had finished the chapter.

Then all at once she remembered where she was, and that she had Alice to take care of. She sprang up, and looked around, but to her great terror she could not see her little sister anywhere.

"The long grass is hiding her," she said to herself, and she began to call as loudly as she could, "Alice! Alice! Alice! come here, dear; come to Minnie, little sister. Where are you, Alice?"

But even that did not bring her. She listened as well as looked.

She peeped about everywhere, but could not see the child. Then suddenly she thought of the river, and a great fear came to her heart.

"Oh, if she should have fallen in!" she exclaimed, but the thought was too terrible.

"She has not had time to reach the river," she said.

But Minnie was mistaken. She had forgotten how quickly time flies when one is reading an interesting book, and she could not tell how long it was since she had last seen her little sister. As fast as she could she ran to the river, and when she had nearly reached it she saw Alice's little blue frock. It was close to the water's edge, and Alice was stooping down looking into the river. She was almost exhausted, but she had just breath left to speak, and she called as loudly as she could,

"Alice, come away from the water!"

The little child, hearing her sister's voice, turned round quickly, and then Minnie saw that she was slipping, and the next minute she heard a splash. What a terrible sound was that! Minnie will never forget it as long as she lives. She did not know what to do, but with a loud scream she sprang to the water's edge and looked in. But she could not see her sister, and the fright made her scream again. Then,

while she looked, little Alice came up to the top of the water for one moment and then sank again.

Minnie felt as if she must jump into the water and try to save her. But just then a gentleman called to her to stop. He was in the field and saw it all, and had ridden up to the river on his horse.

"Go away," he said, "or you will be drowned too."

And then he sprang from his horse, and got into the river, and found poor little Alice, and brought her out of the water.

She looked as if she was dead, and Minnie thought she was; but the gentleman said he hoped not, and he carried her home as quickly as possible. Her mother nearly fainted when she saw her; but they sent for the doctor, and in a few hours little Alice was quite recovered.

But Minnie learned a lesson which she never forgot. It was, that there are times when even to read an interesting book is wrong, and that we should only try to do one thing at a time.

WOES OF CHILDHOOD.

Children's woes are rarely understood or assuaged. No one can console them, because no one knows what they are. Is there any alleviation for lying in bed in the dark, I should like to know? Particularly if conducted thither by a person prone to look for theives on the way, the children ignorant of what they are coming to, but whispering among their little selves, now and then saying, "Boo!" into black corners, and getting their nerves ready for the horrors of hands coming up from under their beds, and things coming in at the door.

Is there a remedy for that grievous woe, the tyranny of great children over the lesser, of the big brother, for instance, who makes the little one taste the awful sensation of being beaten about the head with a pillow, and drives him, indeed from pillar to post all day?

Can a mitigation be devised for the inevitable weary task, so sure to make young life a burden, of learning not to put feet upon chair rounds, not to touch the wall in ascending the stairs, to open doors without handling anything but their knobs, to refrain from the almost irresistible pleasure of drumming with knife and fork, to clean shoes on the mat, and so forth.

And what can soften the climax of misery, from Shakspeare's day to this—going to school? Is there a balm for the bursting, pitiful little heart a child carries in his breast when first he goes to school? None. The baby-scholar must carry his own oppression. None are cognizant of his longing, anguishful yearning for his mother, of his alarms and terrors. None know the homesick reveries he falls into about the pleasant time when there was no school in his horizon, except, perhaps, the teacher whose business it is to thrash the boys—she shakes her head at him if she finds out what he is thinking of.

Then too how often the dearly cherished hope comes to naught, and the bright dream of happiness suffers a rude and bitter awakening. We are apt to

forget that the disappointments of children are as hard to bear as those of adults. The hopes and plans of a child often appear to his elders as trifles it is true; still he values his little possessions as highly and clings to his aims as tenaciously as older persons do to theirs. But they remember that all human affairs are uncertain, and lay their plans hoping for success, but at the same time more or less apprehensive of failure. The child, on the contrary, sees nothing but sunbeams; and when the sudden darkness comes he feels even more disappointed than those older when their projects come to naught. The child has not learned to reason coolly upon matters and things, as men do, and is moved by impulses rather than by deliberate judgment.

Children very often suffer real injustice. Sometimes the wrong comes from their playmates, and sometimes from the parent or teacher, who does not take time to ascertain facts, reasoning that the thing under consideration is such a trifle that it is not worth inquiry. Parents and teachers should always remember that the trials which seem trifles to them are often very serious to the little ones in their charge, and in dealings with children should help them bear their burdens rather than scold them for being irritated or grieved. One of the most important lessons that can be taught them is to bear their trials and troubles in a proper way.

A LESSON FOR MOTHERS.

"Mother," said a little girl, "does God ever scold?" She had seen her mother under circumstances of strong provocation, lose her temper, and give way to the impulse of passion; and pondering thoughtfully for a moment, she asked, "Mother, does God ever scold?"

The question was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock, and she asked, "Why, my child, what makes you ask that question?"

"Because, mother, you have always told me that God is good, and that we should try to be like him; and I should like to know if He ever scolds."

"No, my child, of course not."

"Well, I'm glad He don't; for scolding always hurts me, even if I feel I have done wrong, and it don't seem to me that I could love God very much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never before had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of the child sank deep into her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered to her eyes. Children are quick observers; and the child seeing the effect of her words, eagerly inquired.

"Why do you cry, mother, was it naughty for me to say what I said?"

"No, my love; it was all right. I was only thinking that I might have spoken more kindly, and not have hurt your feelings by speaking so hastily and in anger, as I did."

"O, mother, you are good and kind; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk as you did just now. It makes me

feel away from you, so far, as if I could not come near to you, as I do when you speak kindly; and oh, sometimes I fear I shall be put off so far I can never get back again!"

"No, my child, don't say that," said the mother, unable to keep back her tears, as she felt how her tones had repelled her little one from her heart; and the child, wondering what so affected her parent, but intuitively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, reached up and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, whispered.

"Mother, dear mother, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"Oh, yes! I love you more than I can tell," said the parent, clasping the little one to her bosom; and I will try never to scold again, but if I have to reprove my child, I will try to do it not in anger, but kindly, deeply as I may be grieved that she has done wrong."

"Oh, I am so glad; I can get so near to you if you don't scold; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much, and I will try always to be good."

The lesson was one that sank deep in that mother's heart; and has been an aid to her for many a year. It impressed the great principle of reproofing in kindness, not in anger, if we would gain the great end of reproof—the great end of winning the child at the same time to what is right and to the parent's heart.

THE CHILDREN.

Not without design has God implanted in the paternal breast that strong love of their children which is felt everywhere. This lays deep and broad the foundation for the child's future education from parental hands. Nor without design has Christ commanded, "Feed my lambs,"—meaning to inculcate upon his Church the duty of caring for the children of the Church and the world at the earliest possible period. Nor can parents and all well-wishers to humanity be too earnest and careful to fulfill the promptings of their very nature and the command of Christ in this matter.

Influence is as quiet and imperceptible on the child's mind as the falling of snow-flakes on the meadow. One cannot tell the hour when the human mind is not in the condition of receiving impressions from exterior moral forces. In innumerable instances, the most secret and unnoticed influences have been in operation for months and even years to break the strongest barriers of the human heart, and work out its moral ruin, while yet the fondest parents and friends are unaware of the working of such unseen agents of evil. Not all at once does any heart become utterly bad. The error is in this; that parents are not conscious how early the seeds of vice and virtue are sown and take root. It is as the Gospel declares, "While man slept, the enemy came and sowed tares, and went his way."

If this then is the error, how shall it be corrected, and what is the antidote to be applied? Why this—if we have "slept" over the early susceptibility of children's minds to the formation of character, we must wake up from our sleep, and acknowledge

our error. And the antidote and for everything and everything in its remedy is simple and plain—we must place.

Pre-occupy the soil; sow in the soil of these minds and hearts the seeds of knowledge and virtue, before the enemy shall sow there the tares of vice and crime. This is the true doctrine of our duty to the children around our tables and in our streets.

Up, then, ye workers, and sow your seed in the morn of childhood. Withhold not the hand from earnest culture and honest toil. No labor here shall be in vain.—*Morning Star.*

CARE OF CHILDREN'S TEETH.

The first tooth appears in six months; in the third year all are cut; between the seventh and twenty-first years all the permanent teeth have made their appearance. The value of the latter depends greatly on the care taken of the first set; and as the looks, health, and happiness are all materially modified by good teeth, intelligent and affectionate parents will look to the teeth of their children as early as the third year, when, instead of being allowed to eat meat, they should mainly be fed on fruits, vegetables, and bread made of wheat, corn, or rye, ground coarsely, using the entire product, bran and all, because in the bran is found almost exclusively the solid material which is to make the bone or the body or the tooth and its covering, called the enamel.

The child should be taught at five to dampen the brush in water every morning, rub it over a cake of castile soap, and then brush the teeth well, inside and out, front and rear, until, with the aid only of the saliva, the mouth is full of soap-suds; then rinse with tepid water, twirling the brush sideways over the back part of the tongue, so as to cleanse it fully of the soap and leave a good taste. After each meal the mouth should be well rinsed with tepid water, as also the last thing on retiring. The mouth maintains a temperature of ninety-eight degrees; hence, if any food lodges about or between the teeth, it begins to rot very soon, giving out an acid, which immediately begins to eat into the tooth, preparatory to an early decay. If solid particles are observed to lodge between the teeth, the child should be taught to use a very thin quill to dislodge it, but not without; for the more a quill is used the greater space between the teeth, which is a misfortune, as it necessitates the use of a toothpick for all after life, consuming a great deal of valuable time.

A clean tooth does not decay. Acids and sour fruits always injure the teeth instantly; sweets never do; without them children would die, hence their insatiable instincts for sugar. If a tooth-power was never used the teeth would not be so white; but kept perfectly clean, would last for life.—*Dr. Hall's Health Tract.*

CHILDREN'S ETIQUETTE.

Always say, yes sir, no sir, yes papa, no papa, thank you, good night, good morning. Use no slang words.

Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes, and clean finger-nails, indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place

Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company.

Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman.

Never put your feet on cushions, chairs, or tables.

Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor read or talk aloud while others are reading.

Never talk or whisper at meetings or public places, and especially in a private room, where any one is singing or playing the piano.

Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects, birds, or animals.

THE BABY SOLDIER.

Another little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin.

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
For a life.

Another little sentry
Who will stand
On guard while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling
Guard and save
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave.

THE WILL FOR THE DEED.

"I must not forget those stockings; there's a basket full this week."

Jennie's mother said this in a weary way. The little girl was playing in her room, and began to think about helping her.

"Where are they?" she asked.

"In the sitting room," the mother answered, and thought no more about it.

An hour later she went down stairs. There sat Jennie in the large arm chair by the open window, the basket on the table before her, and her little fingers very busy.

"Mother," said she, looking up with a bright smile, "you have twelve pairs of stockings, and I've done half of them."

Jennie had given up a whole hour's play to help and relieve her mother; but she was a very little girl and she had made a mistake. She sewed the holes over and over. And as she meant to do her best, the stitches were close and tight. Her mother knew it would be at least half an hour's work to rip them out, but she would not disappoint the loving heart by letting her know she had not fully succeeded. She said only, "Well, you're a dear, good little girl, and now you may run out and play."

Away went Jennie, very happy in the thought that she had helped and pleased her mother. And she had; for the kindness and love she had shown her were more precious to that mother's heart than gold, and lightened her care. Pleasant thoughts kept her company and made her needle move faster.

All of us little folks, and grown folks, are liable to make mistakes, even when we really try to do right.

But the love of Christ is only shadowed forth faintly by that mother's love. He, too, takes the will for the deed; counts whatever is done to him, and sees that no true effort is lost, but makes it to do good some way, whether we see it or not.—*Vt. Chronicle.*

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Bainbridge.

2. P

H O E
H A U N T
P O U L T R Y
E N T R Y
T R Y
Y

3. F E A S T 4. Y A C H T
E A T E R A C H O R
A T O N E C H I M E
S E N N A H O M E S
T R E A T T R E S S

5. Brattleboro. 6. Indiana. 7. Vermont.
8. Maryland. 9. Oregon. 10. Washington.
11. Iowa.

12. There is no spot so dark on earth
But love can shed bright glimmers there,
Nor anguish known of human birth
That yieldeth not to faith and prayer.

13. Hippopotamus. 14. Adria. 15. Alexandria.
16. Amphilolis. 17. Antioch. 18. Babylon.
19. Dalmanutha. 20. Laodicea.
21. Rhegium. 22. Thyatira. 23. Thessalonica.
24. Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her
ways and be wise.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of twenty-eight letters.
My 13, 2, 6, 19, 9, 21, 7, 11 are found in many
homes.

My 5, 20, 26, 3 is a large city in Europe.

My 23, 14, 21, 18, 17, 1 is a wilderness.

My 12, 15, 28, 13, 7 is what a stupid child is
called.

My 8, 22, 25, 16 is a certain time of day.

My 24, 10, 4, 1 is to float.

My 27 is a vowel.

My whole is what THE HOUSEHOLD is.

C. H. G.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in gallant but not in beau,
My second is in hurry but not in slow,
My third is in substance but not in show,
My fourth is in butler but not in cook,
My fifth is in staring but not in look,
My sixth is in plover but not in rook,
My seventh is in gentle but not in mild,
My eighth is in matron but not in child,
My ninth is in rustic but not in wild,
My tenth is in whirling but not in roll,
My eleventh is in mortal but not in soul,
A useful article is my whole. C. H. G.

DECAPITATIONS.

3. Behead an animal and leave a part of the
body.

4. Behead to experience and leave a fish.

5. Behead a fish and leave an interjection.

6. Behead an animal and leave a verb.

7. Behead a passage and leave to pronounce.

8. Behead a disease and leave a quadruped.

9. Behead a procession and leave a structure.

10. Behead a mechanical power and leave
at any time.

11. Behead a tool and leave a stream.

12. Behead a cylinder and leave a body of
water.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

13. A consonant; a thick vapor; dregs; dis-
posed to jest; cold; melancholy; a liquid con-
sonant.

C. R. C.

SQUARE WORDS.

14. A statue; title given chiefly to married
or elderly ladies; maxim; one who measures;
used in polishing metals.

C. R. C.

15. State of quiet; vehement; a species of
quartz; pertaining to the whale; upright.

C. R. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

16. Foundation words:
A more useful object never was known,
But has ruined its thousands, I really must
own;

The last thing on earth that a miser would
give,

And one minute without it no one could live.

Cross words:—Harmony; an exclamation;
active; a female ruler; a boat.



INSECTS AS FOOD.

REV. DR. NASH is the author of an interesting series of articles on "Insect Life," lately published. On the delicate subject of food he says:

Man does not refuse to use insects as food. Even we, highly civilized as we are, do not reject the lobster, the crab, or the shrimp, which, though not strictly insects, are only articulate animals, and until recently were classed with insects by our best entomologists. Now the Arab would be disgusted to see us feeding on lobster salad; yet he finds great delight in masticating a locust. In both the Indies epicures eat the grub of the palm weevil, which is as large as your thumb; and Sir John La Forey concurs in opinion with the ancient Greeks mentioned by *Ælian* as esteeming roasted grub very delicious food.

Pliny tells us that the Romans regarded the *lossus*—probably the larva of *Prionus Coriarius*, found in the oak, a very great delicacy. In Jamaica and in the Mauritius the grub of the *Prionus Damicornis*, which is as large as a man's finger, forms an article of food. The Mexican Indians prepare a drink from a beetle (the *Cicindela curvata*) by macerating in water and spirits.

Locusts are an article of food in many parts of the world. The Ethiopians were called locust eaters on this account by the Romans. The Arabs make them into bread, first grinding or pounding them and then mixing them with their flour. They not unfrequently eat them boiled or stewed. The Hottentots esteem them highly, and grow fat on them. They all make their eggs into soup. Their traditions teach that they are indebted to some great conjurer for the coming of the locusts. He lives a long way northward, they say, and removes a huge stone from the mouth of a deep pit so that the locusts escape and fly to them for food. The Moors of Barbary prefer them to pigeons.

Cicadæ, according to Athenus and Aristotle, were highly relished among the ancient Greeks. Pliny says the Parthians used them for food. Our native Indians were fond of them, as were those of New South Wales.

The Chinese, who cannot afford to waste any edible thing, cook and eat the chrysalis of the silkworm and the larva of the hawk moth. The caterpillars of butterflies are eaten by the natives of New Holland, and also the body of a butterfly called bugong.

Ants have their places with articles of human diet. Hottentots eat them both raw and boiled. East Indians mix them with flour and convert them into a popular pastry. In India ants are used to flavor brandy.

In Ceylon bees are used for food. In New Caledonia the people eat a large spider (*Aranea eduis*), esteeming it a luxury. Reumer says he knew a young German lady who ate spiders. It is recorded that Anna Maria Schuremen ate them like nuts, and declared

they were not unlike that fruit in taste. Lalande, the celebrated astronomer, was equally fond of these delicacies: and Rosel knew a German who spread them on his bread like butter. Humboldt caps the climax of these edible monstrosities, assuring us that he has seen Indian children drag centipedes, eighteen inches long and more than half and inch broad, from their holes and devour them.

While these curious facts illustrate the adage that there is no accounting for tastes, they also show that insects are useful as food for man, and in great extremities he might be saved from destruction by placing them among his articles of diet. But I have written enough on the uses of insects—enough to show that the Great Architect of nature did not create these curious little animals in such vast numbers without a purpose. Small as they are, and contemptible as they appear, their countless numbers and varied powers to do both good and evil, constitute them one of the most important forces in the economy of nature. As already intimated, by merely destroying a few classes of insect-fauna and thereby permitting the others to multiply indefinitely, the Almighty ruler could bring about the entire destruction of the human race in a surprisingly brief period of time.

TO MAKE TEA.

There is very little skill required to make tea, and yet very few have it well prepared. It is important that the water should be boiling—not simply scalding—if it is not the tea will be worthless. For English breakfast tea it is best to allow two heaping teaspoonsful for each person. Either put the tea into a perfectly dry pot, and set it on the corner of the range till heated through, before adding the water, or fill the teapot with boiling water, and let it stand till thoroughly hot; and then empty it out and put in the tea.

Thus done, pour on two cups of boiling, bubbling hot water, set it on the range or a trivet over a spirit lamp, and let it boil two minutes; then add a teacup of boiling water for every person, and let it boil again for three or four minutes. Put into the teacups, sugar and milk according to the taste of those who are to use the tea, and fill up with the boiling tea. When the cups are once filled, put more boiling water in the tea in the same proportion, and again set the pot on the trivet to boil again three or four minutes. The last will be nearly if not quite as good as the first drawing—some prefer it; but in no case fail to have really boiling water.

In making oolong or green teas, less tea is needed, and much less boiling. In both cases it is well to put the tea into a perfectly dry teapot, and set it where it will get hot before the water is put in, or fill the teapot with boiling water, cover close till thoroughly heated, then pour out the water and put in the tea before the pot has time to cool, and then cover the tea with boiling water. Set it where it will simmer, not boil, five minutes before using.

The tea tree, or shrub, commonly grows from three to six feet high; but

in its wild or native state it is said to reach twenty-four feet. In China it is cultivated in numerous small plantations. It resembles the myrtle in the form of the leaf and general appearance. The blossoms are not unlike those of the wild rose, but smaller, white and very fragrant. The blossoms are succeeded by soft green capsules, containing from one to three white seeds. These capsules are crushed for oil, which is in general use in China.

ECONOMY IN COOKING.

In nothing can a woman economize to more advantage than in the matter of cookery, provided that she is an experienced cook; for in food more depends upon the skill of the cook than on anything else. A prudent and economical housewife will make a soup of bits of cold meat and the broken bones of a fowl, flavored with an onion, a carrot and a bunch of parsley, that will be more savory than many a soup of thrice the cost made by a person who does not understand how to manage such things. From the toughest part of a fat and well flavored piece of beef or mutton she will compound toothsome and appetizing stews and roasts and potted meats that will make the eater forget that there are choicer bits with which he might be regaled. Pieces of stale bread she will dry in the oven before they mold, and have always on hand delightful crumbs to enrich soup or to give flavor to some piece of cheap but good meat.

If "hard times" teach people to make a little go a long way, teaching hitherto extravagant folks how to economize and be satisfied with necessities instead of luxuries, this trying time would not be without wind, though ill it may seem, that blows good to somebody.—*Journal of Progress.*

CARVING BY LADIES.

Fifty years ago the art of carving was regarded by the most polished society in England and in this country as the indispensable accomplishment of every lady who had to preside at the head of her table. It was a reflection upon her fitness for that post to say that she managed the carving-knife with little skill, or was ignorant of the choice parts of each dish. Fashions have changed all that, and the office of carving is now assigned chiefly to gentlemen; but there is no reason why ladies should not know all the niceties of the art, and be able, when circumstances require, to preside with ease and skill at the head of the table. A good carving-knife, fork and steel render this office a pleasure to the accomplished carver.

COFFEE WITHOUT FILTERING.

Allow a heaping tablespoonful of coffee for each person, and one to the pot. If for any special occasion, stir an entire egg into the coffee. Ordinarily one egg is sufficient for four mornings. When thoroughly mixed pour over it a pint of either cold or boiling water, stirring thoroughly; let it come to a boil; add about a pint

of boiling water for each person; let it boil up once more for a moment, pour off and back a cupful; stir again add half a cupful of cold water and set it in a warm place for fifteen minutes to settle before sending it to table. A half-teaspoonful of carefully prepared dandelion improves it, and renders it less hurtful. This will pour as clear as brandy.

THE DESSERT.

—“Every heart knoweth its own misery.” It was the bitter, bitter remark of a young man. He had incalculably invited her to take another plate of ice cream and she had accepted.

—“I'm afraid you'll be late at the party,” said an old lady to her stylish grand-daughter, who replied, “Oh, you dear grandmother, don't you know that in our fashionable set nobody ever goes to a party till everybody gets there?”

—A misprint of rather a ludicrous nature appeared in a Scotch contemporary the other day. In giving a list of jurors cited to sit at the Circuit Court at Inverness, one of them was styled “sheep stealer,” instead of “sheep dealer.”

—An invalid, while panting with asthma, almost deafened by the notes of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters beneath his window, exclaimed, “The extravagant rascal has wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month!”

—Smith and Jones were at the menagerie, and the conversation turned on Darwin's theory. “Look at the monkey,” said Smith. “Think of its being an undeveloped human!” “Human,” said Jones, contemptuously; “it's no more human than I am.”

—“You politicians are queer people,” said an old business man to an impecunious partisan. “How so?” asked the politician. “Why, because you trouble yourselves so much more about the payment of the debts of the State than you do about your own.”

—A calculating housewife lately applied at a register office for a new servant. She stated that she had discharged her last on the suspicion that she was dishonest, because she had given her seven apples to peel and she had only returned her twenty-seven quarters, when there should have been twenty-eight.

—A registrar of births, deaths and marriages proceeded to the house of one of his neighbors for the purpose of registering a birth, and on inquiring of the mother the day and the date of the child's birth, received the following reply: “Deed, sir, I ken neither the day of the week nor the day of the month, but the bairn was born the day after Robbie Lumsden's pig was killed.”

—Dr. Johnson was observed by a musical friend of his to be extremely inattentive at a concert whilst a celebrated solo-player was running up the divisions and sub-divisions of notes upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him the performance was very difficult. “Difficult, sir,” replied the doctor, “I wish it were impossible.”



NATURE'S REMEDIES.

BY S. E. C.

IT HAS been said with some degree of plausibility that man is provided with successful remedies for every disease, and that if the dispenser of remedial agents was familiar with them all and with their proper application, and understood every disease, there would be no necessity of dying, until laden with years the life-forces give out and consume like the oil in a lamp. Observing the harmony that exists in the natural world, and hence between necessity, or demand, and provision to meet it, so that no natural desire has been permitted to creep into the general plan unprovided for, this view may at first seem plausible.

Do we require food? The earth yields it in abundance and in great variety. Do we require drink? Pure water gushes out of the mountains and flows in limpid streams through the valleys. Do we require rest from manual or brain work that the body may recover and be prepared for the renewal of labor upon the morrow? The "sweet restorer, balmy sleep" is provided and exactly meets the wants of man. Indeed there has not been discovered a natural want destitute of the means of gratification. Hence, in reasoning superficially we might conclude that man has not been formed subject to disease for which nature has provided no remedy.

Granting the proposition that no natural necessity exists unprovided with the means of gratification, the next step is to inquire whether disease is a natural or abnormal condition of organic beings. It is so manifestly abnormal that no time need be spent to prove it. If the condition of the human race should be so changed at once that disease instead of health be its normal condition, but a few years would elapse before the last human being would disappear from the earth.

Hence, there appears little ground for believing under the old theological view of the creation, and none under the Darwinian, that infallible remedies, or any remedies at all, have been provided other than hygienic ones to whose neglect disease may be traced. It would be derogatory to the divine character to believe that man was purposely made subject to disease and provided with remedies to cure him, especially when he has for several thousand years vainly searched for the hidden treasures. It is not here denied that some remedies do exist in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms that will under discreet management relieve disease; the point is that in the general plan, whatever that may have been, no remedial agents, as such, have been provided, and that what do exist are accidental.

In the practice of medicine science should be consulted no less, but nature more. We are apt to forget, or not understand, that nature, when decisive and rightly interpreted is an infallible

guide in sickness and in health; and that, moreover, there is always safety in following her indications. But it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between natural and abnormal desires; also to determine whether nature is so decisive that her claims cannot be safely disregarded, and to what extent they should be complied with. Hence, the careful practitioner is not always able to classify the phenomena or decide upon their importance and make out a correct diagnosis, though he may admit the rule.

It is a fact in which we should rejoice and hope for farther progress, that to a much larger extent than formerly nature is allowed her voice in the treatment of disease. Not many years ago cold water was prohibited in fevers in spite of the patient's piteous appeal and the natural indications. Now the precious curative is given and everybody is amazed at the gross blindness that denied it, and mourns over the thousands who perished of its want. With the advent of cold water disappeared blood-letting as a general practice; and to these two great reforms in medical practice may be attributed, to some extent, the greater average length of human life.

But men are prone to run into extremes, to ride hobbies and pursue single ideas when first and ardently embraced, and often to abuse the greatest blessings. An Irishman having heard that a stove would save one-half of the fuel, declared his intention to buy two and save the whole. Quite as inconsistent is he who expects to cure every disease by water alone, applied internally, externally, and eternally, because it has done in connection with other remedies valuable service.

In connection with a few such remedies as are properly classed as medicines, food, abstinence, air, sunlight, shade, exercise, rest, water, clothing, temperature, cheerfulness, will do vastly more to drive away disease than many suppose; and in numerous cases of ailment and of functional derangement they are all the patient needs. These are nature's remedies and monuments of her broken laws; they are within the reach of all, and with a little study combined with that excellent commodity, common sense, may be administered with safety.

A person having the good fortune to have been born without disease, properly cared for in infancy and instructed in youth, by always giving strict attention to these hygienic agents and others that will suggest themselves, will be likely to live free from disease and pain, and go to his rest at an advanced age like a shock of corn fully ripe.

Wilmington, Vt.

INFANT BANDS, TEA DRINK-
ING, ETCDR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES TO SEVERAL
CORRESPONDENTS.

In reference to the influence of the "swathe" or band around the chest and abdomen of the infant, I cannot say that one word can be said in its favor, save that the unthinking or unlearned in the past, following in the train of custom, have supposed it

among the indispensables in the rearing of infants. I do not hesitate to pronounce the whole idea based on false principles, and of course injurious in all its bearings and influences. It is assumed that the "form" is not right, that the Creator has been guilty of a blunder or an omission, and that art must come in to remedy supposed evils. There is no evidence whatever that the form of the infant needs any "tinkering," or that it is in danger of any more harm—if allowed to remain as the good Father deemed right and proper—than in that of the brutes; even less if possible, since the position of the infant does not subject it to that downward tendency, as in the brutes, in them the abdomen and chest falling pendant. The child, like the young of the lower orders, is made just right, and needs nothing in the matter of making "forms," or, ordinarily, of correcting deformities. And here it may be remarked that the chest—the cavity for the lungs, heart, and food pipe—is larger, relatively, in the female than in the male, and that, like the sugar-loaf, it is smaller at the top, about the arm-pits, and larger near the pit of the stomach, with no spare space, just large enough to contain the organs intended for it, organs demanding special protection and room for unrestrained motion.

I mean that no bandage is needful simply to keep the abdomen from falling apart, as some seem to suppose—nothing beyond clothing. If one chooses to wrap a soft flannel around the chest and abdomen, as a protection, and not tight enough in any respect to impede the breathing or cramp the stomach, or impair digestion, there is no objection, but no necessity beyond that of warmth. "What is the harm?" I answer that the bones of the lower ribs—or what is soon to become bone, now only cartilage, almost as easily cut as is the flesh—is so yielding that the pressure of even two ounces, if long continued, is enough to materially change the form, change it from the form of a truncated cone to the opposite form—inverted—or the wasp-waist, somewhat like the hour-glass. Pressure exerted by the band, by belts, by tight-fitting dresses, with only pins or hooks and eyes, no corsets, at the time, in youth, when these bones are so yielding, is very marked in its effects, of course remaining more or less permanent after the bones become solidified. Of necessity the space is diminished, the organs are cramped and crippled, the lungs not allowed needful space and activity, some of the 600,000,000 of air cells closed forever, consumption invited, the stomach as much crippled, digestion impaired and dyspepsia produced, while all of the organs, having only enough room naturally, are crowded, and their activity impaired.

"What is the harm in drinking tea freely?" I reply that much drink at our meals so reduces the juices connected with digestion as to render that process imperfect. While nature furnishes an abundance of fluids for this purpose—the bile two and one-half pounds, saliva from three to six and one-half, gastric juice from four and one-half to fourteen pounds by some estimates, to say nothing of the

pancreatic juice, etc., in twenty-four hours—it may seem that at most a half of a cup of a simple drink would suffice for most persons. Reduced alcohol, for example, will not "cut" or digest camphor, nor will the reduced and weakened juices properly digest the food.

It is also well known that when strong tea is taken at night by watchers, the result is that such watchers are made more wakeful, simply because the strong tea so goads, irritates and excites the nervous system that sleep is difficult. Now if such results are secured when desired, it follows that a similar course, even less in amount and weaker, may so far excite the nerves as to impair one's constitution, tending in the direct line of neuralgia and general nervous affections. The fact that such tea makes one more energetic, for the time, is accounted for on the principle that the nervous system is thrown into an unnatural state, is unduly stimulated, a false and feverish excitation, certain to result in weakness, prostration, if not in nervous derangements. To "live on our nerves," doing compulsory service, "pushing," laboring on a borrowed capital—for which all pay an exorbitant interest—is but little if at all less than practical suicide.

Lastly, if the tea is re-steeped, or is steeped for a long time, or if the heat is too great, an element not produced by moderate cooking—tannin—appears, the tendency of which is to harden and constrict the coats of the stomach—really tanning them. The worst results are observed where one uses very strong tea, taken on an empty stomach, when the whole is readily absorbed, sometimes so contracting the stomach that it will not contain food enough to sustain the system, resulting in a partial or complete starvation. In fine, under ordinary circumstances, it is quite certain that the nearer we approach to nature's course, the better, using water only, though of course very cold drinks may be injurious. For the nervous, shells are favorable.

Amaurosis may or may not be curable, depending on the stage of the progress of the paralysis of the optic nerve and also on the general health and habits of the patient. It may be cured at home provided proper treatment is adopted, much depending on the willingness to avoid the causes, regard directions and adopt the necessary means of "toning up," (not stimulating and aggravating existing symptoms, by the use of poison liquors, but by general invigoration) by avoiding all of the causes, abuses of eye directly by overtaxing it, as well as by improved habits and by thorough and persistent treatment, such as an intelligent physician would suggest, time and patience are requisites with something besides and in addition to medicines. If the patient is young and vigorous, there is as much hope as there was for the writer, who was once a victim, at times temporarily losing sight wholly.

In this case is there such a loss, with a dazzling look, as there might be as one looks too long at the sun? If so how long does this suspension continue?



THE STUDY OF MUSIC.

THE May number of your valuable paper contains an article by Sir Saxton on the study of music, to which I would like to say a few words in reply, especially on the subject of instruction books which the author recommends so warmly and which an experience of more than twenty years has taught me to consider more a hindrance than a help. Of course I will not deny that the class of teachers referred to in the beginning of the article, (I mean those who take up music because of its gentility, and not because they feel the true vocation for it,) might do a great deal worse without instruction books than with them. But for this class of amateur teachers, as I would like to call them, there is no help anyway, and the best advice for them is to stop teaching music entirely, find out their true vocation and follow it.

I wish here only to speak to those teachers who unite love of music to ability of teaching, and with them I would plead for their pupils' sake, "Keep your instruction books as the physician keeps his medical books; for reference in difficult cases, but not for the perusal of the patient." These books always remind me of the bed of Procrustus of old; one rule for all, entirely overlooking the fact that there is as much difference in minds and hands as there is in faces, and that what will work well in one case may not at all be to the purpose in another.

My own training as a teacher I received at the hands of my father, himself an experienced and successful teacher. When I was far enough advanced to trust to my own judgment he insisted on my becoming familiar with all the systems and methods of music within my reach. This gave me a valuable store of knowledge for teaching, enabling me to apply to each individual case what seemed most appropriate, thus furthering the progress of my pupils, besides—and this is no minor consideration when you give from seven to eight lessons a day—keeping my interest in the lessons alive, and removing all sense of drudgery.

Every well prepared teacher ought to be able to teach the first two or three months without giving the pupil any printed music. Scales, chords, five-finger exercises, etc., ought to be taught without notes, thus cultivating and training the ear and memory besides leaving the beginner at liberty to give all his attention to his fingers. After the fingers have been trained somewhat in the way they ought to go and you have taught the notes, (I always did that by making them write down the exercises they played,) there are a great variety of books containing not over two to three sheets each, by Czarny, Larchhorn, Burgmuller, and others, which give all the necessary practice without crushing the pupils courage under their ponderous weight.

But I forget that I am not writing a book, but only a short article, and will now come to a close, hoping that my experience may be of some use to others, and willing to give more if it should be desired. A. D. S.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

MR. EDITOR:—In reply to Subscriber's inquiries, I will say that I know the poem called "The Old Man's Dream," by Oliver W. Holmes. The first verse is this:

"Oh, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-haired king."

If they are the same, and Subscriber wishes for the words, and will give address through THE HOUSEHOLD, I will with pleasure send them.

Perhaps I can obtain what I wish for in the same way, though I had not thought of it before. For a long time I have wanted the words of a couple of songs, and have been unable to get them. The first commences thus: "I'll pray for thee at nightfall;" and the second: "My brave lad he sleeps in his fading coat of blue." If any one can favor me with the words, it would greatly oblige, CLARA B. M.

Half Moon Bay, Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please find a corner in our paper for the accompanying sweet lines, which I hope may comfort many a sad heart as they have mine. I find exquisite sermons in them which reach my desolate heart as no eloquent divine with his most elaborate compositions can do.

I found this "Silver Lining" in a bit of newspaper without a signature, so I cannot tell its author.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the print of feet;
And we have a Helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning,
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guide to point us
To the "little wicket gate;"
And the angels will be nearer
To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Saviour cannot heal;
There is many a lowly forehead
That is bearing the hidden seal.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;

There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

S.

THE LARGEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

The trustees of the British Museum are in treaty for the purchase of a copy of the largest book in the world. Toward the close of the seventeenth century the reigning emperor of China appointed an imperial commission to re-print in one vast collection all native works of interest and importance in every branch of literature. In the beginning of the following century the commissioners completed their labors, and were able to lay before the emperor a very palpable proof of their diligence in the shape of a compilation consisting of 6,109 volumes, entitled "Kin ting koo kin too shoo tseih ching," or "An illustrated imperial collection of ancient and modern literature."

Only a small edition was printed off in the first instance, and before long the greater part of the copper types which had been cast for that undertaking were purloined by untrustworthy officials, and the remainder were melted down and coined into cash. Accidents by fire and by violence have considerably reduced the number of copies of the imperial edition originally printed, and it is believed that only a comparatively few now remain extant. The trustees of the British Museum having become aware that one such copy has lately been offered for sale at Pekin, have entered into negotiations for its purchase.

THE REVIEWER.

BUCKEYE COOKERY AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPING. Compiled from Original Recipes. 8 vo. pp. 464. Price \$1.50. Buckeye Publishing Co., Marysville, Ohio.

This book, the publishers tell us, was compiled by women, published by women, the sales are managed by woman, and women only are employed as agents. It is dedicated "to the Plucky Housewives of 1876, who master their work instead of allowing it to master them," and filled, from preface to index, with a perfect mass of the most valuable information to every housekeeper, and especially to the inexperienced. It has all the merits of former publications of like nature, and has many new features not possessed by the others. The instructions which precede the recipes are full and complete, carefully made up, and evidently trustworthy, and the recipes themselves, are for the most part new to print and well indorsed. The arrangement is admirable, all topics and recipes being arranged in the simple order of the alphabet, and both a table of contents and an alphabetical index are provided, so that the page on which any given subject is treated, may be instantly found. Everything relating to cookery is treated in the most practical manner, and so much in detail that the most inexperienced cannot fail to understand. The language is a model of simplicity and clearness, and not a word is wasted for show or effect. No other book in print deals so thoroughly with the whole process of bread-making, cake-making, creams and custards, confectionery, canning fruits, catsups, sauces, drinks, eggs, fish, fruits, game, ices and ice-cream, jellies and jams, meats, pastry, puddings and sauces, preserves, pickles, poultry, salads, shell-fish, soups and vegetables, and it seems as if there was nothing left to be desired. The different methods of cooking, and even the variations of different sections are considered, north, south, east, and west being all well represented. But the cookery department, complete as it is, is by no means all. Following it are general articles on housekeeping and kindred subjects, that are of scarcely less practical value.

First is a full list of "bills of fare," for breakfast, dinner and supper in all seasons

and for all occasions; for such extra occasions as Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, refreshments for New-years' callers, for receptions, for parties large and small, and a page of capital hints for picnics. Then comes an ample number of blank pages for the record of new recipes, a taking article on economy in cooking under the title of "Fragments," a full table of the time required to cook various articles of food (to which is added the time of digestion), and a complete table of weights and measures, with a table showing comparative value of the various kinds of fuel. Following these are several other suggestive articles which, though not belonging strictly to cookery, bear such close relation to it that the fitness of their appearance in the connection is evident. Taken all in all, we can scarcely conceive of a book more perfectly adapted to the wants of the housekeeper, old or young, or one which could do more to hasten the day when mothers cease to teach their daughters how not to become good skillful and useful women, and when all the friends of indigestion and dyspepsia are forever banished. Sample page will be sent free, on application to the publishers.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for July, the opening number of the twentieth volume, contains several very attractive articles. "Edinburgh Jottings," by Dr. Alfred S. Gibbs, U. S. N., gives a chatty account of the quaint and interesting relics of former grandeur that abound in the famous Scotch capital, with numerous illustrations that help to vivify the descriptions. The splendid engravings that accompany Lady Blanche Murphy's third paper on the Rhine are a feast to the eye, while the letter-press gives many curious and picturesque details not familiar to the ordinary tourist. Henry James, Jr., makes his first appearance in Lippincott's with one of his most sparkling papers, "An English Easter," in which the salient characteristics of the people, including the highest and lowest classes, are sketched with a free and pointed pen, but with no lack of fairness and discrimination. C. H. Harding describes the educational system of France; David Ker gives a glimpse of Russian travel under the title of "A Day's March through Finland;" and Mrs. Sarah B. Wister writes with enthusiasm of the great French critic Sainte-Beuve, adding extracts from his recently published note-books and correspondence. The opening chapters of "A Law unto Herself," a new serial by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, are in the author's best vein, and include a piquant description of a spiritual seance. There are two or three pleasantly written short stories, and several chapters of "Macdonald's Marquis of Losse," which is fast drawing to its close. The poems in the number are by Sidney Lanier, Emma Lazarus, and Mary B. Dodge, and the contents of the editorial departments are full and varied.

The July ATLANTIC may perhaps be called a hot weather number. The first paper is the beginning of a humorous story by T. B. Aldrich, called "The Queen of Sheba," which introduces characters whose names the reader has heard before, and the reviews in Recent Literature take up "The American" and other novels. Between the beginning and end of the number are a travel sketch by W. D. Howells, "At the Sign of the Savage;" a characteristic story, "Freedom Wheeler's Controversy with Providence," by Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke; a paper on wood-life entitled "Recreation and Solitude," by W. J. Stillman, and one of Edgar Fawcett's poems, "Fire-flies," a subject which seems to belong to him. General Garfield gives a historical paper entitled "A Century of Congress," with practical suggestions drawn from his own experience; Edward H. Knight continues his illustrated papers on "Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition;" there is an article suggested by Paige's "History of Cambridge," and Professor James Russell Lowell has a sonnet, "Night-watches." The Contributors in their Club discuss The American, the Old South, Municipal Junketing, Fechter, Anastasius, new pictures, new books, and the unfailing Boston culture. The range of this unique department grows wider every month. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. Terms, 35 cents a number; \$4.00 a year.

ST. NICHOLAS for June is as bright as the June sunshine, and full of June breeziness and cheer. The opening story of "Frank" is a well-told and well-illustrated account of a boy's heroism in a terrible adventure; the concluding chapter of the excellent serial

ONLY REMEMBERED.

L. O. EMERSON, by permission.

"Palikin's House" has a superb picture of a fire, by Thomas Moran; and the curious old-time procession of "The Child-Bishop of Salisbury" on St. Nicholas Day is well set forth in Mr. Eggleston's article. The installment of "His Own Master" contains three, beautiful pictures; and the story of "Spray" is illustrated with a remarkably life-like portrait of the wise little black-and-tan. These are but a few of the good things the number contains.

THE NURSERY is a monthly magazine for youngest readers, and for those who can't read, too, for the pictures on almost every page tell the stories almost as well as they

can be told in words. But papa, or mamma, or somebody else is sure to be importuned to read and re-read the words, while the little one reads the pictures; it is so at our house, at least. Terms, \$1.00 per year. John L. Shorey, publisher, 36 Broomfield St., Boston, Mass.

THE SANITARIAN, a monthly magazine, devoted to the Preservation of Health, Mental and Physical Culture, is published by A. N. Bell, M. D., 82 Nassau St., (P. O. Box 1956,) New York City, at \$3.00 per annum. It is probably the only journal in the country devoted to the prevention of disease. It discusses sanitary questions in a scientific man-

ner, is well edited, broad in scope, and vigorous in tone, and should visit every home in the land.

THE FOLIO is a large quarto musical monthly, containing in each issue, besides a vast amount of musical literature, items and news, several pieces of excellent music, worth in sheet form \$2 or \$3. Terms, \$1.60 per year. White, Smith & Co., publishers, Boston.

MUSIC. Among the very seasonable lyrics recently published by Oliver Ditson & Co., are: "Cow Bells in the Lane," by W. S. Hays. Music and words are good, and the picture title is a charming country scene. Then comes a song of the ocean, "Nancy

Lee," with a jolly "Yeo, ho!" in it; and a brave song by Miss Lindsay, "My Laddie far away." The piano music also has a sea-side flavor, being, 1st, "Sailor Chorus," from Wagner's Flying Dutchman, and 2d, "Beautiful Hudson Waltz," by Nelson, after which we have, for contrast, "Little Jennie March," with a sweet air in it, and a good deal of brilliancy.

UNCLAIMED. A story of English life, by an English woman. Price, 50 cents. Loring, Publisher, Boston.

IN THE CAMARGUE. By Emily Bowles. A story of Southern France. Neat paper covers. Price, 50 cents. Loring, Publisher, Boston.



MILKING TIME.

When shadows lengthen on the plain
And leaves are scarlet in the sun;
When cows are lowing in the lane,
And coming homeward one by one;
When mists are tangled in the trees
That overhang the river's bank;
And farmers chat and take their ease,
And shining pails go "clink and clank;"
That's milking time.

When Puss and Fido linger round,
And run beside the dairy maids;
When circling swallows skim the ground
And on the eaves make sudden raids;
When rosy girls a ditty sing
And squirrels hide in leafy home;
And crosswalk jets go "ping and ping,"
And pails are heaped with creamy foam.
That's milking time.

When little ones are tired with play,
And in the corners blink and nod;
When katydids are loud and gay,
And wetted grows the chilly sod;
When stars are few and faintly glow,
And waking fireflies gather fast,
Like drifted flakes of golden snow—
It's hey for home; the hour is past
For milking time!

PLAIN COOKS.

WANTED, an industrious, thrifty, sensible woman who has some idea of cookery, who will do a little housework, clean her knives, and be content with the wages of a governess. The servants who now apply for such situations in middle class households are for the most part, wholly unfit for them. Sometimes they are kitchen maids who have been under good cooks, but have been too lazy, or too stupid, to learn from them; and being generally without any ambition to rise in their profession, they have abandoned all hope of ever earning high wages. Sometimes, again, they belong to a class of which the young or inexperienced house-keeper must beware. Its representative is usually an elderly woman of many places, who is destined to be in many more; indeed she adds to their number almost every month, for drinks or laziness, or both, will account for any frequency in her migrations.

A third and more numerous class is that of the young woman who has been a maid-of-all-work. She has been ignorantly brought up, and her home training has been worse than none. She has seen waste when money and provisions were plenty, alternations with starvations, begging, and dishonesty, when scarcity of work and drunkenness have made times hard. She has inhabited a crowded room, where tidiness was impossible; her dress has consisted chiefly of rags, garnished with artificial flowers; her highest ideal of amusement has been a fair, or music hall; and her only preparation for entertaining domestic service, a few months at nominal wages, in a lodging house. There she has learned little but peculation, and has been accustomed to lie down at night in her clothes, too weary to undress, and to rise in the morning and go about her work unwashed and uncombed.

When the maid-of-all-work obtains

a place as plain cook, she assumes the reins of office with perfect self-satisfaction. She proceeds without any hesitation to waste and destroy the materials intrusted to her for conversion into food. It need hardly be observed that her success is complete. She keeps her milk and cream in the hot kitchen, and wonders that they turn sour. She puts the butter into the same small cupboard with the cheese, and is surprised that the sauce which she sends to the dinner table, has an unpleasant taste. She will not be at the trouble of cleansing out the oven-flues, and cannot imagine why the paste will not rise. She leaves the fish upon the kitchen table from the time it is brought until she is ready to cook it, and stands by with a look of innocence while the fishmonger is scolded for sending stale fish.

When she lays a fire she crams it with bundles of wood so that it will not light, and supplements her bad architecture with whole boxes of matches and very long candle-ends. She stirs the kitchen fire every time she passes it, and keeps it blazing even when there is no cooking to be done, and when the family is dining out. If the heat makes her ill, she blames the poor accommodations of the house and talks as if she had come from a palace to enter service. If she has a gas stove, the taps are constantly turned on; and, as to lowering the lights in the passages or scullery, such an idea never crosses her mind even in dreams. She will send up the eggs either raw or hard boiled rather than use your sand-glass. She will give you bread and milk with roast chicken rather than beat and flavor the mixture into bread-sauce. She will make tea with tepid water, will send up spinach that looks like cabbage rather than put it through a sieve, and will peal the potatoes an inch thick to save the trouble of picking out their eyes.

Now, really, refined cooking is the result of practice and teaching. But, short of this, the genius which consists of "infinite capacity for taking trouble" will do much for production of food which shall be wholesome and palatable as well. This is exactly the quality deficient in an ordinary cook. Flavoring, baking, and making puff-paste, are not to be learned in a day, though common sense and a will to use it, are enough for the preparation of an ordinary dinner. But the contemporary cook has only one recipe for every dish—namely, quantity and waste. She asks for a dozen eggs and a pint of cream for the simplest cabinet pudding, and prefers isinglass to gelatine only because it is more expensive. A whole pot of jam must be consumed to make a single tartlet. A joint in the kitchen and another in the parlor, is the allowance she prescribes for every day. She never keeps gravy; it is mean to boil down bones and scraps. If gravy is wanted, gravy-beef should be ordered. The rind should be cut off the bacon at least an inch thick, and a crock of broken bread must always be kept for the honor of the house.

Frying can only be done in lard in any respectable kitchen, and what number of oysters are required for a single patty we do not venture to estimate. Untidiness, too, the constant companion

of wastefulness, she has reduced to a science. Her cupboards are an alarming mixture of scraps, sauces, forgotten whites of eggs, and pots of dripping, together with raisins and corn-flour, furniture-polish, and black-lead.

Her destruction of articles of food is well matched by her treatment of the crockery and kitchen utensils in her charge. She warms the best china plates to a white heat. The dishes she puts in the oven, until their surface resembles that of the cracked porcelain admired by collectors. If they are adorned with arms or monograms in color and gilding, she early discovers the efficacy of strong soda and soft soap in the removal of such vanities. A few dexterous movements will chip the edges on a stone sink, and she thinks it well to remove such excrescences as the handles of dishes or the tops of their covers; her reasons for these measures may be sanitary, as handles only form recesses for grease and dust, and it is impossible to clean them without trouble. Pudding-basins she consumes in large numbers, and uses butter boats to feed the cat. The dishes she sends to table invariably soil the cloth, and are so full of gravy that they often spill on their way up stairs. The covers are smeared with greasy finger-marks, and it is well if the outside is only dirty.

Her personal habits accord with her domestic and social qualities. Personal ablutions she does not affect, but wipes her hands usually on the table-cloth, or whatever else is in her reach. Pudding cloths are convenient for the purpose, and become so saturated with various animal oils, butter, fat, and lard, that they are devoured by the mice which, with flies, kittens and black beetles, constitute the fauna of the kitchen. A small piece of broken looking glass on the dresser enables her now and then to smooth her hair, the usual appearance of which suggests the occasional but scanty use of the blacking brush. The chief efforts of her toilets on week days are made for the advent of the butcher's boy, but she is not given to wasting time in the decoration of her form. All her powers in this line are reserved for Sunday.—*Saturday Review.*

HOW TO WASH A WOOD FLOOR.

"Top dust" can be washed off without great labor. Have the water only moderately warm, especially when the floor is of soft wood, because hot water sinks in so rapidly, and occupies so much more time in drying, than cool water upon wood. Drain the mop pretty well before putting it upon the floor, thus wetting the floor but little. The object is to wipe off the dust as thoroughly as possible, rinsing it off from the mop into the water, and changing the water for cleaner very often. If you put much water upon a very dusty floor, you have a big, troublesome, mud-puddle to sop up or rinse away.

Experiment has convinced me that a floor of pine or basswood looks better after cleaning, if a small amount of water has been put on each portion of it. Use as much water as you

please on the whole floor, the more the better, if you wash and wipe only a small portion at a time, and begin the next division with clean water. The sooner a soft wood floor dries the better it looks.

I have seen women work very hard to scrub a pine or basswood floor white, and the result has been quite disappointing. They would put a great deal of water upon the floor, and then scrub with a broom hard and long; after this would sweep all of the dirty water out, and rinse the floor with as many waters as they could afford. When at last the well-soaked floor was dry it was undoubtedly clean, but it looked dark and somewhat weather-beaten, in consequence of remaining wet so long. It is a question of health with me, in winter, to have a floor dry as soon as possible.

A little lye in the water has an excellent effect upon floors. It may be poured directly upon decided greasy spots, but the whole floor is whitened with very little hard rubbing, if a small amount of lye is mixed with the water. Too much makes the boards yellow. How much should be used depends upon its strength. Never put lye into the water with which you wash a painted floor, else you gradually but speedily remove the paint with each cleaning. If you let an inexperienced hired girl have her own way with a painted floor, she will probably use her boiling suds upon it, and soon remove nearly all of the best paint.

Clean warm water is best for painted floors. If you have a nice hard-wood floor, be thankful, especially if it be of white ash, but never let its spotlessness become dearer to your heart than the family peace. You learn by experiment how much nicer one of these hard floors look, when washed with clean suds, than when washed with the boiling suds of Monday.

Let those who like get down upon their knees, and scrub their floors with brushes and floor-cloths—such work is not for me nor mine, and I consider it pitiful business for any one. I hear of long-handled scrubbing-brushes, and, doubtless, these are suitable for human beings in the work of floor-cleaning. What I most want is a cheap and easy mop-wringer, for I dislike extremely to put my hands into the mopping water. Of such a wringer I have heard, but have had no experience of its merits.—*Faith Rochester.*

FLIES OF SOME USE.

Most people regard flies as one of the principal ills of life. Consequently, when they run over our picture frames and ceilings, insinuate themselves into our milk and molasses pitchers, or lull us to sleep with their drowsy buzzing, only to bite during our slumbers and render the same uneasy, we thank fate that the cold weather will rid us of the pest. To be sure they are scavengers in their way; but after we have spent several minutes in picking a score or more of them out of the butter dish, we arrive at the conclusion that it is an open question whether they do not spoil more good material than they carry off bad.

And yet the fly is a maligned insect: for he fulfills a purpose of sufficient

moment to cause you to bear his inroads into your morning nap with equanimity, or even complacently to view him congregated by the score within your hidden sweets. Did you ever watch a fly who has just alighted after soaring around the room for some little length of time?

He goes through a series of operations which remind you of a cat licking herself after a meal or a bird pluming its feathers. First, the hind feet are rubbed together, then each hind leg is passed over a wing, then the fore legs undergo a like treatment; and lastly, if you look sharp, you will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs and about his body as far as he can reach. The minute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two large lobes, which you can see spread out when the insect begins a meal on a lump of sugar.

Now the rubbing together of legs and wings may be a smoothing operation; but for what purpose is this carefully going over the body with the trunk, especially when that organ is not fitted for licking, but simply for grasping and sucking up food?

This query, which perhaps may have suggested itself to thousands, has recently for the first time been answered by a Mr. Emerson, an English chemist, who asserts that flies devour animalcules floating in the air, collecting them on their bodies by their quick motions, after which they retire to a quiet corner to enjoy a dainty meal. The investigator continued the experiment in a variety of localities, and in dirty and bad smelling quarters he found the myriads of flies which existed there literally covered with animalcules, while other flies, captured in bed-rooms or well ventilated, clean apartments, were miserably lean and entirely free from their prey. Whenever filth existed evolving germs which might generate disease, there were the flies, covering themselves with the minute organisms and greedily devouring the same. Mr. Emerson, while thus proving the utility of a fly, has added another lower link to that curious and necessary chain of destruction which exists in animated nature. These infinitesimal animalcules form food for the flies, the flies for the spider, the spider for the birds, the birds for the quadrupeds, and so on up to the last of the series, serving the same purpose to man.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

When the doctor said, "Now, Rosella, don't you touch a pen for a year," I wonder if he thought a woman given to talking with mouth and hand both, could obey the restrictions. It goes very hard indeed.

I want to answer a few questions in the May HOUSEHOLD, even though I do it brokenly and hurriedly. The women there have such cozy times chatting together, that I long to break right in upon them with a hurrah!

One of the prettiest things about our house is an aquarium that my sister made and stocked, from reading directions how to do it in the back numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD. Oh, but it is pretty! I had no idea she could make one, but she worked on, little by little, as she had time afternoons, do-

ing every thing well; and according to directions, until now, and there it stands, filled with clear water, sand, pebbles, stones, shells, green growing things, and last of all the frolicsome minnows, etc. Try it girls, that is if you are patient and persevering and particular. I enjoyed wading around in swamps, in father's boots, getting pretty things for it, as much as a little boy would.

About the all-wool delaine dress of L. H.'s. It would take me so long to tell her what to do, and then perhaps I couldn't make it clear enough for her to understand, but the dress pattern can be made all right without resorting to dyeing it. Go to the best chemist in a drug store and he will restore it for a trifle, or tell you what to do. I have restored the colors in calico and gingham dresses after they had been taken out with lye and currant juice, and have taken tar and grease out of fine French merino.

The sealing wax bracket by Bessie Hay is "just the thing." Raisin stems are nice to use in making pretties with sealing wax.

Bessie asks what will make the hair grow. Make your health good first, with plain diet, plenty of moderate exercise, cleanliness of person, good nature, a heart full of good will, and then wash the head twice a week for a while with warm water, in which you have put about a teaspoonful of ammonia to a pint of water. Let a friend apply the cleansing, invigorating wash by parting the hair, one place at a time, all over the scalp, and rubbing gently with a soft tooth brush dipped in the liquid. Dry the head with a towel then, and go over it again in the same manner with clear water to rinse it off. This may look like a big job, but it is not. We three girls at home wash each other's heads once a fortnight, or oftener, this way. It makes one so clean, and makes the hair smell as clean as newly ironed clothes. Don't ever let your hair have any odor but that of sweet cleanliness, just like a great shaken out skein of beautiful silk floss that you like to caress lovingly with your hands.

For washing the person, ammonia is preferable to any kind of soap. We use it for everything. Every day or two I put the dishcloths in a pan and pour over them hot ammonia water. It is so cleansing and purifying.

Another lady inquires how to make curls out of combings, or cut hair. Curls made of the former will fuzz up and look frizzly, and incline to meet together, and of the latter, if M. has no experience whatever, she had better put the hair into the hands of a professional and have them made the right way. It would pay best in the end. Curls of natural hair can be bought very cheap now. I can most cordially recommend one firm, who deal honestly and promptly, that of E. Ridley & Sons, Grand and Allen streets, New York. They are gentlemen, and will deal fairly and kindly. Better send stamp and get a catalogue for reference.

I presume the girls won't care if I do tell on them; they're washing out on the back porch to-day; but they do their hair into the loveliest curls! They use the flexible rubber curlers, and they will make the stiffest, ugliest,

wiry hair into beautiful, soft, careless curls. Divide the hair into slips as thick as one's finger, or less in warm weather, wet them and wind up on the patent rubber curlers. They don't hurt the head at night, nor are they unsightly. The hair should stay on them until it is dry, say twelve hours. I have known hair as straight as a squaw's taught to curl beautifully by this means. I got curlers and crimpers long ago for the girls. They only cost one dollar a dozen, and they never wear out. If any of you girls want them, and send me the money and a stamp, with your address, I will see that you get them, but don't bother me with sending less than a dozen of either. Curls are so pretty, I think, when they are not made with destructive chemicals or hot irons.

Ruhla asks how to dye feather flowers. Leamon's Aniline dyes will dye anything any shade you like. The girls have just dyed an old thick white silk tie a lovely shade of clear rose-pink. Looks as fresh as new.

The western people know nothing about Prof. Horsford's Baking Powder, only that it is the best and most highly recommended of any baking powder known. How can I get some? Where will I send, and what does it cost?

When I started in the buggy from Cousin Seth's, in Massachusetts, two years ago, he said to the boy who carried me to the depot, "Now, Daniel, you see to it that you get Cousin Rosy a half dollar's worth o' Horsford's bakin' powder;" but I told Daniel I could get it nearer home. I thought I could then; but it is in none of our cities even.

I must stop. The doctor's protest is like the crack of a driver's merciless lash at my heels. I cannot get away from it.

ROSELLA RICE.

Perryville, Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I think I can answer some of Ellen's questions in the March number. My experience is that clothes should be rubbed before boiling, (if you boil them; I only scald mine, which I think is better than boiling.) I never could make clothes look clear and white to boil them in the dirt. I tried washing crystal some time ago, and that is to be used by boiling in the dirt, but I did not like the looks of my clothes.

Just here I want to tell you of a washing fluid that I make that I like ever so much. I think the recipe has been in THE HOUSEHOLD. It is one pound of lime, one pound of borax, and three pounds of sal soda. It only costs about forty-five cents here. Put the lime in an old pail and pour three pints or two quarts of hot water over it, and let it stand over night to settle; the next day, or whenever you get ready, put the borax and sal soda in a pail or kette and pour over hot water enough to make nearly two gallons with the lime water; then pour in all the lime water that is clear, and when dissolved it is done. This will last a long time. I use nearly a teacupful for a family of six. I put it right in the water I rub the clothes in, letting them soak a while first. I use my suds for floors and water my flower garden with it, and I don't think it injures them.

I think white flannel should be

washed in hot water. About the freezing I am not certain, but hang mine out when I can. I always put my dirty clothes right into good hot water, hotter than I can bear my hand in, and think it starts the dirt.

Ellen asks, "Should graham bread be kneaded?" I knead mine, making it every way just as I do my white bread except sweetening it some, using one-half or one-third graham flour, just as I choose, and I don't see how graham bread could be better. I don't see any trouble in making it at all.

I am in full sympathy with Persis in the March number. I think we too often forget where to carry all our burdens, and how easily and how willingly He will help us carry them.

Several months ago I sent fifty cents to the "Merrick Thread Co., Holyoke, Mass.," for some bobbins, also an envelope all directed with a stamp on it, asking, like Illinois Girl, for information in regard to prices, etc., thinking a friend might get the agency. My bobbins came, but no notice whatever taken of my inquiry. I like the bobbins very much, and thank Aunt Sara much for the information regarding them, but I would like to know their prices so as to know how to order if I should want to do so again.

Tell Delia May the only way we cook cauliflower is to boil it in water enough to nearly cover it, put in some salt and boil twenty or thirty minutes, drain the water from it, and season with pepper and butter to taste; a little cream or milk poured over it is good.

Also tell Mrs. H. B. E. that cayenne pepper is excellent for canker. Put one-half teaspoonful to a cup of water, and take a little at a time as often as she pleases.

L. EMILY R.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—With your consent I will answer some of Ellen's questions. Soaking clothes over night in borax and sal soda fluid inclines to make them rot and turn yellow. Put the clothes to soak from one-half to one hour before you wish to wash them, in a strong suds of homemade soap no hotter than the hand can bear; add a little more hot water when you go to wash them. Have your clothes clean before boiling.

Stir graham quite stiff.

To have potatoes mealy and white, leave the cover off and let the steam escape before mashing. Serve hot.

As my husband likes my way of preparing a beef-steak, I will give it to Ellen. Put on the frying-pan, or skillet, with one tablespoonful of lard, or butter; let it warm while you salt the steak a little on both sides, then roll in flour and lay in the warm, not hot, lard, pepper a little if liked, cover close and let it stew, not fry, for twenty minutes, then put it over the fire and let it brown until it is as done as you like; then turn and stew as before for twenty minutes, then brown, then put in two tablespoonfuls of water, let it stand for five minutes, and serve hot. Pour the gravy over it.

As my health is always poor, I usually adopt the plainest process of canning fruit to insure its perfect keeping that I can find. I will give my way, as I have good luck and not much trouble. Prepare your peaches or other fruit just the same as you would for sauce, put on in your saucepan with

sugar as you would in preparing for your table, set it on the fire and let it boil through; have your cans ready and lift the fruit out into them, press it down one inch from the top, fill with juice and seal right up. The juice on top keeps it from molding. Do not cook more than two cans full at a time, as it will burn easy. GRACE P.

Monmouth, Ore.

MR. EDITOR:—Mrs. L. B. asks in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD if L. C. C. has trouble from eggs hardening in the brine. Sometimes we find a few and think the cause must be a slight check in the shell. We are now using them put up more than a year ago and find them very fresh and nice. I put them up whenever they are plenty.

We enjoy THE HOUSEHOLD so much I would like to contribute a few recipes I know to be good. I wish all would try our very nice steamed pudding. One cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, three cups of flour, one cup of fruit, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, and soda. Steam one hour. Eat with sweet cream, or with a sweet sauce with a lemon sliced in. It does nicely without fruit.

If Mrs. H. B. L. will take one-third rhubarb and two-thirds crab apples, then proceed as directed by Etta in April number, she will be pleased with the result. Rhubarb alone makes a very nice jelly.

I wish all would try our scalloped onions. Place a layer of cracker crumbs in a buttered bake dish, then a layer of onion sliced very thin; season with bits of butter and a sprinkle of pepper and salt. Make three layers of crackers and two of onions; fill the dish with rich milk, and bake one hour. It is nice cold if you can get them to leave any from dinner.

MRS. L. C. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the May number Leonore Glenn speaks in favor of using a clean cloth greased with a bit of lard, to grease the griddle when frying pancakes. I have done that, and think it a very good way. But what would she think if a guest should say to her what my sister-in-law said to me last fall while visiting me? I was greasing my griddle with a knife and a bit of lard, and as she watched me, I said, "How do you grease your griddle?" "The same way you do," she replied. I said I had sometimes seen people use a bit of cloth tied on the end of a stick. Yes, she said, she had seen it too, but she wouldn't use any such thing, and her husband wouldn't touch a pancake if he should see a griddle greased in that way. How often does Leonore wash the cloth, or change it for a new one? After using a few times it looks far from clean, and perhaps this is the objectionable feature which is so repulsive to some.

Will Leonore please tell us what washing machine she uses and its price, and whether it will wash dirty clothes clean without any rubbing on the board or with the hands in any way, or is there no machine in existence that will do that? If there is, I should like to have one.

Also, whether she has ever used tur-

pentine with ammonia for washing. I have lately read that equal parts of each make one of the very best washing fluids. To what quantity of water does she use two tablespoonfuls of ammonia?

MRS. L. S.

MR. CROWELL:—I am now a subscriber to your very valuable paper for the first time, and am very much pleased with it. It is just what we poor care-worn women need. It is such a relief after our work is done, to take up THE HOUSEHOLD and read its precious contents, that I wonder how any one can do without it.

I noticed in the April number an inquiry by Omie how to use black currants. Made into jam it is very good for inflammation of the throat. I use them made into preserves for röla pola puddings, and they are very nice.

I wish to give my recipe for rhubarb pies which I hope some of my good sisters will try. I am sure they will like it. I think them about as good as lemon pies. Take one cup of chopped rhubarb, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, a small piece of butter, flavor with lemon, and beat all together. This for one pie. Two crusts.

MRS. E. C. P.

North Parsonsfield, Me.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I am only a new subscriber this year, but I appreciate your paper very much. It is just what women need. I live six miles from Tulare City, and only one neighbor near me. There is one lady a mile and a half from me, but I have no acquaintance with her. When THE HOUSEHOLD comes it is read with avidity, for I am alone, (excepting my four little ones,) all the time this summer. There has not been enough rain in lower California to have feed enough for the stock, so those who have stock have gone to the mountains with it, my husband is one of them, and it is very lonely out here. I noticed in the April number, that A Subscriber asks for a song, beginning with, "Oh! Birdie I am tired now." I have the song and will send the ballad. It is called, "Put Me in My Little Bed."

Tulare, Cal. MRS. T. D. W.

DEAR SISTERS:—Every girl that takes upon herself the name of wife is sure to be more or less disappointed, and the anxious, careworn wife is as little like the winsome, light-hearted maiden as the husband is like the lover. There is no remedy. So writes Patty.

Is there, then, a wrong that cannot be righted? a disease that cannot be prevented nor cured? Has God ordained that the dearest, holiest privilege and necessity of mankind shall be to them a blight and a curse? Has the bud more of promise than the tender leaf and the blossom? the blossom more than the satin gloss and the richness of the ripened fruit?

Nay, this is contrawise to the God of nature, and the blight of marriage is that men and women go contrawise. If they would look more to the inward and less to the outward life, more to the quiet, hidden depths and less to the changeful, bubbling surface, more to the harvest while they were

sowing; care more for comfort than for sham, more for love and happiness, than for worldly gain; make courtship a probationary period wherein to study each other's ways and dispositions, the intrenchings and necessities of each other's lives, wherein to arm and equip themselves for the exigencies of the future, to learn each to "rule his own spirit," for the good of the other, instead of making it "all romance," if they would make marriage a "love feast" instead of continually tasting the sharp and bitter condiments that give it zest and flavor; make it the highway to the summit of human growth and elevation, of true manhood and true womanhood, despite the roughness and unevenness; make fatherhood and motherhood a joy and a blessing, a means of moral and spiritual grace, thereby lifting the burden and the care, the remedy would be discovered, the wife would be as winsome and light hearted as the maiden and the husband like the happy lover.

GERALDINE GERMANE.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you permit a letter to appear in your paper from Missouri? I see you publish letters from almost every state in the Union. I have been a subscriber since 1870, and am a great admirer of your paper. I am southern born, and southern bred, and many things which the HOUSEHOLD Band write about, are entirely strange to me. They write of getting the clothes on to boil before breakfast, and the washing on the line by nine or ten o'clock. I would like to know what time in the morning they commence washing. Another speaks of a boiler costing \$25. I never heard of such an article.

Philosophy says, large bodies move slowly; we number thirteen in our family, if the clothes are on the line by sundown, we are satisfied. We, as a class, eat warm bread, biscuit, pancakes, waffles, muffins, etc. Light bread is the exception. I used to make, once a week, a dark heavy thing we called light bread. But, thanks to Aunt Leisurely, can make a loaf now such as I would not be ashamed to set before Mr. Crowell or Aunt Leisurely herself. I saw sometime since a letter in THE HOUSEHOLD, from a lady visiting from Missouri. She wrote very disparagingly of the cooking here. I do not know where she was visiting, but I know in this part of Missouri the ladies excel in cooking; I would be delighted to have Grumbler with us a few days, and though a farmer's wife, could place before him the lightest of biscuits, gilt edged butter, light bread made by Aunt Leisurely's recipe, broiled ham, delicately fried chicken, new potatoes, and coffee clear as amber and enriched by the sweetest of cream. Poor fellow, I wonder where he went that summer to have a good time.

Kitchens, meat-houses, etc., are so scattered about here, that one has to walk a mile, more or less, in preparing one meal; consequently can sing, "There is rest for the weary," with the spirit as well as the understanding; for instance, the kitchen is a ten by twelve room on the end of the porch, if attached to the house at all, often it stands in the corner of the yard; it contains one corner shelf for

the water bucket, one table, a few nails driven in the wall, a stove and the arrangement is complete; the well is in one direction from the house, the wood pile in another, and the cellar—no where. This is the ordinary way, conveniences are the exception, and it is so with those who own hundreds of acres, valued at from \$50 to \$75 per acre, and to use a figurative expression, own "The cattle upon a thousand hills."

I find as a general thing, that persons who come from the north here, seem to have a superabundance of energy and they do an incredible amount of work for two or three years, but finally, fall into the rather indolent habits of the country. Persons from the north are proverbial here for keeping a spotlessly clean house; our houses do not have that indescribable air of cleanliness that I detect as soon as I enter the house of one of my northern friends, and here let me say, we use our house all over, parlor, everywhere, constantly; that is one reason I suppose of the different looks of the two houses.

Domestic labor is very indifferent here though you can procure a maid of all work from \$6 to \$8 per month. Sewing girls can be had for \$3 per week to sew on the machine, but can not cut and fit satisfactorily.

My letter is already too long, but must tell you how dearly I prize THE HOUSEHOLD. Its coming is so welcomed by every member of the family who can read. My little girls here made some nice articles from directions given in THE HOUSEHOLD.

B. B.

THE HOUSEHOLD has been a welcome visitor these many years, and though I have taken my pen to write articles upon way flowers and leaves, yet other duties have called, and never have I written my thanks for this best monthly paper that my eyes have ever looked upon. It is a blessing to read the thoughts and experiences of sisters, in the different states, all having burdens and joys. But I took my pen to endorse the words on "Tight Lacing." I am rejoicing in my new liberty, and wish I could aid my sisters, for I was ignorant how to commence. Let me say to those desirous of a change, that there is a place in Boston 212 Hamilton Place, where you can have garments fitted and made, or get patterns.

I wrote to Mrs. Woolson of Concord, N. H. and she gave me some advice. She has a book on Dress Reform that I think would be helpful. I made my own waists, from a sleeveless basque pattern. It is double, seams opened, and put inside, corded at the bottom, trimmed about the neck and sleeves; sleeves are short as I wear heavy flannels throughout. The pattern of drawers I like much that come from this place. I do not believe old ones can be altered to feel good, at least I did not succeed. The buttons they recommend are splendid, a bone button. I have straps on my winter felt skirt that cross and button in front. My dress skirt I fasten up on my waist with one button.

I adopted this mode of dress some time since, because of a diseased spine that made it very painful to do the work that seemed necessary to be

done. Being very cold, I need many clothes, and they become burdensome. Now I do not think of my clothes at all. A lung protector saves me from many chills, and has many times paid for itself. If women were more careful of the wonderful casket in which God put their souls, fewer would be complaining companions. I would be glad by personal letters to aid any one trying to become free from corsets. Believe me, God put bones enough in our bodies to keep us upright, but we cruelly weaken them.

I want THE HOUSEHOLD sent to a young friend of mine, that she may profit by Mrs. Dorr's kind letters to Alice, expressed so much better than I could ever. Especially true are those of March and April. O, mothers, girls, heed her words and give the world a race of happy, healthy children, and from them I believe will rise a generation that shall be strong in all that is good.

One word to those who are trying to educate themselves by reading. Do you know that your letters make me long for time to read the books that have been mentioned for my own gratification? But I think for us, whose lives are crowded with work, that a good class of weekly and monthly papers, supply us with thoughts for consideration with the men and women with whom we mingle, better than books of history, science, or religion. Very far be it from me to underrate these, but I speak now to those who are farmers' daughters, or mothers with children, demanding so much time and love, let us be content with a general idea of what has been done, and the new developments of science, from standard newspapers. And let us take sometime every day to read; it will make our work easier, and the moments will fly swiftly while our hands are busy, and our minds profitably employed. May I tell you a thought that makes many a disagreeable task pleasant; "It's a little thing but it's all for Jesus, He knows the good I would gladly do, and He sees how my life work is making a little of the world's history." Let it come to you, my sisters, in joy and sorrow, "for Jesus."

I wanted to tell you how we have good lectures during the winter, and several other things, but my letter is too long, so let me close by a word about cooking. It seems to me that many throw away food that being changed in form would be gladly eaten. For one instance; some sour apples that were decaying, were washed and boiled. As there were a good many they were not relished, so, last week, one day I steamed some of them, sweetened, and put in a quart tin, beat two eggs, added more than a pint of milk, salt, sugar, and poured over my apples, and baked it while finishing my morning work, so it was cold for dinners. And do the members of THE HOUSEHOLD know how much better sweet and sour apples are boiled, than baked. Put them into a kettle with water enough to steam, and cover tightly, you will be surprised at the quickness of cooking and flavor of them. I often make a pudding of any kind of dry cake by steaming, and making a sauce with an egg, butter, sugar and cornstarch,

scalding the batter and pouring the other ingredients in.

I want to tell you what I prepared for my men for dinner. After washing my breakfast dishes and sweeping my rooms I pared and cut potatoes a half inch thick, a quart of these. Then thoroughly scraped a quart of parsnips, and threw them together into a pan of cold water. About ten o'clock, put some thin slices of salt pork into a kettle of water and kept boiling; at half past eleven adding potatoes and parsnips, salt, and a little pepper. Just before taking up, thickened the broth with cornstarch. This made a hearty meal for six persons, with mince pie, brown and white bread. There, for this time, good bye. May I come again? G. G.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Friend:*—Through my sister I have become acquainted with your useful paper, and am deeply interested in it.

Ruskin says that the "greatest thing a human soul can do is to see something and tell what it saw, in a plain way." So the one who accomplishes something and tells in a plain way how it was accomplished, does a great thing. That has Bertha done, leading us by short easy steps up the road to good bread-making, until we reach the end of the route, and hold in our hands a plump, sweet loaf of bread, fit for the President's table. Her kitchen chat should have been labeled, "To be continued," for I am sure we want to know her experience in canning fruit, and our eyes itch for the information she can give about "some other things," if we wish it. Of course we wish it. Let her tell others how to labor for her success in cooking, and thus save them from failures that cause their faces to blister and burn with mortification.

I am not a housekeeper, but my sister is, and sends you two recipes by me.

Citron Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two cups of flour, one cup of citron.

Lemon Pudding.—One pint of very fine bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of powdered sugar, grated rind of a lemon, yolks of four eggs, piece of butter the size of a butternut. Bake, and when cold spread the top with jelly. Take the whites of four eggs, one cup of sugar, juice of a lemon, make into frosting for the top. Return to the oven to brown.

The vote has been taken, and "Tom" is an admitted member of THE HOUSEHOLD, (on probation.) If he can cook, wash, and iron, his attainments are indeed superior, and he shall have the chair of honor, the chair that rocks. (I hope he knows some lullaby song.) Has Tom, or any one, a real good recipe for loaf cake?

If any sister has some good instrumental music for the piano, please give me the names of some of the pieces and their authors. Wagner's "Lohengrin" is fine, but to learn it is as hard as fighting original sin.

HELEN W. M.

VEGETABLE BASKETS.

In the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD, some one writes about

the difficulty of taking a boiling hot kettle of potatoes from the fire, and pouring out the water, without scalding the hand. I never had any trouble about it. The handle of my kettle does not touch the kettle within half an inch, so that it does not heat much, and I can usually take it off and hold it any length of time without any holder at all. But if necessary, it is not much trouble to use one. My tin covers, such as go with the kettles when a stove is bought, have a small wire handle in the middle. I take the kettle in my right hand, so close to the end of the handle that it will not slip in my hand, place the kettle on the edge of the sink, which cannot tip over or move like a pail, and holding the cover on tightly by the wire handle, (which I can do without any holder, but could use one just as well if necessary) pour out all the water without any danger of burning myself at all.

But what I like much better is a wire vegetable basket, to hold the potatoes, or other vegetables, and set into the kettle of water. When they are done, you can lift the basket by its handle right out of the kettle, and set it wherever you please for the potatoes to dry off. I have four very nice shelves around my stove pipe, and I always set the basket on one of these. Then if you have the time, two minutes will serve to wash the kettle and put it away, and you have no more trouble with it.

The baskets can be bought at almost any hardware store, and cost from twenty, to sixty cents, according to size. Mine is the largest size, I believe, and is none too large for an ordinary family. I boil eggs in it also. I do not like the skimmer suggestion.

A skimmer has a rather thin, sharp edge, and I think it would be very difficult to put it under the potatoes without putting it into some of them, and breaking them to pieces. However, others may like it. MRS. L. S.

VEGETABLE SOUP FOR SUMMER USE.

The best soup may be made with little expense when vegetables are plentiful. Even the odds and ends of a roast will serve very well for a basis if no piece of fresh uncooked meat is at hand. Let the vessel in which you make your soup be provided with a close cover, and allow yourself plenty of time, so that the soup need only simmer for five or six hours, but never boil hard.

As the water evaporates, add more, but always let it be boiling water, after the first, which is poured cold over the meat. Add vegetables according to the taste of your family, few coming amiss to most persons. For instance, a quart of ripe tomatoes, scalded and peeled, is not too much, but even two or three make their impression when more cannot be obtained; a large handful of green corn, cut from the cob; another of young tender okra; and yet another of Irish potatoes, peeled and cut into small pieces; and lastly, a handful of small Lima beans. Season cautiously with salt and pepper, remembering that more can be easily added at table, whereas, if you carelessly throw in

too much of either of these condiments there is no remedy.

In this kind of soup a pod of red pepper is regarded as preferable seasoning to black, the pod not to be broken. Let the cook be careful to stir the soup frequently, lest the vegetables stick to the bottom and burn. Skim carefully, and dish up hot.

In the far South, where this soup is made to perfection, they let the vegetables cook so thoroughly as to form an indistinguishable mass, and strain it, moreover, so that the flavor is left without their substance. Sassafras may also be used as thickening, but the okra is sufficient of itself, provided there be enough of it. For this purpose the buds of the sassafras are gathered in the early spring, while full of sap, and being dried, can be kept for use indefinitely.

CEMENT FOR LEATHER.

Of many substances lately brought very conspicuously to notice for fastening pieces of leather together, and in mending harness, joining machinery belting, and making shoes, one of the best is made by mixing ten parts of sulphide of carbon with one of oil of turpentine, and then adding enough gutta percha to make a tough, thickly-flowing liquid. One essential prerequisite to a thorough union of the parts consists in freedom of the surfaces to be joined from grease. This may be accomplished by laying a cloth upon them, and applying a hot iron for a time. The cement is then applied to both pieces, the surfaces brought in contact, and pressure applied until the joint is dry.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CLEANING MIXTURE.—Good to clean coat collars, and to take out grease from floors or carpets, and to clean paint or white walls (calsomined.) Take half a bar of washing soap, and a lump of salt peter and sal soda each as large as a walnut, add two quarts of boiling soft water; stir well and let stand till cool, then add three ounces of ammonia (spirits of hartshorn), bottle and cork tight. Will keep good a year, and is the best thing I know of to remove grease, and is always handy. It is best to bottle when luke warm, and add the ammonia at any time. Keep tightly corked.

JELLY ROLL CAKE, OR SPONGE CAKE.—Take five eggs, separate the yolks from the whites, beat the whites three minutes with an egg-beater, add the yolks and beat five minutes longer, then add two cups of white sugar (that has been rolled free from lumps), stir smooth, then add four tablespoonsfuls of cold water, and two cups of flour that has two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder sifted in. It is considerable work but is a splendid cake either as sponge or jelly roll. You must put buttered paper in the pan before putting in the cake for jelly roll, wrap in a towel after it is rolled, while warm, and it will keep soft several days. HANNAH S.

LEMON CUSTARD PIE.—One grated lemon; do not use the white part, as it is bitter, save the juice for frosting, but put the yellow part and the inside, cut fine, with the whites of three eggs, one cup of sugar, beat together, then add one-third cup of butter, and two-thirds cup of milk, or if you have sweet cream use two-thirds of a cup of that in the place of milk and butter, and bake. Then beat up the whites of the three eggs, put in the juice of the lemon, add a trifle of sugar, and bake it brown. ANNA.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of flour, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, yolks of four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Bake in three tins.

Frosting for Cake.—The whites of three eggs, two and one-fourth cups of sugar, nine tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, three teaspoonfuls of vanilla or lemon; beat together and put in a bowl, and cook over a teakettle of boiling water till it thickens; put this between the cakes. Take the white of one egg and make white frosting for the top, and then drop with a teaspoon some of the dark frosting in round drops on the top of that, and it is fit for you, Mr. Editor, to eat. Try it and see.

MARY A. D.

WAFFLES.—One quart of milk, two heaping tablespoonfuls of melted lard, three eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, flour enough to make it a little stiffer than for griddlecakes, and one tablespoonful of Royal baking powder.

Let me add a caution. Never wash the inside of your waffle iron after it has been used once. Rub it all over with a dry, clean cloth, and it will not trouble you with sticking.

S. A. F.

BROWN BREAD.—Here is a recipe for brown bread cakes that are particularly nice with baked beans. One even cup of rye meal, one even cup of Indian meal, one even teaspoonful of salt, one even teaspoonful of soda, two even teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and about a tablespoonful of molasses. Mix with lukewarm water, form into cakes like fish balls, and fry in deep fat. Do not have the dough too stiff, as the cakes will be hard when done. Use Indian meal to shape the cakes; it is better than flour.

A. L.

RASPBERRY JELLY.—Use berries gathered early in the season, as they make jelly more readily. Take a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, strained through a flannel bag, boil twenty minutes in a tin pan or shallow vessel. Make a small quantity at a time. I took the quantity that two pounds of sugar would make. This will make a very stiff jelly, whereas if made in the ordinary way it is not stiff.

E. C.

SAUSAGES.—In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD a lady asks for a recipe for sausages. I will send mine which I think she will like. To forty pounds of meat, one pound of salt; one teaspoonful of sifted sage to each pound of meat, and one-half teaspoonful of black pepper to each two pounds of meat.

ABBA.

YEAST.—A very nice recipe. Pare and grate on a coarse grater four good sized potatoes, add to them one-half cup of sugar, the same of salt, beat well together, then pour on it enough boiling water to make it of the consistency of water gruel. It will thicken as it cools. When about lukewarm add a tea-cupful of good yeast, set it in a warm place, and it will rise light and foamy. If made in the morning it will do to rise at night. This yeast makes excellent bread, keeps perfectly well, and is much less trouble than when hops are used. In mixing bread, use about the same quantity you would of any home-made yeast.

K. K.

PEACH PICKLES—Eva C. P. will have nice peach pickles if she follows this recipe. To seven pounds of pared fruit take one pint of vinegar, one ounce each of cinnamon and cloves, and three pounds of sugar; boil the vinegar, sugar and spices, and pour on the fruit while hot, repeating the operation every morning for one week, when the pickles will be ready for use.

S. M.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one and one-half grated chocolate, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, four eggs, and a small teaspoonful of soda. Bake rather slowly.

MR. CROWELL:—I wish you would let me have the floor long enough to tell the sisters how to make Yankee brown bread, and I want them all to try it. It is just splendid. A friend of ours went to Maine and while there learned to make it, and when she came home she told us how. We like it better than some kinds of cake.

YANKEE BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of flour, four cups of corn meal, one-half cup of molasses, one pint of sour milk, and one teaspoonful of soda. Stir very stiff. Steam

two or three hours and bake one hour. If this dough is too stiff a little hot water improves it. Can be eaten hot or cold, but we like it best cold with plenty of good butter.

MRS. C. E. C.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—In reply to G. M. H., how to prepare chocolate for cake, will give a method I have used for years. For one cake take one cup of milk or water, butter half the size of an egg, one cup of sugar, one square of Baker's chocolate, grated, boil together. Have ready one tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with water, and stir briskly until thick enough to spread. Let it cool before using.

MRS. J. H.

Millenburg, Ohio.

MR. CROWELL:—I am a new subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD, but am interested in its columns. For the benefit of its readers will give them a few of my cake recipes without eggs. I am a farmer's wife, usually have plenty of fresh eggs, but often make cake without them. Here is one that will keep all winter.

RAISIN CAKE.—One cup of brown sugar, one cup of buttermilk, one-fourth cup of butter, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Put these ingredients all together and stir them, lastly a cup of raisins chopped and sprinkled with flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup of good New Orleans molasses, two-thirds cup of good, rich sour cream, fill it with buttermilk, an even tablespoonful of soda, and a teaspoonful of ginger dissolved in water. Do not make it very thick with flour, or it will be tough.

CREAM COOKIES.—One cup of white sugar, one cup of the best rich cream, one small spoonful of soda, and season with nutmeg. Do not mix very stiff. Bake quick.

West Barre, N. Y. E. A. G.

PICKLING BLUEBERRIES.—Mr. Crowell—Please say to the lady who wrote in regard to pickling blueberries, that I mean "only this, and nothing more," viz.: Put the berries in a jar, and simply cover them with cold water. Please try it this season, and report. Some, however, sweeten the water a very little with molasses. They will also sour and keep up dry.

F. H. T.

PICKLING CUCUMBERS.—Mr. Editor:—Among Questions and Answers in THE HOUSEHOLD, M. D. W. asks about pickling cucumbers without salting down. My grandmother and mother never used that way, and had nice pickles the year around, but mother's were the best, and every one once eating them asked the way of preparing. She was particular to cut the cucumbers off the vine, not to break the stem clear off, small ones too, then wipe clean but carefully, not breaking the skin in the least. Then put them in weak vinegar with a little salt, let them stand twenty-four hours. After this put them in good vinegar, such as they will be kept in, add salt "according to judgment," not enough to make the cucumbers taste. When any one has a vine they will be picking at different times, so that the last vinegar will be disturbed, but if one buys all that are to be pickled at one time, this last vinegar must be stirred every day or two. After cool weather take out the pickles, throw out soft ones if any, make a bag of spices, add everything like horse radish, etc., put in the vinegar, and the spice bag also, scald, and pour over all. Put in a jar and set in a cool place.

H. M. D.

UNION CAKE.—Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, (I use cream,) three cups of flour, one-half cup of cornstarch, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor as you please; lemon is nice.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of cream, one cup of sugar, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor as you please.

LEMON PIE.—Beat the yolks of two eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter and the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Put into a crust. Take the whites of the eggs and two spoonfuls of sugar for icing.

ANOTHER.—One lemon, two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, or more will not hurt, one pint of milk, and one-half ounce of butter. The whites of the eggs mixed with sugar for top.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

PACKING HAM.—I will give you my way for keeping ham, which I think you will like if you try it. It is not original with me. Slice all the ham that you desire to keep; then have as many fryingpans as your stove will accommodate, and proceed to fry it, mixing the fat and lean together. Have your jar warm, and when your ham is partly fried put in the jar, pouring in the grease that is left in the pans. Continue in this way until it is all fried, being sure to pack the meat in tight, and use extra lard if enough does not fry out of the meat. After your ham is all in the jar you must melt lard enough to quite cover it and pour on hot, then put on a plate that will just fit in the jar, and a clean stone on that to keep it tight. I keep mine in the cellar. When you want any to use, take it out and finish frying it, and your ham will taste as fresh as in the winter. If your cellar is dry it will not mold, but if it is wet, it may trouble you some. In such a case scrape off the mold from the lard, and each time you use any meat set the jar in the oven, so that the fat will melt and cover the top.

GYPSY TRAINE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL:—Mrs. H. H. wants to know the cause of white caps, or specks, in butter and buttermilk. If she will take particular notice she will find it is caused by the heat. A hard scum forms over the cream that wont break up by the motion of the churn. I keep a paddle in my cream jar, and when I skim my pans I stir the cream well to break up that scum. I stir it several times through the day. If Mrs. H. H. will keep her cream well stirred all the time she is gathering a churning, she will not be troubled with white caps, or at least not so much.

J. E. D.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—I would like to ask some one who is wearing the Minion flannel and Dress Reform underclothing if they are entirely removed and only a night dress worn during the night, or is the flannel retained?

I have found Imperial Granum very beneficial in severe dyspepsia.

MRS. I. C. S.

A lady from Montana complains of white specks in butter. When she skins her cream into the jar, or whatever she keeps it in while collecting enough for churning, if she will stir it and mix thoroughly every day, I think she will have no more trouble with white specks. Hope she will try it.

ABIEE.

Will some of the sister's please tell me how to gloss shirts without the use of the polishing iron? I dip them in cooked starch when I wash them, and when I iron them use raw starch, is there a better way?

MRS. C. E. C.

MR. CROWELL:—I am in town, waiting for the goodman to get ready to start home, and have been reading THE HOUSEHOLD, which I received at the postoffice.

South Boston, Mass.

of all kinds, and would like to exchange patterns and samples of crochet, especially edgings. I wonder if Alice would send me the pattern for the pretty nubia, or sea foam?

Macon, Miss.

OMOO.

Please ask Stella, in March number, to send directions for making pictures imitating frost work.

MRS. B. O.

Crawfordville, Miss.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you kindly ask through the columns of "our paper" for a recipe for good plain cookies not too rich for children to eat?

MRS. BENJ. F. M.

Will some good baker please tell me the reason my cakes always crack open? Stirring them a great deal don't prevent it.

S. M.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you ask THE HOUSEHOLD sisters to say something about fret sawing? how to polish the wood? and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some lady please tell me how to do decalcomania, and the materials to use? and oblige.

A. M. E.

Please ask Stella, in March number, to send directions for making pictures imitating frost work.

MRS. B. O.

Crawfordville, Miss.

MR. CROWELL:—In the October, 1876, number of THE HOUSEHOLD was a recipe for curing dandruff. It read, "A preparation of one ounce flowers of sulphur and one quart of water was made." Now I wish to know if flowers of sulphur is the same as pulverized sulphur. I asked for flowers of sulphur at a druggist's, and they could not tell me what it was. If you, Mr. Editor, or some one of our Band that knows, will throw some light on the subject, they will greatly oblige one of the MANY SISTERS.

Will some one give the verses closing with the line, "Outside the camp, inside the vail." Having heard them repeated once by a minister at the close of a sermon, I am anxious to see them in print.

SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you please ask the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD if they can give me such information as will aid me in destroying the large black ant that appears annually? I have tried insect powders without success.

South Boston, Mass.

K. E. R.

Will some kind reader, through the pages of THE HOUSEHOLD, give me a recipe for removing iron rust? and oblige.

A FRIEND.

Trenton, La.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, who is a reader of history, please tell me if there is a book containing the life of James Francis Edward, also known as The Chevalier St. George, and the Pretender, son of James II. of England? If there is such a book, what is the name of it, and where may it be obtained? By giving this information you will confer a great favor on

ONE OF THE SISTERS.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please be kind enough to tell me how to stem hair switches? Also, how to clean silver ware? By so doing they will greatly oblige me.

ROSE.

Portland, Ore.

Will E. Clough please tell me if the oil should rise to the top in the hair dye she gives a recipe for? It does in mine.

R. H. A.



"GOD KNOWS."

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Oh! wild and dark was the winter night,
When the emigrant ship went down,
But just outside of the harbor bar,
In the sight of the startled town!
The winds howled, and the sea roared,
And never a soul could sleep,
Save the little ones on their mother's breasts,
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surf,
No rope could reach the land;
There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,
There was many a ready hand;
Women who prayed, and men who strove
When prayers and work were vain,—
For the sun rose over the awful void
And the silence of the main.

All day the watchers paced the sands—
All day they scanned the deep;
All night the booming minute-guns
Echoed from steep to steep.
"Give up thy dead. Oh cruel sea!"
They cried athwart the space;
But only a baby's fragile form
Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all
Who with the ship went down,
That night, when the happy babies slept
So warm in the sheltered town!
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,
It lay on the shifting sand,
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,
"God knoweth," the Pastor said,
When the sobbing children crowded to ask,
The name of the baby dead.
And so when they laid it away at last
In the church-yard's hushed repose,
They raised a stone at the baby's head
With the carven words "God knows!"

ONE DAY'S TRIALS.

BY SIN SAXON.

DING a ling, ling! There's that bell for the third time this morning and not nine o'clock yet; and ironing day, and Mary and John coming to tea, and every minute precious. I do hope I am not going to be interrupted with callers all day.

"Please, marm, and Mrs. Roberts wants to know will yer lind her the sack pattern, and she'd be much obliged, sure?"

Oh, dear! That sack pattern I have not used for months, and I feel certain it is at the bottom of a well packed trunk in the attic. I have half a mind to tell the messenger so, but Mrs. Roberts has been an obliging neighbor to me, and I can't requite kindness in that manner. I go to the attic, and after fifteen minutes occupied in pulling everything out of the trunk, suddenly remember having loaned it two months since to Mrs. Pratt. I don't think I am usually unamiable, but the way that trunk is packed a second time would not convince a stranger of that fact. I am obliged to send the servant back without the pattern.

"Now, Bridget, the irons are hot, and you may begin ironing. I will take care of the chamber work this morning." And I arrange my dusting cap, pin up my dress, and throwing open the window, am soon deep in sweeping and dusting. Mary is so particular about her own house, I would not like her to see mine out of

order, and there's nothing she doesn't notice. To think they should decide upon ironing day too. I do wish one could have friends without entertaining them. There's all the silver to clean, and the china to dust, and—

Ding a ling, ling! "Please, marm, there's a lady in the parlor, and she says, will I give yez that."

I take the card from Bridget's hand and read, "Mrs. Kneeland." Horrors! One of the most aristocratic ladies in our neighborhood. I fly to my room and shake and brush in an agony of haste, lest my visitor shall think I am prinking, and in my hurry to pull off my cap, pull my hair all down my back. At last I enter the parlor, with heart beating, and face like a boiled lobster, and there I sit for an hour, trying to appear delighted to see my caller, but my inner conscience flying off to my unfinished sweeping, baking and ironing, and wondering if I shall get through before Mary arrives. Perhaps Mrs. K. notices my pre-occupation, for at last she departs, and I fly to my broom, with a sigh of relief. The rooms are in order at last, and I haste to the kitchen, don apron, and make preparation for baking that delicious sweet bread when nicely made, cream pie. The fire is slow, and I set the cream on the stove for one moment, while I mix the thickening. The corn starch seems lumpy; I stand and wonder what makes it so.

Thump! thump! rub a dub, dub! Some one at the back door. Mr. Cobb's bill, and if I could please pay it—large note to meet to-day—so much obliged.

I sit down with anxious face, and begin to count up columns of figures, when my sense of smell wakens to the fact that there is something burning. I spring to the stove. Yes, there it is. A whole pint of cream and four eggs burned past redemption; and that aggravating man standing there, with the most innocent expression, waiting for his money. He must have had experience of womankind before, for when I hand him the amount due, he bolts without a word. Well for him. I should speak to the point if I spoke at all.

Another half hour spent in sending for more eggs and milk, and making more cream. For some reason or other the cake part comes out of the oven heavy as lead. On looking back, I remember I was just about to put in the soda, when Bridget asked about the starch, and I stopped to show her the proper manner of mixing it. I must have baked the cake minus soda. I drop into a chair, filled with dismay, and ready to cry. If there isn't that terrible bell again. I don't care, I won't see any body, whoever they may be.

"Please, marm, perhaps you want to buy a sewing machine; and the man wants to lave one for yer to try on."

"No, I want nothing, but for him to clear out."

"But he says, marm, will yer just step to the door. Faith, I think the spalpeen's a sitting in the parlor this very minit."

The Russians never marched to war with firmer step than I walk into my parlor. Before I can open my lips the man begins:

"Good day, ma'am. I have taken

the liberty of bringing in a machine, for after you once see its merits, you will insist on keeping it. You see it has a double action treadle, hemmer, braider, corder, tucker, binder, embroiderer, all complete. The case is

A number 1, and what this machine can't do, no other on the face of the earth can; and all for the merely nominal price of sixty dollars. You can give it a trial for two month, and then I will call for the money. Perhaps you already have a machine. I will buy it of you for, say five dollars, being second hand, you know, and probably not worth half that money. I will be around, as I said before, in a couple of months, and if it would be any easier, you might pay by installment, say ten dollars a month. If you will have the first installment ready—"

I catch my breath. The man is actually selling me a machine without my buying it. I step up to him courageously and say:

"You will take that machine, installment and all, out of my door this very minute."

"But, madam—I'm sure—double acting treadle—two months. How can you refuse—"

"Will you walk out, or shall I call the police?"

"Oh, madam, I'll go, certainly, but if you should change your mind, just think—hemmer, braider—"

He's out and I've shut the door on him. The impudence of the man; bringing that machine into my parlor. I wonder what time it is? Five o'clock. Just time enough to dress before my company arrives. I comb out my hair, and wish I could lie down for five minutes. My head aches ready to split. A knock at my door, and Bridget's voice from the outside.

"If you please, marm, here's the orange man, and mighty poorly he do look this day. I thought ye might be wanting the oranges from him."

I feel desperate. I don't know whether to scold Bridget or circumstances, or what. The man I know to be very, very poor, and I have been in the habit of buying of him occasionally. My bump of benevolence will not allow me to send him away disconsolate, and the oranges will help beautify the tea table, so I pug up my hair, and run down to the door. The fruit does not look very tempting, but I buy two dozen, and the man departs with a cheerful face that pays me for my effort.

Up stairs again. Half past five. I have just time enough to dress in a hurry, when another ring announces my company. I sit down to entertain them, too tired to feel amiable, and my thoughts wandering off to the tea-table, to think if I have forgotten anything. I feel, with concern, that the cooking has turned out worse to-day than any other day in the month when there was no company; and finally, tea over and the evening through, I bid my visitors good by, with a sigh of relief. I think it is hard work, having company, and tell John so, who looks up, and says quietly:

"Why so?"

"Because there is so much preparation to make for their coming. I declare I never worked harder in my life than to-day, to have everything right, and of course everything went wrong,

even to the oranges. I might as well have bought two dozen lemons and had the genuine thing; they were so sour no one could eat them."

"Perhaps, dear, you work too hard for everything to go right. Now how much of the work you have done today could you have done yesterday, or the day before?"

"Why, nothing. Of course the baking must be fresh, and the sweeping—"

"And of course you informed your visitors that you had swept on purpose for them?"

"Why, no indeed! What a question. Why should I?"

"Because they might suppose your rooms were ordinarily so neat, that sweeping would not be necessary on this special occasion, and so would not properly appreciate. I really had thought my home very neat and well cared for, but there must be some neglect when so much has to be done for two friends coming to tea. Do you consider them of more importance than your own husband, or was the carpet so very dirty?"

"Why, neither. Bridget swept thoroughly Friday, and you know I value your comfort and opinion above all others. But—I do see what you mean. I never looked at it in this way before. I have always thought everything must be prepared specially for company, and consequently never enjoyed having it. From this time forth I shall act on a different principle, and whoever visits me in the future will take my house and table in its usual dress, for what is good enough for those I love best in the world, must be sufficient for my friends."

"Do so, my dear, and you will understand the true art of enjoying company, and of making company enjoy you."

LETTERS TO ALICE.

Number Eight.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

So you attended Mrs. Ultra's lectures, and have just been reading Aaron Autocrat's book on the "Woman Question." That is well. It is well to keep one's self informed upon all matters of great public interest, and to know what arguments can be advanced by the advocates or by the opponents of any movement that tends to unsettle the existing order of things, and to work important changes in private as well as national affairs. Indifference does not speak well for the heart or for the intellect of the woman who professes it. If she thinks or feels at all, she cannot be insensible to the force and power of the spirit that now "moves upon the face of the waters," causing them to thrill throughout their innermost depths. She may be in sympathy with the movement, or she may disapprove it utterly; and she may be equally earnest and conscientious in either case. But it seems to me that she can hardly be indifferent and unconcerned, without, doing violence alike to her common sense and to her womanhood. Consequently I am glad that you have heard the lectures and have read the book. At the same time, my dear Alice, I must be allowed to hope that you will not immediately begin to consider yourself

an injured "oppressed" and "downtrodden" woman. You have heard, doubtless, of the plaintiff in a certain lawsuit who wept bitterly as his lawyer eloquently portrayed his wrongs, declaring that he had never realized until that moment how terribly he had been abused.

God forbid that I should speak lightly of this matter; or irreverently of the noble band of women who are to-day laboring so patiently, so heroically for the elevation, the amelioration of their sisters' estate. We honor and revere the reformer even while we may doubt the feasibility, the real, practical success of the reforms he would inaugurate. We cannot tell how or when the seed sown in darkness shall germinate. But it does germinate sooner or later, in God's good time, in the day and in the land that he deems best.

Shall we talk of this question of "Woman's rights" (or wrongs) for a few moments, Alice? It is not probable that we shall advocate any truths that are very new or very profound. But we may perhaps glance at the old truths from a different stand-point; and if we are not over-wise, we will console ourselves with the thoughts that as there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, so there is scarcely more than one between the profound and the unintelligible.

Did it ever occur to you that nearly all of those who as the champions of women have uttered words, wise or unwise, upon this subject, have started with this axiom implied or expressed—"Man and woman are natural enemies?" They take, or seem to take, the ground that there is a subtle yet radical antagonism whose influence is all-prevailing and powerful. Is this true? Are not men and women, not friendly allies, but sworn foes, each standing with helmet clasped, armour brightly burnished and sword in hand, ready for the deadly conflict?

To this question God and Nature and Reason answer; and from each of them comes the same reply—a clear, emphatic No! It is easy to talk in "glittering generalities" of man's tyranny, and of woman's helplessness. We may theorize and generalize as we will, Alice. But save in exceptional cases—and God be praised that they are exceptional—each woman feels in her heart of hearts that her father, her husband, her son, her friend, her brother, her lover, is neither her foe, nor the foe of her sex. And the aggregate man is composed of the individual fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, lovers and friends whom we love and honor, and in whom we trust.

A radical antagonism between man and woman? I venture to say, my dear Alice, that to the average woman, the woman whose nature has not been dwarfed or biased by some peculiar training, or distorted by the pressure of some great calamity, the idea will seem simply absurd. We women, as a rule—of course there are exceptions—know that the men whom we meet daily in society, in our homes, in the street, in the church, in places of business, in the common, everyday walks of life, are our friends, our champions, our helpers. Very possibly we do not regard them as demi-gods. Neither

are we angels in their eyes. But nevertheless, we would laugh at the idea that they were our "oppressors," our "natural enemies." Yet, in the mass, they are probably no better and no worse than the rest of their kind. It is not the man whom we know, our neighbor, our friend, our kinsman who is a monster, and an ogre; but the abstract man as he is held up to us in the pages of the "strong minded."

It appears to me, dear Alice, that in considering this matter, quite too much stress is laid upon the one fact of sex. We do this or we do that, we pursue certain courses of action, not because we are men and women, but because we are *human beings*. We are pure or impure, just or unjust, selfish or unselfish, gentle or ungentle, truthful or untruthful, evilly inclined, or yearning toward "whatsoever things are lovely," not because we belong to one sex or to the other, but because we are what we are. Soul has no sex. Intellect has no sex. Or if this be denied, we must all admit that souls and bodies are often mismatched; the womanly soul inhabiting the manly body, and the strong, heroic, manly soul being shrined in the frail form of a woman. A man may be coarse, sensual, profligate and profane. If his soul had been wedded to a woman's body, we should have had instead of the depraved man, a depraved woman. This is the only difference. A man may be harsh, tyrannical, a curse to his wife and a terror to his children. Does he possess the qualities that make him such in virtue of being a man, or because he has yielded to the evil passions that were inherent to his nature, until they have gained the mastery? If he had been a woman he would have been equally harsh, equally tyrannical, though with a little less power for active, aggressive evil.

I must confess that I am tired, as I presume you are, of this incessant comparison of the sexes. If women in the aggregate are better, purer, nobler than men—a proposition that I am prepared neither to assert nor to deny—it is not simply because they are women. It is because the circumstances of their lives are such that they have fewer temptations from without or from within. Here again we find exceptions; but they only prove the rule. Our husbands, our lovers, our sons, our brothers wrestle with a hundred lions where we encounter one. And hence it is that a truly pure and upright man—one who is master of circumstances and of himself—one who can lay his hand upon pitch, if the salvation of others demand it, and yet not be defiled—one who is—not ignorantly, but of his own free, conscious choice—good and pure and true, is indeed the "noblest work of God;" and to such an one every earnest, womanly heart must bow in joyful homage. It is useless to deny it. We do it whether we are willing to acknowledge it or not.

If woman has rights to claim, or wrongs for which she demands redress—and that she has both no one living in the clear light of to-day can be disposed to deny—let her make the claim and seek the remedy, not because she is a woman, but because she is an integral portion of the great heart of humanity; and let man listen to her and

allow her claims for the same reason. Year by year the number of women who must earn their daily bread, or starve, is increasing. Let her claim the right to do just the work that she can do best, with just the implements that best please her. There is no more reason that the needle, the spelling book and the frying pan should be her only resource, than that every man should be compelled to handle the spade, the hammer or the yardstick. If the howling of the wolf at the door, or the stern necessities of our own being, urge her on to the conflict, let her grasp whatever weapon she chooses, the pen, the pencil, the engraver's chisel, the ledger or the pruning knife. Let her listen for the whisper of the lightning, and send its soft messages from the mountain to the shore. Let her make herself familiar with science, and garner from its vast fields whatever harvest she may. Let her live her own life out fully, freely, entirely as man lives his, developing her whole nature and establishing her inherent right to use every power, every faculty that God has given her, for the glory, for the welfare of mankind, and for her own best good. And let man encourage her in this—not because she is a woman—but because he has no right to lay a straw in the way of any fellow creature's advancement, because he lowers his own manhood if he adds so much as a feather's weight to the burden that she bears. Moreover, her advancement is his. By the laws of their own being that cannot be controverted or gainsayed, they will stand side by side. As one advances in the scale of being, so does the other. Their interests are identical. Whatever elevates woman, elevates man. Whatever lifts man to a higher plane, lifts woman also to a loftier atmosphere.

But now, Alice, my darling, I must say good bye. If Philip reads this long tirade, he will surely think me crazy, so I will just whisper in your ear that as a "woman" you have the "right" to keep this letter to yourself if you see fit.

"A PLACE FOR THE OLD FOLKS."

If you would make the aged happy, lead them to feel that there is still a place for them where they can be useful. When you see their powers failing, do not notice it. It is enough for them to feel it without a reminder. Do not humiliate them by doing things after them. Accept their offered services, and do not let them see you taking off the dust their eyesight has left undisturbed, or wiping up the liquid their trembling hands have spilled; rather let the dust remain, and the liquid stain the carpet, than rob them of their self-respect by seeing you cover their deficiencies. You may give them the best room in your house, you may garnish it with pictures and flowers, you may yield them the best seat in your church-pew, the easiest chair in your parlor, the highest seat of honor at your table; but if you lead, or leave, them to feel that they have passed their usefulness, you plant a thorn in their bosom that will rankle there while life lasts. If they are capable of doing nothing but prepar-

ing your kindlings, or darning your stockings, indulge them in those things, but never let them feel that it is because they can do nothing else; rather than they do this well.

Do not ignore their taste and judgment. It may be that in their early days, and in the circle where they moved, they were as much sought and honored as you are now; and until you arrive at that place, you can ill imagine your feelings should you be considered entirely void of these qualities, be regarded as essential to no one, and your opinions be unsought, or discarded if given. They may have been active and successful in the training of children and youth in the way they should go; and will they not feel it keenly, if no attempt is made to draw from this rich experience?

Indulge them as far as possible in their old habits. The various forms of society in which they were educated may be as dear to them as yours are now to you; and can they see them slighted or disowned without a pang? If they relish their meals better by turning their tea into the saucer, having their butter on the same plate with their food, or eating with both knife and fork, do not in word or deed imply to them that the customs of their days are obnoxious in good society; and that they are stepping down from respectability as they descend the hill side of life. Always bear in mind that the customs of which you are now so tenacious may be equally repugnant to the next generation.

In this connection I would say, do not notice the pronunciation of the aged. They speak as they were taught, and yours may be just as uncouth to the generations following. I was once taught a lesson on the subject, which I shall not forget while memory holds its sway. I was dining, when a father brought his son to take charge of a literary institution. He was intelligent, but had not received the early advantages which he had labored hard to procure for his son; and his language was quite a contrast to that of the cultivated youth. But the attention and deference he gave to his father's quaint though wise, remarks, placed him on a higher pinnacle, in my mind, than he was ever placed by his world-wide reputation as a scholar and writer.—*Congregationalist.*

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

There is an old story in the *Gesta Romanorum*, of a priest who was found fault with by one of his parishioners because his life was in painful discordance with his teaching. So one day he takes his critic out to a stream, and, giving him to drink of it, asks him if he does not find it sweet and pure water. The parishioner having answered that it was, is taken to the source, and finds that what had so refreshed him flowed from between the jaws of a dead dog. "Let this teach thee," said the priest, "that the very best doctrine may take its rise in a very impure and disgusting spring, and that excellent morals may be taught by a man who has no morals at all."

It is easy enough to see the fallacy here. Had the man known beforehand from what a carrion fountain-head the stream issued, he could not have drank of it without loathing. Had the priest merely bidden him to look at the stream, and see how beautiful it was, instead of tasting it, it would have been quite another matter. And this is precisely the difference between what appeals to our esthetic and to our moral sense—between what is judged of by the taste and the conscience.

It is when a mere sentimental man turns preacher of morals that we investigate his character, and are justified in so doing. He may express as many and as delicate shades of feeling as he likes—for this the sensibility of his organization perfectly fits him—no other person could do it so well—but the moment he undertakes to establish his feeling as a rule of conduct, we ask at once how far are his own life and deed in accordance with what he preaches. For every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action; and that while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of the life.

"Fine words," says one homely proverb, "butter no parsnips;" and if the question be how to render those vegetables palatable, an ounce of butter would be worth more than all the orations of Cicero. The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. From that sincerity his words gain the force and pertinency of deeds, and his money is no longer the pale drudge 'twixt man and man, but by a beautiful magic, what erewhile bore the image and superscription of Cæsar, seems now to bear the image and superscription of God.

It is thus that there is a genius for goodness, magnanimity, for self sacrifice, as well as for creating, and building, and beautifying, and it is thus that the Infinite Beauty and Goodness shapes to its own likeness the soul which gives it body and individuality.

GOOD ADVICE, THIS.

Nobody is more like an honest man than a thorough rogue. When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within. Do not choose your friend by his looks; handsome shoes often pinch the feet. Don't be fond of compliments; remember, "Thank you, pussy, and thank you, pussy," killed the cat. Don't believe in the man who talks the most, for mewing cats are very seldom good mousers. By no means put yourself in another person's power; if you put your thumb between two grinders, they are very apt to bite. Drink nothing without seeing it; sign nothing without reading it, and make

sure that it means no more than it says. Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyers' houses are built on fools' heads.

In any business, never wade into the water where you cannot buy the bottom. Put no dependence upon the label of a bag; and count money after you own kin. See the sack open before you buy what is in it; for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated. Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character. Beware of the man who swears; he who would blaspheme the Maker would make no bones of lying or stealing. Beware of no man more than of yourself: we carry our worst enemies with us.

When a new opinion or doctrine comes before you, do not bite till you know whether it is bread or stone; and do not be sure that the gingerbread is good because of the gilt on it. Never shout hallo! till you are quite out of the wood; and never cry fresh fish till they are caught in the net. There is always time enough to boast—wait a little longer. Don't throw away dirty water till you have got clean; keep on scraping the roads till you can get better work; for the poorest pay is better than none, and the humblest office is better than being out of employment. Always give up the road to bulls and mad-men; and never fight with a coal-heaver, or contend with a base character; for they will be sure to blacken you.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

GOING BEHINDHAND.

"They tell me Farmer H. is going behindhand."

"I guess there's no doubt of it."

"But I don't see how it can be. He has one of the best farms in the country, and he used to be considered a good farmer."

"True—but his farm is certainly running out, and I am told he is running in debt."

"I don't see how that can be."

So conversed two neighboring farmers, and while they conversed Farmer H. was looking for his hoe.

"Dan," he cried, to one of his boys, "where is the hoe? I've been looking for it this half-hour. I might have had my work done by this time. Where is it?"

"I do'no, dad. It's sum'rs, I s'pose."

"Somewhere, you young rascal. Didn't you have it last night?"

"No."

"Didn't I tell you to hoe the cucumbers?"

"Yes; but I couldn't find the hoe."

The two joined in the search.

"Look here, Dan," said the father, after a fruitless time, "you must have left that hoe somewhere. Why don't you put things in their places when you've done with them?"

"Well, dad, where is the place for the hoe? Where do you al'rs put it?"

The parent was posed. His tool-house had been used for a wood-shed, and though he had often talked of building another, he had not yet done so.

By-and-by, before the hoe was found, a neighbor dropped in, and after chatting awhile he said, with a smack of the lips, and an expectant rubbing of the hands:

"By the way, H., have you got a drop in your jug?"

"I guess so. Would you like a bit?"

"Well, yes—if it's handy."

"Of course it's handy."

Ah! he had no difficulty in putting his hand upon his jug at once; and had the two wondering neighbors been there to hear and see, they would have wondered no more why Farmer H. was running behindhand.

SUFFER IN SILENCE.

BY EDITH ELLIOT.

Come what will, never fret. Why should you make every one around you unhappy because you are uncomfortable? It will surely neither make you happier nor mend your lot.

On the contrary, the more you suffer your mind to dwell upon your misfortunes, the worse they will appear; till they will soon seem so great as to shut out everything else from your sight, and prevent your seeing anything good or lovely under the sun. A sad state of affairs this. It would surely render you incapable of any enjoyment. Besides, by this course you lose the love and sympathy you seek to gain.

It is as bad to be with a grumbler as to be out on a rainy day. The one dampens our clothing; the other our spirits. But a bright, sunny-faced man or woman cheers us like a ray of sunlight coming into a dark room.

Fretting is hateful and tiresome. Cheerfulness is lovely and winsome. He who never smiles puts himself on a level with the brute who cannot smile.

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining,
Thy lot is the common lot of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

We all have our trials and troubles, why should we impose them upon other people? Some of the most cheerful men and women we meet with are those who have suffered most trials. There is merit in suffering fretfully, but there is great virtue in suffering patiently and cheerfully.

A cheerful heart gives us a strong arm, a quick brain, and a dauntless spirit. The sad heart faints at the first obstacle. When troubles come, shut your mouth firmly, look up, take in a long breath and go forward. Learn to "carry the cross cheerfully and it will carry you safely."

NOT AT HOME.

"I never," says a lady, "sent that message to the door but once, and for that once I shall not forget myself. It was more than three years ago, and when I told my servant that morning to say 'Not at Home' to whomsoever might call, except it was some intimate friend. I felt my cheeks tingle, and the girl's look of surprise mortified me exceedingly. But she went about her duties and I about mine,

sometimes pleased that I had adopted a convenient fashion by which I could secure to myself, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches of conscience! Thus the day wore away, and when Mr. Lee came home he astonished me with the news that a very intimate friend was dead."

"It cannot be," was the reply, "for

she exacted of me a solemn promise that I would alone sit by her dying pillow, as she had something of great importance to reveal to me. You must be misinformed; no one has been for me." Here, suddenly, a horrible suspicion crossed my mind.

"She sent for you, but you were not at home," said Mr. Lee, innocently; then he continued: "I am sorry for Charles, her husband; he thinks her distress was much aggravated by your absence, from the fact that she called your name pitifully. He would have sought for you, but your servant said she did not know where you had gone. I am sorry. You must have been out longer than usual, for Charles sent a servant over here three times."

"I never in all my life experienced such loathing of myself, such utter humiliation. My servant had gone further than I in adding falsehood to falsehood, and I had placed it out of my power to reprove her, by my own equivocation. I felt humbled to the very dust, and the next day I resolved over the cold clay of my friend that I would never again, under any circumstances, say 'not at home.'"

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, June 20th, 1877.

I am writing to you from one of the best kept hotels in this or any other city, and as your valuable journal is read and circulated principally in the American households, I think it will not be uninteresting to your lady readers to furnish them with a brief description of this model building. It is six stories high, and from the top commands a fine view of the city and harbor of New York, and of Long Island. It is said to be fire proof, and has two fire escapes, one in front and the other in the rear, running from the top to the bottom of the edifice. It is located on Eleventh street, between Broadway and University place. It is near A. T. Stewart & Co.'s Tenth street and Broadway mammoth retail dry goods store, and is now named Burnham's Hotel, after that prince of hotel keepers, J. F. Burnham, formerly a citizen of Brattleboro, and a native of your state. This establishment is conducted on the American or European plan, and the charges are very moderate. Mrs. Burnham is an able assistant to her husband, and is a model landlady. Ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen, visiting New York for business or pleasure, will find this a very desirable, quiet and pleasant place to stop. The rooms are large and well lighted; desirable surroundings, and only a few steps from Broadway.

The great temperance question is agitating New Yorkers at this time more or less, as well as other states. The American Temperance Union is wide awake, and the members are doing a great deal of good. The action of Wm. E. Dodge in resigning his membership of the Union League Club for the reason that members of the club sold liquor, and that of Wm. H. Vanderbilt in lowering the rent of a saloon keeper on the New York Central railroad from \$5,000 to \$1,500 per annum if he would close his bar and sell no more liquor, were favorably commented upon at their meeting in Cooper institute, Sunday afternoon,

May 13th. Miss Hammond, the blind musician, presided at the organ very acceptably. Songs were sung, and recitations were delivered by Mrs. J. B. Conklin and Mrs. George Vanderhoff, previous to which the Rev. Dr. J. D. Fulton of Brooklyn preached a sermon from the following named text: 1st Thessalonians, 5:6, "Let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch and be sober." He said there was a great revival in the temperance cause, and hoped that the course taken by Mr. Dodge would be followed by others for the same cause. He stated that Wm. H. Vanderbilt had more men under his control than any other man in the state, and that the flank movement which he had made upon the foregoing named saloon keeper on the Central road would have a great influence upon the temperance cause in the state. He did not believe that clergymen should drink or smoke, either before or behind the door. He fired a whole broadside at the club drinking and tippling houses and the lager beer gardens. At an entertainment given by the late Vice-President Henry Wilson at a noted hotel in Boston, the absence of wine was noticed by his guests. He remarked that he would give them anything the house afforded, but he prayed that they would not ask him to furnish them wine. He alluded feelingly to the death of his father who filled a drunkard's grave, and said the hardest task of his life was to refuse a glass of wine at the table of John Quincy Adams, but he did so, and remained true to his temperance principles to the day of his death. The doctor said he was under the necessity of condemning the act of the President in rescinding the order forbidding the use of wine at a dinner given at the White House by him to the Russian princes. The President should have said, "The Bear may drink, but the Eagle spurns it." It was, however, a great satisfaction to know that the lady of the White House was one who considered it an honor to be a female crusader in Ohio in the temperance cause.

Through the kindness of A. T. Wilds, Esq., of the Pennsylvania Central railroad, I was directed to the Fourteenth street Presbyterian church to hear a general vocal and instrumental concert, which was a perfect success. Among the artists were Mrs. S. C. Ellot and Ayres, and Misses Childs and Gibbs. While all filled the bill and rendered their parts acceptably to the audience, I cannot refrain from making special mention of the last two named. Miss E. H. Childs has a high, sweet, well cultivated, bell like voice, which if kept well in hand, and she follows music as a profession, will doubtless prove to be of the star order. The charming and sprightly Miss L. A. Gibbs seemed to be the general favorite, and is said to have captured all hearts but one. The reading of "The Painter of Seville" by Wilson, and "La Cica" by the author of The Dodge Club, was perfect. The characters were well selected for the artist and her manner quite magnetic. She is a young lady of high religious and moral culture, a teacher of elocution, and a graduate of the best Boston school. She contemplates finishing her studies in Germany. We wish her a

pleasant voyage and a safe return. Mr. King, the organist, is so well known that he needs no introduction from my pen.

On the evening of May 21st, through the courtesy of Dr. H. R. S. Andrews, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, I visited Steinway Hall, in Fourteenth street, to hear the readings of Miss Nellie Cassely, who was kindly assisted by Mrs. Louise Oliver, soprano, Mr. H. Eugene Clarke, tenor, and Mr. Frank Gilder, pianist. Miss Cassely's selections were The Leap for Life, from Schiller; As you Like It; Romeo and Juliet, from Shakespeare, and The Battle of Ivry, by Macaulay. Miss Cassely is an artist of high order, and her able assistants are second to none in their profession, considering the time and practice which they have had so far in the musical world. Mrs. Oliver is a beautiful singer, and Mr. Clarke has one of the most pleasing tenor voices in this country.

The Carnival was a failure to the expectations of the many thousands who stood for long weary hours to see the supposed grand pageant pass in review. The lager beer advertise was the principal feature. The city fathers decline any responsibility in the matter, and were no doubt as much disgusted as was your correspondent.

I was, however, highly entertained on the day following. Through the kindness of Maj. George Wilson, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Hon. Wm. H. Stiner, secretary, Chas. Pullman, and other members of the New York Press Club, the reporter of THE HOUSEHOLD was furnished with interesting information in the governor's room at City Hall, while attending a reception there to the President of the United States. He was accompanied by his son Webb C. Secretaries Evarts and Schurtz. I noticed in the presidential party several gentlemen of national and local reputation. While the American Sovereigns were passing in review before their executive officer, who received them in a very courtly manner, I had time to take a few observations. The President looks like his pictures. He is a fine looking, courteous, and affable gentleman. He shook hands at about the rate of 1,800 per hour, and this continued for about two hours. There were a few ladies in the line, one of whom had probably seen about three score and ten years, and as she shook hands with our Chief Magistrate, he made her a very polite bow and presented her with a button-hole bouquet which he had been holding for some time in his left hand. It was a graceful and kindly act, and was duly appreciated by the recipient. In your correspondent's interview with the President, he expressed himself as pleased to see him, and said he contemplated visiting Newfane sometime during the coming summer months, probably in August.

On the evening of May 20th we attended divine service at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, after which, through the politeness of E. P. Hayden, of said city, we were introduced to Mr. Guilic, the musical precentor of the church, through whose kindness we were entertained, by requesting that renowned organist, Geo. W. Morgan, to play a few tunes for our especial edification,

and he rendered among others the charming bell chimes of this wonderful and mammoth musical instrument. There are many fine artists in New York and Brooklyn, and they seem to be wide awake and prospering. I visited the studio of Miss Thurber and saw some very fine specimens of a new departure in the photograph business. It is called the oil photograph and is said to be as life like and durable as the oil painting upon canvass. After the photograph is taken, it is attached to a concave double glass, and shaved until it is perfectly transparent, after which it receives a chemical bath, and when finished resembles a life like and spirited engraving carved upon porcelain.

Since my last communication I had the pleasure of attending one of the best concerts ever given in this country by Whitmore & Clark's Minstrels. They have a fine corps of artists, and their entertainments are very pleasing even to the most fastidious. Mr. L. C. Reed is a first class artist, and uses his cornet like a star performer. Maynard has a finely cultivated voice, and Hank White, Johnny Mack, and Billy Conway, can drive away the blues, and they always draw full houses.

Through the courtesy of A. L. Brigham, General Ticket Agent of the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. Co., I extended my trip over their route to Springfield, Mass. This is one of the best managed roads in the country.

From Springfield, Mass., I passed up through the Connecticut valley to Springfield, Vt. This is a thriving manufacturing place. Among the most extensive of these establishments is the Vermont Novelty Works, who manufacture and sell a very large stock of children's carriages and toys. This company was established in 1859, and is now under the able and efficient management of R. G. Britton, Esq.

From here we are conveyed by stage over a good road through a beautiful part of the county to the railroad station, where we take the cars and pass up through the northern Connecticut valley to Newbury, where may be found scenery which has been called Tyrolese in character. It is better than that, because the four hundred and fifty acres of meadow land for its foreground is composed of one of the fairest of the New England intervals. The Alps afford no more beautiful sight. The Montebello Iron and Sulphur springs, at this place, have been used medicinally for over seventy years, and are said to resemble those of Harrowgate and Castlemain. This water is an excellent tonic, and it enriches and replenishes the blood. The Montebello Ladies' Institute is also located here. It is one of the best female seminaries in the United States. Mine host Chamberlain, of the Spring House, knows how to keep a hotel. Montebello, or "Beautiful Mountain," is owned by Wm. Clark, and is a place of summer resort for quiet, educated, and refined people, and is situated on the east and north of the village of Newbury, and is some 3,500 feet above the level of the sea.

It is a romantic ride from Newbury to Lake Memphremagog, or to Montpelier, over the Montpelier & Wells River railroad, now under the able

management of W. A. Stowell, Esq. There are some good hotels in Montpelier, and some elegant public buildings, among the most noted is the Capitol, the Pavilion, and a fine brick edifice built by the Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

From this place it will pay the tourist to make his way to Waterbury by rail, and from there by stage over a fine road to Mount Mansfield, in Stowe, where he will find mine host Bingham ready to welcome him to the Green Mountains. Said landlord is able, honest, and worthy even to be governor of Vermont, but usually fails of an election to that distinguished position for lack of the requisite number of votes, but this no doubt would be remedied if his name was found on the other ticket.

Before closing I wish to make special mention of H. E. Folsom, Esq., Superintendent of the Passumpsic River railroad, A. L. Brigham, Esq., of the New York & New Haven Railroad Company, and J. Mulligan, Esq., of the Connecticut River railroad, for personal favors shown your correspondent.

RUSH.

PLACE THY LOVING HAND ON MINE.

BY J. E. HALL.

Place Thy loving hand on mine,
Tender Saviour, Jesus, dear,
Let me feel that I am thine;
To Thy side just keep me near.

Place Thy loving hand on mine,
Blessing all that I may do,
May I seek no strength but thine;
Safely lead life's journey through.

When my fainting heart grows sad,
Burdened with its load of care,
Let Thy love then make me glad,
With Thy presence, Saviour, cheer.

When the evil tempts me sore
To forsake the narrow way,
Let Thy hand, I do implore,
Keep me that I never stray.

When my waiting heart would fly
To the realms of endless day,
Then blest Saviour come Thou nigh,
Bid me wait and watch and pray.

Brattleboro, Vt., June 23, 1877.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Number One.

BY VERONICA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If I tap at your magic portal, shall I receive a cordial "come in?" "A stranger," you may say, but surely THE HOUSEHOLD Band will be the merrier by additions, if so numerous a party are peaceably inclined. Yes, a stranger from "away out west;" from a thriving little village nestled at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, which, clothed in their mantle of purity, point ever upward and seems, to the imaginative mind, marble stepping stones to the "bright beyond."

In the gulches or ravines of these mountains are found the particles of shining wealth that tempt mankind to endure so many hardships, and to struggle, with repeated failures, in its search. These Montana towns are generally busy, bustling places, not with the rush and confusion of incoming and out-going trains, (our railroad is stranded in the indefinite future,) but in supplying mining camps and government posts established for

use in our present warfare with the Indians; also agencies for those inclined to be the white man's friend.

The progression of our western towns, in improvements, is generally quite rapid; depending, of course, upon locality and means of communication with the outside world. In the more prominent cities (?) are fine public buildings, elegant and attractive private residences, etc. When in Chicago two years ago, a friend remarked, "Of course you don't have any sidewalks, fine churches, or use gas, out there." The latter article is, I believe, wanting, at present, but my indignant thoughts generated a quantity of it which threatened to explode in behalf of our enterprising "westerners," who, if judged from the standard of "no sidewalk and no churches," might justly be considered but little above the native Indians.

But if we lack in the attractions to be found in a region of large cities, we excel in the freedom and pleasure of mountain life. The salubrious climate; being the resort of many in search of that great boon—health; the scenery, which taken as a whole can scarcely be surpassed; the abundance of Nature's beverage, pure cold water; the extent of "Uncle Sam's" possessions, so we need not be crowded; in fact, (as we mortals cannot have everything desirable in any one place,) it is just the place to settle, when following the sage advice, "Go west and grow up with the country."

Now that we are introduced, one to another, may we ask, Mr. Editor, if at our next monthly gathering you'll allow us to chat with THE HOUSEHOLD Band about our Geyser land, the National Park?

A LUXURY as well as a necessity. Dr. Hooper speaks of Cocoa as "admirably adapted for the sick, while for those in health it is a luxury." All grocers sell that prepared by Walter Baker & Co., which will be found unexcelled by any foreign or domestic manufacture.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

1. L. Cragin & Co., 119 So. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their honest opinion of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received the bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap in due time, and ought to have written before. I was so well pleased with the soap that I immediately took steps to find out what it would cost me to purchase it in Sedalia. I have ordered a box of sixty pounds, and have been waiting for that to come so I could try some as directed in making soft soap. I have not received it yet, and feel quite impatient waiting for it, for I know if it is as good as the cake sent it will save a great deal of hard work and much suffering with heat while keeping a fire to boil the clothes. It is as good as recommended. I have taken pains to introduce it among my acquaintances and friends. If the manufacturers can only keep it from being counterfeited it will be a great helping

to thousands of poor suffering women. I never have tried any soap that was to be compared to it. May they long live to be a helping to the world by relieving poor women of so much hard labor. Those who like me have raised eleven children, and done most of the washing myself, know how to appreciate it.

JANE M. AUSTIN.

Montrose, Henry Co., Mo.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—The sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap was received. I have frequently spoken to my wife in regard to the matter, that we ought to write you, but have failed to do so. I will tell you what my wife said when I went home to dinner on the day she tried the soap. The first words were, "Well, I never want to do without Dobbins' soap. It acts like magic." It is now kept by two grocerymen in our town and is far outselling all other kinds. It is the soap, and I intend my wife shall not be without it.

L. M. SHOLES,
Agt. Am. Ex. Co. and Asst. P. M.
Waverly, Iowa.

MR. CROWELL, — Dear Sir: — I received a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I can say I am very much pleased with it, if anything it exceeds my expectations. The clothes look nice and white, and with much less labor than with other soap. I would like to inquire the price of a box. I believe none of the grocers here have it. I mean to let some of my friends try it, for I think they will want to send with me.

M. C. ROUNDS.

Franklin, Mass.

MR. CROWELL, — Dear Sir: — The soap arrived in due season. I liked it much and ordered a box of it directly. Gave some to a friend to try. She prefers it to any soap she ever used. I think I shall induce my uncle (who has a store here) to keep Dobbins' Electric Soap. If it doesn't make the cloth tender it is very desirable.

F. P. BROWNING.
Hardwick, Worcester Co., Mass.

COME NOW AND LET US REASON TOGETHER.

Why do people so frequently say to Dr. Pierce, "I suppose your Golden Medical Discovery cures everything?" Because it has been the practice of knavish charlatans to manufacture worthless nostrums and attempt to dupe the ignorant and credulous by recommending them to cure every form of disease. To such an extent has this been practiced that it is no wonder that many have acquired prejudices against all advertised remedies. But Dr. Pierce does not advertise his standard preparations as "cure-alls,"

does not claim that they will perform miracles, but simply publishes the fact that they have been developed as specifics for them, after having tested their efficacy in many hundred cases with the most gratifying success. It is a fact known to every well-informed physician that many single remedies possess several different properties. Quinine, for instance, has a tonic quality, which suggests its use in cases of dizziness; an anti-periodic, by which it is efficacious inague; and a febrifuge property, which renders it efficacious in cases of fevers. The result of its administrations will also vary with the quantity given and the circumstances under which it is employed. So, likewise, the Golden Medical Discovery possesses both pectorial and alternative, or blood-cleansing properties of the highest order. By reason of these

two prominent properties it cures two classes of diseases. First, those of the respiratory organs, as throat, bronchial, and lung affections, chronic coughs and asthma, and second, diseases of the blood and glandular system, in which affections all skillful physicians employ alteratives, as in cases of blotches, eruptions, ulcers, swellings, tumers, abscesses, and in torpor of the liver or "billionness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, suggested in cases of pulmonary consumption, yet you need not take it expecting it will cure you if your lungs are half consumed, nor because it is recommended as a blood medicine would its proprietor advise you to take it expecting it to cure cancer. It will not perform miracles, but it will cure many grave forms of disease.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, after a residence of some years in Paris, and a thorough trial of foreign makes, wrote as follows in commendation of Walter Baker & Co's standard preparations:

"No one need to look abroad for a superior article of Chocolate, in any of its preparations, to that which you manufacture."

George P. Rowell & Co. deserve the best thanks of the advertising community for their efforts to prevent advertisers from being imposed on by unscrupulous publishers. Every honest publisher will also thank them for the aid they have afforded them in maintaining their competition for business by fair means, against the fraudulent practices of dishonest rivals. Messrs. Rowell & Co., alone of Newspaper Directory publishers, have had the courage to undertake the task of discriminating among the statements of newspapers, and to face the hostility which such a course was sure to excite among those who profited by misrepresentation. Notwithstanding the "crushing" articles that from time to time have been hurled at them, sometimes by parties who ought to have known better, they have persevered in their course, and they have had their reward. Their publication has taken the first place as the standard authority among American Newspaper Directories, and a reference book for every large advertiser and advertising agency in this country.—*Jersey City Journal*, May 22, 1877.

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Will be paid for the best article descriptive of the Dover Egg Beater in its application to the business of the kitchen; its absolute qualities and comparative advantages; to be furnished by the lady correspondents of The Household. To each of those who will compete for this purse, one of the Beaters will be furnished gratuitously on application, together with some of the best articles already written. Ample time will be allowed for competitors to familiarize themselves with the qualities of the Dover Beater. Due notice of the time when the articles must be handed in, will be given in this paper.

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WHITE WHALE MARCH. By C. A. Noel. This is the title of a very pretty march just published. The title page contains a correct picture of the white whale transported from Quebec to Cincinnati. The German Military Band plays the same nightly with immense success. Send 40 cents to your music dealer, or order the same from the publisher, F. W. Helmick, 50 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

DEAFNESS RELIEVED. No medicine. Book free. G. J. WOOD, Madison, Ind. 8-4p&s

LASELL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN, Auburndale, (near Boston,) Mass. Attractive home; best instruction; special care of health, manners and morals.

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Price of these Books 75 cents each.	Price of each book \$1.50.
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Winner's "Perfect Guides" for a part of the above.	Winner's "Easy Systems" for a part of the above.
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May 10, 1877. 8 tf x

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Time, labor and money saved. IT REQUIRES NO BRUSH. Simply a damp cloth, then polish with a dry woolen cloth. One second's work will give a beautiful and lasting polish. One of its many advantages is that it gives NO OFFENSIVE SMELL. Price 25 cts. Agents wanted. UNION NOVELTY CO., Rutland, Vt.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making over \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 8-6x

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50 MIXED CARDS with name for 10 cts. and stamp. Agents outfit 10 cts. One pack Rooster cards 10 cents. Address, M. W. DOWD & CO., BRISTOL, CONN.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, 2-12r Maien.

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50 MIXED CARDS, with name, for 10c. and stamp; Agents outfit, 10c. Atwater Bro's, Forestville, Ct. 8-4d

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CHAPMAN'S CHOLERA SYRUP Cures Dysentery, Diarrhoea and Summer Complaints of Children. Price 50c. GEORGE MOORE, Proprietor, Great Falls, N. H. Sold by all Druggists. 7-3d

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All that live must be fed! Mothers, feed your little ones on Ridge's Food. WOOLRICH & CO., on every label.

COCOA SHELLS prepared by Walter Baker & Co. furnish an excellent substitute for tea and coffee, at half their cost, and are palatable, nutritious, and healthful. All grocers sell Baker's Chocolates, which are the best in the market.

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WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY is the only one yet printed, that can successfully stand every test of elaborate criticism. There is no better place in the world than the sanctum of an Editor of a daily paper to find out the merits of a real good dictionary. We have used several of the "new" sensations, but are compelled as a *dernier* resort to fall back upon this old standard work, recently, however, much enlarged, improved and corrected. We unhesitatingly recommend "Webster" to all County Superintendents of Education, and others interested, in Alabama.—*Alabama State Journal*.

TILDEN LADIES' SEMINARY, WEST LEBANON, N. H.—This school, located in one of the most beautiful sections of New England, stands among the first in the country in point of educational advantages. Hiram Orcutt, Esq., the principal, is a veteran teacher having had more than forty years experience. Probably there is no teacher in the whole country possessed of so much executive ability as he; to satisfy any one of this, it is only necessary to refer to the success he has met with in the several schools and academies of which he has been principal. Thetford, Vermont, Academy, thirty years ago or more was attended by only about 30 pupils, but after a few years, under the efficient principalship of Mr. Orcutt, had increased in membership to about 250! To those young ladies desirous of obtaining a full academic course, we would say no better opportunity is afforded in the United States than at the West Lebanon, N. H. Seminary.

Many who are suffering from the effect of the warm weather and are debilitated, are advised by physicians to take moderate amounts of whiskey two or three times during the day. In a little while those who adopt this advice frequently increase the number of "drinks," and in time become confirmed inebriates. A beverage that will not create thirst for intoxicating liquors, and which is intended especially for the benefit of debilitated persons, whether at home or abroad, is Dr. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic. Containing the juices of many medicinal herbs, this preparation does not create an appetite for the intoxicating cup. The nourishing and the life-supporting properties of many valuable natural productions contained in it and well known to medical men have a most strengthening influence. A single bottle of the Tonic will demonstrate its valuable qualities. For debility arising from sickness, over exertion or from any cause whatever, a wine-glassful of Sea Weed Tonic taken after meals will strengthen the stomach and create an appetite for wholesome food. To all who are about leaving their homes, we desire to say that the excellent effects of Dr. Schenck's seasonable remedies, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills, are particularly evident when taken by those who are injuriously affected by a change of water and diet. No person should leave home without taking a supply of these safeguards along. For sale by all Druggists.

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The above are grown in small pots, well rooted, and will be carefully packed and labeled, postage prepaid, and each package warranted to reach the purchaser in good condition. Prices given refer only to this list, those selecting from catalogue will be charged catalogue prices. No orders will be sent for less than \$1.00. Directions for the treatment of plants when received sent with each package. A descriptive circular of above varieties will be mailed free to all who apply.

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Electricity is Life, As supplied by Paoli Belts, cures Rheumatism, Prostration, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Diseases. Circulars free. P. J. WHITE, 27 Bond Street, New York.

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Snared thread, 20 cents per pound. Skein of 200 yards, 40 " " " Spool " 30 " " dozen. Best Carpet Warps, 40 " " pound. Any of the above sent by mail for 16 cts. per pound extra. Address all orders to HIGHLAND THREAD CO., HOLYOKE, MASS.

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