



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## The household. Vol. 8, No. 6 June 1875

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, June 1875

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

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

For information on re-use see:

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

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

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



# THE HOUSEHOLD

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

W. A. RICHARDS, ENG. ESTABLISHED 1868. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 8.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JUNE, 1875.

No. 6.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1875, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

TERMS:—\$1 00 per year in advance.  
Postage 10 cents extra.



### A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

The dust is flying here and there  
Its funny little whirls;  
The leaves are turning upside down—  
The breeze among them swirls.  
The cows are lowing in the lane,  
And window shutters creak;  
Rumble, rumble, rumble,  
The clouds begin to speak.

A shiver runs along the brook,  
And leaden grows the sky;  
The sunshine falls a mile away,  
Then shuts up like an eye.  
You couldn't find a bird or bee  
In upland, vale, or plain;  
Patter, patter, patter,  
The bulging drops of rain.

The chickens hide beneath the shed,  
And wear the ruffled capes;  
The very weather this, for ducks  
To show their waddling shapes.  
From yonder farm a rooster gives  
A dull, despairing crow;  
It's raining, raining, raining,  
Over there, we know.

The grass has grown a deeper green,  
The sky a darker blue;  
And, oh, we little know the good  
A summer shower can do!  
The birds are singing loud and clear,  
And this is what they say,—  
"Come out, come out, come out again  
The clouds are gone away!"

### GARDEN WALKS.

THE construction and management of garden walks is one of the most important of the many duties which devolve upon the gardener, yet it must be confessed that, speaking in a general way, it is one of the most imperfectly understood. The enjoyment of a gardener depends very much upon well-made and nicely kept walks, yet the mistakes committed in their construction are by no means few or such as can be passed lightly over.

First of all, walks leading to any particular object should be perfectly straight, unless there are special reasons for their being otherwise. Curved walks assist in giving a small place the appearance of being much

larger than it really is, provided some parts of the walk are hidden by banks or belts of shrubs, but not otherwise. Where the greater part of the length of a curved walk can be seen at one time a flower-bed, a group of shrubs, or a single specimen tree, should be placed in each angle to show that there are reasons for its devious course. In gardens which are only a hundred feet or so in length, and about fifty feet in width, such as are usually attached to suburban villas, the walks should, in the majority of cases, be perfectly straight, and not more than one on each side, to afford as much space as possible for the grass plat. It is no uncommon occurrence to see these little gardens cut up in small portions by intersecting walks, which have simply been made to please the whims of the person to whom the work of laying out the ground was entrusted. Speaking generally, the best way to lay out one of these small gardens is to have the lawn in the center with a walk all round, at a distance of eight or ten feet from the boundary, to afford space for a few shrubs and flowers.

Next, we have to consider the proper width of walks, but, first of all, it must be admitted that in the majority of gardens they are made too narrow. The purpose for which walks are made is to allow of every portion of the ground being inspected at all times with comfort, and not because they add to the beauty and interest of the place. Therefore, it should be accepted as one of the first principles that all walks should be wide enough to allow two persons to walk abreast. The walk must not be of a width out of proportion to the extent of the grounds, but as a rule all straight walks should be four feet, and those which wind about a little less.

Another point, equal in importance to those we have already considered, is that of the form of the surface. If perfectly flat, the rain falling on it will not escape quickly, but soak into the material, and render it uncomfortable to walk upon. On the other hand, if too high in the center, as is most frequently the case, the comfort of the pedestrian is materially interfered with. When one person is passing along the walk, very little inconvenience will be experienced, provided he or she, as the case may be, is careful to keep in the center, for it is only when two or more use the walk that the inconvenience of a rounded surface is felt. Hence, the surface should be as flat as it can possibly be consistent with the escape of the water.

Nothing contributes to the duration of gravel walks more than keeping

them perfectly dry, and for that reason a row of drain-pipes should be laid underneath each, to facilitate the escape of all moisture that soaks into the material, except where the subsoil consists of sand or gravel, and then drains are not required. Much difference of opinion exists with reference to the proper position for these drains. Some advise their being placed at the side, but I consider that they should be placed in the centre, because they not only carry off the water better, but their position renders it unnecessary that the edgings should be disturbed when they have to be taken up and undergo an examination. The position intended for the walk should be excavated to a depth of not less than 12 inches in the centre, and 9 inches on each side. This will afford an incline to the drain of three inches, which will be quite sufficient for all practical purposes.

The materials employed for the foundation must be determined by the locality; but sufficient must be used to raise the walk to a uniform level of three inches lower than the extreme height, to allow of that depth of fine gravel being placed on the top. As much pains should be bestowed upon putting the rough material in the bottom, so as to have it the same depth throughout, and perfectly level on the top, as is bestowed upon the surfacing of fine gravel. If it is put in its position in a careless manner, the walk will soon sink in places, and the water will stand on the surface, and hasten the decay of the material of which it is constructed, besides rendering its use an unpleasant matter in bad weather. Gravel cheerful in color, yet not too bright, that will bind well, should be selected, as far as practicable, for walks of all kinds; but in some districts it is necessary to mix gravel from two or three sources together to ensure these conditions. This is a matter that must be left to the judgment of each reader, and I will bring these remarks to a close by strongly advising them to avoid the use of shingly gravels, which are always unpleasant to walk upon in dry weather, and by no means comfortable at other times.

### WILL IT PAY?

Will it pay me to beautify my home with flowers and shrubbery? is a question which every one who has a home must answer for himself. There are few persons who cannot afford to invest a small sum in a few rose bushes or other ornamental plants to start with, and in a short time they will be well repaid for their slight expenditure and trouble.



### MOVING.

BY JENNIE E. HOWARD.

THIS subject does not refer to motion in general, but to the folding of the tent to repitch it in a more favorable spot. The above sentence is figurative of course. An American family of the nineteenth century would present rather an absurd appearance taking down and folding their house, putting their goods on the back of a camel or a couple of mules and starting in search of a new location. Those Oriental cousins of ours know nothing of the heights and depths of pleasure to be attained in the act of moving. Pray lend a listening ear to a wanderer of this generation, while I tell you "what I know about" moving.

To begin with, we must have a house to move from; and next, one to move into. Without these two items moving is not a success.

When the time of our departure is fixed, the first thing in order is to take up the carpets; so we valiantly seize a tack-puller and make a charge. We suppose that Mr. Paterfamilias, who never slights anything, drove these tacks; whatsoever his hand finds to do he does with his might, and in this matter of putting down carpets he even outdoes himself in thoroughness. We get down on all fours, with determination on our face and a pair of old gloves on our hands, resolved to get those tacks out or perish in the attempt; after repeated mishaps we succeed in removing or decapitating all but the corner one where the carpet is folded on both edges. This, we are convinced, is a nail; our efforts to pry it out with the tack-puller are vain; we get the hammer but there is no room to insert the claw. Every such expedient failing, we change our tactics. The carpet is Brussels, strong texture; at this point there are four thicknesses, so we carefully take both edges in our hands and give it a gentle but firm pull; it does not move; we increase the force; no going or rather no come. After three or four minutes we begin to get excited; think we have hooked a pretty big fish this time. Gathering all our energy for one tremendous yank, it comes, but we go, not very far however, for the floor catches us, and the camphor and arnica bottles are patronized the remainder of the day. We will not linger to tell of the adventures with each



carpet, one example is sufficient to show how it is done.

After the carpets are all removed and the floors mopped, comes the work of packing. If the removal is simply to another house in the same town, this season of bliss is necessarily limited, but in cases when the household effects are to travel by rail, one cannot complain of brevity, but may have the full extent of enjoyment. Every box, trunk, bureau, chest and cupboard must be turned wrong side out, and everything packable must be packed. And how much stuff a house contains no one knows until he has passed through this experience. Lamps and flatirons, looking glasses and hammers, kerosene cans and sugar boxes, bedding and tin ware, carpets and kettles, window shades and jelly-glasses, etc., etc. What a chowder.

The furniture must all be wound with papers, and mark my word, if you hire help, the poorest articles will be wound with extreme care and the better ones neglected.

But "all things earthly have an end," and at length we draw a sigh of relief as we see the last load start for the depot. In order to see that nothing is left, we go over the house, looking in every room, generally in too much haste for sentiment, but sometimes stopping to moralize.

We are saying good bye to the house that has sheltered us through a mixed and vivid period of life. Here we have mended some of our threadbare ways but have worn others to rags. What lessons we have learned and recited here, God only knows. These walls have seen us weep and heard us laugh, perhaps sometimes amazed that we were so easily influenced. Each room is dear for its own reasons. In this one the baby was born, in that a pair of loving eyes closed in the sleep that knows no waking. In the parlor our beautiful Edith was joined to him with whom she is to journey until death do them part.

As the vacant walls echo back the sound of our footsteps, they seem to talk to us of all this and much more. We feel such a sense of desolation that we are glad to go out and turn the key upon the old house and its associations. But as we go down the steps the saddest memory of all rolls out of the cloudy past, for here our Hero said farewell and went away to the battlefield and his grave under the southern flowers.

Passing over the intervening space, let us imagine ourselves entering for the first time the house that is to be our home.

Now a vacant house, especially if it has been long so, is a very inviting object; *i. e.*, it invites one to labor, not repose. The rats and mice have evidently used the rooms for balls, conventions and club-meetings. The spiders have hung their silken curtains upon the walls, while a mantle of dust has descended upon all. When a house is furnished its imperfections are in a measure hidden, but now they stand out in bold relief. After we have thoroughly investigated we sum up what must be done before it is habitable. Painting, papering, kalsomining, lock and latch repairing, stopping up mouse holes, and above all cleaning.

It is done at last and the goods ar-

rive. Now begins the work of undoing what we so patiently did a few days ago. Unwinding furniture is comparatively easy, for the pocket-knife can undo in no time what occupied the careful fingers several minutes. But presently we come to something tied with a rope, a good one, in fact the clothes line, and we do not want to cut it. But such knots! we call for help but help availeth nothing; we wax warmer and warmer and feel like uttering maledictions on the man who wrote "Blest be the tie that binds." The knotty cord is at length brought into subjection and we are ready for a fresh attack.

After the furniture is disposed of, the opening of boxes and unheading of barrels begins. This is exciting work, for we are in constant fear lest we find something destroyed. If one is a good packist there is no need of crockery, glass and china ware being broken, though you travel from Boston to San Francisco; but with other articles we are less fortunate, for we find nails driven through whatever is within their reach. Pillow cases and bedquilts are perforated. A hole yawns at us from the bottom of our big dishpan. We heave a sigh, draw a rag into the aperture and turn round, when lo! the wash boiler is in the same predicament. What an idol breaker was he who drove those nails.

But we pass over these touching scenes and proceed to put down the carpets. Here again our trouble increases, for they do not fit of course. Who ever knew a carpet to fit a room unless it was made especially for it? We cut or rip from one place and sew on at another until the floor is covered, and conclude it will do if the figures do not exactly match.

When the carpets are down we begin to feel quite at home, and think it will not be much work to do the rest. But let no credulous one in that position be deceived; it will be a round month ere the house is all settled, so that the wheels of domestic life run smoothly in their old familiar track.

Well, there is one consolation, we shall get beyond this turmoil by and by. Pretty soon we shall move to another country; but it will not be much work to pack up then, for when we go down to the river's brink we shall find that the Ferryman of souls will not transport household goods. And we do not want to take them, for the house to which we are going is already furnished better than all palaces. All we want to take with us is the title deed. We shall never have to move again.

#### AN EXTRACT.

Dear mother thinks I am not sufficiently cordial in my manners at all times. The presence of those we like to associate with will usually secure an agreeable deportment. But she wishes me to keep in mind that to every person some palpable degree of kindness is due. The very circumstance of their taking the trouble to enter our doors, and putting themselves under the protection of our roof, implies trust on their part, and imposes obligation on ours. Many more of these than we imagine may have concealed sorrows, and a secret

longing for sympathy. A cheerful brow, a pleasant tone, an animating word, may be the medicines they need, and give them strength to go onward. She says I am not careful enough to greet guests as if I was happy to see them, or to smile when speaking; yet both belong to the science of home and social happiness.—*Mrs. Sigourney, in Lucy Howard's Journal.*



#### WHITE AZALEAS.

Azaleas—whitest of white!  
White as the drifted snow  
Fresh-fallen out of the night  
Before the coming glow  
Tinges the morning light,  
When the light is like the snow,  
White,  
And the silence is like the light—  
Light, and silence, and snow,—  
All—white;  
  
White! not a hint  
To the creamy tint  
That a rose will hold  
(The withered rose) in its inmost fold,  
Nor a possible blush;  
White as an embodied hush;  
A very rapture of white,  
A wedlock of silence and light.  
White, white, as the wonder undefiled  
Of Eve just awakened in Paradise;  
Pure as the angel of a child  
That looks into God's own eyes.  
—Scribner.

#### FLOWERS AND HEALTH.

THERE have not been wanting plenty of alarmists as to the perils of sleeping in rooms where large quantities of particular kinds of flowers have been temporarily deposited; sometimes, no doubt, with good reason, for it has been proved by experience that certain individuals are affected seriously by certain odors, the odoriferous matter being not a mere invisible aura, but a substantial exhalation, capable of being taken up after the same manner as the gases produced by sundry chemical experiments. The narcissus, the wall-flower, and several others, appear to have furnished definite cases of this nature. Similar charges have been brought, more or less justly, against certain trees, shrubs, and even herbaceous plants, invisible emanations from which are reputed to cause nausea, insensibility, and even death, the famous fable of the Upas having a fractional amount of truthful realization. The Manchineel tree of the West Indies and certain American species of Rhus are generally understood to be capable of thus vitiating and even poisoning the atmosphere that immediately envelopes them, though the effects are manifested only in persons who are predisposed to suffer from malaria.

These statements rest, no doubt, upon a certain basis of fact, but more numerous observations, and greater precision in determining how much is *bona fide* cause, and how much is veritable effect, are still needed in order to a right apprehension of the degree to which plants can injure man seriously through his nostrils. Simple unpleasantness of odor is, of course,

quite another thing, often a matter merely of fancy or education, and cannot be in any degree associated with deleterious qualities in the plant affording it, since we have noisome scents in some of the harmless labiatae, such as the stachys sylvatica and the ballotta nigra, the very name of which last, facetiously derived from ballien, to "cast away," is intended to imply its unanimous rejection by respectable noses, or at all events by the average nose of civilized countries, while at the same time there are plants of vicious properties that afford scent truly delicious—as, for example, the common mezereon.

With modern science to give us lessons, we find, however, that the ill-effects produced by the odors of one set of plants and flowers are balanced, perhaps quite over-matched, by the good effects of other sets. Most of us have heard of "ozone." It is one of those capital ingredients of the world that have existed from the beginning, but which have only of late years been actually recognized, and consists, in plain English, of highly electrified oxygen, the gas, when so electrified, acquiring specially good qualities in regard to the general health of mankind. Professor Montegazza, of Padua, states that certain plants and flowers, upon exposure to the rays of the sun, cause so large an increase in the quantity of ozone round about, as to be eminently conducive to a better condition of the atmosphere, of course with the understanding that there is proper ventilation, such as will carry off the excess of purely odorous matter that may arise from them.

Among these ozone manufacturers of the botanical world are the cherry laurel (poisonous in its leaves and kernels,) the clove, lavender, mint, fennel, the lemon tree, and others; also narcissus, the heliotrope, the hyacinth, and mignonette. Certain prepared perfumes, similarly exposed to the sunshine, add further to the atmospheric stock of ozone, the well-known perfume called Eau-de Cologne, for instance, oil of bergamot, extract of millefleurs, essence of lavender, and some of the aromatic tinctures. The oxidation of certain essential oils obtained from plants and flowers, such as the oil of nutmeg, aniseed, thyme, and peppermint, is likewise indicated by the professor as a source of ozone, though the supply of this aerial condiment is in the case of these less considerable.

Dr. Montegazza recommends accordingly the large and sedulous cultivation of ozone-producing plants in all districts and localities where the atmosphere is liable to be corrupted, marshy places in particular, in which last, according to Dr. Cornelius Fox, in his recent comprehensive work upon ozone, it is impossible for any better sanitary agent to be introduced than the common sunflower. This plant, happily able to make itself quite at home in the poorest cottage backyard, has been shown not only to purify the atmosphere of marshy places, removing a very decided amount of the miasmata ordinarily there engendered, but to confer the positive benefit of augmenting the quantity of ozone. People are recommended often



to the seaside, or to special marine watering-places, for the sake of their reputed wealth in ozone. Should we not move a vote of thanks to the man who has shown us how to arrange for supplies upon our own premises?

In past ages there appear to have been instances of a sort of instinctive resort to certain plants as disinfectants. Herodian relates that during a plague in Italy, in the second century, strangers crowding to Rome were directed by the physicians to retreat to Laurentum (now San Lorenzo,) a place so called from the abundance of *Laurus nobilis*, or sweet bay tree, which then grew there, and by inhaling the odor of which they would, in a certain measure, be guarded from infection. And long before the time alluded to, the disciples of Empedocles had been accustomed to plant aromatic and balsamic herbs in the neighborhood of their dwellings, in the confident belief that by so doing they were providing means of defence against fevers, etc. To this day we have the name of "Feverfew" as the appellation of one of the strongest-scented Composite, with traditions of its abounding febrifugal powers.

So that if we are wise we shall imitate the citizens of Laurentum, and promote the growth of bay trees wherever the soil and climate will allow them to flourish. If the experiment should fail as regards miasmata, we shall at all events be so much the richer as to a fragrant evergreen; and if we are wise, we shall further encourage and help forward the diffusion of odor-yielding flowers, such as yield this excellent ozone, in the gardens, etc., of towns and their suburbs, promoting the healthy qualities of the atmosphere after the most beautiful and picturesque of methods.

Mignonette, thyme, lavender, sun-flowers, will grow almost anywhere, operating their quiet but solid usefulness in a way that is least of all expected. The purification of the atmosphere from a portion of its carbonic acid gas goes on all the same, and uninterruptedly; the ozone manufacture is a distinct and independent performance, and belongs to the flowers alone, just as the former pertains to the green foliage only. The more that chemistry discovers in relation to the ozoniferous properties of flowers, the more valuable will flowers become to reflective minds.

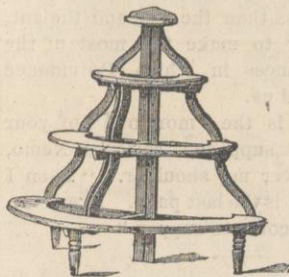
#### ROSES.

Very few persons know how to cultivate a rose in order to bring forth all the latent beauty contained in the flower. Many are content, when they buy a rose from those who have them to sell, to take it home, dig a small hole in the ground in their garden, put it therein (I cannot call it planting), and leave it to take care of itself, and when they come to look for flowers, find none. And no wonder. It will not stand such treatment, but will wither and die; and then the poor gardener who sold it comes in for the blame.

Now this is all wrong. There is not a flower that grows which requires kinder treatment than the rose; and there is none more deserving or that will better repay good cultivation,

either in a commercial point of view or for the gratification of two of the five senses, namely, the sight and smell.

To grow a rose to perfection, you must, in the first place, find the proper soil in which it delights, which is a stiff, loamy, strong, virgin soil,—yes, even a clay soil, provided it is



FOLDING PLANT STAND.

well-drained and deep and cool, so that the roots can find their way down into a cool place, in order to get away from the influence of our burning summer sun. In the next place, you must see to it that the soil is properly enriched; for, depend upon it, you will not see a rose in perfection in a poor soil, as, like the grapevine, it is a very gross feeder. Therefore, make your rose ground very rich and deep. Use any well-rotted manure for young plants, and plenty of it; and as your roses gain strength, you can give them almost any kind of manure, even to fresh night-soil. Watering with liquid manure occasionally you will find a great help.

In order to have fine flowers you will find pruning a very important point in the cultivation; and this part, I am sorry to say, is but very poorly understood by most cultivators. For how often do you see a rose plant snubbed off at its extremity, in order to give the bush a nice round head of very slender shoots, upon which you see a small, weak flower, looking as if it was ashamed of itself, (and I do not wonder that it is,) instead of bringing out all the beauty of which it is capable!—Independent.

#### SPATTER WORK.

DEAR EDITOR:—I would like to tell Nellie May what I know about spatter work, for it is through such a motto that I am now a subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD. At a lady's request, I made her a motto for which she paid me a dollar which I immediately sent for THE HOUSEHOLD. In the centre of my motto were the words Home Sweet Home, one word under the other, and the rest of the space filled up with pressed leaves and ferns.

Here is something prettier. Take bristol board ten by twelve inches; one inch and a half from the top lay on a tea saucer and with a pin mark half way around the saucer and on this line lay letters cut fancy, "Simply to thy cross I cling," or any motto you may choose. Under this in the centre lay a cross cut from paper. To make the cross, fold a piece of writing paper once and on one side draw a cross and shade it to make it look as though made from square timber. Then cut out the cross shading and all, cutting through both papers; cut off the shading from the cross you drew, and place this on your bristol board first, then the other one over it, with the edges even upon the

side and end that was not shaded, fasten with needles or tiny tacks; at the foot of the cross, arrange your leaves and ferns in a bouquet, slip a small one under the foot of the cross. They must all lie flat, letters, leaves and cross. Now spatter until the ground work is dark enough, then take off a leaf and shade it to suit you, then another and so on, then take off one cross, fasten the under one down again, spatter this, then take off the other and letters; with a pen vein the leaves, and frame. The glass adds much to its beauty. Mine has been taken many times for a steel engraving. Use India ink.

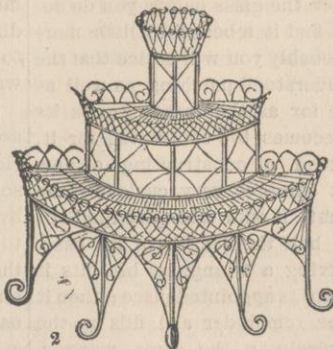
Card and letter receivers, silk book marks, cotton tidies with leaves in the centre and ferns at the corner are pretty and will not wash out.

ROSE RANS.

#### FERNERIES.

Ferns have become household favorites; nor is this strange, as besides their beauty, they are fine for household decoration, are easily grown, requiring little care when once established, and furnish an interesting study of plant growth. Four essential conditions are necessary in order that the culture of fern plants may be successful; namely, abundance of water, shade, shelter and drainage. The roots of the plants should always be well supplied with water, which should on no account be allowed to remain stagnant. The only soil should be the finest prepared loam. Previous to planting there should be some pieces of board or bark placed in the bottom to avoid bottom dryness, and not have the roots come in contact with zinc-lined boxes or pots of any description. The fernery should be slightly raised on blocks, from the table or stand, to give free circulation of air underneath. If mold or dampness appear, the glass should be removed or air admitted, as it indicates the existence of too much moisture and confined heat for success in the development of plant life.

To secure these beautiful things no great expense is necessary for the ordinary ferns that grow all over the country can be taken up and carried home. In the late autumn they should be exposed to the frost and be "frozen dead." After a few weeks of rest in



WIRE STAND.

this condition they should be gradually thawed out, following the course of nature as far as possible. Then, planted in ferneries, the roots soon sprout and the leaf develops, and the plant is reproduced in all its perfectness. This is not theory merely, but the result of observation by a lady who evidently knows how to use her eyes as well as brain.

#### ORNAMENTAL SHELLS.

MR. CROWELL:—I notice C. D. N. asks for a way to use shells that shall be "new and ornamental" and also how to use wood mosses arranged in a very elegant manner which I will describe.

They are fixed in a case about three quarters of a yard high, perhaps a little less in width, and about five inches in depth. The case has a glass door, and may be lined with black cloth or velvet. The shells are gummed to the cloth in the form of an oval wreath open at the top, small shells are best for the upper part increasing the size towards the lower part, mosses and lichens are interspersed giving it a very pretty appearance.

At the lower part the wreath is wider and very large shells may be used and a conch in one corner of the case improves it greatly. A little below the centre of the back of the case is a fan shaped shell of which only the lower part is gummed to the back thus making it project; mosses are arranged around and above it, just below it is a little wire basket dipped in red wax, which is filled with grasses, mosses, etc. Some of the mosses are dipped in green paint making them look more lively. A little stuffed bird on each side of the basket perched in the moss is attractive.

A READER.

#### PLANT STANDS.

We give this month two illustrations of plant and flower stands, the first being made of wood and so arranged as to be easily folded into a very small compass when not in use, the upright pieces being furnished with hinges at the back, and the half round pieces which form the shelves for the pots are fastened to the frame with screws. The illustration gives a pretty clear idea of the way in which this stand is made, by the aid of which any one at all accustomed to the use of saw and hammer can readily construct them of any size they may wish. If it is not convenient to make them they can be bought of any of the principal florists in the country for about four dollars each, and as they take but little space in shipping the expense of transportation is very small.

The second cut represents a wire stand, light, clean and ornamental. These stands are made of different sizes and shapes, half round, round and oval, costing from eight to fifteen dollars. A great variety of styles of stands, baskets, etc., is shown in Vick's Floral Guide for the current year, to which we refer such of our readers as desire something more elaborate than is here given.

—C. D. N. asks how to varnish autumn leaves so that they will not curl. I think if she will follow these directions she will have no trouble. Soak over night in cold water, dry in the sun, put them in a book with something heavy on it, and let them alone for two or three days. Varnish with white varnish. Will not some one tell me what will take the stains out of white marble?

LENORE.





## HOUSEKEEPERS' PESTS.

Number Four.

THE MOTH.

BY E. D. K.

THE note of alarm has sounded. House-cleaning is at hand. We have killed the first moth miller.

*Tinea pellionella* is her name, and she has two sisters with whom you are doubtless more or less extensively acquainted—*Tinea vestianella* and *Tinea tapetzella*. Their habits are nearly the same.

Empty your closets, air well your clothes, whip your furs and comb them carefully with a fine-tooth comb; examine them faithfully, searching for the eggs, which are very minute and are glued to the hair. They are round, white and clear, and in eighteen days from the time they are deposited, develop a tiny worm which by the aid of a neighboring hair wriggles itself free from the shell and hides itself in the soft wool, where after a change of skin, it begins to weave its case. First, it avails itself of a sort of fluid silk secreted by its own body; then it cuts from the fabric or skin the longest hairs it can find, which it weaves longitudinally with silk until its whole body is covered, the case being tubular and rather larger in the middle than at the ends, which are open to allow the inmate to turn and to beat. Having finished its labors it rests a day or two in order to whet its appetite. And now commences the work of destruction. The coarser parts of the wool or hair are cut through and turned back in order that it may have more delicate eating. The finer the fabric, and the freer from oil, the more certain and extended the devastation.

Moths are epicures, at least for the most part. It is true that some species have a penchant for dried insects, stuffed birds, and even leather itself, but those with which we are most familiar and against which we need to exercise the greatest vigilance are the little silver-winged creatures which flutter in at our open windows during April and early May, and hide behind sofas, in closets, and along the edges of carpets. Kill every one you see or you will rue it next winter when you take out your cashmeres and sables. I have heard it said often that moths would not breed in seal fur; if so, it must be, I think, on account of the oil in the skin or the odor of it in the fur. But, for my own part, I choose not to give so confiding an ear to hearsay, but to pack carefully away in camphor, as early as possible, and for this purpose strong cotton bags are better than pasteboard boxes, which are apt to crack open about the rim of the cover or at the bottom, and afford an easy ingress to the depredating millers.

For the preservation of fine woolen goods and furs always use camphor. Nothing else, not even cedar shavings is sure. A friend assured me only a

day or two ago, that her cedar closet was useless; the moths had become acclimated to it, so to speak. As for tobacco, it also falls short of being a perfect preventive for the hatching of moths' eggs, if already laid. Several years ago a carpet was sent to me from home, which had been packed away in tobacco and had lain unopened for two years. I unrolled it upon the floor of the chamber for which it was intended and found it riddled with holes and as full of pupa cases and worms as it was of the Virginia weed.

Pepper has been recommended for the edges of laid carpets, but so far as my own experience goes, a whisk broom used often and thoroughly is decidedly better. Certainly it is no protection against floor worms nor do I know of anything else that will hinder their ravages.

When carpets are to be lifted and lain aside for the summer they should be beaten clean, rolled and wrapped in newspapers and these in their turn enveloped in strong brown wrapping paper or close cotton cloth firmly tied or sewed. If put into cases the latter should be lined with paper, and the carpets folded in layers, camphor gum being sprinkled between them. Finally, they should be securely covered with paper and a tight lid nailed on the box. Too much care cannot be taken as the millers are more or less active all through the summer and have two distinct seasons for depositing their eggs, April and August. Whether they are numerous or not depends much upon the weather. A cold spring and cold storms delay their coming and lessen their numbers; and upon the other hand, heated houses, especially those where furnace fires are kept throughout the winter, are extremely favorable to their increase, and a warm, close temperature such as is found in closets through which the conductors are allowed to pass, will hatch out brood after brood of moths, though the mercury drop down to twenty below out of doors.

Sometimes you will discover these silky looking little moth-cases suspended by one end to your ceiling. Take care of them directly. The worm has finished feeding and the miller will soon fly; crush him, or better still, put him into the fire. If you choose you may study his habitation under the glass before you do so. You will find it a beautiful little marvel. Probably you will notice that the worm understood patching as well as weaving for as the insect grows its house becomes too contracted for it, and instead of constructing a new abode it enlarges very curiously the old. First, it cuts a longitudinal slit through half the length of its case, and weaving a triangular bit, fits it nicely into its appointed place; then it opens the remainder and fills up the gap precisely in the same manner. The tube being widened, it is afterward lengthened by the addition of wings to the extremities. This process is usually resorted to but once, but there are some instances of the caterpillar being compelled to repeat his labor on account of feeding longer and better.

The less dainty of this species are ready to adapt almost anything to the purposes of building. They will take

up their abode in the carcass of butterfly or beetle, and by dint of hard labor and rigid selection frame themselves almost as comfortable a dwelling as their more luxurious congeners. They have even been known to construct an elegant habitation out of cork. Strange and persevering little creatures. They have their lesson for us not less than the bee and the ant, cheerfully to make the most of the circumstances in which Providence has placed us.

"That is the 'morriowl' of your article, I suppose," remarks Nemo, looking over my shoulder. "Then I know this is the last page. Excellent, Minerva, come to supper."

## WHITE DRESSES.

With the advent of summer white dresses assume a very important rank in a lady's wardrobe. Indeed, in this climate, where no type of weather can be reckoned upon for more than a few hours beforehand, comfort is only secured by having a complete assortment of garments suitable for every grade of climate known between the Equator and the North Pole. And as every summer brings us a proportion of warm days, or more properly days that are more than warm, that are oppressively hot, cool and light costumes are always of value during this season.

White dresses are peculiarly serviceable, being so generally becoming and appropriate during the long, warm days. At the seaside, at picnics, at croquet parties, and for home wear always, they are most useful. For carriage wear they are allowable, and though white *en suite* ought not to be worn on the street, a white polonaise, or overdress, with a dark skirt, is always in good taste. For evening wear, during the heated term, nothing but thin white muslin is appropriate or tolerable.

The white materials offered this season are especially beautiful. Of those in thick goods we notice the white satines, and piques with lace or satin stripes—the plain piques and marseilles goods being quite out of fashion. In lighter goods we have the standard Victoria lawns, linen lawns, nainsook, and jaconet; and in goods still thinner there are mulls, Swiss and organdie muslins, India muslins, and the cheaper white grenadine and tarlatans, which make up into such airy costumes for evening wear.

Some of the white cotton satines are beautifully striped to represent rich damask, and are at the same time soft and fine as silk, and accompanied by a fringe which serves as a border to the tunic or polonaise, for which they are used. Another style has one stripe, fine and satin-finished, alternating with a stripe of twill, and still a third a satin-finished stripe, alternating with one netted or open-worked like lace. There are other goods still finer, soft lace-like mulls and jaconets, which, when made up into polonaises, are bordered with a fine needle-worked lace to match, or sometimes with the new English eyelet-holed embroidery.

For all cotton and linen goods this season there is an immense variety of trimming. The fancy for stitching colored bands, blue or lilac, upon

white is quite prevalent, but the embroidered bands are the most popular article for trimming as well as the most stylish. Knife-pleated ruffling, flutings and scallops, are often combined with these, and this in such profusion as to form costumes that startle the beholder with wonder and delight, unless said beholder be the unfortunate laundress whose doom it is to "do up" said elaborate costume.

Let me put in a word just here for the laundresses. It is possible to make a white dress very pretty, and yet so plainly that it may be very easy indeed to wash and iron. The plain bands of embroidery, and the scant, needle-worked ruffle, trim the garment so nicely as to answer every demand of style, while the labor of doing up the dress is nothing compared with that necessary for one of these costumes covered with flutings, pleated ruffles and puffs.

In making up a pique dress for house wear, no more useful pattern can be found than the "Empress" gabrielle. Cut with a hollow pleat at the waist, in the center of the back, it avoids the straight appearance of the ordinary gabrielle wrapper, and is susceptible, by taste in the arrangement of trimming, of very dressy effects. It can be very elegantly trimmed with embroidery or braiding, stitched on in the form of an overskirt, to which a very rich effect can be added, by heading these with bands of broad, black velvet.

Linen lawns, nainsooks, and white goods of this kind are most prettily made with short sacque and round apron front overskirt. The blouse waist is also very appropriate with this style of goods. For trimming use tucking, embroidery and knife-pleated ruffles, bearing in mind all the time the labor that may be saved, as we have said before, by the use of simple, flat trimmings.

For evening dresses, tarlatan, grenadine, mull, Swiss, fine organdie or India muslin or tulle—dresses that are never to be washed, or washed but once in a lifetime, most elaborate trimming can be used. Here the cloud-like effect of voluminous drapery, disposed in puffs, and flounces, and flutings, is so pleasing that it cannot be dispensed with.

A dress of embroidered muslin for evening wear was shown us lately in the dressmaker's room. The skirt was trained and was not trimmed except for an embroidered flounce twelve inches deep around the bottom, headed with a deep muslin puff, that was edged with thread lace about an inch and a half in width. The overskirt was made with long apron in front and scarf ends at the back, and was entirely composed of puffs of the Swiss, and lace, finished around with an embroidered flounce. The body of the dress was basque shaped, trimmed with embroidery and lace, with embroidered inserting bands between.

The finer qualities of sheer muslin are, however, very expensive, and a dress, such as we have just described, of embroidered Swiss and real lace, costs almost a small fortune. The material for summer evening dresses, —for those who are compelled to count the cost of their wardrobes,—is tarlatan; a material that is very



cheap, and so pretty in itself that it needs no other trimming. A very pretty way of making up a dress of this material is to make the back breadths of the dress very long, and trim them with plain flounces nearly to the waist. The tablier in front should be quite covered with narrow flounces pinked on the edges and arranged *en spirales*. The puffed bodices should have full sleeves, caught at the wrist and in two puffs with a ruche of pinked tarlatan. Another very pretty way is to trim the skirts with narrow flounces arranged in zigzag style, with an overskirt of tulle caught up with bunches of natural flowers. No colored ribbons or sashes should be worn with white evening dresses. All the color necessary should be supplied with bunches of leaves and flowers. Artificial flowers are allowed for the trimming of the skirt of the dress, but at the throat and in the hair, only natural flowers should be worn.—*Fireside Friend*.

## WOMAN UNBURDENED.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Simplex mun ditiis. Horace.  
As the world leads, we follow. Sen.

It has at last become unfashionable for ladies to sweep the streets. Vulgar people may do as they please, but no lady now appears in the street with a skirt that trails upon the ground. Skirts are either cut shorter, for walking dresses, or else caught up by various devices while walking, and let down when at home.

While street sweeping was the style adopted by fashionable ladies, it seemed of course perfectly nice and proper; but now that this style is a little *passee*, we are able to look upon it from a different point of view.

"Why is it that you never walk in the morning, Gawge?"

"Why, Tom," replied his friend, "the fact is, the sidewalks are so excessively disagreeable in the morning, bits of cigars and saliva everywhere, it really nauseates me, and I am always afraid of soiling my boots. I wait till the ladies have been out shopping, and then I find it so delightfully clean, walking behind a lady with long skirts."

But the untidiness of long skirts in the street is not the only objection to them. One who has never lifted a long, full skirt, lined and elaborately trimmed with platings or flounces, would be astonished to find how very heavy it is. A strong man does not think of wearing even a light pair of pantaloons without suspenders, but strange to say, delicate women have for years chosen to burden themselves with this weight; and as if it were not bad enough to wear it with the help of shoulder straps or suspenders, have chosen to let all this weight press upon the delicate and unprotected organs below the ribs; thus bringing upon themselves not only temporary pain and inconvenience, but a variety of frightful diseases, and untold misery and suffering, perhaps for life.

As of course nothing can be done contrary to fashion, ladies should now rejoice that it is the latest style to weigh the skirts, and wear only those that are of light material, as for ex-

ample, silks, merinos, etc., without lining, and these with suspenders, and little or no trimming. For house wear nothing is so pretty, especially in summer, as a neat cambric or printed calico, that can be washed, and the simpler, in cut and make, the more tasteful and attractive it is.

The era of flounces and furbelows is passing away! and classic plainness and simplicity are once more coming to reign over us. Let us rejoice and be glad!

## COTTON CLOTH BASKETS.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—Ida W. asks how to make baskets of cotton cloth. I gladly tell her as well as I can with my pen, how I made mine.

Obtain one yard and a quarter of coarse bleached cotton forty-two inches or more in width. Tear the cloth (widthwise, as filling ravel better) into strips a little less than an inch wide, fifty are required; cutting off selvage edges ravel (longest way) all except four or five threads in centre of strip; taking hold of each end of strip twist it as much as taste indicates.

Obtain a stiff wire and make a circle of desired size of basket, cover with cloth and sew forty of the strips around it each one by both ends. Tie them about five inches from the bottom to form a tassel and bottom of basket; threads from the point of tying to rim gives it a looped appearance or basket shape; or a second circular wire may be placed within the basket. Loops of the twisted strips around the outside gives a finish, also put some about the outside of the wire to conceal the ends of others; the bail is formed by six twisted strips in groups of two each placed equally distant on wire, fastened at the top a little from the ends to form a tassel; tiny bows of colored ribbon are, I think, an improvement if arranged tastily upon loops. I hope this will be sufficiently plain, but if not I will cheerfully answer any questions.

Will some one be kind enough to tell me how to make a hanging basket of Praffine wax? MYRA H.

MR. CROWELL: Ida W. wishes to know how to make one of those baskets of cotton cloth. I have made quite a number. First, get a yard and a half of white cotton cloth called the Fruit of the Loom. Be sure and get that kind as there is no dressing in it. Mark it off into spaces three-fourths of an inch wide on the selvage, notch it and tear it into strips but before you tear it or mark it if you tear off the selvage it will fray easier. Pin one of the strips on to a heavy cushion and fray it out on one side then fray on the other leaving four threads in the centre and fray the others in like manner. You may get discouraged at first, I do, but patience and perseverance will carry you through.

After you have frayed all, twist them by pinning one end to the cushion and twisting, then take the pin out and fasten the other end and twist again twist all the rest likewise. Be sure and keep them in a clean place as they are easily soiled. After they are all twisted find a piece of hoop skirt wire and tie the two ends together. Be sure that it is perfectly round after it

is tied. This wire must be twenty-eight inches round after it is tied; measure it into halves and quarters tying a string at each quarter, and carry the four strings up and tie them to a gas fixture if you have one if not to a hook. Wind around this wire a piece of cotton cloth, not too tight to cover it, then halve one of the quarters and sew to the middle of the quarter a piece that you have twisted, six inches in length and drape the rest in like manner having one draping a little longer than the one before it, until you have ten drapings. Be sure they do not hoop; do the other three sides the same, then put strips across the top sewing them to the wire, then sew on two of the twisted strips at the parting of each draping; then sew one strip at the place where you began to drape on the four sides, this is for the strings; then make seven tassels and sew one on each side of every parting of the draping. When you sew on the strips at the draping sew the four ends to the wire and let the rest hang, then catch them together at the bottom and sew a tassel at the end; sew one tassel at the top after the strings are caught together and sew one from the centre where the strips were sewed across.

I hope Ida will understand how to make her basket, they are very handsome if made right. If there is anything you do not understand write again. HAKKY.

TO THE HOUSEHOLD:—We have not been acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD long but I like it very much and read every word; among other things I noticed that Ida W. asked to know how cotton cloth baskets were made. The kind I make takes one yard of coarse bleached cotton, (if yellow looking blue considerably) tear in strips one inch wide cross wise of cloth, then ravel the strips on each side till only four or five threads are left in the middle. Take a piece of wire or narrow strip of pasteboard and join together as large as you want your basket, cover with white, then attach four of your raveled pieces for handles to hang it by, then hang it up as you can work at it better. Now sew on, one at a time your other strips, slightly twisting it from your hand, then festoon in any manner you like. It is a pretty little thing but useless as it will hold nothing unless it be a few light artificial flowers. Tassels made of the same may be added to bottom and to the cords by which it is hung, if desired. C. I. J.

Glenville, Ohio.

## CARD BOARD MOTTOES.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed in THE HOUSEHOLD a request for directions to work mottoes on cardboard to which I have seen no reply. As I have made several of them perhaps I can give the desired information. I have two pattern-books of letters, one containing the capitals, the other the small letters. From these I mark the letters of my motto with a pencil upon the card board. I use the clouded worsted, single zephyr, using my taste and judgment to make the shading look well. Three colors, say purple, orange and green, with black, are enough for a motto.

The letters are to be touched up with gold-colored embroidery silk. That is, in working in the worsted leave a few stitches at the top and bottom of each letter to be worked with the silk. After the first trial one can easily see where this touching up needs to be done. Remember in working, that the stitches are not to be crossed as in canvass work.

I have also worked mottoes entirely with silk, I used what is called filling silk, it is coarser than embroidery silk and is not twisted. When I use this I have only one color in the motto. I have seen them worked with fine chenille but have never used it myself.

I wish some one would send directions for a receptacle for waste paper? I want one to stand by my writing table. I can send directions for a very handsome worsted tidy if any one wishes. VIVA STARR.

## PLAINNESS OF DRESS.

MR. EDITOR:—Among the many interesting subjects touched upon in THE HOUSEHOLD letters, I have been glad to notice those on plainness of dress. I have long been opposed to over dressing. I think there must be a "golden mean" in these things as in most others but it is rather difficult to draw a line and say, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." If Octavia, in the April number, is a young person associating with other young people, it seems to me her position is rather a severe one, discarding all trimmings.

I have tried to moderate my apparel so as not to attract attention, either by over dressing or by too rigid plainness. I find that by choosing plain quiet colors, and a very moderate amount of trimming, with occasionally a bright ribbon, I can move among my gayer companions with scarcely a thought of my dress, knowing that it is appropriate and pretty without being showy.

I think as Phoebe Cary wrote, "To be a true womanly woman is great," and that standard can hardly be reached when all our thoughts are, "What shall we wear?" R. H. G.

## COVERING FOR A FOOTSTOOL.

MR. CROWELL:—Would I seem intrusive if I should answer Carrie's request for making a mat and pretty covering for a footstool? I have one which I think very pretty; I will try to tell how it is made. First cut a piece of dark cloth a little larger than the stool, then take some bits of bright colored cloth, sew them on in stars, vines, or any other shape you wish, draw it tightly over the stool and tack it on; now cut a piece of the same as the top say about two inches in width and as long as necessary; scallop it on one edge and sew it on for a curtain; now sew a piece of braid on to cover the edges and I think you will have a very pretty stool.

Will some one please tell me how to make pretty yet cheap tidies and toilet mats? In return if any one wishes, I will send directions for making winter bouquets with very little expense and paper frames to imitate leather work. ROSELLA.





## SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,  
Your doll should break her head,  
Could you make it whole by crying,  
Till your eyes and nose were red?  
And wouldn't it be pleasanter  
To treat it as a joke;  
And say you're glad 't was dolly's  
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,  
And the rain comes pouring down,  
Will it clear off any sooner  
Because you scold and frown?  
And wouldn't it be nicer  
For you to smile than pout,  
And so make sunshine in the house  
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,  
Is very hard to get,  
Will it make it any easier  
For you to sit and fret?  
And wouldn't it be wiser,  
Than waiting like a dunce,  
To go to work in earnest  
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,  
And some a coach and pair,  
Will it tire you less while walking  
To say, "It isn't fair"?  
And wouldn't it be nobler  
To keep your temper sweet,  
And in your heart be thankful  
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,  
Nor the way some people do,  
Do you think the whole creation  
Will be altered just for you?  
And isn't it, my boy or girl,  
The wisest bravest plan,  
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,  
To do the best you can?

Phoebe Cary.

## LOST WILLIE.

BY BARBARA BRANDT.

WILLIE was sitting on the back door step, his brainless straw-hat had "blown somewhere round the corner" after "Sheppie" the curly yellow dog had tired of it as a play-thing; and the fervent August sun, was doing its best to bleach Willie's brown, curly locks, but Willie didn't care for that.

A pair of striped stockings, and two dusty little slippers "with moufs in the toes," were tucked carefully out of sight, under the lower step; and ten little brown toes were burrowing and squirming in the warm black dust, for all the world like a party of jolly brown mice, "out on a lark."

Happy Will, was sitting with one arm thrown over the neck of his dear old doggie, talking as fast as a merry tongue, that was seldom quiet, could wag.

But Willie was a discreet fellow, when in mischief and mindful of the bare toes and torn hat, his black eyes kept glancing up at the closed blinds of the dining-room windows where he thought Mamma "might be peaking."

"Sheppie, doggie, don't you wish't Willie boy'd kill ye an make a' angel of ye? an' your ole' back would all fedder out to wings; honest an' true Sheppie."

"Mamma" busy about her household cares, heard vaguely the sound of Willie's voice droning away like a big blue bottle fly that has ventured into a bottle, but gave no heed to it, until

Will had repeated the last question in a louder tone.

Mamma smiled softly to herself, saying half aloud, "I wonder why Will is always talking so much about people, and pets even, dying and going to Heaven, I wish he wouldn't, it makes me nervous."

All was quiet for a few minutes, then Mamma heard Willie say:

"Stop winkin' your old eyes, an' not speakin', you ole' feller! Nobody's goin' to kill you yet. Le's go play."

Two or three war-whoops from Will, a sharp "yip, yip," from the dog, and then it was quiet again.

Bye and bye, with her dinner cleared away, the dining-room spick and span as Yankee-woman's hands could make it, and the soft breeze fluttering the white window shades pleasantly, Willie's mother, and Auntie took out their work-baskets, and seated themselves for a good afternoon's talk of the dear old days in New England, for both the ladies, were New Englanders transplanted not long before to the rushing, bustling, jostling West.

This was Aunt Em's first visit to Willie's parents in their new home; consequently there was much to say, and to hear, and the clock on the dining-room mantel had chirrupped the hour twice before Willie was even thought of.

Then his mother started up in real alarm, "Where can Willie be?" said she, "How thoughtless we have been, its more than two hours since I last heard his voice, and I'm so afraid he's wandered into the grove and is lost."

Fair and pleasant, just before the front door of Willie's home, stretched a beautiful grove of walnut trees, covering several acres of ground, and this same lovely grove had been to Mrs. Smith, Willie's mamma, a nightmare, and haunting vision in her sleep.

She had never before allowed Will to be out of her sight for so long a time at once, and she heaped reproaches upon herself for her heedlessness.

Aunt Em, seeing the agitated state of the poor mother, tried to laugh away her fears, but a nameless something tugged at her heart, the while she tried to say bravely: "He's safe enough about here somewhere; we will find him."

Aunt Em tied on her shade hat quite decorously, but Mrs. Smith only stopped to twich Gretchen's big flapping cape bonnet from a nail by the kitchen door, and then put it on "wrong side before," without stopping to look at it, and rushed out at the kitchen door calling loudly to Willie.

Aunt Em, now thoroughly frightened also, ran to all the out-buildings, calling his name over and over.

But no Willie answered.

While Mrs. Smith searched the woodshed, and carriage-house, Auntie was climbing to the highest point of the hay-mow, half believing that she should find her little favorite cuddled down in some cosy corner on the fragrant hay, fast asleep.

But the search was a vain one. Coming out at the open barn-door, she met Willie's mamma, coming toward her, with such wild eyes of alarm, that her heart fluttered with a strange fear.

"Oh! Em, the grove, that dreadful grove! Willie has wandered into the

woods and is lost. Think of it. My baby-boy, lost in the lonesome woods."

And the poor mother sank down upon a convenient wheel-barrow, a heap of utter misery, sobbing, and rocking herself to and fro, stopping now and then, to dry her eyes upon the cape of her bonnet, and moan, "How could I forget him! How could I be so careless!" followed each time by a fresh burst of tears.

Presently Aunt Em, glancing up, saw Uncle Ned coming down the street. Perhaps he had seen something of Willie on his way from the store.

Mrs. Smith rushed toward him with eager steps, Gretchen's big bonnet flapping up and down like a signal of distress.

"Oh, Ned! Willie! The woods, I always knew he would be lost there; what shall I do! where can he be!"

Uncle Ned started in surprise and alarm; was his sister going mad, or what was the trouble?

Mrs. Smith's appearance was ludicrous in the extreme, her face flushed and heated, was grimed with tears and dust, and the huge cape bonnet she wore with its funny top-knot, a big bow that nodded and trembled with her sobs, looked so irresistibly funny, that spite of the real alarm Uncle Ned felt, he could not refrain from laughing.

Mrs. Smith's eyes flashed, and she was turning away, when Auntie hastened to explain the cause of her excitement.

Like a man, Uncle Ned said, "Oh, we shall find him round here somewhere safe enough; shouldn't wonder if he's in the pen with his white piggy taking a nap, or down at the brook trying a swim with the ducks," for Will's exploits of this kind had ceased to alarm the family.

But Willie was not to be found upon the premises, and consulting together, the three decided to go in opposite directions to search for the little truant. While Uncle Ned searched the grove for some trace of the lost boy, Mamma went from house to house in the immediate neighborhood of her home, asking eagerly: "Have you seen my Willie?" and Aunt Em went down the main street of the village putting the same question to each one she met, venturing even into the open doors of some of the houses where red-faced Germans sat drinking their afternoon lager with moon-faced frau and babies beside them.

"No! no one had seen a little curly headed boy about three years old, with a curly yellow dog beside him."

Frightened, and disappointed Aunt Em hastened home again, to find Willie's mamma sitting disconsolately upon the door-step, crying and wringing her hands in anguish.

Auntie had no consolation to offer, and mutely put her arms about her neck and sobbed too. Where should they next look for the lost boy?

Just then Uncle Ned came into the yard walking rapidly, and swinging in his hand the tattered remnant of the little straw hat with which Will had started out this noon.

Poor Mrs. Smith! her worst fears seemed to be realized. Her boy, her baby-boy, must be wandering about some-where in the depths of the grove,

looking dismal enough to her now, in the lengthened afternoon shadows.

No wonder the mother-heart was nearly broken. Auntie didn't feel like laughing now at the queer figure she cut; she too, was half frantic with fear.

They would alarm the neighbors, and have the grove thoroughly ransacked. He must be found! What would Papa do when he came out from the city to-night, and no Willie to rush out to meet him?

Suddenly a thought flashed into Auntie's mind,—a thought so full of terror, that the blood crept back from her face to her heart, leaving it white, drawn with fear.

Willie's home was a new house which was built for them only this summer. At the corner of the house, on the opposite side from where they now stood was a large cistern, which had only recently been built, and which his Auntie knew was full of water, and but loosely covered with bits of board. Beckoning to Uncle Ned, Auntie led the way to the cistern. Too much alarmed to speak, she could only point to the spot, and sink down upon her knees among the big, burdock leaves, covering her eyes with both hands to shut out the sight which she was sure awaited her.

In a moment or two, however Uncle Ned was at her side speaking in a reassuring voice, for no Willie was lying in the cistern, only a few bits of board, and chips floating upon the water, revealed the fact, that the meddlesome fellow had paid at least one visit to the place.

"Of course Em, you looked in the cellar," said Uncle Ned.

But Auntie hadn't once thought of that, and hugging this little shred of hope to her heart, she rushed to the door of the cellar which stood wide open; followed closely by Uncle Ned. In among the bins of potatoes, and barrels of apples they plunged; turning over empty boxes and barrels, and peeping under the cellar stairs, calling "Willie! Willie!" all the while.

Just as they were turning in disappointment to leave the place, Auntie's eye fell upon a barrel in a dark corner which was yet unexplored. Hardly hoping to find the object of their search, they peeped over the brim of the barrel, and what do you think they saw?

The cunningest picture possible! There lay the roguish little truant fast asleep upon a bed of clean, white shavings, his rosy face dust-stained and grimy; his brown curls damp with perspiration, tumbled over his forehead; his pinafore berry-stained and torn, and his bare, brown toes scratched and bleeding from his tramp among the bushes and briers.

One arm was hugged tightly about the neck of his dear old "Sheppie," who raised up his head and winked solemnly at them two or three times from his big black eyes, as if to say: "I've heard all this commotion for the last hour, but did you suppose I was going to bark and waken my young master?"

With happy tears standing in her eyes, Auntie crept softly up the cellar stairs and beckoned to Mamma.

Mrs. Smith rose quickly, and fol-



lowed to where Will lay, still sound asleep.

And what did this most impetuous of mammas do?

Without a word she caught sleeping Will in her arms, hugged him; kissed him; and shook him vehemently, saying all the while:

"You dear, dear, darling boy! You vexatious little rogue! How could you frighten me so? I've a mind to punish you! You shall never, never go out of my sight again!" and ending all her incoherent exclamations with a great burst of tears.

And the little rogue, who had caused all this commotion and alarm only dug his bare toes into the soft dirt, and said, if he's a great woman, an' had lost his little boy an' then he'd come home all safe 'nuff he guessed he'd be 'shamed of cryin' like a great baby girl, an' anyhow he's hungry an' wanted piece o' pie."

#### THE BOY WHO DIDN'T CARE.

"James, my son, you are wasting your time playing with that kitten when you ought to be studying your lesson. You will get a bad mark if you don't study," said Mrs. Mason to her son.

"I don't care," replied the boy, as he continued to amuse himself with the gambols of Sport, his pretty little kitten.

"But you ought to care, my dear," rejoined the lady with a sigh. "You will grow up an ignorant, good for nothing man if you don't make a good use of your opportunities."

"I don't care," said James, as he raced into the yard after his amusing play-mate.

"Don't care will be the ruin of that child," said Mrs. Mason to herself. "I must teach him a lesson that he will not easily forget."

Guided by the purpose the lady made no provision for dinner. When noon arrived, her idle boy rushed into the house, as usual, shouting:

"Mother, I want my dinner!"

"I don't care," replied Mrs. Mason.

"I'm very hungry, mother," rejoined the boy.

"I don't care," repeated Mrs. Mason.

James was puzzled. His mother had never treated him so before. Her words were strange words for her to use, and her manner was so cold that he could not understand what it all meant. He was silent for a while then he spoke again:

"Mother, I want something to eat."

"I don't care," was the cool reply.

"But recess will soon be over, mother, and I shall starve if I don't get some dinner," urged James.

"I don't care."

This was too much for the boy to endure. He burst into tears. His mother seeing him fairly subdued, laid down her work, and calling him to her side, stroked his hair very gently and said:

"My son, I want to make you feel the folly and sin of the habit you have of saying 'I don't care.' Suppose I did not really care for you, what would you do for a dinner, for clothing, for a nice home, for education? You now see that I must either care

for you, or you must suffer very seriously. And if you must suffer through my lack of care for you, don't you think you will also suffer if you don't care for yourself? And don't you see that I must suffer too if you don't care for my wishes? I hope, therefore, you will cease saying 'I don't care,' and learn to be a thoughtful boy, caring for my wishes, and your own duty."

James had never looked on his evil habit in this light before. He promised to do better, and, after receiving a piece of pie, went off to school a wiser if not a better boy.—S. S. Advocate.

#### SPEAK GENTLY, MOTHER.

Gently, mother, gently,  
Chide the little one,  
'Tis a tedious journey  
It has just begun;  
Many a vale of sorrow,  
Many a ragged steep,  
Lieth in its pathway—  
And full oft 'twill weep  
Oh! then gently—gently.

Kindly, mother, kindly,  
Speak in tender tone;  
That dear child, remember,  
Echoes back thy own;  
Teach in gentle accents,  
Teach in words of love,  
Let the soft breezes  
Its young heart-strings move,  
Kindly—mother—kindly.

#### TRAINING CHILDREN.

We pity our children too much and strengthen them too little. It is equally in vain to attempt to guard our children from all evil companionship. It is not hopeless to imbue them with the spirit of resistance. They must wear their coat of armor underneath the surface; they can not put it on too early. The mother-bird provokes the little nursing to leave the nest—tempts her with promises, calls to her with sweet invitations, or, failing thus, pushes her from the nest and compels her to trust herself to her as yet untried powers of flight. We brood our children too long. We must teach them to fly before they are ready to leave the nest altogether. We have, in short, something more to do than to keep them from suffering—viz., to teach them to endure; something higher than to keep them from all contact with sin—viz., to teach them to conquer it.

The parent or teacher who most fully enters into the child's life, shares its experiences, and appreciates its joys and sorrows and conflicts, is the best trainer. God teaches the race partly by law, more by Christ's example, most of all by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. We train our children a little by the laws we impose, more by our example, most of all by our heart-life. The ancient prophet, summoned to the chamber of death, laid himself upon the corpse of the lad, "his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands;" and so the life passed from the living to the dead. Thus are we by the power of a genuine sympathy to lay ourselves, as it were, upon our children, and to inspire in every faculty a true life which pulsates in our own souls.—Abbott.

#### THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month.

ANSWERS:—1. William Wilberforce. 2. Lake Champlain. 3. De Witt Clinton. 4. THE HOUSEHOLD. 5. "May never lady press his lips, His proffered love returning, Who makes a furnace of his mouth And keeps its chimney burning; May each true woman shun his sight For fear his fumes might choke her, And only those who smoke themselves Have kisses for a smoker."

6. Comet. 7. A L M A I L E A R N M A L I C A R I E L I N C L E 8. F A L L A G U E L U T E L E E R

9. BLACKSMITH. 10. Merrimac. 11. Amonoosuc. 12. Onion. 13. Amazon. 14. Missouri. 15. St. Clair. 16. Roanoke. 17. Potomac. 18. Charles. 19. Nile. 20. Arkansas. 21. White.

#### ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of forty-eight letters.

My 35, 4, 12, 45, 27 was an ancient kingdom of Asia.

My 23, 16, 2, 29, 37, 14 was an ancient kingdom of Europe.

My 26, 17, 13, 9, 6, 3, 24 was a Jewish prophetic.

My 15, 8, 3, 11, 5, 7 was one of the Seven Sages.

My 33, 21, 46, 27, 2, 32, 42 was an English artist.

My 47, 36, 10, 7, 41, 39, 30 is a southern city.

My 18, 25, 44, 30, 19, 13, 34, 37 is a New England river.

My 38, 43, 35, 1 is used in the manufacture of glass.

My 31, 6, 20, 29, 12 in mythology is a certain deity or nymph.

My 22, 45, 40, 48, 28 is a number.

My whole is a true and beautiful proverb which we ought always to remember.

2. I am composed of twenty-nine letters.

My 12, 14, 17 is a tree.

My 18, 28, 14, 25, 21, 2 is an elegant greenhouse shrub.

My 20, 14, 23, 1, 13, 8, 3, 24, 22 is a spring flower.

My 6, 8, 15, 26, 12, 29, 9, 8 is a pretty flower of several species.

My 16, 2, 19, 11, 5 and my 18, 27, 10, 4, 7 are herbs.

My whole is a pretty flower, its botanical name and language.

#### WORD ENIGMA.

3. My first is in temple, my second in dome,

My third is in Athens, my fourth in Rome.

My fifth is in vanity, my sixth in pride.

My seventh is in ocean, my eighth in tide.

My ninth is in darkness, my tenth in night.

My eleventh is in power, my twelfth in might.

My thirteenth is in blossoms, my fourteenth in leaves.

My fifteenth is in stacks, my sixteenth in sheaves.

My seventeenth is in delight, my eighteenth in charm.

My nineteenth is in damage, my twentieth in harm.

My twenty-first is in repair, my twenty-second in renew.

My whole you'll find is a saying true.

#### CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

4. My first is in Hebrew but not in Latin.

My second is in vesper but not in matin.

My third is in faith but not in hope.

My fourth is in Pontiff, but not in Pope.

My fifth is in scarlet but not in blue.

My sixth is in false but not in true.

My seventh is in earth but not in soil.

My eighth is in labor but not in toil.

My ninth is in cottage but not in villa.

My tenth is in rose but not in lily.

My eleventh is in lofty but not in grand.

My whole is a town in New England.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

5. Two British poets; an eastern country; a literary collection; a state; a personal pronoun; a kind of a book.

#### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

6. A vowel; a receptacle; a coin; an ancient Grecian bard; a Saxon goddess; a plant; a consonant.

#### DECAPITATIONS.

7. Behead a country and leave a girl's name.

8. Behead and curtail a boy's name and leave a beverage.

9. Behead and curtail a color and leave a small coin.

10. Behead and curtail a kind of poem and leave an animal.

11. Behead and curtail a fabric and leave a large island.

12. Behead and curtail a city in the Southern states and leave a tree.

13. Behead and curtail an animal and leave a number.

#### SQUARE WORDS.

14. A taunt; a constellation; a river in Europe; an inclosure.

15. An animal; a gem; a fabric; an insect.

#### ANAGRAM.

16. Uhhgot snawmo oselleisvyn  
Thiw lenga rsmfo yma eiv,  
Eyt fi ehr olus eb ahgrutfr,  
Iwht oylaseju nda pride,  
H'sse ot eht rhac iceerved ni  
Nee'sd swerbo.

Rynale iladle.

#### SENTENCE ANAGRAMS.

Fill the blanks with the words enclosed in parenthesis transposed into one word.

17. Take a (hot cake sir) and some

18. (My cousin Lou Nere) treated us all

19. I bought (my range) in last year.

20. (Isola tried) to write the but failed.

#### ARITHMOREM.

21. AWT)GUIGB(SNI  
NIH

WHWG

WSBT

WBUB

WBUB

JUMBLES.

Names of Birds.—22. Blinkobo.

23. Lalswow. 24. Foldching. 25.

Lorioe. 26. Lightningae. 27. Shing-

kifer. 28. Lipenac. 29. Crisoth.

30. Revlop. 31. Beehop.





## TABLE ETIQUETTE AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me a few words on the knife and fork question.

I do not question Mr. Beecher's propriety in using his knife to eat with, neither Miss Beecher's "healthful" recipe for making griddle cakes, which for the benefit of those who have never seen it, I give. "Keep a jar for remnants of bread, both coarse and fine, for potatoes, remnants of hominy, rice grits, cracked wheat, oat meal, and all other articles used on the table, add all remnants of milk whether sour or sweet and water enough to soak all so as to be soft not thin. When enough is collected, add enough water to make a batter for griddle-cakes and put in enough soda to sweeten it. Add two spoonfuls of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt and two eggs for each quart."

Now Mr. Editor, there is no doubt this is very economical as Miss Beecher says, made of "material usually wasted." If we are ever so fortunate as to keep house again without a Bridget, who knows but we might be induced to try it just once, out of curiosity to see what the result would be. But Bridget—as well tell her to make griddle cakes from the swill pail and done with it.

Just so in the use of the knife and fork. Among the civilized I should receive no shock in eating with a man who occasionally uses his knife to compact the loose particles of rice or potato, even if when so compacted he should convey it to his mouth without changing knife for fork at the risk of scattering it again. It is true this would disqualify him for putting his knife into the butter and salt and some men have a weakness that way hard to be overcome, and this leads some families to provide themselves with individual butter plates and salt cellars.

But after all does all this care to keep your associates at table from defiling the food avail, if the mistress leaves everything both before and after the meal to Bridget's unread ignorance? The butter comes to the table bedaubed with gravy, the salt ditto, proving that to save a few steps she has been seasoning the steak out of the butter plate and salt cellar, and the sugar spoon loaded with vulcanized sugar, showing her to be of the opinion that sugar spoons were intended not only to dip the sugar but to stir the tea with.

In conclusion let each be careful not to offend by too common sense or uncommon refinement. W.

## TABLE MANNERS.

The table is the place at which the family meet, and where there should be the freest and most unrestrained social intercourse. We eat to live; but the mere animal necessity is lifted up and glorified when the charms of pleasant conversation and of mutual courtesy surround the custom. So far

as the sustaining of life is concerned, that object might be reached if each took his bread and meat and retired to a closet to eat it alone. But there is a spiritual life that is to be fed and sustained, and it is starved where there is no grace, not only before, but during, a meal.

The great trouble with our American life is, that it is too gloomy. We take no time to entertain and amuse each other. Not seldom does it happen in some houses that a meal progresses in dead silence, except when it is necessary to speak about the dishes, or to help some one to potatoes or pie. This is almost as bad as rudeness or quarreling. There ought to be bright, genial, sparkling talk, in which the children should be allowed to join. There is no sense whatever in compelling an intelligent child to sit like a deaf mute at the table; though, on the other hand, children should not monopolize the conversation, nor be allowed to ask strings of irrelevant questions.

Every one should prepare for the table by some simple process of dressing. The hair should be smooth, the hands washed, the general appearance of each individual inviting, and each should try to be as agreeable as possible to every other. It is quite wonderful how a little freshening of the toilet freshens up the soul as well as the face. So far, we ought all to be luxurious. If the mother sees to it that her school-boy sons always come to dinner with clean hands and nails, and that her daughters never dawdle into the room in dawdry finery or soiled wrappers, she will do more than she dreams of in the work of making them grow into real gentlemen and ladies.

The table itself ought to have a festive look. Flowers have a special grace on the breakfast board. A dish of fruit nicely arranged pleases the eye as well as the palate at dinner. Clean linen, even though coarse, and whole plates and cups, with bright glass and silver, help appetite along. A few well-cooked dishes, however plain, nicely served, will promote health and happiness better than a great variety ruined in the preparation.

Some housekeepers, with an eye to saving trouble on washing day, have adopted the marble oil-cloth instead of the white damask for ordinary use. For our part, we would prefer economy in almost any other way. A fine white table-cloth, or a buff or crimson one occasionally for breakfast or tea, will furnish forth the family feast much more beautifully.—*Christian at Work.*

## PROPER TIMES TO EAT.

The wholesomeness of food depends nearly as much on the time it is taken as on the quantity. We have grown so luxurious in our physical as well as our mental tastes that we are constantly tempted to eat things out of season. Yielding to the temptation, as we often do, we pay the penalty, soon or late, in temporary or chronic derangements of our health. The meat which is excellent in cold may not be desirable in warm weather; vegetables and fruit are nutritious

when they are ripened by sun and season, and not artificially stimulated. Nature knows what she is doing; she furnishes for every latitude the productions fittest for such latitude.

We need variety, not so much at one time, as from time to time. The delicacies of the season will not hurt us; but the delicacies out of season certainly will, if long continued. The appetite so jaded as to crave oysters in July, or strawberries in December, needs careful correction by the adoption of the simplest habits. The palate naturally relishes what nature has near at hand. As a rule, not only is the simplest food the best food, but the most seasonable is, in the long run, the most appetizing. There is no difficulty in determining what we should eat, since the products of our climate show us plainly, month by month. Fish, flesh, and fruit by their plumpness, tenderness, and ripeness, themselves denote when they are ready to be eaten. A sound stomach will profit by whatever an unspoiled palate enjoys.—*Scribner's.*

## HOW TEA IS DOCTORED.

The business of "manipulating" tea is largely carried on in New York. The *modus operandi* is as follows: An importer has a cargo of tea to arrive, which, from the length of the voyage or some other cause, has become partially or wholly damaged. This is known to the different parties engaged in "manipulating," who are always on the watch for such an opportunity, and offers are made to the consignee for the whole cargo; if none of these offers are accepted, the cargo is usually disposed of at auction, and generally purchased by the persons whose offers had previously been refused; the tea is then removed to the buyer's establishment, where it is carefully assorted, a large part of it probably not having to be "doctored."

The damaged portion is then spread on large surface pans, where a slow heat thoroughly dries it; this drying process requiring sometimes two or three days. After this operation, probably the color is bad, the mould having affected it; and to restore this, in green teas, the damaged leaves in process of "doctoring," are placed in a large cylinder with copperas, and a swift rotary motion imparts a beautiful green shade to the contents. It is then winnowed and a portion of the dust—the finest—is separated and reserved for future use in conjunction with copperas for coloring purposes.

In the case of black teas, the color is restored by means of some chemical, of which we were unable to obtain the name, in the same manner as the green recieves its color. The tea is then packed in small fancy boxes, shipped, and sold all over the country as a fresh importation. There are a number of establishments devoted solely to this business in New York, and it is reported as being highly profitable.

## CLARET WINE.

No variety of wine is more dangerous to use than what is called claret. It is usually a vile mixture. Thousands of gallons are made by allowing water to soak through shavings,

and adding thereto a certain proportion of logwood and tartaric acid, and a little alcohol. Good judges can hardly discriminate between this fictitious mixture and the genuine article.

## THE DESSERT.

—To preserve an untarnished name keep your door-plate well scoured.

—The man who on his wedding day starts as a lieutenant in the family will never get promoted.

—Mr. Naylle, of Toronto, was knocked down by mistake for another man, recently. He hopes they'll hit the right Naylle on the head next time.

—It was a saying of Dean Swift that little souled people are like narrow necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

—An Illinois editor returns thanks for a centipede sent to him by mail from Texas, "it being," he says, "the first cent of any kind that we've received for several weeks."

—When a man nearly breaks his neck trying to get out of the way of a "lightning bug," supposing it to be the head-light of a locomotive, it is time for him to sign the pledge.

—"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a fashionably-dressed lady.

"Perhaps so; a load of hay went through this morning," was the hoarse reply.

—An old lady who was troubled by the prospect of the introduction of gas in her village, and the consequent disuse of whale oil, asked with much earnestness:—"What is to become of the poor whales?"

—A young man went into a florist's store in Boston, to buy a rose bud for his affianced. Seventy-five cents was the price asked. "Will it keep?" inquired the young man. "Oh yes, a long while." "All right, keep it." Exit young man.

—When the 23rd reg't M. V. M. was organized many of the officers were decidedly green in matters military. A captain having seen the "right wheel" executed, determined that his company should be drilled in the same manœuvre. After scratching his head for some moments in search of a fitting word of command he finally hit upon the following: "Come round like a gate! in one time and two motions! Come!"

—An Irishman one morning went out very early in search of some game on an estate where the game laws were strictly enforced. Turning a sharp corner, whom did he meet but the gentleman who owned the estate. Paddy, seeing the game was up, coolly advanced toward the gentleman and said: "The top of the morning to your honor, and what brought your honor out so early this morning?" The gentleman replied by saying: "Indeed, Paddy, I just strolled out to see if I could find an appetite for my breakfast;" and then, eyeing Paddy suspiciously, said: "And now, Paddy, what brought you out so early?" Paddy replied: "Indade, your honor, I just strolled out to see if I could not find a breakfast for my appetite."





## DIET FOR DYSPEPTICS.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

A LADY was once insisting to an aged physician that a certain article of diet was healthful in all cases because she personally found it so.

"Madam," said the grim old Doctor, bringing his weather beaten visage nearer to her handsome face, "is your face like mine? No! Then your bonnet wouldn't be very likely to become me?" I thought not. "Well, Madam, our stomachs are probably not more alike than our faces. I dare say, now, that you couldn't eat a bit of pork. I can. But I don't for that reason say that pork should be good for you. I've no objection to your eating custard if your stomach does not object, but I do most decidedly object to your giving custard to my patient here. It might be the death of him!"

Bearing in mind the old Doctor's statement that stomachs vary as much as faces, we will not attempt to form one diet table that shall suit all cases. Much observation of some painful experience have convinced us that the Hygienic professor who condemns all men to live upon wheaten-grits comes no nearer to securing universal immunity from dyspepsia than does the reckless fellow who tells every one to "eat what he likes and think no more about it;" the first part of which injunction would be good enough, if the latter were not, to one half the world at least, simply impossible. The dyspeptic cannot ignore the pain, nausea, or general grinding wretchedness which are sure to follow the eating of the wrong thing.

Although there are nearly as many varieties of dyspepsia as there are persons afflicted with it, we will, for convenience sake, roughly divide them into three classes; the culpable, the pardonable, or the inevitable.

The first class includes those who for the mere indulgence of an inordinate appetite, by a reckless disregard of Hygienic laws have wilfully abused naturally excellent constitutions.

The second class includes the thousands of good men and women who in their zeal for what they have esteemed higher things have forgotten that God has so wedded mind and body that he who would preserve the one must care for the other.

The third class is made up from the many who have inherited too highly strung nervous organizations.

To the first class, regular exercise or a good deal of it—as much as can be taken without inducing sleeplessness—is a first essential. A second essential is a daily bath of either warm or cold water as seems to agree best with the constitution. The Turkish bath is frequently found serviceable. Their fare must be of the plainest, and even of this they must not eat heartily. Cold water in moderate quantities should in general be the only drink, though weak black tea may not be injurious. Rare beef sparingly partak-

en of, or fresh fish, broiled or boiled, if served without butter, are often allowable; but the main reliance must be upon fresh fruits eaten raw, or stewed or baked without sugar; upon fresh vegetables plainly cooked; and for bread stuffs, upon such preparations of hominy, wheaten grits, cracked wheat, Indian meal, or Graham flour as shall, upon trial, be found to agree best.

The cause of the disease in this class of patients being a sluggish condition of the digestive organs, the result of reaction from long continued over-stimulation, points dyspeptics to a plain diet which shall gently stimulate without exciting to unhealthy action. Fine wheat flour bread is unsuitable because it does not tend to produce activity of the digestive organs; and wines or other alcoholic liquors are injurious by over-stimulating at first, and in the end increasing the sluggishness which is the natural reaction. This is the class with which a strictly vegetable diet agrees more often than with any other.

For the second class, the pardonable dyspeptics, those who have ignorantly transgressed while meaning to do their best with life, cessation from over-work—which in advanced cases is any work at all—and the obtaining of an abundant supply of sleep, are more important as remedial agents than any diet table which could possibly be devised. These persons should take all the sleep that they can get, at whatever hour of day or night that it is most easily won, whether late in the morning, early in the evening, or in the middle of the day.

If sleep does not come readily—and with the over-worked it seldom does—it must be patiently and perseveringly wooed, the patient never resting content with less than nine hours of sleep, while twelve are still better. Patients of this class are apt to imagine that they have reached a pass where they can almost do without sleep. Never was a more fallacious notion. The horse which had learned to live on shavings was not nearer his end. It was no Solomon who originated the senseless saw, "six hours sleep for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool." The keener and more powerful the intellect the more rapidly it will work and the more rest it will require.

If one of this class of dyspeptics will go to bed early, or rise only when he is fully awake and physically averse to lying in bed another instant; will take at least three hours of moderate exercise each day in the open air; and will eat plain and wholesome meals regularly and slowly, and as much as he desires, it will in few cases be found necessary to bring his diet table to a lower point than it should be kept in health. But if he wishes to get really well he will give up his work—his beloved, perhaps he thinks his absolutely necessary work—for a year. If his home (and work) has been among the mountains he will seek the sea-side; if he has lived within the sound of the ever-beating waves he will seek the solemn stillness of the hill country. Or from either he may in the winter seek the busy, yet to him—personally uninterested—the idle distraction of a

large city. If, on the contrary his work has lain in a city he should seek some quiet country village where the air is free from malaria. There let him not board (for he should be free to choose his hours for rest, and for meals, and the material for his meals without reference to the wishes of others), but let him lease or buy a house, which house shall be literally his castle; his undisputed domain. Here he can rise late, go to bed early, swing a hammock between the rafters of his piazza and lie in it most of the time, reading nothing more taxing to the mind than a magazine or newspaper article. For exercise let him take no long walks and few short ones, but ride or drive a gentle horse for easy distances, and play croquet on the lawn; always providing that he does not take interest enough in the game to carry it to excess.

Now, at least we have arrived at the point where—if we adhered strictly to our caption—we should have started, viz: the diet, to which we shall devote another article.

## GOOD JOKE ON A DOCTOR.

A few days since a Western city clerk happening to meet a physician of the place, the latter mentioned that he had a small claim against the corporation for attendance upon a city patient. He was told to make out his bill, send it in, and it would be paid at the next meeting of the board of aldermen. The clerk happened to complain during the interview of being a little under the weather; the physician took note of his symptoms, and said that upon reaching his office he would write him a prescription that would set him to rights, and which he would send by the boy who would bring him the bill. The afternoon of the same day a boy called at the clerk's office at the city hall, and left two papers, mentioning who sent them. "All right," said the clerk, glancing at the papers that were thrown upon his desk. Now the chirography of most physicians is not very plain, but that of this particular M. D. was a cross between the usual medical style and the characters used by Chinese astronomers and laundrymen.

When the clerk came to examine the two papers he was much puzzled to make out which was the prescription and which the bill. Some zig-zag characters that appeared upon one of the papers led him to think it the prescription. He took it to a drug store and handed it to the clerk, who turned it in several directions and then said, "This is from Dr.—, is it not?" Being answered in the affirmative he at once became cheerful, and soon handed the clerk a big powder to be taken at night, and a bottle of some dark liquid to be taken in the morning. For two days our clerk looked rather pale about the gills, but felt that on the whole the medicine had done him considerable good.

At the next meeting of the board the Doctor's bill was presented, but about all that could be made out of it was that it called for \$7. It was referred, as is usual, to the proper committee, to be examined and reported upon at

the next regular meeting, when a favorable report was made and \$7 was allowed. The next morning the doctor came to the clerk in high dudgeon, and said:

"How is it that you cut down my bill? I see by the papers that the board only allowed me \$7."

The clerk said that the bill was allowed just as made out, and to prove that it was right hunted it up and handed it to the irate physician. The doctor looked at it for some moments, and then exclaimed:

"May I be hanged if you and the board of aldermen haven't been at work for two weeks on my prescription, and have at last allowed me \$7 on it."

"Yes," cried the now aroused and excited clerk, "and may I be hanged if I didn't take your infernal bill to the drug store, and they allowed it there and gave me a dose that near physicked me to death."

The best joke was that the druggist's clerk, when questioned about making up the prescription, said: "When I get such a looking paper from Dr.—, I always put up a big powder of calomel and rhubarb, to be followed by black draught, and this is the first time there has been any fuss about it."

## SUGGESTIONS ABOUT COLDS.

1. *Keep the feet dry.* It is better for a young lady to wear thick shoes, and have warm and dry feet, than to die an early death from consumption, induced by having the feet cold and wet. A young man had better wear "cow-hides," and be well, than to wear thin shoes and be continually suffering from colds and coughs. Always, after getting the feet wet, dry them by the fire as soon as possible.

2. *Wear clothes enough to keep warm.* Do not go out in the cold bareheaded, or unprotected in any other way. It may not be fashionable to dress warmly, but that should have nothing to do with the matter. "The body is more than raiment," and its protection ought to be of more importance than fashion. It is better to be a little rustic than to die before reaching half the allotted age of man, from disease occasioned by fashionable dressing.

3. *Sleep warmly.* Do this with as little covering as possible, but do it at all hazards, even if it takes twice as many clothes as you think it ought to. Never go to bed with cold feet. If you cannot keep them warm in any other way, get a soapstone, heat it every night, and keep it near your feet. Better be "effeminate," or "old-maidish," than to have the sleep disturbed and thus the foundation laid for disease, by trying to sleep with cold feet. So much for ordinary home life. But the greatest danger is not at home, but away; concerts, lectures, parties and singing-schools, furnish excellent opportunities for taking cold. To leave a crowded room, which is generally ill-ventilated, heated from seventy to ninety degrees above zero, and go at once into atmosphere from five to fifteen degrees below zero, is not a very safe operation for any person, and is especially dangerous for those who have any tendency to lung disease, unless they are well protected.





## HOW TO BE INTELLIGENT.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

THE word intelligent is often used as synonymous with well-informed though it really possesses a much broader signification. I confess to a certain prejudice, like that of Charles Lamb, against merely well-informed persons, "who," he declares, "are the most dogmatical pragmatical bores, in existence." Real intelligence, however, is the most desirable of acquisitions in any of Life's situations. To possess it, one should read much, reflect more, and observe most.

The choice of one's reading should always depend upon the use one intends to make of it. The large class of people who read merely for amusement are not worthy of attention, but those who read with an object higher than this are often at a loss as to what will advance it most.

General information is of more service in promoting a thorough understanding of particular professions and pursuits than many are aware of, not only because hints and facts of value are often found in unexpected places, but because anything that tends to exercise all the intellectual faculties, disciplines them, and makes them ready to aid in the one avocation which is important to the individual. As the soldier who is merely a soldier can never compete—in the long run—with a man of equal brain who has had the additional advantage of a training in some other trade or profession, as witness the late conflict between the French "nation of soldiers," and the German "army of tradesmen," so the mind that is exclusively confined to one thing can never be as great—even in its one pursuit—as the same mind with a more varied cultivation. Thus general intelligence should be the basis of all particular educations, and to promote this, one of the first essentials is a right choice of reading.

A little above I said read much; but by this is not necessarily meant a great number of volumes, for that should, as far as possible, be avoided; reading only such pages as are well stored with thought; with facts, the producers of thought; and with ideas, which in their turn originate new facts.

Works of pure thought, otherwise the much abused metaphysics, are not prized in these practical days, as highly as they deserve; but to one who desires to cultivate the power of deep, sustained, and fruitful thinking, they will be found of some assistance, even yet.

For facts to produce thoughts that will be of use to us in every step of our lives, in whatever calling we may pursue, there is nothing to equal a wide and thorough reading of history. But in these days history seems to meet with almost the neglect of metaphysics. "What is the use of reading about those old Greeks and Romans, that died ages ago?" asks a

business man, who, though he longs to know as much as his brother-in-law, a noted clergy man, a man with not half the merchant's native brains, is not willing to delve for it. "Oh! I can't bear to read dull ancient history, like the Schonberg Cotta Family, where it tells about Martin Luther and those old Popes," cries a young lady, fresh from a fashionable boarding-school. (A fact; the name of the school from which the girl had just graduated, is one well known.) Pray, what is to become of the study of history, when the merchant votes it useless, and the ignorant - accomplished young lady calls the charming story of Mrs. Charles a "dull ancient history?" But in the faces of them both, we firmly declare that for all purposes of mental education, there is no one study that can compare in importance with that of history, ancient and modern, general and particular; including in this well written biographies of eminent persons.

For the ideas which produce facts, we must rely mainly upon poems, both in prose and verse. Marathon and Salamis would never have been won, but for the "thunder roll of Homer's verse;" this Republic we vaunt so much would have had no existence, but for the legion-like tramp of St. Paul's exhortations, and the lofty organ tones of St. John the Seer.

There are very many persons whose educations (notwithstanding the boarding-schools!) have been sorrowfully neglected, and who have not the time to devote to any regular course of reading. For these unfortunates, a daily newspaper, one or two good magazines, that do not waste their strength in attacking any religious beliefs, and a few good novels must suffice. It is impossible to lay too strong an emphasis on the adjective. A good novel is a wholesome part of a nourishing mental diet; while bad ones are worse for the mind than the entire heterogeneous contents of a drug shop for the body. The bad novels create a generation of vicious idiots; while the poisons only fill cemeteries.

But even the best of reading, and plenty of it, is of real use no farther than as a means of training to their highest action the reflective and observant faculties. One might as well—for all usefulness to one's self—be a stuffed and roasted turkey, as to have a mind crammed with undigested learning; other people may make use of one's acquirements, as diners eat the turkey. We all have known people who were really very intelligent, possessed of much information, and with minds under most thorough control, whose mere book-education would not have qualified them to teach an infant-school. The secret lay in the quick and unceasing observation of all events, characters, incidents, objects, words and looks that came within range of their eyes, or their ears, closely followed by clear, unsleeping reflection upon them.

The perceptive faculties may be a lower development of intellect than the reflective and the ideal, but these are of comparatively little use without the perceptive; they are the fact-gatherers, the food-collectors for the organs of higher range. But no mental faculty should be allowed to do its

work aimlessly, or fruitlessly. The three steps, observe, reflect, originate, should all be taken, or we have not achieved the full use of the intellect. We should be intelligent with purpose.

## SUCH IS FAME.

Emerson lives much to himself, both in body and mind. Somebody asked him why he omitted "Paul Revere's Ride" from "Parnassus." He said he never heard of it, and asked, "Who wrote it?" "Why, Longfellow wrote it!" said the questioner. "Did he?" asked the sage, in amazement.

An Englishman called on Longfellow one day and asked to see his house, which was Washington's headquarters at Cambridge. He showed him through courteously, the visitor expressed much satisfaction, and begged to know his host's name. "Longfellow," said the poet, not unreasonably expecting some recognition. "Ah, indeed! an American?"

But worse even than that is the story of some Cambridge tourists who asked the car conductor to show them Lowell's house. He said he didn't know the name. "James Russell Lowell," explained the visitors. The man shook his head: "There's a baker down town by the name of Lowell," said he, "but the cars don't go anywhere near him."

## WHO NAMED THE COLLEGES.

The Yale Courant says:

Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left to the college £779, and a library of over 300 books.

Williams College was named after Col. Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the old French war.

Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount, and was President of the first Board of Trustees.

Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate of the college, went into business, became very wealthy and endowed the college very largely.

Columbia College was called King's College till the close of the war for independence, when it received the name of Columbia.

Bowdoin College was named after Governor Bowdoin, of Maine.

Yale College was named after Elihu Yale who made very liberal donations to the college.

Colby University formerly Waterville College, was named after Mr. Colby, of Boston, who gave \$50,000 to the college in 1866.

Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder.

## PURE LITERATURE.

Zion's Herald says: A very important and promising movement has been organized, to secure, by obtaining the consent and co-operation of railroad and steamboat companies, the circulation of only pure and wholesome literature upon their routes. Good progress has already been made in some parts of the country. The work is opening favorably among the roads in New England.

## THE REVIEWER.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for May, completes its fiftieth volume and its twenty-fifth year. It is an

excellent number. It opens with a graphic description of the Concord Fight, by Frederic Hudson, illustrated with twenty-eight engravings, including fac-similes of Emerson's poem and Longfellow's "Ride of Paul Revere." This article is peculiarly timely, being published on the eve of the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the event described, and is worthy of the twenty-eight pages which it occupies. Hon. S. S. Cox contributes another clever paper on American Humor; Mr. Parton discourses of Caricature in the Puritan Period; Prof. Brewer, of New Haven, gives a concise history of our Agricultural Progress; T. Sterry Hunt discusses the Development of the Mineral Resources; Edwin P. Whipple treats of American Literature; and these are but a few of the good things in this number by distinguished writers. In the Easy Chair Mr. Curtis points with just pride to the past and present of this excellent Magazine.

The April issue of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY has the following table of contents: A midnight Fantasy, T. B. Aldrich; Calling the Dead, S. M. B. Piatt; Campaigning with Max, George E. Waring, Jr.; Immortelles, Edgar Fawcett; "The Thing which hath been Shall be," Rose Terry Cook; Diana, James Maurice Thompson; Roderick Hudson, IV. Experience, Henry James, Jr.; Ursula, Helen Barron Bostwick; A Piece of Sacred History, President Lincoln and the Virginia Convention of 1861, Allen B. Magruder; Old Times on the Mississippi, IV. The "Cub" Pilot's Education nearly Completed, Mark Twain; Across the Street, T. B. Aldrich; The Virginia Campaign of John Brown, IV. The True Nature of his Plans, F. B. Sanborn; The Two Angels, John G. Whittier; Crime and Automatism, With a notice of M. Prosper Despine's Psychologie Naturelle, Oliver Wendell Holmes; William Blake, T. S. Perry; Our Comrades, M. B. C.; Recent Literature. The space devoted to recent Literature and Art is exceedingly interesting, Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. Price \$4.

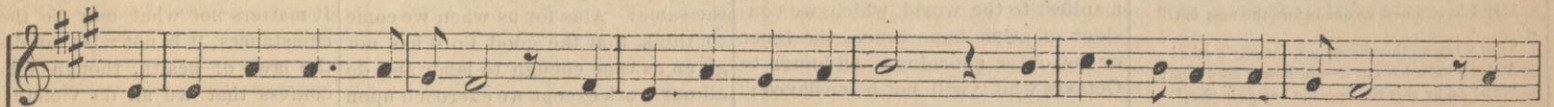
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The May number of this popular Monthly is very attractive. The opening paper (illustrated) is descriptive of a trip "up the Parana and in Paraguay." The author of Blindpits tells us "how Lady Louisa Moor amused herself." Mr. Edward Kearsley contributes a poem which is very remarkable for its vivid, descriptive, poetic energy. There is a very interesting paper by Alexander Delmar on "over-worked women." Miss Lazarus furnishes some charming verses called "Spring Joy." Of a totally different variety is a well-written paper on Frederic Lemaitre, the French dramatist, of whose acting Dickens declared that it was the finest he ever saw. Frank Vincent, Jr., contributes a valuable paper styled "Northward to High Asia." "Behind their Fans" is an amusing sketch. Mr. Black's story, "Three Feathers," reaches a climax, but only the beginning of "what comes of it" appears in this number. There are other papers of special interest. The Monthly Gossip, as ever, is very entertaining, and, altogether, the May number is unusually enjoyable.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR MAY. There is fun enough in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS to keep the children laughing till the next number comes out—if children are as jolly as we take them to be. First of all is Rose Terry's poem of "Poll Tadpole," which has a very seasonable flavor at this time of the metamorphosis of everything in general and of tadpoles in particular. Almost any one would laugh at the picture of "Poll," taken as he was lying at ease in his puddle, not dreaming that he would soon become a "discontinued baby-frog." Then there is a capital picture by Church full of this artist's humor. A more graphic expression of the comic effect of a newcomer's entrance has rarely been penciled. The stranger is scanned as closely by his fellow-prisoners as a new boy at a boarding-school. In the poem "Poor Puck," the humor even goes over into Fairyland, and our admiration of Puck's audacity in transgression is equalled by our respect for Queen Mab's tactics and her clever way of punishing the trespasser. And, as if this were not enough, the "Very Little Folks" have their share too,—a story, illustrated with five pictures, which, if the baby sees them first, will carry the laugh all around the circle to grandpa. Last, but not least is Jack-in-the-Pulpit, who is always funny. But ST. NICHOLAS knows how to be serious too: and no girl's story could be sweeter than Susan Coolidge's delightful May-day narrative of "Queen Blossom," with its beautiful illustration by Fredericks. The three illustrated stories by Rebecca Harding Davis, Elsie Gorham, and the author of "Rutledge" will interest everybody, and the practical articles will well repay all who read them, especially the two entitled "About Heraldry" and "The Feast of Flags," the illustrations of which are novelties. But we cannot name all the good things; we only envy the children the monthly happiness of such a magazine.

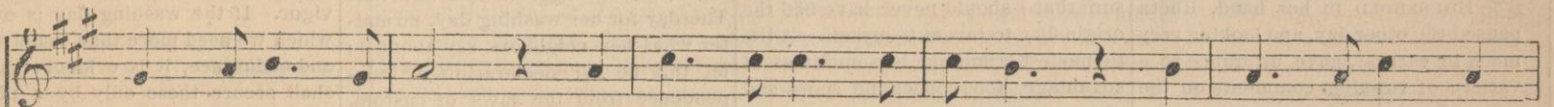


## I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER.

By W. P. CHAMBERLIN.



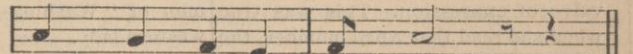
1. The mar - riage rite was o - ver, and though I turned a - side To keep the guests from see - ing the  
 2. She is a fair young creature, with meek and gen - tle air, With blue eyes soft and lov - ing, and  
 3. To - night I heard her sing - ing the song I used to love, When its dear notes were ut - tered by  
 4. My fath - er, in the sun - shine of hap - py days to come, May half for - get the shad - ow that  
 5. They've borne my moth - er's pic - ture, from its ac - cus - tom'd place, And set be - side my fa - ther a



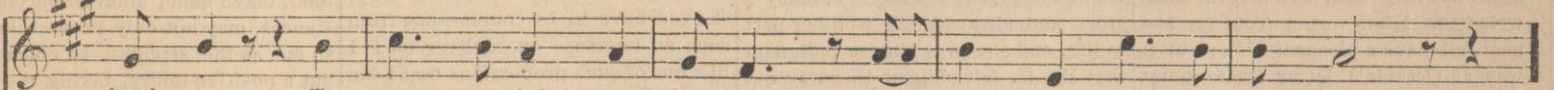
tears I could not hide; I wreathed my face in smil - ing, and led my lit - tle  
 sun - ny, silk - en hair; I know my fath - er gives her the love he bore an -  
 her who sings a - bove; It grieves my heart to hear it, my tears I could not  
 dar - kened our dear; home, His heart no more is lone - ly, but I and lit - tle  
 young - er, fair - er, face; They've made her dear old cham - ber the bou - doir of an -



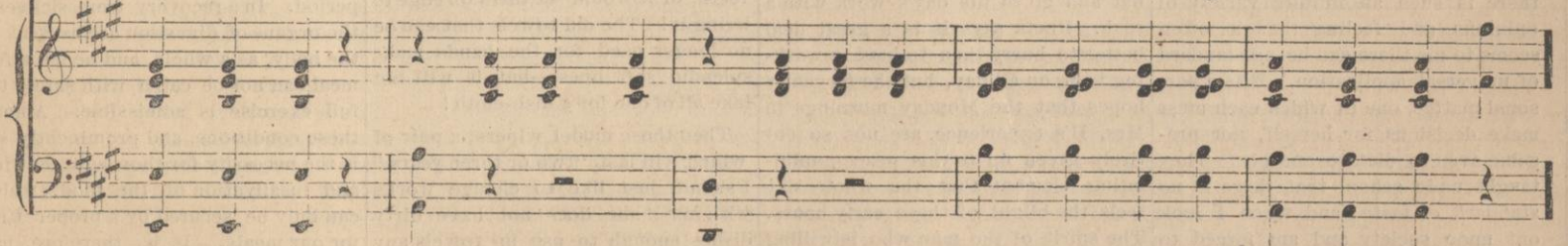
Last Verse.



own, my an - gel moth - er.



broth - er To greet my fath - er's cho - sen, but I could not call her moth - er.  
 oth - er, But if she were an an - gel I could not call her moth - er.  
 smoth - er, For ev - ery tone was hal - lowed by the dear voice of my moth - er.  
 broth - er, Must still be or - phan chil - dren, — God gives us but one moth - er.  
 oth - er, But I will not for - get thee, — my own, my an - gel moth - er.







## CHILDRENS' CALLS ON MOTHER.

"Mother, the fringe is torn from my dress!"  
 "Mother, my hair is all in a mess!"  
 "Mother, the circus came in this forenoon;  
 Ma! may I go?—'twill commence very soon."

"Ma! Katie Howard has got a blue sacque,  
 All scalloped and fringed, with a bow at the back,  
 While I have got nothing but this old red shawl—  
 May I have a new sacque before the next fall?"

"Put a rag on this finger, ma, for pity's sake!  
 A sharp knife has cut it—oh, how it does ache!"  
 "Ma! do fix this ribbon—the bow is untied,"  
 "Oh! ma, I tell off from the steps on my side!"

"I'm hungry! Ain't dinner most ready? Oh, dear!"  
 "Mother, the baker has come! Just look here!"  
 "Mother, I wish you would button my frock."  
 "Mother, while wading I lost my blue sock!"

But if I should try all the calls now to write  
 That the little ones urge on their mother, it might  
 Take more room, dear editor, than you would  
 think right—  
 So I'll say to the little ones, "kiss" and "good-  
 night."

## RHETA'S MUSINGS.

DEAR ONE AND ALL: With THE HOUSEHOLD in her hand, Rheta paused the other day, and looking very much in earnest, gave utterance to a variety of running comments on the sage remarks and practical suggestions which were still absorbing her attention. Dropping her lowest courtesy in presence of the sisterhood, she wonders whether any of them will smile on her in return if she ventures to assert herself, and she rejoices as she draws her stool a little nearer the fireside that these family gatherings are so informal and so fraternal that no one need feel embarrassed in the great assembly. Her heart often burns within her as she sits in these meetings, a silent listener, and sometimes the heat grows so intense that the only relief comes through the 'scape-valve of expression. This was true when she read that April number, the April number that came to us one night not long ago, and met its usual welcome. Kind words from far and near, all have a pleasant ring; but it was at Octavia's letter Rheta burst forth that day, it was what she said that is still uppermost in her mind.

A vexed question is this matter of dress and fashion, and one on which there is such an infinite variety of opinions and feeling that it often seems to me there can be no standard of universal application. It is a personal matter, one in which each must make decisions for herself, nor presume even to dictate another. They taught us in school that there is no standard of taste; and when I look out upon society and am forced to judge from appearances what it considers the chief end of living, I wonder if there is any standard of right or wrong, either. You nor I alone cannot expect to revolutionize the world; but, as a band of sisters, what might we not accomplish by precept and example? That the world is in urgent need of reform in this vital matter we must all admit; who of us shall have the honor of being

pioneers in the great work? And this much we each can do, this it is our duty to do, we can make our own dress a matter of conscience, accepting or rejecting as it shall dictate in view of our own, not somebody else's ideas of fitness and propriety, in view of our means and the demands of christianity upon our purse and our time.

Another kindred consideration should be ever before us too, and this, that no one of us is without influence in our immediate circle, that there is no one whom God does not require to manifest to the world which we consider of prime importance, the inner or the outer adorning. All honor to Octavia who "will not be enslaved;" may others catch her spirit of freedom and "despise oppression" as cordially. But one thing I thought when I reached the closing paragraph of her letter, where she declared she had "never worn an overskirt, a polonaise, nor a trimmed skirt," and I wondered how she disposed of an old dress when the waist and sleeves were worn out and the skirt still capable of doing service. Fashioning an upper story to such an old dress, which for convenience I call polonaise, I have more than once been thankful to dame fashion for so sensible a suggestion, sure that I should never have had the originality to invent it myself. A little modest trimming is sometimes of advantage, too, concealing spots and piecings till a partly worn garment, which but for this contrivance must be laid aside, is rendered quite presentable.

It becomes us then to aspire to the independence which selects from fashion's mandates, rather than to ignore them altogether; and let us, O, my sisters, for the sake of all that is holiest and richest in humanity, for the sake of our soul's highest interests, let us set our affections and aspirations on those incomparably above the fashions of this world.

Rheta burst forth again when she had turned a leaf and read that column of "Washing-day Hints," by a western lady.

Now Rheta has an aunt, a good soul who has figured creditably in many a story and always acted well her part in life, and she was almost indignant that Mr. H. felt obliged to hurry out of bed, hurrying through the morning, even to eating a hurried breakfast, and detain himself over the wash tub till obliged to hurry on his coat and hat and go to his day's work with a rush. Rheta says it is a great deal better to hurry than to have a washing hang on all day, but she fervently hopes that the Monday mornings in Mrs. H's experience are not so entirely given up to this peace-annihilating element that the whole day feels the blight of these early hours. The spirit of the man who is willing to help his wife with the washing is most certainly to be admired; we trust there are a great many such. Let Mrs. H. rejoice that her husband is sensible enough to know she needs assistance when she has those little ones to care for. But aunty has in mind a family where two stout grown-up daughters detained their old father to wait on them, and then, when the tubs were put away and he went out

to work, they mopped the slop by the stove and sitting down devoted themselves to the very necessary handiwork of piecing together bits of calico. That was before the days of our HOUSEHOLD.

But, dear Mrs. H., don't you take time from God's day to begin these washings, sorting out and putting the clothes to soak while yet it is the holy Sabbath, the only day in all the seven of which He has said, "In it thou shalt not do any work?" And then, do you intend to hint to every family in our great HOUSEHOLD to do the same? Alas for us when we come to think that the good Lord has not given us time enough to labor and do all our work except we encroach upon the one which is His own. We think she might as well have taken off her Sunday dress, for we fear she had no more inclination for church-going after this; besides, when we have supper to get our ideas of economy and appropriateness always prompt us to change our attire earlier in the day.

If the clothes must soak over night—but it is a notable fact that in our family of five the washing is often finished before dinner Monday, without beginning Sunday, either—yet if she thinks her clothes must soak over night, Rheta suggests that she take Tuesday for her washing day, no matter what her neighbors say about it; let this be her declaration of independence from the laws of custom, for fashion makes its voice heard in every department of our lives.

If I hadn't said so much already, I should like to tell you what I thought when I read Mrs. Somebody's instructions about dish-washing, way back in December. I got some good hints from her; for instance, it had never occurred to me that I could leave the plates in the dish-water while I scoured the knives. I always thought knife-scouring was the last thing, till she suggested it. And I find I can make some improvement in putting dishes to soak.

But it is her directions about dish-clothes and wiping-towels that are a poser on me. Now if she wants a dish-towel half a yard square—why, she can have it, of course—but from such an immense one deliver me! I like one of such proportions that I can take the whole of it in my hand at once, and have a little force left to work with beside. And then a cotton one, too! it must be she hasn't any teeth, or it would set them on edge to wring it! The old towels that can be no longer used for the hands make splendid soft ones,—but it will not take all of one for a dish-cloth!

Then those model wipers, a pair of which will last "two or three years." I should just like to change works with her if she does not have dirty dishes enough to use up towels any faster than that. Why, one does not always last me a week before it must be laid aside for the washtub, and sometimes I need two at one dish-washing,—what if I had only two in all? Let our dish-wipers be good—I despise old rags, such as I have seen used for this purpose—but do let us have more than two.

Can you see the beginning of this epistle from the end? I never presume

to write often, but when I do open my mouth I must approximate the freeing of my mind. Yours,

A. W. Q.

## WASHING DAY.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

In reply to Mrs. "L. S. H.," who says, while speaking of hasty eating: "even Dr. Hanaford would do it if he had to wash for four or five." It may be stated that principles remain the same, as firm as the everlasting hills. It matters not what may be the circumstances, it is not wise to disobey the laws of health, though we must confess that we all do violate these laws, disregard the conditions of health and consequently suffer the penalty. Indeed, I do not suppose that there would be any pain, any sickness, aside from the violations of the laws of our being. If so, it follows that death would result as a natural consequence, that we should die as did the patriarchs, painlessly, "full of days," simply because the vital forces are exhausted, the "oil of life" burned.

But to return to the washing. If we would secure extra strength for any particular emergency, we must observe the conditions of health and vigor. If the washing day is one in which we need more than usual vigor and endurance, it is evident that we shall secure these only by a proper regard to these conditions. And let it be remembered that to secure the greatest amount of muscle power we must not only take food of a nourishing kind, that properly called *muscle food*, but we must take it under favorable circumstances. To hurry in taking it is to derange the organs of digestion and practically to rob ourselves of the nutriment which we may need and which the food contains, or a part of it. When, therefore, we have the most need of nourishment as a means of securing the greatest amount of vigor and endurance, we should be the more careful to regard the necessary conditions, remembering that digestion and invigoration are governed by immutable laws. The most nourishing food, taken under unfavorable circumstances, may not only prove valueless so far as the strength is concerned, but a positive injury, taxing the body more than it can possibly nourish it, since the digestion of a full meal, under some circumstances, may exhaust the body as much as *hard work* for the same period. In a recovery from sickness, the organs of digestion are as weak as the body, as a whole, and hence a full meal can not be eaten with safety till full exercise is admissible. Among these conditions, and prominently so, is the necessity for thorough chewing and insalivation of the food, which can only be secured by a proper time for our meals. It is, therefore, bad policy to deprive ourselves, by haste, of the needful food on the days in which we feel that we have the greatest occasion for nourishment.

Again, when one is as fortunate as our sister in having a kind husband to aid her, and when he only "knows that it is washing day by the line of clothes", is there any real need of special haste when all may be completed by "ten o'clock?" There is ample time in each



day for the real duties of that day, and we need not prematurely exhaust our vital forces by hurry and excitement, since it is possible to make haste slowly. And now I may remark that more ladies are exhausted, worn out by needless worry, fretting and undue anxiety, than by real *hard work*. This is not said in a censorious spirit since this often results from diseases of the nerves.

Allow me to add that the wringers, the washers and all possible aids in washing (including the aid of the men and boys,) are among the necessities of a well ordered household. This is the "trying day of the week" and while so many women are annually sacrificed by the toils of the kitchen (many of which are needless) it is right to mitigate them as much as possible.

The following recipe for washing fluid is perfectly reliable:—Boil 1-2 pounds of washing soda, 1-4 of borax in one gallon of water, and when cold, add half a cup of ammonia, and keep well corked. Use a cup full to each pail full of water. I may here add that a tea spoon full of ammonia to a quart of water, will aid very much in the matter of house cleaning, removing the dirt from paint "with dispatch." It is well to wet and then let it remain a few moments before wiping.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Maud comes with another question, is she welcome? This time it is not a question of pecuniary reward, nor does it concern literature at all, but is a matter of religion. Perhaps you think it strange that I should come to you with a question that should be decided by the bible or conscience. But that is the very thing—are we to obey conscience, or to make the question more definite, is conscience a correct moral guide? I have heard several discussions on this subject and listened to some of the arguments produced on both sides, but nothing that seemed to satisfy my principles or doubts. Can any of you shed a little light on the subject?

Can I ever thank you all enough for the interest you have taken in my welfare and for the many, many notices of kind regard I have received. More than all I have found a dear friend and correspondent of whose existence I should never have known had that fateful "cry of distress" never reached THE HOUSEHOLD. I am reading Mrs. Dorr's story "Rachel Dilloway's Son," and here through these dear old columns I thank her for the words she has written there. Oh, how I would love to see you all; but I cannot, it is impossible, though I shall always remember you and think of you, not as strangers, but as friends. MAUD.

MR. CROWELL:—May I tell you how I love to read the letters to THE HOUSEHOLD, and how all the sisters seem like old friends? There was one letter in your last number that touched a chord which will never cease to vibrate at the slightest reference to the subject. I refer to Dora's little letter. Oh, sister, the heart bitterness, the desolation of a bereaved mother, who can tell? Your baby left you four

years ago, you say; the angels came for mine last September, my little precious Willie; through the spring and summer he gladdened our hearts and made sunshine in our lives, then Our Father sent for him and he left us, my husband and me, *all alone*. My arms are empty now, God has my little baby. This winter the death angel again visited us, this time for my dear father. When we cross the river we shall meet our loved again, but earth without them is very lonely. ELLA.

Odell, Illinois.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Since writing for the agency for this county we have been terribly afflicted with sickness and death which has prevented my doing anything for you. I have told a few persons of your generous offer of the Trial Trip, and will send you the names of four whom I hope will become permanent subscribers.

I am not Mrs. Dorr but would like to make a suggestion to Dora. She asks how a happy home may be made when there is not one darling child in it; there are so many homeless orphans that I would say hunt you up a sweet, bright one and make it yours, and see if it does not bring with it sunshine. For the first five years of our married life our home was cheerless for the want of the sweet prattle and winsome ways of a little child. Providentially we got a little four years old orphan girl, who has given us trouble 'tis true, yet the pleasure I think has overbalanced it. I feel that it is a duty we childless ones owe to the orphans. I know it is hard to fill a mother's place, but let us do the best we can and leave the result with God. I think this world is so cold to a motherless child; they so much need a mother's love and care.

I must thank Olive Oldstyle for her article on "Types and Blanks, etc.," it has relieved my mind of a load, for I always felt that I was a blank. I heard a most estimable lady make the same remark of herself the other day and I referred her to Olive's letter. I will close by wishing THE HOUSEHOLD continued success. N. J. S.

Ironton, Mo.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A subscriber out west wishes to congratulate you, and I but echo the thanks of many others for so valuable a paper, and knowing you are not a vain man, one more word of praise will not affect you. I have been a subscriber but a year, and I thank the friend most sincerely for placing you in my family, and we wait impatiently for your monthly visit. I never spent a dollar for a better use and I for one shall work for you, as I know it needs only to be read to be appreciated.

I want to thank Aunt Leisurely for her directions in bread making and to all THE HOUSEHOLD Band for the pleasure and help I receive from them, and I say do not let THE HOUSEHOLD become extinct, while you can all add so much by contributions, and may you continue to prosper and grow in usefulness. A MOTHER.

Keokuk, Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Permit me to say a few words to thank you for your valuable paper. It has been a great

help to me; I have taken it a number of years and it has been a great comfort to me. I look forward to its monthly visit with great anticipation, and I hope we shall soon hail its coming as often as twice a month. It seems to be just such a paper as the housekeeper needs and especially mothers.

I do not feel like a stranger to THE HOUSEHOLD Band but feel a strong love for them all, especially with "Earnest words with Parents," for I have three dear little ones I am trying to train up to a life of usefulness. It is my daily prayer that I may have wisdom given me sufficient to instruct their minds aright, and make their childhood days happy ones. Your kind words and good advice have given me much encouragement.

When I get low spirited or sad I take up THE HOUSEHOLD and always find something in it that brings back my wonted cheerfulness and encourages me to persevere in the right way. I was much pleased with sister Jessie's recipes. I have tried a number of them and found them good, they were just what we farmer's wives want who wish to cook plain and wholesome food. Please send us some more. U. M. W.

MR. CROWELL:—I succeeded in getting six subscribers for your HOUSEHOLD on trial for three months and here is the money, sixty cents. I would get more but was not well and am still complaining. I value your magazine highly and shall take it as long as I live. I value it more than the speaking people do, I guess, as I am deaf and dumb. I began housekeeping only a little less than a year ago, and there are my husband and three children to care for. God took our beloved little boy, Johnnie, home to himself last month on the second. He was only fifteen months old and was sick but four days. God's will be done.

I always enjoy reading the letters to THE HOUSEHOLD, they do me so much good. I am often in perplexity about housekeeping, training children and so on, on account of my misfortune. I know not how to express my feelings and thoughts to these dear sisters; I don't think I can succeed and so must cut short. If you print this in THE HOUSEHOLD perhaps I may hear from one of them through it. Your constant reader, SUE ZORBAUGH.

D. & D. Inst., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have quite lately become a member of your family, but have been with you in feeling sometime, in fact, longer than I have known that such a paper existed. I have, for several years, been interested in the movement made toward aiding and elevating woman or of teaching her how to elevate herself; for as Mrs. Dorr said in the January number, I believe that the elevation of woman "must have its foundation in character," and I was delighted, upon my first reading of your columns, to discover so many articles written evidently for that purpose. Your many contributors have received, already, so much deserved praise that none is needed from me. I will say, however, that I am thoroughly pleased with you.

Such of your recipes as I have tried I found excellent.

I wish especially to thank Fanny M. Steele and Common Sense for their articles on the improvements in dress, their descriptions of, and directions in regard to the chemiloon, chemi-jupe, etc., were just what I had been wishing for. I heartily agree with all who have written upon the extravagance of dress, and the amount of money, time, and strength wasted in manufacturing the uncomfortable things women wear, and at the same time would like to say something concerning another extravagance, which if not so great, is quite as dangerous.

I am no scientist, so cannot speak from actual knowledge, but believe it is generally conceded by those who have investigated, that the dishes which we require the most time and expense to prepare, and are called the richest, are in reality the poorest food we eat, poorest because affording the least nutriment, and not only that, but contains besides the germs of disease. Who believes that greasy pastry, pepper, cloves, and other spices would long sustain life, or even be relished if we were not brought up to eat, and like them?

Now, I believe, that our faculties were given us to be put to a better use than that of torturing the body with either an unnatural and uncomfortable load upon the outside, or an indigestible and innutritious load upon the inside, merely to gratify self, and, I believe, also, that we shall just as surely have to answer for such a use of our abilities, as the mechanical genius who abuses the Father's gift, by applying it to the invention of burglar's tools, counterfeiter's plates, etc., or the manufacturer, who tacitly gives to the mechanic's idea a material form.

The most of you, perhaps, have thought of all this long ago and have guided your course accordingly, but if any there are to whom these ideas are new, they may feel like saying as I have heard others say, that such a belief, makes the "straight and narrow road," very narrow indeed. To such I would say, in the light I have, it is beautifully straight, and though it is narrow, is quite wide enough for all, if they choose, and is adorned on both sides by roses of health, and smiles of happiness, and is illumined by the approving light of the Father's eye.

One word more and I am done. I like Olive Oldstyle's articles, all, and I particularly liked her letter to Martyr on the tyranny of style, but when I read her quotation from H. W. Beecher I did not feel so much like condemning the use of the fork in eating, for I thought that most people would probably overtake their food with a fork as often as their masticators were ready for it. In truth, I think there would be less complaint of overeating if more people instead of "shovelling their food into their mouths" with their knives were to chase it around their plates for a while between each mouthful.

RUTH O. DUNN.

#### WASHING BLANKETS.

I very often speak of it—how very careless people in general are about



letting their blankets go dirty. There's the Crookses, who never wash a blanket from November till May—good, soft, warm, woolly blankets, but in all those months only think of the foulness they absorb. Why—every blanket is so many yards of pestilence. The body of every little Crooks will throw off just so much dead matter, and the woolly blanket will suck it in like a sponge. The effete air of their short and narrow bed-rooms will settle into the friendly blanket until it will be as dangerous as a pest home, and yet it is left to cover the growing bodies of the little children, and to snuggle closely about their ears in the chilly nights, left for months at a time.

This is a serious thing to think of, and mothers should look well to the fact of having good, clean, well-aired beds and bed-rooms.

Let the blankets be washed every two weeks, and don't make up the beds in the morning as soon as the little folks get up. "Hurry and make up the beds while they are warm; it won't be so cold on your fingers then," is the common remark from the mother to her daughters about the time the work is done up in the kitchen, but the plan is not a good one. Be sure it is not advisable to let the beds lie tumbled all day. It looks lazy and untidy, and gives a bed-room such an air of discomfort. As soon as you are dressed, fling open every window, throw back the bedclothes, shake up the bed, toss the pillows, and let things remain thus an hour or two, with the breezes chasing each other through the bed-room. Then put things in order, leaving the windows open, if possible.

Washing blankets is nice work, and not hard if taken my way. The evening before I wash blankets I dissolve three cents' worth of borax in half a tub full of warm water, and soak the blankets over night. The last thing before I retire, and the first thing in the morning, is to give the contents of the tub a turning over and pressing down. The job will be a pleasure instead of a task, and with a washer and wringer it is a real funny play.

I forgot to say that I add soap and hot water, and wash the blankets thoroughly in the same water in which they lie all night. Then I wash them through another suds as hot as I can well bear my hands in. I never rinse my blankets or woolen garments in either hot or cold water.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

#### HOW TO PREPARE FEATHERS FOR USE.

Make bags of coarse unbleached cloth—one to contain the geese and ducks' feathers, and the others for chickens' and turkeys' feathers. When plucking the poultry cut off the wings first; and if not needed for dusters, strip off the feathers from the parts nearest the body, and then peel off the feathery part from the quill, but take care that no skin or flesh adheres to any of the feathers. Put the bags into a brick oven, if you are the fortunate possessor of one, and keep them there, excepting when the oven is used for baking purposes—taking them out into the wind occasionally,

and beating them with a stick. When you have collected enough to fill a pillow, cut the shape you desire out of bed-ticking, and stitch it round on the wrong side with coarse, well-waxed thread, leaving a small space at the top to put in the feathers. Now lay it on a table, and rub it over on the wrong side with a piece of beeswax, just warmed a little, so that it will besmear the ticking. If you cannot obtain the beeswax, common yellow soap will do as well.

If you do not wish to use the feathers either for pillows or sofa cushions, they can be put into beds that have become a little empty. The geese and duck feathers make the best beds, but the mixed feathers do well for cushions. If any of the skin or flesh adheres to the feathers, they will have a putrid odor, which may seem to be an insurmountable objection to their use; but if, after a family wash is finished, the bag, tied up closely at the neck, is put into the boiler of soapsuds and boiled a few moments, moving it about with a clothes stick, and lifting it up and down and squeezing it out a few times, and is then taken out and hung in the air, and shaken hard, for several days, when the feathers become dry they will be light and free from any bad smell; and they can now be put into the oven, and thus kept from moths and be always ready for use.—*Country Gentleman.*

#### CARE OF GLASS AND CHINA.

It ought to be taken for granted that all china and glass-ware is well tempered; yet a little careful attention may not be misplaced, even on that point; for, though ornamental china or glass-ware is not exposed to the action of hot water in common domestic use, yet it may be injudiciously immersed in it for the purpose of cleaning; and as an article intended solely for ornament, may not be so highly annealed as others, without fraudulent negligence on the part of the manufacturers, it will be proper never to apply water to it, when beyond a tepid temperature.

But when fractures take place, the best cement both for strength and invisibility, is that made from mastic. The process, indeed, may be thought tedious; but a sufficient quantity can be made at once to last a lifetime: To an ounce of mastic add as much highly rectified spirits of wine as will dissolve it. Soak an ounce of isinglass in water until quite soft; then dissolve it in pure rum or brandy until it forms a strong glue, to which add about a quarter of an ounce of gum ammoniac, well rubbed and mixed. Put the two mixtures together in an earthen vessel over a gentle heat; when well united, the mixture may be put into a phial and kept well stopped. When wanted for use, the bottle must be set in warm water, and the article to be mended must also be warmed before the cement is applied. The broken surfaces when carefully joined should be kept in close contact for at least twelve hours, after which the fracture will be scarcely perceptible, and the adhesion perfect. The broken portion will also be as strong as the unbroken. The same cement may be applied to marble, and even to metal.

#### HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Many ladies are troubled with cold feet, a source of great discomfort, as well as being bad for the general health. If such will adopt cloth shoes, not lasting, but good woolen cloth, made with moderately thick sole, low heel, and tipped at heel and toe with leather, they will find them much warmer than an all leather boot while they look quite as well. Some may object that they will not do for sloppy weather, but nearly every lady wears rubbers in very sloppy weather no matter what her boots are made of. Let those who are sufferers from chilblains try the change; I speak from my own experience, I would not wear a hard, cold, glossy, leather boot in the winter time (except no others could be had) for anything!

Flannel clothing of bright scarlet will become dark and discolored after frequent washing; to restore, put it through a bath of acidulated water; either a few drops of sulphuric acid, or tartaric acid dissolved until the water tastes quite sour. Even strong vinegar mixed with the water has a good effect; the same has a good effect on blue flannels.

To those who do not have soft soap I would say, keep an old jar or tin, and chip all the bits of hard soap into it, as they become worn too small for the hand, cover with water, and it is always dissolved ready for the wash-boiler.

In scouring coffee pots small tin pails, etc., if the vessel be filled with hot water, it will be polished on the outside with half the labor that it requires when cold.

SADIE.

Marengo, Iowa.

#### STEAMED BEEF.

Let me recommend my way of roasting meat, which is very easy, makes a luscious dinner, and costs much less than the usual method. Buy a piece out of the shoulder of a beef creature, which we get here for fourteen cents per pound, when a piece to roast costs thirty. Wash it in cold water; put just enough hot water into the "dish kettle" to cover the rim; then lay in an old fashioned steamer, which is a round piece of tin, a little smaller than your kettle, full of holes. Upon that lay your meat, keeping it entirely out of water.

Cook in this way a piece that weighs five or six pounds four hours. Then take it out very carefully, as it is supposed to be exceedingly tender; thicken and salt the gravy to your taste; put the meat back, down into the gravy; boil slowly twenty minutes. Take out upon a platter and serve as you would roast meat. The gravy is very rich and nice. Cook all the time very slowly, taking care that the water does not boil away and burn, as that spoils your dinner. Better keep the kettle on the back part of the stove.

If you have steamed beef for dinner Tuesday, there will, if you calculate rightly, be enough left for dinner Wednesday, when you must slice it thin and warm it up in the gravy, in which manner it is delicious. Tomatoes fried or stewed are nice with such a dinner, as are squash and turnip.

#### HOW TO MAKE COFFEE.

I take rather more than the usual amount of coffee, and pour on it hot water when it is ready to be used; in other words, I make French coffee. The grounds from this operation I leave to soak in the pot till the next day, when I begin coffee making by pouring hot water on these grounds, which hot water I use according to the French plan in making coffee from fresh-ground coffee. The process is now in full operation, and every time coffee is wanted the manipulations of the second morning are repeated. I thus extract all the soluble and useful matter of roasted coffee, and waste nothing.

To put the art in the most practical form, I have found it necessary to modify the coffeepot. Perhaps the simplest apparatus is the most ordinary pot provided with two strainers. They are of cup form, and fit into each other and into the top of the pot.

For use I set a strainer on the top of the pot, and in the strainer I place fresh ground coffee; over this I use the second strainer, containing the grounds of the last operation. Now hot water is poured into the upper strainer, and percolates down into the pot, carrying with it all the goodness remaining in the grounds, and the aroma and much of the extractive of the fresh ground coffee. When the water has passed down, I throw away the now useless contents of the upper strainer, and upset the contents of the lower strainer into the pot.—*Prof. C. A. Seely.*

#### FRENCH DOMESTICS.

A Parisian lady received the following letter:—"Madame, Mlle. Julie, who has been in your service, has presented herself for the situation of lady's maid. I should be much obliged to you if you would tell me if she knows how to make dresses and to trim bonnets, if she embroiders well, if she darns well, if she can iron fine linen; and if she is clever at hair-dressing."

The lady answered: "Madam, my dresses are made by a dressmaker, my bonnets by a *modiste*, and my embroideries by a *broduse*, my linen is ironed by a laundress, and my hair is dressed by a hair-dresser. I never wear anything that has been darned. You see that I cannot answer your questions. All I can tell you of Mlle. Julie is that she left my service because she has too much to do."

#### BAKED BEANS.

Many people do not understand how to have nice baked beans. Bake the beans all day, and if convenient let them stay in over night, baking full twenty-four hours, and our word for it, they will come out in the morning and with a flavor that will make your mouth water to taste of them.

We sometimes see persons who only have moderate liking for baked beans, who invariably bake them three or four hours, and that is why they do not like them any better. A day and night is none too much time to bake them, having parboiled them only until the skins will crack when the air comes to them.



—To drive rats away, fill the rat-holes with new slacked lime, repeat it a second time if necessary. It effects them in such a manner that they soon leave, very seldom requiring a repetition of the dose.

## HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MR. CROWELL:—Seeing several inquiries in the paper I thought I would answer a few that come within my experience.

**BROWN BREAD.**—J. J. M., I think you will find this recipe to be all you wish for in brown bread. Please give it a trial. One quart of milk, sour if you have it, if not sweet, four cups of corn meal, two cups of either rye or wheat flour, just which you prefer, or rye meal, two-thirds of a cup of molasses, one even teaspoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of dry soda or saleratus; this may be baked; we like it best cooked in a covered tin pudding boiler and set into a kettle of boiling water, first putting into the kettle three or four very large nails for the boiler to set upon; steam two hours and a half. I never scald meal for bread except when I have made the old fashioned kind that is risen with yeast, but we like this kind of bread much better. I have eaten very good bread made this way with water.

**APPLE DUMPLINGS.**—To Annie A. S. The old way to make these is to make up dough same as for cream tartar biscuits, take a piece of the dough either roll or pull it with the hands till it is about half an inch thick. Take of cored and pared apple, a half or quarter, according to the size, put it in the centre of the dough, make it up into a round ball pinching the dough together; if too thick when it is closed cut off a piece of the dough. When all are made drop them into boiling water and boil them half an hour. I use boiled sauce made with a cup of sugar and a cup of water boiled together for a few minutes; thicken with a little corn starch; add a small piece of butter and a little nutmeg.

**BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.**—These are much better than boiled; the crust is made the same way but with more shortening.

**APPLE OR PRUNE PUDDING.**—Crust to be made same as for cream tartar biscuit, to be cooked by steam in a covered tin boiler; roll the crust to the required size and half an inch thick; use first a layer of crust, then sliced apple and so on having the top layer a crust, leaving room for the pudding to swell; if prunes are used swell them first by soaking them in warm water; don't let them boil as that breaks the skin. Cook the pudding an hour and a half or two hours according to the size. Make a sauce same as for the dumplings. I have made these puddings with peaches, both fresh and dried, and with dried apple, (always swelling the dried fruit,) with blackberries, and with whortleberries (or huckleberries,) and I never knew of one being heavy made this way.

**KEY WEST DUMPLINGS.**—These are also made up same as for cream tartar biscuit, but are boiled in the sauce; take as much sugar as you think will be needed to make sauce; put it in a tin or earthen pan that you can set in the oven, make up the dumplings, have the sauce boiling when they are put in; drop them in, cover with a tin plate or any cover that may be handy, boil them half an hour; the sauce need not be made near as sweet as you wish it for the table, as it will boil away; take up the dumpling with a skimmer then flavor the sauce as you wish. These are very nice.

**CLEANING TABLE MATS MADE OF STRAW OR PALMETTO.**—Wash them clean, rinse them in cold water, have a barrel handy with something to cover it close; have a thin flat stick to lay across the top, draw a string with a needle through the mats and hang them all separately from this flat stick; take an old iron dish with live charcoal or embers, set it in the bottom of the barrel, sprinkle perhaps a teaspoonful of sulphur or powdered brimstone upon the coals; having the stick with mats already on the top of the barrel, move the stick quickly to the middle of the barrel and cover the barrel tight. Two or three smokings which may be applied the same day, will probably be enough, but be careful not to have the mats too near the

coals. It is better to have the barrel out of doors or in a shed room with the windows open as the fumes of the sulphur will escape some; every time you apply a fresh smoke wet the mats in cold water.

**DRIED BEEF.**—I will tell you how some of my friends keep it—by burying it in oats.

**FROSTING.**—One pound of pulverized sugar and the whites of two eggs is my rule. Sometimes the frosting stiffens up so that I do not use all the sugar. The above is enough for a large cake. Roll the sugar or sift it, as there may be small lumps, stir gradually into the whites this sugar; when nearly stiff enough, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon, when all the sugar is in that is required, give it a good stirring, put the frosting in the centre of the loaf of cake, dip a broad bladed knife in water and spread the frosting, dipping the knife in the water often enough to prevent sticking; when spread, put the cake on the stove hearth, or under the stove for a half hour, perhaps, till it gets firm. It takes but a few minutes to make the frosting and it is always good, it is much better than to beat the eggs to a froth; only try it. The lemon juice gives a pleasant flavor, while the acid acts upon the frosting making it whiter and nicer to cut. Always have the cake cold.

**YEAST CAKES.**—These are made by stirring in corn meal to fresh well risen yeast, and working it up into a loaf, cut off thin slices put them where they will dry, if near the fire don't let them get too hot. To use any yeast cakes I soak them in a little warm water until soft and stir them right up with the flour.

**BREWS.**—This is made of pieces of dry bread. Place the pieces in a spider, or other convenient vessel, pour on cold milk, sprinkle in a little salt, and pieces of butter, as much or as little as you wish, set it over the fire; when it boils up it is done. This may be made with white or with brown bread, and is very good. MRS. S. L.

**BROWN BREAD.**—Nellie E. asks for a recipe for brown bread. Four cups of corn meal, two cups of rye flour, one-half cup of molasses, one quart of sweet milk or water, two small teaspoonfuls of soda. Put in a tin pail, put on the cover, set it in a kettle of boiling water and cover the kettle so as to keep in all the steam. Boil three and one-half hours; leave room in the pail for it to rise; when done use plenty of butter and it is splendid.

**APPLE DUMPLINGS.**—Anna A. S. asks for apple dumplings; as no one has replied, I will send mine. Peel and core the apples, using those that cook quickly. Make a crust the same as for yeast powder biscuit, I prefer Seafoam powder. Have ready a pan with enough boiling water to almost cover the dumplings, seasoned with plenty of butter; sugar and nutmeg to the taste; put in and bake quickly as the sooner crust with yeast powder bakes the better. This water forms the sauce and they are ready to be eaten as soon as done. A MOTHER.

**CREAM CAKES.**—Mr. Editor:—When the always welcome HOUSEHOLD arrived, I saw that Phoebe W. would like a recipe for cream cakes; here is one which I have used for several years and found very good. Boil in half a pint of water, three-fourths of a cup of butter, stir in while boiling one and three-fourths cups of flour; take from the fire, and stir in gradually, five eggs, not beating them, and one-half teaspoonful of soda, dry. Drop on pans half the size you want them when baked. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes.

**Filling for the above.**—Boil one pint of milk; beat together three or four eggs, one cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of flour and stir this into the boiling milk. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

I think Phoebe W. will find these cakes very nice if she makes them like the recipe. AUNT EM.

For the benefit of those who, like Reader from Minnesota are afraid of soda, I give a recipe for oatmeal cakes of which we are very fond.

**OATMEAL CAKES WITHOUT SODA.**—Make a thin batter of oatmeal and cold water,

let it stand over night and in the morning stir in enough Graham flour to make quite a thick batter, beat a minute or two and then drop into gem pans. Have the gem pans hot and bake in a quick oven, that is quite warm at first but cooler toward the last; bake twenty or twenty-five minutes. They will be found quite tender when warm. Cold cakes can be made quite as good as the fresh by standing on the oven grate of a moderate oven five or ten minutes. R. O. D.

**DRYING CORN.**—Dear Household:—Your correspondent on drying corn takes unnecessary labor, and loses much of its nutriment. My method seems better as hers was tried by me years ago. Corn, when at its best for eating, will shrink little when boiled, and when cold will shell easily with the hand. Boil fifteen minutes; cool, or nearly cool it; shell it from the cob; mingle a large quantity of fine salt, the moisture from the corn will dissolve it; place in a shallow pan; the salt extracts the water from the corn, it shrinks, and a short time in the sun finishes it. Hang in paper bags. When used, wash off the salt, and let it stand on a hot stove over night, change the water and beat again. The corn is as sweet as if fresh from the field. Lovers of sweet corn, try it, you will never buy the slop they call "canned corn."

**COOKING PIE PLANT.**—As pie plant will soon appear, perhaps some of your readers who love variety will try one of my modes of using it. Cook thoroughly, strain through a sieve, add two thoroughly beaten eggs. Bake as a custard, no upper crust. Of course we can hardly use too much sugar with pie plant. P. W.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—Would L. E. L. consider it too much trouble to answer a few questions from an afflicted sister concerning the oatmeal? I would like to ask just what the proportions are? how many tablespoonfuls of the meal, about how much water, how long it should stand before being strained off, and whether it will remove freckles also? Please excuse me for asking so many questions, but I wanted to be quite sure about it before I tried it. FANNIE.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for the past three years, and have found many valuable recipes. I would like to ask if any of the readers know how to make egg kisses such as the bakers make. Please answer through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, and oblige, MRS. W.

**FRIEND HOUSEHOLD:**—As it is time for me to subscribe for another year I enclose one dollar and ten cents, and wishing to ask a few questions I do it all in one letter.

I should be pleased if some one would tell me how to color black or to restore crape to a good black? and I would like to know how to color carpet rags any color, or to color fur black? I would like to know how to put up squash in jars for to use in the spring? and will some one please tell me how to make succotash? M. CARTER.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some one of your many readers tell me through your valuable paper, how to make good meat pies? what quantity of meat and how much apple, molasses, sugar and boiled cider, not forgetting the spice; then I want to know how to make a nice crust? I would be very thankful for this information. I would also like to know how to make good cream of tartar biscuit out of sweet milk or water?

Noticing in a late number that Mrs. S. C. would send recipes for coloring blue, green and canary, if any would like them. I would like them very much, as I am making a rag carpet. If she does not wish to send them through the paper, please give M. B. her address, I will send stamp. And if any of the Sister Band will tell me how to piece some pretty patch work for outside spreads, chair cushions, etc., and I will send stamp to any who may send name through THE HOUSEHOLD. M. B.

Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD Band tell me how they make the recipes available. I often find a recipe I would like to

try, but before I can do so, the paper is read, perhaps, and laid carefully away with the other back numbers, or I have forgotten which one it was in, or something prevents me from trying it, and so it is lost to me. I have thought of cutting out the recipes as I find them, but I do so dislike to mutilate my papers that I have not done it yet. I hope to hear how my sisters manage it. L. E. H.

MR. CROWELL:—Sir:—In the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD is a letter from Aunt Matilda of Newfield, Maine, concerning Dobbins' Electric Soap. I would like to know of her through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD if this soap is equally as good to wash flannels and calicoes as white cloths, and whether she boils the white clothes.

We value your paper very much and think it a great help to old as well as young housekeepers. With best wishes for your success, I remain as ever, S. M. W.  
Andover, Henry Co., Ill.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me what will remove stains from white marble? Also what will keep insects off canary birds? and oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD please send remedy for croup. MRS. W.  
Charleston, Ill.

I join in Maggie's request in January number to know how to make feather flowers, and would she oblige the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, with directions for making worsted flowers? MRS. M. A. G.

MR. CROWELL:—In the February number M. A. Blake wishes to know what will draw the soreness out of a bunion. Bind on cranberries and wear them night and day.

Will some of your readers please give directions for cooking creamed oysters? and oblige, G.  
Boston, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell a reader of that paper how to make a brush out of peafowl feathers? I would like to cover the handle of the brush with the quill of the feathers. A READER.

A friend at my elbow says, as THE HOUSEHOLD is kind enough to answer questions, please ask how to utilize coal ashes to advantage? S.

I would like to ask if any one will please tell me how to preserve or to make candied orange peel? MRS. S. L.  
Walnut, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one who knows say if clothes must be boiled in using Dobbins' Electric Soap? A LEARNER.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—In answer to A Learner's question, "must clothes be boiled in using Dobbins' Electric Soap," I beg to say that it is unnecessary, as the clothes will be just as white, sweet and clean without boiling. With resin soap, clothes must be boiled to get the resin off the fibre, and to release a part of the dirt. I take a half a bar for a washing of about ten dozen pieces, cut it into thin shavings and dissolve it thoroughly by boiling in a little water. I strain half of the solution (so as to see that it is all dissolved) into a tub of very hot water, and throw in my sheets, pillow cases, napkins, etc., as many as I have (and while they are soaking it will help to remove the dirt to punch them with the clothes stick) and after being soaked fifteen minutes they will need no rubbing. I then put them into a tub of clear hot water, on which is fixed my wringer, and wring them through into a tub of "blue-water." While doing this the dirtier clothes are soaking in cold water, so that the hot solution will not set the dirt. I then put the rest of the soap solution into the soaking tub, put in the rest of the clothes and let them stand, say fifteen minutes, when I find that a little hand rubbing on some of the seams and bindings is all that is needed before putting these also through the wringer. I used to boil clothes with this soap, but think it a waste of time and fuel, and have not boiled a wash for a year, and no clothes can be whiter than mine. SISTER RUTH.





## WAITING.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

I wait for thy voice all the weary day!  
But I listen and long in vain.  
My darling! my darling! far, far away,  
Can you never be mine again?

Oh! but to clasp thee once more in my arms  
In a loving long embrace!  
To feel thy tiny hand on my brow  
And thy cheek against my face!

Oh! to look once more in those gentle eyes!  
Dear eyes! so tender and bright.  
Oh! say, do they ever look down on me now  
From that lovely land of light?

The days are dark, and the nights are long  
And my heart is sick and sore,  
But waking or sleeping my children, my own  
Shall be mine forever.

I will set my heart on the heavenly hills  
Where the beautiful angels play;  
There three little ones stay, and look down for me,  
And their mother will come one day.

## MRS. BOWSER'S NEIGHBORS.

BY ADELAIDE S. HILL.

HERE was great excitement in La Fayette street; well-bred excitement, of course, which did not exhibit itself in loud words or useless threats, but great excitement nevertheless. That most aristocratic mansion, the Pearce house, had been sold at auction and bought by a common mechanic! Now the residents of La Fayette street were very exclusive and formed a society by themselves in Ourtown, for most of them could trace their ancestry back to William the Conqueror, or some other sanguinary hero, and the accession of such an ordinary person to their midst was very humiliating, to say the least. Never a gallant son of all their families had stooped to learn a trade and never a fair daughter had soiled her dainty hands with domestic labor. There were the Armstrongs, whose eldest sons were always Episcopalian ministers; there were the Penhallows whose forefathers had lived in this same family mansion; there were the Worthingtons whose daughters always married army officers, and invariably came home to live three years afterward; there were the Smiths—to be sure the last named family were comparatively new, but then they rolled in wealth and it was policy to patronize them; for you must know that some of these old families had little to live upon except their name. And to think this man should buy a house among them.

"Such a horrid name too. Bowser! One almost shudders in speaking it. I'm sure I shan't call upon a person one knows nothing about," said Mrs. Everard Armstrong at the breakfast-table the morning after the sale.

"Who was her father?" "Who was her mother!" laughingly quoted her husband, "Now, Mary, my dear, don't be absurd, but call upon the charming Mrs. Bowser as soon as she becomes your next door neighbor."

"How did he come to buy that lovely old house?" asked his wife.

"Because he had the ready money

with which to pay for it," was the answer.

When Miss Augusta Pearce died, the last of that old name in Ourtown she bequeathed her property to a distant relative living far away. The heir of the property, not wishing to occupy the house or retain the furniture, had offered both at public auction. Many persons had procured some article from the old homestead as a remembrance and the furniture was soon sold, but no one seemed to desire the house. At last this Mr. Bowser bid more than any member of the first families dare offer, and it was knocked down to him. People stared, and wondered what he could want of such a place. He was not rich enough to support the manner of living followed by the families on La Fayette street. What La Fayette street thought has been already stated.

The Pearce house was one of those large, rambling old mansions which our forefathers used to delight in, solid, substantial, built far back from the street and surrounded by a high board fence. It had ample halls, broad staircases, roomy fire places, and "such splendid closets," Mrs. Bowser said. In former times many celebrities had here enjoyed the hospitality of the early Pearces; but times were hard and no one wished for the house, so Mr. Bowser bought it cheap.

"It will make a good home for us now, and when we get tired of living there we can alter it into a tenement house."

Immediately loads of ordinary furniture began to be seen coming up La Fayette street and stopping before the Bowser mansion. Mrs. Bowser was seen washing windows and shaking mats in the most vigorous manner, while Mr. Bowser sawed and split his own wood.

The first improvement made was the demolition of the high board fence and the erection of a low open one of rustic pattern. Alas for the peace of La Fayette street. Not one open fence had ever been seen along its whole length. What could such common people mean by the innovation?

"I don't intend to hide my roses and verbenas and pinks; I want other people to enjoy them as well as myself," said Mrs. Bowser. And Mr. Bowser said, "That is right, my dear."

And all summer long the people who lived down in the manufacturing district of Ourtown would wander up there after work-hours to get a sight of the bright pretty garden. Often when a poor child passed by and looked so wistfully at the flowers, the mistress of all this beauty, bright as a flower herself, would gather a bunch of roses to gladden the lonely heart. La Fayette street would shrug its shoulders and whisper "birds of a feather."

Mrs. Bowser was a sparkling little body overflowing with sunshine, and having a firm belief that there was nobody in the world like her husband.

"I married John for love, and I think it is going to last." She had been married four years, why shouldn't she be certain of it? She delighted in cherry ribbons and little coquettish white aprons.

"I want to look as well now as when John used to come to father's

to see about the new fence around his mother's house. What a sly boy you were, John. But I did think you might have proposed a week earlier so that I could have gone to the Thrale's wedding. Really, do you think I am as pretty as I was then? Four years is a long time."

And John Bowser who loved his wife very fondly, kissed her and called her a vain little pink, and told her yes.

Mrs. Bowser would have liked to have been on friendly terms with all her neighbors, but they seemed not to reciprocate the desire, for two months had passed and only one person had passed her doors.

"I don't understand it; just one caller in eight weeks, and where we used to live I had one or two every day. What do you suppose it means? The Worthingtons are so near, and I like to be neighborly."

"I wouldn't mind," said her husband.

"I don't feel hard about it, only it seems so strange; and they keep their blinds all closed on this side of the house. I am so sorry, for I did hope they would be neighborly."

"Perhaps they think you are not of one of the first families," replied Mr. Bowser. "I am glad they do not know who Mrs. Bowser was before she married a common mechanic, or possibly we might have them all coming at once."

Miss Lucretia Penhallow who lived opposite was the only person who had as yet called upon her new neighbors.

"I used to wander about these rooms and play in this old garden when I was a girl," said Miss Penhallow, "and it would seem strange indeed to me to be shut out from them now; so I thought I would call early and stay a good while that you might not think me ceremonious. Let me come often if you are willing to bear with the long stories of an old woman. You know people get garrulous as they grow old. Come over and see me very soon, do."

Of course it was quickly known in La Fayette street that Miss Penhallow had called upon Mrs. Bowser. But then Miss Penhallow was very rich and very eccentric; she took poor girls who had pined for want of pure air and longed for a ray of bright sunshine, out of the mills and sent them for a vacation at her country seat; she went around among the needy families of the place and supplied their wants; and every Sunday twelve of the raggedest, most degraded children of those families came to her house to be taught that which would inspire in them a desire for a higher and better life. She did not expect them to come timidly knocking at the side door, and seat themselves in the dining-room, she had them ushered in at the front door, into the parlor and occupy the best chairs and sofa and read out of the best bible, that old family bible which had the names of the Penhallows for many generations. Of course she would call on Mrs. Bowser. Not many people knew that the one romance of Miss Penhallow's life was connected with this old house, and therefore ascribed to eccentricity what was really due to kind feeling and the desire of not obliterating old recollections. Miss Penhallow was

pleased with Mrs. Bowser, and Mrs. Bowser was pleased with Miss Penhallow; henceforth they were friends and assistants in all charitable deeds. "She can give her money and I can give my time and flowers," said Mrs. Bowser.

Mrs. Worthington donned her heaviest brocade and velvet, fastened her six button kids with a determined air and sought counsel of her friend Mrs. Armstrong.

"I positively declared that I would never call upon this Mrs. Bowser when she moved into the house, and as yet I have seen no reason to alter my decision. Her manners are simply shocking; she wears the most absurd little aprons that remind one of waiters at hotels, so undignified in a married woman; and then too, those loud ribbons in her hair;" and Mrs. Worthington glanced approvingly at the subdued tints of her own fashionable toilet.

"To think that she should come down to the gate to meet her husband, running like a school-girl, and she actually kissed him out there before everybody," said Mrs. Armstrong. "Mr. Armstrong and myself were just returning from a drive and could hardly avoid glancing at the felicitous scene. I do not see how one can very well associate with such people and preserve one's position in society. She may be a very nice person in her way, and Miss Penhallow may find in her a kindred spirit; but it is equally certain that she has unusual manners and is neither particularly cultivated or retiring."

"She does all her own work, I should judge," said Mrs. Worthington, "Mondays I see her hanging out her clothes before we are fairly seated at the breakfast table. Without doubt she has always been used to such employment."

"Evidently," was the reply. "And only two days ago she gave my little Maud some flowers with the message that she would be very happy to receive a call from her mother. I had not the heart to explain the usages of society to the little one, but I was exceedingly surprised at the audacity of the proceeding. Something not at all customary here, you know. I took the flowers, and I shall have to confess that our gardener can give us nothing like them from conservatory or garden. They were perfectly lovely, fresh creamy roses and deep crimson pinks with the loveliest sprays of smilax. Maud called her her 'booful lady.' Since then I have endeavored to keep the child on the other side of the house."

And so the matter was decided. Mrs. Armstrong and Mrs. Worthington, her nearest neighbors did not call upon Mrs. Bowser. Consequently those farther away did not, and she was left to the companionship of her flowers and Miss Penhallow. But Mrs. Bowser was hopeful and sang about her work blithe as ever, looking forward to the time when she could prove to these ladies that she was desirous of their friendship and goodwill. And when we are seeking opportunities for good, they surely come to us, sometimes sooner and in entirely different ways from what we may anticipate.



Several months have passed since the incidents just related. Winter has come, and many of Mrs. Bowser's plants which attracted so much attention in her garden during the summer months have been transplanted and now adorn the windows of her cheery parlor. The beautiful roses are in blossom, and many a cluster has been sent to brighten a sick-room and make glad the heart of some invalid. It has been a winter of unusual hardship. Exceedingly cold weather combined with lack of work has rendered the poorer class very destitute and needy, and Mrs. Bowser has been so busy in her labors of love and charity that she has scarcely found time to miss the companionship of her neighbors on either side. One afternoon of every week she spends with Miss Penhallow in cutting and making garments for poor children, and one afternoon in every week she spends in seeking suitable persons on whom to bestow these various articles. This part of the work she has to perform alone, as Miss Penhallow is unable to leave the house a great deal during cold weather.

"I don't think I am half thankful enough for having warm, comfortable rooms to stay in," she would say. "How many people there are in this small town even, who cannot obtain half the comforts of life. I feel so sorry for them, and wish I might do more, but there are some who are too proud to let people know how much they need assistance and so are necessarily neglected."

Besides the cold weather and lack of work, sickness has come among the poorer class, caused no doubt by scanty food and insufficient sanitary regulations. The disease seemed almost to take the form of an epidemic, so many sickened and died of it. The schools of the town are closed and in nearly every family some child is suffering from its ravages. At first it was confined to the children of the poor, but gradually the malady attacked those in better circumstances and even entered the sacred precincts of La Fayette street. One noon Mr. Bowser came home with the report that little Maud Armstrong was sick with the prevailing disease.

"That dear little girl," said his wife looking up in great surprise. "Do you remember how cunning the little golden-head used to look last summer peeping through the fence, and how pleased she always was when I gave her flowers? 'Jack won't give me any,' she used to say, 'Jack's our gardener, and he says flowers weren't made for little girls, but for grown up people to wear to parties and balls. My mamma goes there sometimes, wouldn't you like to go?' And the dear child would talk with me most every day. I grew to love her; but after awhile I noticed she used to play on the other side of the house, and I missed her prattle very much when I was in the garden. I wonder if she is very sick? Do you think it would be very wrong for me to go over and inquire for her? You know I have had some experience in sickness, perhaps I can render them some help in some way."

"I think from what I heard to-day," said Mr. Bowser, in answer to his wife's first question, "that she is very

dangerously sick; Mr. Armstrong's book-keeper told me that they were unable to get any help in taking care of the child, and that both Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were completely worn out by watching, as she has required care day and night for several weeks."

Mrs. Bowser's sympathetic heart was moved. "Is it possible! And I have not known it before; I must go over there this very day. Can't I John?"

"I believe it is not customary for new comers to make the first calls upon their neighbors," was the teasing reply, and there was a sly twinkle in Mr. Bowser's eye.

"But, John, this is not a time for etiquette; they need help as much as the poor people you are so willing I should aid; if it were not so of course I should not think of intruding myself upon the family. As it is, I go to them as I would to any other needy person. But I won't ask you any more until you've had your dinner; perhaps you will feel better after you have tasted the nice pudding I have made for you; it's your favorite one, too."

And they went out to the dining-room. "It is ever so much nicer to do one's own cooking, than to have servants' bothering round. Don't you like the pudding, John?"

"Yes indeed, my dear, and to prove it I will take another piece."

Mrs. Bowser helped him and waited patiently until he had completed his dinner for the answer to her request, then he said:

"You can do as you think best about going over there. Whatever you do I shall approve, because you know I think my wife does every thing right."

Mrs. Bowser was a dutiful wife, and in this case as in every thing else, she had thought it proper to consult her husband. She had as yet imbibed none of the new fashioned ideas of personal freedom and separate interests, but still held that "they twain were one flesh." She washed up her dishes and cleared up her room, then prepared as expeditiously as possible for her first call upon her neighbor. The bell was muffled, so she passed round to the side door.

"I came to inquire how the little girl is," she said as the servant answered her knock.

"Very sick, marm, and it's a wonder if she ever gets better," was the reply.

"Will you let me step in and see her mother? Perhaps I can render her some assistance in taking care of the child. Tell her Mrs. Bowser would be happy to do so."

The servant ungraciously allowed her to enter the dining-room and went to announce her arrival to Mrs. Armstrong.

"There's a lady down stairs as came to see if you would like to have her help take care of the little one."

Mrs. Armstrong, thinking it was some one who wished for a situation as hired nurse went below to see what terms she could make with the person provided there were satisfactory recommendations. She was therefore quite surprised and considerably embarrassed to find Mrs. Bowser.

"I came over to inquire about your little girl, and see if I could be of any

assistance to you in taking care of her. I have had considerable experience with the sick, and knowing that you are unable to procure all the help you desire, would offer my services even though I am a stranger to you." Mrs. Bowser said this without the embarrassment of the other lady, and by her ease of manner disconcerted Mrs. Armstrong more than ever.

"My dear little Maud is very sick; I have not left her for more than an hour at one time since she was taken. We have sent far and wide and can procure no help. From what my servant said I judged you were one of those persons in search of a situation, you can therefore imagine my surprise and wonder at seeing you; and even that is not so great as is the fact of your offering me aid. During Maud's sickness not one of my many friends has visited me because they all have children whom they are afraid of exposing to the contagion. I thank you very much for your kind offer and would gladly accept it did I not feel that it was more than I deserved."

Here the proud Mrs. Armstrong lost all self-possession and in broken sentences related the various stages of her child's sickness.

But why prolong this already long account of a simple incident? Mrs. Armstrong accepted the assistance so kindly offered and until little Maud was better, Mrs. Bowser alternated with the child's mother in nightly care of her. Little Maud soon became convalescent, and then dainty bits of food prepared by Mrs. Bowser's hands in Mrs. Bowser's kitchen, tempted the fickle appetite of the child more than any luxury her parents might procure. And when she was able to get out of doors in early spring, the first place she must go was to see her "booful lady." It is said that a kindness to one's child is more than hundreds to one's self, therefore we do not wonder that Mrs. Armstrong made no objections to calling on Mrs. Bowser after that. And it all came out as the story books do; people found out that Mrs. Bowser was from one of the first families in a distant town, and Mr. Bowser made lots of money on a patent something or other, consequently Mrs. Bowser never wanted for neighbors.

#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Fifty-five.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

A few days ago I received a letter from a young friend of mine whom I have not seen for many years. In fact, I have not seen her since she was a child. She is married, has a pretty little nest of a home, a husband whom she loves, and a baby who is as much of a marvel and a mystery as all first babies are.

Her name is—well—you may call it Marie, or Nelly, or anything else you please, as I don't intend to give you her real name. Perhaps, for the sake of convenience, we will agree to call her Marie. Her husband has no bad habits, and, as far as he knows, is thoughtful and tender. They are not rich, but are living on a moderate salary. If she has given up many of the pleasures of her girlhood, so has he sacrificed on the altar of his home

many of the enjoyments of his care-less bachelor days; and, as I do not doubt, loves her as well as she loves him.

Yet as I read her letter, written in the sacred confidence of friendship, and inspired by a heart that longs not only to know its duty, but to do it, it seems to me that they two are making some mistake. She is undertaking altogether too much; and he, probably from mere thoughtlessness, and perhaps from ignorance, is allowing her to do it. Ignorance I say—for it is a lamentable fact that three-fourths of the young men who marry, are profoundly ignorant not only of woman's nature, but of her needs.

But I must tell you more about them before I begin my little lay sermon, which I shall surely send to this young husband and wife, lest haply, they should not belong to our HOUSEHOLD Band. He took her from a home where, to use the words of some poetic soul—was it Dr. Watts?—"in books and work and healthful play" her childhood had glided into early womanhood. She went with him, gladly, joyfully, from her own circle of friends to his. They had been differently trained, differently educated. Much that in her own circle had been considered right, proper, and really essential to refined and cultured womanhood, was in his considered idle and frivolous. The goddess of Household work reigned supreme. To do all one's own work, and to do a little more and a little faster than others,—that was the one great thing, the *summum bonum*, the highest good. Books were of small account, music was an idle luxury, plants were "of no use," and were "always in the way"—and to spend time in the making, or in the care of, pretty articles of household adornment—what a foolish waste!

Well—she loved her husband, and she wanted to love his friends and to be loved by them. She tried to mould and fashion her life after their pattern, and it all went well enough until the baby came. Then there was a change. She grew worn and weary. Life sometimes seemed too hard; and yet no one thought she had anything to complain of, and she blamed herself because she was less gay and light-hearted than she used to be. Surely, she thought she ought to be happier than ever now that the golden orb of her life was filled, and she held her baby in her arms.

Now don't think she told me all this—because she didn't! But I found it all in her letter, nevertheless. You see I read between the lines. In almost every letter, if it touches in any way upon the inner life, he who looks closely will find much that does not appear at the first glance, and, it may be, a great deal that the writer did not dream he put there. Letters are self-revealers, and life-revealers as well.

No one thought she had anything to complain of—and that made it all the harder. Older woman, who had been training their muscles all their lives, wondered how she could be tired when she—young and unused to continuous labor, you remember,—had only done all her own work, washing included, prepared three regular meals, and taken care of her child—the little, hinder-



ing thing, that, dear as it was, could not be neglected or put aside till a more convenient season. And her husband, with the best possible intentions, took his cue from the women with whom he had lived all his days, and, as was natural, thought as they thought.

I do not understand that Marie did this because it was really necessary, though as I have said, they were not rich. It was because others thought she could do it, and ought to do it. They did it, and why should not she? Here, I think, was her mistake. Each woman must order her own life, her own domestic affairs, according to the dictates of her own conscience, and her own best judgment. She must try to have an enlightened conscience; she may well strive to supplement her inexperience by the advice of those older and wiser than she. But, after all, she must in the end judge for herself. She must rule in her own house; she must be supreme there, in spite of mother, sister, aunt, or cousin.

Now I maintain that unless compelled by sheer necessity, no young wife and mother ought to take upon herself what Marie has. Of course there are cases—alas! how many! where it cannot be helped. Poverty cannot choose, and there are a vast number of homes in this fair land of ours in which the work, if done at all, must be done by the wife. The husband cannot help it if he would. With such cases we have nothing to do, in this article, and our words are not for them. But to the young wives who are over-taxing themselves, either from pride, or independence, or because they allow others to think for them, there is surely something to be said.

But our blessed grand-mothers! Just think what they used to do! Spinning-Wheels! Looms! Sausages! Candles! Pantaloon! Coats! Vests! Stockings! Mittens! etc., etc., and so-forth!!!

Yes, we know all about it, every mother's daughter of us. We've heard that story ever since we were born; and we expect to hear it until we die, unless some prophet, or some son of a prophet, rises up, who shall be able to convince the gentlemen of the press that American women of the present day are not the idle, frivolous creatures they, as a class, delight in painting. We work just as hard as our grand-mothers did, and have no more hours of leisure than they. We do not work in the same way perhaps; we do not, it is true, do our own spinning and weaving; we don't dip candles, having proved that it is better to sell the tallow and buy kerosene oil; we don't do various other things that can be done more cheaply and more expeditiously by arms of steel and muscles of iron than by a woman's hand. But, brethren and friends, we have plenty to do, nevertheless; and the vast majority of us work too much rather than too little.

The whole structure of society is changed. Whether for better or worse is not the point under discussion here. If Marie's grand-mother did some things that Marie does not do, I venture to say she left undone very many things that Marie does, and is compelled to do by force of circumstances.

I question whether Marie's husband would submit to just the style of living with which his venerable grandfather was entirely satisfied. Each generation has its own mode of thought and life. It has its own work to do, and it must do it in its own way. And on the whole it cannot be doubted that there has been a great advance in the art of living during the last fifty years. Even those who talk most loudly of the "good old times," and of the wonderful feats accomplished by the women of the past generation, would hardly wish to go back to them.

Do not understand me to say that the women of to-day do just as hard work in the way of lifting heavy burdens and in actual physical toil as was done by many of our pioneer grand-mothers. Machinery has done much for us. So has science. More of the appliances of living are within our reach, and we should be worse than idiots if we did not avail ourselves of them. But there is one thought that forces itself upon us in this connection. How much of what is called the physical degeneracy of American women may not be owing to the overwork of our mothers and grand-mothers? Are their daughters of to-day better off, or worse off, because the women of the generations that preceded them, burned the candle at both ends?

For the women does that who, while bearing and nursing her children, exhausts her strength by undue labor, whether mental or physical. It seems perfectly unaccountable the way we overlook this fact in the ordering of our lives. Every father on the face of the earth, be he savage or christian, civilized or uncivilized, wishes that his sons should be vigorous and stalwart men, and that his daughters should be fair and strong. Yet—may I speak plain English, friends?—the same man who if he wished to raise a fine colt, or other animal, would be exceedingly careful lest the prospective mother should be over-worked, or in anyway worried, will allow, and even expect his wife to do, it may be, the whole work of a farm-house, up to the very week of her confinement. Women may do all manner of hard work while their children are nursing babies; they may bake and brew and wash and iron, over-heating their blood and exhausting their whole system. But milch cows browse in the fragrant clover meadows, embodiments of peace, and rest and tranquil quiet. Many a man's wife may well envy his cattle. Many a man takes better care of his blooded stock and of the colts and lambs for which he hopes to obtain the highest price than he does of his wife and child.

Yet it is not because he does not love the woman he has won, and the babe that sleeps upon her breast. It is simply, in most cases, because he does not think. Perhaps he has never had his attention called to physical laws. He has learned from practical experience certain truths with regard to the management of his herds and flocks. It has never occurred to him that similar truths may apply to the human race.

But there is much more to be said on subjects suggested by my young friend's letter—and the rest must be left for another month.

#### THE DELIVERER.

BY OLIVE OLDSTYLE.

Sister Dorr has given us, in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, some of her musings and perplexities. She questions the propriety of certain popular hymns which speak of death as something very lovely and desirable. I wish for once, that I had a pen eloquent as hers; for her article stirred my heart all through, and it quivers with an intense desire to write a supplement to her chapter of doubts, objections, queries and conclusions which shall be deemed worthy to follow hers. I, too, have sung hymns which were fanciful to the last degree, and which my nature and reason protested against. And sometimes I have rested where no rests were placed in the music, and skipped whole lines, for how could I sing with the spirit when my understanding pronounced it wrong?

I have heard from the pulpit, that "Death is the gate to endless joy," while my vision could only view it as the door to the silent tomb. Death has been called the "white winged messenger," "the deliverer" and the "shining angel;" to me he appears a grim and terrible monster, who snatches in his cruel, icy grasp our choicest treasures and hurries them away to darkness and the tomb; and he never brings them back. He is called a friend. I think Mrs. Dorr has proved plainly that he is an enemy, and she is not alone, the book of God is on her side.

A preacher called on us not long since, and as we were conversing about the ravages which disease and death were making in our midst, I remarked that "Death was an enemy."

He said, "I don't think so."

I replied, "I do think so. The bible calls it an enemy, and everybody treats it like an enemy. There is no foe that we try to bar our doors and windows against as we do against death. 'Yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.' If he comes nigh our dwellings we fight him day and night with all our might; that is a curious way to treat a friend."

"I know it," acknowledged the preacher, "but you wouldn't live here always would you?"

I answered, "if sin and death were not in the world it would not be a bad place to live in."

Poor man, he was even then trying to escape from his "friend" by taking medicine and employing the most skillful physicians he could find to prevent his wife from going through "the gate to glory." Nowhere in the bible is death called a friend, but it is everywhere represented as a calamity. It is the capital punishment for sin, how can it be desirable? Satan was the originator of sin, and sin brought death in all its ghastliness and corruption to the human family; how can it be lovely? All living beings strive to flee from its loathsome embrace. It is an instinct which God himself has planted in their nature to shun the destroyer as long as possible.

A few years ago we had a dear and only son, a promising boy. He was thoughtful and intelligent beyond his years, honest and truthful, and best of

all he had given his young heart to the Saviour. He went out one morning full of life and health—before night he was brought home dead! A gun in the hands of a careless young man, was the instrument employed by death to do the awful work. In that hour of anguish, as I looked on that dear face, gory with his own lifeblood and that fair brow pierced by a cruel ball, my heart cried out in agony, "An enemy hath done this." But even then, when almost distracted with grief and every nerve was quivering with intense anguish, a strain of enchanting music was wafted from the heavenly hills to my breaking heart, and I heard in tones of celestial sweetness the joyful message: "Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears, for thy children shall come again from the land of the enemy. I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive forevermore and have the keys of death and the grave. I am the resurrection and the life and I will raise him up at the last day." I knew that voice; it was my friend, the Lord Jesus who had the keys of death. Faith grasped the promise and I knew that He would bring my child from the land of the enemy in the resurrection morning, to die no more. That is what comes to the righteous after death, a glorious resurrection to eternal life in the Kingdom of God.

Death is an enemy, and the door which leads into the tomb. Christ is a friend and the door out of the tomb; He is the gate to glory. Why will people strip the royal robes from our great Deliverer and clothe with them the king of terrors? Death fills the charnel house with victims; Christ will open the charnel house in his own good time and set the captives free. Sin entered the world and death by sin, and mortality became the heritage of Adam's race. It was not in God's plan to save his people from dying, but it is his purpose to raise them to life again, and for this purpose Christ died. He purchased with his precious blood the world or "field" and with it the exclusive right to bring out to light and life once more the precious jewels which lie buried there.

There is no evidence to show that God is pleased when his children desire death. Active, earnest, true-hearted christians do not desire to die. Why should they? They rather live to serve the Master by doing good to those for whom He died. "I don't want to die," said a good woman who was an earnest worker in the Lord's vineyard. "I see nothing desirable in death. I want to live to do good just as long as I can." And although she was in very feeble health and her friends had given up nearly all hope of her living more than a few days or weeks at most, she has lived years since then, and through her labors, scores of souls, north and south, have been gathered into the fold of Christ.

I once listened to a sermon from a live preacher, one who had been preaching with tongue and pen from boyhood, and had no sympathy with cowards, deserters or shirks. He said a great many folks talked as though they wanted to have their sins pardoned, get happy and then sneak off to glory. But a good, loyal, brave soldier wanted to live to fight the en-



emy and help drive him from the field, and so did a good christian. And yet the christian who is at peace with God is not afraid to die; living or dying he is the Lord's and he has the sweet assurance that the Lord will take care of his own. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil for thou art with me." And he may be resigned and happy at the prospect of death as he may be at the approach of any other evil. A man may be resigned to the loss of earthly possessions and even happy, not because he wished to lose his property but because he trusts his Father to care for him and open a way for him to obtain means to supply his needs and the wants of those dependent on him.

We read of those who took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance. Enemies might spoil or rob them of earthly goods but they could not touch their heaven treasures therefore they rejoiced. So death, our relentless foe, may rob the christian of this present life but he believes with all his soul that he shall have eternal life in the world to come. Therefore he can say with Paul, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all who love his appearing." And he rejoices even while being conquered by the enemy, for he knows that "deliverance will come."

When Christ, who is his life, appears, then will death's bands be broken, and he also will appear with Him in glory. Then comes his time of triumph, for "death is swallowed up in victory." With a shout of exultation he turns to the vanquished foe and cries, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" Conquered forever; and there shall be no more death. What are our dead friends doing? The Book tells us "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

I have not written half I would like to on this exhaustless theme, but more perhaps than the "Band" will have patience to read.

May all be prepared to die in peace, that we may awake in the likeness of Christ and be satisfied.

#### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"Oh yes, we had an elegant time," said Miss Geneva Wilbur, as she settled her ruffles and puffs. "We secured a private room in a palace car, and were just as retired and as much at ease as though we had been traveling in our drawing room. It was furnished magnificently, all in scarlet and gold, with panels of polished rosewood and mahogany, and a lovely Wilton carpet. The windows were of French plate glass, with curtains and lambrquins all complete. Then there were luxurious easy chairs and sofas, great mirrors, an upright piano, and lunch tables, and card tables, and everything one could devise for com-

fort. And it all seemed so much like an Arabian Night's tale, that I fancied I had only to rub one of the silver plated lamps which hung from the ceiling, to make a genie appear, who would execute my bidding. Ah, it was superb!"

"Seems to me times have changed a little since I was young," said old uncle Ezekiel, taking advantage of the momentary pause Miss Geneva made. "Then people couldn't go scooting about the country in a parlor; they had to put up with a good many inconveniences, not to say privations, if they wanted to travel; but then I guess they took just as much comfort, on the whole, as they do now-a-days. At any rate they looked healthier and wholesomer than the young folks of this generation do with their airs and their graces, their folderols and their pinched looking forms and faces."

Now, when I was rising one and twenty, I took a notion that I should like to see a little of the world. You see I had always stuck close at home, only now and then going to the nearest village to muster, or to trade off some apples or butter. So I spoke to father about it, and he said that after haying and harvesting, I might take the three-year old colt I broke in the spring and go up and visit my relations in Vermont. Well, this idea suited me mightily, and I'll warrant I set more store by it than boys now-a-days would by a trip to California. There didn't much grass grow under my feet for the next few weeks, I can tell you, and we got our last load of grain in uncommon early, so that one morning in September I was all ready to start.

I got up early and fed my pony, and mother baked a shortcake before the fire, and made a good cup of tea for my breakfast; then while I was eating she put a generous allowance of doughnuts and cheese in my bag, and showed me the new cravat and socks she had got ready for me. Mother was always thoughtful for us, and besides she wanted me to make a handsome appearance up country; so she had a tailoress in the house for a week, making me a suit of pepper-and-salt homespun which she had just taken from the loom. The sun was rising over the barn when I sprang on my pony and waved a good-bye to my mother, and to the little sister who had crept down in her night-gown to see me start and stood in the doorway by her side. As I passed through the village I saw quite a number of the young men of my own age stepping towards their barns with their milk-pails upon their arms, and they stopped and stared well to see me setting off early in my new clothes; but I enjoyed their surprise too much to stop and give them any information on the subject.

'Brutus' seemed to feel as keen as I did, and cantered along briskly for the first few miles. Then he began to take it a little slower, for the road was getting tolerably hilly, and by the time we reached Gainesborough he was considerably tuckered out. I drew up to the nearest tavern and asked them to bait him. As for myself, I sat down under a big elm tree that grew in the yard, and ate my doughnuts and cheese. As I was put-

ting on the saddle the tavern-keeper came out.

"I wouldn't be too quick about starting, young man," said he, "it's going to rain."

"Reckon you are mistaken there," said I.

"Guess not," replied he. "I've lived here five and forty years, and I never heard the loons scream over the pond and saw the clouds hang below the mountain the way they do now without our getting rain afore night."

However, I was sure that I could get to my cousin's in time, so I started in spite of his warning; but I had not got more than a matter of two or three miles when it grew so dark that I knew I had better make for shelter and as I hadn't passed a house since I left the tavern, calculated the best thing I could do was to go right back. The road was down hill all the way, and I wasn't long in compassing the distance, but just as I entered the barn, the rain came down powerfully. The tavern-keeper laughed when he saw me, and said he was looking for me back to supper.

"Well, I'll agree that you are the best judge of the weather," said I, "but when I left home I didn't lay out to put up at taverns, and if I could do a little something to pay my lodging I should be glad to."

"Oh, don't you borrow any trouble about that," said he; "I won't be hard upon you—but now I think of it, I have got some grain in my barn that needs threshing, and if you are a mind to try your hand at that a spell we'll call it square."

So I went to the barn pretty well pleased with my bargain, and, pulling off my coat, made lively work among the rye that was spread out upon the floor. I prided myself upon being able to thresh with any man in the country, and my flail buzzed up and down the length of the barn till you would have thought there were a dozen flails in the air. I mind how the young fellows who were hanging about the tavern came and stared at me and made remarks; but I laid about me at such a rate that they were glad to stand back out of my way.

I reckon the landlord didn't lose much by his trade that time. We had fried potatoes, cold salt beef, and corn bread for supper, and it was all proper good, no mistake.

The next morning the sun rose clear as a bell, and I was off again bright and early. I went right past Cousin Hezibole's, for I was anxious to get through to my uncle's that night. It wasn't no great disappointment to me; for as I said, she was only second cousin on my mother's side and though I had never seen her, I had always heard that she wasn't the pleasantest and most even tempered woman in the world. If I could have had my choice I think I should have rather not gone there anyway.

I jogged along at a pretty good pace that forenoon, and by twelve o'clock was pretty well up among the mountains. I had more than half of my doughnuts and cheese left. Mother wasn't one of the kind that scrimped in putting up luncheons, and there was plenty of good clover by the roadside, so Brutus and I were not

accountable to anybody for our dinner that day.

About sundown I reached Bolton, but I didn't know in just what direction my uncle lived, so I stopped before the door of a wood-colored house and asked the old woman, who sat knitting by the kitchen fire, if she could tell me where I could find Jeremiah Gale's house.

"Why, lor, yes, of course I will," said she; "it's a good mile further on, but the road is as straight as an arrer. The house is a gambrell roof, with two popple trees standing right afore it—you can't miss it—but don't be in such a hurry. Stop and rest yourself a spell, can't ye?" I thanked her but hurried along, pleased enough that I was so near my journey's end. After I had rode about half a mile I saw a little old man laying stones on a wall near the road. I saw him stop and look at me as though he meant to speak, but I was tired and thought I wouldn't give him a chance, and was passing him upon a trot, when he just reached out his hand and took Brutus by the bridle.

"You seem to be in a great hurry," said he. "Where mought you be from?"

I told him Dunderbrook, Massachusetts.

"Why how you talk!" said he. "Did you ever run aginst a cousin of mine, David Smith, who lives in the old Bay State somewhere? I've lost all track of him lately."

"Never heard of him."

"Ah! what mought be your name, if I may be so bold?"

"Ezekiel Gale."

"Any relation to Squire Gale's folks?"

"He is my uncle."

"Sho! you don't say. Here, don't be in such an everlasting hurry. How would you like to swop off that ere pony of yours for a pair of steers? He seems to be a lively beast."

I replied that I didn't care to trade that day, and pushed on although he tried to stop me again by asking how long I expected to stop in those parts.

In about ten minutes more I had climbed the hill and stopped at uncle Jerry's. I think I should have known the place without any directions, it looked so comfortable and home-like. I fastened my horse at the gate and then went into the house by the kitchen door. I expected to take aunt Nancy all by surprise, but she wasn't there. No one but a girl sitting in a low chair stringing apples. A great tub of quarters stood by her side, and the table was filled up with those she had already strung. I felt kind of awkward like and began to whirl my hat around my hands, for I was so taken aback that I didn't know just what to say.

"Did you wish to see Mr. Gale?" said she, looking up.

"I am his nephew, Ezekiel Gale," I stammered out, "and I came up from Massachusetts to make him a visit."

"Oh, did you?" said she, jumping up and putting down her pan of apples. "Why you must be very tired. Sit down here by the fire—it's quite frosty to-night; and let me take your hat. Mr. and Mrs. Gale have gone to Greenough, but they will be back this evening. I am Content Sabin."



I said I would go out and put up my horse. I was glad of a chance to go out into the open air and get my breath, for she was just the neatest girl I had ever set eyes on; and, although I was accounted quite a beau at home, she flustered me so that I hadn't a word to say for myself. When I went back into the house she had drawn out a little square table, which was covered with a white cloth and spread with biscuits, cold-boiled ham, apple sauce, and pumpkin pie. She sat down opposite to pour my tea, and I could hardly eat my supper, good as it was, for watching her. She did look just like a picture, that's a fact. She had on a linsey-woolsey petticoat and blue short gown; her brown hair was braided back just as smooth and shiny as could be, and she had blue eyes, plump rosy cheeks and a neck and arms as white as milk.

'I am sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Gale are away,' said she, for I hadn't had the grace to speak a civil word yet, and she began to be afraid that I was not pleased. But, dear me, although I had come so far to see my relations I was beginning to wish they would never come back at all, but that I might sit in that warm little room all the rest of my life, with the tea kettle singing, the cat purring on the hearth, and Content pouring tea for me and I looked at her. I found my tongue after a while too, so that when uncle Jerry and aunt Nancy came home, we sat by the fire as sociable as though we had known each other all our lives.

Well, I staid and staid there till my folks began to think I never was coming home. I helped uncle Jerry get in the late crops, and I had a knack with saw and hammer which made me very useful about the house to aunt Nancy. Then in the evening I sometimes took Content to a husking or an apple-bee. Finally my father sent for me, and that night, coming home from a husking at Deacon Haniford's—I mind how the moon shone down through the pine trees that shaded the road—Content promised to go back to the Bay State with me when I came up in the spring.

Uncle Ezekiel grew thoughtful. He seemed to be living over again that golden October evening, Geneva clasped her hands together and said in that pretty little affected way she has:

"What did she say when you proposed to her? Oh, I should like to know so much."

Uncle Ezekiel roused up:

"She gave me a simple straightforward answer," said he, "and didn't ogle or put on airs, as you would have done, in her place, miss."

We were familiar with Uncle Ezekiel's blunt ways, but we all thought he was too hard upon Geneva, so we changed the subject to the last importations by Stewart, and he fell into a doze in his easy chair by the grate.

#### CONCERNING FLORIDA.

Letter Number One.

#### THE JOURNEY.

On Monday, the 8th of March, we left New England on a journey to Florida, in search of health, and to

drink in fresh life and vigor, if it might be, from the balmy air and sunshine of that state where in fanciful days of yore De Soto sought for the "Spring of Immortal Youth."

The partings from kind friends and relatives are tinged with a deeper sadness lest this be the last farewell. Yet bright hope speaks in our hearts that yet again we may meet, while glad recollections arise of return, in the past, from more distant roving where the pyramids frown, the Nile smiles, where the palm-groves rejoice, and the Sahara stretches out measureless and unconquerable.

A brisk sleigh-ride of four miles in New Hampshire over a country buried two and one-half feet beneath the winter snows, brings us to the railroad station. In a few hours we reach the boat at New London, and in the morning find ourselves not in New York, where we meant to be, but progressing at a snail's pace through a thick crust of snow and ice which covered Long Island Sound. After several hours spent thus, we emerged into open water and neared the city. Now we pass the strong protecting forts and Blackwell's Island, with its dark grey stone prisons. Here we see the prisoners marching in ranks between guards. The hopelessness and grief betrayed by their low bent heads and stooping, languid gait, arouse our sorrow and our prayer that God help them to become worthy of liberty and life.

We arrive in New York some hours too late for the morning train, but we will not regret too much this first delay. We seek our friends in Brooklyn, and their kindness would fain detain us many days. But we must hasten on, and take a Pullman car for the Capitol. In the morning we note the ground is free of snow, we admire the fine buildings of Washington, laugh at the saucy, good-natured darkeys at the station, and leave the city on the Keyport, steaming down the broad Potomac. How the very name brings welling up a heart full of proud and grateful remembrances of that noble army which bore its name. We can never forget them or cease to cherish their memory. How their toils, their sufferings, their victory crowded out all other thoughts, as we pass on by Arlington Heights, the Washington forts and Alexandria.

The river is turbid with the washings of the recent rains, and yet reflects perfectly the little sail-boats on its bosom, and the water-gulls skimming over its surface or alighting in flocks.

Hark! the bell of our steamer tolls a solemn, pealing dirge, for we are nearing and passing Mount Vernon. Yes, honor his memory, and cherish his fame, and a century hence other names too shall be held more sacred than now. Time alone is the sculptor who brings out in full relief the glory and the power of the noblest lives.

Two hours from Washington brings us to Quantico, where we take the train for Richmond. Historic ground before us where armies surged back and forth, where heroes fought, bled, died. How desolate the country looks; ten years have not obliterated the desolations of war. Yet a young

growth of pines is striving to clothe with life the dreary landscape.

Now we see a town built just beyond a narrow river and rising on a height above its banks. It is Fredricksburg. How its two fierce battles and our Federal repulses recur to mind, as we gaze upon the very river over which our brave boys crossed with hearts of lion-like courage to take the town, yet, fell back, repulsed. And we think of a dear one in the twenty-ninth Massachusetts volunteers to whom as reserve fell the fearful task of taking up the pontoons in our army's rear after the battle was lost. A mile or two beyond the town the Star Spangled Banner in peace is waving over the graves of our heroes. On terrace above terrace, line after line of graves are marked simple white headstones of uniform pattern. There lie the nation's glory, her noble consecrated sons.

We reach Richmond next. It is a city of red brick on red sandy soil; yet of commanding appearance. Ask quickly to see Libby Prison on the left, or you will have passed it unobserved. Everywhere the colored people bear in look and motion the stamp of freedom and of manhood. They are a living monument of praise.

A. L. G.

#### LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I can with pleasure recommend Dobbins' Electric Soap, made by I. S. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., as being the very best soap I ever used. I have used it for five years and found it the best labor-saving and least destructive soap of any I ever saw. There is no other soap to be compared with it. It will go farther than three bars of any other soap I have ever tried, and I am very anxious that others should be benefited by it. I know that clothes will wear longer, wash easier, and retain their whiteness better, with Dobbins' Electric Soap, than with any other washing soap or fluid ever made.

Mrs. W. D. Hart.

East China, Mich.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to express my thanks to "Aunt Matilda," for her introduction to us of THE HOUSEHOLD family, of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I have tried it and am delighted with it. Contrary to the rule, it is an article that will bear all that can be said in its praise. I do wish that every woman who reads THE HOUSEHOLD would try it for herself, and write you her opinion of it. If every one knew of this soap and its most wonderful merit no other soap could be sold. If your grocers don't keep it, dear sisters, send fifteen cents to pay the postage on a sample bar, to Messrs. I. S. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and they will send you a sample gratis, at least they did to me.

Mrs. Jennie Warder.

Ithica, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I say a word to your thousands of readers all over the country, in regard to an article I see mentioned in your columns? If I may, it is this: Try Dobbins' Elec-

tric Soap, once, and see what you think of it. Try it for your own interests, not for mine, nor for its manufacturers. I have used it for years, and I would no more use any other soap than I would fly. I am not going to tell of its merits for that would take all of your paper, just try it and it will tell its own story, and I will guarantee that its story will be a surprise to many.

Mrs. C. A. Caldwell.

South Boston, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In looking over your pages sometime since my attention was caught by a letter from "Aunt Matilda," praising Dobbins' Electric Soap. I read it and thought over it, read it again next day, and finally sat down and wrote to the address Aunt Matilda gave, (I. S. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.) asking for information regarding this wonderful soap. In reply I got a bar of soap, by mail, with a letter from its manufacturers saying the soap could speak for itself and tell what it was and what it could do. I used it, and my opinion is that "Aunt Matilda" didn't say half enough in its favor. It is splendid. I got our grocers, Hunt & Austin, to order some of it and already Santa Barbara is busy talking of Dobbins' Electric Soap.

Mrs. J. S. Pollock.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

It was thought over one year ago that THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE had attained the extreme limit of circulation that could be attained by an American newspaper. But it seems that its circulation has still been increasing. THE TRIBUNE is certainly the best newspaper in the world, whether the chronicling of events or ideas is considered. Nothing whatever, either in the domain of science, the arena of business, or the whirl of politics, escapes its record, while its editorials, correspondence, book reviews, etc., are incomparably the most cultured and critical of any American newspaper. It is literally a Cyclopaedia of the Age—Its Events and Ideas. The London Times used to be considered the newspaper of the world, but it must now yield the palm to its worthier rival, THE TRIBUNE, which is an honor to American journalism.

"Cheaper than dirt," is the universal testimony of all who have tried a box of American Peerless Soap. It is certainly a good deal better to have in a family, and we advise every housewife to keep it "constantly on hand" (figuratively speaking of course) for its cleansing properties are "far above rubies."

TEN CENTS for Three Months (postage paid). See A Trial Trip, on last page.

## B R I G H T E S T A N D B E S T

### Is the Book You Want!

Over 90,000 COPIES of "BRIGHTEST AND BEST" have already been sold, and every Mail brings orders for more. We are assured that "BRIGHTEST AND BEST" will prove to be the most popular of all our Sunday School Song Books. Our facilities will enable us to issue 5,000 copies every working day. Orders are filled in turn, and all will receive their books at the earliest possible moment. One copy in paper cover sent for examination on receipt of 25 cents.

BIGLOW & MAIN, Publishers,  
76 East Ninth St., New York,  
91 Washington St., Chicago.



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

Mothers, if unable to nurse your babe, do not, as a substitute, feed it on Corn Starch, Arrowroot and all such thin, flatulent slops, but feed it on Ridge's Food, which contains all the elements essential to its development.

**NEGLECTED COUGHS AND COLDS.**—Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold," in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," if neglected, often works upon the Lungs.

**OVER-EXERTION**, either of body or mind, produces debility and disease. The usual remedy is to take some stimulant, the effect of which is the same as giving a tired horse the whip instead of oats. The true way is to fortify the system with a permanent tonic like the Peruvian Syrup, (a protoxide of Iron,) which gives strength and vigor to the whole system.

**FOUND AT LAST!**—A remedy that not only relieves but cures Consumption, as well as coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore throat, influenza, etc. The remedy to which we allude is *Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*, prepared by Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston. 50 cts. and \$1 a bottle, large bottles much the cheaper.

In foreign countries, where the teeth have been observed in the most perfect state, the diet has been of the coarser kinds, such as is now becoming more more fashionable in our country of late, such as the meals of corn, rye, oats, and wheat, called Graham, cracked corn, wheat and oats, and last, though not least, "Smith's Crushed White Wheat," all of which have a decided mission among all classes, more especially the young, who need more muscle, better teeth, more brain (or more food for the brain and nerves), so abundant in the outer coats of these grains, in fish, etc. It is confidently believed that the use of this crushed wheat, or a similar preparation of the other grains—though wheat is the prince among them—would, in a single generation, effect a revolution in this regard, giving us vastly improved teeth, with a general improved personal appearance.

#### CONSUMPTIVES, TAKE NOTICE.

Every moment of delay makes your cure more hopeless, and much depends on the judicious choice of a remedy. The amount of testimony in favor of Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure for consumption, far exceeds all that can be brought to support the pretensions of any other medicine. See Dr. Schenck's Almanac, containing the certificates of many persons of the highest respectability, who have been restored to health, after being pronounced incurable by physicians of acknowledged ability. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone has cured many, as these evidences will show; but the cure is often promoted by the employment of two other remedies which Dr. Schenck provides for the purpose. These additional remedies are Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. By the timely use of these medicines, according to directions, Dr. Schenck certifies that most any case of Consumption may be cured.

Dr. Schenck will be at the Quincy House, Boston, on the following Wednesdays, from 9 to 3 o'clock: Jan. 13th and 27th, Feb. 10th and 24th, and March 10th and 24th. Consultation free; but for a thorough examination of the lungs, with the Respirometer, the price is \$5.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, Corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters of advice must be addressed.

## STOCKS

dealt in at the New York Stock Exchange bought and sold by us on margin of five per cent.

## PRIVILEGES

negotiated at one to two per cent. from market on members of the New York Exchange or responsible parties. Large sums have been realized the past 30 days. Put or call costs on 100 shares

\$106.25

Straddles \$250 each, control 200 shares of stock for 30 days without further risk, while many thousand dollars profit may be gained. Advice and information furnished. Pamphlet, containing valuable statistical information and showing how Wall Street operations are conducted, sent

## FREE

to any address. Orders solicited by mail or wire are promptly executed by us. Address

**TUMERIDGE & CO.,**

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 2 Wall Street, New York.

## CROQUET!

IF YOU WANT TO ENJOY CROQUET YOU MUST PLAY CORRECTLY, AND YOU can do so only by following Prof. Rover's rules.

## CROQUET, ITS PRINCIPLES AND RULES.

The leading journals of sports, such as "Forest and Stream," "Wilkes' Spirit of the Times," and the "American Sportsman," as well as the expert players, have adopted "ROVER" as the authority for the United States.

Send Ten Cents and Receive a Copy by Mail.

**MILTON BRADLEY & CO., Pub's,**  
Springfield, Mass.



**FOR MOTH-PATCHES, FRECKLES,**

AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.

**FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE,**

Blackheads or Flesh-worms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine, or consult **DR. B. C. PERRY,**  
49 Bond Street, New York.

## BOYS

## LOOK HERE!

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

## High Flyer Kite?

A patent Kite Frame made by machinery so that it can be put together in five minutes, and a tough manilla covering printed in colors. The best Flying Kite ever made. Thirty inches wide and three feet high, and weighing only four ounces. Inquire for it at the stores, or send for a description to

**MILTON BRADLEY & CO.,**  
Springfield, Mass.

## Plants and Seeds!

### DO NOT BUY

Until you have seen our NEW CATALOGUE for Spring of 1875.

**Choice Flower and Vegetable Seed.**  
New, Rare and Beautiful Flowering Plants.

### SPECIALTIES!

VERBENAS, ROSES, PETUNIAS, GERANIUMS, PINKS, PRIMROSES, FUCHSIAS, &c.

—ALSO—

Choice Dracenas, Aloe, Cacti, New Fancy, Zonale, and Double Geraniums, New Arbution, and thousands of desirable Show and Flowering plants.

Large buyers treated liberally. Catalogue free at Greenhouse or by mail for stamp.

### SEND FOR IT!

**100 Plants by mail with prices for the times LOW.**

Address, **ELLIS BROS.,**  
5-ladv WINCHESTER STREET, KEENE, N. H.

THREE MONTHS (postage paid) for ten cents. See A Trial Trip, on last page.

## SEEDS.

## SEEDS.



My Annual Descriptive Catalogue of Choice Flower and Vegetable Seeds for 1875 now ready, mailed free on application. Address,

*Edwin Bayliss*

2-4adv

Brattleboro, Vt.



**Massillon Harvester**

Buy the Best.

TWO men bind Ten Acres daily. Binders can SIT or STAND. Address, **EDWIN BAYLISS,** Massillon, O.

## Once Joined, Never Divided!



To introduce our Superior Style of Table Cutlery, we will send to any address by mail, post-paid, upon the receipt of \$1.00, one of our **Beautiful Steel-Bladed, Hot-Water Proof Handled Butter-Knives, Silver-Plated Throughout.** Worth twice the money. Circulars, giving full description and Post-paid price of all our styles, sent on application.

**WOODS CUTLERY CO.,** Antrim, N. H.

## \$15.00 SHOT GUN.

A double barrel gun, bar or front action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, or no safer with Flask, Pouch and Wad-cutting, for \$15. Can be sent C. O. D. with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to **P. POWELL & SON,** Gun Dealers, 238 Main St., Cincinnati, O. 10-3ea



## HENDERSON'S Early Summer Cabbage.

Of this new Cabbage, the well known Seedsmen, **PETER HENDERSON & CO.,** 35 Cortlandt Street, New York, who introduce the variety, say:

"We send out this new variety of Early Cabbage, feeling satisfied that it will rival, if not to some extent supersede the Wakefield. The merit of this variety consists in its being the earliest of all large Cabbages, coming in but a few days after the Wakefield. It has also another valuable peculiarity, of rarely or never bursting open when ripe, so that if a crop cannot be used at once, it will not spoil, as is the case with most of the other early sorts. There is no doubt of its becoming a standard variety, either for market or private uses."



## EMPIRE

(Self-Inking) and

### BOSTON PRESSES.

For Job Printers & Amateurs. Prices of Presses and outfits from \$4 upwards. Send 6c. for our splendid new Catalogue of Presses, Cuts, &c., just out, with complete illustrated instructions for beginners. **Gorham & Co. 143** Washington St., Boston.

Printing Office complete for \$5

5-6adv

READER, have you a neighbor or a friend who is not a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD? Please show her this number and make known our offer of a trial trip of THREE MONTHS (post-paid) for TEN CENTS. See last page.

## ANY PERSON

not already a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD

can secure a ticket for

## THE TRIAL TRIP

of three months (postage paid) for only

TEN CENTS.

## A GOLD DOLLAR

will be given the person sending us the largest number of Trial Subscriptions

Before Oct. 1st, 1875.

## SPECIAL PREMIUMS!

Open to All.

The attention of our readers is called to the following list of Special Premiums which will be given to our agents, in addition to the regular premiums and commissions allowed them.

To the agent sending us the largest list of yearly subscribers previous to Oct. 1st 1875 we will give

**A COTTAGE ORGAN, worth \$200.**

For the Second largest list

**A GOLD WATCH, worth \$100.**

For the Third,

either **A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$80,**

or **APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, worth \$80,**

For the Fourth,

either **AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50,**

or **A SILVER WATCH, worth \$50.**

For the Fifth, Prang's Beautiful Chromo,

**REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN, worth \$25.**

The above selection of Premiums is designed to be equally desirable by ladies and gentleman for which reason a choice of two articles is given in the third and fourth offers.

## ANOTHER LIST

DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.

The campaign of 1875 is to be conducted mainly by COUNTY AGENTS of whom we have already appointed a large number. We hope to have one in each county in the United States before January, 1876. These agents receive a circular containing terms, etc., and giving the quota of subscribers to be raised in each county, based upon its population, location, and other circumstances and the person who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from any County in proportion to the quota assigned to it, before Oct. 1st 1875 will receive

**A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.**

For the Second largest list we will give

**AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.**

For the Third

**A SILVER WATCH, worth \$35.**

For the Fourth,

**A BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE, worth \$30.**



For the Fifth  
**A CHILD'S CARRIAGE, worth \$20.**

For the Sixth  
**A CRAYON PORTRAIT, worth \$15,**  
(Life size and copied from any picture.)

For the Seventh,  
**A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.**

For the Eighth, Prang's Brilliant Chromo,  
**SUNSET IN CALIFORNIA, worth \$10.**

For the Ninth  
**Family Scales, (24 lbs.) worth \$5.**

For the Tenth  
**A Gold Pen, worth \$3.**

Remember these premiums are to be given to the agents procuring the largest number of subscribers in proportion to their quotas—so that all have an equal chance, and the most valuable premium may be earned by the smallest list.

### To Single Subscribers.

We have on our subscription books the names of several thousands of SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS. A single subscriber is not necessarily an unmarried one but merely one whose copy of THE HOUSEHOLD is the only one taken at his or her postoffice. Those who receive this paper in wrappers (except in a few of the large cities where all are wrapped) will understand that they are single subscribers and therefore interested in this paragraph. Now it is just as easy for us to send fifty or a hundred copies to an office as one and we much rather do it, so we call upon those friends to send us lists of subscribers from their postoffices and not compel us to wrap each paper singly—you have no idea of the large amount of work it causes every month. No matter if you don't get but one name besides your own. That will be two and that will make a bundle. Read what we will do for you: To the single subscriber who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from their own postoffice we will give

**A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.00.**

For the Second largest list we will give  
**A Family Clothes Wringer, worth \$7.50.**

For the Third,  
**A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, worth \$5.00.**

For the Fourth, a copy of  
**GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE U. S., worth \$3.50.**

For the Fifth,  
**A GOLD PEN WITH SILVER CASE, worth \$2.50.**

Many of these single subscribers will, we hope, become County Agents and thus compete for the other prizes also.

### 4thly and to Conclude.

To the agent sending subscribers from THE GREATEST NUMBER OF POSTOFFICES we will give a copy of

**WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, worth \$12.**

For information regarding postage, etc., see items in Our Desk on last page.

**FLOWER SEEDS.** SPOONER'S PRIZE FLOWER SEEDS.  
**VEGETABLE SEEDS.** SPOONER'S BOSTON MARKET  
**VEGETABLE SEEDS.** Descriptive Priced Catalogue, with over 150 illustrations, mailed free to applicant.  
**SEEDS.** W. H. SPOONER, BOSTON, MASS.

### STEINWAY PIANOS.

The Best is the Cheapest.

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

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

### FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE.

The greatest and only Medicine ever discovered (and warranted) for the perfect cure for all the worst forms of PILES, LEPROSY, SCROFULA, RING-WORM, SALT RHEUM, CANCER, CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, ASTHMA, DYSPEPSIA, KIDNEYS, and all diseases OF THE SKIN AND BLOOD. Entirely Vegetable. Money returned in all cases of failure. H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston. Sold everywhere. \$1.00 a bottle. Send for Circulars. 5-3eom

1868. 1875.

## THE HOUSEHOLD For 1875.

Friends, one and all, thanking you for your presence and patronage in the past, we herewith present you with our

### PROGRAMME FOR VOL. 8TH.

#### A New Volume!

#### New Type!!

#### New Contributors!!!

#### New Subscribers!!!!

### A Better Paper for Less Money!

We take much pleasure in announcing to our readers that in addition to retaining all of our present excellent corps of contributors for the coming year, we have secured the services of several new writers of rare ability, the whole forming a list unequalled by any similar magazine in the country, and insuring to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD for 1875 a volume of unusual attractiveness and value. Among our new contributors will be found ROSELLA RICE, who under the nom de plume of Pipsissway Potts, wrote the well known and universally admired series of articles entitled "The Deacon's Household," and ETHEL C. GALE, formerly a prominent contributor to Hearth and Home. Our readers will be pleased to know that these ladies will contribute regularly to our columns. Mrs. DORR will continue her admirable series "To Whom it May Concern," in which all are concerned—in short our bill of fare is to be of the most unexceptionable quality as will be seen from the following

#### LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1875.

Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR,  
Mrs. JULIA A. CARNEY,  
ROSELLA RICE,  
ETHEL C. GALE,  
ANNA HOLYOKE,  
Dr. J. H. HANAFORD,  
Prof. HIRAM ORCUTT, (Experience),  
Rev. BERNICE D. AMES,  
Mrs. SARAH E. AMES,  
HELEN THORNTON.  
C. DORA NICKERSON, (Kitty Candid),  
MARY CUTTS,  
Mrs. ELISA E. ANTHONY,  
ELLEN LYMAN, (U. U.)  
LIZZIE E. PINCOTT,  
ALICE W. QUILBY,  
OLIVE OLDSTYLE,  
E. D. KENDALL, (E. D. K.)  
AUNT LEISURELY,  
GYPSEY TRINE,  
SARAH J. B. COLE,  
CHRISTABEL,  
BARBARA BRANDT,  
A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD,  
EDITH ELLIOT,

and others who will contribute more or less frequently to our columns.

We shall procure, wholly or in part, a new dress for THE HOUSEHOLD, which we hope to have ready for the new volume, and make other improvements in its appearance from time to time as may be desirable and practicable.

At the same time, notwithstanding the extra expense we have incurred and the increased value of the paper in consequence, the price will remain the same, though many publishers are adding from 25 to 50 cents to their publications without making any improvements, on account of the new law requiring prepayment of postage after January 1, 1875. In fact THE HOUSEHOLD will ACTUALLY COST A LITTLE LESS than heretofore as we shall send it for the coming year prepaid for

### One Dollar and Ten Cts.

making it by far THE CHEAPEST PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

### TILDEN LADIES' SEMINARY.

A DELIGHTFUL location; a large Board of Instruction; an extensive and thorough course of Solid, Classical and Ornamental Studies; a safe and pleasant home with the teachers and family of the Principal; is patronized by one-half of the States of the Union; expenses less than at any other school of the same grade. Pupils admitted at any time, and charged only from the time of entering. The Principal will, on application (without charge), recommend well qualified Teachers for the family or school. Apply to

HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M.,  
West Lebanon, N. H.

### UNRIVALED.

Send 3-cent stamp for particulars to  
Durfee & Bushnell, Brattleboro, Vt.

\$57.60 Agents' profits per week. Will prove it or forfeit \$500. New articles just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 267 Broadway, N. Y. 6-1

"GEM SEGAR PIPE" (Pat.) a perfect looking Segar. Chromos and NEW Novelties. Agents wanted. SIMPSON & SMITH, 66 Cortlandt St., N. Y. 5-3

\$ MONEY FOR AGENTS IN our ten New Novelties just out; needed in every house; sample and circulars free by mail. H. B. WHITE & CO., Newark, New Jersey. 6-4ins

FREE circulars of our new Chromos and Agents. Sample 10c. ROE & SIMPSON, 105 John street, N. Y. 6-3ins

WANTED Agents for the best selling 25 Cent Prize Stationery Package in the world. Samples given away. Address, with 6 cent stamp, BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, New York. 6-3ins

### EMPLOYMENT.

Pleasant and profitable. Catalogue with full particulars and sample free. E. M. DOUGLAS, 12-12 Brattleboro, Vt.

#### Take Ayer's Pills

For all purposes of a Purgative. Safe and effectual.

#### DO YOU WANT EGGS?

### Brown Leghorns and Houdans

are the best egg producers now known, being non-sitters and very handsome and hardy fowls. I will spare a few dozens of fresh eggs for setting, carefully handled and packed so as to hatch after going 1,000 miles. Price \$2.50 per doz., or \$6.00 for 3 doz. in one order. My fowls are all choice, from prize stock, and well up to the exhibition standard. Warranted pure bred. Send for circular with full descriptions. State where you saw this. A few Dark Brahma Eggs at same price. T. L. HALLWORTH, Box 583, Chelsea, Mass. 5-6adv

#### Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores gray Hair to its original color thickens thin Hair, and stops its falling. It is an elegant Dressing.

### TREES, SHRUBS, PLANTS,

Bulbs, Seeds, Fertilizers, Tools, Rustic and Wire Work, Flower Pots, Vases, Trellises, Ferneries, Florists' Requisites, Garden Furniture and Decorations, in variety; a choice stock of Foreign and Domestic Nursery and Greenhouse productions, for sale by

BENJ. T. WELLS,  
No. 18 HAWLEY ST. (formerly N. 3).  
BOSTON, MASS. 5-2d  
PLANT NOW! Send for Catalogue.

Established 1842.

### NEW STRAWBERRIES AND PEACHES.

ALSO,

### SMALL FRUITS, SEEDS AND PLANTS.

WE offer the LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE collection of Strawberries in the United States, with twenty-five New Sorts, and twenty-five new Peaches, new Raspberries, Blackberries and the splendid Ganar-gua Black Cap with crimson fruits.

Also, the true

### Cape Cod Cranberry,

for upland or lowland, and gardens.

#### NEW AND CHOICE

### GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS:

25 papers of either Garden, Flower, Tree, Evergreen, Herb or Fruit Seeds for \$1.00, prepaid by mail. Fruit Seeds and Fruit Stock, new Herbs and Bedding Plants, with every novelty.

Priced Descriptive Catalogue gratis and prepaid to any plain address.

### B. M. WATSON,

Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse,  
Plymouth, Mass. 1-12

## THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequaled.

MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

#### Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Purifies the Blood, cures Scrofula and diseases of the Skin.

## BOWDITCH'S \$1 FLOWER GARDEN

I will send 12 Flowering Plants for One Dollar (choice from 100 sorts), by MAIL OR EXPRESS. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, describing all the Plants & Seeds. Mailed for 10 cts. each. Address W. E. BOWDITCH, 645 Warren St., Boston, Mass.

### New and RARE PLANTS For Spring of 1875.

John Saul's Catalogue of new and beautiful Plants will be ready in February, with a Colored Plate. Mailed free to all customers; to others, 25 cents. JOHN SAUL, 4-tfadv Washington City, D. C.

### MANHOOD, WOMANHOOD AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

#### A Book for Every Man,

JUST published by the Peabody Medical Institute; a new edition of the celebrated medical work entitled SELF-PRESERVATION. It treats upon MANHOOD, how lost, how regained and how perpetuated, cause and cure of EXHAUSTED VITALITY, IMPOTENCY, Premature Decline in Man, Nervous and Physical Debility, Hypochondria, Gloomy Forebodings, Mental Depression, Loss of Energy, Haggard Countenance, Confusion of Mind and Loss of Memory, Impure State of the Blood, and all diseases arising from indiscretions or excesses.

It is, indeed, a book for every man, young and middle-aged men in particular. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French cloth, illustrated, price only \$1.

#### A Book for Every Woman.

Entitled, SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY OF WOMAN, AND HER DISEASES; or, Woman treated of Physiologically and Pathologically, in health and disease, from Infancy to Old Age. 350 pages, bound in beautiful French cloth. With the very best prescriptions for prevailing diseases. Price \$2.00.

#### A Book for Everybody.

The Peabody Institute has also just published a new book treating exclusively of NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASES, more than two hundred royal octavo pages, twenty elegant engravings, bound in substantial muslin, price \$2.

Either of the above books are sent by mail to any part of the world, closely sealed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Or all three books sent to one address at the same time on receipt of only \$4. Here is offered over eight hundred and fifty pages of the ablest and best printed and bound popular medical science and literature, on subjects of vital importance to all, for only \$4—barely enough to pay for mailing. It should be borne in mind that these great Medical Works are published by the Peabody Medical Institute, an honored institution, established with large funds for the sole purpose of doing good.

These are, beyond all comparison, the most extraordinary works on Physiology ever published. There is nothing whatever that the Married or Single of either sex can either require or wish to know, but what is fully explained, and many matters of the most important and interesting character are introduced, to which no allusion ever can be found in any other works in our language. All the New Discoveries of the author, whose experience is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any man, are given in full. No person should be without these valuable books. The press throughout the country, the clergy and the medical faculty generally highly extol these extraordinary and useful works. The most fastidious may read them.

Address the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House), Boston, Mass., N. B. The author and consulting physicians can be consulted on all of the above named diseases, and all diseases requiring SKILL AND EXPERIENCE. 1-12



# MANUFACTURED BY THE SPRAGUE CAN OPENER Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Should be sold by the Hardware, Grocery, and Canned Goods Trade everywhere.

IT OPENS EVERY SORT OF TIN PACKAGE EASILY AND NEATLY

Will send Sample, Free, on receipt of 25 Cents.



**"Brightest and Best" THE BEST OFFER EVER MADE!**  
**Now Ready!**

Advance orders for over 75,000 copies of "BRIGHT-EST AND BEST" have been received up to April 19th. We feel assured that "BRIGHT-EST AND BEST" will prove to be the most popular of all our Sunday School Song Books. Our facilities will enable us to issue 5,000 copies every working day. Orders are being filled in turn, and all can rely on receiving their books at the earliest possible moment. One copy in paper cover sent for examination on receipt of 25 cents.

**BIGLOW & MAIN, Publishers,**  
76 East Ninth St., New York,  
91 Washington St., Chicago.



## AGENTS WANTED.

Men or women. \$34 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable with no risk. A 16 page circular and valuable Samples free. Send your address on postal card. Don't delay but write at once to F. M. REED, 5TH ST., NEW YORK.

12 Chromos for \$1. The grandest chance ever offered agents. We will mail to any address, post paid, 12 beautiful Oil Chromos, size 2x11, mounted, on receipt of \$1. Sell for \$3 in an hour. Try a chromo agency, it is the best paying agency out. Everybody loves and buys pictures. We have work and money for all, men and women, boys and girls, whole or spare time, daytime or evening, at home or traveling. Inclose \$1 in a letter. Chromos by return mail. They sell at sight.

**WANTED** Agents for the best selling Prize packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, Pen, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, package of Perfumery, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, post paid, 25 cents. Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue. Address, F. P. GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass.

JUST PUBLISHED.

## National Hymn and Tune Book.

Now ready. Adapted for Opening and Closing Exercises in Schools and Seminaries, for Congregational, Social and Home Singing, 128 pages, 200 choice tunes, 340 hymns. Price but 40 cents. \$35.00 per Hundred

Clarke's Organ Voluntaries. \$1.50  
Bastie's Organ Voluntaries. 2.50

**CLARKE'S REED ORGAN COMPANION.**  
A valuable, useful and brilliant collection of Exercises, Airs, Songs and Pieces for Reed Organs. Price, \$2.00.

**Strauss Dance Music. Violin and Piano. \$1.00**  
**Winner's Party Dances. Violin and Piano. .75**  
**Winner's Violin and Flute Duets. 1.00**

## CLARKE'S DOLLAR INSTRUCTORS

For Reed Organs. For Piano. For Violin. Useful, cheap, instructive Books with Exercises and numerous attractive Airs for practice. Sold by all the principal music dealers. Sent post-paid, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.,  
Boston. 6tf 711 B'dway, New York.

**200** DECALCOMANIE PICTURES and list sent post paid for 25 cts. GEO. BOLES, 165 Tremont St., Boston, Ms.

## Decorate Your Gardens.

12 Flowering Plants for \$1.00, our selection. Send for circular. WILLIAM S. EWELL, Florist, Howard St., Dorchester District, Boston, Mass.



**J. ESTEY & CO.**  
Brattleboro, Vt.  
[Established 1846]

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

## POLAND

## Mineral Spring Water

CURES ALL

Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Piles, Dropsy, and all Affections of the Liver.

References of the highest responsibility abundant. Send for Circular.

## LIST OF PRICES.

Barrels, . . . . . \$7.00  
Half Barrels, . . . . . 4.50  
By the Gallon, . . . . . .50

**JACOB GRAVES & CO., AGENTS,**  
26 No. Market Street, Boston.

## The Popular Farm Journal.

## THE AMERICAN PATRON

Is acknowledged by all who have examined it to be the very best paper published in the interest of the Order of

**Patrons of Husbandry,**  
And furnished at the low rate of  
**\$1.25 Per Year,**

With liberal reductions to clubs and Granges, and handsome Premiums to canvassers. Send for free sample copy and be convinced. 4-trady Address J. K. BARND Pub'r, FINDLAY, OHIO.

## Hall's Hair Renewer

Turns gray Hair dark. Removes dandruff, heals humors of the scalp and makes the Hair grow thick and glossy.

MORE THAN 200,000

## 'FAMILY FAVORITES'

bear constant witness to its superiority over any Sewing Machine ever manufactured. These machines are manufactured by the Weed Sewing Machine Co., of Hartford, Conn., and sold by agents or canvassers in almost every section of the U. S.

## TRY THEM.

## CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 4:20 and 8:42 a. m.; at 2:00 and 3:30 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., connecting at New London with steamer for New York.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 12:10 p. m., Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. Albans at 7:00 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., for Springfield, New York, &c.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 4:20 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:42 a. m., arriving at New London at 5:15 p. m.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:30 p. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 10:15 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., reaching Miller's Falls at 2:50 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 7:15 a. m., 10:30 a. m. 4:55 p. m., 10:20 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave New London at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, and Ogdensburg.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 7:15 a. m., for Bellows Falls and White River Junction.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Miller's Falls at 11:20 a. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—Leave New London at 8:10 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:55 p. m., for White River Junction.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal and Ogdensburg.

Pullman's Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars are run on night trains between Springfield and Montreal.

J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Sup't.  
St. Albans, Vt., Dec. 12, 1874.

## Household Premiums.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of subscribers, for one year each, required to obtain it free:

| No. | PREMIUM.                                         | Price. | No. of Subs. |
|-----|--------------------------------------------------|--------|--------------|
| 1   | One box Initial Stationary,                      | \$0 50 | 2            |
| 2   | Indelible Pencil, (Clark's,                      | 50     | 2            |
| 3   | Embroidery Scissors,                             | 50     | 2            |
| 4   | Name, Plate, brush ink, etc.,                    | 60     | 2            |
| 5   | Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,                   | 75     | 3            |
| 6   | Autograph Album,                                 | 1 00   | 3            |
| 7   | Package Garden Seeds,                            | 1 00   | 3            |
| 8   | Package Flower Seeds,                            | 1 00   | 3            |
| 9   | Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves,                      |        |              |
|     | Winter Wren or May Flowers,                      | 1 00   | 3            |
| 10  | Butter Knife, (silver plated),                   | 1 00   | 3            |
| 11  | Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,                      | 1 00   | 3            |
| 12  | Set Jet Jewelry,                                 | 1 50   | 4            |
| 13  | One vol. Household,                              | 1 00   | 4            |
| 14  | Six Teaspoons, (silver plated)                   | 1 75   | 5            |
| 15  | Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated)                | 2 00   | 5            |
| 16  | Six Scotch Pl'd Napkin Rings,                    | 2 00   | 5            |
| 17  | Rosewood Writing Desk,                           | 2 25   | 5            |
| 18  | Rosewood Work Box,                               | 2 50   | 5            |
| 19  | Gold Pen with Silver Case,                       | 2 50   | 6            |
| 20  | Photograph Album,                                | 3 00   | 7            |
| 21  | Gilt Cup,                                        | 2 75   | 7            |
| 22  | Six Tea Knives, (ebony handles),                 | 2 50   | 7            |
| 23  | Pie Knife, (silver plated),                      | 3 00   | 8            |
| 24  | Soup Ladle, (silver plated),                     | 3 50   | 9            |
| 25  | 1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated),               | 3 50   | 8            |
| 26  | Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler)                 | 4 00   | 8            |
| 27  | Six Tablespoons, (silver plated),                | 4 00   | 9            |
| 28  | Six Dining Forks, (silver plated),               | 4 00   | 9            |
| 29  | Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)                 | 5 00   | 10           |
| 30  | 1 doz. Tea Knives, (ebony handle),               | 5 00   | 10           |
| 31  | Sheet Music, (Agts. selection)                   | 5 00   | 10           |
| 32  | Child's knife, fork and spoon                    | 5 00   | 12           |
| 33  | Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g                     | 5 00   | 12           |
| 34  | Gold Pen and Pencil,                             | 6 00   | 12           |
| 35  | Carving Knife and Fork,                          | 6 00   | 12           |
| 36  | Spoon Holder, (silver plated),                   | 6 50   | 14           |
| 37  | Folding Chair,                                   | 5 00   | 16           |
| 38  | Croquet Set,                                     | 6 50   | 14           |
| 39  | Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler)                 | 7 00   | 14           |
| 40  | Clothes Wringer,                                 | 7 50   | 15           |
| 41  | Webster's N'tional Dictionary,                   | 6 00   | 15           |
| 42  | Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated),            | 8 00   | 18           |
| 43  | Six Tea Knives, (silver plated)                  | 8 00   | 18           |
| 44  | Fruit Dish, (silver plated),                     | 7 00   | 16           |
| 45  | Gold Pen and Holder,                             | 7 50   | 17           |
| 46  | 1 doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated),             | 8 00   | 18           |
| 47  | 1 doz. Dining Forks, (silver plated),            | 8 00   | 18           |
| 48  | Photograph Album,                                | 10 00  | 18           |
| 49  | Stereoscope and 50 views,                        | 10 00  | 20           |
| 50  | Elegant Family Bible,                            | 10 00  | 20           |
| 51  | Folding Chair,                                   | 8 00   | 24           |
| 52  | 1-2 doz. napkin rings, in case,                  | 8 00   | 22           |
| 53  | Child's Carriage,                                | 10 00  | 25           |
| 54  | Cash,                                            | 6 25   | 25           |
| 55  | Castor, (silver plated),                         | 10 00  | 25           |
| 56  | Sewing Machine, (Reckwith),                      | 12 00  | 24           |
| 57  | Cake Basket, (silver plated),                    | 12 00  | 30           |
| 58  | Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,                      | 10 00  | 25           |
| 59  | 1 doz. Tea Knives, (silver plated),              | 14 50  | 30           |
| 60  | Photograph Album,                                | 18 50  | 30           |
| 61  | Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,                 | 12 00  | 30           |
| 62  | Folding Chair,                                   | 20 00  | 50           |
| 63  | Guitar,                                          | 20 00  | 40           |
| 64  | Silver Watch, (Waltham),                         | 20 00  | 45           |
| 65  | Ice Pitcher, (silver plated),                    | 20 00  | 50           |
| 66  | Child's Carriage,                                | 25 00  | (4)          |
| 67  | Silver Watch, (Waltham),                         | 35 00  | 80           |
| 68  | Bickford Knitting Machine,                       | 30 00  | 75           |
| 69  | Harper's Pictorial Bible,                        | 35 00  | 80           |
| 70  | Cash,                                            | 35 00  | 100          |
| 71  | Lawn Mower, (Allen & Co.'s),                     | 45 00  | 100          |
| 72  | Tea Set, (silver plated), elegant,               | 50 00  | 100          |
| 73  | Sewing Machine, (Weed),                          | 60 00  | 60           |
| 74  | Lamb Knitting Machine,                           | 65 00  | 125          |
| 75  | Ladies' Gold Watch,                              | 80 00  | 175          |
| 76  | American Cyclopaedia, (Appleton's)               | 80 00  | 200          |
| 77  | Sewing Machine, (Weed),                          | 100 00 | 100          |
| 78  | Irving's Works, (Sunnyside Edition, 28 volumes), | 105 00 | 250          |
| 79  | Dicken's Works, (Riverside Edition, 27 volumes), | 108 00 | 260          |
| 80  | Gent's Gold Watch, (Reckwith),                   | 125 00 | 275          |
| 81  | Cottage Organ, (Estey),                          | 150 00 | 150          |
| 82  | Cooper's Works, (Library Edition, 32 volumes),   | 144 00 | 350          |
| 83  | Cash,                                            | 400 00 | 1000         |
| 84  | Piano, 7 Oct., (Bening and Klix),                | 500 00 | 1000         |
| 85  | Piano, splendid 7 Oct., (Bening & Klix),         | 700 00 | 1500         |

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture.

A full description of the Premiums are given in a circular which will be sent to any address on application. Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

New subscribers and renewals are counted alike for premiums.

It is not necessary for an agent working for one premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted, send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

\*Premiums designated by a star are from the Lucius Hart Manufacturing Co., New York city. The goods are manufactured from the best material and triple plated.



## THE HOUSEHOLD.



**DON'T FORGET** that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose \$1.10 in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the *State*—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt. Don't send *Personal Checks*, we cannot use them.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

SEE OUR OFFER of Organs and Sewing Machines for their value in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. We hope to send at least one of each into every county in the United States and Provinces in the next twelve months.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons designing to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

BEAR IN MIND that we again offer our popular lists of Special Premiums to our most successful agents, which will be awarded October 1st, on the conditions given in another column. As we shall probably have more favorable weather during this campaign than for the last six months, we trust our lady agents will improve the occasion and fill the quotas of their counties at an early day.

PERSONS who neglect to inform us of any change required in the direction of their papers until several copies have been lost must not expect that we will send others to replace them. We mail the papers in every case to the address as given us, and make all changes in the direction of them that may be required of us, but cannot make good any losses which may occur through any neglect on the part of the subscriber.

OUR NEW PREMIUM.—We take great pleasure in placing the Bickford Knitting Machine upon our Premium Lists both regular and special. We can most heartily recommend these machines to any and all who wish a simple, durable, cheap, and every way satisfactory knitting machine, and are confident that at the very favorable rate at which we offer them they will be among the most popular premiums on our lists.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want an agent in every town to solicit subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 60, 77, 86 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desire to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or especial authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us, stating which premium you have selected. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted *send a copy of this list* and name the premium selected. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received in two weeks from the time the order was given.

AS TO POSTAGE. While nearly every one of our subscribers has responded promptly to our call for the postage on THE HOUSEHOLD a few have neglected to do so, mostly from oversight probably. Occasionally a subscriber asks why we do not prepay the postage without expense to them as some other journals do, to which we reply that at the price asked for THE HOUSEHOLD we cannot afford it. Publication: which have a subscription price of from \$3.00 to \$5.00 or more can well afford to pay their own postage, but among the cheaper journals every one that advertises to pay postage without expense to the subscriber *has increased its subscription price from twenty-five to fifty cents* within a year to meet this additional expense. Others, including THE HOUSEHOLD, keep the subscription price at the old figure and ask the subscriber to pay the postage of ten cents extra. The difference between these two methods is from fifteen to forty cents for each subscriber as will readily be seen.

A TRIAL TRIP. In order to give every house-keeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on *trial* THREE MONTHS—*postage paid*—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months the only publication in the country especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

THE HOME FLORIST is a finely illustrated, handsomely printed, well filled volume of some 90 pages, designed as a book of instructions, relative to the proper means of managing plants for the adornment of American homes. The size of this work and the number of its pages is no indication of its value, for it actually contains more practical information concerning the selection and cultivation of plants and flowers than would be expected in an ordinary treatise of thrice its size. Every page is literally crammed with facts and items of useful knowledge suited to the wants and circumstances of all classes of cultivators but which will be found of especial value to the inexperienced and those who have but limited time and space to devote to the beautifying of their rooms or premises. The author is a practical Florist, one of the firm of Long Brothers, of Buffalo, N. Y., well known as among the most enterprising and reliable houses in the business. We believe this volume will be of great value to the ladies of the country and we propose to add it to our list of premiums, sending a copy, in paper, for two subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD, or a copy bound in cloth for four subscriptions.

AWARD OF OUR SPECIAL PREMIUMS. The five Special Premiums offered by us to those who should send us the five largest lists of yearly subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD previous to May 1st., have been awarded to the following persons: The first premium—a \$300 Estey Cottage Organ was won by H. M. Fletcher of Newport, N. H., who obtained 573 subscribers; the second—a \$100 Gold Watch—by I. W. Briggs, Macadon, N. Y., with 527 subscribers; the third by J. B. Putney, Middleton, Mass., who sent 506 subscribers; the fourth, by Wm. E. Brewer, Wilbraham, Mass., who furnished a list of 258 subscribers and the fifth by Norman McKenzie, Westville, Nova Scotia with 237 subscribers.

*The Premiums to County Agents* were awarded, the first to Mrs. S. N. Spofford of Henry Co., Ill., who sent 173 subscribers, the quota being 140; the second to Mrs. Emma Baxter, of Stewart Co., Iowa, who sent 37 her quota being 30; the third by Mrs. F. B. Forbes, of Freeborn Co.,



IN NATURE'S MEDICINE CHEST,  
the Earth, there is no specific superior to the water  
of the Seltzer Spring. **Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient** is an improvement upon that world-renowned remedy for indigestion, biliousness and constipation. It is at once mild, thorough and infallible.

NO DRUG STORE IS WITHOUT IT.

## WHEN A LADY HAS A NEW DRESS

to make or re-  
old one to re-  
make the **Cas-**  
**Cutting and**  
**Sewing Ta-**  
**ble** is a perfect  
comfort. It is  
made firmly  
and level on four  
feet; is just high  
enough to cut  
and work by  
while sitting in  
an easy chair;  
has a drawer,  
yard measure,  
and casters, so  
that it will run  
easily on wheels  
your work when  
you wish to  
leave it, and can  
be in an instant  
folded up like a  
pocket - knife,  
and by a child  
set away in  
closet or behind  
a sofa. It obvi-  
ates all the in-  
conveniences of  
the common cut-  
ting board; is made  
in two styles -  
light - colored  
wood and solid  
dark walnut.  
Everybody is  
delighted with  
it, and nearly ev-



and nearly every lady wants one. It is also a capital **Reading, Card, Pic-nic, and Children's Study and Amusement Table**. For sale by Furniture, Carpet, House Furnishing and Sewing Machine Dealers. If you do not readily find it with such dealers send for our grand illustrated circular which contains full information. Send three pence or very high commendatory testimonials. Address **New York Folding Table Co., Domestic Building, Union Square, New York City**.

Also, **HALL'S GALLOPING BIAS MARKER**, is a PERFECT Machine for marking off folds, flounces, plaits and tucks, both "on the bias" and on the square. It is convenient, rapid and perfect in its operation - is four times as rapid as any other method. Bias strips cut by this machine are PERFECTLY TRUE, hence there is no waste of goods. On this account it will often save a great deal in preparing the trimmings for a single costly garment. It is indispensable not only to all dress makers but also to the family dress and cloak-making done. Price \$1.50. For sale by Pattern Dealers everywhere. Also, sent free by express to all parts of the United States. Receipt of \$1.75. Always warranted to give entire satisfaction. Address **N. Y. Folding Table Co.**, as above.

# KNITTING MACHINES!

THE DICKFORD AUTOMATIC FAMILY  
KNITTING MACHINE,

fully protected by numerous Letters Patent, is a  
**Most Useful and Wonderful Invention,**  
 Destined to rival the SEWING MACHINE as a  
 universal implement of Daily Family use.

It is simple and durable in construction, is equally kept in repair, and will last a life-time. It will knit 20,000 perfect stitches per minute from cotton, wool, linen or silk; and will knit a sock, with heel and toe complete, in from FIVE to TEN MINUTES! Skillful operators knit from twenty to thirty pairs of men's socks in an hour on this Machine! It does all kinds of tubular and fancy work, and knits a flat web with selvage on both sides. It will narrow and widen, thus shaping the fabric in any desired form, using precisely the same stitch, and with more even and uniform than the most experienced knitter can possibly knit by hand.

While the chief value of this wonderful machine consists in its use in manufacturing socks, stockings, mittens, leggings, and other common articles of prime family necessity, every kind of knit fabric, plain or ornamented, can readily be made upon it. Indeed, the skill, ingenuity and tastes of the operator are the only limit to the variety of style and quality of the work it may be put to do.

All parts of the Machine are inter-changeable; so that different cylinders, of various degrees of fineness, will fit the same Machine, adopting it to all kinds of work from the coarsest to the finest—thus obviating the necessity of buying two or more entire Machines to work different grades of yarns. The entire Machine is warranted perfect, and so do just what is represented.

No. 1 Family Machine, 1 Cylinder, 72 Needles, \$30.  
 " 3 " " 2 " 72 & 100 " 40.  
 For circulars, containing full particulars, price  
 lists, etc., address,

**BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE MFG. CO.**  
66t Brattleboro, Vermont.  
**SOLE MANUFACTURERS.**

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF  
PURE COD LIVER  
OIL AND LIME.

**To Consumptives.**—Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of "Wilbor's Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime." Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by druggists generally. 5-18mnb

## BRADLEY'S PATENT CROQUET

is the BEST ever made because no other has the  
**SOCKET BRIDGES** or **INDEXICAL**  
**BALLS.**

The Socket Bridges double the value of any set without increasing the cost to the purchaser.

MILTON BRADLEY & CO.,  
Springfield, Mass.