

## The household. Vol. 6, No. 1 January 1873

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# THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 6.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JANUARY, 1873.

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## The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.  
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
CROSSY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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### THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I longed for sainted memories,  
Like angel troops they come,  
If I fold my arms to ponder  
On the old, old home.  
The heart has many passages  
Through which the feelings roam,  
But its middle aisle is sacred  
To the thoughts of old, old home.

When infancy was sheltered,  
Like rose-bud from the blast;  
Where girlhood's brief elysium  
In joyousness was passed;  
To that sweet spot for ever,  
As to some hallowed dome,  
Life's pilgrim bends her vision—  
To her old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly,  
By that hearth-stone's rays,  
And told his children stories  
Of his early manhood's days;  
And one soft eye was beaming,  
From child to child 'twould roam;  
Thus a mother counts its treasures,  
In the old, old home.  
The bird-day gits and festivity's,  
The blended vesper hymn,  
(Some dear one who was swelling it  
Is in the Seraphim)  
The fond "good nights" at bed time,  
How quiet sleep would come,  
And fold us all together  
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers  
Close intertwined each heart;  
But time and change in concert  
Have blown the wreath apart.  
But dear and sainted memories  
Like angels overcome,  
If I fold my arms and ponder  
On the old, old home.

—New York Observer.

### LAWNS FOR FARM DWELLINGS.

FROM AN ESSAY BY P. BARRY.

I DESIRE to see every one who has a garden, if not more than a quarter of an acre, devote a portion of it to a lawn. I know of no other way in which people are so likely to get the value of their money. It is a cheap luxury, and I do not wish to see it confined to cities and villages and their suburbs. It must extend into the

country, the farming districts. Why should not every farm-house, in our old and rich farming districts, have its broad and beautiful lawn around it? Are farmers and their families, and the friends who visit them, incapable of enjoying its beauties? No. There are no more enthusiastic admirers of a fine lawn or a beautiful garden scene than country people.

But it may be said that farmers' homes are surrounded by green fields, and they have no need of lawns.

This is not true. A smooth and closely cut lawn is no less capable of yielding enjoyment in the country and to the farmer's family than in the city or village; and no where does it appear to better advantage than when placed in contrast to farm crops, pastures and meadows. Often this summer have I seen farmers' families endeavoring to enjoy the favorite game, croquet, on rough ground among tall weeds, as if they were intending a burlesque. In all such cases I feel quite like lecturing the good farmer on the lawn. If it were an expensive thing, requiring much hard labor, I should hesitate to recommend it to farmers in the country, where labor is so scarce and dear, and fast becoming more so; but as nearly the whole work of making and keeping a lawn can be performed with horses, and as there is always spare horse labor on the farm, I have no scruples on that score.

Then let us push this reform into the country. There it is most needed. Only think of the change that would be wrought in the aspect of our farming districts, if the gardens and door-yards which are now filled with a mixture of fruit and shade trees, weeds, grass and rubbish, were converted into a smooth lawn and planted with a few well chosen trees and shrubs! What a source of comfort and delight to the farmers and their families and those who pass by them. And how largely it would add to their money value besides being a band of love binding families to their homes. On this last point much might be said; although I mention it last, it is by no means the least in importance. Farmers! do more to make your homes attractive to your families, and thus you will cultivate and strengthen the love of home, which is one of the charms of life, and without which men and women are little better than wandering Arabs.

The nurserymen of the country, and especially those with extensive ground and ample resources, can do much to educate the taste of people in the surrounding country and stimulate them to improvement. Their grounds may not only be schools of trees and plants, but schools of rural taste and design.

### HOW TO MAKE A LAWN.

1. The ground should be dry—that is entirely free from stagnant water.

2. It must be thoroughly deepened by trenching or ploughing to the depth of eighteen to twenty-four inches. This deep working is of the highest importance, as without it the grass will not be able to resist the effects of dry periods which occur almost every summer. A week of hot, dry summer weather will be sufficient to dry up the grass on a thin soil, whilst on a deep, well prepared soil, a whole month of drouth will fail to destroy the verdure. We have seen frequent illustrations of this. This deepening of the soil will not only insure the safety of the grass in dry weather, but will promote the growth of all trees, shrubs and plants that may be used in planting it. The depth, whatever it may be, should be uniform, for if it be deeper in some places than in others, the deep places will settle and make the ground uneven.

3. Evenness of surface is of great importance. I do not mean level, for an undulating surface is quite as desirable for a lawn as a level one; but whether level or undulating it must be smooth and free from even the smallest stones, as these interfere with the operations of the mowing machine.

The operations of draining, deepening, leveling and removing the stones, are all well understood and need no further comment.

What is the best grass for a lawn? is a question frequently asked. My answer usually is Red Top, and about four or five bushels, fifty or sixty pounds to the acre. The smaller quantity will be sufficient if the seed be clear and good, which it seldom is. Some people recommend white clover, say one-fourth, to be mixed with Red Top, and this does very well, but I prefer the pure Red Top.

What is the best time for seeding a lawn? Early in the spring, at the first moment the ground will be working. All preparatory work on the ground should be performed in the fall, so that during winter it may settle, and any defects that may be developed can be corrected before sowing. In the spring, at the fitting moment, give a light plowing, a good harrowing, pick off the stones, sow the seed and give it a good rolling which finishes the work. Small pieces of lawn where expense is a minor matter, can be made better by using turf from an old sheep pasture or common, instead of seed. The annoyance of weeds which is sometimes experienced in newly seeded lawns, will thus be avoided. The preparation of ground for turf is just the same as for seed.



### MOths IN FURNITURE.

THERE are two species of moth which infest furniture, one is a large fly of silver white color; the worm is also white, shaped like a chestnut worm, and is familiarly known. It only infests furniture. The other is a small fly of a dark drab color; the worm is about one-fourth of an inch long, and tapering from the head to the tail. It was first discovered by upholsterers about seven years ago.

This fly penetrates a sofa or chair, generally between the back and seat of sofas, or under the seat where the vacancy among the springs affords a safe retreat. It may make a lodgment in one week after the furniture is placed in a house. If such be the case, in two months the worm will appear, and the continual process of procreation in a few months increases the number to thousands.

This moth has no season. It destroys in winter and summer alike, as it is kept in active life by the constant heat of the house. We find at the same time, in the same piece of furniture, the fly, the worm, and the eggs; thus showing that they are breeding and destroying all the time. It does not eat good, pure, curled hair, but fastens its cocoon to it, the elasticity of which prevents its being disturbed. The inside of furniture is used by it only for the purpose of propagation. The worm when ready for food, crawls out and destroys the covering, if of woolen or plush material, and falling to the carpet destroys it.

They rarely cut through plush from the inside, as it is of cotton back, but here are instances where they have cut up muslin on the outside back of sofas. There is no protection against it except continued care.

New furniture should be removed from the walls at least twice a week at his season of the year, and should be well whisked around, particularly under the seats, to prevent the fly from lodging. This is an effective preventive, and the only one known.

Cayenne pepper, Scotch snuff, camphor, turpentine and all other remedies for protection from the large moth are of little or no avail against the furniture moth. Saturation with alcohol will not destroy them when in a piece of furniture.

If the furniture is infested, they may be removed by taking off the muslin from under the seats, and off the out-



side ends and backs, where they congregate most, and expose it to the air as much as possible. Beat well with a whisk or the open hand, and kill all the flies and worms which show themselves. This done often will disturb them, and may make them leave the furniture, as they desire to be left quiet.

When the furniture is free from moths, and is to be left during the summer months without attention, it may be protected by camphor in small bags, or highly concentrated patchouli. The safest way is to have the furniture well whisked twice a week.

If the moths attack the carpet, which they will first do under the sofas and chairs, spread a wet sheet on the carpet, and pass a hot flat-iron over it quickly, and the steam will effectually destroy both worm and eggs.—*Ex.*

#### PREVENTION OF DAMPNESS.

Dampness in walls is often a great annoyance to housekeepers, and in moist climates good precautions should be taken to keep it out of the walls and buildings. It may be prevented from rising in brick or stone walls by a thorough application of asphaltum to the upper portion of the foundation, or to several of the lower tiers of brick. Asphaltum thoroughly applied to the outside of brick work will also prevent the ingress of dampness. The walls may be painted over the asphaltum, if desired.

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

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

About a year ago says a correspondent of the Journal of Chemistry, I was filling up a large scrap-book, and in the course of my work, used in connection with a goodly amount of paste, a small quantity that had alum in it. A spell of wet weather coming on before my book was dry, caused it to mildew badly throughout, except where the alum paste had been used; there no trace of mildew was to be seen. Upon observing this, I began trying various experiments with alum as a mildew preventive, all of which succeeded, though put to the most severe tests. I therefore feel that I have, by the merest accident, made a valuable discovery, and as such I take pleasure in offering it to the public.

—*Pacific Rural Press.*

#### NEATNESS.

In its essence, and purely for its own sake, neatness is found in few. Many a man is neat for appearance sake; there is an instinctive feeling that there is power in it. When a man consults a physician or a lawyer for the first time, or to rent a house or to borrow money, he will come in his best dress; a lady will call in her carriage. A man who means business and honesty comes as he is, just as you will find him in his store, his shop or his counting-house. The most accomplished gamblers dress well, the most enterprising swindlers are faultlessly clothed, but countless multitudes are but white-washed sepulchres. Too many "don't care as long as it will not be seen." Washington Allston, the great artist, the accomplished gentleman, suddenly left his friend standing at the door of a splendid Boston mansion as they were about entering for a party, because he had just remembered that he had a hole in his stocking. It could not be seen or known, but the very knowledge of its existence made him feel that he was less a man than he ought to be; gave him a feeling of inferiority.

As persons are less careless of personal cleanliness and tidy apparel, they are infallibly and necessarily less of the angel, and more of the animal; more under the domination of passion, less under the influence of principle. Said a poor servant girl: "I can't explain what change religion has made in me, but I look more closely under the door mat when I sweep than I used to." Intelligence, culture, elevation, give purity of body as well as purity of sense and sentiment.

Where you see a neat, tidy, cleanly, cheerful dwelling, there you will find a joyous, loving, happy family. But if filth and squalor, and a disregard for the refining delicacies of life prevail in any household, there will be found in the moral character of the inmates much that is low, degrading, unprincipled, vicious and disgusting. Therefore, as we grow in years, we ought to watch eagerly against neglect of cleanliness in person, and tidiness in dress.

#### ROOM FURNISHING.

The first condition of success in furnishing either a large or a small room is that there must be no overcrowding. This is absolute. When outline is lost, beauty, as a matter of fact, is lost also. We must all know many drawing-rooms in which, perhaps, the worth and beauty of each individual thing is indisputable, on entering which the first thing that strikes one is a sense of incongruity. What might have been an art collection is degraded to the level of an old curiosity shop.

Most women are born with a love of beauty. But generally, unless this love is cultivated and trained, it runs to waste, and fritters itself away upon small things. Women go into a shop and hover over a counter for an hour, engrossed in the purchase of fifty minute things, each one of which is pretty enough in itself if taken up in the hand and inspected; but not one of which can be clearly defined at a distance of two yards, not one of which

repays the trouble of the minute inspection. These are packed away in shiny cabinets that are blazing with ormolu scroll work, on spindle-legged what-nots that seem to be designed for no other earthly purpose than to be knocked down at brief intervals, and on mantle pieces that confuse one's vision and muddle one's brain during the long periods when the need of being near the fire forces one to face them.

It is a better and higher system of economy to buy two or three good bronzes or marbles, on which the eye can always rest with pleasure, than to spend ten times the sum on a heterogeneous mass of the parti-colored rubbish which may accumulate, "in order," they call it, "to take off the naked look of their room." Better the naked look ten thousand times than the false decorations.



#### FLOWERS.

On the mountain's rugged steep,  
In the cliffs of chasms deep,  
In the valley green and fair,  
Making sweet the sunny air,  
Close beside the dusty street,  
Worn with tread of many feet,  
Springing up in every spot,  
Canst thou tell where they are not?

Some o'er the murmuring streamlet fling  
Their blossoms bright and fair,  
And there in vernal beauty spring,  
Fanned by the fragrant air.  
Some 'neath the ocean's rolling waves  
In silent grandeur grow,  
Nor heed the storm which o'er them raves,  
But still in beauty blow.

Some where the eagle builds her nest,  
Where man has never trod,  
Where e'en the chamois dare not rest  
Upon the crumbling sod—  
Yes, there, e'en there, wild flow'rets grow  
In richest dress arrayed,  
And o'er the clamorous eaglets throw  
Their light and graceful shade.

In the wild and tangled glen,  
Far from busy haunts of men,  
Wearing each a kingly crown,  
In the gay and bustling town,  
Flooding on the tranquil sleep  
Of the waters still and deep,  
Falling down in fragrant showers  
From the orchard's blushing towers;

'Mid mountains of perpetual snow,  
By icy girdles bound,  
Some, rendered doubly beautiful, glow,  
And deck the frozen ground,  
And 'mid cold winter's anery storm  
The snow-drop rears its head  
And shows its pure, unspotted form  
When other flowers have fled.

Some on the breezes of the night  
Their grateful odors send,  
While others children of the light,  
To-day their perfume lend.  
Some bloom beneath the torrid zone,  
'Neath India's sultry skies;  
'Mid Iceland's mountains, chill and lone,  
The forms of others rise.

Every land and every clime,  
Since the dawn of fleeting Time,  
Shares in these bright gifts of love,  
From the heart of God above;  
Ever will he bless our sight  
With the priceless gems of light,  
Till in His immortal bowers  
We behold unfading flowers.

#### WINTER FLOWERS FOR THE HOUSE.

THE culture of bulbs for blooming in the house in winter is one of the most pleasant and satisfactory branches of floriculture. It is time now to make preparations for growing this class of winter flowers, and we can give no more practical directions, than the following, copied from Vick's Bulb Catalogue for the present season:

It is in the house, in the winter, that bulbs afford the greatest pleasure. A few dozen hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, etc., will furnish useful recreation for months. From the planting of the bulbs, until the last flower is faded, there is continued excitement. The unfolding of each leaf and bud is watched with the most pleasurable and unabated interest by all members of the family, and by the exercise of a little taste a great deal of pleasure can be derived from the cultivation of bulbs in water, and at a very little cost.

There are various styles of glasses for growing hyacinths and other bulbs but the simplest and cheapest answer the purpose as well as any. The most expensive is a kind of triple glass, holding three bulbs. The Duc Van Thol tulips may be grown in ornamental pots, or in baskets or boxes of any form. A very satisfactory arrangement is to obtain a common shallow box, and ornament it with sticks or bark, and fill it with sandy earth, mixed with earth finely broken up. Then plant a row or two of crocuses on the outside, and fill up with tulips, narcissus, hyacinths, etc., making a miniature bulb garden. After planting, the whole can be covered with moss, such as is found on logs in damp woods. The plants will find their way through the moss.

Another very good plan is to have a box, similar to the one described, as a kind of little nursery, or reserve. Fill it almost entirely with broken up moss, with a very little sandy soil. Plant this with crocuses, hyacinths, etc., and keep it in any convenient, pretty cool room, where it will not freeze. As fast as the plants come into flower you can take them up and place them in glasses of water, and thus keep a supply for the parlor or sitting room for a long time. If preferred, these bulbs, when in flower, can be placed in pots or baskets filled with damp moss. In fact they can be used in almost any way desired, and will be found to give the greatest satisfaction, furnishing flowers for a long time. If placed in moss, it must be kept constantly moist or the flowers will suffer.

Bulbs when flowered in the house, should be kept in as cool a room as possible—a few degrees above freezing will answer. If placed in a living room, which is kept at the usual temperature of such rooms, from 70 to 75 degrees, they will bloom too early, and the flowers will soon fade. A good arrangement is to keep them in a parlor or some spare room not frequently used, and which is usually kept pretty cool. They will then mature slowly and keep in perfection a long time. A few may be brought into the sitting room, placed on the dining table occasionally, or may be even taken to church, for special occa-



sions, where floral decorations may be needed, and returned to their places as soon as possible. Nearly all failures result from keeping the plants in too dry an atmosphere and too high a temperature, supposing, of course, that sound bulbs are used.

Any bulbs flowered in glasses of water may be grown in pots of sandy earth until the buds are formed, and then they can be taken up carefully and planted in the glasses. They will bear this change, or almost any change that may be desirable, if handled with care. When bulbs have been flowered in water, they should, as soon as the flowers begin to fade, be removed and planted in earth, where they will get a little nourishment for the future good of the bulbs. Even then the bulb is much weakened, and it is useless to try to flower bulbs in water twice.

#### PROPAGATING GERANIUMS.

A "constant reader" of the Country Gentleman, December 15th, asks information of the editors as to how to raise and cultivate geraniums, and as you have left it to some of your readers for a reply, I hope to be able, in a brief article, to impart such information to your correspondent as will enable her (or him) to have abundant success in their culture. The geranium is one of the easiest to propagate among the flowering plants, either from seed or cuttings, of which I have any knowledge. But one other family of plants (*Coleus*) roots more readily.

This being so, if your correspondent will get a small, shallow box, say five or six inches deep, and two feet by eighteen inches in size, and fill it with rich, light, garden earth and sifted sand, she will have all things ready for the cuttings. Then, if you have no green house, any time during the growing season—say in the months of June, July, August, and the first of September—break off slips from any plant, from about three to six inches in length, and about the size of your little finger (or larger) and make a hole in the sand, and put in your cuttings two or three inches deep, and press the sand firmly about the base of the cutting, and putting the cuttings a few inches apart, until the box is full; then water freely every day or two until they root, keeping them in the shade. Scarcely a single cutting will fail to root, and soon become a large flowering plant.

A still better way is to "tongue" the branches before severing them for cuttings. This is done as follows: Take a sharp knife, select the branch you wish to sever, and make a sloping cut half way through it, about an inch long, and to prevent its breaking off, tie it with a yarn string in a sort of swing. In two or three weeks this cutting will callous at the cut point, and then it may be severed entirely and put out immediately, as before stated. Callousing is the first process of rooting, and the parent plant furnishes the cutting with nutriment until it undergoes this process, and the result is that such cuttings root much more readily and grow more vigorously. Geraniums are exceedingly brittle, and should be handled like china or Etruscan vases, but they are, in my opinion, among the most lovely and

satisfactory of all flowering plants. No special care is required for after treatment, only I have found them to do better when grown where they can have a little shade in the heat of the day. For protection in winter, a pit made either of brick or plank, four or five feet deep, and about six by nine feet in size, furnished with a glazed sash or two, will keep them in fine condition without any artificial heat.

I have made my response longer than was perhaps necessary, from the fact that it applies to nearly all kinds of soft cuttings.

#### TO CRYSTALLIZE FLOWERS.

The following method of crystallizing flowers is given for the benefit of several correspondents who have lately asked for a description of the process.

Dissolve eighteen ounces of pure alum in a quart of soft spring water (observing the same proportion for a greater or less quantity) by boiling it gently in a close tin vessel, over a moderate fire, keeping it stirred with a wooden spatula until the solution is complete. When the liquor is almost cold suspend the subject to be crystallized by means of a small thread or twine, from a lath or small stick laid horizontally across the aperture of a deep glass or earthen jar, as being best adapted for the purpose, into which the solution must be poured. The respective articles should remain in the solution twenty-four hours; when they are perfectly dry.

When the subjects to be crystallized are put into the solution while it is quite cold, the crystals are apt to be formed too large, on the other hand should it be too hot, the crystals will be small in proportion. The best temperature is about 95° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Among vegetable specimens that may be operated on are the moss-rose of the gardens ears of corn, especially millet seed and the bearded wheat, berries of the holly, fruit of the slow-bush, the hyacinth, pink, furze-blossoms, ranunculus, garden daisy, and a great variety of others; in fact, there are few subjects in the vegetable world that are not eligible to this mode of preservation.

The fitness of this solution for the purpose may be ascertained by putting a drop of it on a slip of glass, and seeing if it crystallizes as it cools; if so the solution is sufficiently strong. Then twist round a sprig or plant, a cinder, a wire ornament of any kind, some cotton, or still better, some worsted. After being immersed as already directed, the surface of the whole will be found covered with beautiful crystallizations.

#### ENGLISH IVY.

The use of English ivies for the purpose of decorating living rooms is more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly commended. Being very strong they will live through almost any treatment; but study their peculiarities, and manifest willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint.

Most houses are too hot for them, as indeed they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have the average temperature over sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Take care and not enfeeble your ivies by undue heat or

watering, and you will find they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not, or in what position or direction you train them. Indeed, so much will they do of themselves to render a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than anything else in nature or art.

Do you wish the ugly plain doors that shut off your tiny entry from your parlor to be arched or curved, like those in the drawing rooms of your richer neighbor? Buy a couple of brackets, such as lamp-frames for the burning of kerosene are sometimes placed in, and screw them on the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of English ivy, the longer the better; then train the plants over the top, against the sides, indeed any way your fancy dictates.

You need not buy the beautiful but costly pots the flower dealer will advise; common glazed ones will answer every purpose, for by placing in each two or three sprays of *Coleus* ivy, in a month's time no vestige of the pot itself can be discerned through their thick green.—*Journal of Horticulture*.

#### ETCHING SHELLS.

It is done simply by means of acids. The parts not to be acted upon must be protected by a so-called etching-ground, which is nothing but a thin layer of varnish blackened in a flame, so as to see plainly the figures afterward drawn on it. Be careful when doing this to make a clear drawing or writing, in which the shell is exposed at the bottom of every line, as any remaining varnish would protect those parts, and the writing would not be brought out. The acid—either strong acetic, diluted nitric, or hydrochloric is then applied, and when its action is sufficient, it is washed off with water. The varnish is rubbed off with turpentine or alcohol, when the drawing or lettering will appear, and look as if cut with an engraver's tool.

You may also make your design with varnish on the shell by means of a fine brush; then the acid will dissolve the surface around the lines drawn, where the writing will appear in relief, the letters being elevated in place of being sunk in as by the former process. The latter is the more common way in which these shells are treated. This method is applied to many other objects; all that is wanted being a liquid dissolving the material to be acted upon, and a varnish to protect some parts from its action.—*Manufacturer and Builder*.

#### LIQUID MANURE FOR HOUSE PLANTS.

I notice liquid manure recommended for house plants. As that cannot always be had, especially in a village in winter, dirty suds in which clothing has been washed, I find, will answer as well. I have been using it once a week all winter, and my plants never grew so fast or looked so well. I have a double primrose, in a three-inch pot, on which I can count over a hundred blossoms; also some bi-color and white geraniums, started for spring planting, only three inches high, the leaves measuring four inches in diameter. My largest calla stand three feet two inches high; leaves, fifteen inches; also many other things,

all of which I attribute to the use of my dirty suds once a week.

Last summer I watered all my roses with it, and the pillar roses with dish-water. The slugs scarcely troubled them and the blossoms were really wonderful, both in quantity and quality. I think my Baltimore Belle must have grown over thirty feet last season. I never have any slops wasted. Bed-room slops are just the kind to throw around the roots of young shade trees. I think that is what saved our mountain ash last year from the borers; at any rate it never does any harm to save all the slops for grape vines and hardy trees.—*Rural New Yorker*.

#### THREE BEST ROSES.

Fifteen of the most distinguished rose growers in England having been asked to name thirty-six roses, and out of the thirty-six to name twelve which they considered the best twelve, they answered that of all the roses which were named, only three were on the record named by all as worthy to be placed on the first twelve. These three roses ought to be universally known, as every one who cultivates flowers wants the best roses as a matter of course. These three are: 1. Marechal Niel; 2. Baroness Rothschild; 3. Marie Baumann. The selection of roses thus made is worthy of being particularly mentioned, as the rose growers who made the lists are men who have a high standard of excellence, and are not likely to be deceived about the qualities of a plant which they have made a study, and have had opportunities for observing, that are unequalled, at the rose shows of England and of France.—*Cottage Gardener, England*.

It will be observed that at the head of the three stands Marechal Niel, sweetest of the sweet. We have examined the lists of prominent florists in this country, but could not find the two others named. It is important, in order to have the finest flowers, to secure the best varieties.

#### POWDERED COAL FOR UNHEALTHY PLANTS.

In a communication, addressed to the *Revue Horticole*, the writer states that he purchased a very fine rose-bush, full of buds, and after anxiously awaiting their maturing, was greatly disappointed, when this took place, to find the flowers small, insignificant in appearance, and of a dull faded color. Incited by the suggestion of a friend, he then tried the experiment of filling in the top of the pot around the bush, to the depth of half an inch, with finely pulverized stone-coal. In the course of a few days he was astonished at seeing the roses assume a beautiful red hue, as brilliant and lively as he could desire.

He tried the same experiment upon a pot of petunias, and soon after all the pale and indefinite ones became of a bright red or lilac, and the white petunias were variegated with beautiful red stripes. Some of the lilac petunias became a fine dark blue. Other flowers experienced similar alterations; those of a yellow color alone remained insensible to the influence of the coal.





## JOLLY DOLLY VARDEN.

O Dolly! Dolly Varden!  
Is a lady's form a garden,  
That thou madly trust it o'er  
With a thousand vines or more?  
Now its every turn discloses  
Lilies, pinks, and lushing roses,  
Violets, forget-me-nots,  
Larkspurs, and I don't know what,  
All the colors of the year  
In a single gown appear;  
Flowers of every season,  
In or out of reason,  
All a single yard in  
Hast thou, Dolly Varden.

Dolly! Dolly Varden!  
Still thy pranks we pardon;  
For a winking thing  
Is the whymy thou dost bring;  
Every pretty maiden,  
With thy wealth o'er laden  
Takes where'er she goes  
Charm of added rose,  
Scent of all things fair,  
Blooming every where.

Hail to thee! But pray put guard on  
Those who can't, dear Dolly Varden,  
Ever human form divine.  
Can't be cradled with flower and vine,  
Bearing o'er its back quaint story  
Traced in bloom of morning-glory—  
Every dame can't be a garden,  
As thou know'st, poor Dolly Varden.

Vainly, Dolly Varden,  
We our hearts would harden,  
Witching one, new born of spring,  
Full of dainty blossoming!  
Whither thou dost come in lawn,  
Bright and misty as the dawn:  
Cairn that wakens cheer  
With its every yard a dollar;  
Or in softly rustling silk,  
Wool, and fabrics of that ilk—  
Still thou'rt winsome, gay, and fair,  
Peerless past all base compare.  
Lest old fogies ask your pardon  
Nor paternal purses keep guard on.  
Never more o'er hearts will harden;  
You have conquered, Dolly Varden!

—Harper's Bazar.

## THE FASHIONS.

HERE is no very prominent change in the style of dress the present season. The polonaise and basque, in some form are still the most popular costume. And though many dresses are made with perfectly plain skirts, the garniture of the dress being left to the tunic and bodice—in fact if the material is a rich and handsome one, it is considered much more *distingue*, and certainly better taste, to have nothing to disarrange or disguise the elegant fall of the drapery—still overskirts are by no means out of fashion. Some of these consist merely of an apron front, while others have a back made of sashes, which are looped and tied in the most intricate fashion. Flounces, folds and kilt pleatings are still fashionable, and any material that does not fall into handsome folds, looks nicer, and is usually trimmed with ruches, bias folds and flounces of all kinds and sizes. Some dresses with an apron front, are trimmed to the waist in the back with flounces or pleatings.

One style is a black skirt, with grey or some other colored polonaise, made with a long skirt, having a deep apron front, and at the back a large pannier made and drawn up like the hood to a water-proof cloak, and finished with a bow at the lower side. This costume

cannot be recommended for its gracefulness.

Polonaises and tunics of all kinds are made much longer and much less bouffante: in fact for cloths and extra thick materials they will not be looped up at all; of course in this case they will not be cut nearly so wide round in the skirt, the fullness consisting merely of a box-plait at the back of the waist, fastened by two buttons. Many of these casaques will have velvet waistcoat, cuffs and pocket.

The skirts of walking dresses are made to clear the ground, but party and reception dresses are made with a train, and house and visiting dresses have dim-trains. A protection for dresses that drag on the floor is made of double wiggings; it is about three inches deep and pleated in box-pleats into a binding, and basted inside the dress facing, just at the edge, to keep the skirt from touching the ground.

Black over dresses are not worn as formerly, over colored skirts; the reverse is preferred, namely, colored polonaises over black skirts.

There is a great fancy for rich warm colors this season, but black costumes are always elegant, and for very pale blondes are more becoming than colors. They may be relieved by bright ties.

Velvet belts are very much worn with dresses of all styles, even with short basques. They are sometimes seen with basques, beginning under the arm and passing around and fastening in the front with a jet or silver buckle, or upon the side with a simple bow; if a sash is added it is merely two long loops and ends of different lengths attached to the under side of the belt, a little to the left side of the back.

Some very elegant little vests are being made with basques and without sleeves, in velvet; they are a charming finish to a toilet, and are very useful to wear with one whose bodice is slightly passed in style or quality. They are always open at the throat, and fastened with buttons. Buttons, by the way, are very fashionably worn as a trimming, either in velvet or fancy. Some are made in silver and various metals, beautifully chased and ornamented.

Silk and velvet are the most stylish, as they are the richest of all dress goods this winter. The most elegant garments made of these materials are profusely trimmed and ornamented.

A rich fabric for polonaises is a fine repped cashmere, called Sicilienne; it is to be had in plain and brocaded patterns; the latter in rich antique colors, with raised figures and satin stripes of the same color, is very beautiful; it costs from three to five dollars a yard and is three-quarters of a yard wide.

Wraps and cloaks of other material and color than the costume are worn more now than formerly, and are mostly made of black materials. Velvet and camel's hair being the most stylish. Many of these cloaks are richly embroidered, some of them are so loaded that it is an effort to lift them, and a still greater one to wear them. Cashmere and cloth are the materials mostly worn, as they are not so expensive as to be beyond the reach of the less wealthy classes.

The Dolman is the most popular style of wrap this winter, and has such varied modifications, that it is a universal favorite. There are loose and belted Dolmans; also circular and sack shaped ones; all having the distinguishing feature of wide sleeves, or else the winged feature, consisting of a cape inserted at the shoulder seam. They are thickly wadded and lined about the shoulders, and are very easy fitting and comfortable, and can be so varied as to suit any figure.

Jaunty little paletots are made half fitting and are very pretty and graceful, as well as warm and cosy looking. They are made double breasted; of soft, thick, but rough surfaced cloth, of brown, navy-blue or grey colors, and are much in favor with young ladies for general wear, but sacques are not now considered very dressy. These garments are simply trimmed with a band of gros-grain or velvet ribbon about an inch wide or the merest piping of silk or velvet just to edge the garment. They have a reverse collar, deep cuffs, and square pockets, and are fastened with oxidized silver buttons, and look quite stylish. Navy-blue sacques are sometimes ornamented with stars of black braid in the collar, cuffs and pockets, and simply stitched around the edges.

Sleeved jackets of buckskin are extremely warm and comfortable under winter wraps. They fit cosily, and are light and pleasant to wear.

The newest caravat bows are made of two colors of velvet and faille, and do not pass around the neck, but finish the collar in front. For black dresses they are made of irregular loops, and short ends of black velvet and colored ribbon. Exquisite bows are formed of colored china crape and lace.

Another pretty tie is made of black faille edged with white lace. White neckties of china crape or twilled silk are very handsome with costumes of garnet, invisible green, plum color and dusky olive.

## TO BE, OR NOT TO BE—(IN FASHION)—THAT'S THE QUESTION.

"So it seems," said Leonidas the other evening, glancing at a letter in one of the HOUSEHOLDS, "that you are not the only Martyr of the Period there is in existence."

"No indeed," replied I, (though the wonder is that we are still in existence) "several of the HOUSEHOLD band have already spoken on the subject, while thousands more know just how it is, even though they may keep silent or ignore the matter entirely. And it is because I know that I have the sympathy of so many in my martyrdom that I have made my confession from time to time, for we all live company in these things. The fact is, it is a positive comfort to know that others are as weak or foolish as ourselves, and are led, they hardly know how, to do the evil that they would not."

"For my part," said Jennie, who was present, "I believe in being honest, if nothing else. And when a woman pretends to have an utter contempt for fashion, and maintains that she is independent enough to abjure them altogether, I mistrust either her common sense or veracity. For though she may follow fashion afar off, she is probably keeping in range of it, and is

thus one of the victims of the Goddess, which she so heartily abuses with her tongue or pen, as surely as any of us, if not as completely under the screw of martyrdom."

"Yes," replied I, "or she may glory in her deadness to fashion, and dress so unattractive and odd as to be a subject of remark, and a mortification to her friends. It is quite as likely perverseness as perfection that causes her to do so, even if she does not see it in that light."

"Here," said Jennie, pointing to an article in a paper, "is a tirade against fashion *in toto*, and containing the news (!) that this country is ruining itself by woman's extravagant fashions, when the same story has been told ever since I commenced reading the papers, though the country is not bankrupt as yet."

"Now I wonder," continued Jennie, "if that woman wears a striped petticoat and short gown after the pattern of her grandmother's, or if she adopts the short-gowns of to-day, as our overskirts, worn over a variety of skirts may properly be called? Or does she wear a big puff sleeve in lieu of the neat, tasteful ones we have, or a coal scuttle bonnet instead of the lainty uncumbersome ones which we wear? Or, to be a little more modern, does she make her dresses the fashion of a half dozen years since? If so, why is that better than to have new styles even if the present modes are cumbersome, take them together!"

"Oh," replied I, "of course, she will tell you that she adopts something of modern styles, but does not go to extremes. Now that is what we all say, but the question is, what are extremes? That you see depends on individual taste and judgment, and what she might think extremes, may seem to others only quiet moderation. Any fashion which is hurtful we may condemn altogether, and refuse to adopt, while others, we select from according to taste, circumstances, and the use of our judgment, as to the fitness of things."

One would think to hear some go on, that a single person was represented in the fashion plates, and that one has all these different styles of "fuss and feathers," when the truth is, that many of us may have only a single new suit in the season, and then may be pardoned for wishing it moderately, at least, in fashion. But to do even that is martyrdom, as we all know. And it is as well to confess it as to ignore it; it is as well to own our folly and worldly mindedness as to pretend that we care nothing how our clothing is made and put on. For it is a little unwomanly not to care, I think."

"That pleasant letter in a late HOUSEHOLD, from 'Beth,' is truthful and to the point," said Jennie, reading a sentence from it. "She says: 'Don't I know what it is to try to follow the fashions? But what can we do? Even where we condemn we strive to copy, and it is all vanity and vexation of spirit. I don't wish to go to extremes, but do like to look well, as nice as people in general and it takes the time.' And then she throws the blame on others—if they would dress plain she would."

"That is it," I replied, "we all wish



to look nicely dressed, but to be so we must do something as others do, or else we are ill dressed, according to our own, and other people's verdict. And if you ignore the fashions what will you do? make fashions of your own, which would be altogether more vexatious than adopting, to a certain extent, those made for us? There is no virtue in taking a last year's pattern for a this year's suit, and looking, as Howell, in his charming story, 'Their Wedding Journey,' says that the ladies of Quebec did—like a last year's Harper's Bazar. Any one who has ever visited Canadian cities knows that they are, at least, a year behind the times, and to an American seem terribly slow, but for all that are they not just as devoted to fashion, as it reaches them, as we are? And should we not tire of the same styles season after season, let them be as sensible, or attractive as they may."

"But all this fuss, and flumadiddles, and over-trimming of the Period," said Leonidas, "is the trouble—we men can dispense with this, and not look like a got up animal for show, as a woman rigged up in her best does now."

"Just so," replied I, "there is an extravagance in this and a waste of time, thought and money, in conforming, in any way, to it. But all we have to do is to adopt general hints of fashion and fill up to suit our taste and circumstances."

"But women won't do that—they wish to out do each other in absurdity," replied Leon.

"As for instance," said Jennie, "the poorer wish to keep up with, or out-do the wealthy in making a show. There was Mrs. Lane's servant girl making up a dress of very ordinary material, but ruffling, scalloping, and plaiting trimming enough for three dresses, while Mrs. Lane was making for herself a rich dress, with half the work and ornamentation that her kitchen girl had. This of course is not always the case, but people of this class pay no attention to circumstances. One Bridget wishes to dress as well or better than the Bridget at the next door and so goes into trimmings to shine."

"It is the abuse of fashion, not the proper use," she continued, "that is to be condemned, for it is like any other good thing—proper in its place if not carried too far. For does not changing styles stimulate trade and keep the world moving, and though it may make martyrs of some of us, it puts bread into other's mouths and does good in its own way. And besides who would wish to live like savages—care nothing for dress, or elegance, or tasteful surroundings—living in the easiest, most indolent, lackadaisical manner possible? We all want something more than the bare necessities of life, and this laboring for the artistic, and to look pleasing is part of the work of the world, and keeps many of us from indolence and shiflessness."

"But the mind," said I, "devoted to such trifling pursuits, and the time wasted on mere personal adornment which is needful for higher and better purposes. And the often over work and worry that the intricate styles of the past few years have entailed upon

woman and seem likely to forevermore."

"Ah, well," replied Jennie, "some minds are fitted for little else and would be devoted to dress anyway, while the 'strong minded' need something to keep them in their proper sphere in these days. And then, we must please the gentlemen, and they like to see us dressed in the prevailing modes, even when they ridicule said fashions. And how would the world look if women were arrayed as soberly as mankind are. It is all well for them, but take an assembly of men and they set off a landscape about as much as so many crows, but let the ladies, with their airy garments, bright ribbons, and the fuss and feathers that men ridicule, come upon the scene, and what a change! You have a picture now, with tints and beauty—something more than black crows."

"Nevertheless," said I, "though the fashion may be needful and imperative, yet I do wish the making up of our garments could be simplified, for till then, how can we be other than

#### A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD?

#### OVERCOATS.

These are more difficult to make and more troublesome to repair than any garment worn by the farmer. Usually they are purchased ready made; are often somewhat expensive, not always of durable material, frequently having linings much better than the outside, and being a garment which becomes worn nearly all over alike and not often needed except when going from home, the farmer's wife, with no pieces like the original with which to repair, is often puzzled to know how such a garment can be made wearable.

A coat of this kind once fell into our hands for repairs; the outside all in tatters while the linings were scarcely soiled. It being part of our duty to keep the farm clothing in good condition and not liking the idea of having the best new overcoat worn while drawing logs, lumber, wood, hay, and when carrying grain to mill, we looked the ragged coat over very thoughtfully many days, and at length came to the conclusion that it might be covered with new cloth.

Accordingly (not daring to experiment with nice material) we purchased a strong piece of half woolen goods, at a cost of four shillings per yard and commenced work. At the close of the day the coat was finished, having the appearance of one entirely new, and was worn for two years after without further repairs.

Since then we have covered over several such coats and the wearer has often assured us they were nearly impervious to wind and weather. Some kind of light, soft cloth is better for covering than heavy material. The best we have ever used was a strong piece of factory Jean.

Good Kentucky Jean, half wool, or a piece of tweed, will answer a good purpose. Should any farmer's wife, after reading this, wish to "go and do likewise," she may proceed in the following manner:

Take the coat just as it has been worn; rip off the buttons. Should there be large rents, sew them up. Over places that are much worn, baste

any kind of old cloth to make the garment of equal thickness. Spread the coat on the floor where you can have much room; pin the new cloth on the back very smoothly, then cut the shape of the whole back, (there need be no seam in the middle) taking great care to allow for deep seams. Let this remain pinned to the coat, then proceed in like manner with the fronts after cutting these. You will ascertain the size of seam you wish and can trim to the desired width, cut the sleeves in like manner, then unpin, baste the seams, put the old coat upon the wearer, over this put the cover; when fitted take off; sew up the seams and set in sleeves; press all seams thoroughly; next cut the facing for the fronts, then lay the right side of the facing on to the right side of the coat; sew in a common seam, from the point where the collar is to be put on, down the front to the bottom of the coat; put the cover thus made on the coat; finish sleeves at the wrist with binding or facing; turn the front facing over on to the lining and hem down, also hem the cover to the coat around the bottom. Cut the upper side of the collar an inch wider than the under side; sew the outside edges together, turn it, then sew to the coat. By looking at the old collar you will see how this should be done. The old pockets will answer all purposes; cut a place in the cover wherever these are, which the fingers will determine, and finish with binding or pocket lid as you like. Button holes may be worked where the old ones were, or new ones cut, as the worn condition of the garment may suggest. Lastly, sew on the buttons—the work is done and you have an overcoat as good as new at a trifling cost.

H. M. B.

#### THE NEW DOLMAN.

The new garment which is most seen and heard this fall is the Dolman. There are varieties of this wrap, but its peculiar feature is its great wing-like sleeve, or a side piece over the arm hanging in a point below the rest of the garment. The back may be either a neatly fitting postillion with pleats or else a looser sack with a single seam up the middle slashed over the tounour; but the long sleeve over the coat sleeve, or else the drooping side piece beginning high on the shoulder, is invariable. In effect the Dolman somewhat resembles the bashlik of three years ago. It hangs close to the figure in a graceful way, though not belted down as the bashlik was; it is easily put on or off, as the arm opening is much larger than an ordinary armhole. Inner sleeves of coat shape are added for warmth. Ladies who have velvet or cashmere sacks left from last year can add to them a deep-pointed fall beginning shoulder point, extending far behind, and disappearing under the arm in front; this will give the effect of the new garment.

The most elegant imported Dolmans are of velvet and cashmere. One of Lyons velvet has a closely fitting postillion back, and is trimmed with a band of very glossy black fur. A rich jet ornament is in the point of the sleeve. Another especially elegant is of fine *drape d'ete*—a thick cashmere. A vine of leaves in richly dressed em-

broidery and fine jet surrounds the garment, and leaves and buds are wrought at intervals all over it. A guipure edge over heavy jet fringe is sewed in the leaf scallops of the border. A lace ruche is around the neck, and a bow of faille ribbon at the throat. Two loops and long ends of faille ribbon hang back of each shoulder. This notably handsome garment is \$225.

—Harper's Bazar.

#### A PERFECT WATER-PROOF.

A writer in an English paper says: By the way, speaking of water-proofs, I think I can give travelers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn India rubber water-proofs, but will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain, and, moreover, I have learned how to make it so; and for the benefit of readers I will give the recipe:

In a bucket of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead, and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals, until it becomes clear, then pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party—a lady and a gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storms of wind and rain, without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, they were really water-proof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain and wind, such as you rarely see in the South; and when he slipped off his overcoat, his under-clothes were as dry as when he put them on. This is, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is, in every way, better than what we know as water-proofs.

#### COLOR OF CLOTHING.

In an article upon "The Clothing we Wear," Dr. Nichols of the Boston Journal of Chemistry says:

"The color of clothing is by no means a matter of indifference. White and light-colored clothes reflect the heat, while black and dark-colored ones absorb it. White is the comfortable and fashionable color for clothing in summer. It reflects heat well, and prevents the sun's rays from passing through and heating the body."

If white is the best color for summer, it does not follow that black is the best for winter. It must be remembered that black radiates heat with great rapidity. Give a coat of white paint to a black steam radiator, which is capable of rendering a room comfortably warm at all times, and the temperature will fall at once, though the heat producing agency remain the same as before. A black garment robs the body of a larger amount of heat than white, and consequently the latter color is the best for winter garments. It is the best color for both summer and winter.

Although this statement may seem like blowing hot and cold, it is nevertheless true. Let those who are troubled with cold feet, and who wear dark socks, change to white, and see if the difficulty is not in part or wholly removed."





## EVERY DAY.

Oh, trifling tasks so often done,  
Yet ever to be done anew!  
Oh, cares which come with every sun,  
Morn after morn the long years through!  
We shrink beneath their paltry sway,—  
The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,  
The tiresome round of little things,  
Are hard to bear, as hour by hour  
Its tedious iteration brings;  
Who shall evade or who delay  
The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course  
By tide and tempest lashed in vain,  
Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's force,  
And yields its substance grain by grain;  
So crumble strongest lives away  
Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair,  
Who tracks the tiger for his life,  
May wound them ere they are aware,  
Or conquer them in desperate strife,  
Yet powerless he to scathe or slay  
The vexing quails of every day.

The steady strain that never stops  
Is mightier than the fiercest shock:  
The constant fall of water-drops  
Will groove the adamant rock;  
We feel our noblest powers decay,  
In feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow—  
Our souls a sudden bravery fill—  
But we endure not always so  
The drop-by-drop of little ills;  
We still deplore and still obey  
The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death  
Upon the battle-field, and dares  
Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath  
The needle-points of frets and cares;  
The stoutest spirits their dismay—  
The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,  
Whose souls by faith have overcome,  
Who wore amid the cruel flame  
The molten crown of martyrdom,  
Bore not without complaint away  
The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole,  
And more than hero's heart of fire,  
We need the humble strength of soul  
Which daily toils and ills require:—  
Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may,  
An added grace for every day!

—Scribner.

## OUR NOVEL LITERATURE.

It is a notable fact that very much of the literature of the present generation is in the form of story. The amount of this kind of writing is perhaps beyond computation. The statement which has been made, that each day sees the birth of a new novel, startling as it may seem, is, without a doubt, far below the actual truth. Our largest and most respectable publishing houses are devoting by far the greater part of their resources towards supplying the almost illimitable demand for this sort of reading. If a new book-firm is seeking to establish itself, or a new journal is starting up on its career, it is a fresh production from the fertile brain of some great story-teller which floats the new enterprise into successful seas. How great the number of those who followed the last story from Dickens's pen! How vast the interest awakened by the mystery of that fictitious life!

The vastness of this particular field

of literature is not the only remarkable fact about it. A more remarkable thing is, that it has increased out of all proportion to other forms of thought and expression. There have been some great histories, some poetry and many scientific works written in the present age. But the histories, and the poetry, and the philosophical discussions of this generation of men are fewer in number and ability than those of some other times. But this cannot be said of the stories of the day. These are immensely superior to those of any former day—superior in number and superior in every quality which gives character to this form of writing. The finest brain of the human race is busy in this sphere of literature. Statesmen and scholars, preachers, judges, merchants, men and women from every rank of life and of every grade of culture, are engaged in telling stories to countless numbers of all ages in life, who sit together as children at their feet.

Is this a fact to be deplored and denounced? Superficially viewed it might seem so. Some think that the effect of such a state of things is bad and only bad. It is said that such reading is dangerous, enfeebling the minds and injuring the morals of readers. Without doubt many of these novels are pernicious in the extreme. The life which they unfold is an unreal life, and the sentiments which they present are unhealthy and destructive. But this cannot be said of the stories which really represent this great literature of our age. The great novels of this generation are free from the evils which so many associate with such writings. Most of them are written by men and women of noble life and character, and their writings are the reflections of their own nobleness. These stories are seen to be written for great purposes. The novel is seen to be only the form in which often a mighty and earnest intent seeks to utter itself. The creature of the imagination is felt to be instinct with moral life, having a conscience and a truth in it, full of human sensibilities, groaning over human wrongs, and toiling and praying for the elevation and redemption of a suffering humanity.

He must be a dull reader who reads Dickens's "David Copperfield," or "John Halifax," or "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Put Yourself in His Place," or "A Brave Lady," or "Lothair," and sees nothing and feels nothing but the interest of mere incident pervading their pages. The wrongs here lived out before us are real wrongs. They are such as confront us in actual life. The sentiments, the indignations and hopes which are here begotten are true and deep, such as are worthy of men of the best of men. Looked at in this light, we see much, very much that is worthy of praise, and eminently fit to thank God for, in the novel literature of our day. That it is accomplishing a mighty work for the good of humanity none can doubt. Let the intellect, and the culture, and the warm heart, and the Christian feeling and principle of the age take to themselves this peculiar form of utterance, holding even the form as a means for fulfilling a high and truly holy intent. Who need complain? Did not the Great Teacher speak in parables?—Selected.

## HOW PAPER IS MADE IN CHINA.

Most of the paper used in China is made from the bark of various trees and plants, and from the bamboo. The manufacture of bamboo paper is carried on extensively in the southern part of the country. In selecting stock from the bamboo plantations on the mountains, preference is given to the stems which are about to put out branches and leaves. Early in the month of June the canes are cut into pieces from five to seven feet long, and placed in a pit which is supplied with water. After soaking for several weeks, the canes are beaten with mallets, in order to remove the thick bark and green skin. The remaining filaments, resembling a fine sort of hemp, are treated with lime and water raised to a certain temperature.

After lying in this bath about a week, the filaments are removed, washed with cold water, passed through a ley made of wood ashes, and then placed in a boiler. This process is repeated until the material begins to grow putrid, when it is transferred to a mortar and pounded into pulp by means of water-power; after which the mass is treated to bleaching powder. The pulp thus prepared is made by hand into sheets of various thicknesses by means of a silk tissue within a light frame, on to which the workman places the required quantity of pulp. When the water has run off from the corners of the frame, he turns the sheet over on to a large table, when it is pressed. Each sheet is afterward raised and dried separately in a kiln made for that purpose.

Writing paper is made from the finest part of the bamboo material. Another kind is made by mixing rice-straw with the bamboo fiber. A very strong paper used for window-blinds and other articles, which in this country are generally constructed of woven substances, is made by mixing sixty per cent. of the bark obtained from a tree called *tehou* with forty per cent. of bamboo material. Another variety of strong paper is obtained from the bark of the mulberry tree, and is used in the breeding and culture of silkworms. The same material, made from thinner pulp, is employed in the manufacture of umbrellas, fans, and firescreens. Bark paper which is to be painted is first passed through a solution of alum-water, to destroy the fine filaments which are commonly found on the upper side of the sheet as it lies in the silk tissue frame—the lower side in contact with the tissue being much more smooth. For many uses, when only one color is required, the material is added to the pulp.

## THE REVIEWER.

HOMES AND HOSPITALS: or, Two Phases of Woman's Work, as exhibited in the labors of Amy Dutton and Agnes E. Jones. In one volume, crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.50. Hurd and Houghton, New York: The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

"Woman's Work," we hear of on all sides, and we doubt not many are tired of the sound of the words. Here is a book on the subject, however, that will be read with unflagging interest by all. It is a simple story of how two women worked among the poor and forlorn, and it exhibits two ways in which they made themselves useful. One, Miss Dutton, went day by day from her own home to minister to the distressed in their wretched homes. She still kept her place in the circle of friends to which she belonged. The other, Miss Jones, gave up home, and all the attrac-

tions of the society of those she loved. She put herself under a systematic course of training at the celebrated institution at Kaiserswerth, and then went into hospitals and work-houses in Liverpool and London. Her life is one of the most remarkable of its kind. Her devotion was intense, and her accomplished results wonderful. The remarks of Miss Nightingale in the introduction are only a just tribute of one hard worker to the memory of another. For sale in Brattleboro by Cheney & Clapp. HOW AND WHY; OR SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

This is a valuable book, translated from the French of G. De Felice, a book for the times. The style is powerful and convincing, and yet pleasing. It is a series of dissertations, answering the questions, What is the bible? Why has it been given to us? Have you the bible? etc., to which is added thoughts on the importance of its study; the spirit in which it should be read; method in reading it, etc.—a book of great value. Price \$1.25; sent free.

The December number of "OLD AND NEW," which has been delayed by the destruction of Messrs. Rand, Avery & Co.'s establishment by fire, just as the number was about to appear, ends the Sixth Volume, but does not end the two serials now running in it. These are, Mr. Hale's realist story of "Ups and Downs;" and Mrs. Greenough's idealist romance of "Pythonia." Both of them are fully maintaining the interest of their singularly different narratives. There are three editorials in the number: the Introduction, which makes some sensible suggestions about the business duties of the new Administration; the Examiner Introduction, which advocates what may be called a missionary theory of literary criticism; and the Introduction to the Record of Progress, which sums up the doings of the recent Unitarian Conference in Boston. Besides the critical and record departments, which are full and most active, there are in this number, a sonnet to George MacDonald, the Novelist, and some very sweet verses "To I. A.," a curious paper recommending the taxation of church real estate, which, we fancy, will be rather unpopular; and another curious paper with a Swedenborgian version of the beginning of Genesis, showing what Mr. Swedenborg supposed the "internal meaning" of the bible to be; a queer little satirical sketch translated from Hacklaender, the German story-writer; a lively story called "A Day's Journey;" and other good articles.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for December has the following table of contents, which will speak for itself: The Fight of a Man with a Railroad, by John A. Coleman; Common Ornaments, by Charles Akers; Forest Pictures, by Paul H. Hayne; A Comedy of Terrors, (Part XII.) by James DeMille; An Inspired Lobbyist, by J. W. DeForest; Before the Wedding, by Marian Douglass; Jesus's Mission of Onondaga in 1531, by Francis Parkman; Meeting of Jefferson and Hamilton, by James Patton; The Poet at the Breakfast Table, (Part XII.) by Oliver Wendell Holmes; Shaker John, by Mrs. E. B. Raffensperger; Recent Literature, Art, Music, Science, Politics. For 1873 we are promised serials by Wm. D. Howells, J. W. DeForest, Hjalmar I. Boyesen and Wm. M. Baker. Robert Dale Owen will contribute Chapters of Autobiography; Francis Parkman will give us articles on French-American History; N. S. Shaler contributes Studies of American Populations, and as occasional contributors the best writers of the day.

The December number of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY comes to us greatly enlarged, and is really a superb Magazine, full of entertaining literature and profusely illustrated. The December number has a full-page portrait of Pauline Lucca, a large display of fashions, and numerous other valuable features—altogether a model magazine. The publishers are offering a pair of companion chromos, Falls of Niagara and Yosemite Falls, worth of themselves \$10, to each \$3 yearly subscriber. This is one of the marvels of liberality in the publishing line. Address W. Jennings Demorest, 338 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S opens with an illustrated article on Marco Polo and His Book, which will prove interesting to book lovers. For other illustrated articles it gives The Dome of the Continent; Malta; The Library of Congress, and The Old Romans at Home. Miss Thackeray contributes several chapters of Old Kensington; Charles Reade continues his serial, and Wilkie Collins goes on with his New Magdalen. The editor's "Records" are full of interest, and the Drawer overflowing with good things.



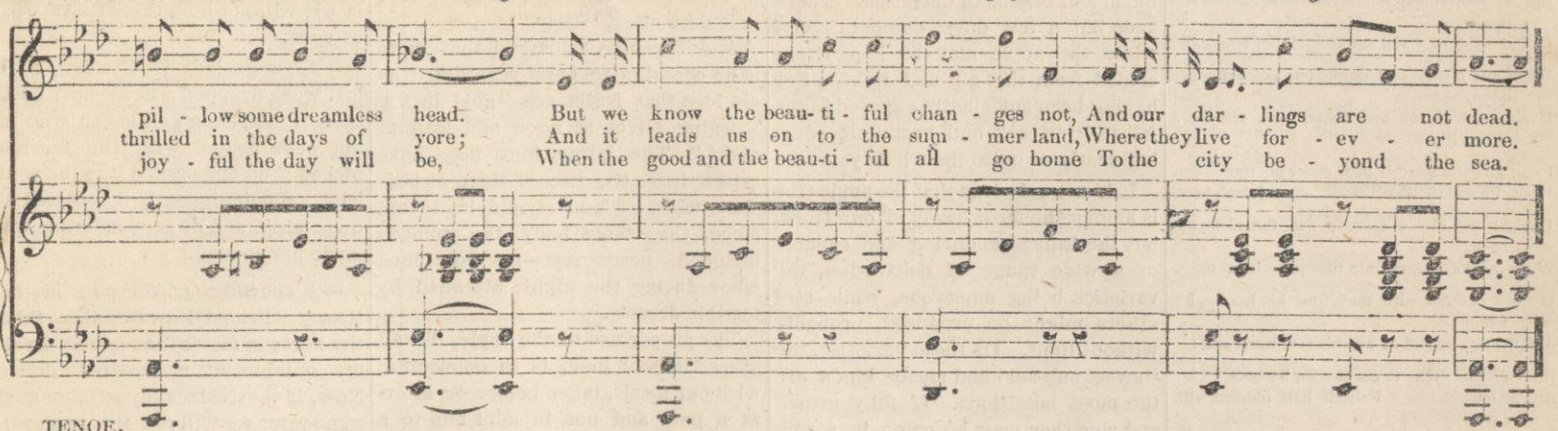
Words by ANNIE HERBERT.

## BY THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

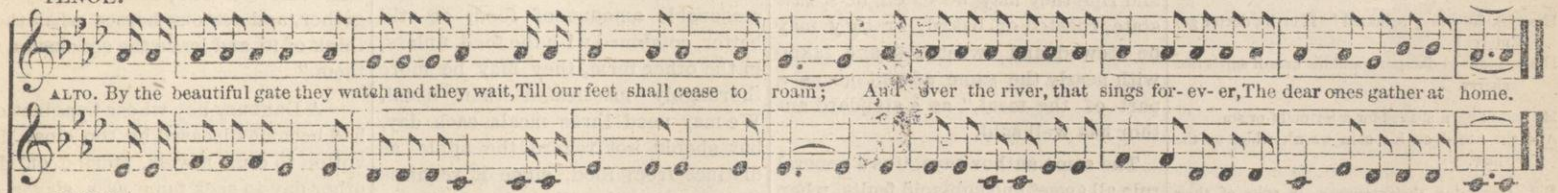
Music by EDWARD CLARK.



1. We speak, oft we speak of the loved and lost, Who have gone to the land a - bove, And the mists of the riv - er of  
 2. The voice of their mel - o - dy wan - ders free, Thro' the wail of our bro - ken song; And the gleam of their bright, snow - y  
 3. We think when the work of the day is done, Of the meet - ing of by and by, And we number our treasures there



TENOR.



SOPRANO.







## THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

FROM PUNCH.

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through  
The house  
Every soul was abed, and still as a mouse:

Those stockings so late in St. Nicholas' care  
Were empty of all that was eatable there.

The darlins had duly been tucked in their beds  
With very full stomachs, and pines in their heads.

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,  
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap.

When out in the nursery there rose such a clatter  
I sprang from my sleep, crying, "What is the  
matter?"

I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze—  
Tore open the curtains, and threw off the clothes:  
While the light of the taper served clearly to show  
The piteous plight of those objects below:

For what to the fond father's eyes should appear  
But the little pale face of each sick little dear!

For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick  
I knew in a moment now felt like old Nick.

Their pulses were rapid, their breathing the same;  
What their stomachs ejected I'd mention by name.

Now turkey, now stuffing, plum-pudding, of course,  
And custards, and crullers, and cranberry sauce:

Before outraged nature all went to the wall,  
Y's, lo! y'pops, flapdoodle, dinner and all.

Like pellets which urchins from popguns let fly  
Went figs, nuts, and raisins, jam, jelly and pie:

Till each error of diet was brought to my view,  
To the shame of mamma and of Santa Claus, too.

I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped  
back,

And brought out a vial marked "Pulv. Ipecac."

When my Nancy exclaimed, for my sufferings  
shocked her,

Don't you think you had better, love, run for a  
doctor?"

I ran; and was scarcely back under my roof  
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoop.

I might say that I scarcely had turned myself  
round.

When the doctor came into the room with a bound.  
He was covered with mud from his head to his  
feet,

And the suit he had on was his very worst suit:

He hardly had time to put that on his back,  
And he looked like a Falstaff half-fuddled with  
sack;

His eyes how they twinkled! Had the doctor got  
merry?

His lips looked like port, and his breath smelt like  
sherry.

He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,  
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the  
snow.

But, inspecting their tongues, in spite of their  
teeth,

And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,  
He felt of each pulse, saying "Each little belly  
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of  
that jelly."

I gazed on each chubby plump sick little elf,  
And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself;

But a wink of his eye, when he physicked our  
Fred,

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He didn't prescribe; but went straightway to work,  
And dosed all the rest—gave his trowsers a jerk—

And, adding directions while blowing his nose,  
He buttoned his coat, from his chair he arose,

Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalap a whistle,  
And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle:

But the doctor exclaimed ere he drove out of sight,  
"They'll be well by to-morrow: good-night,  
Jones, good-night."

## APPLES AS FOOD.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

DURING the present season in which this truly valuable fruit seems so abundant, in almost if not quite all parts of our extended country, it is appropriate, not only to be thankful to the Giver of all gifts, but to know how they may be made valuable in the family. They are unquestionably the most valuable of all our fruits, not only on account of their comparative nutrient properties and wholesomeness, but because they may be kept during most of the year, even in their natural state, and by drying, etc., for any reasonable time. It should be remembered in this connection that whatever is done to any article of food to preserve it, by drying, salting, sweetening, etc., just to that extent renders it more difficult of digestion—nature indicating the best possible condition of all foods; still it is often desirable to preserve, not only meats, fish, etc., but fruits.

In the use of fruits, however, in the winter more especially, important principles are often ignored, among the most important of which, perhaps, is the fact that most of our fruits, the juicy and acid, particularly, are intended to purify the blood in the early part of the season, the spring, etc., to cool and stimulate the organs of digestion, at a time when such acids are especially needful. It would seem improper and unnecessary, therefore, to use such fruits as the acid currant, the juicy peach, and pear and similar summer fruits, in the winter, when we need no cooling, and less action on the blood and organs of digestion. These keep but a few days, comparatively, while the apple may be kept if excluded from the air and light, after having been sufficiently exposed in the fall to "sweat" and evaporate—during nearly or quite the whole year.

It is not only true that the apple tree is among the most hardy of our trees, but the fruit is enduring and capable of a wide range of cultivation, the varieties being numerous, while still others might be produced, probably without limit. Of these varieties, the "sweet sub-acid and mealy kinds are the most nutritious. If fully grown and ripe they may be eaten in a raw state, roasted or baked, or they may be stewed and sweetened and taken with nearly the same advantage as a part of the meal," as a standard author has well said.

The same author says, "as a general rule all sweet and sub-acid fruits, when full grown and ripe, are most wholesome, if eaten without any preparation or seasoning. If, however, they are too sour, a little sugar may be added. Apples, pears and peaches always agree with healthy stomachs, and the worst dyspeptics may soon acquire the habit of eating them, not only with apparent impunity, but with absolute advantage by partaking of a little at first and gradually increasing the quantity. Baked apples stand at the head of the class of cooked fruits.

While the apple may not be classed among the staple articles of food, it must be regarded as a very important appendage or condiment. It is ranked, however, by Liebig, the greatest chem-

est of the world, as about equal to the potato in nourishment, on neither of which alone would the laborer be able long to thrive, since water constitutes the greatest part of their substance. The best part of the apple, as well as of other fruits exposed to the light, while ripening, is just beneath the peel, the part far too often sacrificed by the wasteful and ignorant, by removing an unnecessarily thick paring. This fact renders a good paring machine really a valuable article. On this point Dr. Nichols, the chemist, says "Nature always puts the most valuable articles of nourishment, in the fruits, within the reach of the sunlight." Or, perhaps the truth may be as scientifically stated by saying that those elements of nourishment in the fruits, cereals, etc., are made the most valuable by the modifying influence of the rays of the sun.

The use of the apple in cooking, now quite extensive, may with much propriety and advantage, be made still more extended, affording a relish indeed, to most of our ordinary dishes. Why need this valuable fruit be confined to the apple pie, the apple-custard, the dumpling, (the origin of many, many frightful dreams,) apple puddings, sweet apples, and milk (dear to our childhood's memory) etc., while here are still so many other dishes in which they may be and with equal advantage? Why need the "hasty-pudding" the oat-meal pudding and many other similar dishes be overlooked in his particular? Does an antiquated cook say (holding up both hands in horror) why they never do so? Well, let each cook do as she pleases, with no regard to the decrees of that rather indefinite class, "they."

And it may be remarked that there is no occasion to have regard to the old idea that fruits are "gold in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night." The latter idea may have arisen from the use of them at bedtime, when no food should be taken, since, the whole body, the stomach included, needs rest—not continued labor during the night, attended by terrible dreams.

The proper use of the apple, like all other kinds of food, is in connection with our meals, taken before or after as a part and not in addition to a reasonable amount of food, or still better, combined with the food, unless, in the other form, they may be more thoroughly masticated than usual. We may need three meals each day, but should not regard the apple as distinct from food, since it requires time for digestion like other food.

## A NICE OMELET.

Beat two eggs, yolks and whites together, in a bowl until very light. In a cup put one teaspoonful of corn starch; add slowly a half teaspoonful of milk (new milk is best); when well stirred and smooth, pour this over the eggs, and beat them all well together for a few minutes; a little chopped parsley can be added if wished. Cook as other omelets. In making any kind of omelet salt and pepper should not be added until sent to table; and to have them perfectly light and tender, the ingredients must be well and quickly beaten with the fork.

## THE DESSERT.

—A dry goods merchant says it is just as impossible to get along without advertising as it is for a cross-eyed man to borrow a gun.

—The difference between a country and city greenhorn is, that one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

—A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair turned gray exclaimed with great earnestness, "Oh, no! I'll dye first!"

—Never set yourself up for a musician just because you have got a drum in your ear; nor believe you are cut out for a school-teacher merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

—"My child," said Uncle Sambo to his beloved son, "don't you nebbber do any work afore breakfast. Ef it am necessary to work afore breakfast, you jes' hab your breakfast fust."

—In an article on a recent fair in that city, the editor of a Macon, Ga., paper says a brother editor took a valuable premium, but an unkind policeman made him put it right back where he took it from.

—Josh Billings says: "There is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom—they don't cackle much until after they have laid their egg. Some folks are always a bragging and a cackling what they are going to do beforehand."

—An editor announces that he will take corn in pay for his paper, and that he will take it in the ear if he can't get it otherwise. Either this editor publishes a very cheap paper, or he has very large ears. An ordinary ear will not hold three cents' worth of corn.

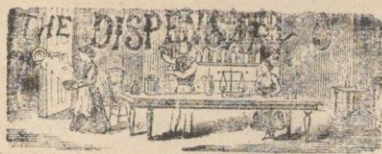
—A young lady in Camden, N. Y., last week dropped a newspaper on the bridge. A young gentleman who had not kept posted with the fashions, picked it up and offered it to the young lady. She indignantly repudiated the ownership, and he is wondering what made her so mad.

—A sporting Quaker puts his bets thus: "Friend Edward, thee thinks thy horse is faster than mine. I value my opinion at a hundred dollars. Now, if thee values thy opinion at the same rate, we will put the money together, and ask our horses what they think of it, and leave the conclusion to them."

—A Danbury boy whose imagination had become diseased by too close devotion to dime novels, started off the other day to seek fame as a slayer of bears and Indians. He took all his toys, including a hand sled and a snare drum, bade his little brothers and sisters an affectionate farewell, and was gone nearly two hours.

—A worthy deacon in a neighboring town learned that his son was going to a ball against his wishes, and thought he could persuade him to stay at home that evening by mixing a strong dose of jalap in his tea. The young man's sister saw the operation, and "knowing how it was herself," slyly changed the cups of the father and son. The deacon thinks their village druggist can't be depended upon, and wonders what is the matter with his own digestive organs.





## THE SICK ROOM.

BY AUNT LIZZIE.

I WAS sitting quite at my leisure one afternoon a few weeks ago when my two nieces Blanche and Helen came in, their usually bright faces so grave and sober that I felt instinctively that something was wrong.

"What is the matter, girls?" were my first words.

"Oh! aunt Lizzie, mother is sick, and the doctor says she has a low nervous fever that will keep her in bed for three or four weeks, most likely, at the best, and perhaps longer, and that we must try and be very good nurses for she will need it."

"And you know, aunty," interrupted Helen, "that we don't know any more about taking care of sick folks than two cats; now you need not laugh for I do believe our old Malta would take better care of a sick kitten than we can of our own dear mother, if you don't teach us, and that is what we are here for. Father told us to come over and tell about mother, and ask you to give us some lessons while he sat with her, for he said you was the best nurse anywhere around, so here we are."

"Indeed, girls," I replied, "I think your own womanly instincts and your love for your mother will be your best teachers, but perhaps I can give you some hints and general rules that will help you. In the first place, in any sickness, keep the house as quiet as you can, and especially do this when the disease is nervous; and never mind if she does get cross and fretty, for it is a part of the disease, the doctor says; indeed, Dr. Grey once told me, when I was taking care of Mrs. Marsh, that if he had a patient with nervous fever that did not get cross and fidget, as he called it, he should think for sure they would not live; so be sure and not get discouraged, whatever comes. You see the whole nervous system is all unstrung, and the least thing, real or imagined, sets them all awry, you see you must hunt up two or three extra stocks of patience and good nature, and try and not lose any of them. Whatever disturbs or worries you, leave it all in the kitchen; never take anything but cheerfulness into the sick room. Tell her all the little bits of news, and all the pleasant things, how well you are getting along, how good the children are, how kind the neighbors, etc.; but supposing you do burn up a pie, or spoil a batch of bread, as would not be surprising; supposing Willie is naughty and has to be punished, just leave it all in the kitchen unless she asks you, then tell the truth always."

"But the body needs care even more than the mind, aunty," said Blanche. "can't you tell us about that too?"

"You must know girls that that depends a great deal on circumstances, but there are some things that always want doing, and to begin at the beginning, as soon as you can in the morning carry her a glass of cold water, arrange

the windows so as to air the room, and carry out the lamp and dirty dishes used through the night, she will then be ready to wait till breakfast is through in the kitchen; as soon as the family breakfast is over, then wait on the invalid, don't stop to play or stand and talk; nay, you need not look so indignant, even you, Blanche, though you are the head of the house for the time being, are not much over fifteen, and I think not past playing over your work sometimes."

"I know that, aunty, but it will be so different now; seems to me I feel two years older than I did yesterday, and I am sure I shall never want to play when I can do anything for mother."

"Well, we will skip the play, then. The next thing is to see that the fire is all right, and the coffee where it will keep hot, then get some fresh cool water and take in for her bath. If she is able to sit up in an easy chair or in the bed, she will most likely prefer washing herself, if not take a napkin or a soft cloth and bathe her face and hands, then straighten up the bed a little and see what she wants to eat, then get it quickly, for after an invalid has once made up their mind what they are to have they don't like to wait long, and be careful not to carry a great quantity, but have it look neat and inviting. Many a sick person has had what little appetite they had vanish at the sight of a heaped or mussed plate; and when you take it in try to arrange so that she can eat comfortably. Next attend to such work as needs you immediately, but as soon as you can make the room neat and tidy as quietly and with as little dust as possible, then carefully comb and brush her hair. Aside from a bath there is no one thing that freshens and rests an invalid so much as having the hair well dressed, and it should always be done once or twice a day, besides nothing adds more to their looks, and young nurses should try their best to make their patient look neat and attractive. When she is nicely settled in bed again, ready to rest, you can be spared to attend household duties, but be careful to leave a glass of fresh water where she can reach it, and a little bell for her to ring if she wants anything. Dinner, tea, and all the little services between you will find out for yourselves. After tea get her up for a little rest if she is able, and make the bed once more, taking more pains than in the morning, and it requires skill and care to make a bed well."

"Blanche can do that; mother says she is the best bed maker among us."

"Then there will be no trouble about it. That is about all the general rules I can think of, except to have everything ready and at hand that may be wanted through the night, for the rest you must be guided by the wants as they come. Will that do?"

"Yes, I should think so," said Blanche, taking pencil and note-book from her pocket, "let me see how well I can remember. First, to keep the house quiet; second, as soon as she is awake a glass of cold water, air the room, and take out the night things; third, fresh water for bathing, then breakfast; fourth, clean the room, make the bed, brush her hair, etc.; fifth, dinner; sixth, tea; seventh, make the bed extra nice, and prepare things

for the night, all to be interspersed with little chats, bits of pleasant news, bathing, hair-brushing, etc. Is that right, aunt Lizzie?"

"Yes, and remember they are all every day duties, and I think your writing them down a good idea until you get used to the care of a sick room. I shall be over whenever I can to help you a little, and see how you are getting along."

"Oh! I think we shall do nicely, and we thank you much," said Helen, "I really begin to think I shall make a better nurse than old Malta, after all."

Their mother is now able to be around the house, and is never tired of praising their good nursing and house-keeping. She says they kept the house so quiet, and were so careful to have the children in bed by nine and everything still, and then they kept her and her room so nice that she felt proud every time any one came in; and they say that my rules, as they call them, were such a help that they want me to write them out and send them to THE HOUSEHOLD, for perhaps they may help some other young girls who have sick mothers and don't know how to take care of them; so I have written our conversation as near as I can remember it, and if it helps to lighten one sick room I shall be glad.

## DANDRUFF.

MR. EDITOR:—What gentleman has not suffered from the inconvenience of dandruff? Besides the itching which often arises, it is extremely disagreeable to have the collar of a nice black coat spoiled by the white scales which are falling more or less all the time. Authorities on this subject seem to disagree: one high medical journal recommends bathing in a wash composed of one ounce of flour of sulphur to one quart of water, the clear liquid to be poured off.

But I am told by a dermatologist that sulphur is not good for the scalp, but on the contrary is dangerous at some seasons of the year, as one is liable to catch cold; he also tells me that it is not good to use a fine comb to remove the dandruff, but that a shampoo wash is the most effectual remedy. And now I see in another paper that shampooing liquids contain an alkali which takes out the dandruff but leaves the hair dry by removing the natural oily secretions of the skin. As it is not well to try every remedy recommended in the papers it would be well if you or some one of your correspondents, who from experience or knowledge is fitted to judge, would give us his opinion, on the subject.

A SUFFERER.

## AN ERECT POSTURE.

A writer on health very justly condemns the habit of lounging, in which large numbers of persons indulge, as injurious to health. He says: "An erect bodily attitude is of vast importance to health than is generally imagined. Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether in the sitting, standing or lying posture, whether sleeping or waking."

To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach, or to one side, with the heels elevated to a level with the

head, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health. It cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motions of the chest, and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and, in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system.

Many children become slightly hump-backed, or severely round-shouldered, by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow; when any person finds it easier to sit, or stand, or sleep in a crooked position than a straight one, such a person may be sure his muscular system is badly deranged, and the more careful he is to preserve a straight or an upright position, and get back to nature again, the better."

## MILK FOR DYSPEPTICS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A subscriber, wishes to know if milk is good for dyspeptic people. It agrees with some, others cannot eat it at all. I knew a lady who could keep nothing but brandy and milk, on her stomach for weeks at a time; she is now quite well.

The best rule for dyspeptic people is, to eat whatever they find agrees with them best. Experience, will teach any one. The food should be eaten slowly, well masticated and if possible without drinking much, if anything, during the meal; unless there is much thirst, do not drink for two or three hours, if there is, take one cup of warm drink after eating. Do not eat when much fatigued, nor exercise violently after a hearty meal. Avoid hearty, and late suppers. As a general rule dyspeptics should not eat pickles, cheese, fresh pork, veal, or rich pastry. Eat nourishing food that agrees with you, at regular intervals, and no more than just to satisfy hunger. Exercise in the open air, keep the mind cheerful, and the bowels regular.

DIDO.

## GOOD ADVICE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Let me caution all mothers never, never, NEVER to put anything into a child's ear. If afflicted with the earache, roast an onion and place it upon the ear or make a common flaxseed poultice. It is also good to syringe the ear with warm water.

A gentleman once asked a distinguished physician of Boston what he should use to get the wax out of his ears, and received the following answer: "Sir, you may, with impunity put your elbow into your ear whenever you choose—and can get it there, but never use anything else as there is danger of injuring the drum."

PROVIDENCE.

—The Herald of Health says that sleeping after dinner is a bad practice, and that ten minutes before dinner is worth more than an hour after. It rests and refreshes and prepares the system for vigorous digestion. If sleep be taken after dinner it should be in the sitting posture, as the horizontal position is unfavorable to healthful digestion. Let those who need rest and sleep during the day take it before dinner instead of after, and they will soon find that they will feel better, and that the digestion will be improved thereby.





### SISSY'S RIDE IN THE MOON.

What if I climbed the mountain tall,  
And could see the moon close by?  
My papa says it is not so small  
As it looks, 'way off in the sky.

Maybe it comes so near, up there,  
That it touches the mountain side;  
And what if it has a door somewhere?  
Then I could get in and ride.

Away I'd go, 'way up in the sky  
To the house of the angels, where  
All the dear little babies that die  
With the white, white angels are.

And then I would coax our Baby May  
Into the moon with me,  
And we'd sail away, and sail away,  
As happy as we could be.

We would reach our hands out either side,  
And gather the stars close by;  
And, after awhile, the moon would slide,  
To the other edge of the sky.

Soon as it reached the mountain there,  
We would both get out of the moon,  
And call papa, who would know just where  
To come, and find us soon.

And then he would see little Baby May,  
And would take her upon his arm.  
And hold my hand, and we'd walk away  
Down the hills to papa's farm.

Then mamma would see us coming, I know,  
And run to the gate and say,  
"Why, little Sissy! where did you go?"  
And then she would see little May,—

And then she would laugh,—O, it makes me cry.  
To think how glad she would be!  
She would say, "Who has been 'way up in the sky  
To get my baby for me?"

"It was little Sissy," papa would say,  
"She went in the moon to-night  
And found little May, and coaxed her away  
From the angels all so white."

Then mamma would kiss me, and call me good,  
And we'd all go in at the door,  
And have some supper; and May never would  
Go up in the sky any more.

—Our Young Folks.

### EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

#### Number One.

WILL parents read and ponder?  
I shall lay before them important  
thoughts touching their relations  
and duties to their children.

And first, contemplate parental responsibility. Who can measure it? Parents are the God-commissioned guardians, rulers and guides of their children. They have been selected from the race and ordained to this special work. Implanted in them is an instinctive, peculiar love for their offspring, which was designed to ensure fidelity. United by the ties of consanguinity, they are the nearest in place, and the nearest in affection. In this fearful position parents have in charge the beginning and shaping of a boundless, eternal destiny. As teachers and rulers they hold a sceptre more royal than that of kings, and occupy a throne nearest of any human power, to the throne of God. Parents are, therefore, ordained as special ministers, to keep safely, to educate wisely, to bless continually their tender children.

Mark the filial spirit which the child cherishes for the fond and faithful mother. What more pure and elevating, except the ardent love of the

true child of God for his Infinite Benefactor and Saviour? With what simple and unflinching faith does he lean upon the natural arm, and trust in maternal fidelity. Every tone of the mother's voice thrills the heart of childhood, and every expression of her countenance awakens joy or sorrow, hope or fear. Here we have a glimpse of the unmeasured power of home training over the destiny of the child, which is a measure of parental responsibility.

And for what are parents training their children? They enjoy their society now as the sunbeams that cheer their homes, treasures that wealth could not purchase. They hope to have them as companions in riper years, and as support and comfort in declining life. But this will depend largely upon their early training. They will honor or dishonor the name they have inherited; will be a source of comfort and joy, or "bring the grey hairs of their parents in sorrow to their graves," according as they have been disciplined during the periods of childhood and youth.

Parents are training their children also for society; for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. And what kind of citizenship shall it be? "The child is the father of the man," and his development for good or evil, under parental control, will determine his future character. The neglect or mismanagement of parents, results in the misdeeds of children.

The ill-tempered and disobedient boy, unsubdued at home, will be disorderly at school, and unmannerly, contentious, vulgar and profane in the street, and is thus trained to enter directly upon a course of dissipation and crime that will lead to ruin. And unrestrained girlhood will be likely to grow up self-willed, petulant, vain, frivolous and self-idolizing; and society made up of such citizens will become a mingled scene of struggling and crushing antagonisms. Let it be remembered that the thirty thousand human beings now confined within prison walls, in our country, were once innocent babes in maternal arms. What a fearful responsibility, then, rests upon the heads of families in America, since the destiny of the nation depends upon their fidelity!

The family is a school, the children the pupils, and the parents the divinely ordained teachers. Education begins at the dawn of existence, and terminates only with life. Helpless infancy is entrusted to paternal love and care. Its puny body must have nourishment and clothing. With what provident care has the Creator provided for their special wants, and with what earnest solicitude does the true mother watch over her tender charge and minister to its necessities and comfort. Anxious days and sleepless nights bear testimony to her fidelity. Under her fostering care the physical form is developed, and ere long intelligence dawns, and smiles begin to play upon the countenance, as if the child had learned to recognize with gratitude the love and patient toil of its benefactor. During this time its very life was in peril, dependent upon its mother, the guardian angel of the home.

Here opens another germ in life's drama. With intelligence comes the

activity and accountability of the child, and a new responsibility upon the parents. Its tiny limbs must be taught to walk, and its silent tongue to prattle. The mind, like the clean, white canvas, begins now to receive impressions from the external world, through the senses, and to judge of right and wrong of childish actions. Here is need of double diligence lest harm befall inexperienced childhood. It is not the danger of being harmed by fire, or water, or poison, through ignorance of their uses or abuses, but by the corrupting influences of a wicked world.

And how can parents feel less solicitude for the moral safety of their children who have come to years of discretion, and are compelled to walk amid so many pitfalls of ruin, than for their physical safety while exposed to the common accidents of life? They have now to provide for the formation of character; the mind must be expanded, matured and furnished; the conscience cultivated; and the whole being developed into true manhood or womanhood. This is the end to be reached, and by a process which is expressed by the word education.

This vast work is entrusted chiefly to parents. For its accomplishment they are held responsible, and that responsibility they cannot evade. At no period of the child's minority should his education be entrusted entirely to others.

#### EXPERIENCE.

#### PINS IN PUSSY'S TOES.

Little Fred is now in the third summer of his mortal life. Of course, he doesn't remember much that happened in the first or the second one, as his is a pretty short memory. So that Fred's observations on matters and things this summer have all the freshness of a first experience.

This summer Fred's golden curls have been sheared; beautiful, enchanted blossoms of infancy, they have fallen into a box which mamma keeps privately to remind her of her vanishing baby. Then Fred has moved into the country, and his round blue eyes are growing rounder and bigger every hour with new and wonderful experiences.

Most striking among them and most puzzling to Fred is Pussy. Not a big cat, but a kitty, of those tender years corresponding to Fred's own. What a wonder she is, seen now for the first time, serenely walking on all fours! A Maltese kit, of pure blood and glossy mouse color, with a little white breast-pin in her bosom! Evidently Pussy belongs to the celebrated White Star Line.

Eagerly Freddy seizes her; he hugs her very tight, and Pussy squirms in vain; he examines the wonder; he pokes his fat fingers into Pussy's bright eyes; he opens her mouth and looks at her little pink tongue. He tends her a little while with her head up, and then, for variety's sake, he tends her with her heels up and her head hanging down. Then it occurs to him that Pussy's tale is a nice handle to carry her by, and he tries that experiment. At last Pussy's patience gives out, and out from her pretty velvet paws fly the ten little, sharp, pearly, points that have been given her for her defense, and Fred feels a new sensation. He

throws Pussy on the floor, and runs screaming to mamma. "O, mamma, mamma, Pussy has got pins in her toes."

Then mamma explains to Freddy why the pins were put in Pussy's velvet toes. "Poor, soft, furry, helpless little Pussy! what could she do if she had not pins in her toes? Does Freddy like to have people poke their fingers in his eyes, or open his mouth and feel of his tongue? No more does Pussy. Would Freddy like to be carried round squeezed up under somebody's arm, with his head hanging down? No more does Pussy. But Pussy cannot speak. She cannot complain—all she can do is to use the pins in her toes."

"When Freddy holds Pussy right-end up, strokes her gently, and speaks lovingly to her, the little sharp pins in her paws go away—clear in, where nobody can see them, and Pussy begins to sing a low, little purring song, to show how happy she is! So, Freddy dear," says mamma, "there is a right way and a wrong way to handle everything. If you hold Pussy gently, stroke her softly, and treat her kindly, you will never be troubled by the ten little pins in her ten toes; but if you trouble, and worry, and tease pussy, she will scratch."

Little Fred's lesson is a lesson also to us older ones. These helpless little dumb ones, who form a part of our family, have some rights that we are bound to see maintained.

We have wondered to see a helpless kitten or puppy given up to be tortured in a nursery, without even an attempt to explain to the children the pain they are inflicting, and the duties they owe to the helpless. Thus, what might form the most beautiful trait in the child's character is changed to a deformity. Instead of learning from the kitten a generous consideration for weakness and helplessness, the little one receives in the nursery the lesson of brutal tyranny.

No parent ought to allow a child the possession of any living creature with whose welfare they do not charge themselves. Children are not naturally cruel; they are only ignorant and inconsiderate. They have no conception of the pain they often inflict, even by their loving caresses. A boy, too, has in him a sort of wild, uncultured love of domination and sense of power, which are no sins, but may be made the foundations of great virtue, if he be early taught that his strength and power of control are given him for the protection of weakness, and not the oppression of it. A boy can use the same faculties in defending and helping poor animals that he can in oppressing them; and the pets of the nursery are valuable for teaching that very lesson.

"O, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but tyrannous  
To use it like a giant."

—Christian Register.

#### NATURAL HISTORY GAME.

Any number of persons, old and young, can join in this amusement, and it cannot be "played out" quite so easily as some.

Some one, who is ready, begins the game with a question something like the following:



"What has two wings, two legs, a backbone, and a tail?"

This is easy enough for the youngest, and is quickly answered, "A bird."

Then another who is ready, asks, perhaps, "What has no arms, no legs, but a head, a tail, and a backbone?"

Answered, "A fish or a snake."

Another asks, "A backbone, a head, a tail, four legs, and a trunk?"

Answered, "An elephant."

"A backbone, a head, two legs, and many trunks?"

Answered, after much guessing, "A lady."

"What has a back, two arms, a tail, (sometimes two,) no legs, and no head?" "A coat."

"What lives and gets along with no head, no legs, no wings, no arms, and no backbone?" "A worm."

"What has two horns and nothing else?" "A dilemma."

"Two claws, eight legs, no head, but a tail?" "A lobster."

"Two wings, many legs, and a very great variable number of arms?" "An army."

"Four legs, one foot, a head, and no tail?" "A bed."

"Six legs, two wings, and no backbone?" "A fly."

And thus the game continues, gaining the interest of all, and making any amount of fun. We append a few questions for our readers to answer, and we hope that some will not only send us the answers to these, but also many more questions for us to print next time.

1. What has two wings sometimes, and sometimes one, sometimes none, and no backbone?

2. No wings, and no head, but four legs?

3. What is that which runs along with its head at one end of it, and its mouth at the other?

4. A back and no bone, a face and no head, two hands and no arms, and not even one leg?

5. What has a brow and a foot, but no head or limbs?

6. What has a tongue but no head, a toe and a heel but no legs?

7. What has arms but no hands, legs but no feet, a back but no head?

8. What has no eyes?

9. What has three feet but no legs, no head, no claws, but many nails?

10. What has a head but no feet, though will go if driven?

#### ANECDOTES OF PARTRIDGES.

This pretty wild hen of our New England woods is distinguished for her devotion to her eggs and chickens. It is said that if discovered while sitting on her nest, she will suffer herself to be captured with the eggs rather than forsake them.

After the eggs are hatched the mother partridge has greater trouble in keeping her little ones safe. The carrion crow sometimes tries to seize one for his dinner. One day a person walking through a field saw two partridges fighting with a crow. The battle was so furious that none of the birds noticed the man till he had time to come up and seize the crow, and so let the partridges gain the day. When he looked among the long grass, near where the battle had been fought, he saw the young partridges hidden there.

Sometimes the enemy of the par-

tridge is so strong that they cannot fight with him, and then they try many curious plans to draw him away from their nest. A gentleman one day saw a partridge come out of a ditch and run along, shivering with her wings as if she were wounded. While he was watching her, a boy who was following him saw the little partridges, which were too young to fly, running for shelter into an old fox-hole, while the mother pretended to be wounded, and ran slowly before the gentleman, to lead him away from where the young ones were hid.

A farmer discovered a partridge sitting upon its eggs in a grass field. The bird allowed him to pass his hand down its back without moving or showing any kind of fear; but if he attempted to touch the eggs the poor bird immediately pecked at his hand.

A gentleman was one day riding over his farm while the ploughmen were ploughing the fields. He saw a partridge slip gently off her nest, so near the foot of one of his plough horses that he thought the eggs must be crushed. This, however, was not the case. The nest had escaped for that time, but it was plain that the next time the plough passed, it would bury nest and eggs in the furrow. The gentleman had the curiosity to come back to see what would happen, and when he returned with the plough, the nest was there, but both birds and eggs were gone. In about twenty minutes, the time which had been taken for the round of ploughing, the parent birds had removed twenty-one eggs from the nest to the hedge, a distance of forty yards.

#### LITTLE MARY'S THOUGHT.

Little Mary had just come from the window, with evident pleasure, and sat down on her little stool at papa's feet.

"It was just at sunset; and a most glorious sunset it was. The western sky was mantled with clouds of the most gorgeous hues, upon which the little girl gazed with thoughtful pleasure."

"Papa," she said at length, "do you know what I think when I see those pretty clouds?"

"No, what do you think of them, Mary?"

"I always think they are God's vails. Doesn't He have beautiful vails, papa to hide Him from us?"

"True enough, little one," thought I; "The clouds which veil Him from our sight now are beautiful. There is a rainbow on them if we will see it; they shine with mercy and truth."

Was not that a pretty thought of little Mary's? and does it not remind you of the times when the vails shall be parted, and He shall come with clouds, and every eye shall see Him!

#### A NEW GAME—BLOWING COTTON.

"Blowing Cotton" is a sitting-room game of the jolliest sort. Let as many as may, be seated around the table, with hands folded and arms extended along the edge of the table, each person touching elbows with his neighbor on each side of him. Take a small piece of common cotton batting, picked up so as to be made as light and airy

as possible. Put this in the center of the table. Let some one count "one, two, three," and then let each one blow best to keep the cotton away from himself, and drive it upon some one else. No one must take up his arm to escape the cotton. When it alights, take it up and start anew. It will be a very sober set indeed, who can play two or three rounds, without indulging in the healthiest sort of uproarious laughter.

#### 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. Sarah Rachel Eudora Emma Marcia Ella Welch. 2. Noah Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. 3. Tar-tar. 4. Morning-glory. 5. Spectacles. 6. Torpidity. 7. Worshipful. 8. Rix dollar. 9. Jeopardize.

10. A U K S 11. E G R E T  
U N I T G L O Z E  
K I T E R O B I N  
S T E P E Z I A S  
T E N S E

12. D rum 13. A mbrosia L  
U nicorn L iterat I  
K napsack A dver B  
E lmira B uckey E  
A pricot A lte R  
L upine M udwor T  
E arl A crimon Y  
X yster  
I vory  
S ulphur

14. Oleander. 15. Oxalis. 16. Larkspur. 17. Dandelion. 18. Tulips. 19. Passion flower. 20. Edisto. 21. Genesee. 22. Saco. 23. Winano. 24. Negro. 25. Douro. 26. Oakham. 27. New Braintree. 28. Hardwick. 29. Barre. 30. Hubbardston. 31. Northfield. 32. Brookfield.

#### ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of twenty-three letters.

My 3, 5, 6 is a mechanic's tool.

My 1, 2, 11 is a farming tool.

My 7, 2, 12, 10 is a kind of meat.

My 9, 2, 7, 4 is part of a ship's rigging.

My 5, 7, 11 is a species of monkey.

My 14, 17, 4 is the name of a prominent general.

My 13, 23, 19, 5, 21, 11 was the most learned lawyer in America.

My 3, 22, 15, 16, 4 is what we all should keep out of.

My 18, 15, 20, 22, 8 was the food of the Israelites in the wilderness.

My whole is the name and residence of a member of the present Congress.  
W. P. T.

#### BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of thirty-two letters.

My 20, 4, 13, 17 was a wicked king.

My 32, 18, 8, 17 was a place remarkable for beauty and fertility.

My 30, 16, 21, 20, 2 a province of Assyria.

My 27, 4, 9, 10 was an officer in the army of Israel.

My 19, 31, 17, 11, 3, 9 was a vessel used in the temple service.

My 7, 16, 22, 14, 10, 5 was king of Geshur.

My 3, 21, 10 was high priest and judge of Israel.

My 15, 18, 27, 4 was the name of a district of country inhabited by the Horites.

My 26, 10, 28, 24, 9, 23, 31 a very valuable tree, which grew luxuriantly upon Mt. Lebanon.

My 25, 8, 1, 30 was ancestor of the Hittites.

My 12, 23, 18, 5, 28 one of the most valuable and majestic trees of eastern forests.

My 6, 29, 16, 12, 29, 15 one of the prescribed ingredients of the sacred incense.

My whole may be found in the book of John.

#### ANAGRAM.

3. I voel het snreid woh halgu hiwt em,

Newh usapeelr skedc ym wrob;  
Tub redrea lilst atth enfdir stum eb,

How wespe tiwh em mi tampsyhy.  
O. A. Y.

#### CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

4. My first is in hand, but not in foot; My second is not in plant, but in root; My third is in fire, but not in water; My fourth in son, but not in daughter; My fifth is in great, and not in small; My sixth is in one day, tho' not in all; My seventh is in color, but not in light; My eighth in the moon's rays, tho' not in the night;

My ninth is in always, but not in ever; My tenth is in witty, but not in clever; Now go where you will, this world up and down,  
My whole you will find in every town.

#### TRANSPOSITIONS.

5. Food—a name. 6. An animal—a weed. 7. A portion—a snare. 8. A bar—a deceiver. 9. A look—a useful article. 10. Apparel—a game.

#### WORD PUZZLE.

11. Assembled; a nickname; part of the body; to color; a tool; to communicate; a city. My whole an accommodation.  
NELL.

#### HIDDEN CITIES.

12 To reach Mecca, I rode all night.  
13. Last summer I dabbled in the ocean.

14. You would better take a nap lest you become sleepy.

15. He goes to see her only on Sunday.

16. He is the laziest farmer I ever saw.

17. We nearly met with an accident yesterday.  
JOHN.

#### CHARADES.

18. Beware, my second, winding slow Its sinuous length apart,  
When my first like a warning bell,  
Unnerves the listener's heart.  
Of my whole, beware, as you pass along,  
That beautiful thing with the venomous tongue.

18. A soldier lay on the battle-field,  
And his life was ebbing away,  
And his trembling lips but named my first,

Ere they changed to senseless clay.  
In a hospital near, the wounded boys,  
Were playing my second one day,—  
And a smile lit up each haggard face,  
As the slight stakes were won away.  
On my whole the fate of an empire fell,  
On the stakes that were won that day,

And the awful strife waged wide and long,  
Till an empire passed away.

MARY B. E.





## THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

How pleasant it seems to live on a farm  
Where Nature's so gaudily dressed,  
And sit 'neath the shade of the old locust tree  
As the sun is sinking to rest;  
But not half so pleasant to hoe in the field  
Where the switch-grass is six inches high,  
With the hot scorching sun pouring down on your  
back—  
Seems each moment as though you would die!

'Tis pleasant to sit in the cool porch door,  
While you smoke half reclined at your ease,  
Looking out o'er your beautiful field of grass  
That sways to and fro in the breeze:  
But not quite so pleasant to start with your scythe  
Ere the morning sun smiles o'er the land,  
And work till your clothes are completely wet  
through,  
And blisters shall cover your hand.

In keeping a dairy there's surely delight;  
And 't speaks of contentment and plenty  
To see a large stable well filled with choice cows,  
Say numbering from fifteen to twenty:  
And yet it seems hard, when you've worked from  
the dawn  
Till the sun disappears from your sight,  
To think of the cows you have got to milk  
Before you retire for the night.

But the task fairly over, you cheer up once more,  
And joyfully seek your repose,  
To dream of the cream pots with luxury filled  
And milk pans in numberless rows;  
But the sweet dream is broken, when early next  
day  
You're politely requested to churn,  
And for three weary hours, with strength ebbing  
fast,  
The victim despondingly turns!

But in raising young pigs there is truly a charm  
When they sell at the present high price;  
And of all the young stock which a farmer can  
raise,  
There's nothing that looks half so nice;  
How cheerful one feels as he leaves them at night,  
The encouraging number of eleven!  
But his joy slightly wanes when he goes out next  
day,  
And of live ones can count only seven!

'Tis pleasant to sit by a warm winter fire  
When night draws her curtain around,  
With both wife and children to make home com-  
plete,  
And peace and contentment abound;  
But ecstasy fades when you shoulder your ax  
And trudge off a mile through the snow,  
While the cutting west wind drives the snow in  
your face  
So you scarcely can see where to go.

But no one disputes that the farmer is blessed  
With true independence and labor,—  
Whose food don't depend on the whims of man-  
kind.

Like those of his mercantile neighbor:  
For God, in his mercy, looks down from above  
And paternally gives him his bread,  
Provided—he works eighteen hours every day,  
And devotes only six to his bed!

—New England Farmer.

## RAG CARPETS.

## Number Two.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

SOME little time had passed by and I saw nothing of my friend, Mrs. Young, who was in the habit of dropping in quite often to have a chat with me. But one morning, just as I had thrown aside my pen, and seated myself in a capacious arm-chair for a little refreshment in reading the more brilliant thoughts of others, I heard a light step upon the veranda, and a voice pleading to be let in.

"Certainly!" I called out. "For it is only privileged steps which ventures upon my especial veranda. Enter the

window, truant, and give some account of yourself. What have you been doing this long time?"

"Why, busy making a carpet, of course. Have you already forgotten our last conversation, and my firm resolution to go back to the days of our ancestors, and at once possess myself of a veritable rag-carpet?"

"Well done! You don't mean to say that you have been cutting and piecing carpet rags, dying and weaving them all at one time? Why, it takes away my breath to even think of such energy."

"I should think it might, Josie. You have been jumping at a conclusion of which I am not at all capable."

"Nor any one else, either, I guess. Kate. For come to think it would require fairy fingers, or a fairy wand to convert old sheets, well-worn cloth-  
nts, and other things of the kind, into a carpet in such short order. But what have you been about? Do tell me?"

"In the first place, after leaving here, I remembered that aunt Eunice, when visiting me a year or two ago, spent much of her time in tearing up into strips, and piecing, all the suitable cotton and woolen rags she could get her hands to. I was going to have them collected and sent off to the paper rag man, but as she begged for them, and it seemed an amusement to her, I let the dear old soul do as she pleased. I thought at the time it was utterly useless work, and 'laughed in my sleeves,' as children say, when she told me they would certainly come in use some day for a rag carpet. 'The very idea of my making a rag carpet,' I thought then. But, sure enough, auntie's words were prophetic, for on reaching home I gladly mounted the garret stairs and rumaged over some old trunks in search of the fruits of her industry."

"And what success did you have, Kate?"

"I found ever so many neatly wound balls of cotton and woolen clothes ready to be dyed. A wise one, however, told me there were not quite as many pounds as I should need for the sized carpet I intend to make, so I have been ever so busy stripping up and piecing more. Fred laughs at me, and says if he does not hold fast on to the pants he has in daily use, and hide his best Sunday-go-to-meeting pair, the first thing he knows they will be missing. He also declares that they are all I have left him. Now I am ready to dye."

"What? Ready to die because you have been teased?"

"Oh, Josie! how literal you are!" And Kate gave a merry, rippling laugh. "One must be so precise with you authors for fear of criticism."

"Slanderer! take back your words at once, or admit that you were very abrupt. Immediately after speaking of your husband's laughing at you, and telling you that you were appropriating all his worldly goods, you said 'now I am ready to die.'"

"Nonsense! I do not intend to commit suicide just yet. I'll wait until my carpet is finished at all events, so tell me, please, more about dying that? You have given me no recipe for purple or black, and I would like a more common indigo blue."

"Well, Kate, here is one for purple on woolen: For four pounds of cloth, take one and one-half pounds of cudbear. Boil the cudbear in sufficient soft water to cover your cloth, for half an hour, then strain until you have removed all the sediment, and bring it again to a boiling heat, then soak your cloth in strong saleratus water, and put it into the dye and let it remain until you have the desired shade of royal purple. I have two recipes for black, as they vary somewhat, and I do not know which is the best I will give you both.

For one pound of goods, take one ounce of logwood extract and about one tablespoonful of copperas; dissolve the copperas in about one and a half gallons of soft water, boiling hot; stir it up and put in the goods, and let it simmer for fifteen or twenty minutes, then wring out and rinse in a good hot suds. Dissolve your logwood in about the same quantity of clean boiling water; put in your goods, stirring it often to prevent spotting; let them boil slowly for half an hour, or until they are as black as you desire; take out and hang up until dry. Then wash in good suds, and rinse in clear water.

My other recipe for black is for woolen or cotton. Take four ounces of extract of logwood or two pounds of chips, two ounces of blue vitrol. Dissolve the extract of logwood and the blue vitrol in boiling water sufficient to cover your cloth, then wet your cloth in warm water and put it in the dye. In dyeing cotton add two ounces of sugar of lead and two ounces of copperas."

"Thank you, Josie. These recipes for black may be valuable to me for many things beside carpet rags."

"That is true; and while I think of it let me advise you never to wring out ribbon nor breadths of silk, for all the ironing in the world will not prevent their looking creased. If, however, you simply lay them in your dye and when ready to take out hold them up to drain off as much as possible, then shake them out-doors until the water is nearly all snapped out, and afterwards press them on the wrong side and they will look most as good as new. Since we are upon the subject of dyes, Kate, would you like to know how to color gloves?"

"Yes, indeed! for it may be of service for soiled white kid gloves. It often seems a pity to throw them aside as utterly useless."

"Here, then, is a recipe to color kid gloves: Put a handful of logwood in a bowl, cover with alcohol, and let it soak until it looks strong—one day, perhaps. Put one glove on the hand, dip a small woolen cloth or sponge into the liquid and wet the glove all over, rub it dry and hard until it shines, and it will be a nice purple. Repeat the process and it will be black."

"But, Josie, all this dying will give black paws without the need of kid covering."

"Yes, that is one of its greatest drawbacks, but rubbing the hands with ripe tomatoes or lemon juice, is excellent for removing stains from the hands, and may help to take away dyes. As you have your recipe book with you, would you like directions for cleaning cloth, and setting dyes in calico?"

"Certainly! You know it is said,

'the more one has, the more one wants.'"

"Then I'll enrich you since it can be done so easily. To clean black cloth, dissolve one ounce of bicarbonate of ammonia in one quart of warm water. With the liquid rub the cloth, using a piece of flannel or black cloth for the purpose. After the application of this solution, clean the cloth well with clear water, dry, and iron it, brushing the cloth from time to time in the direction of the fibre.

To set your dyes in calicoes, pour boiling hot water on beef's gall when in a dry state, and soak the calico or muslin in the water for a few hours. I have also let them lie in the water through the night, and then took them out and dried them, afterwards washing thoroughly as usual. I had a friend who disliked the smell of the gall, and used instead the buckeye. Take the root, wash and boil to a tea, and, after straining, soak the calico in the tea. Either of the above will prevent black or purple calico from running. Add a small piece of copperas to the buckeye tea; it is not necessary to add the copperas to the gall."

"Thanks to you, Josie, I feel rich in valuable recipes. I hope I shall succeed with them. Then, won't I surprise aunt Eunice with my new rag carpet?"

In due course of time the carpet rags were beautifully dyed in various rich colors, and a poor woman found who was glad to do the weaving to add a little to her support.

When made up Mrs. Young came to me with a radiant face begging me to come and admire our united handiwork. Aunt Eunice had also been sent for, and together we enjoyed a cosy cup of tea, our feet resting upon the handsomest rag carpet I had ever seen. Kate's husband admitted that the old pants had done good service, and aunt Eunice with a bland smile and gentle voice added, "I told you, Kate that my despised balls of rags would some day come in good use."

## A CHAT UPON BUTTER.

"May I come down cellar and see you skim cream?" asked Mrs. Seeall, my opposite neighbor. It was not my custom to receive my friends in the cellar, and I hesitated a moment before I could cordially invite her to descend into the lower regions. She stood at the top of the stairs looking down upon me as I sat at a snowy white table skimming the thick, golden cream off from five or six pans of rich, Alderney milk, and as soon as I said "O, yes, come down if you like, but there is no chair to offer you," she ran down and seated herself upon the lower step of the stairs.

"There!" said she, "I came over this morning purposely to see you skim your milk-pans, and learn the secret of your making the best butter in the county. On these hot scalding mornings—mercury at eighty—my butter comes as soft as lard, and not much better flavored. Mr. Seeall declares that you have a peculiar knack in making 'glit-edged' butter, and so I have determined to steal it."

I was not delighted to receive a call when I was going to make butter, but luckily we do not live in the Palace of



Truth, and need not always speak it, so I quietly said, "I will call Katie to bring you a chair, not being able to stand up myself when at work; and as soon as these pans are skimmed I shall begin to churn, or rather Charley will do the work, and I superintend it."

"No, no! don't bring a chair," she exclaimed; "I'll look around and see how you manage affairs."

So she peeped into the milk pans, standing upon the racks; lifted the cover of my cream jar and smelled its contents, and then said:

"Well, that cream doesn't smell old or musty, but has a real nice nutty flavor. How many days has it stood?"

"This is the sixth day," I answered. "I keep mine six days, and it always smells horribly," said she.

"Indeed!" replied I; "that will of course make the butter both smell and taste badly. If the cream is over thirty-six hours, it is too old for anything but the swill pail. I skim milk morning, noon and night, taking off the cream when the milk has just clabbered, and then it possesses a really delicious flavor. If, by any chance, a pan has been overlooked and stood too long, throw its contents to the pigs. Then I always put a tablespoonful of salt into the first skimmings that go into the cream jar, and take care not to drop the cream around the sides or edges of the jar, inside or out, and thus it is kept perfectly clean and sweet."

"What makes your cellar so sweet and dry? I do not perceive any damp, mouldy odor here; not a fly is to be seen; and the air is so pleasantly cool, that, were it mine, I would bring a rocking-chair and use it for my sitting-room," said Mrs. Seeall.

"Yes, it is pleasant," I replied. "In early spring its walls and ceiling were thoroughly swept down, and then covered with lime wash made yellow with copperas. This is one of the very best disinfectants, and keeps the rats and mice at a distance. Then once or twice a week, the shelves, table and stairs are scoured down with soap and sand, and rubbed dry as possible."

By doing so, everything is kept sweet and clean, and there can be no bad odor. The soap, pork, cider and vinegar barrels are in another part of the cellar. I would not have my milk pans set near them; and the kerosene can is set far away. No one can make well-flavored, 'gilt-edged' butter, if the milk stands near such disagreeable neighbors. I often think that a great deal of bad butter is chargeable to the grocer rather than to the dairywoman; for it may leave her hands as sweet as nuts, and contract all sorts of disagreeable odors while awaiting a purchaser."

"Indeed," exclaimed she; "I never thought of that. The kerosene barrel stands right alongside of my milk shelves, and Mr. Seeall has declared several times that the butter tasted like coal oil."

"Few persons are aware of the peculiarity of milk and cream to take to themselves all extraneous odors. It is on account of this property that sour milk will take all the piny taste out of butter firkins, and deodorize casks and firkins that are not sweet," replied I.

By this time the churn had been

scalded out, and then cooled with ice water, the cream turned in, and Charley was rapidly revolving the dasher. Mrs. Seeall watched all the operations with careful eyes, and while I pounded the salt, she examined some bundles of dried sweet clover which laid upon the upper shelf of the rack, and were also scattered among the pans.

"Now, Mrs. Cary!" she exclaimed, "what are these herbs? I first thought it was some kind of mint, but it smells like new mown hay, and that is what your butter tastes like."

"They are bundles of the blossoming sweet clover, which keeps its perfume all the year, and is always so delicious to me that I perfume my linen chest with it, and also my handkerchief drawer, and am often asked what perfume I use that is so pleasant. This season I thought I might keep my cellar more fragrant, so I gathered large bundles of it, and partly dried them in a warm upper room, then scattered them about here, and I have been quite satisfied with the result."

The welcome sound of the splash of the buttermilk now fell upon my ear, and I hastened to scrape down the inside of the churn, and let the butter collect. Churning in the cool temperature of the cellar had brought it of a good texture, and by rapidly reversing the crank, the buttermilk was pressed out and drawn off. A few minutes sufficed to work it all out; then several dipperfuls of cold water washed out, with a few more revolutions of the dasher, all that remained. The salt, a tablespoonful to a quart of cream, was next added, and worked in well by my favorite Blanchard. Charley's work was now finished, and he could run and play, while I was ready to take out the butter, after washing my hands thoroughly with Indian meal, hard soap and hot water, then dipping them into cold water to prevent the butter from adhering to them.

"And so that's the way you make butter!" cried Mrs. Seeall. "Well, I'm glad I came. I'll go home and do likewise. I always have to churn myself, while my boys play in the street. Now Ben will have to work as your Charley does, or he won't have a mite of butter on his bread."

I begged Mrs. Seeall to take one of my swan-stamped butter cakes for her husband's dinner, and also to step into the garden and gather a large bundle of sweet clover from the tall bushes growing by the gate. She thanked me heartily, and returned home satisfied with her morning's work. And I—well, I must confess that I rejoiced that I had been of a little service to her, even if it had not added to my own comfort, for it never does make me feel pleasant to work under the surveillance of others. I do like to have my kitchen and my cellar to myself. Don't you, friends?—*The Cultivator*.

#### LETTER TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Here I am in the great city of Chicago, and that to a Chicagoan is enough of this world's blessings.

Haven't seen your familiar columns since I reached here and I'm getting homesick for a sight of your trim little face. I am, really. It isn't said by way

of compliment, but as a real fact, for some how I've got to looking for you with uncommon interest. I don't think I can tell which part I like the best. I like the stories, the letters—and how I do rattle off the recipes from your much respected columns. Dear me! my landlady shades her eyes sometimes to look at me. She really begins to think I am quite clever "for a school ma'am," but when she asks for the source of all my wisdom concerning these wonderful puddings, pies, removing mildew from linen, ornaments, etc., etc., I mysteriously point to *THE HOUSEHOLD*. Her eyes turn benevolently toward it and I am forgotten in her joy that she's a subscriber. (She's a sensible woman, as you see.)

But bless me! that nonsense up there isn't what I began to write about. I had a very vague plan of telling you a little about Chicago and if you'll promise to read, I'll go on with my writing.

Chicago is a big city. Chicago is a great city. Chicago is the city of the West. You don't believe it? well, if you were here you would have to believe it, for it's treason to express sentiments to the contrary while in town. Everybody here thinks Chicago is "Queen of the West" and on just the tallest throne you can think of beside. I don't mind confessing, with my pen, (I've tried it with my tongue—it doesn't pay—I lose caste,) that I'm a bit disappointed in it. Yes, I know the fire was a severe blow for the city, but it is recovering fast. Magnificent buildings of brick or marble are going up rapidly and the "burnt district" is but little more than a conglomeration of mortar, brick, stone, iron and workmen. The work is progressing incredibly fast. It is difficult to realize that where these magnificent buildings now stand, but one short year ago, was a mass of lurid flame, a woful scene of sorrow, dismay and disaster. The streets are very wide as are the sidewalks, and one misses the enterprising crowding hurry and bustle so characteristic of our narrow streeted Eastern cities. The churches are magnificent. Indeed Chicago is a city of churches—but with due deference to her magisterial self, I must tell you confidentially, that there's a big missionary field outside. The missionaries are missing, however.

Speaking of churches reminds me of what I started to say. If it isn't too late, I'll continue.

I have noticed one feature which our eastern ladies will do well to imitate. I have visited nearly all the prominent churches and have had a good opportunity to note the wisdom or folly of the rich and the poor. I've driven about the city, the parks, cemeteries, the highways and byways, and feel quite competent now to express the conviction that the Chicago people, (aside from their little hereditary weakness of boasting of the city and its appointments,) are much more sensible than our eastern people.

What I have noticed in particular is the dress. In church I was astonished to see some of Chicago's wealthiest, walk in, with a suit of unpretending drab, black or brown. Very nice material perhaps, but nothing showy or affectingly attractive. I miss the ruffles, the braidings, flutings and useless

gew-gaws I have seen piled upon the wriggling bodies of our eastern fashion plates. I miss the curls, crimps, puffs, braids, switches, ribbons, velvets, and the thousand nameless nothings so much in vogue. The churches here don't have a holiday look. One doesn't get comfortably seated and then find herself looking round for the boss milliner. They have a quiet restful look. One doesn't get to looking intently at the minister, and then have a great flaunting plume dazzle the vision. One doesn't get to thinking about the text, and making wholesome applications, when, whew! down settles a cloud of scarlet ribbon, and pounds of flashing jet. Yes, I know you'll say I ought to be too much occupied with better thoughts but dear me! one can't always help it. It will disturb a little, and you know it.

There certainly is not as much exaggeration in dress here as in trim little Boston and her sister cities, and even little ambitious country places. Even on the street the difference is plainly apparent. I miss the trailing dresses of costly silks, velvets and tibets bedraggled with mud and street filth. If a person intends to walk they put on a suit comfortably short. If they ride they can afford longer ones, so dress accordingly. Isn't that sensible? Little children aren't dressed with one third of the body uncomfortably warm and the remainder uncomfortably cold. There aren't as many puny, sickly children. They have a ruddy, happy look, as do the maidens and youths, I should never suppose them to be luxuriating on city air, to look at their rounded faces and firm muscles.

Somehow Chicago doesn't seem to have that peculiarly stifled up feeling one sees in a city. It isn't close. I don't know how to express it better than to say as we say of a comfortably large house—it seems roomy. To look at the brown faces one wouldn't suppose they could be city folks.

The general healthful appearance may be largely owing to the foreign element, in which Chicago abounds, for one finds almost every nation here, and as you know there is no race that cripples itself so fast as the American. We are told that the foreign nations are all that will help us up the ladder of health, and I'm inclined to believe it fully.

The German children are as rosy and merry as the Irish are rollicking and happy. Honest German faces look at you from every corner and it rests one to look at them, but horrors! the lager beer they swallow in a week I don't dare begin to measure, lest you doubt my veracity. That is one point I never have to reason and dispute upon. Chicago does manage to get away with the greatest amount of wine, cigars, tobacco, whiskey and lager beer! My! it takes my breath away to read the signs, without trying the taste. But as natural as it is for a true Chicagoan to boast, I have never heard them declare their superiority in this direction as yet. They are proud of their city and justly so, but though I held my peace with becoming grace through a long series of descriptions of this and that possession of the Queen City, I did take occasion the other evening to remind a gentleman that the same moon lighted New England. He acknowl-



edged the reason, and afterward maintained a dignified silence concerning "the wonderful moonlight nights we have in Chicago."

The fire is really proving a blessing to Chicago, for the old frame buildings are replaced with magnificent structures, and every one appreciates their blessing better for the trial. But this is more than I intended to write, and it's rambling too! Never mind, I promise better things next time.

C. D. NICKERSON.

#### DR. HANAFORD ON THE TOMATO QUESTION.

In reference to the tomato and its effects on the health, the writer must beg leave to be a little explicit, and also to utter his own sentiments freely and candidly, promising that these sentiments have been of long standing and not the result of a sudden impulse, emanating from a recent excitement on this subject, as may be seen by referring to the file of THE HOUSEHOLD.

I cannot believe that there is any valid reason, any conclusive facts, or any philosophy to justify the modern idea that cancers result from the use of the tomato, or are in any manner unfavorably affected by them. The use of the "love apple" as food, is of recent origin, though in our youth the plant was cultivated for an ornament, while the cancer is almost as old as sin. The sensualists in the days of the Patriarchs must have been familiar with them, or with a similar disease—"the sore blotch that cannot be healed." Indeed, such eruptive diseases result from many causes, from whatever tends to vitiate the system, and corrupt the blood, which is "the life."

Were I to select a prominent cause, one overshadowing all others, in the production of this fearfully vile and corrupt disease, I should be compelled to refer to the use of that most filthy and contaminating of all flesh, that of the swine, absolutely forbidden to God's chosen people, the Jews, and on physiological principles, as we may reasonably infer, for our Father, kind and merciful knows no malice, indulges in no arbitrary restraints.

But of the use of the tomato. Is it designed as a regular food, or for medicinal purposes, a food-medicine? If for food, the same good Father would naturally regard the general rule of palatableness, granting food not only "pleasant to the eyes" but "good for food," like that of the garden of Eden. The apple, pear, peach, the smaller fruits, etc., are universally "pleasant to the taste;" no one is compelled to learn to use them. The first taste is agreeable. But not so with the tomato. Like that vilest of all weeds, tobacco, it is almost universally necessary to learn to like them, to do penance for a time, afterwards becoming very fond of them, as in the use of tobacco.

"Do they remove the coatings of the stomach?" In common with several other fruits, and under some circumstances, it is more than probable that such is the case. The hulls, seeds, rind, etc., of these fruits may all mechanically injure the sensitive coats, the mucus membrane, first producing irritation, inflammation, succeeded by suppuration, and then a removal.

This is especially true if these fruits are unripe, (all ripe fruits are wholesome when properly used,) when they contain acids and acrid juices, always unfavorable in the stomach, always tending to produce "nettle rash" and similar eruptions on the surface in sympathy with the inner. The fact that the seeds of the tomato are peculiarly angular and sharp, the juices especially acrid, particularly when unripe, the skin and coating very irritating, it cannot be but that all of them must excoriate the coats of the stomach and bowels more than most fruits.

That these may serve a good purpose when the liver is torpid, the stomach and bowels inactive, rousing them to more temerarious action, is probable and thus serve as food-medicine, while their regular use may not be advisable, since the results are known to be undue activity, griping pains, and sometimes dysentery. If these are known to be the natural result of the use of tomato, our theories must yield to facts, however fond we may be of them, and the writer is among the number of those who used them from principle, once, and became very fond of them, but has now discontinued their use from principle.

What we shall eat and drink is a matter of vital importance, as every physiologist must feel, our health depending very much on the quality of our food as well as our drink. The caution to take "no thought," (not to be over-anxious) manifestly referred to undue anxiety in reference to worldly affairs instead of the interests of the spiritual being. The directions given by Moses, directed by God, to the Jews, (Levit. ii chap.) the example of Daniel and his associates, (Dan. i chap.) the denunciations against excesses in both eating and drinking, especially those found in Luke 12: 19, First Peter 4: 3, Luke 21: 34, Rom. 13: 13, 14, etc., fully prove that we are to have some regard to the use of these blessings, using them as intellectual beings should, with care and thankfulness, as a means of promoting health, instead of for mere sensual indulgence.

#### BREAKFAST DISHES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the November number "Gussie" asks for recipes for plain, quick, breakfast dishes. I am glad to see the request and hope the answers to it may be many and various, and that many, myself included, may be benefited besides the inquirer.

I will contribute a few recipes which I have in constant use; they will be found plain enough to suit the most economical. I will commence with johnnycake. Several recipes have from time to time appeared in THE HOUSEHOLD under this name, but I have never noticed one that bore any resemblance to the genuine Rhode Island article, and it is one of the staple articles of food in this state, so of course we, if any one, ought to know how to make it. I presume the majority of Rhode Island farmers would consider no meal complete without the presence of johnnycake. The cakes vary much in thickness, as made by different housekeepers, but they are all made by substantially the same recipe,

and they are always fried on a griddle, never baked in the oven, as nearly all the recipes I have seen give directions for doing. Scald four large heaping spoonfuls of sifted Indian meal by pouring over it a cup of hot water, stir well then add one large spoonful of flour and a little salt. Reduce it to a thin batter with milk, if you have it, if not cold water will answer nearly as well. Fry on a hot, well-greased griddle. The batter should be thin enough to form in bubbles as it is dropped by the spoonful on the the griddle.

I sometimes, for variety's sake, make bannocks. These are made in the same way except that another spoonful of flour is used and the batter is made quite thick. Drop by the spoonful into a basin of hot fat and fry brown.

Here is a recipe for baked corn cake, which is a favorite of mine: A pint of meal, with a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda sifted with the meal, a tablespoonful of sugar and a pint of milk. An egg improves it but it is nice without. Bake in the oven in a shallow pan.

One of these three kinds of cakes is usually found on my table every breakfast, it, with the meat, fish or eggs, forms the substantial part of the meal. For a finish, a sort of second course, if it may be so called, I have several dishes which take their turns on successive mornings.

Boiled oat meal is a favorite, and it is very easily prepared. Put three or four tablespoonfuls of oat meal into a saucepan, add a little salt, pour on boiling water until the saucepan is about two-thirds full, stir it well and set it on the stove. It should be stirred quite frequently until it begins to thicken, after which, if set where it will boil slowly without danger of burning, it will not need much attention. It will cook in about twenty minutes. Eat with syrup and cream. Maple syrup is best, but a very good substitute may be made by dissolving clean brown sugar in a little water over the fire.

Wheaten groats may be used sometimes instead of oat meal and is prepared and served in the same manner, except that it should be soaked over night previous to cooking.

I sometimes make gems and they are delicious, but to be successful they must be baked in a very hot oven. This it is impossible to have when the fire is first kindled. It is also necessary that the pans should be hot before the gems are put in, so I shut my pans into the oven to heat at their leisure, soon after the fire is started. Then just before the "substantial" part of my breakfast is ready to dish I stir the gems, which are simply a cup of milk and a heaping cup of flour mixed together, then take the gem pans from the oven, grease them slightly, (they should be hot enough to hiss as the grease touches them,) and drop the batter in, a large spoonful to a pan. Put them in the oven and by the time they are wanted on the table they will be ready, beautiful, round, brown cakes, light and tender. They may be made partly of graham flour.

And now I think I have given recipes enough for once. Perhaps so many will come with nicer things than mine that these will be rejected. S. E. D. Newport, R. I.

#### SCIENTIFIC COFFEE MAKING.

Prof. Liebig, the German chemist, says good coffee should be rich in two principles, extract and aroma. When boiled a long time coffee is rich in extract but deficient in aroma; and when boiled only a short time it is rich in aroma but deficient in extract. In order to obtain both of these properties, Prof. Liebig directs us to take two-thirds of the ground coffee needed for the meal, put it into water and boil it briskly a considerable time, and when the meal is nearly ready, take the coffee from the fire and add the remaining third of ground coffee; stir it well, let it stand a few minutes and serve.

The above directions will not avail much if the coffee is not properly roasted. Roast often, and in small quantities at a time. According to M. Schadler, only half the quantity of finely ground coffee is needed, in order to produce the same strength of beverage obtained by the ordinary coarse ground article. If, after Oriental fashion, the ground coffee is crushed fine in a mortar, only two-fifths of the coarse is needed. Infusion, boiling, filtering through a bag, all have the same result as regards strength, except that by filtering the aroma of the coffee is better preserved.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

**SNOW CAKE.**—Two cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one egg, half a cup of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, half a nutmeg, and bake in a three pint tin dish. It is cheap and good.

**SWEET PICKLES.**—Seven pounds of ripe cucumbers pared, quartered and scraped; then wash them and boil in weak vinegar until you can pierce them easily, take out and drain, and pack in a jar. Have ready one quart of good vinegar, three pounds of sugar, and one-half ounce each of whole cloves and stick cinnamon, boiled together. Pour this over the cucumbers, and when pickled through they are just the thing for tea with nice bread and butter.

**GINGER SNAPS.**—To one cup of boiled molasses add two spoonfuls of butter, one spoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda; stir the flour in while hot, and roll out like cookies, or any other shape you like, and bake.

**APPLE DUMPLINGS.**—Pare, quarter and core some tart apples and half fill a three pint dish, and nearly cover them with water. Make a crust of one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cup of milk, roll out and cover the apples, place it on top of the stove and put another dish the same size over it, and let it steam and cook half an hour. For sauce take two large spoonfuls of butter mixed with one spoonful of flour, add one pint of boiling water, stir quickly and let it boil, add two-thirds cup of sugar, half a nutmeg, a little salt, and let it boil. Try it and you will make more. H. E. B.

**MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:**—I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD three years and like it very much. I have received much valuable instruction from its columns, and should hardly know how to do without it. I have many times thought I would like to write a few words for it, but there are so many able contributors to its pages that I have kept "in the shade." In the last number, however, E. D. asks for a recipe for omelet, and a cure for the poison of ivy; and as I thought perhaps I could give the information, I concluded to write.

**EGG OMELET.**—To six eggs add six tablespoonfuls of new milk; beat them together about two minutes; then butter a large frying pan and heat it, but not hot enough to burn the butter; pour in the mixture, and as soon as it "sets" around the edges fold it



over with a broad knife. It will cook in about two minutes, and is very nice.

**CURE FOR IVY POISON.**—Make an ointment of about equal parts of lard and flower of sulphur. Thoroughly anoint the parts affected, and a cure will be the result in a short time.  
AUNT NORA.

**MR. CROWELL.**—I am a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD, and hope I always shall be, for I think it is a very excellent paper. I have some very nice recipes for making cake which I will send, hoping they will be acceptable.

**CITRON TUMBLER CAKE.**—Three tumblers of white sugar, one tumbler of butter, one tumbler of sweet milk, five tumblers of flour, one tumbler of citron, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon extract.

**CORNSTARCH CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of corn starch, two cups of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon or vanilla.

**FRENCH CURRANT CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two cups of flour, one cup of currants, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, and a little nutmeg. Bake in one pan.

**ARLINGTON CAKE.**—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, six eggs, five cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon or nutmeg.

**COOKIES.**—I will send S. L. D. my recipe for making cookies: Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of caraway seeds, and flour to roll out.  
M. H.  
Saxonville, Mass.

**MR. CROWELL.**—I am, as my husband says, "enthusiastic in my admiration of THE HOUSEHOLD." Each of its several departments have interest for me, and although I have established a rule to commence on the first page and read every article as it comes, I am of such a domestic turn that before promanaging the "Veranda," or sitting cozily down in the "Library" or "Parlor," I cannot withstand the temptation of just peeping in at the "Kitchen" door to see what is going on in my favorite room, and I have to say that, regardless of my rule, I generally peep so long that I know pretty well what is being served up there before I come to it in the regular "bill of fare." I am not a gourmandizer, as one might infer, but as one must eat to live, (and, alas! how many seem to live to eat,) it is desirable to know the best method of preparing food in such a manner as shall be most wholesome and agreeable. And as I love to read the experiences of others, it occurred to me that it would seem a little selfish not to be as willing to give as to receive, and if I was sure that I could say something that would be welcome to your columns, I would like sometime to give you my ideas of good housekeeping, but at present I will only send a few recipes, which to me are almost invaluable, and I shall be glad if some others, upon trial, will pronounce them excellent.

**BOILED BROWN BREAD.**—Mrs. P. C. C. asks for a recipe to make boiled brown bread, and I think this will please her, only I would advise her to steam it rather than boil, as she would be more sure of having it light: One pint of sifted Indian meal, one pint of either rye, graham or fine flour, one pint of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, and one good teaspoonful of soda. Steam two hours and bake in a moderate oven one-half hour.

**TO CURE BEEF.**—To cure beef so as have it tender, sweet and juicy, strew a little salt on the bottom of the barrel, then fill up with the beef, and pour over it until it is covered a brine made of five pounds of salt, four ounces of saltpetre, and one quart of molasses, (to every one hundred pounds of beef,) all thoroughly dissolved in cold water. If desired to keep for a long time, it may be necessary to either sear over or make a new brine, and perhaps add a little more salt, but as it is it will keep all winter, and one can at any time have a nice beef steak by cutting slices from some of the best lean pieces and frying in just water enough to cover, seasoning with butter. I think a Recent Subscriber will like

this method, and find it far preferable to the old way of packing in salt, which always renders it dry and hard.

**CHICKEN CHOLERA.**—I will now give Vinnie a remedy for chicken cholera, and then desist for the present, fearing that you are already tired of my scribbling. If the chickens are not so far gone that they cannot eat, feed them two or three times a day with corn meal and soot stirred up with water, in the proportion of one gill of soot to three quarts of meal. Fed to them about three times a week, it is also a good preventive.  
S. E. A.

**GINGER SNAPS.**—One pint of molasses, one cup of shortening, simmer together, and turn hot into the flour, in which put two teaspoonfuls of soda, a tablespoonful of ginger; put aside to cool, and when cold add more flour and roll out as thin as possible.  
SUB.

**GERMAN PUFFS.**—One quart of sweet milk, three well beaten eggs, two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of Indian meal, and salt. Bake in a quick oven in gem pans.  
S. T. B.

**COOKIES.**—Mr. Editor:—I wish to send S. B. L. my recipe for making nice cookies: Three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, and one-fourth teaspoonful of soda.  
ELLEN.

**GINGERBREAD.**—Put two heaping teaspoonfuls of saleratus into two cups of molasses and stir until the molasses foams, then add one cup of sweet milk, one cup of melted butter, ginger to taste, and flour to roll out. Cut quite thin and bake in a quick oven.

Many thanks for the nice recipes. I have used a number and found them very nice.  
Topsham, Me. MRS. B. M. M.

**LEMON JELLY.**—One-half box gelatine dissolved in hot water, rind and juice of three lemons, add two pints of hot water and one pint of sugar. Strain into moulds.

**WINE JELLY.**—For an invalid with whom acid does not agree, wine jelly is preferable, viz.: One paper gelatine, pour one pint of cold water upon it and let it dissolve, then add one pint of boiling water, stir it well and add one pint of wine, then one-half pound of white sugar. Put it in moulds and set in a cool place for an hour or two.  
C. F. H.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**MR. CROWELL.**—Will you please be so kind as to furnish me space in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD to inquire if some of your lady readers will tell me how to make grape jelly? I have never had any trouble until this year, and my grape jelly is only about as thick as good molasses. Can I add anything to it that will make it a stiff jelly? My grapes were very ripe and nice, and I took a pound of white sugar to a pint of juice, or pound to pound. If it is not too much trouble to insert this in your paper, I will feel much obliged, and hope some of the ladies can give me an answer.  
MRS. A. H. R.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD.**—Will some of your readers give a good and reliable rule for coconut cake? Please give minute directions for making.

And do tell us how to "do up" linen bosoms, collars and cuffs in the easiest and most satisfactory manner.  
S. B. M.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.**—L. wishes to know how to make hard soap from common soap. I will send my recipe:

**Soap for Washing.**—Eight quarts of boiling water, two pounds of bar soap, one and a half pounds of sal soda, two ounces of borax, one ounce of hartshorn. Shave the soap fine and stir it in the water until well dissolved, then add the other ingredients, stir well and set it off to cool.

**Toilet Soap.**—Cut in thin shavings a bar of Peerless soap, put it in a tin, add two tumblers of water, heat moderately, stirring well; when melted add a few drops of essential oils, color with Preston & Merrill's extract of cochineal, then put in a suitable dish to cool and cut in cakes.

S. G. C. wishes some one to tell her how to make lemon jelly. I will give her my method:

**Lemon Jelly.**—Take a paper of gelatine and let it soak in a pint of warm water an hour, then add a quart of boiling water and the juice of two lemons and a pint and a half of sugar.  
MRS. S. W. F.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD.**—Will some one of your many readers be so kind as to inform me through your columns in regard to "paper racks," those made from cast-off crinoline I have reference to, with explicit directions for making the same? and oblige,  
MABEL.

**MR. EDITOR.**—Will some one please give a good recipe for making nice cider apple sauce?  
NELLIE.

I notice in your October number a rule for filling glass jars with fruits while still hot. We have a much simpler method: Place a silver spoon in the jar so that it will touch the bottom and there is no danger, if the liquid be even boiling.  
E. B. S.

**MR. CROWELL.**—Dear Sir:—I have just been reading the October number of THE HOUSEHOLD, which came to-night. I like very much what Mrs. Dorr has said about the government of children. I would recommend to all interested in this subject to get Herbert Spencer's book on Education.

Nellie inquires for a recipe for flaky baking powder biscuit. Whose baking powder does she mean? I know of no biscuit better than those made with Prof. Horsford's self-raising bread preparation, and will not ask for better. Carefully follow the directions that accompany each package.

Mrs. S. W. G. says she fails with her cream cakes. I tried the recipe for these, in the February, 1872, number, "Cream cakes as used by confectioners, for many readers," and had fine success. Perhaps she does not bake them enough. They require thorough baking.

K. A. C., in the last June number, inquires if just as good plants can be raised from double petunia seed as from slip. No. The seed is not sure of being true—that is, it may raise a single instead of double flowered plant. Mr. Vick says: "The double petunia bears no seed and very little pollen. Double flowers are produced by fertilizing single flowers with the pollen of the double. This is a very slow and expensive process, and is not always successful."

Mrs. J. wishes to know how to use up cold meats. Here is one way that makes a very good breakfast dish: If you have a few bits of meat and two or three cold potatoes left over, put some drippings into a skillet, slice the potatoes thin, cut the meat up tolerably fine, and add pepper and salt to taste; then beat two or three eggs, according to the size of the dish to be prepared, stir them into a cup of milk or cream and pour over the meat and potatoes. If eggs are not plenty, use fewer eggs and more milk or cream; and if eggs are plenty and milk and cream is not, the latter may be omitted, that is the milk or cream. I warm the meat and potato by itself until sufficiently hot for the table then stir in the egg, stirring constantly until the eggs are cooked. Do not leave it an instant after adding the eggs, for they would be likely to burn and ruin the whole. Sometimes I line a nappy with dough made as for biscuit, cut my cold meat into small pieces and put in. If there is not meat enough to fill it I slice raw potatoes thin, put in a layer of meat then of potato, season with pepper and salt, then another layer of each, and so on until the nappy is nearly full, then add a little water, or cold gravy if I have it, and place on top a thick crust of the dough made quite short. Bake slowly. I could add several more but space forbids.  
Bethany, W. Va. MRS. A. E. D.

**MR. CROWELL.**—Sir:—In the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD one of your subscribers asks how grapes can be preserved fresh, in bunches, through the winter. I kept mine very nice last winter by packing them in a crate. I laid a newspaper in the bottom of the crate, then covered it with bunches of grapes and folded the edges of the paper over them, then put another paper on with more grapes and the edges folded over, and so on till the crate was full.  
M.

**MR. CROWELL.**—Sir:—Will some one of your many subscribers tell me what will re-

move tar from a wine-colored empress cloth dress without injuring the color?

Will some one also give directions for making mangoes?

Is there not something that will remove fruit stains easily? Hot water is a tedious method, and I have not always found it effectual when the stains were bad.

Answers to the above questions will be thankfully received.  
A READER.

Mrs. J. asks what will set magenta. A few drops of oxalic acid in the water the articles are rinsed in will brighten all bright colors, and make them look new. I get from the druggist five cents worth of the acid, put it in one quart of warm water, letting it dissolve well. It is very poisonous and must be kept out of the way of inexperienced persons and children, but is of great use in a family, removing iron rust, ink spots, and stains of all kinds. I also use a little of it in water to keep my carpets clean. I am often asked how I keep my carpets so very clean. After a room is put in perfect order, swept and dusted, then I take a clean mop, wring it out of clean water, and wipe the carpet all over, not moving furniture much; it takes up all dust and makes them clean and bright. In common rooms this should be done once a week, and occasionally using a little of the acid. All the ladies will find it far preferable to wet paper or tea leaves, which must be used with so much care or spoil your base boards.

Mrs. I. can use her cold meats all up clean and good by chopping all kinds of fresh meats fine, season with pepper and salt, line a deep tin bread-pan with nice pastry, spread in the chopped meat, salt, pepper and a bit of butter cut over the top, a little water, cover with a paste rolled a little thicker than for fruit pie, and bake in the oven. Also, good soups can be made of cold meats and bones. A good dinner can be prepared by substituting eggs boiled a little hard, remove the shell, lay them in a vegetable dish, add pepper, salt and butter, and send them to the table. A kit of salmon, mackerel, or other salt fish should always be kept in the house.

My dear friend, Mrs. S. M. B., permit a friend of yours to tell you that there is no possible way to clean a hair mattress without taking it apart and picking the hair all apart, which will take two smart women two whole days. I take the hair all out of mine in a good airy place and thoroughly pick it. One can save quite a bill from the upholsterer by so doing. I have placed the hair back and tacked it in. A long needle on purpose is required. Keep your beds of all kinds in sacks; which can be made of strong new cotton, and drawn over the bed. They can be removed and washed without any trouble, keeping the ticking always bright and clean.

A kitchen stove requires cleaning on the top every day to keep it bright. The fire nymphs have a genie no one can charm away, only by applying the brush daily.

AN EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD.**—Will any of your subscribers give me a recipe for making green tomato preserves? and oblige,  
Miss S.

If Mrs. S. M. B. will moisten her blacking with tea instead of water she will find that her stove will not become white.  
MRS. M. S. B.

**MR. CROWELL.**—Sir:—Will you please inform me, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, how to frost light cake? Also, how to make jumbles? Also, how to make apple jelly.

In your September number C. M. B. asks how to can green peas. The only difficulty is in not boiling them long enough. They should be boiled five or six hours, so as to remove all the air.  
M. S.

Will some one please to send me a recipe to make cheese cakes? and oblige,  
M. H.

Can any one tell me if there is anything that will restore hair to its natural color after it has commenced turning grey? something, I mean, that contains no sulphur or lead, or anything else that is injurious. I do not suppose that such a remedy exists, yet it is possible, and any person in possession of such knowledge would confer a great favor by making it known through the columns of the "Dispensary."  
S. E. A.





### 'TIS SWEET TO REMEMBER

'Tis sweet to remember! I would not forego  
The charm which the Past o'er the Present can  
throw

For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave  
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.  
We know not the future—the past we have felt;  
Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt;  
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,  
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul.

'Tis sweet to remember! When storms are abroad  
We see in the rainbow the promise of God:  
The day may be darkened, but far in the west,  
In vermillion and gold, sinks the sun to his rest;  
With smiles like the morning he passeth away:  
Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play.  
When in calm reminiscence we gather the flowers  
Which love scattered round us in happier hours.

'Tis sweet to remember! When friends are un-  
kind,  
When their coldness and carelessness shadow the  
mind,

Then to draw back the veil that envelopes a land  
Where delectable prospects in beauty expand—  
To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear,  
Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear;  
To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,  
To list the fond voices of childhood again.—  
Oh! this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,  
Bids up, when the banquet of hope is refused.

'Tis sweet to remember! And naught can destroy  
The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy,  
Which spring from that fountain to gladden our  
way.

When the changeful and faithless desert or betray,  
I would not forget! though my thoughts should  
be dark;

O'er the ocean of life I look back from my bark,  
And see the fair Eden where once I was blest—  
A type and a promise of heavenly rest.

### THE BUSHEL OF CORN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

FARMER GRAY had a neighbor who was not the best tempered man in the world, though mainly kind and obliging. He was a shoemaker. His name was Barton. One day in harvest time, when every hand was as busy as a bee, this man came over to farmer Gray and said, in rather a petulant tone of voice:

"Mr. Gray, I wish you would send over and drive your geese home."

"Why so, Mr. Barton, what have my geese been doing?" the farmer said, in a mild, quiet tone.

"They get into my garden, and I will not have it."

"I am very sorry for it, neighbor Barton, but what can I do?"

"Why, yoke them, and keep them on your own premises. It is no kind of a way to let your geese run all over every farm and garden in the neighborhood."

"But I cannot see to it now; it is harvest time, friend Barton, and every man, woman and child, on the farm, has as much as they can do. Try and bear it for a week or so, and then I will see if I can possibly remedy the evil."

"I can't bear it, and I won't bear it any longer!" the shoemaker said. "So if you do not take care of them, friend Gray, I shall have to take care of them for you."

"Well, neighbor Barton, you can do as you please," farmer Gray replied in his usual quiet tone. "I am sorry

they trouble you, but I cannot attend to them now."

"I'll attend to them for you, see if I don't," the shoemaker said, still more angrily than when he first called on farmer Gray.

"What on earth can be the matter with them geese?" said Mrs. Gray, about fifteen minutes afterwards.

"I really cannot tell, unless neighbor Barton is taking care of them. He threatened to unless I yoked them right off."

"Taking care of them! How taking care of them?"

"As to that I am quite in the dark. Killing them perhaps. He said that if I didn't take care of them he would. So I suppose he is engaged in the neighborly business of taking care of our geese."

"John! William! Run over and see what Mr. Barton is doing with my geese," Mrs. Gray said in a quick and anxious tone, to two little boys who were playing near.

The urchins scampered off, well pleased to perform an errand.

"Oh if he has dared to do anything to my geese I will never forgive him!" the good wife said angrily.

"H-u-s-h, Sally! make no rash speeches. It is more than probable that he has killed two or three of them. But never mind if he has, he will get over his pet and be sorry for it."

"Yes, but what good will his being sorry do me? Will it bring my geese to life?"

"Ah, well, Sally, never mind. Let us wait until we hear what all this disturbance is about."

In about ten minutes the children came home bearing the bodies of three geese each without a head.

"Oh, isn't that too much for human endurance!"

"We found them lying out in the road," said the oldest of the two children. "And when we picked them up, Mr. Barton said, 'Tell your father that I have yoked his geese for him, to save him the trouble, as his hands are too busy to do it.'"

"I'd sue him for it!" said Mrs. Gray, in an indignant tone.

"And what good would that do?"

"Why, it would do a great deal of good! It would teach him better manners. It would punish him."

"And punish us into the bargain. We have lost three geese now, but we still have their good fat bodies to eat. A lawsuit would cost us a good many geese, and not even leave us so much as the feathers, besides giving us a world of trouble and vexation. No, no, Sally, just let it rest, and he will be sorry for it, I know."

"Sorry for it, indeed! And what good will his being sorry for it do us, I should like to know. Next, he will kill a cow, and then we must be satisfied with his being sorry for it! Now, I can tell you that I don't believe in that doctrine. Nor do I believe anything about his being sorry, the crabbed, ill-natured wretch!"

"Don't call hard names, Sally," farmer Gray said, in a mild, soothing tone. "Neighbor Barton was not like himself when he killed the geese. Like every other angry person he was a little insane, and he did what he would not have done had he been in his right mind. When you are a little

excited, you know Sally, that even you do and say unreasonable things."

"Me do and say unreasonable things?" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, with a look and tone of indignant astonishment; "me say and do things when I am angry? I don't understand you, Mr. Gray."

"Maybe I can help you a little. Don't you remember the churn?"

"Yes, but never mind about it."

"So you have not forgotten how unreasonable you were about the churn. It wasn't good for anything—you knew it wasn't; and you'd never put a jar of cream into it as long as you lived—that you wouldn't. And yet, on trial, you found that churn the best you had ever used, and now you wouldn't part with it on any consideration. So you see, Sally, that even you can say and do unreasonable things when you are angry, just as well as Mr. Barton."

Mrs. Gray saw that her husband was right—but still she felt indignant at the outrage committed on her geese. So she took her three fat geese, and after stripping off the feathers, had them prepared for the table.

On the next morning, as Mr. Gray was passing along the road, he met the shoemaker, and as they had to pass very near to each other, the farmer smiled, and spoke kindly. Mr. Barton looked and felt very uneasy, but farmer Gray did not seem to remember the unpleasant incident of the day before.

It was about eleven o'clock on the same day, that one of farmer Gray's little boys came running to him and crying:

"Oh father! father! Mr. Barton's hogs are in our cornfield."

"Then I must go and drive them out," said Mr. Gray in a quiet tone.

"Drive them out," ejaculated Mrs. Gray. "Drive 'em out, indeed! I'd shoot them, that's what I'd do! I'd serve him as he served my geese yesterday!"

"But that wouldn't bring the geese to life again, Sally."

"I don't care if it wouldn't. It would be paying him in his own coin, and that's what he deserves."

"You know what the Bible says, Sally, about grievous words, and they apply with stronger force to grievous actions. No—no—I will return neighbor Barton good for evil. That is the best way. He has done wrong, and I am sure he is sorry for it. And as I wish him to remain sorry for so unkind and unneighborly an action, I intend making use of the best means for keeping him sorry."

"Then you will be revenged on him, anyhow?"

"No, Sally—not revenged. I am not angry with neighbor Barton. But while I am talking here, his hogs are destroying my corn."

And so saying, farmer Gray hurried off towards his cornfield. When he arrived there, he found four large hogs tearing down the stalks, and pulling off and eating the ripe ears of corn. They had already destroyed a good deal. But he drove them out very calmly, and put up the bars through which they had entered, and then commenced gathering up the half-eaten ears of corn, throwing them out into the lane, for the hogs that had been so

suddenly disturbed in the process of obtaining a liberal meal.

As he was thus engaged, Barton, who had from his own house, seen the farmer turn the hogs out of his cornfield, came hurriedly up, and said:

"I am very sorry, Mr. Gray, indeed I am, that my hogs have done this! I will most cheerfully pay you for what they have destroyed."

"Oh, never mind, friend Barton—never mind. Such things will happen occasionally. My geese, you know, annoy you very much sometimes."

"Don't speak of it, Mr. Gray. They didn't annoy me so much as I imagined they did. But how much corn do you think my hogs have destroyed? One bushel, or two bushels? Or how much? Let it be estimated, and I will pay you most cheerfully."

"No, no. Not for the world, friend Barton. Such things will happen sometimes. And, besides, some of my men must have left the bars down, or your hogs never could have got in. So don't think any more about it. It would be dreadful if one neighbor could not bear a little with another."

All this cut poor Mr. Barton to the heart. His own ill-natured language and conduct, at a smaller trespass on his rights, presented itself to his mind, and deeply mortified him. After a few moments' silence, he said:

"The fact is, Mr. Gray, I shall feel better if you will let me pay for this corn. My hogs should not be fattened at your expense, and I will not consent to its being done. So shall insist on paying you for at least one bushel of corn; for I am sure they have destroyed that much, if not more."

But Mr. Gray shook his head, smiling pleasantly, as he replied:

"Don't think anything more about it, neighbor Barton. It is a matter deserving of no consideration. No doubt my cattle have often trespassed on you, and will trespass on you again. Let us, then, bear and forbear."

All this cut the shoemaker still deeper, and he felt still less at ease in mind after he parted from the farmer, than he did before.

"You told him your mind very plainly, I hope," said Mrs. Gray, as her husband returned.

"I certainly did," was his reply.

"I am glad you did. I hope he will think twice before he kills any more of my geese."

"I expect you are right, Sally. I don't think we shall be troubled again."

"What did you say to him? And what did he say for himself?"

"Why, he wanted very much to pay me for the corn his pigs had eaten, but I wouldn't hear to it. I told him that it made no difference in the world. That such accidents would happen sometimes."

"You did?"

"Certainly, I did."

"And that's the way you spoke your mind to him?"

"Precisely. And it had the desired effect. It made him feel ten times worse than if I had spoken angrily to him."

"Well perhaps you are right," Mrs. Gray said, after a few moments' thoughtful silence. "I like Mrs. Barton very much—and now I come to think of it, I should not wish to have any difference between our families."



"And so do I like Mr. Barton. He has read the Chatauqua Farmer a good deal and derived instruction from its entertaining columns, and I find it very pleasant to sit with him occasionally, during the long winter evenings. His only fault is his quick temper—but I am sure it is much better for us to bear with, and soothe that, than to impose and excite it, and thus keep both his family and our own in hot water."

"You are certainly right," Mrs. Gray said, "and I only wish that I could always think and feel as you do. But I am a little quick, as they say."

"And so is Mr. Barton. Now just the same consideration that you would desire others to have for you, you should exercise towards Mr. Barton or any one else whose hasty temper leads him unto words or actions that in calmer or more thoughtful moments are subjects of regret."

On the next day, while Mr. Gray stood in his door, from which he could see all over the two or three acres of ground that the shoemaker cultivated, he observed two of his own cows in his neighbor's cornfield, browsing away in quite a contented manner. As he was going to call one of the farm hands to drive them out, he perceived that Mr. Barton had become acquainted with the mischief that was going on, and had already started for the field of corn.

"Now we will see the effects of yesterday's lesson," the farmer said to himself and then paused to observe the manner of the shoemaker towards his cattle in driving them out of the field. In a few minutes Mr. Barton came up to the cows—but instead of throwing stones at them, or striking them with a stick, he merely drove them out in a quiet way, and put up the bars through which they had entered.

"Admirable!" ejaculated Mr. Gray. "What is admirable?" asked his wife, who came within hearing distance at that moment.

"Why, the lesson I gave our friend Barton yesterday works admirably."

"How so?"

"Why, two of our cows were in his cornfield a few moments ago, destroying the corn at a rapid rate."

"Well! what did he do then?" in a quick, anxious tone.

"He drove them out."

"Did he stone them, or beat them?"

"Oh, no. He was as gentle as a child towards them."

"You are jesting."

"Not I. Friend Barton has not forgotten that his pigs were in my cornfield yesterday, and that I turned them out without hurting a hair of them. Now suppose I had got angry and beaten his pigs, what do you think the result would have been? Why, it is more than probable that one or both of our fine cows would have been at this moment in the condition of Mr. Melon's old Brindle."

"I wish you wouldn't say anything more about old Brindle," Mrs. Gray said, trying to laugh, while her face grew red, in spite of her efforts to keep down her feelings.

"Well, I won't Sally, if it worries you. But it is such a good illustration, that I cannot help using it sometimes."

"I am glad he didn't hurt the cows."

Mrs. Gray said after a pause.

"And so am I, Sally. Glad on more than one account. It shows that he has made an effort to keep down his irritable temper—and if he can do it, it will be a favor conferred on the whole neighborhood, for almost every one complains at times, of this fault in his character."

"It is certainly the best policy to keep fair weather with him," Mrs. Gray remarked—"A man of his temper could annoy us a great deal."

"That word policy, Sally, is not a good word," her husband replied. "It conveys a thoroughly selfish idea. Now, we ought to look for some higher motive of action than mere policy—motives grounded in correct and unselfish principles."

"But what other motives could we possibly have for putting up with Mr. Barton's outrageous conduct?"

"Other and far higher motives, it seems to me. We should reflect that Mr. Barton has a naturally hasty temper, and that, when excited, he does things for which he is sorry afterwards—and that, in nine cases out of ten, he is a greater sufferer from these outbreaks than any one else. In our actions towards him, then, it is a much higher and better motive for us to be governed by a desire to aid him in the correction of this evil, than to look merely to the protection of ourselves from its effects. Do you think so?"

"Yes. It does seem so."

"When thus moved to action, we are, in a degree, regarding the whole neighborhood, for the evil of which we speak affects all. And, in thus suffering ourselves to be governed by such elevated and unselfish motives, we gain all that we possibly could have gained, under the mere instigation of policy—and a great deal more. But to bring the matter into a still narrower compass. In all our actions towards him and every one else, we should be governed by the simple consideration—is it right? If a spirit of retaliation be not right—then it cannot be indulged without a mutual injury. Of course, then, it should never prompt us to action, or if cows or hogs get into my field or garden and destroy my property—who is to blame most? Of course, my self. I should have kept my fences in better repair, or my gate closed. The animals, certainly are not to blame, for they follow only the promptings of nature—and their owners should not be censured, for they know nothing about it. It would then be very wrong for me to injure both the animals and their owners for my own neglect—would it not?"

"Yes—I suppose it would."

"So at least it seems to me. Then of course I ought not to injure neighbor Barton's cows or hogs, even if they do break into my cornfield or garden, simply because it would be wrong to do so. This is the principle upon which we should act and not from any selfish policy."

After this, there was no more trouble about farmer Gray's geese or cattle. Sometimes the geese would get among Mr. Barton's hogs, and annoy them while eating, but it did not worry him as it did formerly. If they became too troublesome, he would drive them away, but not by throwing sticks and stones at them as he once did.

Late in the fall the shoemaker

brought in his bill for work. It was a pretty large bill, with sundry credits.

"Pay day has come at last," farmer Gray said good humoredly, as the shoemaker presented his account.

"Well, let us see!" and he took the bill to examine it, item after item.

"What is this?" he asked reading aloud the credit for a bushel of corn.

"It is some corn I had from you."

"I reckon you must be mistaken. You never got any corn from me."

"Oh, yes; I remember it perfectly well. It is all right."

"But when did you get it, friend Barton? I am sure that I have not the most distant recollection of it."

"My hogs got it," the shoemaker said, in a slow hesitating tone.

"Your hogs?"

"Yes. Don't you remember when my hogs broke into your field and destroyed your corn?"

"Oh, dear—is that it? Oh no, no, friend Barton; I cannot allow that item in the bill."

"Yes, but you must. It is perfectly just, and I shall never rest until it is paid."

"I can't indeed. You couldn't help your hogs getting into my field; and then you know, friend Barton (lowering his tone) you know my geese were very troublesome."

The shoemaker blushed and looked confused, but farmer Gray slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said in a lively cheerful way—

"Don't think anything more about it, friend Barton! And hereafter let us endeavor to do as we would be done by, and then everything will go smoothly as clock-work."

"But you will allow that item in this bill?" the shoemaker urged perseveringly.

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that. I should think it wrong to make you pay for my own, or some of my men's negligence in leaving the bars down."

"But then (hesitating), those geese killed three. Let it go for them."

"If you did kill them, we ate them—so it is even. No, no—let the past be forgotten, and if it makes better friends and neighbors of us, we need never regret what has happened."

Farmer Gray remained firm, and the bill was settled, omitting the item of "corn." From that time forth, he never had a better neighbor than the shoemaker. The cows and hogs and geese of both would occasionally trespass, but the trespassers were kindly removed. The lesson was not lost on either of them, for even farmer Gray used to feel sometimes a little annoyed when his neighbor's cattle broke into his fields. But in teaching the shoemaker a lesson, he had taken a little of it himself.

#### PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

##### Number Twelve.

#### ANOTHER CHAPTER ON WOMAN'S SELF-IMPOSED WRONGS.

Yes, another, and that notwithstanding that hundreds of housewifely hands may be held up against what we have said, and hundreds more may be ready to maintain that woman's onerous labors are, for the most part, from necessity not choice.

And this we admit, and still affirm

that the work of a faithful housewife, in the best circumstances, cannot be light, and the work of the true mother is never done, so but there is still something that needs to be accomplished in the line of manual labor. And in more adverse circumstances, with straightened means, and perhaps lack of proper help and sympathy from the husband, the burden is often very heavy indeed. But having said all this, it yet remains a fact, that multitudes of women, not only impose wrongs upon themselves by undertaking more than they can perform without undue exertion, but they do not plan to make the ways of labor as easy as possible, or to simplify manual toil, by studying their own comfort and convenience.

And then in these days of progress, when woman is undertaking so much outside of home, shall she leave it all to man's wit and wisdom to invent, and to plan, and to see, by intuition, what is needed to lighten woman's labor, or else be called a tyrant for his neglect? And is it not her part, as much as his, to arrange for needed assistance in the house, as he arranges how many farm hands, clerks or apprentices, as the case may be, that he must have? As we have said before, we think that few men are too niggardly to refuse their families needful help, where the need is made manifest to them, and their circumstances, in any possibility allow it. And yet, forsooth! how often are mankind called anything but human, because in their pre-occupation of their own business they leave the wife to arrange hers, or in their carelessness and obtuseness they do not see what is needed, and volunteer to secure help, in one way and another, in their homes.

Here is a newspaper story (I am glad it is only a made up story) of a farmer's wife, who is up before four in the morning, attending to her dairy, getting breakfast for half a dozen farm hands, besides as many of her own family, dressing, washing, and preparing for school four children, with a baby to attend to; then all the household clearing up and cleaning, washing dishes, etc., besides dinner and supper for all, and her work basket full of mending, waiting her leisure to be done.

And in this tread mill she moves day after day, no respite, and no rest, till a keen-eyed city friend points out to the husband that his wife is working too hard, that she needs assistance in her labor, and a journey to the sea side, etc. Then the scales fall from the busy husband's eyes; he sees how careless, and what a tyrant he has been, and the first thing, a stout Dutch girl is hunted up and installed in the kitchen, then various labor-saving articles are purchased, a journey taken, and all is made as smooth as can be for the future.

Now this will do for a story, but has it not some disjointed parts after all? In the first place, if there are four children old enough to attend school they are old enough, some of them certainly, to dress themselves, and assist the younger ones, as well as care for the baby and assist mother in various ways, whether they are boys, or girls, as the case may be. Then six farm hands, besides dairy work! and



one pair of hands undertake to attend to all! Perhaps so, but if so, may it not be quite as much her fault as the husband's, though of course men ought to see to these things without being requested to do it. But in case they do not, we would ask, in the name of common sense, if the family relationship is such that a wife must be so reserved about making her wants known as all this? If she must attempt, instead of plainly stating the case (if the husband does not see her needs) to be wife, mother, housekeeper and servant, all in one, for such a family, and on a farm, where as the story goes, some two or three thousand dollars profit is annually made? She knows her own strength better than any one else knows it, and she knows, too, the details of housekeeping as man cannot realize them, and thus, is responsible in part at least for the hardness of her life.

Now this meekness, or rather tameness, on the part of woman, this keeping on and waiting for a husband to see that she is wearing herself out, or for some one to tell him of it before he comes to her relief, is weak sentimentality—in fact sham, and is as mischievous as it is foolish. For is there to be no more confidence than this between husband and wife? Is there any heroism in this false delicacy, and is it not her duty, as well as his, to make common interest of home affairs?

It may need only a suggestion on the part of a wife to set a kind, but careless, husband to devising some plan for her relief, either in securing more indoor help, or reducing the family cares in some other way. He will perhaps volunteer, or certainly be willing to hire boarded some of his men if not all, and thus relieve his family of the care of farm hands, clerks, journeymen, or apprentices according to what his business may be.

But because there are men who will, in no reasonable manner, be influenced by their wives, and others who consider woman merely as a household drudge, these are exceptions, if we mistake not, while many a woman allows man to believe her a working machine, because she scarce aspires to be anything else. If she will not favor herself when she may, and takes upon herself needless burdens, is it a wonder she is not more favored by others?

Here is a housekeeper, who tells, in addition to household labor and dairy work, of spinning and weaving, making carpets, quilting bed spreads, and we cannot tell all, for it makes us groan even to think of it. And there is another newspaper account headed "a smart woman," giving an account of how many yards of toweling, of flannel, and of heavy blankets a woman has made entirely herself during the year, besides her usual housework.

There is another "smart woman" who has pieced a quilt of—I cannot remember how many thousand pieces—and quilted it, in divers flowers and other minute sketches, and another has done so much sewing and knitting by hand; all these being told to show that there are a few industrious women in this degenerated age, and giving a hint to the girls that such women are worth something in the world. And young men if they are wise, will take a hint, and see that the girls

which are so industrious will make wives worth something!

Now in the name of reason, why is there any virtue in a woman, of this age of the world, doing by hand, what machinery will begin, and finish, while she is thinking of how to do it? If our grandmothers were obliged to use the distaff, the wheel, and loom, is there any reason in our doing the same, any more than there is of the men pounding the grain for meal, instead of taking it to mill? What was commendable in olden times, because of the necessity of the case, may be positively wrong now, when Providence has come to woman's relief, by allowing the inventions of man to be such a blessing to her. And then our grandmothers could live in plainer ways than we can, and thus had more leisure to do the things which woman is no longer required to perform. And while this hand spinning and weaving is, I know, not very common, yet the fact that women do take the burden upon themselves, goes to show that all such tasks are self-imposed, and a wrong to themselves and families; because it is those who have enough else to do who undertake it.

And about rag-carpets. Oh, how many a woman has made a slave of herself for weeks and months by taking upon herself this toilsome and in every way fatiguing labor. If she can spare the time, and take it leisurely; if she is not burdened and overburdened by family cares, it may be made not so very hard, while the material used is so much saved and wrought into use, provided that nothing valuable is appropriated. But as a general thing, as far as we know, this is undertaken by those who have more other cares and labors than they ought to perform, and is done, not, in many cases, because it is necessary to make a carpet in order to have one, but because the busy housewife considers it a matter of economy to do so. As for that, there is a difference of opinion—some maintain there is little saved, and the time spent in the work almost wasted, while any one knows that the sweeping of rag carpets adds another item of hard work to the housekeeper's hands. For chambers, especially, straw carpets are far preferable and much cheaper in the end. All this, however, is a matter of personal taste—what we are talking of is the extra burden that many a woman bears for the sake of making her own carpets. And she does it oftentimes though her husband may endeavor to dissuade her from it,—for next to house-cleaning mankind detest the rag carpet mania—and besides he knows she already has more burdens than she has strength to bear, and this is one that can be avoided. Many a severe attack of pleurisy is the result of this overdoing, and other complaints brought on, or aggravated, by this trying labor.

And this patch work and quilting! Well, we think it is less common than formerly, still we often find hard-working women in the country adding this to their duties, and priding themselves for so doing. And this, when a handsome counterpane can be purchased cheaper than the bare material for a nice quilt—and all the work so much time spent in vain. It may be pleasant for grandmothers to try their skill in

such work, as an old-times-pastime, or a change from knitting work; or of interest to little girls learning to sew, but for a hard-working woman to add this to her cares is folly indeed.

We were once in conversation with a wife and mother, who was telling us that she could get no time for reading, or even for society, though her husband, who had literary tastes, provided the literature of the day, and would gladly have had his wife interested with him in such things. And what do you suppose this woman was doing while she was telling me this? Why, she was cutting the corners off from a square of red calico and setting them on to a square of blue, from which the corners had been taken, and then putting all these little pieces together for a bed quilt. After this of course it must be quilted, so only think of the work!

To be sure she was sewing while talking, but could she not been doing some needful sewing, or even tasteful embroidery rather than this worse than useless work, and then, in a quiet hour had a little time for reading? And if old cloth must be economized for quilts, does it add to either its beauty or utility to thus cut and sew it up?

So many things, ye busy housewives, have I found of which some of you are guilty, while others are equally so in other ways. How many of you are there who make needless and undue effort if a friend comes in to tea, and weary as you are bear the burden for the sake of showing off a more than generous table.

"Oh dear," says a perplexed housewife, "there is company coming, and I have only two kinds of cake, and one of those plain cake!" So she flurries around, and makes extra cake, custards perhaps, and wearies herself completely out, for no purpose under the sun, only because it is her way, and her neighbors do the same by her.

In large villages and cities people will ask you to their tea table as it is for themselves, if you happen in upon them, and quite likely there will be only one kind of cake, but no serious consequences follow from so meager a variety, because it is considered of little importance, any way. If some of our hard-working country friends would not distress themselves so much for an extra guest it would be well.

It is the very spirit of work that propels many women to be mere drudges, and they feel that time is wasted if not improved in manual labor. Cousin Anna, who used to teach school and "board round," says that this is the case with too many, among country women, while she affirms that men, as a usual thing would be more indulgent in their families, if women would not voluntarily take so much upon themselves. She says that the spirit of work and economy makes many the veriest slaves, who might give themselves more opportunities, and grow into a fuller, freer, more elevated life, and be instructors as well as toilers, in their families. And it is this, which makes living in the country such a hard, prosaic, unattractive, plodding life; and while the idle hands would tire most certainly in the quiet here found, yet that labor should not be so severe and prolonged, that a

leisure hour cannot be enjoyed and thus made a means of home cheer, comfort and inspiration to other, than mere practical toils and duties.

But while we are saying all these things, and talking of self-imposed wrongs, we know that the larger share of the household burdens come, as it were inevitably, upon her who assumes the head, and do the best one can the toils are manifold and trying to both body and nerves. It is because we do know, that we write, and if any word of ours shall help any of the toiling ones, especially younger housewives, to devise means to simplify labor, or to counsel with their husbands for that will be the best good of all in this matter, we may not have written entirely in vain.

#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Thirty-two.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DOER.

Five years ago this very month our HOUSEHOLD band gathered for the first time around this HOUSEHOLD fireside. It was a small band then, and we looked in each others faces with somewhat of doubt and irresolution. The fire upon the hearthstone burned clear and bright—but it was a tiny blaze and we could not tell how soon it might go out. The house seemed snug and warm, but it was but newly built and had not yet been tested. Was it founded upon a rock, so that when the rain should descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it, it should not fall? Or was it built upon the shifting sands, to be overthrown by the first untimely blast that should blow from either quarter of the heavens?

And if the house should stand, would the fireside prove so warm and bright, and with such infinite power of expansion, that it would draw loving hearts about it from the north and the south and the east and the west? Would there be strong and willing hands ready to tend the flames, that the cheery glow should stream out of the windows far and wide, a beacon light to the wanderer and the weary? Would there be room and kindly welcome for the tired wife, the anxious father, the harassed man of business, the aged bowed with the weight of years, the young rejoicing in their strength, for the merry boys and girls, for the learned and the unlearned, for the cultured and the uncultured, for the rich and for the poor,—would there be room and welcome for each and for all?

These questions are answered now. The house has proved staunch and strong, founded upon the rock of truth, and upheld by the pillars of purity and faith. The fire has never gone out. The master of THE HOUSEHOLD, firm, watchful, vigilant, steady as the sun and unobtrusive as the air, has never deserted his charge, or failed us in any emergency. Our band has grown so large, our circle so wide, that our clasped hands encompass the continent; and to-day from beside our hearthstone Maine sends New Year greetings to California, and Florida, fragrant with her orange blooms, gives quick response to Oregon's glad "All hail!"



Shall we not congratulate each other, good friends? And will not the prayer of Tiny Tim go up from each of our hearts,—“God bless us every one!”

Friends, I want to say just one tiny little word for myself on this bright beginning of the New Year,—even at the risk of being thought obtrusive by that dreadful somebody who is always on the watch for other people's misdeeds. But for five long, changeable years, there have been only two months in which I have not sat with you by this HOUSEHOLD fireside, and talked with you of things past, present and to come. Is it strange that you have grown very near to me—and very real? Nearer and more real than many whom I meet daily in the street and with whom I exchange actual greetings? I have tried to say to you no word that I should ever wish unsaid. I have tried to cheer you when you were despondent, to comfort you with some little word of sisterly sympathy when you were sorrowing, to help those of you who are weary, to laugh with you when you were merry, and to be glad with you when your cups were running over. And what I want to say is just this: For every token of love and appreciation that you have given me, for every word of sympathy and approval, from the bottom of my heart—I thank you! They have come to me from many sources—through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, and through private letters from those whose faces I shall never see on earth, whose hands I shall never clasp until in God's good time we meet beyond the veil. But they have given me more of strength and encouragement than I can ever hope to tell you; they have rested me when I was tired, and given me fresh hope and courage when I have been heartsick and despondent, and when my best work has seemed to me too poor to lay at your feet. So you must let me thank you this once, as if we were standing face to face; and now with a heart full of good wishes for each and every one of you, I bid you a “Happy New Year!”

I promised “Inquiresta” that we would finish our talk about books and reading some other time; and, if I mistake not, was about to say something growing out of the marked suggestiveness of Mrs. Whitney's books, when our inexorable master of ceremonies hinted that I had talked long enough; and I at once relapsed into silence. Perhaps there is time for a few more words to-night.

Inquiresta asks: “If we want books that will make thinkers of us, whose shall we get?”

I cannot tell you—because that too is, in a great degree, a matter of temperament. The book that would set your brain on fire, and keep your reasoning faculties on the alert for hours together, might not arouse me in the least. For, I take it, you are not thinking now of your “Logic,” your “Watts on the Mind,” your “Moral Science,” and the other text books of your school days. When it comes to the matter of reading, it seems to me that the books that make thinkers of us are those that set us to thinking ourselves; the suggestive books, that

give us hints of thoughts; a sudden, unexpected ray of light shed into a dark, cobwebbed corner—a quick flash from the diamond—a jubilant clamor of bells, where but a moment before was silence; books wherein the author does not himself spin out his thought to the utmost thread of attenuation; but where he puts the rich, raw material into our hands—or heads—and leaves us to work it out for ourselves. Did it ever occur to you that this is as true of sermons as of books? A sermon may be a very fine sermon; it may be as full of “religion” as an egg is full of meat; its style may be most ornate, and its periods rounded to perfection; it may even have its full share of thoughts, like polished stones in a setting of golden words. But if it lacks suggestiveness—if it gives you finished ideas but does not set you to thinking yourself, you will carry it with you only so far as the church door; you will have forgotten it long before you get home. Try the next half dozen sermons you hear by this test, and see if it is not true.

Are you fond of biography? I do not mean the “memoirs” of sainted men and women who have left their pious journals behind them for the edification of mankind—books that are for the most part as morbid and unhealthy as the stories of the impossibly good boys and girls who have lived and died for the benefit of our Sunday School libraries. But do you like to read of the lives, the every day doings and sayings, of those who have done or said something that the world counts worthy of remembrance? I so—and I hope you do—you can hardly go amiss. On the shelves of every bookstore in the land you will find the biographies of the great and good who have left their impress on all time.

To me biographical literature is exceedingly charming. The “Life” of Margaret Fuller (Marchioness D'Ossoli) is better than anything she wrote; the Memoir of Charlotte Brontë is a fascinating, as full of weird lights and shadows, as crowded with even dramatic detail, as any of her novels; Hawthorne, and the wild moors of Yorkshire, the gray old house, the damp dark church-yard with its crumbling headstones, the three wonderful sisters, the strange, silent father, the poor, misguided Branwell and faithful old Tabby, become as real to you as do the scenes and characters of her own “Vilette.” If you are interested in writers, and choose recent books for your reading, Mr. Field's “Yesterday with Authors” will tell you of Dickens and Thackeray, of Hawthorne, our own wonderful magician, and of others whom you doubtless know and revere. If you want something still newer and fresher, Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet-editor of The Aldine, is to write this year for “Scribner” a series of sketches which if they are half as good as his recent articles upon Poe and Hawthorne—half as graphic and dramatic, will be well worth reading.

But, my dear Inquiresta, I find that I cannot even make a beginning when I would talk to you about books and authors, and I may as well stop first as last. History, poetry, the drama, essays without number, many of them holding the distilled wisdom of the brightest intellects and the fullest

lives; science, not dry and technical but vivified and humanized, so to speak, by the touch of the enchanter's wand; philosophy that in its search after truth soars boldly to the stars and yet is not too proud to stoop to the minutest atom in the universe; geology—not the mere dogmas of the schools, but that which takes hold of the deep things of God and the soul and helps man to understand not only his Creator, but himself—all these—and countless other fields lie before you, waiting to be trodden by your adventurous feet.

You will laugh if I tell you that when you have exhausted the resources of your little bookshelf, you will find the dictionary very entertaining and interesting reading. But it is true notwithstanding the laugh. The study of words is most attractive; and grows more and more so as one grows older. Take almost any word you please and study its various meanings. Then look at its synonyms, and note the slight shadings and tonings that so alter the significance of expressions that seem almost identical; peer into the very heart of the word and strip it of all its disguises, and you will be astonished to find how absorbing your occupation will become and how much you will have learned in an hour's time. This is especially true of adjectives—the martyrs of the English language—the poor, abused hacks who are so often compelled to do work that does not belong to them. The young writer who has learned to manage his adjectives has won half the battle.

#### MURMURING

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

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

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

I have a servant to wash the dishes now; and when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her without having to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no shavings. The magazines are not soiled with

looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading table, just as I leave them.

“Your carpet never looks dirty,” say weary-worn mothers to me.

“Oh, no,” I mutter to myself, “there are no muddy little boots to dirty it now.”

But my face is as weary as theirs— weary of sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight, weary with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck, for the curls that brushed against my cheeks, for the young laugh that rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing coal-fire or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa to come home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what price? And when I see other mothers with grown-up-sons driving to town or church, and my hair grey, I think what might have been, had I murmured less at the providence of God.

Reader—young mother you may be—had you heard this mother tell her story, you would have felt disposed with the writer to say, “I will be more patient with my little ones—I will murmur less.”

#### MUSIC OF THE OLD ROCKING-CHAIR.

A good rocking-chair is almost an instrument of music. It has a special note for various functions. When grandma sits knitting and swaying with the gentlest motion, the rockers keep up a low, contented purr, a sort of drowsy creak, that is given forth to no other one. When the old nervous gentleman gets in, the chair tunes up with a sharp jerking crack, as if a series of small torpedoes were going off. Then when aunt Sally, who is very fat and heavy, sits down, a long and melancholy whine issues from the chair. But when only the children are in it the old rocking-chair goes whicketty-whack, whicketty-whack, in the most gleesome manner.

These sociable chairs never come from modern builders. The moment a cabinet-maker has once touched a French chair his usefulness is over—comfort forsakes his fingers. The old-fashioned rocking-chairs with strong joints, but every joint with a tongue in it, are not these nature's workmen? Do they not keep up in their chairs the forest sounds? This very creak that I now hear is like the weary swinging of a bough pleading with the wind to let it alone and suffer it to fall asleep. This sharp crackling I have heard before, when forests had screwed up every branch and twig to its utmost tenseness.—H. W. Beecher.

#### IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL.

“If I only had capital,” said a young man as he puffed a cigar, “I'd do something.” “If I only had capital,” said one as he went out of a dram shop, “I'd go into business.” Young man with a cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You at the dram shop are drinking yours. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for a fortune to begin on. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortune. You, too, can make your mark, if you will. But you must stop squandering your money and spending your time in dilettante.



## "HOME AGAIN."

This touching incident, narrated by a correspondent of the Capitol, is said to have occurred upon a recent trip over the Boston and Albany railroad. Its simplicity and natural expression makes one think of Dickens's style of telling these every-day incidents so charmingly:

I ran across what first struck me as a very singular genius on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a stout, black-whiskered man, who indulged from time to time, in these most strange and unaccountable manoeuvres. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the door in these drawing room cars, and when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing in the most violent manner and continued the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster. As we neared Boston these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger no longer ran away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin deep down in his shirt collar. But the changes that those portmanteaus underwent. He moved them here, there, everywhere; he put them behind him, in front of him, on each side of him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but as we were yet twenty-five miles from Boston, the idea of such early preparations was ridiculous.

If we had entered the city then the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger at last became so much excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and as I was the nearest he selected me. Suddenly turning, as if I had asked a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair the meantime, and slapping his legs and breathing hard:

"Been gone three years!"

"Ah!"

"Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for six months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station; they've got it by this time." As he said this he rubbed his hands and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right, and the one on the right to the left again.

"Got a wife?" said I.

"Yes, and three children," he returned and he got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.

"You are pretty nervous over the matter, ain't you?" I said, watching his fidgety movements.

"Well, I should think I was," he replied; "I haint slept soundly for a week. And do you know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a lower tone, "I am almost certain this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last; 'taint natural that it should, you know; I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again; it rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change, to show you that you know nothing about it."

"Well, according to your philosophy," said I, "you will continue to have sunshine because you are expecting a storm."

"It's curious," he returned, after a pause, "but the only thing which makes

me think I'll get through safe, is because I think I won't!"

"Well, that is curious," said I.

"Yes," he replied. "I'm a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed it, spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there; came within an ace of jumping off London Bridge. Went into a shop to earn money enough to come home with; there met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought thirty thousand pounds home with me."

"Good for you," I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "thirty thousand pounds; and the best of it is she doesn't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so much that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a bee line for home."

"And now you will make her happy," said I.

"Happy!" he replied, "Why you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog while I have been gone, trying to support herself and the children recently. They paid her thirteen cents a piece for making coarse shirts; and that's the way she lived half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think he's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not," and with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival that of Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage way again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the funniest shapes, and then swinging himself backward and forward in the limited space, as if he was walking down Broadway a full rigged metropolitan swell. And so on until we rolled into the depot and I placed myself on the other car, opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, had descended, and was standing on the lower step, ready to jump to the platform.

I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried: "There they are," and laughed outright, but in a hysterical sort of a way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eyes, and some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, was a little woman in a faded dress and a well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense, but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches glided in. She had not yet seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well-developed stomach of a venerable-looking old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed towards the place where she was standing.

I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her. She didn't look pretty. On the contrary, she looked very plain, but

someway I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, but how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into that position, but it never moved after that, save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while she blinks her eyes so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad shouldered fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly toward her. And then, as he drew close and dropped his portmanteaus, she just turned completely around with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her sobbing to his breast. And I turned my eyes a moment, and then I saw, two boys in thrashbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their red eyes and noses on their little coat sleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother, who seemed as if the pen up tears of all those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyes.

**WIDE AWAKE YOUTH'S PAPER.**—For judicious editing, select and popular contributors, the *Youth's Companion* of Boston, has no superior among the youth's publications.

**LOSS OF APPETITE, Heartburn, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Constipation, Wind, Mental and Physical Debility, and Melancholy,** are caused by a disarrangement of the digestive organs. To thoroughly master these symptoms, WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA is the only prompt, efficient, and safe remedy. H. G. WHITE, Proprietor, 107 Washington Street, Boston. Price, \$1 per bottle.

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It is not generally known that Messrs. D. Lathrop & Co., lost largely by the recent fires in Boston—we learn that a part of their loss was sheet stock and paper for upwards of twenty-five thousand volumes, including their thousand dollar prize series—a second lot of paper for the same was destroyed by the second fire at Rand, Avery & Co., but not daunted by their repeated losses they have engaged a large number of presses running night and day with which they are printing on a third lot of paper the first six volumes of their eagerly expected \$1000 prize Series and other books for the Holidays which are to be ready Dec. 10th. We cannot help expressing our admiration at the sturdy way in which this firm surmounts such difficulties and hope our readers will benefit themselves and encourage the Publishers by securing some of the choice books of which Messrs. D. Lathrop & Co. issue so many. We particularly recommend this thousand dollar prize Series which has received so high commendation from their eminent reading Committee. — *Boston Daily Journal*.

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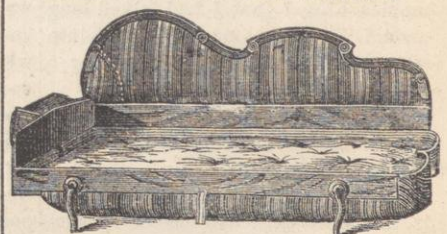
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50 Samples sent (postage free) for 50 cts., that retail quick for \$10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.







## The Household.



A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose a dollar in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt.

CANADA SUBSCRIBERS will please remember that we require 12 cents in addition to the regular subscription price to prepay the American postage.

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

OUR NEW DRESS.—With its fifth birthday THE HOUSEHOLD makes its appearance in a new suit, and wishes for all its friends "A Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year."

THANKS TO THE KIND but unknown friend who sent us a magnificent squash, we were able to have a pie for Christmas. We don't know the variety of said squash, but 'twas the kind we like!

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

TO ANY OLD SUBSCRIBER, who, in renewing a subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD, will send us one new subscriber, we will mail free, a copy of the Attractions of Brattleboro, advertised in another place, or the same will be given as a premium for two new subscribers.

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

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

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD have been appointed in several states as follows: P. L. Miller, East Holliston, Mass., for the state of Massachusetts; H. M. Fletcher, Newport, N. H., for New Hampshire; G. W. Jenks, Quindnick, R. I., for Connecticut and Rhode Island; O. E. Goodrich, Allegan, Mich., for Michigan and Indiana; and J. Ransom Hall, Waverly, Iowa, for that state. Persons desiring local or traveling agencies in those states will apply to the General Agents for the same.

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

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remitting it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 61, 77, 86 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as con-

venient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

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

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HATE the "Star Spangled Banner" because it "shows up" their "beat" games. If you read its columns, you will never buy "rights," "recipes," or "bogus money." It has shown up 100 swindlers in one year, gives their names, business, and tells how "tis done" and how to avoid them. No more "gift swindles," "\$1 music boxes," humbugs, quacks, &c., will cheat you if you read the

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