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# THE HOUSEHOLD

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NOT PLACE LIKE HOME

ESTABLISHED 1868. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JULY, 1872.

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## The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

Editor and Proprietor,

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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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### OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the Book of Life  
Some lessons I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work at my task with a resolute will  
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need  
Of even the tiniest flower,  
Nor check the flow of the golden sands  
That run through a single hour,  
But the morning dew must fall;  
And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their part and perform it all  
Over and over again.

Over and over again  
The brook through the meadow flows  
And over and over again  
The ponderous mill wheel goes;  
Once doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain;  
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,  
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod  
Is never so rough to our feet;  
And a lesson we once have learned  
Is never so hard to repeat.  
Though sorrowful tears may fall,  
And the heart to its depth be riven  
With storm and tempest we need them all  
To render us meet for heaven.

### OUR COUNTRY HOMES.

AN old house in the country is rarely torn down, as long as it is habitable. Indeed, it is wonderful how large a proportion of homes in our rural districts are relics of antiquity, and yet so reconstructed as not to betray their age. In many cases the original tenement has been moved back, and a modern front erected on its old site, which contains the parlor and guest-chamber, while the old frame contains other apartments that are not so much matter of pride. Sometimes a curious architectural jumbling is the result, which illustrates a style of "composite" neither Ionic nor Corinthian. The gambrel roof, with its dormer windows, which so closely approximates the present popular "Mansard," is made to serve as a mere "ell" to a two-story

edifice in front, that has no particular character, excepting newness, and is decidedly inferior, architecturally, to the old-fashioned frame it has supplanted. In other instances, the original house, with its long, steep "lean-to," has been supplemented with a new front of two stories, where the low ceilings with heavy cross-beams are discarded, and the modern improvements are introduced to good advantage. Externally, too, better proportions are gained, and the glory of this latter house, with the added lustre of white paint and green blinds, far exceeds the former.

Another more satisfactory improvement is raising the original frame from its foundations enough to secure several additional feet between joists, and give rooms on the first floor a modern height and better proportions generally, though the chambers unfortunately retain their original lowness of ceiling. But in this style of reconstruction the old home is made commodious and attractive below as any new one, while still retaining the staunch and tough beams and rafters in its frame-work, consecrated with the memories of a hundred years. The massive central chimney, which contained bricks and stone enough for a dozen modern ones, is wholly removed, and space left above and below for central halls running through from front to rear, with chimneys on either side. A great gain in point of ventilation as well as space is thus realized, and the rats and chimney swallows only regret the demolishing of their old stronghold. Nevertheless, the monstrous pile of brick and mortar, which the fathers reared as the central figure of their home, was a proud monument of their fireside love, and large welcome to the hearthstone. And when the old house was burned to ashes, they could be sure that the old central witness to its brightest home-scenes would survive the flames, and stand amid the ruins as a charred but solid memorial of the fire worshippers who reared it.

The way in which old country homes are cared for is a pleasant feature in our rural life. Originally painted houses were the exception rather than the rule, but now a house without paint or blinds is a marked exception. A dwelling that is suffered to stand year after year, browned and warped by exposure to the elements, and with a leaky or roughly-patched roof is invariably recognized as indicating a sad lack of thrift, and even self-respect; somewhere, besides casting its baleful shadow over the whole neighborhood. Its out-buildings and fences are usually in a corresponding state of dilapidation, and the whole scene is a big, foul blot on a fair, rural picture. Some indeed, seem to think it a sacrilege to meddle with the handwork of the fathers. They are willing that old Time should take whatever liberties he pleases,

and not a finger will they lift to check its ravages, from conscientious scruples. To repair, much more to remodel the old home, would be to break the charm that hallows it in their estimation; and every public edifice, too, had best remain old-fashioned as the fathers left it, in memory of them. So they turn a deaf ear and a closed heart to every solicitation from the spirit of improvement, and their apathy is enough to make the very fathers whom they venerate turn in their coffins and cry out in remonstrance from the dust.

But it is a happy relief to know that such old fogeyism throughout New England is fast on the decline. The thought of what our early builders would do in the work of reform and reconstruction, could they now rise from the dead, is operating as a tonic to renew the strength of their descendants, rather than as an anodyne to help them sleep, and the old home is made better than new.—*Springfield Republican.*

### HINTS TO CARPENTERS.

The American Builder believes that there is much labor in vain in the ornamentation of houses, especially wooden houses. It tells carpenters before making and fixing a quantity of ornament to be sure that it is good, and goes on to say: There are many things that you do and many others that an architect—if there be one in the case—will often instruct you to do, which are neither tasteful nor in good construction. Of course there are exceptions. You may be sure of this, however, that the more elaborate and covered with ornament and carving the building is, the more you are going on the wrong track. Real beauty consists not in added features but in the body of the work itself, and this fact should always be borne in mind.

The principle of carving wood for outside ornament is wrong. We would not say it is to be discarded altogether, but, still we have that leaning. Cut work, and that of the simplest kind is the best. Complexity in forms and ornament is mostly bad. It not only requires unnecessary labor to produce, but there is actually vexation in the mind of the spectator. When people see a thing that is so crowded with intricate work, that it takes them trouble to make it out, it is tolerably good evidence that such work is not exactly what is wanted.

Give great attention to the sizes and proportions of doors and windows and pay especial attention to the sizes and construction; and never if possible, conceal its principles, but let them form the basis of ornament. Moldings, cornices and miters are not to be put in exposed positions. It is surprising what an excellent effect can be produced by cutting, even with little or no moulding or carving.



### THE RIGHTS OF A HOSTESS.

"WELL, I am glad it is over! Now you needn't laugh, Henry, I really am."

But, dear HOUSEHOLD, let me tell you all about it, and see if you do not sympathize with me. Henry came home one evening last summer with a letter for me. On opening it, I found it was from an old school-mate, Emma Williams. She would, she said, if convenient to me, come and make me a visit the last of June, and bring Freddie. Mr. W. would perhaps be able to come out one night. When I had read the letter I exclaimed, "How nice! oh, I am so glad! It will be so pleasant to see Emma and talk over old times."

"Well, little wife, I hope you will enjoy it, and I shall be glad to have them come," was Henry's remark, "but I fear it will be hard work for you."

"O, no," I replied, "Emma knows what it is to keep house. I visited her the summer before we were married, and can seem to see her now; everything was in perfect order, and next to yourself I think her husband the neatest man I ever saw. He smoked some, she told me, but never in the house, as the odor was offensive to her. As to the children, they were so well behaved that if Freddie is anything like them, it will be a pleasure to have him come."

Henry and I had been married about three years. He was not rich, but we had been able to purchase a pretty little cottage; there was a small vegetable garden, a few cherry and apple trees, and I had a small flower plot where were some rare and beautiful plants. The house, although small, was well arranged for our family. I had always prided myself on having everything in perfect order, and aimed so to take care of things that they might look new for a long time. Henry would often say when he came home weary at night, and I regretted I could not take some of the burden off his shoulders, "You save me as much as I earn." I prided myself on my cooking, and although the quantities of jelly and jam made was not great, the quality was good, as well as of the plainer cooking.

Until little Willie came I had done without help, but as I was not strong I had a girl of fourteen to assist in taking care of baby. Except that she saved me some steps, she was of very little help in the housework. Let me now return to Mrs. Williams' letter. I answered it that evening, telling her how delighted I should be to see her. As my spring cleaning had been delayed, there was

enough to do in the meantime. I wanted all done that we might enjoy the visit.

The day at last came on which they were to arrive. As I went to see that all was in order for their reception, and to put the last touches to my toilet, I had a feeling of satisfaction that all was ready. The guest chamber was a pretty, although not a grand room. The painted set, small figured carpet, clean muslin curtains, and white bed-spread, all gave a cool and pleasant look. On the little marble shelf I kept some of my most valued knick-knacks, some, dear for friendship's sake, some for old memories. The garden was in trim; Henry had expended all his spare time there, and we had watched every seed as it came up, and were pleased with the prospect of raising our own vegetables. My flowers, too, were making quite a show; there were one or two buds on a lily that had never blossomed, and I was quite anxious to see what they might unfold.

Hearing the car whistle I put on my hat and went to meet my guest. I found her somewhat changed, a little thinner, and older looking. I noticed that she, as well as her child, were dressed much plainer than when I last saw her. During her visit she explained the reason for it by saying, "She did like to go into the country once in a while where one did not see any company, and were not obliged to be fixed up." By the way, B— was quite a thickly settled village, and I received a great many visitors.

It had been a very warm day, but on entering the house, Mrs. Williams exclaimed, "Isn't this nice, so cool and pleasant; what a love of a parlor! I don't see how you manage to keep so free from flies, I do not see one."

I said, "I am almost ashamed to have you see my house, yours was in such perfect order."

"O no, it was not, but then Hiram is so particular, I like to have things neat, then it is well to have the children learn early to have a place for everything and everything in its place, even Freddie who is only three, has a place for his hat and puts it there."

After resting, I led my guests into the guest chamber, that they might remove the dust after traveling. I showed her several drawers I had emptied for her use, also a vacant place in the closet. I left them and went to prepare supper. After arranging the table, and putting the rolls in the oven to bake, I took up Willie, and went to see if Mrs. Williams was ready to descend. The "come in" in answer to my rap opened the door on a scene of confusion. The windows were wide opened, blinds flung back, the bars were out, the sun was pouring in with full power, the flies were rushing in as though they were invited guests, bag and parcels were undone, and their contents scattered here and there. To crown all, in the middle of the bed was seated Master Freddie, with the various articles from the mantle, trying, I think, to see how many he could break.

My heart seemed to give one great throb and then stop, as if in perfect astonishment at so great a change in so short a time. I thought, will it be so for a week? All this passed through my mind in a moment, as Emma said, "What a beautiful baby, let me take it." But he refused to go, and clung the closer to mother's neck. I will not linger over the days. I found my labor greatly increased, and there was little time for long talks. As there was a vacation of several days, Mr. Williams

came out one evening and brought the other two children. He said "he thought it would do them good to run in the country." Run they did, and not always in the paths, as vegetable and flower beds testified. Mrs. W. did not think tobacco offensive to country people, so after supper lit a cigar and smoked most of the evening, and again in the morning before going away.

As Henry never used the vile weed it was very annoying to me, and it seemed as though I should never get rid of the smell. At last the visit was finished, and it was on the eve after their departure I said, "I am glad it is over," and although Henry laughed, he said, "So am I."

I had been forced to see my room kept in a turmoil, doors and windows opened all day, and flies poured in, in quantities so great that I think all in the city had come to pay a visit to their country friends. Hats, caps, shawls, bonnets, papers, books, playthings, rocks, green apples, cherry stones, sticks and torn flowers were scattered everywhere, until I thought their motto surely was, a place for everything and everything in that place.

One day when it rained my parlor chairs made very nice horses, the piano an excellent express cart, and the stool a good step up to the driver's seat. The guest chamber—well, I am sick at the thought, the white spread was no whiter for having been lain on in the daytime, the carpet was soiled, curtains all rumpled. I will not dwell on it.

As to the garden; well, it was sometime before I had flowers enough for a bouquet. I am unable to say what the blossoms on my lilies would have been as they were nipped in the bud.

Now, dear *HOUSEHOLD*, do not think I have over-stated the case; the picture is drawn from my own and others' experience. Now I have read in your columns about the treatment of guests, preparing for guests, and I thought I would like to say a word about the rights of hostesses.

It is pleasant to see our friends, and I am always glad to welcome them to my home, but it would be pleasanter if I could feel that in some cases the rights of the hostess were not set aside. It makes a great difference in a family, especially a small one, to have one or two added, and as the majority of families are not rich, and a great number do without help, the additional labor comes upon the hostess, as well as the part of entertainer. Now if a guest will only be careful to conform to the way of the household in some respects, showing a regard for the whims (if such you may look upon some things to be) that you would wish paid to yours. Be as careful of articles as they would be of their own, and even more careful, for it may be harder for your entertainer to replace them, and a soiled carpet, or marred furniture, will long be an eyesore to an orderly housewife. A moment spent in hanging up a garment or laying it away, the folding of a paper, the replacing of a book, the rebuking of a child for mischief done, or the same rules carried out to some extent while visiting that are kept at home, will render your visit a real pleasure, and you will find your hostess will hardly feel the additional labor, and will be free from many annoyances that come from having visitors.

And to those of the other sex who use tobacco, you have no right in your selfish indulgence to turn your friend's sitting

room into a tobacco shop in odor, the fumes penetrating everywhere will long remain; although too polite to make any objections, yet from being forced to remain in the room she will suffer for long hours with severe headache. I do hope that the time will come when the rights of the hostess will be respected, and the receiving of friends be more a pleasure than a burden.

C.

of roses planted by King Shaddad, and now buried in the desert, which is analogous in many respects to the Garden of Eden. Throughout southern and central Europe it is used in love spells and divinations. One common German superstition is to name rose leaves and then throw them into a basin of clean water. The leaf which sinks last is to be the husband or wife of the inquirer. Another superstition is to throw rose leaves on to hot coals; the burning fragrance is thought to attract good fortune. White roses blooming at an unexpected time are believed in England to denote a death in the family of the owner, and red ones a marriage. As the lily is the emblem of France, so the rose is of England, where it assumes more of a historical than sacred character.

The Mistletoe was the holiest plant in nature to the Druids and early Britons, for it represented their sun god. Horas, of eastern mythology (the offspring of Leo and Virgo, which the Egyptians represented by the Sphinx), is also Baldur, the loved and early lost—whose tale in the Norse mythology is like a sunshiny fragment of Ionian life dropped into the stormy center of Scandinavian existence. For Baldur, the holiest Druids sought with prayers and ceremonies on the sixth day of the moon the mistletoe which grew on the sacred oak. Its discovery was hailed with songs and sacrifices of white bulls. None but the chief priest, might gather it, which was done by separating it from the tree with a golden knife. It was caught in the robe of a priest, and on no account allowed to touch the ground. In Denmark, Sweden and Norway, it has still names equivalent to "Baldur brow." It was in high reputation with all pretenders to the black art, and is authoritatively said to possess the power of resisting lightning. I found it in abundance in central Texas, and there also I was assured that even if the tree on which it grew was blasted by lightning it was always uninjured. Chandler says that the custom of decking the house at Christmas with mistletoe is of pagan origin, and was done by the Druids to allure and comfort the sylvan spirits during the sleep of Nature.

Few flowers have had an earlier or more superstitious reverence than the Mandrake. Solomon speaks of its fragrance, and includes it "among all manner of pleasant fruits." As a plant of potent power and occult virtues, it is used extensively in Syria at this day. The Arabs call it the "devil's apple," the Greeks call it "love's apple," and their women nearly universally wear it as a love charm. Many ceremonies were anciently observed in the gathering of it. Josephus describes the manner of pulling it by tying firmly to its root or stem a dog. It was said to utter a shriek when drawn from the earth which was fatal to those who heard it; hence the Jews used a dog to gather it, or else carefully closed the orifice of the ear. The singular resemblance to the human form, often observable in its roots, has given it a fame greater than any other plant in all magical potions. Among the Rosicrucians it was believed to have the power of discovering subterraneous treasures. In the fifteenth century it was commonly worn in France and southern Europe as an amulet, and the powdered root was the celebrated "love powders" of the wise men and women of those days. Even at the pre-



#### FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT SACRED FLOWERS.

THE lily deservedly stands first among sacred flowers, for from the birth of history until the present day, she has never wanted worshipers! The word is of Syrian origin, and means "evening." It was the personification of the moonlight, and no flower could so beautifully express this idea as the pale, white, golden-hearted water lily. It has always been a subject of dispute what particular kind of lily is alluded to in the Sermon on the Mount. If (as it is generally supposed) Christ delivered the memorable discourse in the spring of the year, then, at that season, the mountains of Galilee and the shores of the Levant are all glorious with the scarlet, turban-like flowers of the Martagon lily. A white species, striped with purple, is also common in Judea, and this, as combining the idea of majesty and purity, has received the suffrages of many. It could not have been, however, the small species known to us as the Lily of the Valley, because this fairy-like flower, with its little illumination lamps, grows only in cold or temperate climates.

There is an old legend which says, that Eve brought the Rose out of Eden with her. It has always been a favorite flower with the Jews, and Solomon likens Christ to the Rose of Sharon. In later times the Rose of Jericho has usurped the place of affection so long held by that of Sharon. This rose is a native of Arabia Petrea, and opens only in fine weather. It also possesses, in a remarkable degree, a reviving power, and can recover its life when to all appearances dead; hence the Jews use it as the symbol of Resurrection. A Mexican plant possessing the same wonderful tenacity of life, is constantly for sale on the streets of New York so that many must have become familiar with this phenomenon. The white rose has always been sacred to the Virgin Mary, and mingled with the cross, it was the device of Luther and also of the Rosicrucians (*sub rosa crux*). The red rose is the emblem of love and also of silence, because Cupid gave it to Harpocrates, the god of silence, in order to bribe him not to reveal any of the indiscretions of his mother; hence it was often placed over the doors of guest rooms to signify that perfect freedom of conversation might be indulged "under the rose," for nothing so said was to be repeated. And as stratagem delights in silence as well as love, the Romans placed it on their shields. Over Greek, Roman and Chinese graves it is a frequent emblem, and the Turks will not suffer a red one to lie on the ground since the day it was colored by the blood of Mohammed. The Arabians have a legend of a garden

sent time it is only pulled in Germany after signing the cross three times over it, and in the Tyrol pieces of the root worn round the neck are believed to protect the wearer from robbers. It retains with us a shadowy remnant of its once great medicinal virtues as an homoeopathic pellet to cure rheumatism.

It is much easier to change dogmas than symbols, and it is somewhat remarkable that the death of Baldr in Norse mythology is identified with the nativity of John the Baptist in Christian faith. On this night in pagan times all witches were abroad, and the plant known now as St. John's Wort, was dedicated to them. After the introduction of Christianity, the same plant, mingled with the cross, was used as a protection against them. The red juice of the plant suggested the blood of the Baptist, and was believed to confer the gift of second sight, and to wrest the secrets of the future from the powers it was supposed to rule. Four centuries ago, in England, it was customary on St. John's Day to build large bonfires, and young men and women, wreathed with St. John's Wort, danced around them, invoking the saint and praying for blessings on the coming year. In the Tyrol it is still put into the shoes to prevent weariness in walking, and in Lorraine there is a decided prejudice against cutting grass for hay until this anniversary.

The Amaranth has comforted the generations of centuries with hopes of immortality and dreams of heaven. Homer describes the Thessalians as wearing crowns of amaranth at the funeral of Achilles; and Milton calls it the

"Immortal amaranth! a flower which once  
In paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom."

Retaining much of its beauty in a dried state, it is to the Christian the emblem of immortality. As such, it is extensively used in France to decorate graves; any one who has ever visited Pera la Chaise, the romantic "Grave of France," must have noticed this.

The Asphodel was typical of death. Our ancestors ate the root of this plant, and on their death it was planted over the grave to signify the peace and plenty of

"Those happy souls who dwell  
In yellow meads of asphodel."

Spikenard (Nardus) is a fragrant grass, affording the ointment mentioned by Solomon and St. Mark. It was used by the rich Jews in their baths and feasts. It abounded in Persia, where it still covers large tracts of ground, making the air faint with excessive sweetness.

The Passion Flower was first discovered by the Spaniards in the South American forests. Their vivid imaginations saw in this pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower the twelve apostles, the rays of glory, and all the symbols of our Savior's passion. A lack of either faith or imagination blinds the vast majority of eyes to these wonderful types, but it is still greatly venerated in Catholic countries.

The Arum, a flower which grows abundantly in English woods, is said to have been at the foot of the cross and stained by the dropping blood of Jesus. Its leaves are indeed marked with dark brown spots which, in a credulous age, was "confirmation strong as Holy Writ."

Henna is the sacred flower of the Mohammedans, and is believed to have

been the plant Solomon calls camphor. Egyptian mummies, three thousand years old, have the henna paste on their finger tips, and it is similarly used by Oriental ladies of the present day. The beards of holy Mussulmen are perfumed by a vapor made of henna leaves, and in Egypt, as the seller of henna goes through the streets, he cries, "O odors of Paradise! O flowers of heaven!"

The aloe is also peculiarly sacred to the Moslems. They swing it in censers, they plant it on tombs of famous saints, and every one who has made the journey to Mecca may have one at his door. The kind called Saber—that is, Patience—is greatly used in burying-grounds, because from its slow growth and rare flowering it typified the interval between death and resurrection.—*The Christian Union.*

#### THE GREENHOUSE.

As spring approaches, all energies will have to be bent to bring forward that class of plants denominated bedding plants, or such as are wanted for general decorations during summer. Of such things is the cord-like Bouvardias, that should have been gay with flowers all the winter; the brilliant Poinsettia, now fast waning; Carnations, if kept in a warm house, will be past their best; the Eupatoriums, Stevias, and all similar plants that are no longer wanted for their flowers, may be placed very close together, or placed under the stage, to make room for the geraniums, calceolarias, cenerarias, monthly roses, and such plants as will from this on be spreading their leaves, preparatory to unfolding their floral beauties. Where there are several houses, there will be one nearly or entirely devoted to propagating work, and then things work comparatively pleasant. But, as is more often the case among amateurs, one house, or at most two, has to do duty for all purposes. In such a case, the warm end of the house will have to furnish propagating facilities. With a little care, quite a deal can be done with such convenience, particularly with the soft bedding class, and if rooted in time, so as to be placed in frames along in March, good plants can be obtained by the time they can be placed out of doors.

The main wants in successful propagating are to have a bottom heat ten or twenty degrees warmer than the top, and as this can best be obtained where everything has to be done in one house, before winter leaves us, it is well to set about it early enough. After March, with bright, hot, sunny days, the top heat gets so far in advance of any bottom heat at disposal, that a cutting is pretty sure to wilt before it can root, after which it is very difficult to recover them.

It is not very difficult to rig up a small tank heated by hot water, that is heated by a lamp of kerosene, in which almost any cutting can be rooted readily. A small box each of phlox drummundi, summer pinks, mignonette, verbena, and similar seeds, may also be grown to nurse along until room can be made in the hot bed. These come in finely to fill up flower beds.

Some sow lettuce this way, to be afterwards transplanted in frames; a very small space suffices to furnish plants enough for a hot bed or two in after time. Away from large cities all these things have a double value, as money cannot easily purchase them at the store.

There is a growing demand for plants of fine or tropical foliage, and as our climate is eminently suited for their growth during the summer, such plants, in the fitness of things, should be encouraged. Of these, many will grow from seed each year, as witness the canna or Indian shot, now in very great varieties. The Ricinus or castor oil bean, in certain places, has a noble, majestic look, particularly the dark foliaged varieties. The striped maize that a few years ago created so much noise, is really a beautiful object, growing here and there an isolated object among shrubberies. Besides these, of course, there are the colored foliage plants of the aranthus family, that can be had from seeds easy enough, so that it is not absolutely necessary to have a greenhouse at all to make a display both in the foliage way and flowers also.—*Prairie Farmer.*

#### THE SUNFLOWER.

In relation to this subject the editor of the Journal of Applied Science calls attention to the great value of the sunflower in various economical applications. According to this article, the sunflower can be cultivated very readily, an acre of land sustaining twenty-five thousand plants at twelve inches distance from each other. The flowers are very attractive to bees, and furnish a great amount of honey. The average production of seeds may be estimated at fifty bushels to the acre, yielding fifty gallons of oil. This is said to be equal to olive oil for table use, and is well adapted to burning in lamps, soap making and painting. The refuse of the above quantity of seeds will produce 1,500 pounds of oil cake, and the stalks may be either burned to furnish potash, or when treated like flax may be made to yield a fiber as soft as silk, and in large quantity.

In cultivating this plant for seed it would not be practical to allow the plants to grow closer together than is allowed for corn. There must also be some mistake about the fiber obtained from this plant. We do not think that there will be economy in its cultivation in the West, except for its sanitary value.

Its value as an arrester and absorber of miasma would seem to be pretty well established, and the seeds are of value as winter feed for poultry. There are many plants cultivated that might well be displaced by the much-abused sunflower.—*Western Rural.*

#### PRUNING ROSES.

The when to prune rose bushes depends entirely upon the class or family of roses to be pruned. Without going into a systematic consideration of the different species of the rose, for which we have no time just now, we will merely say that there are three grand divisions of the rose genus, each of which requires a mode of pruning peculiar to itself. For the first class, or those roses that bloom but once a year—summer roses as they are called, we have always found it best to prune them pretty severely as soon as the period of blooming is over, unless it should be very dry, in which case we defer the pruning until just as the fall growth begins. By this course we get an abundance of young spurs, or shoots, for flowering the next season.

For the hybrid perennials, or remontantes, which usually blossom both in spring and fall, we have generally pruned them late in the spring, so as to prevent their first crop of blossoms, and thus secure an extra supply of young shoots for fall blooming, when flowers of this character are scarcer and more desirable. For the true perpetual—the teas, bourbons, noisettes, etc., it makes but little difference when the pruning is done, as but very little is needed at any time, merely taking out the old wood in winter, and shortening-in any extra vigorous shoots, after it has flowered.—*Ex.*

#### CUT FLOWERS.

The first thing to be considered in arranging cut flowers is the vase. If it is scarlet, blue, or many-colored, it must be necessarily in conflict with some hue in your bouquet. Choose rather pure white, green or transparent glass, which allows the delicate stems to be seen. Brown Swiss-wood, silver, bronze, or yellow straw conflict with nothing. The vase must be subordinate to what it holds. A bowl for roses; tall, spreading vases for gladiolus, fern, white lilies, and the like; cups for violets and tiny wood flowers; baskets for vines and gay garden blossoms. A flower-lover will in time collect shapes and sizes to suit each group. Colors should be blended together with neutral tints, of which there are abundance—white, grays, purples, tender greens—and which harmonize the pinks, crimsons, and brilliant reds into soft unison.

The water should be warm for a winter vase—cool, but not iced, for a summer one. A little salt or a bit of charcoal should be added in hot weather to obviate vegetable decay, and the vase filled anew each morning. With these precautions your flowers, if set beside an open window at night, will keep their freshness for many hours even in July, and reward by their beautiful presence the kind hand which arranged and tended.

#### CUTTING DOWN THE OLEANDER.

You may safely cut down your oleander at the end of April just before it is ready to start into fresh growth. Shoots will readily start from any point below where you cut; hence cut just as far as you desire the height to be. If there are no leaves at the place where it is to be cut, it may be desirable not to water too heavily until growth has taken place a little, after which and during summer give water in abundance. If the tree is not very large, it may be planted out in the free ground during summer, when a fine luxuriant growth will take place. The oleander is easily lifted in the fall, as the roots are generally fibrous and close together.

#### WATERING PLANTS.

One of the most important points in window gardening is watering. There should be plenty of cracks in the bottom of the pot, so as to let the water pass off rapidly, and thus ensure perfect drainage. This is one of the few rules without any exception, as there is not a single plant suitable for window culture which will flourish if the water be allowed to stagnate in the bottom of the pot.



## STYLISH OR NOT STYLISH.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

**F**AIR Mary Stanley was sitting by her western window that sunny afternoon in May, intent upon the work before her. The world was very beautiful without, crowned with the fresh glories of the summer-queen; and beautiful within, if we might judge by the peaceful expression of the girl's sweet, young face. Snatches of song kept bursting out as she swiftly plied her needle, while the surroundings of books, the pictures, and the vase of bright spring flowers that filled the air with sweetness, gave assurance of the purity of her taste, the depth and excellence of her mind.

There came a quick rap at the door, and in an instant a gay young creature flashed across the room and greeted her with an impulsive kiss. Then carefully smoothing out her flounces, she sat down and, with a toss of her flaxen curls, prepared herself for a confidential chat.

"My spring hat is really getting quite shabby," she said looking at it ruefully. "I paid five dollars for it, and it don't look as well now as yours that you made yourself at a quarter the expense. O, where did you get these beautiful flowers, Mary? They are the loveliest I've seen this year; you always know where to find the sweetest ones, and you arrange them so beautifully, too."

Gertrude Banks was quite an enthusiast in her way, a winning, doll-like maiden and the pet of many friends; but her existence was too much like the butterfly's, her life, like many another, was too frivolous and aimless.

"What are you doing, Mary?" scanning her work closely as Mary shook it out before her. "Making over that blue silk again? I declare! I thought that dress had served out its time long ago, and now you are going to have a new one out of it!"

"Yes, a bran new one," replied Mary with an amused smile, noticing her friend's look of astonishment. "This has been laid away so long that I expect people have forgotten I ever had it; then see how nicely I have dressed it over—you'd never suspect I had worn it half a dozen years. When I have it on nobody will look at it so sharply as you and I do now."

"I don't see how you made it look so well," and Gertrude stepped back to notice the effect at a little distance. "But then you always keep your clothes so nicely."

"I shall need another dress when the weather is a little warmer," Mary went on, "and was trying to contrive how I should manage to get one, when I happened to remember this old silk and thought perhaps I might do something with it. The skirt was wide, you see, so I could take part of it out, and I shall try to put the trimming on in such a way as to relieve those places that would not dress over well. I am afraid I shall have to trim it more than I like to. But I shall have a new dress yet—see if I don't; and I always feel so nicely when I get a new garment out of an old one."

"Hypocrite," laughed Gertrude.

"No, not in the least, no more than

are we when we try to conceal our faults and put our virtues and most agreeable qualities upon the outside, and we should always do this you know."

Gertrude looked very thoughtful for a moment, then suddenly recollecting herself, she inquired, "But why do you make this up now, Mary? You'll not wear it this good while, and there'll be some new fashion in a few weeks. I should wait till the summer styles are out."

"And so I would if I needed Madam Fashion to tell me what is suitable and becoming. But I think I can decide that, matter myself, at least to my own satisfaction, and if I am suited nobody else need object. You know I never try to be 'stylish,' for it is a kind of bondage in which I do not believe."

"And I know you always dress neatly," replied Gertrude, "for you are blessed with a wonderful tact; but we that are less favored have to follow our queen more obediently," and she tapped her little foot on the carpet impatiently, as if it were quite a vexatious matter.

"You are entirely mistaken in your idea of the difference, Gertrude; for if I am not so humble a servant of this inexorable queen as many people are, it is because I have less anxiety to please her and not that I have any magical passport to her favor. I never give myself the least trouble about the forthcoming styles, and this is why I can do my sewing just when it is most convenient, without being obliged to wait for the latest edict. I may not have time to make this when I really need it, and now I have a little comparative leisure."

"I don't see how you manage to do so much of your own sewing. I am vanquished at the very thought of making even one suit."

Mary glanced at her, ruffled and flounced from head to foot, and scarcely wondered that she was conquered by such a vision.

"I never care to have so much work in a garment as many do," she replied, "and—"

"That is just the reason," interrupted Gertrude.

"And then I can suit myself better than any dressmaker can suit me," she went on, "besides feeling so much more independent. Necessity is a great developer of our abilities," she added with a smile.

"Necessity," echoed Gertrude in a derisive tone.

"Yes, necessity," she repeated; "for if I hired all my sewing done I should have less money for books and such indulgences: but I hire some of it, that I may get more time for social and intellectual enjoyment. It is better sometimes to sacrifice the less to the greater good, the perishable to the imperishable. 'The life is more than meat,' Gertrude."

"I can't understand how it is, Mary, that you do get so much time to read. Why, I am continually in a hurry and a worry about one thing or another, and it is as much as I can do to keep myself presentable with ma and Jennie to sew for me and an extra hand or two every now and then, to say nothing of rest," and she drew a heavy sigh.

"That is partly because I don't require as much to consider myself 'presentable' as you do. I prefer plainer and fewer dresses to paying the fearful price for more elaborate outifts. It always seems to me a pitiful thing, Gertrude, to see woman—God's best and noblest gift to earth, endowed with a soul that must

live forever, and capacities that may lift her into communion with the Infinite himself—to see her prostrating soul and body, heart and intellect, the glorious possibilities of her being, yielding all to the pursuit of this fickle, shadowy phantom of style. O, it is terrible, terrible. Then, when I think of that day in which we all must stand before the Judge of the whole world, all, each one of us, must be scanned by the all-searching Eye and render an account for our deeds, I am appalled."

She paused and they both sat in silence for several minutes, till Gertrude at length said timidly:

"But it would never answer to defy fashion and make ourselves singular."

"No, we need not do this. I do not think God requires it of us, that it would even be acceptable to Him. But He does require us to serve Him and not mammon, and this all-consuming devotion to fashion cannot be pleasing in his sight. There is a golden mean, dear Gertrude, where we may be so like all the world as never to seem singular, and yet totally unlike the giddy throng in every true respect."

"This 'golden mean' is too visionary for practical life, I fancy," added Gertrude with a nervous laugh.

Mary looked up tenderly as she replied, "By no means, dear Gertrude. It does not require any very close scrutiny to see what are the general outlines of fashion, the general effect to be sought; and then anybody with a little ingenuity and taste, can fill up the details and array themselves with neatness and simplicity, in a manner becoming those who have minds to cultivate and souls to save."

"You might do it, Mary, but I never could."

"Anyway," she went on, "we are not to devote all our ambition, all our time and energies, to this perishing clay; we are not to hold in check all that is purest and best in our natures while we flatter and pamper our baser, more sordid passions; it is positively wicked. And since it is right that we pay suitable attention to dress, as well as manners, we may elevate the care and labor which this necessitates into worship; and thus the influence will be ennobling, expanding our minds instead of dwarfing them. But we must take care that we hold these things always secondary, always subordinate to God's higher claims upon our time and talents."

There was a very earnest expression in Gertrude's blue eyes as she said, "It is really very invigorating to listen to such ideas, to find anybody so conscientious and self-reliant. There goes Mabel Graham, and I am dying to see her. Excuse me—I'll come another day to finish out this talk," and she vanished as suddenly as she had entered, leaving Mary to smile, a little sadly, over her singular 'death.'

Mary Stanley folded away her work and went out to enjoy the setting day in communing with the beautiful, thanking the Creator for the sympathy He had given her with all the works of His hands.

Days went by; the blue silk was finished and worn, greatly to the admiration of her friends, and so well did it become her that nobody thought to notice whether it was finished in the very latest style.

Thus her life glided smoothly on, one week after another, while she responded to its demands cheerfully, took up its burdens and its crosses patiently, gleaned from the days an abundance of

peace and satisfaction. And if sometimes her companions thought her odd or queer, she had always a reason ready for every opinion, for Mary Stanley found time to think of all these things.

The long, bright, midsummer days came at length, and people flocked to the quiet village in pursuit of the rest and comfort which they could not find in their city homes. Men, old and young, matrons, maidens, and little children too, the rich and the gay, were making Linnville as lively as the hot season would admit. Scheming mammas opened their keen eyes wide, and young ladies plumed themselves on the new interest that was thus being imparted to their lives.

"Will Waters is a great catch," Gertrude Banks remarked to her friend Mabel Graham in a confidential tone one day. "Wonder if anybody in Linnville will be shrewd enough to capture him. What think, Mary?" raising her voice and turning toward that young lady who, forgetting their presence, was intent upon a poem she had just found. "Aren't you going to cast your hook into the sea, for once?"

"When I can find no better business I'll think about it," and she laughed a silvery little laugh, though there was a half indignant quaver running through the words.

A few mornings later as she was sitting on the front veranda, Gertrude Banks came rushing up like a small whirlwind.

"Of course you've had an invitation to Minnie Burt's sociable on Friday evening," after a hurried salutation, "and of course you'll go? I guess it will be quite a brilliant affair, though given out in such a quiet way. She assured me that Will Waters would be there, and that elegant cousin of his that came to town last week, besides their rich bachelor uncle, and I don't know who else. What shall you wear? I am going directly to Madam Copt's to make her hurry up on my silk tissue; I must have it done, and I guess I shall have some extra trimmings, too;" and away she flew on her important errand.

Friday evening came, mild and radiant, and a pleasant company gathered in the parlors of the Burt mansion. Minnie, fair and graceful, dressed with her usual exquisite taste, was queen of the evening. There was dashing Ada Pratt and sweet Lillie May, haughty Maud Felton, with her piercing black eyes and imperious manners, gay Rosa Chase and pretty Nannie Lowe. Mabel Graham was there too, resplendent in jewelry and laces, and Gertrude Banks in her new silk tissue, finished in the latest mode, flounced and frilled and ruffled to such an extent that the little lady herself seemed quite overwhelmed. Mary Stanley was among the latest arrivals, and though she did not seek for attention her presence was soon felt and appreciated. She had on a wonderfully becoming dress, neatly fitting and tastefully made, just fashionable enough to be pronounced stylish without attracting any particular notice. A few city stars shed their luster over the scene, and altogether the gathering was most delightful and unexceptionable.

The next day Will Waters and his cousin were seated in their quiet apartment talking over the events of the previous evening with their uncle and one or two others who had shared its pleasures.

"Maud Felton thinks she is a stunner," remarked Will Waters, "ha, ha!"

What would our city belles think of her!" and he laughed again, a loud, coarse laugh. "Miss Pratt is quite bewitching," he went on, "but the evident designs which she has upon a fellow spoil it all. Miss Banks is a pretty girl, now; a little too superficial, perhaps, but as good as most of them. Do you know I've half made up my mind to fall in love with her; it would spice these monotonous days a little."

His uncle bent on him a reproving frown, but just as he was about to speak a quick tongued fellow took the words from his mouth by saying:

"You'd better do a sensible thing if you can, Waters; you're welcome to her though. It was Minnie Burt that kept me in the heroic mood last night. Three cheers for Minnie, I say."

"Lillie May is a perfect fairy," added Ned Waters, and then they were silent for as much as a minute.

"What fools you all are, boys," remarked dignified Mr. Moulton. "There is a thousand times as much excellence in modest Miss Stanley's character as in all the rest put together. Her dress and her manners are an index of her soul. Depend upon it, there is sterling worth there. Did you notice how brilliant she was in conversation? She always had something worth saying on subjects about which some of those girls you've been admiring knew nothing at all. That flighty Gertrude Banks, for instance, showed herself a perfect ignoramus if anything sensible was mentioned. She can dispense small talk by the acre, diluted as thin as vanity itself, but her narrow brain never has room for anything better; she evidently devotes all her energies to the outside—and such taste! A thin dress like what she had on last night flummoxed to the extent that was! You see she has no idea of appropriateness; and how overburdened and stifled she looked in the midst of her excessive trimmings. Bah! Command to me the girl that is blessed with some sense, that can appreciate and enjoy something besides the foam on the surface of our modern society, that has some mind and character."

Will Waters' face took on a more serious expression as he replied, "Of course, uncle, if you speak of mind or heart it is another thing entirely. Miss Stanley is a beautiful girl, quite above the silly praise we've been wasting upon her associates. It is very refreshing to find such a young lady in these days." And Will Waters resolved just then that he would refresh himself oftener than ever before.

"Minnie's little party was quite an affair," Mrs. Burt remarked to her intimate friend next day.

"Everything passed off in the most approved way; and Mary Stanley added the charm of her presence, looking as sweet and appearing as well as she always does."

"Mary Stanley is a perfect gem of a girl," affirmed the other lady warmly.

The air of Linnville is sweeter and purer, its society is much more excellent and elegant for the presence of Mary Stanley, though she never inquires whether her garments are stylish or not stylish, though she consecrates but a small portion of her time and energies to the great questions of fashion.

—Half a million sewing machines were manufactured in the United States last year.

#### THE OUTER AND INNER GARB.

It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that so much is being said and written concerning the attainment of a nobler and better standard of womanhood; not that I believe this object can be accomplished by female suffrage, for which so many are clamoring, but from the disturbance of elements to which this subject has given rise I do believe that something better and grander and more worthy the sacred name of woman than the average female character has been in the past, will be evolved.

It is frequently said—and with truth, too—that women are prone to petty vanities, that girls too often spend more serious thought and attention upon dress and kindred subjects than would suffice to render them useful and valuable members of society if such thought and attention were directed to some wise end; and yet it is not wrong to dress tastefully and becomingly, and in order to do this some time and thought must necessarily be given to the matter.

Surely the Creator who has decked so lavishly this beautiful earth, embroidering the meadows with flowers of countless hues, and gemming the heavens with flashing stars, does not intend that woman—the fairest work of His hand—should clothe herself in unseemly raiment, or neglect any right and proper means to enhance her beauty or render herself attractive. The fault is in giving all one's attention to the body and failing to cultivate the mind and heart, which are the richest endowments of mortality.

Two young ladies were walking one afternoon through a city street. The sun was near its setting, and the heavens were streaked with golden and crimson clouds—a trail of glory across the western sky. Both were fashionably and richly attired, but the face of one was uplifted to the glowing heavens while the other idly prattled on, insensible to the influences of the hour. "Tell me," said the latter, pressing the arm of her companion to attract her attention, "would you trim my new suit with fringe or lace if it were yours?"

"O, do not talk of that now. Just notice what a lovely sunset we are having. It makes me think of that immortal chorus, 'The heavens are telling the glory of God,'" was the reply.

"That sounds just like you," rejoined the first speaker, "you are always looking over the heads of the rest of the world to read the clouds, or something of that sort. I wonder you ever descend to anything beneath the stars. However, the colors are beautiful—I wonder I did not notice them before. Would not a silk of the shade of that delicate pink streak be lovely for an evening dress. It would suit my style admirably."

An expression of annoyance and disgust flitted for a moment over the fair face of her friend, but she forbore to reply, feeling intuitively that a soul that could not disconnect the scene before them from the subject of personal adornment, could not understand or appreciate anything she might have to say.

There is a time for everything. Make yourselves beautiful as the morning, girls, if you can, array yourselves in the comeliest apparel your means will procure, but think sometimes of that immortal part which must one day stand naked before its Maker, unless it be clothed now with the garments of truth

and purity and furnished with high and noble aims.

Look up sometimes from the network of many colored threads which tie you down to earth and see how broad and fair the heavens above you smile; turn your weary ear from the ceaseless discussions which profit only the body, and hear "the lark singing at heaven's gate;" listen to the music of the spheres rolling in solemn tides of melody above the din of earth. Let the busy, toiling hands rest sometimes from the weaving and fashioning of raiment to grasp those grand and glorious possibilities which are within your reach. Teach them how to pour the oil of gladness into wounded hearts, how to lead the erring feet into pleasant ways. Then indeed shall our American womanhood be like the king's daughter, "all glorious within."

ANONYMOUS.

#### DOWN IN THE DIRT.

St. Peter quotes a very plain-spoken old proverb to illustrate spiritual back-sliding—about getting into the mire again; which, if it were better suited to ears and ways polite, might not inaptly be taken at this moment as a text for the remonstrance I would fain make with all my might against the threatened back-sliding, or back-trailing, of fashion in the matter of street dress.

Why, in the name of all that is sensible, decent, not to say pure and lovely and of good report, must the days of draggle be brought back again? Just as we had escaped into sweetness and lightness and comfort—into the very best walking style that I—a woman of forty odd—can remember, what power of malice is it that lays hold of us, will we, will we, and forces us back? What power ought to be able to do this with any respectable, conscientious human being that wears petticoats? I do lift up my voice and say—O women! dear woman,—above all, of place and influence,—resist this devil and save us all! For, do you know how deep it goes in more than a literal sense? It is not the inches of silk or velvet you choose to spoil and replace. It takes hard hold when the inches are not of silk or velvet, and cannot easily be made good. You draw after you a whole community of women, who must have what they see you have, and for whom it is very hard to be obliged to choose between ugliness and awkwardness—or an utterly passed fashion does grow ugly and awkward—and an immoral extravagance.

It goes deeper than this even. You cannot touch filth, even outwardly, and be inwardly undefiled. A woman's sense of purity is less delicate for getting used to endure contamination by so much as gathering it on the hem of her garment. You shrink away from any intimate personal contact with what is low and coarse; you do not like to be jostled ever so little in a promiscuous crowd; but you will let your robes trail unconcernedly in all that is most horrible, most unmentionable in the places that the crowd and the coarseness traverse just before you. This is true in the cleanest thoroughfares; how much more in many streets where other women must live and pass! You may let your missions alone if in these outer signs you make no improvements, which have, like all things, their inevitable spiritual correspondence. You will send down through all classes a tainting and demoralizing example.

To put it on the lowest ground; if you would not have it said to-morrow as it will be, "Every servant caricatures it,"—keep it to yourselves by keeping it in your drawing rooms, where it belongs. Keep it, for your own comfort, out of your kitchens. Street dress rules working dress. Working women and domestic assistants, to say nothing of the large middle class of care-taking, house-ruling heads of families, have now a form of dress indorsed by general use, which is at once pretty, neat, comfortable and economical. Don't take it away from them! Do you wish to see again the soiled calico trails that a few years ago were dragged from the cellar ashes, the slop of the washtub and through the dust of sweeping-day over nice carpets, against tinted wainscots and swished about amongst dainty furniture?

Think of all this in the beginning before all your spring suits are made; think of it in your own interests on your human responsibility, and in the light of your most delicate and refined perception; and even if the dresses are made, cut them off—a Lenten sacrifice—like the offending hand or foot, rather than defile yourselves and contaminate your neighbor.—*Woman's Journal*.

#### THE DRESS OF MAN AND WOMAN.

The following article from the New York World, on dress, will be read with interest, especially the latter part thereof:

Whether women ought to be more of dress and finery in their array than men is a question open to discussion on philosophical grounds. Practically, however, it is a closed question. Naturalists assure us that the males among birds and beasts are much more beautiful and infinitely more bumptious than the females.

History, too, tells us that in by-gone days our grandfathers got themselves up much more gorgeously than our grandmothers. Queen Elizabeth, with all her thousand robes, never cut so grand a figure as Leicester in his white uncut velvet gown, with seed pearls. The queen of Sheba went down before Solomon arrayed in all her glory. Despite all this, the woman of to-day out-dresses the man. And the only comfort the man has left in his inferiority is the poor and paltry comfort of jeering at the vanity of his lovely mate.

Man is just as vain of his tenement of clay as woman is of hers, and goes to just as great pains to make himself a glass of fashion as does woman to make herself a mould of form. For example: Not long ago a tailor in this city, who is happy enough to be considered a master in his art by some of his customers, received from Europe what appeared to be neither more nor less than a coffin. Whether some peerless dandy of whom it had been his privilege, without fee or reward, for years to adorn the shapely person, had finally shuffled off this mortal coil and sent him the original block in full of all demands, he could not divine. For a time he feared to investigate the mystery. But taking heart of grace and a hammer, at last he opened the dolorous case, and there within it found nothing more nor less than the counterfeit presentment of one of his most devoted "clients." Sent abroad to reside, and finding no tailor either in London or Paris who could do justice to his fair proportions, this intelligent youth had caused to be made an exact manikin likeness of himself, which he had forwarded to his New York "artist," in order that his garments might be fitted thereon without flaw or fear of fault!



## LITTLE DUTCH GRETCHEN.

BY FANNY HOBART.

Little Dutch Gretchen came over the sea  
With an aunt in place of her mother,  
"As like," so little Dutch Gretchen told me,  
"As like as one pea to another."

Little Dutch Gretchen fell sick on the way,  
A-sailing upon the dark water;  
The captain came down to the cabin each day,  
And called her his patient Dutch daughter.

Little Dutch Gretchen took fritzels and beer,  
Hoping she soon would be better;  
And at last, when the end of the journey was  
near,

Dutch Gretchen sent homeward a letter.

"I'm better," Dutch Gretchen wrote first on  
the page,

"And my aunt is as kind as my mother;  
But never a prison-bird shut in a cage  
Longed more to give one for the other.

"There's a look and a tone, and a tenderer way—  
A bosom more gentle to lie on—  
And, mother, a love that will never grow grey,  
And a heart that is blessed to die on.

"So mother I've said to the captain to-night,  
To Bremen I'll sail back most gladly,  
To tell you if changing one's mother is right,  
It's a trade that will cheat a child sadly."

And little Dutch Gretchen went home o'er the  
sea

And gave back her aunt for her mother;  
"For they're not all the same," said Gretchen  
to me,

"Though like as one pea to another."

—Exchange.

## HARRY AND THE PIG.

WHEN Harry was about two years old, he was sent to his grandfather's to live awhile, because his mother was very sick, and he was too much care at home; and he had to stay so long that he did not know her when he saw her again. But it was not till many months had passed that the poor little fellow forgot her face. He used to beg piteously to see her; and though he was put off from day to day, and coaxed and reasoned with, he could not for a long time be satisfied. After he had tried in almost every way to induce his grandmother to let him go home, this shrewd baby of two years undertook to flatter her into consenting. He would go and stand before her, and, holding her apron, and looking up in her face, begin, in his broken language: "Gan - marm bery handsome. Gan-marm bery handsome," and as soon as he saw the smile, which such broad praise was sure to bring to her face, he would go on, while his small chin quivered, and his little piping voice shook: "Yes, gan - marm bery handsome—but I want to see my mamma."

But knowing that this was out of the question, the family devised many ways to make the child contented, and at last hit upon the right one. And as it is the surest remedy for discontent and unhappiness, both for old and young, it may as well be given here. They gave him *something to do*. As soon as the homesick boy thought he was helping, he was willing to stay.

And he imagined that his small work was a vast help in that household. He would sit patiently, half an hour at a time, in the door, singing or talking to himself, while he shelled corn for the fowls, waiting in a great congregation

before him. Probably, in the course of those thirty minutes, he would contrive to pick, one by one, the kernels from two small ears of corn.

One forenoon he worked hard, planting all the old peach-stones that could be found in the house; and, curiously enough, the next spring, two young peach-trees pushed their way out, and aunt Kitty protected them most carefully with a palisade of shingles. And those saplings grew, and thrived, and were transplanted, and bore peaches, and were known as "Harry's trees." That was a thing worth doing. The child who plants an acorn, or a walnut, is doing something better than keeping himself out of idleness. Many will bless him as they sit under the shade, and eat the fruit; and he will feel as if he had a greater interest in this world of beautiful things.

Still, Harry was quite a care for the family,—the more so because he was quiet and thoughtful and apt to wander off by himself; and they were continually running to see if he had not come to some harm. I suppose that twenty times a day my aunt Kitty ran out and looked into the well. She seemed to think that he was certain to fall in there. Although he had been charged to keep away from it, and although he was a pretty good boy to mind—for such a little one—I don't see how he could have helped looking over into it.

I must stop to tell you about it. It was close beside the house, with an old-fashioned sweep, such as one hardly ever sees nowadays. Once in a while, in riding about the country, my eye spies one, perhaps near some red farmhouse, rising above the mossy apple-trees and cherry-trees, and my heart always leaps at the sight; and I always want to stop and see how it looks about there.

The sweep that used to be at my grandfather's is gone now; the whole establishment came crashing down one day in a general wreck, for the post had rotted off just above the ground. But as I recall it, there was a tall red post, and, resting in a fork near the top of it, a long arm or sweep, to which was fastened, at one end, the pole where the bucket hung, and at the other a huge block of wood, heavy enough to balance the bucket when it was full of water; and the balance was so nicely and truly adjusted that it was a pleasure to draw the water. When the bucket was down in the well, the weight at the end of the sweep was high in the air, and could be seen afar off.

Sometimes some careless person would lower the bucket, and only dip a few gills, and then let go, when up it came, smashing against the stony sides of the well. But it stood many a hard knock, and did good service for years and years. Travelers made the well a halting-place, and drank from the old oaken bucket, poised on the rim of the curb, because, they said, the water tasted better so; and neighbors came from all around us for the fresh, clear water of that open well.

My grandfather kept the gate into the yard wide open, and there was always a hard-trodden path from the road to the well. And because he held it so freely to all, the water never failed, even in the driest time. We passed through some fearful droughts, but that well seemed to be more and more replenished the more there was drawn from it. And it was the same clear, pure water always; living water, truly; for at the bottom,

there was a flat stone, a little spring, which had its home in the green hill above, constantly poured in an inexhaustable supply. We thought in those dry, hot summers, when cattle perished in the pastures for want of water, that it was a daily illustration of the great truth, "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

In the days of which I began to speak, when Harry was a baby—and indeed for years after—there was a beautiful sight to be seen in that well; for all the great, granite rocks that walled it in were covered with green mosses, which, on account of so much water being drawn up, were always dripping, and sparkling, and glinting like jewels if the sun shone in. The bucket was not "moss-covered," because it was used so much that moss had no chance to grow, but it was really "the old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket, which hung in the well."

All around, the ground was raised up in a mound, so that on one side you stepped on a little green offset to look in. A large, square stone, with a hole in the center, lay over the well; and below the stone, how green the grass was, and how tall and rank were the buttercups and dandelions! A high wooden curb, painted red, enclosed the opening and made it safe. Little Harry was just tall enough, so that his eyes came on a level with the rim as he stood on tip-toe. More than once he lost his hat—thus showing that he had ventured to do what he had been told not to—and it was fished out with a long pole.

Probably, after all this, you are expecting me to say that he fell in himself; but, happily, you are mistaken, for no such sad thing ever took place.

One afternoon, in spite of all the care, he actually was lost. My aunt, whose special charge he was, all at once became aware that she had neither seen nor heard anything of him for an hour.

She called from the various outside doors, east, west and south, but no reply. Of course, then, the next thing was to look down the well—almost sickening with the fear that she might see the fair little head in the water. Then she flew to the barn-yard, to the big watering-trough where the cattle drank. These were the only two places within a quarter of a mile where there was water enough to drown him that parched summer. Then she searched the barn; and every hay-mow, and bin, and stall was looked over again and again, to see if perchance he might not be there asleep.

By this time the household was thoroughly alarmed; everybody started to search; and all, in turn, went to precisely the same places they had seen the others go. Each one ran first to the well, to see with his or her own eyes.

Aunt Kitty flew about like one distracted. She rushed over the house from garret to cellar; looked under every bed, and behind every door; into every clothes-press, and trunk, and box, and barrel, and basket; and then, in the last state of desperation, opened an umbrella and shook it out; and, as if the dear little fellow was like the genii in the Arabian Nights, and could be confined in a bottle, took down the hat-box, where my grandfather's Sunday beaver was kept, and snatched the cover off!

Meanwhile somebody was exploring the garden. And if you think that was a small matter, I can easily convince you that you are mistaken. To begin with, it was a large garden, with several

terraces rising one above another toward the barns, where—though the cultivated parts below were tidily kept—I grieve to say, the weeds were higher than Harry's head. All along the western border there was an immense, deep hedge of twisted and tangled young apple-trees, where seed had been sown for a nursery, but having been abandoned, had become nearly as impenetrable as a barrier of thorns. In an obscure corner was a thicket of Canada plum-trees. In another was a densely-grown asparagus-bed; rank grape-vines grew along the southern wall. The garden itself, laid out in rows, was full as it could be of vegetables, in the most luxuriant state of growth; and a dozen children might have played at hide-and-seek among the rows of tall corn, and pole beans, and marrowfat peas nearly as tall as a man's shoulders. However, the little laddie was not there.

Just as my aunt seemed on the verge of despair, and it was thought best to ring the "meeting-house" bell and call the neighbors to search, one of the men happened, in passing the pig-pen, to look in; and there, behold! on a clean bed of fresh, green ferns, which had been that morning thrown over, lay piggy, stretched out, fast asleep; and, with his dirty little face on piggy's fat shoulder, lay also, our lost baby fast asleep!

Then everybody wondered why no one had thought of that place before, for it had been Harry's delight to sit down, just outside the fence, and poke apples and ears of corn through a crack, and watch the pig as he crunched them. The two were great friends, and the child had shared many a dinner with the pig, and given him more than half of the ripe, August apples which aunt Kitty had treated her nephew to. But how Harry came to share sleeping accommodations with the pig, neither Harry nor piggy ever told.—*Christian Union.*

## THE WHITE WATER LILY.

At the bottom of a wild, dark, muddy lake, there lay a very small root. The mud covered it, the frogs hid under it, and once a great turtle actually trod on it.

"O dear," said the little root, talking to itself, "how dark and lonesome it is down here! Hardly a ray of light comes to me. They tell me it is light and beautiful above me—there is a lovely sky there; but the heavy waters lie on me, and press me down. Nobody ever thinks of me, or ever knows that I live. I am a poor useless thing. I cannot communicate with any one! I might as well not be!"

The snow covered the earth and filled the forest, and the ice covered the lake, and there lay the little root, coiled up in loneliness. But when the spring had returned, and the snows were gone, and the ice had melted, and the birds had come, and the forest had put on its mantle of green, the little root felt that the water was warmer, and she peeped up with one eye, and then she nestled and felt a strong desire to see the light. So she shot up a long, smooth, beautiful stem till it reached the top of the lake. But when she attempted to draw it back again, she found it would not come. But instead of that, a little bud grew on the end of the stem. She called, but the bud gave no answer; it only swelled and grew larger and larger, and the rains fell on it, and the sun and the moon

seemed to smile on it, and cheer it, till at last it burst open, full of joy, and found itself the white, sweet, pure water lily. Its leaves were of the purest white, while in its center was a golden spot covered with down. It lay upon the top of the water, and basked in the sun, a most beautiful object. The root fed it and felt that it was really herself, though in a new form. The humming bird paused over it, and thrust in its bill to suck its sweetness. The air all around was made sweet by its fragrance. Still it felt that it was no use in the world, and wished it could do something to make others happy.

At length the splashing of oars was heard and the lily turned round to see what it meant. Just then she heard the voice of a little boy in the boat, saying:

"O, father, what a beautiful lily! Do let me get it!"

Then the boat turned slowly toward it, and the little boy put out his hand and seized it. The long stem broke off near the root, and the child held it in his hand. It seemed the fairest, sweetest thing he ever saw.

"Now what will you do with it?" asked the father.

"I'll look at it and smell of it."

"Is there nobody else that would like to see and smell of it?"

"I don't know, sir. O, yes, now I think! Would not Jane Irving love to have it?"

"I think she would."

That afternoon poor Jane Irving, who lived in the cottage just under the maple-trees, lay on her sick bed alone. She was a poor motherless child. She knew she had the consumption, and must die. She was thinking about the dark, cold grave, and wondering how Christ could ever open it and make her come out! A tear stood in each eye, just as the little boy came to her bedside with the white water lily.

"See here, Jane, I got that away out in the lake and brought it for you. I thought you would like it."

"Thank you, thank you! It is indeed very beautiful and very sweet. What a long stem! Where did it grow?"

"It grew out of the mud in the bottom of the lake, and this long stem, as long as a man, shows how far down it grew. It was all alone—not another one to be seen. I'm glad you like it, but I must go," and away ran the little boy.

Jane held the pure white flower in her hand, and the good spirit seemed to whisper in her heart, "Jane! Jane! don't you see what God can do? Don't you see that out of dark, foul mud, he can bring a thing more beautiful than the garments of a queen, and as pure as an angel's wing; and can't he also, from the dark grave raise your body, pure and beautiful and glorious? Can you doubt it?" And then the voice seemed to say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and the heart of the poor child was filled with faith, and the angel of Hope wiped away her tears, and the lily preached of peace and mercy: when she withered, she thanked God that nothing need be regarded as useless.—Rev. John Todd, D. D.

"KEEP THE GATE SHUT."

An English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially

anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he dispatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it; and on no account suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden; but was scarcely at his post before the hunters came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain, and after another came forward as spokesman, but all the same result; the boy remained immovable in the determination not to open the gate. After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said in commanding tones:

"My boy, do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through." The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly:

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer anyone to pass but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat and said:

"I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could not only conquer the French but the world."

And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice; "Hurrah, hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

Every boy is a gate-keeper, and his Master's command is, "Be thou faithful unto death." Are you tempted to drink, to smoke or chew tobacco? Keep the gate of your mouth fast closed, and allow no evil company to enter. When evil companions would counsel you to break the Sabbath, to lie, to deal falsely, to disobey your parents, keep the gate of your ears fast shut against such enticements; and when the bold blasphemer would instill doubts of the great truths of revelation, then keep the door of your heart locked and barred against his infamous suggestions, remembering that it is only the fool who "hath said in his heart, there is no God."—Christian Weekly.

HAVE MORE THAN ONE STRING TO YOUR BOW.

I am always sorry for a man that knows how to do but one thing. I have seen many such men. I gave ten dollars to one who could speak and write five or six languages and translate beautifully; but in the middle of a hard winter he could not get a living. I remember another man who had preached twenty-five years, till his throat failed him, and he used to go round looking very blue and sad, until people pitied him and made little donation parties for him, because he was good for nothing except to preach. I knew a lady once that had taught school for twenty years till she was a poor, nervous broken-down woman, and really didn't know how to make a dress for herself. I know a man

that wants to keep store, and he sits with his thumb in his mouth waiting for a store to come to him to be kept. I heard of a minister who, when his people gave him a horse and buggy, had to wait for the deacon's wife to come over and show him how to harness, for he didn't know the bits from the crupper. Now, boys and girls, every real man should know how to do one thing right well; and he ought to know how to do several things tolerably well. Every wise farmer has a principal crop; but he always puts in a little something else, so that if his main crop fails, he will have something to live on. Don't carry all your eggs in one basket. Don't put all your money in one pocket. If you want to get along right well, learn one sort of work to get a living by, and all sorts of work to get along with when your one sort gives out.

At West Point, where they take boys and teach them to be perfect soldiers, they have to learn, among other things, to cook and make bread, and make their own beds, and do their own sewing, and sweep, and dust; because you know a sailor or a soldier never knows where his duty may call him, and the man that knows how to do the most things is the best sailor, the best soldier—that is to say, the most of a man.

I never saw a woman do a man's work handily, but I liked her all the better for it. And I never saw a man do a woman's work neatly, but I thought the more of him; for you see that work is something that needs to be done; and he who knows how to do most will have the best chance to make money, or, which is better still, make himself feel like a useful man. For, you see, if a man feels that he is of no use in the world, except to be a bug in a crack, and if the crack widens, be scared and drop, or if the crack closes, be pinched, he is always anxious about that crack, for fear that something is going to happen, and that he will be out in the cold, or else jammed; such a man can never be happy, because he can never feel that he amounts to much. But if a man feels that if he cannot make shoes he can curry horses, lay sidewalk, rake stones out of the road, or spade in the garden, or take care of sick folks, or scour old coats, he is always sure he can do something—that man will never feel scared!

So then, what do you say, boys? Suppose hereafter you do as the cadets do at West Point—make your own beds every morning till you can do it better than your own mother can. And girls, do you learn to harness a horse till you can do it as quickly as your brother. And boys, learn how to make bread; and girls, learn how to sharpen a knife, and whittle, and drive nails without splitting the board; and boys, learn how to hem towels, run stocking heels, and patch your trousers; and girls, learn how to grease boots and wagon wheels, to lay shingles, and ease the doors when they stick. Keep your eyes and ears wide open. Learn to do all sorts of work. And my word for it, you will grow hearty, and plump, handsome and happy.—T. K. Beecher, in the Advance.

THE PUZZLER.

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

ANSWERS:—1. Santa Claus. 2. The Vision of Sir Launfal, by James Russell Lowell. 3. Fashion. 4. Man-chest-er. 5. Pa-duc(duke)-ah. 6. Ash-land. 7. Castle-ton. 8. Sham-rock. 9. Liver-

pool. 10. Mass-ill-on. 11. Se-vast-o-pol(Poll). 12. Mill-edge-ville. 13. Je-(gee)-ru(rue)-sal-em. 14. Co-pen-hag-en. 15. The credit that is got by a lie only lasts till the truth comes out. 16. Kiln, killer. 17. Pap, papaw. 18. Dye, dire. 19. By, byre. 20. Woe, wore. 21. End, Endor. 22. Thermometer. 23. Sonoma. 24. Liverpool. 25. When it is reserved. 26. At-ten-u-ate. 27. Canaan, Pa. (Cane Ann, pa.) 28. A-dri-atic.

29. M O S S 30. T O A D  
O H I O O N C E  
S I L L A C H E  
S O L D D E E R  
31. Columbia. 32. Lewis. 33. Gila.  
34. Sabine. 35. Wabash. 36. Holston.  
37. Sandy. 38. James. 39. Santee.  
40. Flint. 41. Ocmulgee.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of thirty-seven letters.

My 28, 8, 27, 23, 14, 33, 20, 8, 37, 22 is a fruit.

My 26, 21, 6, 31 is a boy's name.

My 17, 24, 25, 2, 32, 37 is a western town.

My 30, 12, 4, 16 is a musical instrument.

My 34, 29, 9, 17, 19, 8 is a girl's name.

My 13, 10, 15, 5 is a pier.

My 36, 35, 1 is a crowd.

My 18, 11 is an exclamation.

My whole is at the head of every household.

2. I am composed of twenty-seven letters.

My 24, 6, 16, 23, 10, 4, 1, 7, 13 is one who sells provisions.

My 27, 2, 17, 14, 12, 9, 26 are a kind of shoes.

My 20, 18, 11 is an animal.

My 25, 22, 21, 15 is a tree.

My 5, 8, 3, 24 is to damage.

My 24, 12, 19 is to injure.

My whole is the name and residence of the contributor of these puzzles.

MARTHA A.

ANAGRAM.

3. Rehtr si a upslera ni het splhater dwoso;

Hetre si a pantre no eht neloy rsche; Teehr i: setcoiy rwehe eonn tiunreds,

Yb eth epde esa, nda usmic ni tsi aror.

HIDDEN CITIES AND TOWNS.

4. She read it over and over.

5. This is not cold water.

6. The new castle is finished.

7. That cane has a marble head.

8. It is a green field.

9. Put the graft on that tree.

CHARADE.

10. My first is a nickname,

My second is not small,

My third is an insect,

My whole is a river.

ELLA J.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

11. An author and a poem.

An island; belonging to the east; a river; a girl's name; hinder.

12. A wise man and his home.

Confusion; assistance; an island; an elevator; expressive of duty; an opera.

13. A lady and her lover.

A farm-house; bury; entice; trial; a particle; guide; finished.

FIGURE WORDS.

A letter is represented by the same figure.

Towns.—14.—1, 2, 3, 4. 15.—5, 6, 7, 1, 2.

16.—3, 4, 5, 5, 6. 17.—3, 2, 8, 5, 2, 9. 18.—

9, 6, 1, 8, 6, 9. 19.—5, 6, 1, 6, 5, 6, 8.

J. H. H.

SQUARE WORDS.

20. A tree; an island; a name; a plant.

21. Christmas; one who uses; a glass; long ago.

MARTHA A.



## SICK-ROOM DIET.

THE best methods for preparing suitable nourishment for the sick is a matter of so much consequence, that its consideration here cannot be out of place. Its importance is, perhaps, scarce sufficiently appreciated by any class; and among the poor almost total ignorance prevails respecting it. Even when the needful materials are abundantly provided, still, things are prepared in such a barbarous and uninviting fashion, that the fastidious appetite of an invalid turns loathing from them; and this, simply from lack of knowledge, or of attention in preparing. Constantly is the medical man told, "I could eat, but I cannot fancy such food as we have here," and this, when material is amply provided, but nicely wanting. The following recipes are a few of the most directly useful:

LEMONADE.—The juice of two lemons, the rind of one, added to a quart of boiling water, sweetened moderately, and kept in a covered jar or jug, is a useful drink for those suffering from cold or slight fever.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—A dessertspoonful of meal must be mixed smoothly with two of cold water, a pint of boiling water poured on, and the whole boiled on the fire for ten minutes, well stirring for the time, sugar, or pepper and salt being added as may be agreeable to or proper for the sick person.

WHITE WINE WHEY.—Boil a pint of milk, add to it one or two glasses of sherry wine, and sugar enough to sweeten; let it boil till the curd has separated, then strain through muslin. If the wine does not possess sufficient acid to turn the milk, a little rennet, or a teaspoonful of lemon juice, or three or four grains of tartaric acid may be added.

GELATINE WITH MILK.—An ounce of gelatine is to be soaked in half a pint of cold milk; when softened, a pint of boiling milk stirred well with it, till it is quite dissolved, it may be sweetened to taste, and put upon the fire to boil up altogether. It may be flavored with lemon peel, or cinnamon, or brandy, as is most liked, or most suitable. It will be quite solid when cold.

GROUND RICE MILK.—A teaspoonful of ground rice, a pint and a half of milk, and half an ounce of candied lemon peel. Mix the rice very smoothly with the milk, then add the lemon peel cut into very small pieces; boil for half an hour; and strain as soon as off the fire. This is an excellent nutritious beverage for the sick when strict abstinence is not required, and for early convalescence.

BREAD PANADA.—Put a moderate quantity of grated or soft stale bread into enough boiling water to form a moderately thick pulp; cover it up and leave it to soak for an hour, then beat it up with two or three tablespoonfuls of milk, and fine sugar to sweeten; boil the whole for ten minutes. This preparation is occasionally acceptable to the invalid, when milk dietary is rejected.

ARROWROOT.—Not quite a teaspoonful of arrowroot powder is to be mixed slowly and smoothly in a basin with a little cold water, and when done, a pint

of boiling water added; it should then be sweetened to taste, and put on the fire to boil for five minutes, stirring well the whole time. If wine is permitted, it should be put into it after the arrowroot is poured into the basin. The same quantity of arrowroot is a proper one when it is prepared with milk instead of water.

CARRAGEEN MOSS.—One ounce of it, boiled in a pint and a half of water, is sufficient to form a semi-transparent, moderately consistent, nearly tasteless jelly, which, when sweetened and acidulated, or when mixed with milk, forms an excellent diet for invalids who require to have the strength supported. The gelatine, now so commonly used, is a very palatable preparation, combined with either water or milk, and may be taken dissolved in tea, coffee or broth, without impairing the flavor of one or other.

SAGO requires a thorough washing in cold water, to take away its earthy taste; after doing so (a tablespoonful will be a suitable quantity) put in a pint of milk, and boil it slowly till it is quite soft and has thickened the milk—ten minutes or a quarter of an hour is sufficient time—sweeten to taste, and add wine, or flavor with lemon-peel, according to circumstances. Some invalids prefer tapioca to sago. It is prepared in the same quantity as the other, but does not require the previous washing, and takes only half the time for softening on the fire. In all preparations for the sick, let the constant stirring while on the fire be attended to, whether directed or not. A smatch of burn renders sick cookery perfectly abominable.

JELLY FROM GELATINE.—To rather more than an ounce of gelatine add half a pint of cold water to soften it, then pour over a pint of boiling water, and stir till the gelatine is dissolved; pare very thinly the rind of one lemon, and add, with the juice of three or four—if acids are permitted—one pound of loaf sugar, the whites and shells of three or four eggs, thoroughly well whisked together, and stirred into the whole; let it come to the boil upon the fire without more stirring—if wine is ordered with it it should be added after coming off the fire; pour it through a thick flannel jelly bag—what runs through at first will not be clear, and should be returned to the bag again; let it stand till cold, and you will have a clear, sparkling jelly, which few invalids will refuse.

BARLEY WATER.—Barley, when prepared as pearl-barley, is one of the most useful additions to sick cookery; its decoction, "barley water," being a pleasant and extremely beneficial demulcent in all affections of the mucous membranes, and forming a grateful and nutritious beverage in fever; it ought, however, to be made considerably thicker in the former case than in the latter. To make plain barley water, two and a half ounces of pearl-barley are to be well washed in cold water, half a pint of boiling water is then to be poured upon the grain, the whole boiled for a few minutes, and the water strained off; a couple of quarts of boiling water must then be poured on, the quantity boiled down one-half and strained.

This process does not quite exhaust the barley, and another portion of water may be boiled upon it, by those to whom the saving is an object. A little lemon or orange peel is a pleasant addition to the beverage. A compound and very pleasant drink is made by adding to a quart of simple barley water, figs sliced,

and raisins stoned, of each two and a half ounces, liquorice-root sliced five drachms, and a pint of water, the whole to be boiled down to a quart and strained. This compound decoction is not so well adapted for a fever drink as the simpler form. Equal parts of barley water and milk, sweetened with a little refined sugar, is a good food for infants brought up by the hand. It may act upon the bowels.

And here, it may just be hinted, that neatness in serving up, as well as care and perfect cleanliness in preparing, makes sick-room cookery more likely to be attractive to an easily offended appetite.—*Exchange.*

## POISONS AND ANTIDOTES.

The following list, republished by request, gives some of the more common poisons and the remedies most likely to be at hand in case of need.

Acids: these cause great heat and sensation of burning pain from the mouth down to the stomach. Remedies—Magnesia, soda, pearlash or soap, dissolved in water; then use the stomach-pump or emetic.

Alkalies: best remedy is vinegar.

Ammonia: remedy, lemon juice or vinegar.

Alcohol: first cleanse out the stomach with an emetic, then dash cold water on the head, and give ammonia (spirits of hartshorn).

Arsenic: remedies—In the first place evacuate the stomach, then give the white of eggs, lime-water, or chalk and water charcoal and the preparations of iron particularly hydrate.

Lead, white lead and sugar of lead: remedies—alum, cathartics, especially castor oil and epsom salts.

Charcoal: in poisons by carbonic gas, remove the patient to the open air, dash cold water on the head and body, and stimulate the nostrils and lungs by hartshorn, at the same time rubbing the chest briskly.

Corrosive sublimate: give white of eggs freshly mixed with water, or give wheat flour and water, or soap and water freely.

Creosote: white of eggs and emetics.

Belladonna, Night Henbane: give emetics and then give plenty of vinegar and water, or lemonade.

Mushrooms, when poisonous: give emetics, and then plenty of vinegar and water, with doses of ether, if convenient.

Nitrate of silver (lunar caustic): give a strong solution of common salt, and then emetics.

Opium: give first a strong emetic of mustard and water, then strong coffee, acid drinks; dash cold water on the head.

Nux Vomica: first emetics, then brandy.

Oxalic Acid (frequently mistaken for epsom salts): remedies—chalk, magnesia, or soap and water, and other soothing drinks.

Prussic Acid: when there is time, administer chlorine in the shape of soda or lime. Hartshorn and turpentine are also useful.

Snake bites, etc.: apply immediately strong hartshorn, and take it internally; also, give sweet oil and stimulants freely; apply a ligature tight above the part bitten, and then apply a cupping glass.

Tarter Emetic: give large doses of tea made of galls, Peruvian bark or white oak.

Verdigris: plenty of white of eggs and water.

White Vitriol: give plenty of milk and water.

## THE "REST-CURE."

Exercise can kill as well as cure. To be taken advantageously, it should be done with judgement. Sometimes a particular part of the body needs exercise, but the whole body is too weak to give it; in such a case, only the part needing it should have it. But there is one rule which is applicable to all—never go against the instincts.

Many persons have hurried themselves into the grave by endeavoring to "keep up" when they ought to be in bed; and they do "keep up," too, for so long a time, that when they do take to their beds, their strength is so completely exhausted, that the system has no power to rise, and they fall into a typhoid condition, and all is lost. When anything serious is the matter with domestic animals, they court quietude and perfect rest. Sometimes we feel indisposed to exercise from sheer laziness; in all loose conditions of the bowels, debility, an instinctive desire to sit down and stay there is universal; in most of such cases quietude is cure. But there is one safe rule for all under all circumstances; if every step you take is with an effort, do not take another; go to bed; if you feel the better for a walk, then walk on; but stop short of great fatigue.—*Dr. W. W. Hall.*

## EFFECT OF SALT ON THE BLOOD.

Dr. Stevens, a Scotch physician and surgeon, saw a butcher kill a pig. He observed that he stirred the blood of the animal and added a handful of common salt to it while stirring, which immediately made it crimson, and on the stirring being discontinued the blood remained fluid. The change of the color of the blood awakened his curiosity. The butcher could give no explanation of the phenomenon, except that it kept it from jelling and spoiling.

The Dr. seized a vessel, caught some blood, and made several experiments by putting salt in it, and found that the blackest blood was instantly changed to a bright vermillion by salt. "Oh!" said he, "here is a fact which may lead to a practical rule." He had observed in cases of yellow fever in the army, that the blood drawn was very black and fluid, and on adding salt it became vermillion, and retained its freshness; whereas putridity of the blood is one of the characteristics of the yellow fever. He therefore abandoned the usual mode of treating it, and gave his patients a mixture of various salts, and in a very short time reduced the mortality of fever in the West Indies from one in five to one in fifty.

A CURE FOR EARACHE.—There is scarcely any ache to which children are subject so bad to bear, and difficult to cure, as the earache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel badge over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLY TO  
S. M. F.

To the question in reference to the use of plain pies with a crust made of "sweet cream and only a little spice," a general favorable answer may be given. There are those, however, who oppose the use of pastry—and it would be difficult to prove that they are in an error—or to prove that our health is really improved by its use as compared with the plainer and more substantial kinds of food, yet it is possible to make pies so plain as to differ but little from ordinary articles of diet. That our food, to be the most wholesome, to give us the most health, strength and vigor should be simple and plain, I presume will not be questioned by any respectable medical authority. Nature seems to demand simplicity, a reasonable variety at different times, and only a few articles at the same time. A good illustration is seen in the infant's food, one article, and that containing all of the elements of nourishment needed at that time combined in a most remarkable manner.

But the most valid objection to the pie-crust is the fact that it is generally made rich, saturated with grease—must be "flaky"—while the shortening more usual than any other, is lard. Now there are good reasons—aside from those given by Moses, under the direction of the All-seeing One—for regarding the swine as among the most diseased of the domestic animals. And it is a well known fact that the ulcers and other evidences of disease are specially found in the fatty deposits, from which the lard is made. (If some of our cooks could but see all that lard-men see, it might affect the appetite unfavorably.)

But the use of pastry is an indulgence and not a necessity, since very little is used in the old world, probably not as much on the whole Eastern Continent, with its teeming millions, as in Barnstable county, Massachusetts, the "pie and cake headquarters," and the headquarters of a fearful amount of scrofula and "humors" in general.

A lady friend and an excellent cook gives the following recipe for pie-crust: One quart of flour, the usual measures of Horsford's Bread Preparation, and about half a pint of cream. She also suggests the use of the graham dough, the same as is used for bread, using the Horsford Preparation, or at least that for the under crust, which she makes very palatable. It does not follow that the crust must be "flaky" and very short, certainly among those who have more regard to the conditions of health than to mere custom or fancy. In making the custard, squash, etc., there are those who omit the crust, using cups or other dishes, still affording an equal amount of gustatory pleasure, and more health, or less disease and suffering. A skillful cook is able to avoid many of these objectionable features, making simple, nourishing, wholesome and palatable food, saving much suffering and medical attendance, a loss to some of us.

In regard to "weak eyes," it is still more difficult to do justice in a brief article, yet some general principles may be given. Avoid an abuse of these valua-

ble organs. Do not use them at twilight, or in the glare of the sun or any artificial light, the less the better in the evening, especially sewing on black cloth or reading indistinct or fine print. One thing is certain, and that is, that if we overtax the eyes or any organ of the body the penalty is sure, at least in some degree. We may do something to avert the consequences, or remove the effects of wrong-doing, but some of the penalty is sure to follow.

Sometimes this weakness and inflammatory action results from a derangement of the stomach; sometimes the humors of the system may be made to "settle" in the eyes by excessive use. The first demands a careful regulation of the stomach by dieting or the selection of simple food, taken at regular times—three meals each day are enough for adults, ordinarily—while the second condition is obviated by "counter irritation," or by some means of withdrawing the inflammation from the eyes to some safe spot, by a small blister or any irritation, such as may be produced by the application of mustard. If the eyes are hot and smart, it is safe to apply a wet cloth of several thicknesses at night, slightly covered, to cool them. Frequent bathing during the day in cold, cool or warm water, as may be the most comfortable, on the whole, will be found to be useful and safe, while nothing should be done that really produces pain, which is only an evidence that wrong treatment is being administered, at least generally.

Again, never strain the eyes by any unusual effort to see. Only open them and let them see, without any special effort. Never rub them violently. If they itch, wet them in cold or cool water till the itching subsides. Do not use any "eye-wash" or "eye-water" unless you know something of it or of the character of the one who recommends it, since many of these may be injurious, too much so to be used in the treatment of so important and valuable an organ as the eye. A distinguished author has said that the most "valuable eye-water is pure, soft, rain water." Perhaps the tears are the best in use—certainly the most natural. If these are deficient in quantity or in quality, a substitute may be made by taking the pith of the sassafras, soaking it for a day in cold water, and then applying a few drops to the ball of the eye three times each day. This should be thin and clear, very nearly resembling the natural tears.

These hints, very cheerfully and as briefly given, relate to domestic treatment, and are based on the supposition that rest and great care are absolute requisites—not an absolute cessation of all effort, but no real fatigue, or as little as possible—effort under the most favorable circumstances. J. H. H.

Reading, Mass.

## ABOUT SOUP.

I am glad to find people inquiring about soups. They are delicious, wholesome and economical, but the majority of housekeepers seldom put them upon the table. I never buy soup meat. Bits of cold steak, the bones of a roast, veal scraps, any remnants of cold meat which come from the table, are collected for a week, and then in the morning put into an iron pot with cold water: as soon as it comes to a boil, skim carefully, then let it simmer all day, filling up as the water boils away; towards evening

season with salt, pepper and a very little sage; take one onion, one turnip and two or three potatoes, chop them fine and add to the soup with a small teacup of raw tomatoes, let the whole boil an hour longer, then strain through a colander, and add a spoonful of flour to thicken it slightly, and you will have a soup of elegant color and delicious enough to tempt an epicure.

All soups should be served hot. Of course, when people live in a rational way, and eat their dinners at noon instead of night, your soup must be at least partially prepared the day before hand. The above vegetables will be sufficient for three quarts of soup, and I venture to say there are few farmers' families where enough scraps of meat to furnish the soup are not wasted every week, or at least served up in unpalatable ways.

If you have meat with your bones, it is nice to take it out before adding the vegetables, and serve it on slices of toast, seasoned with butter and moistened with the broth. A HOUSEKEEPER.

A housekeeper, noted for the excellence of her soups, once told us that one thing that deterred many people from serving soups with every dinner, is the idea that it must be made fresh every day. She says this is not necessary. She makes a large quantity—enough for several days—at one time, and says it is improved each time it is warmed over.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker*.

## OMELETS.

Few articles of food are so readily attainable, so attractive in appearance, and so quickly cooked as omelets. A good and economical omelet is made with four eggs well beaten, and added to one cup of milk, into which has been stirred one table-spoonful of pounded cracker and one small tea-spoonful of flour. Stir the mixture well together just before pouring it on the well-buttered griddle, which should not be too hot, lest the omelet should have a strong flavor of scorched butter. Turn it, as soon as it begins to "set" around the edge, with a wide-bladed knife; fold it over once, and then again, and at once lift the griddle, and turn the omelet upon a warm plate. It will, of course, be of four thicknesses.

The best and really nicest omelet is made with one egg to one spoonful of milk. For an unexpected guest, this one-egg omelet is just the thing for luncheon or tea, as it is so easily made and turned off the griddle so handsomely.

A very good omelet is made by preparing a mince-meat of boiled ham, or cold veal, or chicken, well seasoned, and after the egg is poured upon the griddle, immediately scattering on a thick layer of the mince and then folding the omelet as usual. Never put salt into an omelet.

Poached or scrambled eggs should always be served on square pieces of toasted bread, which have been dipped for an instant in hot water and buttered. Mince-meat, to be nicely served, should always be accompanied by toast in the same way.

Cream of tartar biscuits are made by mixing one teaspoonful of cream of tartar with sufficient flour to make a batch, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, with which mix the flour. Addition of sweetening makes them nicer; but with only sweet milk they are very good, and not dangerous to dyspeptics.

## THE DESSERT.

"I can speak several different languages," said a convict, as he was entering a penitentiary. "No matter," said the keeper, "we have only one language here, and very little of that."

A croupy youth in a neighboring town having strongly objected to taking his medicine, was induced to make a hearty meal of buckwheat cakes and "maple syrup," but the latter proved to be nice syrup of squills. The boy said he "thought something ailed the molasses the minute his father told him he could eat all he wanted to."

—Samuel Harrison, of St. Croix, Wis., retired from military life with a brevet brigadiership. "Good-bye, general," were the parting words of his old comrades in the army. "How are you, colonel?" was the salutation on reaching Wisconsin. As he approached home this began to come down to "How d'ye do, captain?" and, finally when he came among the boys at home he was greeted with "Hallo, Sam; got back again?"

—A soldier was seen in the trenches holding his hand above the earthwork. His captain asked, "What are you doing that for, Pat?" He replied with a grin and a working of his fingers, "I am feelin' for a furlough, sure!" Just then a rifle ball struck his arm below the wrist. Slowly drawing it down, and grasping it with the other hand to restrain the blood, a queer expression of pain and humor passed over his face, as he exclaimed, "An' faith it's a discharge!"

—A lady once visited the Roman Catholic Bishop, Milner, seeking spiritual counsel, and related, as a part of her experience, some remarkable visions with which she said she had been favored. "Oh, Father," said she, "aren't they lovely? Aren't they heavenly? Isn't it a blessed thing to be so privileged?" "Very lovely, very heavenly," replied the old bishop, "and as you say, my dear child, it is a blessed privilege; but don't you think you had better take a little blue pill?"

—A traveler was once making a pedestrian tour of the Alps, when suddenly, in a narrow path, he came face to face with a large brown bear. He drew a revolver and was about to fire, when, to his amazement, the bear cried out, "Don't fire!" It turned out that the pretended bear was a man employed by some guides, who sent him out dressed in a bear skin when they had a timid traveler to escort. At a preconcerted spot the bear would rush upon them; and when put to flight by the exertions of the guides, the traveler never failed to reward their courage and devotion by a handsome present, of which the bear received a liberal share.

—It is said of Mr. Beecher that once on a time, listening *incog.* in a country church to a young minister, he heard flippantly rehearsed one of his own best sermons, nearly or quite verbatim. Going out of church he remarked to the young tyro, "That was a very good sermon. How long did it take you to write it?" "O," said he with the utmost nonchalance, "I tossed it off of an evening." "Indeed! Why it took me longer than that to think out the bare framework of that very sermon." "Are you Henry Ward Beecher?" "The same." "Well, then, Mr. Beecher," replied the unabashed youth, "all I've got to say is, I'm not ashamed to preach one of your sermons any day."



## THE MYSTERY OF PUNCTUATION.

THE art of punctuation is really one of the simplest of the accidents of literature; yet to most people it seems an impenetrable mystery. Many writers of high reputation make the wildest work in attempting to punctuate their own manuscript. Indeed, most of the punctuation in books is that of the proof-reader, not that of the author. This, however, is not wonderful; for if the secret of the proof-reader's den were revealed, the reading public would be astonished to learn that that useful but invisible functionary often supplies for writers of reputation not only all of the punctuation but also a great deal of the spelling and correct English.

It is popularly supposed that all printers are accomplished punctuators; but in truth they are not. The best of them will punctuate ordinary narrative tolerably well; but if anything more elaborate is left to their mercies, they are apt to make strange work of it. A good proof-reader can of course punctuate when he understands the sense; but frequently the meaning is equivocal until the proper points are supplied, and he can only guess at the author's intention. Every one who writes for other than his own, though nothing but occasional letters, should punctuate systematically. The great obstacle to this is the assumption that there is something very mysterious and abstruse in the proper distribution of those troublesome little dots and scratches.

The best general rule for punctuation is this: Read your article or letter aloud, making your inflections conform as accurately as possible to the sense you wish to convey; and wherever you make a pause mark a corresponding one in the manuscript. Do not mark one where you do not make one in reading. Nearly all manuscript, and a good deal of printed matter, is punctuated too much. If you can use periods and commas correctly—which, easy as it seems, is rarely done—you will get along very well with any simple composition. Semicolons and dashes belong rather to the elegancies of punctuation. Three-fourths of all the semicolons that ought to be used are required before clauses beginning with "for" or "but," assigning a reason for, or noting an exception to, the statement that immediately precedes.

Dashes, which many writers scatter about in such reckless profusion, should be used very sparingly. They generally denote that the sense which is interrupted by some necessary intervening explanation is resumed farther along. When several enumerated particulars, taken together, are in apposition with a single word or clause that precedes or follows, they should be separated from it with a dash. These two cases cover almost entirely the proper use of that punctuation mark with whose wholesale abuse manuscripts are so generally disfigured. When you are in doubt as to the necessity of a point, by all means omit it. Other things being equal, that is best English which requires least punctuation.

Many curious anecdotes of punctuation, or the want of it, are current among printers and proof-readers. An old compositor tells this one: "We remember a number of years ago, when we were at work in a book office near Boston, the copy was received for a scientific work. The copy was manuscript, with every letter well formed, every capital letter in its proper place, every word distinct, and punctuated. It was plain as reprint, and called by compositors the best manuscript copy they had seen. This copy was given out to the compositors a few pages at a time, who set it up and punctuated it as they had been in the habit of doing, each as he thought the sense required. The proof-reader read the proofs, marked a few changes in the punctuation, as he did in most of the proofs, and the matter was corrected. Another proof was taken and when thirty or forty pages were ready they were sent to the author for his inspection. In a few days the proofs came back with the punctuation marked freely. It was corrected, of course; and the compositors then got orders to 'follow copy in punctuation.' They did so and another lot was forwarded to the author, punctuated exactly according to the copy. In due time these proofs came back, and with the punctuation marked worse than before, if that were possible. This irritated the proof-reader somewhat, and he sent the scientific author a not very polite note, saying: 'If I can't punctuate this work to suit you, and you can't punctuate it to suit yourself, what are you going to do?' In reply, the author said he wasn't aware he had been correcting the office punctuation, but if the proof-reader would see to the punctuation he would be much obliged, as it was something he knew nothing about. After that there was no more trouble about punctuation on that work."

The memoirs of "Lord Timothy Dexter" were printed with all the punctuation marks that should have been used throughout the book presented in a lump on the last page, the reader being told to sprinkle them in to suit himself.

The competitors for a prize essay in a certain college once employed a calligraphist to copy their themes, that they might be presented in uniform dress, and no one possess any advantage from its superior penmanship. He omitted the punctuation entirely, giving as a reason that the written page looked better without it. He might as properly have omitted all the long letters for the same reason. Had there been an editor on the committee of award, he would probably have rejected all the manuscripts without attempting to read them.

Ingenious puzzles have been constructed and published, to show the effect punctuation may have on the meaning of a sentence or paragraph. But many of the real cases which occur on almost every printed page, and are known to every proof-reader, surpass anything that has yet been constructed for the express purpose. The celebrated and still unsettled dispute concerning the number of John Rogers' progeny might have been precluded by exact punctuation.—*Exchange.*

## THE BIRTHPLACE OF SHAKESPEARE.

You pay a shilling to see the house and the museum. The fire-place of the kitchen, occupied up to the last half of

this century by a butcher, is of enormous capacity, and not unlike those of the miners in the Sierras. There is nothing in any of the four or five rooms, up and down-stairs, that is worth seeing, save the name of Walter Scott cut on the street-window of the room above the kitchen, where Shakespeare was born. I looked out of this broad window, made up of little six-inch lights, and saw that the post-office of the town was opposite. I also saw an old woman, with a little grey donkey hitched in the shafts of a cart of vegetables. She was talking with a shoe-maker, who sat in his door and listened with uplifted hammer. A red-faced baker passed by with a basket of bread on his head, singing to himself, and that was all I could see or hear in Henly Street, Stratford, as I looked out of the window through which the light first came to Shakespeare.

All the walls are dark with a confusion of names. In a room below hangs a card, on which are transcribed the four lines written by Lucien Napoleon on the wall. The original was whitewashed over by the butcher, or some of his ilk, and is barely visible now. In the acre of ground belonging to and back of the building, are planted all the shrubs, trees and flowers named by the poet, and they look very well, indeed, considering that many are not of English growth or kind.

In the museum but little else of interest is seen than some beautiful modern busts and pictures, and splendid editions of Shakespeare's works. Let me here confess that in all the busts, from those adorning the doors of shop-keepers to the pointed one above his dust, that came to my notice in England, and they are legion, I have seen no reflection of Hamlet or Macbeth. The great gold ring, taken from the dead man's hand, had for me a strange attraction. It is much like the flat-crowned specimens worn by miners of the Pacific Coast, and has "W. S." cut deep in the surface.

Here is also seen the only letter preserved that was written to Shakespeare. It asks a loan of £30—an enormous sum in those days. There are many law-papers exhibited, in which the poet appears as plaintiff, and show that he had a pretty keen eye to business, particularly where he sues a man for thirty shilling's worth of malt. Perhaps the modern young rhymer, who cultivates contempt for money, had as well stick a pin here, and question with himself whether or not, after all, the scorning of practical things is not a sign rather of weakness than strength of mind.

Passing out to the street, and turning to take a last look at this house which most of the greatest of earth of the last two hundred years have entered, I read on the door the time and terms of admission, and over the door that a reward of £1 would be paid for the apprehension of any one caught defacing the building.—*Overland Monthly.*

## BOOKS.

God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of the past ages. Books are the true travelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure

dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold and sing to me of Paradise, or Shakespeare open to me words of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship; and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.—*Channing.*

The word "sheepish" has altered curiously in meaning since the twelfth century. In some old English Homilies, of which the MS. is in Trinity College, Cambridge, and which Dr. Richard Morris is now editing for the Early English Text Society, "sheepish men" are thus defined: "Some men lead a pure life, and neither do or say anything unpleasant to their fellow-men, but love God, and go each day to church, as sheep to the fold, and give gladly their dues to the church, and alms to poor men, 'and beth cleped *shepisse* men,' (are called sheepish men)."—pp. 36-7. —*Atheneum.*

## THE REVIEWER.

A HOME IN A ROUGH SUBURB, by Mrs. J. F. Moore. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

A book suitable for girls of fourteen and upwards. The story is interesting, the style simple and the tone moral.

From the same Publishers we have "Carrie Williams and her Scholars" a story of English school life from which both teachers and scholars may gather useful hints.

PHIL THE FIDDLER, by Horatio Alger. Boston: Loring.

This is the third volume of the "Tattered Tom" series, and ninth of the "Ragged Dick" series, written to illustrate Street Life in New York. These young Italian musicians are among the most interesting classes of street children and "Phil the Fiddler" will be a favorite wherever introduced.

FROM NIGHT TO LIGHT. Boston: D. Lathrop & Co.

This is one of the later books from this popular house, and is designed to carry us back to the scenes of ancient Babylon, making us familiar with the thrilling events in the days of Belshazzar, Daniel, Cyrus the Conquerer, etc., giving a life-like view of the deeply interesting scenes of those days. The story is told in a natural manner and pleasing style, and the pictures of ancient life presented in the vividness of reality. The book reminds one of that remarkable one by Ingraham, "The Prince of the House of David."

HARPER'S WEEKLY. The last number of this popular Pictorial is full of good things and promises more. George Eliot's novel is continued and a new serial by the author of "Bred in the Bone" and "Won—Not Wooed" is to be commenced in the next number and will add much to its attractions.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE. The May number of this pleasant visitor contains articles from several of our best writers for the young. Oliver Optic's "Sea and Shore," and Mrs. Cheney's "Sally Williams" are continued. The "Whispering Pine," by Elijah Kellogg is full of interest. Then, there is "Thirty Years Ago" a poem by Nellie Garrabrant; "Barefoot Kings" by Geo. S. Burleigh; a sketch of "The California Boy," by Mrs. Curtis, and a Humorous Dialogue and Piece for Declaration. Pigeon Hole Papers, Hard Piece and The Letter Bag have each their word to bring.

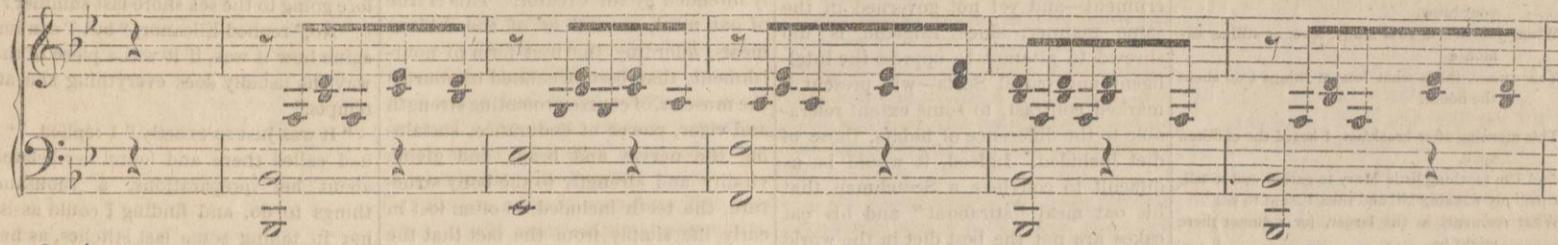
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. In the current issue of this monthly appears an illustrated sketch of Philadelphia containing valuable information regarding one of our most attractive cities. Mr. Black's serial novel is this month full of interest. "Sisterhoods in England," by Mrs. Sarah B. Wister, merits particular attention; "A French Girl," by Alice Grey is an interesting sketch based upon the events connected with the rule of Commune in Paris. The serial, "Ayton," is as entertaining as ever and "Our Monthly Gossip" furnishes agreeable instructive matter.

## FRIENDS BEYOND THE RIVER.

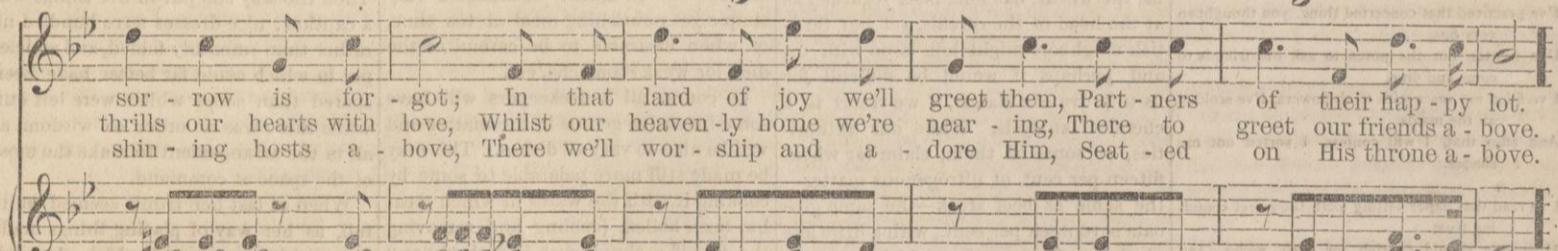
EDWARD CLARKE.



1. We have friends beyond the riv - er, Ma - ny friends that wait us there; They have gone from earth for -  
 2. In that land of fadeless glo - ry, Far be - yond each mor - tal care, There we'll chant sal - va - tion's  
 3. But our dear - est friend is Je - sus, He who died our souls to win; Died from bond - age to re -



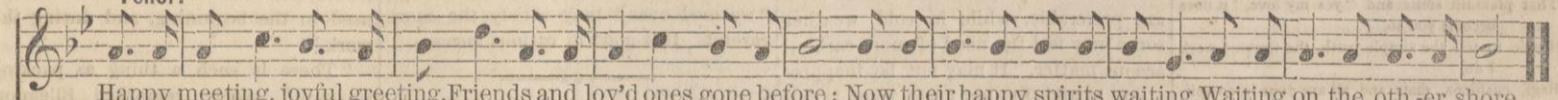
ey - er, We no lon - ger meet them here; But we'll meet them, yes, we'll meet them Where all  
 sto - ry, Safe from ev - ry sin - ful snare; O, the pros - pect!—'tis so cheer-ing; How it  
 lease us, Died to set us free from sin; There we'll see Him and be like Him, 'Mid the



sor - row is for - got; In that land of joy we'll greet them, Part - ners of their hap - py lot.  
 thrills our hearts with love, Whilst our heaven - ly home we're near - ing, There to greet our friends a - bove.  
 shin - ing hosts a - bove, There we'll wor - ship and a - dore Him, Seat - ed on His throne a - bove.

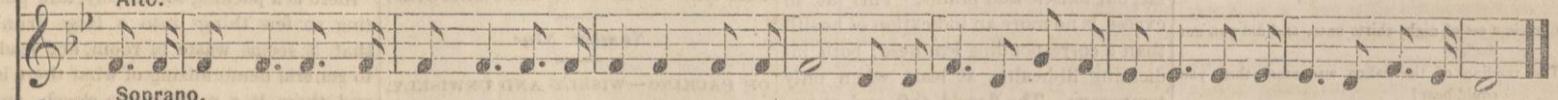


Tenor.

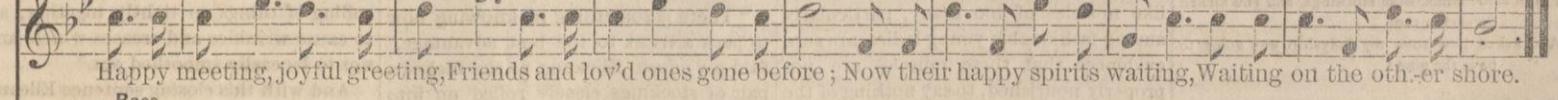


Happy meeting, joyful greeting, Friends and lov'd ones gone before; Now their happy spirits waiting, Waiting on the oth - er shore.

Alto.



Soprano.



Happy meeting, joyful greeting, Friends and lov'd ones gone before; Now their happy spirits waiting, Waiting on the oth - er shore.

Bass.





## THE WIFE'S EXPLANATION.

Well to be sure! I never did, why what a fuss you make,  
I'll just explain myself my dear, a little for your sake.  
You seem to think this worsted work is all the ladies do,  
A very great mistake of yours, so I'll enlighten you.

I need not count, for luckily, I'm filling in just now,  
So listen, dear, and drive away those furrows from your brow.  
When you are in your study, love, as still as any mouse,  
You cannot think what lots of things I do about the house.

This morning after breakfast, I heard the children spell,  
And I'm teaching little Mary to gather and to fell,  
I paid my washing bill and then I went to see  
What remnants in the larder, for a dinner there might be.

I've finished Jimmie's pinafore and fed the green canary—  
I've hemmed a duster, and I made a bonnet cape for Mary;  
I've taken in your collar where you said it was too full,  
And after that, I will confess, I sorted out my wool.  
Those children that you told me of, that scorned the Mother's rule  
I've packed off every one of them to the Diocesan school,  
I've sent the broth to widow Brown, I've made a Dorcas cap,  
And given what the Doctor sent, to the baby on my lap.

I've practiced that concerted thing, you thought so very fine,  
I've written out the notes to ask our friends to come and dine,  
I've filled my vases with fresh flowers, I've scolded all the maids  
And after that, I will confess, I sorted out my shades.

I've read that paper setting forth the sweet confiding trust  
Husbands should cherish for their wives, and think it very just;  
I've settled all my weekly bills, and balanced my accounts,  
With just a little German Wool to make up the amount.

Ah! now at least my rhetoric convinces you I know,  
That pleasant smile and "yes my love," it does become you so,  
Beside to tell the simple truth, the worsted work I do,  
Bags, cushions, mats and all are done in compliment to you.

I made a set of night-shirts once, and did you not declare  
The rending of the calico was more than you could bear?  
I knit some lambs-wool stockings, and you kicked up such a rout  
And asked how soon my ladyship was going to have the gout?

And now entirely you to please, my dear, I must declare  
I've worked this splendid arabesque upon my vesper chair,  
Two hearth rugs and an ottoman, seven chairs, and after that  
I hope to do some groups of flowers, and a handsome carriage mat.

Enough of banter, yet believe one word before we part  
The rest perchance is fable, but this is from my heart,  
The loving wife right cheerfully obeys her husband still  
And ever lays aside her frame when 'tis his lordly will.

## OAT MEAL.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

THE use of oat meal among our native population, to any considerable extent, is of recent date, and even now principally confined to a small class. It is true, however, that it has long been a prominent article of diet among the Scottish population both at home and in this country, the results of which in the general promotion of health are very apparent. There are, indeed, but few, if any nations comparable with Scotland in reference to the health, intelligence, industry, thrift and temperance of its population. A comparison of the Scots with the Irish, both under the same government—and yet not governed in the same manner, since England is too shrewd to attempt to oppress the intelligent and frugal Scots—will present a marked contrast, to some extent referable to the difference of habits, those of diet included. Indeed, it would be as difficult to convince a Scotchman that his oat meal "stirabout" and his oat cakes are not the best diet in the world as it would be to induce the rotund and heavy Englishman to relinquish his beef and beer. Indeed, the firm muscles, the agility and the open and intelligent countenance of the Scotchman are sufficient to convince one that when a nation subsists mainly on a single article, that such an article must contain the elements of nutrition in a remarkable combination.

The idea that "bread is the staff of life," is to be received with some reference to what really constitutes bread, and the grain from which it is made with us, the wheat, has long been regarded as at the head of the cereals, yet our Scottish neighbors might join issue with us, and perhaps it would be difficult for us to prove our claims, if we resort to a chemical analysis. While our authorities, or some of them, claim for wheat fifteen per cent. of nitrogenous matter—the same as beef steak—the same give oats seventeen per cent., with a little less of the carbon, or that which promotes heat and fat, the element in special demand in cold climates and in cold weather. This being true, it follows that in warm weather, and for the sick, those needing more nutriment than fuel—those effected by feverishness or inflammations—the preparations of oat meal are preferable, while in cold weather some may feel the need of more carbonaceous matter. It may not be inappropriate to add that our great want is not fat, but muscle and brains. This fat, in excess, is no more an indication of health than a corresponding leanness; both indicating ill-health, at least when only temporary. The flaccid, soft and putty-like muscles of too many, particularly among fashionable young ladies, are sure evidences that these muscles are not properly nourished, to say nothing of the fact that they are seldom exercised with the necessary energy and regularity. Most of that class, if we may judge from appearances, are accustomed to select fine food, with a decided preference for carbon in some of its forms of the sweets, oils or starch, adding to the adipose deposits a superabundance of fat, while the muscles are starved, nearly nerveless and powerless. Such have in some way obtained the false idea that concentration of nourishment and fineness are favorable to the nourishment of the body, instead of the opposite.

Returning from this digression, it should be remembered that in the oat meal, as well as in the meals of all the grains, are found the materials for the growth of the muscles, the bones, and the sustenance of the brain and nerves. While the center of the grains is almost pure starch, needful to promote heat and furnish the necessary fat, the muscle, bone nerve and brain foods are just beneath the hull, in the red part of the grain. It follows that when the kernel is ground or cracked, and all of its elements of nourishment allowed to remain, according to the idea of the great Dr. J. C. Warren, (who said, "It is unfortunate that the meal has even been bolted,") the elements of nutrition are then received in their natural form, as manifestly intended by the Creator. This is true of oat meal, as well as of the various meals, affording the best form of nourishment, that best calculated to nourish the muscles, of course promoting strength and vigor, power of endurance, sustaining the nerves and brain, and giving vitality and strength to the bony structure, the teeth included, so often lost in early life simply from the fact that the food contains too little bone material for their nourishment.

The more usual method of preparing this valuable article of food among us, as our cooks say, is to soak in cold water over night, and then pour into boiling water, cooking thoroughly but gradually. Some cook rapidly for about half an hour after the soaked mass is poured into the hot water, and then cook very slowly as long as convenient. If eaten by the sick, it is well to have it thin, like gruel, served with a plain sauce of milk and sugar, while for ordinary food more latitude will be taken. It makes a very simple yet nourishing meal at tea time, or when desirable to be careful of the diet, for weak stomachs, etc.

Of course all housekeepers will have some inventive genius in the matter and will be able to vary all dishes. This may be made still more palatable to some by cooking it with the water in which meat has been boiled, (cooling and removing the fat, if a simple dish is desired,) and thus adding the relish of the meat. Or a soup may be made, removing the meat from the bones and the fat, chopping the meat fine, and then combining with the oat meal and serving according to the taste of the cook. If stomachs are disease-proof it may be fried, though "warmed over" may satisfy the more careful. It is good in various forms.

## PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

## Number Nine.

## OF PACKING—WISELY AND UNWISELY.

"There is something in knowing how to pack a trunk to the best advantage," said my cousin Eleanor, as she tucked a pair of stockings closely rolled up into one corner of her trunk, where there seemed just a vacant space for it, slipped some fancy article into another, and then proceeded to lay in her nicely folded garments, filling up the spare corners as she went along with her work.

"Yes," replied I, "and some people will put twice as much into a trunk, or packing-box, as others, and yet do it with more ease, with less confusion, and in half the time than some I could mention."

"But it requires some planning before hand, not a little gumption, and getting

things together before commencing, to avoid confusion and forgetting some of my most needful things in the end," said Eleanor. "As you see, I have my things mostly together, so as to arrange and fill in to the best advantage. Here," said she, pointing to the bed, "are the 'must haves' for my journey, and there are the 'take if you can articles,' to be tucked into the loose places, or crowded in, perhaps, by packing some of the 'must haves' more closely together, if needful. But I work them in together, for if I left all the 'take if you can articles' for the last, I might be obliged to leave them out altogether, though you see I am getting them in nicely now."

"Did I ever tell you," said I, "about seeing Miss Mayfield pack her trunk before going to the sea shore last summer?"

"No," replied Eleanor, "but I can imagine how it was, if it was a piece of the way she usually does everything she attempts."

"It was just so exactly," I replied. "I had called there and found her belated about her preparations, a thousand things to do, and finding I could assist her in taking some last stitches, as her sewing woman was not at hand, volunteered to do so, while she set about, late in the afternoon, packing her trunk, which was a large enough one for her purpose, had she only known how to properly fill it. And she had sufficient time, also, had she made any arrangements beforehand. But one thing was brought from her clothes-press and put in, others taken from her drawers, then she would think of something she had left down stairs and go for that, and by that time had forgotten something else, and so it was only confusion all the time. Then the way she put in her things was a caution; nice dresses were bundled up rather than smoothly folded, and articles put in which could far better have been spared than some which were left out, while there was no order or wisdom at all in the arrangement to make the most of the space at command.

When at last her trunk seemed quite full, as her way of placing things made it, articles were found which, she said, must go in, so there was an overhauling to endeavor to make more room, which resulted in still greater confusion, and with little benefit. Thus, it was late at night before her task was accomplished, when it could have been finished long before, had there been wisdom and order used in the beginning, and during the work."

"There is such a thing as packing slovenly," sagely remarked Eleanor, "there is a packing too loosely, and putting so few things into a large trunk that it seems waste of room, and leads to general demoralizing of what there is, and there is a packing too closely, and rolling of things so tightly together, as to cause wrinkles and creases which are not to be easily smoothed out."

And with this closing sentence Eleanor closed her trunk and left the room, while I sat for half an hour musing on trunk packing, or packing in general as applied to other things.

For there are other kinds of packing besides the packing of goods and material things—the filling out of the days and years of our life, so as to serve life's best ends and endeavors to the greatest advantage to ourselves, and usefulness to others. And does this mean only the taking thought of what we shall eat and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed? to the crowding

out of the culture, the sweeter emotions and true refinements of life? To the mother does it mean ministering to the material needs of her family only; of so crowding her days with these duties as to have no room for brighter, higher, lovelier things?

To go back to our trunk packing. Every day of the life of the busy housewife somewhat resembles this—there is so much, either more or less to be crowded into it—and the question is, how shall it be done so as to have the domestic machinery move most easily, smoothly, and with the least possible bustle and confusion? I remember that Mrs. Whitney in one of her most admirable books, (and which of them is not admirable?) "Patience Strong's Outings," makes her heroine say something of her mother's skill in filling out a day being like the packing of a trunk; which by proper management could be made to hold more or less as the case required, and without apparent crowding in the end.

But a woman's work in her own home, it is said, is never done; that a woman who puts her own shoulder to the domestic wheel never finds a stopping place, without leaving something of her intended or needed work still undone. And this is only too true; yet let us look the fact bravely in the face and ask, if, in our own individual case, anything can be done to modify the severity of our toil, to throw in more pleasant things among our needful packing, and by pre-arrangement in the beginning not only ease the whole way, but much lighten its end? There is almost everything in system and using one's judgment to simplify and make the wheels move more easily—packing lighter things in with the heavier—and knowing how to do it in the shortest time, and with the least expenditure of one's strength and patience. Eleanor packed her trunk in half the time which it took Miss Mayfield; she not only had quite as much in a smaller trunk, but her things were put in in better order, and with far less trial to her strength or patience than Miss Mayfield was obliged to expend, merely because she planned nothing systematically, and did not use her brains (or gumption, as you choose) to save her time and vexation of spirit.

Now Eleanor's mother is just about such a housewife as her daughter is likely to become; one who make the most of limited means, who, without stiffness and over-nicety, is yet one of the most systematic of housekeepers, and who plans one thing to come in with another so that bustle and doing things "every which way" when the pressure comes, is, in general cases, avoided. If a certain piece of work is to be done, she knows that it saves half the time and removes the danger of forgetting something needful to have things in readiness or as nearly so as possible before really commencing, and often thus she can, by a little forethought, kill two birds with one stone, saving the other as "reserve force" in case of need. And something of the same system of course becomes a habit in the house, and makes things move more smoothly for all concerned. She has an idea too that woman was created for something besides packing her days as closely as possible with washing, and cleaning, and cooking and sewing; there is enough of all these to do in her house, but instead of spreading her work over the whole day, she, by skill, gives herself a little leisure which she deems it a duty

to use for self-culture, even though there is sewing still in the work-basket.

And then she manages to let in rays of sunshine, as you might say, with her busy, homely duties. There are a few moments, perhaps, even amidst her forenoon's work, where she can take a bit of breathing spell, and while so doing read a column, or even a single sentence, that will give her something new for thought or pleasant to hum over, and thus the drudgery of the kitchen be supplemented by the society of the thinkers or poets of the age.

It is merely the sliding in of one of the "take if you can" articles, amongst other necessary things, not seemingly crowding them, and only making the rest of the packing more enjoyable. Next it may be a moment's trip to the garden, the gathering and arranging of a handful of flowers, or any little thing that may divert the mind for a moment and twine beauty, or poetry, or mirth with the too often sombre downright hard work, hour after hour, of the too busy American housewife.

"But, la sakes!" says Mrs. Matter of Fact, "talk about a housekeeper who pretends to work stopping for flowers, or reading or to play with the children as some mothers do before their work is all done. I believe, for my part," she goes on, "in doing your work and then play, though precious little time I ever get to do anything but work, from one week's end to another. It may do for highty-tighty young girls to waste their time in that way and not look downright ridiculous, but for a matron—why, it is trying to play lady in the kitchen, and to be romantic, and all that sort of a thing, and it is more than I can do now to keep up with my work, do the best I can!"

My dear Mrs. Matter of Fact, don't you see that because your neighbor does her packing more wisely than you do that she has leisure for something besides the constant crowding you find needful day in and day out? She uses more brains than you, but takes less steps; she crowds in something needless (as you term it) with the needful, but that only cheers her spirits, changes the current of thought from everlasting drudgery, though for a moment, and her work is not only done more cheerily, but more easily, in less time, and quite as well as yours.

When you tell your daughter Susie that she may have a half hour for play or to go into the garden, or to look over her new picture book after she has washed the breakfast dishes, will she not do her task more readily, more quickly, and even better, than as though there was nothing but work before her all the day long? And we are all, or ought to be children more or less in this thing; for there is a recuperative power in taking a moment's rest or recreation, that enables one to accomplish more and more easily on the whole. For those who work in factories, shops, offices, etc., for example, who are to work a given number of hours and then be at liberty, they look to the end of the day for the leisure, and so may the housewife hope for a little unfettered freedom then; still a mother is never sure of this leisure unless she snatches from her busy moments, packing the more economically and wisely as she goes along to make up for the little respite. And then if she can have a good portion, or only a small portion of the afternoon free from household cares, she knows how to prize it, and will tell you that

she owes the little respite to closely planning and packing her morning work.

Oh! the slack packing there is in the world, the ill arrangement and want of plan, the constant toil, the crowding and worrying, and then at last have so poor a show for one's pains.

And then the laborious packing of some—spreading a few articles over a large space, seeming to be crowded and yet, like the woman having so large a wash, and so small a hanging out to be seen.

And, as Eleanor aptly remarked, there may be such a thing as too close packing and the creases made indelible! How many women are crowding their days to the utmost capacity with cares and toils, often when the toil might be divided with another; taking upon themselves so much of the material work of the world that they have no time, or taste, or fitness for anything else, and the wrinkles, and creases, and hard knots on the countenance, and in the very warp of life, become visible to all.

If the young housewife be she maiden or matron would avoid these she must begin aright, and if it is hard to learn how to do to advantage, let her determine to practice and to use her common-sense and judgment, and the battle is half won. Let her determine that with a Martha's busy cares, there shall be a Mary's thought for sweeter, purer things, that life may grow more lovely and into more fullness of joy as the years pass by. Let her besides learning to fill her time to the best advantage, stop and seriously ask if there be nothing from what may be considered needful in this packing that can be spared, and something that will minister to the higher nature be filled into the space.

Could not some housewives readily dispense with some of the dishes on their over-loaded tables, and in room enjoy more of the society of their guests? We have seen somewhere the statement that Martha was not rebuked for getting refreshments for her Master, but for her much serving—making so many kinds of cakes and frying so many fritters, as one plain-spoken old parson had it, when expounding on the subject. And while it is all right to have the tin and silver bright, yet is it worse for them, even, to become sometimes dim, than for the mind to be unpolished and rusty? And while ruffles and tucks, and scallops are tasteful for our own, or children's garments, yet is it worth while to crowd the overtaken system with too much of this, to the neglect of fitting one for the more independent duties of womanhood?

Ah, may not too much toil distract the brain, dull the affections, and ruffle the temper of the best of natures? And if there must be too much, yet can we not often dispense with something from the seemingly needful in packing?

But there are those who think it a virtue to crowd their every day to the utmost with hard prosaic work, and to wait till after years for rest. But what will leisure be then as a means of culture or of fitting one for more possible usefulness to others, in the higher sense of the word. If progress in life is to be made, the taste and habits must be educated as we go along, and flowers gathered from the wayside, if we have not access to a well appointed garden, and then if ever more abundant leisure comes;—if there is room in the top of the trunk for more of the pleasant and aesthetic things of life, we shall know

how to use the space to advantage, and there be no waste room in the end. One of the greatest beautifiers of age is its fullness, its capacity for enjoyment when life's busiest days are over; one of the saddest is the listlessness, the mental vacuum that exists where the toiler feels himself, or herself, no longer useful, as they understand the word, and the taste, or sympathies in too narrow a range to make the most of the space in life left them, in life's closing years.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL:—Something impels me this beautiful spring morning to sit down and write a few words to THE HOUSEHOLD, our home paper. I see how kindly others have been received, and I want to come into the charmed circle and shake hands with some of the friends I have met in reading THE HOUSEHOLD from month to month.

Funds were rather low with me when my last subscription was out, and at first I thought I could not renew it then. But mother said, "O, we can't do without it; it is too useful a paper to stop." So I continued it, and I'm certain I shall not be sorry.

"A Martyr of the Period" has my heartiest sympathy. Don't I know what it is to try to follow the fashions? And even now there are flounces and ruffles and folds waiting for my fingers. But what can we do. Even where we condemn we strive to copy, and it is "all vanity and vexation of spirit." We are weak, at least I am, and "what will others say" is a terror to me. I don't wish to go to extremes, but I do like to look, well, as nice as people in general, and it does take the time. I have rather a comfortable way of putting the blame on others, so I say it is the fault of those who set the fashions. I'd be content to dress plainer if others would.

But I am afraid I am writing too much. Don't let Olive Oldstyle stop writing. I like her letters exceedingly. My best wishes for THE HOUSEHOLD. BETH.

DEAR READERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I have been longing to have a little chat with you for some time, but you all know how one thing after another comes up to keep housekeepers busy, and especially those who do their own work. I sometimes think how nice it would be if I could afford to hire help; then I could have so much more time to read, and study, and paint, and all the pleasant things.

I do not dislike housework, and think it is healthy when you don't have too much of it: but with housework in the forenoon and sewing for the afternoon, and callers, and visitors, and visiting, and mending, and baby to tend, where is the time for cultivating the mind and soul? How often I look on the bookshelves and long to seize my dear old botany and rush to the woods for an hour's sweet talk with the flowers, but alas! if I could forget my pile of sewing, my weary body reminds me I better remain at home.

Sometimes I get to thinking of some of my dear classmates and long to know how they are, and, perhaps after a long thought discussion, conclude I'll give myself this pleasure; and just as I get nicely seated to begin the door-bell rings—callers; then baby gets tired and wants mamma; then tea, etc., etc.

When I think how much time we spend on our food and clothing, and how

little on cultivating the mind and heart, I am shocked, and resolve I will spend more time in preparing my immortal soul for the life beyond, and I really believe, sisters, I am improving. I am learning to put fewer ruffles and tucks on my own and the children's clothes, and to spend less time and strength in cooking up rich cakes, etc., for my company, and I find they seem to enjoy it just as well, and I a great deal better.

I liked sister Dorr's letter in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD much. It don't "hit" me now, but it would a year or two ago. I was a good deal interested in "Idol Worship," in the March number, and fear there are not a few Millie Goodwins in our dear New England. And "Little Women Helpers," how much truth there was in that; and I wish every mother could read it.

I've been looking for something from some of the experienced mothers concerning governing children. I desire very much some advice on this subject, for I have a little two years old girl, full of fun and very willful, and I don't know sometimes how or when to punish, nor how to be neither too severe nor too lenient.

This is the first year I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD, but not the last I trust, for it seems to me I cannot do without it and wonder how I ever did so long. I have gained a great deal of valuable information from many of the contributors.

I have a few recipes that have been called for, which I will send, hoping they will please those who asked for them.

D. M. D. wishes a recipe for sweet pickles. I think she will like mine: Seven pounds of fruit, three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce each of cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg; putting the spices in a thin bag. Ripe cucumbers, peas, sweet apples, or watermelon rind may be used. If watermelon or cucumbers are used, scald and let them strain over night, then cook all together. Watermelon rind is better than anything else, I think.

I will send Mrs. J. R. D. two of my fruit cake recipes: One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, three cups of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a little milk, two cups of fruit, spice, a little cinnamon, and a good deal of cloves, allspice and nutmeg.

*Fruit Cake.*—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, three cups of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a little milk, two cups of fruit, spice, a little cinnamon, and a good deal of cloves, allspice and nutmeg.

Here are some pudding-sauce recipes for Mrs. Eda: One cup of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, a small piece of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, and flavor with lemon.

*Elegant Pudding Sauce.*—Four large spoonfuls of white sugar, two large spoonfuls of butter, one large spoonful of flour, stir these to a cream in an earthen dish, then beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and add to the other ingredients; pour in one gill, or teacupful, of boiling water and stir very fast. Flavor with lemon, nutmeg or rose.

I think this delicate cake will please Mrs. A. M.: The whites of five eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, four and one-half cups of flour, and one cup of milk. One egg put with the yolks will make two and one-half pints of custard.

*Boiled Brown Bred.*—One pint of sour milk, saleratus enough to sweeten, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of molasses, and use one-half Indian and one-half rye meal to make of the right thickness. Boil five or six hours in a covered pail set in an iron boiler, with water enough to come half way up on the pail.

MRS. L. A. C.

#### RAG CARPETS, ETC.

MR. CROWELL, *Sir*:—In the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD Mrs. Eda asks for some information about colors for a rag carpet, and if it is not too late to do her any good, I will make a few suggestions for her. If she can have access to Dr. Chase's Recipe Book she can find some good recipes for coloring red or scarlet, just as she prefers. There is nothing very difficult in coloring with copperas, as it is so cheap that if you get more than is really needed there will not be much waste; you have only to thoroughly dissolve the copperas and dip the cloth till the color suits. I would also suggest that if those army coats were mine, I should get some walnut bark and boil it, skim it out, put in some alum to set the color, then wash the coat in soap suds, and dip it in the dye till the color is dark enough. It will make a sort of olive green, which I think is preferable to blue for a carpet.

To make some lively colors for it, take two pails and put six quarts of cold or lukewarm water in each; into one of them put three ounces sugar of lead, into the other six ounces bi-chromate of potash, and let it thoroughly dissolve; then take five pounds of white rags and dip into the lead water first, then in the other, then back and forth till the color suits. It will make a beautiful yellow. Then make a strong bluing water with two or three bottles of liquid bluing and dip one-half (or thereabout) of your yellow rags in it, and you will have a very pretty green.

For variety you can twist a thread of yellow and a thread of black together and make a feather stripe, to do which half must be twisted one way, and half the other. That, with now and then a white thread, will give your carpet a very lively, cheerful look. Whoever weaves it ought to be able to stripe it judiciously and handsomely.

D. M. D. also asks for a recipe for making sweet pickles, and I thought I would send mine, as several have tried it and call it good. Take ripe cucumbers cut them open and scrape out the inside, pare and cut into such pieces as you like; then boil them (a few pieces at a time) in water with a little salt in it till you can just put a fork through them; take them into a colander, let them drain thoroughly and put them in your jar. To each quart of good vinegar add one pound of sugar, till you have sufficient to cover the cucumbers, then tie up such spices as you prefer in a small bag, (I generally use black pepper, ginger, cloves, cinnamon, a very little mustard, and sometimes a dust of cayenne,) put it in the vinegar and bring to a boil; then pour hot over them, cover tight, and in a few weeks they will be fit for use.

Will some one through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD be so kind as to tell me what the word purl in knitting means, as I do not understand the term; and also tell me how it is done, and very much obliged,

MRS. J. A. H.

#### GENERAL RULES FOR PIES AND PUDDINGS.

In boiling puddings, mind that the cloth be perfectly clean; dip it in hot water, and dredge it well with flour. If a bread pudding, tie it loose; if a batter pudding, tie it nearly close; gooseberry and apple pudding, etc., should be tied quite close. When you make a batter pudding, first mix the flour well with milk and stir in the other ingredients by degrees; you will then have it smooth, without lumps. The best way, however, for a plain batter pudding, is to strain it through a coarse hair-sieve, that it may have neither lumps nor the treadings of the eggs; and for the other puddings, strain the eggs when they are beaten up.

Be sure the water boils when you put your pudding in, and that it keeps boiling all the time, and that you keep it always covered with water; you should also move it about two or three times at first, or it may stick to the pot; dip the pudding into cold water immediately after you take it out, which prevents it sticking. If you boil your pudding in a dish or basin, butter the inside before putting the pudding in; the same should be done to the dish for a baked pudding or pie.

The quality of pie-crust depends much on the baking. If the oven be too hot, the paste, besides being burned, will fall; if too cool, it will be soddened, and consequently heavy.

Paste should be made on a cold, smooth substance, such as marble, with a light cool hand. It should be made quickly; much handling makes it heavy. Great nicety is required in wetting the paste; too little moisture renders it dry and crumbly, while too much makes it tough and heavy; and in either case, the paste cannot be easily worked. Practice alone can produce perfection in this art.

Before commencing to make paste for pies or dumplings, it is necessary to place near at hand everything likely to be wanted, to inspect all the utensils, to prepare all the ingredients, and though last not least, to wash the hands and nails perfectly clean; for the hands are the best tools to make paste with.

Always use good sweet butter, dripping, or lard, for pie or pudding crust. Some persons entertain the mistaken notion, that butter which cannot be eaten on bread will do very well for paste; on the contrary, the baking or boiling of rancid fat increases the bad flavor. It is a good plan to wash the butter in clean spring water before using it. Make two or three holes with a fork in the cover of your pies, that the steam may escape.—*Jennie, in the Germantown Telegraph.*

#### WASHING CALICOES AND MUSLINS.

The first requisite is plenty of water; this is even more essential for colored than for white clothes. It should not be hot enough to scald, and should have a moderate suds of hard soap before the garments are put in. Very white and nice soft soap is preferable to hard for flannels—does not shrink them as much; but the latter is best for cotton goods.

Wash calicoes in two waters, using but little soap in the second. When clean, rinse them two or even three times in tepid water. Good laundresses always assert that the great secret of clear muslins is thorough rinsing.

The quality of starch used also affects

light colors, and for muslin dresses especially only starch of the purest quality should be used. When no great stiffness is required, it is a good plan to stir the starch into the rinsing water; it assists in setting the colors where they show a tendency to run. For setting the colors of fading goods I have used ox-gall, alum, borax and salt—all with good results, though they will not "clinch" greens and blues that are determined on taking French leave.

One benefit in using a strong solution of alum water is that it will positively make cottons fire-proof. Mothers who "sit on thorns" at school concerts and exhibitions, watching the dangerous proximity of gossamer dresses to the foot-lights, will appreciate this advantage. And so far from injuring the looks of the muslin, there is no other treatment that will so brighten and improve the colors.

Colored clothes should be wrung very thoroughly, dried in the shade, and turned about two or three times while drying.—*Ohio Farmer.*

To TOUGHEN GLASS.—Put the glass vessel into a vessel of cold water, and gradually heat the water boiling hot; then allow it to cool gradually of itself, without taking out the glass. Goblets treated in this way may, when cold, be filled with boiling water without cracking. Lamp chimneys may also be made tougher by this process.

Old putty moistened with muriatic acid will immediately become soft, and is easily removed.

Rye flour boiled in water, with a little alum added while boiling, makes an adhesive paste almost as strong as glue.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

*SWEET CORN BREAD.*—One pint of corn meal, one cup of chopped suet, mix well and scald thoroughly, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt. Bake slow. M. H.

*JUMBLES.*—I will send a recipe that mother likes for jumbles. Two eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, (the one-half cup to roll in after it is rolled out,) two-thirds of a cup of butter, one-half cup of cream, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour to roll.

E. W. D.

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over a late HOUSEHOLD I noticed requests for recipes which I happened to have, and am glad to contribute, since I have received so much valuable information through your columns.

*WARM SLAW.*—Shave cabbage very fine, sprinkle salt and pepper over it, then heat the vinegar boiling hot, add a lump of butter the size of a hickory-nut, pour over the cabbage and cover tight. I usually pour off the vinegar and heat it the second time. If you wish it particularly rich and nice, stir into it a little thick cream.

*ARTIFICIAL HONEY.*—Put two pounds of the best white sugar in as much water as will dissolve it, add one pound of white clover honey while warm, and stir well together. Any desired flavoring can be added.

*DELICATE CAKE.*—The whites of four eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon. The yolks of the eggs made up in the same way make a nice cake, and I usually make both at once.

*LAMP MATS.*—A very pretty mat can be made of two colors of alpaca dress-braid (say white and red) crossed and woven together so that the center will be checked. Sew around the edge and from corner to corner with the sewing machine—the sewing should be an inch or more from the ends—fringe the ends and you

will have a pretty mat. Toilet sets can be made in this way, varying in size. They may be made in the same way of tissue paper, folding many times to make the fringe heavy.

**CHICKEN CHOLERA.**—There are many remedies for this disease, the latest I have seen being parched corn. Do not let chickens run where they can get the large green tomato worm.

M. E. C.

**SWEET PICKLES.**—*Mr. Crowell:*—Inquiry has been made for sweet pickles, and as I think I have an excellent recipe for tomato sweet pickles I will send it. Seven pounds of ripe tomatoes skinned, put them in the preserving kettle and boil them as dry as possible, then add one pint of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, one-half ounce of cloves, one-half ounce cinnamon, but unground, let it boil together a few minutes, then pour in jars and set in a cool place. We use but one-half pint of vinegar.

AUNT SARAH.

**CHOCOLATE CAKE.**—*Dear Household:*—I think Addie and Jane will like our recipe for chocolate cake. One cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, two eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder.

*Paste for Chocolate Cake.*—One-half cup of Baker's chocolate, one-half cup of milk, two-thirds of a cup of sugar. This makes one cake of three layers.

M. C. K.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—Being very much interested in the recipes of your paper, I would like to contribute a few which I have tried and know to be good.

**GINGER SNAPS.**—Three pounds of flour, two pounds of sugar, one pound of butter, four eggs, two ounces each of ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg, two teaspoons of soda. Roll thin.

**RICH FRUIT CAKE.**—One pound each of butter, sugar and flour, ten eggs, one pound of raisins chopped fine, two of currants, one-half pound of citron, one teaspoonful of mace, one nutmeg, the juice and peel of one lemon, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar in the flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Bake in two pans. CANADIAN.

**KENTUCKY OR MARYLAND BISCUIT.**—One quart of flour, one pint of water or sweet milk, one tablespoonful of lard, a little salt. Rub or mix all together and knead or pound until soft or smooth. Make into small biscuit, and bake in a hot oven.

**MUFFINS WITHOUT SODA.**—One quart of flour, one quart of sweet milk, four eggs whipped separately, a little salt, three dessert-spoonfuls of melted lard or butter; baked in a hot oven.

MRS. L. A. B.

**WASHINGTON CREAM PIE.**—*For the Cake.*—One teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of milk, one egg, a piece of butter the size of an egg, spice if you wish, and two cups of flour, with a measure each of the acid and soda of Horsford's yeast mixed into the flour.

*For the cream.*—Take three eggs, two-thirds cup of sugar, one-half cup of flour, beat well and pour into a pint of scalding milk, and stir until it thickens, then add a teaspoonful of extract of lemon or vanilla. Be careful that the cream does not burn. This is also good for common pie crust.

**DARK CAKE.**—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, three cups of flour, four eggs. Add spices and fruits. Bake one hour in a slow oven.

**COMMON MOLASSES GINGER-BREAD.**—One cup of molasses, one cup of cold water, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make a soft batter; add ginger to suit the taste.

**ELECTION CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, an even teaspoonful of soda, flour to make quite thick, a cup of raisins, and flavor with cinnamon.

**METHODIST CAKE.**—One-half cup of milk, one egg, about two cups of flour, one tablespoonful butter, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, and lemon to flavor.

**SOUR MILK CAKE.**—One cup of sour milk, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, about a pint of flour.

MISS C. E. R.

**MR. CROWELL:**—I enclose you a recipe for a cake that I have never seen in cook-books, which is very nice and attracts considerable attention on account of its flavor. It has been tried several years, especially at sociables and parties, and as quite a number of requests have been made for the recipe, I thought the friends of THE HOUSEHOLD might like it. It is as follows:

**HICKORY-NUT CAKE.**—One coffee-cupful of milk, two coffee-cupfuls of sugar, one-half coffee-cupful of butter, three coffee-cupfuls of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two quarts of nuts, (shagbark,) measured before being cracked, and stir them ten minutes.

**EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:**—I have taken your paper two years, and have just commenced on the third. I do not feel that I could be without it, for hardly a day passes that does not find me consulting its pages.

I have found many valuable recipes, and would like to contribute one which is a favorite breakfast dish with us.

**POTATO PUFFS.**—Take cold roast meat—beef or mutton, or veal and ham together—clear from gristle, cut small, and season with pepper and salt, and cut pickles if liked; boil and mash some potatoes, make them into a paste with an egg, and roll out, dredging with flour. Cut round with a saucer, put some of the seasoned meat on one half and fold it over like a puff, pinch or nick it neatly around, and fry it a light brown. This is a good way to cook meat which has been dressed before.

**RICE PUDDING.**—Take one cup of rice to a quart of milk, and steam one hour. Take the yolks of three eggs, with one-half cup of sugar and a little salt, and stir in the rice when done. Take the whites and beat to a froth with one-half cup of sugar and a little lemon juice. Spread over the pudding and brown in the oven.

MAY.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—*Mrs. S. P.* inquires how to make pumpkin sauce. I have a way that I think very nice. Take good ripe pumpkins, cut them in pieces about one-fourth of an inch square, then steam them until they can easily be pricked through with a fork. Take two quarts of the pumpkin, one pound of sugar, and one pound of raisins, cook them fifteen or twenty minutes, and can. Some use sliced lemon instead of raisins.

Will some of your readers please inform me how to knit double mittens so the figure will be a perfect diamond? I would like also the rule to make a rabbit of cotton flannel. F. H. T.

**MR. CROWELL:**—*Dear Sir:*—Having noticed that one of your lady readers wishes a recipe for coloring carpet rags yellow and green I send mine, which will not fade.

For one pound of white cotton rags, one ounce of bi-chromate of potash, one ounce of sugar of lead, about six quarts of water for each; make a solution of both separately, first dip in the potash, then in the lead, for green, and repeat until bright enough.

Make a yellow dye as above, then put in washing bluing until dark as you like. This will color cotton or wool.

E. J. P.

**MR. EDITOR:**—Will some one tell us, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to compound paints so as to produce the color called "peach blow?" and oblige a

MINN. FARMER.

**H. L.** wishes to know how to remove the crust or coating inside her teakettle caused by using hard water. Throw in a handful of sal soda and flour to make a soft batter; add ginger to suit the taste.

L. L. G.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—I am an interested reader of your most excellent paper. In reply to the question how to purify rancid lard, I would say put the lard in a kettle heated quite hot, peel and slice raw potatoes, put them in and let them remain until crisped.

I also send a recipe for chocolate cake. One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, four eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful soda in the milk, two teaspoons of cream of tartar in the flour. Bake in round tins. This quantity will make four layers. To prepare the chocolate, take one pint of sweet milk, one egg, half a cup of sugar, one cake of

prepared chocolate; put the milk in a tin vessel, and set it in a kettle of boiling water; stir sugar, egg and chocolate together, and cook thoroughly. When cold, spread between the cake like jelly cake.

I would like to have the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD try the following recipe, and am confident they will be pleased with the result.

**CREAM CAKE.**—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, four tablespoonfuls of cold water, and bake in two cakes. Round jelly-cake tins are best. When cold take a long, thin bladed knife and split each cake in two.

**For the Cream.**—Take one pint of sweet milk, half a cup of sugar, one egg, three even teaspoons of corn starch, and cook thoroughly. When cold flavor with lemon and spread between the cakes.

In reply to Mrs. Eda how to color, I send some recipes I know to be good and fast colors.

**BLUE.**—For two pounds of rags take one ounce of prussiate of potash, one ounce of oil of vitriol, one ounce of copperas. Scald the copperas in iron. Put rags in with water enough to cover, boil slowly twenty minutes, wring out and air well. Now dissolve potash in brass, scald rags well, wring out and air well, then add the oil of vitriol to the potash, put in the rags, and boil slowly twenty minutes. Rinse in several waters. The muriate of tin would ruin a tin boiler; a brass or copper kettle should be used. Success in coloring depends on the utensils used in preparing the dye.

I would advise the following coloring recipe instead of copperas, as it is much more durable and will not fade; will color both cotton and woolen goods. White rags will take a beautiful tan-color, faded light calicoes a brown, gray and mixed rags a darker shade. The recipe is as follows:

For ten pounds of goods dissolve one pound of catechu and four pounds of blue vitriol, in sufficient water not to crowd the goods, in a brass kettle. First wetting them in soap suds let them boil slowly one hour, wring out, and make a new dye of the same quantity of water and four ounces of bi-chromate of potash, boil slowly twenty minutes, and wring out and dry before washing them. Wash thoroughly in suds and rinse in salt and water.

Will some of the readers of your paper inform me through its columns how to make homemade beer? and oblige, EVANGALINE.

**EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:**—In reply to the inquiry made by E. S., what must be done to check the disagreeable odor within a refrigerator, I would say apply gum shellac two or three times to all the wood work exposed in the inside, being particular to have the wood perfectly dry before the first application. The gum shellac can be purchased at any paint shop, and costs but a trifle. It closes all the pores of the wood, thus stopping absorption, which is the secret of the musty odor. Do the same with safe and you will experience no further trouble.

PAUL.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Will some one please inform me, through your columns, how to make milax grow successfully? The leaves of mine all turn yellow and drop off. Such information will oblige MINNIE R. P.

Vinnie wants to know what will cure chicken cholera. If she will take a dish of corn meal, stir it with water, and put in plenty of cayenne, and give it to them once a week, I think she will have no more trouble with them.

MRS. L. A. R.

**MR. EDITOR:**—I wish to send N. L. C. my recipe for making sage pudding. Boil a pint and a half of new milk with four spoonfuls of sage nicely washed and picked, stir in gradually four eggs, half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of lemon, and a little nutmeg. Bake slow.

Will some one tell me how to make nice cookies without cream or hartshorn, not crispy, but moist and soft?

I would like an exact rule for making rich, flaky pie crust.

S. B. L.

**GEO. E. CROWELL:**—I wish to thank you for such a paper as THE HOUSEHOLD. I never saw a number until the present year. I am receiving it through the kindness of some unknown, I hope it may long come to cheer my heart and aid me in brightening my home. I find among my old papers not only the "Husband's Complaint," but the "Wife's Explanation,"

"which I take the liberty to send for publication.

I have just finished frying some doughnuts, made from a recipe found in a recent number of THE HOUSEHOLD, and they are splendid. I have tested several recipes and find them generally very nice. I hope to be able to add my mite in the future.

Will some one please give me directions for making an asparagus bed? I have some fine plants of Conover's Colossal, and wish to manage them so we may have an abundance of this delightful vegetable for the table.

EUNICE S. HIATT.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I saw in your March number a request how to make hot and cold slaw from cabbage. For hot slaw I chop my cabbage quite fine, then turn into a pot with very little water and let it boil and steam slowly, stirring to keep from burning, and just before it is done add a piece of butter, salt, and a little vinegar; have as dry as possible and serve hot. For cold slaw, chop white and purple cabbage and place a layer of white, then a little salt, then a layer of purple and the salt, and so on alternately till all is used; place in a colander and let it stand a day or two, then place in a jar and pour over cold vinegar. I think it is very nice.

In the April number I saw a request for sago pudding and mince pies. I send mine.

**SAGO PUDDING.**—Take one quart of milk, one cup of sago, place on the back of the stove and let it soak one and one-half or two hours, then add two well beaten eggs, one-half cup of sugar, or more if wanted very sweet, a little salt, and essence of lemon. Bake one hour in a slow oven.

**MINCE PIES WITHOUT BRANDY.**—Six pounds of meat, two pounds of suet, twelve pounds of apples, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, four tablespoonfuls of nutmeg, two cups of molasses, one pint of strong vinegar, and salt to taste. This quantity will last a small family all winter.

MRS. F. W. R.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—Being a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD and a young housekeeper, I would like to ask a few questions through your columns.

How shall I preserve grapes fresh nearly all winter without having them spoil or freeze, and without canning or cooking them? I have heard of their being kept in bunches, and would like to know the process.

How shall I keep strawberries and peaches, by preserving or canning them? I have tried to can both, but always fail as they will ferment. I use air tight cans, such as will keep currants and gooseberries without their spoiling, and have sometimes used sugar and sometimes not, but they invariably spoil.

How shall I color black on cotton and not have it crock or fade? Also, how to color a bright red without analine? Also, a lilac color?

Can string beans and green corn be canned? If so, how? And can they be put in glass jars, or do they need tin ones with the tops to be soldered on?

Can tomatoes be kept without fermenting? If so, please tell the process, and oblige.

Perhaps some of your housekeepers would like to know that canned pie-plant is splendid. I cook it in a pan until it is heated through, then put in a glass jar without any sugar. I always put a wet towel around the jar to keep the hot fruit from breaking it.

ILLINOIS.

I have seen it stated that an old porcelain kettle from which the enamel is worn off is poisonous for cooking vegetables and the purposes for which an iron kettle is ordinarily used. Will some of the scientific ones tell us whether this be true, and the reasons?

K.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.**—*Dear Sir:*—Please give, through the columns of your valuable paper, a recipe that will remove a grease spot from an Irish poplin dress without leaving any trace of either grease or remedy. Magnesia has been tried and failed entirely.

W. B.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some of your readers who know, please inform me how to make cucumber pickles so they will be green and hard like those we get in the markets?

Also, how to destroy slugs that infest the rose and gooseberry bushes?

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.



## WOOD SECRETS.

BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

Out in the wildwood,  
With gay, merry childhood,  
Where quivering glances of day's early beams  
Fall, daintily fringing,  
With golden light tingeing,  
The mosses that shelter the banks of the streams.  
  
Are homes of the fairy  
Folk, blithesome and airy,  
Who dance on the moss-beds, and drink of the  
rills—  
  
Homes of the bird-throng,  
Who carol their glad songs,  
Waking the echoes asleep in the hills—  
  
Wood-grottoes shady,  
Fairer than lady  
Garlanded ever with myrtle and rose.  
Where the breeze murmurs,  
Through the long summers,  
Secrets that only the rivulet knows.  
  
Dim forest-arches  
Shadowed by larches,  
Crossing o'erhead the long woodland aisles,  
Where the ferns quiver,  
And nod to the river,  
And May-blossoms brighten in blushes and  
smiles.  
  
From the far ages,  
In unwritten pages,  
Blessing the world with a magical-boon,  
Come stories of old,  
Of wood-spirits who hold  
Their mimic court pageant by light of the moon.  
  
And the legends, in sooth,  
Are but stories of truth—  
Not of earth's children, these elfins of old—  
Never for mortals  
Soairy-like portals,  
Opened to vision such glories untold.  
  
Yet the true hearted,  
With magic imparted  
Only to those who are holy and good,  
Find here, at pleasure,  
The earth's hidden treasure,  
Knowing the secrets of meadow and wood.

## SEBRA STEWART'S HOUSE-FURNISHING.

BY U. U.

EDITH was having a sad time with the teeth ache. She had the most comfortable arm chair drawn out of the parlor, and was curled up in it trying to be as patient as possible. But she was getting tired of one position and wanted a change.

"Oh dear," said she with a little sigh, "I wish we had a lounge here in the dining room," (for at Mr. Leslie's the dining room was also used for a sitting room) "so I could lie down right here behind the stove."

"Why, go into my bed-room, child," said Mrs. Leslie, "and lie on the bed; that is not cold is it?"

"Yes, I could, I suppose," said Edith, "but it would be pleasanter here by the fire than in there alone, where I should have nothing to do but think of my aching tooth. On the whole, I believe I rather sit here than to lie on the bed, and I should feel the chill at first too."

"I suppose we might have the sofa brought out," said her mother. But Edith would not hear to all that parade, and said she should do quite nicely in the chair after all, "only a lounge would be so convenient, you know, mother, and suppose we have one for us all."

"Yes we might, only we never have

happened to get one, there is always something to be purchased that we seem at the time to need a little more, so the lounge is put off till next time; you know how it is," said Mrs. Leslie turning to aunt Esther, who was still with them, "but I must arrange for one this summer surely."

"Did I ever tell you?" asked aunt Esther, "about Sebra Stewart furnishing her rooms when she went to housekeeping, and how she made her lounge, as well as chamber furniture almost entirely herself?"

"No you never told me, but I see what is coming; more home made furniture, I declare! Well, I will admit that what you made for the chamber is really well for the place, but we do not want packing boxes here in sight for furniture," said Mrs. Leslie laughing, "it would look too homespun for even a plain body like myself."

"Oh, please, just tell us about it," said Edith, "the whole story, for I want a story or something else just now more than a little."

"Well, to begin at the beginning, after Sebra had been married a half year, she began to wish to go to housekeeping. Boarding did well enough for a little time, she said, but she wanted something to do, and a chance to help make a home—a real home—pleasant for her husband when he came home from business. The trouble, however, was in the house-furnishing. 'It costs about as much,' said Harry, 'to furnish a modern establishment, and even do it as economically as possible, as it did to set up in business,' and as his means were limited he could not take the risk of furnishing for the present. But he did wish they could keep house—only they couldn't, and must make the best of boarding.

Well, after Sebra began earnestly to think about housekeeping, and saw how pleased Harry would be with the idea, could he be made to think it possible, she could not help thinking to some definite purpose. For home, a home of her own, where she would be mistress, a home where the chief joys of life would center, a home in which she might be truly helpful to her husband, and where she would let the sunshine come in, as well as try to make it sunny by her presence; how much does all this comprehend for the true hearted and womanly young wife! In her maidenhood, how many fancy pictures she has woven of her future home, and how she would adorn it, and now her heart is set upon having the dream realised, since she is already the happy wife of her heart's chosen one. She would rather keep house in three rooms, and begin according to their circumstances, than to live the unreal home life of a boarding-house. Only she wonders if Harry would consent to so modest a venture.

It was at this junction of affairs, and before she had said much to Harry about her determined wishes, that her cousin Bell made her a brief visit. "What brown study are you in?" asked Bell before she had sat with Sebra an hour.

And then Sebra told her, and how her heart was set on housekeeping, and Bell told her a long story about some friend of hers furnishing with home-made furniture, and before Harry came in to tea Sebra had made up her mind to ask him to look for a small house, for she was sure she could furnish it. She had a few hundred dollars of her own, and she

knew that she could find some materials in her mother's chests, up in the garret, which she and Bell could put to good use in the furnishing, as Bell had promised to assist her in the project.

And to make a long story short, the result of the conference was, that Harry promised to rent a house, if Sebra would promise that there should be no sighs for fine furniture after they had once settled in their home. 'For,' said he, 'it will try you to call on your friends and compare your home with theirs, if you do as you propose, but if we make up our minds to be independent in regard to the matter, we can be so happy in a home of our own, that I can work the more cheerfully to save something ahead for more elegant accompaniments by and bye.'

So the thing was settled, by a promise on Sebra's part, which was sealed with a kiss, and the compact they felt was secure.

A neat little house was found, with a front room, and one connecting with it, which would answer for both dining-room and her sewing-room, Sebra said, and a kitchen and pantry on the first floor. Then about the furnishing. It was decided to have a good carpet, of fast colors, on the front room, 'not too good to use, or for the sun to look at,' Sebra said, while a straw matting must answer for the dining-room, and that should be straw color, so not to look faded as bright colors in matting will in a short time. Some curtains must be purchased for the parlor, but these Sebra determined should be tasteful and neat, though inexpensive, and by watching a chance was able to get some at an auction sale, which were just right, to go with her other things, while among her mother's store of heir-looms, she found material for chamber curtains, which by a little trimming, as she had fancy for, were really beautiful.

Chairs, of course, must be purchased, but by getting some not belonging to a regular parlor set she was able to economize, while one good large easy chair, not, however, covered with either plush or velvet, could be afforded.

Then for her lounge—or as she said her grand sofa. For this a packing box of right dimensions was chosen, costing only a trifle, and Harry who was handy with hammer and saw was made to do duty with them for an hour or two spared from his business for the purpose. The top having been wholly removed from the box, some strong slats were nailed firmly inside around the box about half a foot from the top, and the boards which had been removed, were made, by a little use of the saw, to fit nicely down in their place and were also secure. Then the lower board was removed from the edges of the box, leaving only the good strong corner beams next the floor. These the girls instructed Harry to round nicely, and they would finish them off to their own minds. Next a ticking of coarse canvass, which Harry found for a trifle, was obtained and a ticking made to just fit into the "bed" of the lounge. This was filled with some coarse material, and did nicely for the under bed, as we might call it, to the lounge. This letting of the top boards down, is not a necessity, but a great improvement to making it on top of the box, as some have done. Next came the cushioning, or farther upholstering. A mattress was made as for a bed, which the girls did themselves, Harry having obtained a long needle,

and then the covering came. It was not a damask cover, of course, but of good rich rep goods, costing less than a dollar per yard, and corresponding nicely with the carpet. This was fastened on firmly, as lounge covers are, and the whole made fast to the body of the sofa—or lounge as you may call it. Afterwards the covering was tacked upon the sides, and all was finished except the legs of the lounge. These, the girls stained with furniture staining, which can be obtained at any dealer in paints, ready to use and at a cost of a few cents, enough to do a deal of polishing up in that line of business. Then some casters were put in to make the lounge movable, and it was done."

"And how much did it cost," asked Edith, feeling ready to go to work.

"Just about five dollars, I believe," replied aunt Esther, "I am not quite sure to a dime, but know it was a beautiful piece of work for so small an outlay; not of course counting the work. But that was just what Sebra enjoyed; she was tired doing nothing she said, and this arranging one's own home was delightful, and afforded her a pleasure of which she had hardly realized, and was so enjoyable, even if she did sometimes get fatigued with her toil. Another lounge, made similar to that, and covered with chintz was afterward made for the dining-room, and as she had sofa pillows already made—work of her girlhood days—she was provided for in that respect.

Next came the home made easy chair. This was a barrel—not a flour barrel, but a strong cask; about three-quarters of the staves were sawed below the middle, leaving it high enough for a seat, and a bottom fitted nicely and strongly for the seat of the chair. Then it was cushioned and stuffed as comfortable as could be, and the whole covered with Sebra's grandmother's large, old-fashioned cloak, which turned was as bright as new, and likely to last through two or three generations more at least, even when in every day use for a chair."

"Why, mother," said Edith, "if father will assist us about the barrel we will have such a chair, won't we? and use that old cloak that has hung in the garret ever since I can remember, if not a hundred years. But what next, aunt Esther?"

"Well, next came the chamber furnishing. Both Sebra's own room and her guest chamber found packing boxes in demand, and from seeing those I took the hints I gave you about your room, so will not go over the particulars of that part. Only the toilet table of the guest chamber, with its snowy-white coverings and some old-fashioned fringe, this too her grandmother's work, was as dam'ly a thing as you need see, while in that and her own room were ottomans, handy-boxes, and not least, pictures and other knick-knacks to make, even homemade fixings, beautiful."

"Why, I am almost forgetting my aching tooth," said Edith.

"And you ought to see the various things contrived all along in time to make the home so cheery and pleasant, and to make one forget the poverty of its real furnishing. Fancy what-nots ornamented with cones, mosses or shell work, little side tables or stands, for which Sebra would get a bare frame made at the cabinet shop, and then trim and color and varnish it herself, and other things easy to devise when one knows how."

"But about the pictures, auntie, how did she frame them herself? I have seen home frames, and wish I could make some, as I have quite a variety of pictures."

"She had some rich pictures already framed, but the ones she took in hand were mostly smaller ones for the chambers or to put on brackets, or where small pictures show to good effect. Some of these she framed with straw frames, others with enameled or gilt paper, and still others with mosses, shells, or autumn leaves. For example, small plates like those in magazines can be neatly framed by having a glass just the size of the picture and binding over the edges, say an inch deep, strips of enameled or gilt paper, which not only look tasteful, but are only a trifle of work and almost no expense at all. Straw frames are more difficult to make, but very neat for a change with the others. But really I must have wearied you entirely with my long story, only what do you think of putting some of it into practice one of these days?" asked aunt Esther.

"We will have a lounge, that is certain; at least we will try what can be done in the matter, if only to test the truth of the theory," said Mrs. Leslie, and as for the thousand other fixings, I know we might all of us plain people do more to make home attractive in this way if we only thought so and knew just what we wanted to do and how to do it. But it needs 'gumption,' and that is not the gift of all."

"And many busy housewives," explained aunt Esther, "have so many pressing cares and labors that they seem to have little time for these things, but if taken at all it must be by littles, and as it is a change from the daily routine it becomes rather a source of recreation than otherwise. There is no need whatever of well-to-do, or at least comfortable farmer's families or others, living in the plain, inconvenient and unattractive way that many do. A dining-room so uniformly stiff, may, with a little care and outlay be made cheery and home-like, and converted into a pleasant sitting-room, instead of the mere table and chairs to render it comfortable. And as for the kitchen," she went on, "if people will live in that room and shut up their well-furnished rooms, they may have a lounge and easy chair at least in the kitchen, though a kitchen is for work rather than a place of rest."

"You'll see," said Edith, "that our dining-room will be 'Fairy Land' next time you come here, for I am going to work, thanks to your story, and see what I can bring about. Indeed, we want a pleasant room to eat and to sit in ourselves, as well as we do for visitors, and mother thinks the parlor is only for company, you know."

"Well, go ahead," said aunt Esther, "but do not try to do too much to begin with, and expect also to meet some discouragement in your attempts. As for home-made furniture, much of it cannot be advisable where one has means in abundance to patronize the shops, and especially if they have little time to spare from other duties. Yet it is better to do as one can than to get into debt for elegant furnishing—or to go without."

"And I tell you," said Edith, "if my Harry comes along I shall not be afraid to set up housekeeping on a small scale, and to begin in a plain way, as Sebra did."

"That is right, child," said aunt Esther. "If more girls had the independ-

ence to do so, and young men the sense to allow it, there would be less complaint of inability to marry or to keep house than there is at the present day."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Twenty-six.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Letters are a great help, sometimes. I was just wondering, good friends of THE HOUSEHOLD, what we should find to talk about to-night, when the mail came in, and lo! our theme is ready for us. One of your number whom I judge to be a young husband in the pursuit (as we all are) of "knowledge under difficulties," propounds to me certain questions. It will be no breach of confidence to give you a paragraph or two from his letter. After a graceful prelude, he writes thus:

"I have thought and studied a great deal, lately, as to the best way of managing money affairs between husband and wife. I want to have my wife feel just as much independence and freedom in the expenditure of our money as I do. Now how is this to be brought about?

We have had the freest confidence in

regard to the state of my business, what

the income or probable income has been

or will be, etc., etc.

We have talked over

our household expenses, compared bills

and estimates, and, in short, she knows

just as much about our affairs as I do.

Yet I notice that she has a reluctance to

spend for herself; and I try in vain to

overcome the feeling that she seems to

have, that my money is not hers. She

cannot realize, she says, that she has

'any real right to it.'

"I try to make her see that she is doing for me what I could not hire done for all the money in the world; and to make her feel that she has a perfect right to do anything that shall not embarrass my business and so harm the interests of both. But I am not as successful as I could wish. Now is this feeling natural to all young wives?—I mean to all who are high-minded and unselfish, and will it wear away after awhile?

"Mrs. Dorr, what do you think about these matters? Is it essential to a wife's perfect freedom in this respect that she should actually by outside effort earn money in some occupation or business?"

There's the letter, dear friends; and I am sure you will all agree with me in thinking that this young husband's troubles are likely to be of short duration. When a man sets himself deliberately to work to teach a young, confiding wife that she stands on precisely the same plane that he does with regard to all money matters, and that all he possesses is literally hers as well as his, he is pretty sure to succeed in his endeavor—provided he has perseverance and patience enough!

But let us consider his last question first; "Is it essential to a wife's freedom in this respect that she should earn money herself by some outside effort?"

What is impossible is rarely essential; and it is perhaps a sufficient answer to this question to say that in all ordinary cases it is impossible for young wives to do any other work than that which belongs to them as wives and mothers.

There are exceptions, it is true. Now and then we find a woman to whom God has given some one great gift—a gift that must be used for her own good and for His glory. Whether she be married or unmarried she feels that she must write or die—

sing or die—paint or die. But these instances are very rare. As a rule her work lies, as did Gasper Becerra's, at her very feet—on her own hearthstone. We may reason as we will, philosophize as we will, and be as scientific as we please. But nevertheless the truth remains that motherhood is the appointed lot of woman, and will be while the world stands. For at least twenty of the best years of her life her chief work must still continue to be what it has always been—the work that grows out of wifehood and maternity. This, young wives of THE HOUSEHOLD, is not a money-making business. You may grow rich at it, and lay up treasures where "moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." But they will be the treasures of the heart—the pearls of human love; not gold nor silver, nor the shining jewels of the Orient. You who are now bearing the "burden and the heat of the day," can best judge how much time and strength you and your sisters the wide world over are likely to have to spare for outside efforts. Your heads, your hearts, your hands are full.

But there is no denying that this money-question is a perplexing one; that it is at once a thorn, and a stumbling-block. There are comparatively few wives, I fancy, who do not dislike to ask their husbands for money. It may be all very wrong, it may be all very foolish. It may not be in the least the husband's fault. He may be not only willing but glad to give it. But the fact remains.

"I cannot help it," said a wife of ten years' experience the other day. "John never finds any fault with my expenditures; he always gives me the money without any questioning or grumbling, and I know he trusts me. Yet I never go to him and ask for a dollar without a sense of degradation—a feeling as if I were a beggar."

Now it is doubtless true that this ought not so to be. But it is—and what are you going to do about it?

This feeling, very possibly, grows out of the training of women. Through countless generations they have been taught to regard themselves as entirely dependent upon man, and to look upon him as the arbiter of their earthly destiny. Many a wife, to-day, works just as hard as her husband, and perhaps for more hours out of the twenty-four than he; she is an equal partner in all his cares, his fears and his anxieties; she has freely given herself to him, soul and body—to spend and be spent in his service; all the purest and sweetest joys of his life have come to him through her. She makes and preserves the home that would be but a bitter mockery without her. He consults with her freely, it may be, with regard to his business enterprises; and imparts to her, as to no other living being, the secret of his hopes and his ambitions. Yet when it comes to matters of dollars and cents they each step upon different planes. It at once becomes "my" money or "your" money—not "our" money; and the wife instead of taking her own as a matter of right and justice, assumes the attitude of a supplicant and, to use the words of my friend above quoted—"feels like a beggar."

It is quite probable that not ten husbands out of a hundred are aware of this state of feeling on the part of their wives; and many a bearded lip will curl at the suggestion. But, my masculine friends, there is a great deal of human

nature about women—and in some respects they are not so unlike you men, after all. You have a business partner, we will suppose—a fine, frank, manly fellow, and you like him. Indeed, next to your wife, he is your very best friend. You are equal partners, too, standing upon precisely the same footing. Yet I can imagine that it would not be exactly agreeable to you, if affairs were so arranged between you that every time you wanted to buy a bunch of cigars or a few toothpicks it became necessary for you to say, "Can you spare me a little money this morning? My cigars are almost out." And then if he should insist upon knowing just what was the smallest sum that you could possibly get along with, and to reckon just how much the cigars would amount to, and the precise cost of a bunch of toothpicks, I can readily see how you might find it a little galling. I doubt whether that partnership would run smoothly longer than a year or two.

Husbands and wives are business partners, in equity if not in law. Is it necessary to make any application, or to tack a moral on to the above illustration?

Yet, as I said before, this is a perplexing question, and, like most social problems, is more easily dealt with in theory than in practice. There are, unfortunately, two sides to everything; and it is unfair to confine our consideration to one side only. It is easy to say that every working-man should put at least half his wages into his wife's hands to be spent as she thinks best; and that monied men—men of business—should

give their wives the right and the power to draw funds from the common stock as freely as they do themselves, and "no questions asked." This sounds well, and it seems eminently just and right. In a hundred cases it might work admirably and make both husband and wife better and stronger and happier. But in a hundred other cases precisely the opposite effect might be produced. Sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, do you not know that this is true, and that there is a vast army of women who are not fit to be trusted with such responsibilities? Women who are like children, and who have scarcely a greater sense of responsibility; women who would be led into temptation by every gay, fluttering ribbon, every lustrous silk and every bit of softly falling lace; women who would play with a bank account as a baby plays with a bauble. It would not be best for his own sake, for her sake, or for their children's sake, for every man to put this power into his wife's hands.

So we are confronted again by the truth that meets us everywhere in life, that no rule and no system of rules will apply to each individual case. In many things each husband and wife must be a "law unto themselves;" for what will answer for one couple will not answer for another.

But, it is surely well for husbands to remember that, in ordinary cases, they are stronger than their wives, and can easily make the women they love and honor wretched. Love is often unjust simply because it does not see clearly. In this desultory talk no attempt has been made to answer fully the questions propounded by the young husband who looks at things so justly and so generously. It is easy to see that he is able to answer them for himself, and that experience will speedily teach him all he needs to know. But if our chit-chat tonight shall lead even one man who has never thought of it, to perceive that this

question of money is a sore point with all women of delicate feelings, its purpose will have been accomplished. If it shall induce even one man to promise himself that the woman he wooed so earnestly in her sunny girlhood, and to whom he said at the altar—for this is the spirit if not the letter of every marriage service—"with all my worldly goods I thee endow," shall never again have reason to feel as if she were a beggar dependent upon his bounty, we shall be more than satisfied.

MATRIMONY.

BY KITTIE CANDID.

Well, I suppose I am odd, singular, freakish, old-fashioned and whatever else you choose to name it. Have strange, inappropriate ideas about some things, and quite passable thoughts about others.

Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years have come and gone and what suggests this article is the fact that I have just put in my scrap book, the marriages of several friends and acquaintances scissored from old papers.

I see that under the date of Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years, several took occasion to put off the old name for the new. Some for love, some for show, some for position, others for a name, some for a home, and others to shun the epithet of "old maid."

Somehow in good old staunch Massachusetts they adhere to the old custom of wedding on Thanksgiving day, and I like it, for if real marriage cannot put the voice of thanksgiving in the heart, I am sure I do not know what can do it.

But look at the names of that couple! I happen to know the parties and particulars. The girl had not sufficient education to teach, so "went out to work." Hated it; met this Mr.—a few times—knew he was profane and "just a little intemperate," but wise aunts and considerate uncles assured her he "would not be so after marriage."

As if a man that did not suppress the oath or refuse the glass when striving to win a girl, would care to do it after she was won! Married him on Thanksgiving day with not a thought in her heart to correspond—only a vision of dress, home and board without the hated work.

Couple second. A rich man's son. I knew his father, and all that has kept that son outside the prison walls, has been that father's position and purse. He has no trade, no profession, has sponged a living from his father so far and expects to. That father has already built him a house, and nice furniture and elegant appointments awaited her. He is unprincipled and dissolute, 'tis true, but his linen was always immaculate, broadcloth the finest, neckties faultless, gloves perfection, mustache ravishing and manners *au fait*.

And she! well I suppose she saw it all vaguely, you know we put coins on dead eyes to shut them and just so coins shut the dead hearts, and it's fashionable—therefore necessary. She is married; he is hers now and she can tire of his endless cigars, brainless talk; can hate and despise him, vainly tug at the golden chain and lose herself mid its links—and what next? Perhaps life-long death for one, or real death for both, or worse still some miserable children to perpetuate the error.

Never mind; there were numberless girls at her wedding, envying her *trousseau*, costly presents and coveting the po-

sition. She can have that consolation in the years to come.

Couple third. I feel sorry about that. A sensible girl and with high notions of duty and honor, has repeatedly refused the many suitors. Has staid at home, lightened the burdens there, painstaking, patient and dutiful. Mother's staff and father's pride for thirty and six years, and now—hear it! has married a man fifteen years her junior. A man of plebeian tastes, inferior mind and education and a day laborer with no aspirations for a higher plane.

She, energetic, trustful, and I had thought sensible, till now, says "it's all for love." Well, perhaps it is, but I do think she could have found a worthier boy, if she had been particularly anxious to adopt one. Does he love? well he is flattered by her preference, position and purse and may not find his mistake for sometime, being naturally slow. Perhaps it will not be in time to embitter her life, and perhaps it will. But I must blame her for not adopting, instead of marrying him, then when the discovery comes, it would not be so humiliating you know.

Couple fourth. Church lighted at mid-day; a shimmer of satins, lace, orange blossoms, a few unnoticed words, a prayer unheard 'mid the thousand queries in the bride and groom's minds as to the magnitude of the impression; a blessing from the white-haired pastor, but entirely lost in the countless whispers as to the cost of the lace, satin and diamonds; then a graceful but careless exit, (practiced numberless times before) a stupendous supper—its merits sufficient to furnish a baker's dozen of doctors with employment for months, to say nothing of the emptied shelves in sundry apothecary shops.

An elaborate display of wedding gifts, a fashionable tour with numberless miffs and quarrels sandwiched in. A return; gilding all gone, husband "a brute!" wife can't flirt, "dear cousin Fred" is longed for. Husband discovers

that fashionable women are unduly expensive, accuses her of deception, the lover's "angel" is lost in the new appellation of "saucy hussy," injured wife takes refuge in a woman's usual panacea for imagined or real ills—tears, and threatens to "go back to papa," and he doesn't believe it because he knows her fear of "Mrs. Grundy" is even greater than her conjugal troubles, so they'll settle down—love did not draw them to love's altar and there's none to keep them there. But I suppose they will pull along somehow—perhaps till they have set unworthy examples for a family, and as soon as the children are old enough to realize the publicity and disgrace, write the finis to this miserable life-book with a divorce.

I may be wrong, yet I think not, for haven't the parents in the generations gone acted the same old farce? Birth makes the man. No, I mean to be no English aristocrat—I intend to say only this. If one comes and woos never so gently, look at the generations one, two or three steps back—if the foundation is shaky—don't build your hopes or lives there—it will not stand. The family history is the key to locked mysteries after all.

That fifth marriage I am ashamed of. A sprightly ambitious little thing. "A flirt," some called her—some said willful and wayward, but that is because they did not know her. Ask the fond old parents—their report is a goodly one, after all.

and under the dear old home roof are the most reliable authorities, as you know. But you cannot have particulars—if she sees this, she will be offended, but this is just a little of how it is.

Some eight or ten years ago she did love in real truth, but he wasn't thought worthy; parents objected and the result was he made some one else miserable instead of herself. Instead of being grateful, she secretly exonerates, pities and loves him still, and thinking the trust will never die out of her faithful little heart, at twenty-six has crushed the possibility of its existence by marrying a rich old curmudgeon of forty-five. Yes, she was honest enough to tell him she didn't love him, and he was vain enough to imagine his superannuated old self could make new chords.

I must say I'm ashamed of her! and married on Christmas day too! sheer sacrifice! and she'll never quarrel nor seek to shirk her duty—she will do it let the effort cost what it will, and that's what makes it harder. For such girls to make mistakes is sad, for they can never be righted this side of the grave. She is going to crush out all the nobler instincts to come on a level with that drivelling old money-bags, who hasn't a thought beyond Wall Street, and doesn't know but two colors in the rainbow of life—green, the color of greenbacks, and yellow, the color of gold.

Couple sixth. A girl of twenty and the man twenty-five began the new year together. He hasn't pretended to pay his tailor nor landlady for years—idle and thriftless, but she is an enterprising girl—has a good trade and can maintain herself and him too, and will do it, and that cheerfully. If she is willing, I have no fault to find; only one request to make and that is, that he will not forget and quote the hackneyed phrase about women's being the "weaker vessel." Men have fallen into that habit somewhat.

Couple the seventh. A girl of sixteen and a boy of twenty. Perhaps if the parents of each, had invested in a goodly number of pliable rods some few years ago, it might not be just as it is now.

But after all I am rather glad that they did not, for I really believe that these actually loved each other and that is a deal more than I can think or say of the others.

It would doubtless be better to marry somewhat later for various physiological reasons, but for real heart comfort, I begin to think it comes to us in its best profusion then. And I'll tell you how it is. We are all apt to see through rose-colored spectacles at that age, and everything is perfection, and if the prize is secured, youth adapts itself easily—has no fixed habit to root up, no hobbies to ride, and consequently no occasion for matrimonial quarrels.

After that age, one fancies he sees a dozen others as near perfection as the first which he failed to secure, and between finding out for himself and for others, the heart gets twisted about, the affections morbid and soul distrustful and questioning. Everybody is accepted as a knave or shrew, and twenty-five and thirty often finds us unfitted to make a life choice, the distorted capabilities grown to be unwilling to attempt to prove them otherwise; and to sum it all up, we have dropped about one-half of our freshness, and have got life's reticule unclasped preparatory to spilling the other half. We must get our youths and maidens out of this miserable prac-

tice of marrying for money, fancy, whims, position and ambition—it is their only salvation and that of the generations after them. Matrimony must not mean, parade, bridesmaids, trosseau, cards, tours and receptions, finery and servants. We cannot object to this in the right place, and supported by honest heart affection, but matrimony is descending to this miserable plane too fast. It does not wear as it used to.

Why, a union for life means something weighty and it requires careful and discriminating consideration. Temperament, health, physical, mental and moral development, heart fitness and soul love, and then the marriage rite becomes solemn, and yet happy. Then the life that follows such a union, becomes a sweet season of preparation for an unending eternity where "there is no marrying or giving in marriage."

LETTERS FROM AN OLD MAID.

Number Five.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I heard a lady saying the other day that there was no telling what might happen if some enterprising individual should start a journal for gentlemen after the pattern of Harper's Bazar. For her part, she presumed it wouldn't be six months before they would be coming out at parties in satin and lace—in such a suit as this, for instance: a drab satin coat, with cherry-colored facings; drab pantaloons to match, with cherry stripes down the outside seams; drab kid boots, white satin vest, lace neck-tie, embroidered shirt bosom and cuffs, cameo studs and sleeve buttons, and white gloves; and then, of course, if they had party costumes, they would also need suits for home, for the promenade, for business; indeed, it would be impossible to say where it would all end, for she had no doubt that if men once became possessed with the idea that they could outdress women, they would accomplish it, or die in the attempt.

This woman seemed to be of the opinion that the fools are not all dead yet, and possibly there may be some slight foundation for such an impression on her part, but still I must refuse to believe that this is either the age or the country for a set of masculine poodles to spring up who shall frisk about winking their little eyes and curling their tufted tails, while the goddess Fashion stalks majestically before them holding in her hand the ends of their bright colored tethers. Our republican citizens are a soberer set of men than the dandies-on-of courts. They wear sober colors and adopt sober fashions. Brains meet with more consideration than bags and queues. To be sure one sees occasionally thin-legged, soft-headed, mustached youths, gotten up to resemble fashion-plates as nearly as possible, and with no particular expression except conceit on their lily faces, but this appearance of dandyism is usually with us but a malady of youth. It attacks very young men, students and clerks for instance, in its most malignant form, but it is a disease that knocking about and roughing it a little in the world generally cures, and as most young men in this country have to depend for advancement upon their own exertions, sooner or later, it follows that our fops are mostly boys.

Men so weak and so wanting in all that constitutes manliness that the inan-

ity and effeminacy or a life devoted wholly to fashion satisfies their ambition, are social excrescences that flourish most luxuriantly under the influences arising from monarchical institutions and a pampered aristocracy. Beau Brummell was one of the most noticeable examples of this contemptible style of manhood that the world has ever produced, for he was a man of fashion to the core, "only that and nothing more," a man of no honor or principle, and steeped in selfishness and cowardice. These trifling deficiencies in his constitution, however, did not prevent his being the friend of the Prince of Wales, the arbiter of English fashion, and the adored of women—and, by the way, the best thing I know about him was his insensibility to feminine charms. Not that honest love was ever a disgrace to any man, but honest love was not in vogue with beaux of his stamp. However, Brummell never even flirted except in warm weather, and then a flattering letter or two usually satisfied his tender longings. Love on paper is the mildest form of the stimulant, so Brummell managed to keep his head (he had no heart) free from the turbulence of passion, and consequently had all the more time and attention to bestow upon himself. For a long time he was the most intimate companion of the Prince, but finally George the Fourth mustered bravery sufficient to throw off the yoke of his friendship, and after that they were rivals in fashion.

Brummell had the advantage for some time. His figure was faultless, while George Guelph was undeniably corpulent. But every dog has his day, and after a while Brummell's radiance began to fade. It was the fashion of the day to play heavily, so he played, and funds being scarce he borrowed from a friend—without mentioning it to the friend, doubtless intending to replace the loan immediately. But luck and the cards were against him, and every pound was lost, so to prevent any unpleasant meeting with his creditors he journeyed to France with extremest expedition where he spent the rest of his trifling existence, keeping up his habits of vanity and extravagance at the expense of his friends, until being finally overwhelmed with infirmity and disease, he ended his worthless career in a hospital at Caen in 1840.

In considering George Brummell's course of life, one cannot help wondering that such a conceited, impudent, vapid creature should have been so well treated by a world that often turns the cold shoulder towards its most devoted servants. But so it was. He spent his patrimony of thirty thousand pounds, and then applied himself diligently to spending all the money that he could either beg or borrow, which was no inconsiderable sum, for his path seemed to be lined with men and women who were willing to supply his wants both real and imaginary from their own well-filled purses. In truth there are men who, being too lazy to feed themselves, seem destined to have some one always waiting with a golden spoon in hand to put dainties into their mouths. Bad luck, though, say I, to such selfish drones.

There is plenty of work for a man to do in this restless, eager life. He is not to fold his hands in listless unconcern, neither is he to transform himself into an idiot or a jack-a-napes, but he is to be a man—not merely a man of the world, of pleasure, or of fashion, but a cleanly, well-mannered, industrious, honest man, whose life shall bear witness to

the goodness of his intentions, and whose character shall be *sans peur et sans reproche*. The Beau Brummell type of manhood hardly answers to this description. There is no greatness or strength or honor or manliness in being a sot. Still there is a broad line of difference between being well and topishly dressed. The one is a mark of refinement, the other of effeminacy.

Towards the close of the last century when Brummell's star was in its first brightness, dissipation and infidelity were rife both in France and England. Versailles and Paris revelled in voluptuous luxury, and London did its best to rival them. The revolution soon changed feasting to mourning, but just before the glittering bubble burst, it was brightest. All sorts of sumptuous excesses prevailed at the courts. Men as well as women indulged in all the follies and extravagances of dress and fashion. But alas! this time of pleasure and frivolity came to a fearful close. Bloody strife, chains and the guillotine were the next scene in the drama. But this is long past, and we always hope that the *will be* may be better than the *has been*. I hope that the kindest of futures awaits you all, my friends.

#### OLD MAID.

##### ONE MILE OUT.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

Our little nag was in his brightest mood this morning, ready for the performance of any good work, rejoicing in the same willing, quiet spirit that relieves all the labors of his toilsome life. I have always looked with a kind of reverence upon the patient submission of our little horse, willing to learn a goodly lesson from even the humblest of God's creatures. He never turns away from any task, never seems disposed to murmur however difficult the work may be, nor does he even question its utility or design, but goes about it cheerfully and resolutely—good, patient horse.

How often do we mortals fail to reach the same excellence. How often do our hands drop heavily when in our human eyes the task is too great, or the burden is too heavy. How many times do we doubt the wisdom and goodness that has designed it. Ah! it is thus that we lose a great deal of the joy and sweetness of our lives.

Our way lay along the banks of a modest little stream. The industry of the people have improved these waters quite beyond their capacity, one would suppose, when he remembers the mill wheels which they turn, and then looks into their narrow, shallow channel. But the world is full of examples like this,

examples of the wonders that are sometimes accomplished in the most unpretentious ways and by the humblest agencies. It is thus that I learn from the little rivulet a lesson of courage and confidence for earth's weak and faltering children, a precious lesson, for it teaches me that true excellence lies not so much in the possession of many talents as in the consecration of the one which the master has given us. How much are these meadows and woodlands beautified by this graceful little stream; just as the world is brightened by cheery spirits and sunny smiles.

We passed one snug little home-nest that looked so sweet in its leafy drapery I longed for a glimpse within, for I felt sure it was overflowing with love, so suggestive of inner life are these surface

exposures. Further on there was another home, a little old house looking so forlorn that I began to pity it, as if it were human. Yet somebody there is seeking for a little beauty in their homely life, for there stands a flower-pot on the step crowned with a cluster of radiant blossoms. Ah! there is no lot so desolate that something of beauty and excellence may not be found there, enough to consecrate our lives if we would only open our eyes and hearts to its blessed influence.

Suddenly we came upon a mound of earth heaped up in the road, to which a man was rapidly applying his heavy spade. This was only the front rank of the company of workmen which we found a little higher up the hill, honest sons of labor, giving their strength to the perfecting of the worn and furrowed highways. Rough and uncouth men they were, yet I almost felt like paying them homage because of their willing and efficient devotion to human comfort. How much do we owe to just this spirit of unassuming industry which spurns not even the coarsest and homeliest tasks, and how rarely do we acknowledge it.

We stopped at last by the door of a sunny farm-house, and sitting there I had plenty of time to note all its commonplace surroundings and lay them aside to think over at my leisure. A light-haired, grey-eyed woman answered our call at the door. She wore a tidy looking gown of dark print, neatly fitting her well rounded form, without ruffle or tuck, looking so plain and neat I could not help admiring its chaste simplicity. The sleeves were tucked carefully up to her elbow, displaying a plump arm, hardened and browned by toil, yet very beautiful still. A wholesome apron of good old-fashioned gingham reached almost down to her feet, and she was withal a very happy figure. But when I looked at her more closely I noticed that the wrinkles in her face were very deep for one so young, and I saw a haggard, care-worn look, as if life were heavy. I glanced quickly round in search of some half hidden fountain of evil, but looked in vain, for there seemed to fall no shadow there; sighing I repeated to myself the old copy I had learned in school, "We walk among our peers unknown." Yes, it is very little that we know of the soul-lives of those with whom we go out and in even every day. If we understood their trials and heartaches and bitter disappointments, we should be a great deal more patient and forgiving, a great deal more merciful in our judgments.

The omnipresent house-cat walked along, with measured tread, till suddenly a frisky little dog, like a living ball of fun and frolic, bounded out into her path. But madam puss only rounded up her back, bristled out haughtily, then turned aside and went quietly off another way.

A proud hill stood boldly up in the background and stretched its leaf-arms out protectingly; a row of brown hives close under the fence told of the honey-bee's home, the humble, patient, little bee that performs his work so faithfully; an old white horse was feeding by the roadside, clipping the fresh grass as intently as if eating was his sole life object; a train of clumsy geese were slowly waddling along; but what interested me most was a speckled hen and her promising family of eight downy chicks. She was stepping carefully about in a thoughtful way, stopping every now and

then when her keen eye discovered a choice morsel in the earth. Then, scratching rapidly, her industrious little feet would throw the dirt high up on either side, when she would step quietly back and resign her claim to greedier mouths. It was thus she was preparing a continual feast for her little charge, yet never tasting it herself, the generous, unselfish hen. I looked at her vaguely at first, and then intently, for I saw here an illustration of what is the great charm of living—a forgetting of self and a devotion to the good and pleasure of another.

Yes, this is the secret of all earthly joy, this self-denial which loves the comfort and happiness of others most; and that old hen seemed to have learned it well. She preached me a goodly sermon, the speckled hen, illustrating it by her life—as every sermon should be enforced. I saw the mother instinct, too, in her care for her little ones; and it seemed to me as if there was a large share of woman's heart in her hen's nature, that womanly love that is always seeking to nurture earth's weaker children.

Our mission to the farm-house was accomplished and we turned homeward. It was a very trifling errand and a very quiet ride, making only a common-place experience, but it was all beautified and consecrated by the flashes of real life that came to us through the dull exterior. Even so are all our days glowing with this holier, purer light, the light that transforms into excellence all the humble flowers of our common lives, even its weeds and thorns as well, making our dusty thoroughfares highways of beauty and honor.

#### OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

There are men and women who, like some flowers, bloom in exquisite beauty in a desert wild; they are like trees, which you often see growing in luxuriant strength out of a crevice of a rock where there seems not earth enough to support a shrub. The words "Old Maid," "Old Bachelor," have in them other sounds than that of half reproach or scorn; they call up to many of your minds, forms and faces than which none are dearer in all this world. The bloom of youth has possibly faded from their cheek, but there lingers around form and face something dearer than that. Perhaps the years of maiden life were spent in self-denying toil, which was too engrossing to listen even to the call of love, and she grew old too soon in the care of mother or sister and brother. Now in the later years she looks back calmly upon some half-cherished hopes, once attractive, of husband and child, but which, long, long ago she willingly gave up for present duty. So to-day in her loneliness, who shall say that she is not beautiful and dear?

So is she to the wide circle which she blesses. To some she has been all that a mother could have been; and though no nearer name than "Aunt" or "Sister" has been hers, she has to-day a mother's love. Disappointment has not soured but only chastened; the midday or the afternoon of her life is all full of kindly sympathies and gentle deeds. Though unwedded, hers has been no fruitless life.

It is almost a daily wonder to me why some women are married, and not a less marvel why many I see are not. But this I know, that many and many a household would be desolate indeed, and

many and many a family circle would lose its brightest ornament, and its best power, were maiden sister or maiden aunt removed.

Yonder isolated man, whom the world wonders at never having found a wife, who shall tell you all the secret history of by-gone time! of hopes and loves that once were buoyant and fond, but which death, or more bitter disappointment, dashed to the ground; of sorrow which the world has never known. Now he walks among men somewhat alone, with some eccentricities, but with a warm and kindly eye. If he has no home, there is many a home made glad by his presence; if there is no one heart to which he may cling in appropriating love, there are many hearts that go out towards him, and many voices which invoke benediction on his head.—*Dr. Aikman's Life at Home.*



#### THE RAINBOW OF THE HEART.

When the clouds come sweeping onward,  
And with darkness shroud the sky,  
Then, some cheering ray of sunlight  
Forms the rainbow bright, on high.  
So when sorrow gathers o'er us,  
And it's gloom bids joy depart  
Some bright hope that's sent to cheer us,  
Forms "the rainbow of the heart."  
  
When that cloud is death's grim shadow,  
Falling on the heart and home,  
From what source shall consolation  
For the wounded spirit come?  
Now from heaven's open portals  
\*See what gleams of brightness start,  
See them shining through the tear-drops,  
'Tis "the rainbow of the heart."  
  
For every grief, and pain, and tear,  
Some sunlight has been given,  
And, though we see it not to-day,  
It will be known in heaven.  
If each life must have its rain-drops,  
So of light each has its part,  
And we too will meet and mingle  
In "the rainbow of the heart."

#### WAY NOTES.

##### Number Eleven.

ROME, Dec. 27, 1871.

This morning I started soon after breakfast for a walk to the Via Appia, or the "Appian Way." Passing the Forum and the Arch of Constantine, I passed the Porta St. Sebastian and was soon in the open country. Those of the readers of *THE HOUSEHOLD* who are familiar with the classics will remember that this great thoroughfare was constructed by the Emperor Appius Claudius Caecus more than 300 years prior to the Christian era, and became the great means of communication between Rome and southern Italy. It was at first completed only to Capua, and was afterward continued to Brundusium, and justly merited its title of the "Regina Viarum." The road commences a short distance beyond the Porta St. Sebastian, and stretches over the campagna as far as the eye can reach, straight as a railroad over the plains. The section between the third and eleventh mile had become so covered as to be with difficulty identified from the surrounding campagna, its course being marked only by the debris of decaying ruins on either side. The work of excavation was commenced in

1850 by the present Pope Pius IX, completed in 1853, and is now the favorite excursion of tourists visiting the capital. Most of the route appears much like a modern macadamized road, in which, at intervals are found sections of the original pavement, large, flat stones of irregular size and shape, but perfectly joined together, and bearing evidence unmistakable of the substantial character of the original work. Over this route Horace and Virgil traveled, and of it the poet wrote:

"Qua limite nota  
Appia longarum teritur  
Regina Viarum."

For the first few miles the road is literally lined with the ruins of fortresses, arches, sculptured columns, heads of pillars, etc., lying here and there in promiscuous confusion, while to the left are seen stately arches of the ancient Aqueduct, the oldest, or Aqua Appia, having been constructed at about the same time as the Appian Way, and by the same emperor, from whom it takes its name. Those who visit them should not fail to make this excursion, one of the most interesting and instructive in the environs of Rome, one most rich in historic associations, and which cannot fail to be classed among the sunny memories of foreign lands.

Yesterday I visited the gallery in the Rospigliose Palace. In the ceiling of the first hall is that incomparable fresco of Guido Reni, "l'Aurore," with which many of our countrymen have been made familiar by the frequent copies seen in our principal cities, the best of which is that in possession of Rev. Gorham D. Abbott of New York, and which will be remembered by all who have visited the "Spangler Institute," of which it was for years one of the great attractions. (Mr. Abbott is one of our best American connoisseurs, and has done much to foster and encourage art in our country.)

The same morning I visited the Corsini Palace, the galleries of which include nine large, well-lighted rooms. Here we see that most beautiful of Madonnas by Carlo Dolce, Ecce Homo, and Ste Apolline by the same artist. Ecce Homo, by Guido Reni, perhaps the most popular rendering of this great subject, though inferior to that of Carlo Dolce in many particulars, the expression of the latter being one in which agony and resignation are united, and which act more powerfully upon the sympathies of the beholder.

One of the greatest curiosities and works of art of this gallery is the life size portraits of Pope Clement XII and his nephew, Cardinal Neri Corsini; the artist is unknown. At first I supposed it a master piece of painting, but upon closer examination found it to consist of minute particles of stone or enamel, or what is known as Roman mosaic work, which is familiar to many in the shape of pins and bracelets, but which is seldom seen on so grand a scale. The blending of the colors and the whole effect was perfect, and alone would form the subject of an "attractive exhibition," were it transported to our shores.

The richest and most choice collection of paintings in Europe are those in the "Loggia de Raffaele" and the "Penacoteca," in the Palace of the Vatican. The master pieces of Raffael, "The Transfiguration, and the Madonna di Foligno," being a gallery in themselves. The frescoes of the Sistine chapel, especially that of the "Last Judgment," al-

though darkened and rendered somewhat obscure by age, are still favorite studies and are daily visited by the floating population of sight seeing tourists who at this season throng the capital.

The Pope is visible to those who are ambitious of the questionable distinction, the requisite presentation pass being easily obtainable upon application.

I cannot close my letter without a brief reference to a work of pure philanthropy undertaken soon after the famous 20th of September, 1870, by a devoted American lady, Mrs. Dr. Gould, for twelve years past a resident of Rome, for the purpose of affording the means of free education to Italian children. By her personal efforts a school has been established where over a hundred children of the poor are being educated and instructed in the rudiments and minor branches of the great tree of knowledge, and in those practical duties and simple accomplishments which shall fit them to become useful men and women instead of the idle, ignorant and bigoted outcasts which are the legitimate results of papal rule. Previous to the occupation of Rome such a measure was impossible; now its success is such as to encourage its friends in the hope that it may become the nucleus of a wide spread system of general education of the masses, and it is a satisfaction to Americans, both here and at home, to feel that the great work has been inaugurated under the auspices of one of our countrywomen, a devoted, earnest woman, who relies for its material support upon the benevolence and generosity of Americans who may feel it a privilege to aid in so noble a work. To those knowing only the liberality and freedom of our American educational system the importance of this, as yet little work, can hardly be duly appreciated; nor can they have a practical conception of the depth of ignorance to which this once classic land has fallen. From the census statistics of 1861, it appeared that seventeen millions of the population of Italy were ignorant of the alphabet; nor had the status since greatly improved, until with the 20th of September the papal influence was broken and encouragement given to such efforts as I have just described. I will only add that any who are desirous of aiding in the extension of this work may remit directly to Dr. Gould, care of Messrs. Maquay, Hooker & Co., American bankers, Rome, Italy, enclosing a draft on the above house for such amount as they may wish to contribute.

King Victor Emanuel, who is now in the capital and appears daily in public, leaves for Naples early the present week. G. W. T.

#### GOLDEN GRAINS.

A pebble in the streamlet scant,  
Has changed the course of many a river,  
A dew drop on the baby plant,  
Has warped the giant oak forever.

Sabbath days are quiet islands on the tossing sea of life.

Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

There is no mean work save that which is sordidly selfish; while in every sphere of life the post of honor is the post of duty.

It is much better to decide a difference between enemies than friends; for one of our friends will certainly become an enemy, and one of our enemies a friend.

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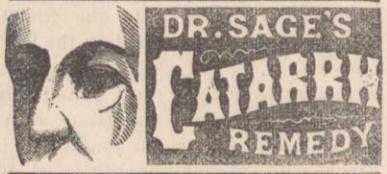
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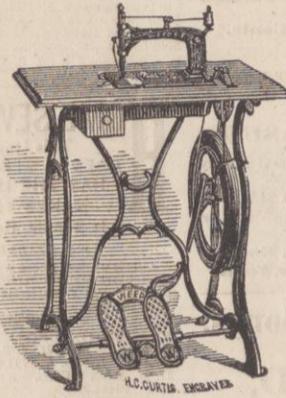
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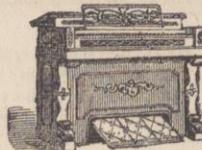
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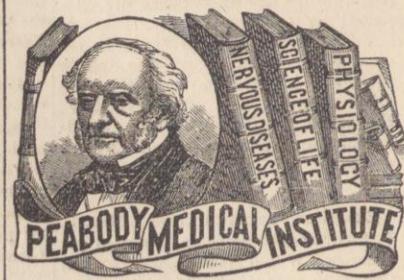
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