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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. 20.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1887.

No. 3.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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The Veranda.

MARCH WINDS.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Though fierce and noisy their voice to-night,
A message is gathered, sweet and bright,
In the undertone of discord's lay—
The blessing of springtime on its way—
For I live by faith, and not by sight.

Weird and tremulous, pitiful strains,
Followed by fanciful, low refrains,
Lead me wandering over the years
In which were mingled pleasures and fears,
While spring is coming, and winter wanes.

March is the passage-way to a life
Of love made beautiful out of strife:
The winds, as they shrilly come and go,
But dissipate icy bands and snow,
Revealing the inner workings rife.

Flowers upraise their tenderest forms,
Fearless of passing gales or of storms;
The soul of mortal by faith aspires
To heavenly light and grand desires,
For love is its life which loving warms.

And hope is needless, and faith is past,
No more is the vision overcast;
All things are joyful, and hearts are free,
So springtime, nature, and souls, agree
That life is love, to be hidden fast.

TOMATOES.

IF NOT furnished with the convenience of a hot bed or gardener, the following method will be found excellent for growing early tomatoes. Sow good seed from first to twenty-fifth of March in a fine, light, sandy soil, in shallow boxes or pots, two to four inches deep in rows two inches apart, covering the seed one-fourth inch with light, porous soil, watering well to settle the soil firmly about the seeds, keeping the box in a warm place from 60° to 75°.

The plants will make their appearance in five to seven days if kept warm and moist, when they should be given a light, sunny window. They prefer a heat of 60° to 75° and bright sun to make good plants, as they grow rapid, and it is best not to check them by chill at night or watering too little. When two inches high transplant in boxes two to four inches apart and keep growing till time to transplant in the open ground giving all the sunlight they can have, watering in the morning two to four times per week, as they require. It is more of an injury to plant too early in the open ground than late, they being naturally quite tender and easily destroyed by frost. When set too early they make no growth in the open ground till the weather becomes warm and settled. When planted in the open ground too early, say

fifth to tenth of May, they produce but little fruit and that very poor, irregular, and small in quantity, when if planted the twentieth to the thirtieth of May the soil is warm and the plant is not checked in growth, will bear earlier, better, and much more fruit, continuing longer. When the time approaches, set the plants in rows two feet by four, leaving a ball of earth on the roots if convenient.

Tomatoes can be highly manured or not. Too much manure causes unnecessary growth, making them late in setting fruit, consequently late to ripen, picking but a few before frost, and destroying a large quantity of green ones. I prefer ordinary or medium manuring, spreading broadcast, or a handful of guano or superphosphate spread broadcast and raked in where the plant is to grow; this gives sufficient growth of vine, earlier tomatoes and a good crop of smooth, solid fruit less liable to decay in ripening.

There are several ways of training and cultivating. Some prefer training to a stake or pole four to six feet long, pinching off the side shoots as they appear, tying the one shoot to the pole every few inches as it continues to grow, nipping the end when sufficient fruit is set. Two barrel hoops nailed to three stakes six inches apart, about two feet long also makes an excellent support when placed around the plant. A rack fifteen inches high made of strips one by two inches for stakes and rests, either flat or spreading both sides three feet or more high, is a good support. An ordinary barrel without heads sawed in halves, placed the largest end downward over the plant makes an excellent support and serves as a shade to the roots, answering the same purpose as mulch in keeping the roots moist in dry weather. They do well and bear good crops when allowed to grow and cover the ground, but in wet weather are more liable to decay if not picked as soon as ripe.

Some inquire which is my best early variety, to those I will say, during the last season I planted nine leading varieties viz.: Beauty, Acme, Favorite, Paragon, Perfection, Essex Hybrid, Trophy, Cardinal, Mikado. The seed was sown March twentieth and all planted in same location May thirtieth, in open ground. The first ripe tomatoes were picked from the Beauty July fourteenth. The Essex Hybrid and Acme July twenty-six, while Trophy, Favorite, Cardinal and others appeared to ripen about the same time August two to five. I picked more ripe tomatoes by fully one-third, from the Beauty than any other variety, selling for eight cents per pound, while the other varieties following two weeks later sold for four and five cents per pound. On October third, when the first severe frost killed the vines there were still abundance of green tomatoes on the Beauty and had furnished daily an abundant supply from the first picking in July, ripening as it did some twelve days in advance of others on trial. I am much impressed with its other fine qualities, size, smoothness,

solid flesh and few seed, all that can be desired in a first class tomato for market or family, and doubt if it is a disappointment to any one. C. E. ALLEN.

KEEP THE DOOR YARDS TRIMMED UP

Do not neglect to mow the door yards early. Not every farmer needs to keep a lawn-mower to be run over the front yard every week, but every farm door yard should have early and frequent cutting of the grass along the paths to the stable and the other out-buildings. Then the clothes yard needs to be kept well in hand so that the women can hang out the clothes or spread them upon the grass to whiten without getting their skirts bedrabbled with the morning dews. Never let bad weeds run up to seed about the buildings, but kill them or keep them down by frequent mowing. One should also mow the roadside along his premises, and keep it in condition so it can be mowed with safety to the scythe.

Never make the highway the catch-all for old rubbish, such as broken vehicles, refuse lumber and fire wood, old tin and broken crockery. Keep all these out of the highway and mow the borders two or three times a year, and our streets would present less the appearance of jungles between the travel and the fences. Let the odd hours be spent in cleaning up yards and streets. You will like your place better if kept neatly cared for; your neighbors will get an example they may be glad to follow, and if you should have an occasion to sell the old homestead it would sell quicker and bring more if it has always been managed with taste. Many farm buildings are surrounded by rank growths of the coarsest of weeds, burdocks, briars, thistles, poison ivy, and a host of annual weeds which often shed their seeds upon the manure piles, and thus get carried to the cultivated fields. Better have clean grass sod in such places, such as every one may have by a little judicious care at the proper time.—N. E. Farmer.

—It is a mistake to graft old trees too early. Wait until the buds of the tree begin to swell.

—If the house and other buildings need painting, the spring of the year is a good time to do the work. It pays to keep wooden buildings well painted. Use only the best lead and oil. The best is always the cheapest in the end.

—Walks and driveways will need to be brushed up and repaired. Many of them will be found in a damaged condition. When one wishes to be rid of weeds in the same during the coming summer, a free application of waste salt should be made.

—This is a good time—before the rush of the spring work begins—for the farmer to pick up the odds and ends about his door yard; to drag the old cart bodies out of sight; to cut up and burn old rubbish, and to make his premises look more tidy and inviting.

The Drawing Room.

IN A GARRET AND OUT.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

ONCE upon a time my friend Delight made a visit to the remote regions of her father's house, namely the garret. Dust and cobwebs were upon the rafters, spiders held carnival at the small-paned windows, but to long ago belonged the furniture and relics about her.

"Served their day and generation, and set aside," she murmured. "It must have been long, long ago the accumulation in this garret began. It was my grandfather's house, and his father's before him. What an assortment!" And from her seat upon a brass-studded, hair-covered trunk, she took a survey.

Here were looms to weave cloth, spinning wheels of historic fame. Was not Priscilla, Puritan maiden of Plymouth, seated at her wheel when John Alden came to woo? Brass andirons that even Delight remembered having seen her mother polish, stood in solemn rows, candlesticks, tray and snuffers, beside them. Stands, styles one, two, and three, chairs and old rockers, divers and many, and finally she spied the old wooden churn.

Back to days of childhood turned her thoughts. About the first thing she remembered was that old churn and the clapper. "Dasher," her mother had told her again and again, but she had always called it "clapper."

Just now Delight had not come on an errand of retrospect and reminiscence alone. Into the active, living present, the clear light of day, she determined to introduce some portion of these relics. Delight as a rule is quite resolute when she once sets about a thing. Perseverance brings her off conqueror many times, as in the present, for of course her mother protested, "Now, Delight, you know the house is full already," and her father groaned mildly, when told to follow her "overhead," and mentioned the advice of Halicarnassus, to let the garret into the cellar as it would be less trouble. But Delight had her way.

The first addition of the old was a flag-bottomed chair, stout and well preserved as in days when her grandmother dipped candles and dyed wool. Delight had painted seat and frame brown, and it was a sedate and comfortable chair. In the sitting room was another, less modern by a hundred years. This was flag-bottomed also, but lower seated and the frame and wood-work very different. She had reason to believe it was manufactured in old England even, in early colonial days and her father substantiated it with good authority. This she painted a shiny, ivory black and made a little patchwork velvet cushion, not crazy.

"Oh, Delight!" I exclaimed, "you are a genius. What will you do next?"

"Here," she said, and in a farther cor-

ner I saw an old flax wheel, and yes, she had the distaff arranged and flax actually upon it. Just above on a little shelf was a pitcher of peculiar shape with, "facsimile of one that was brought from England in the Mayflower," stamped upon it.

The brass andirons were also reinstated upon the hearth and a cheerful blaze thereon. The candlesticks bright as gold with snuffers and tray beside, were upon the broad mantel.

"How old-fashioned we are and how comfortable," I said, and slipped into a high-backed rocker shaped expressly for ease. It was very aged, Delight informed me, and needed some encouragement, but painted black with handsome gilt bands with a good-sized tidy thrown across, became quite respectable. Just beside it stood a three-legged stand, not of broom sticks and box top; less modern. This was also painted black with gilt stripes. Another, an old light stand, she painted vermilion red, and set on a back piazza for flower pots. Still another was dressed in dotted muslin (white) and tied with blue ribbons. This, I think, figured conspicuously as a wedding gift.

But the crowning point, the climax of Delight's work was that churn! When her friends visit her they notice in a corner of the front hall a small receptacle for canes, parasols, etc. It is round, tapering slightly toward the top, of wood, with no apparent joining showing it to have been made from a round block. This may be painted in regular blocks in shades of brown.

Delight's is lined with crimson cashmere finished with a ruffle of crimson satin and bow of satin ribbon. Never would one dream pounds and pounds of golden butter, had issued therefrom. Never would one imagine the slender rod suspended above, twined with brown and crimson satin with a handsome cross at one end upon which may be hung scarfs, veils, etc., ever dashed and clapped to the music of "come, butter, come!" yet thus has Delight deceived her friends.

Almost every one has a garret. Doubtless you, dear reader, are no exception. Why not do as did Delight?

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

"When Adam dived and Eve span
Who then was the gentleman?"

We are all familiar with the old stich, but perhaps the fact that it embodies more principles than one is not so well known. Both socially and etymologically the word gentleman is a growth, a development. It did not always mean a well-bred man or one even well born. Let us delve for a short time among the old languages to ascertain all that the word means.

The word "gentleman" is the Anglo-Norman form for the Norman French *gentil homme*, the Saxon *mon* or *man* having taken the place of its equivalent *homme*. It embraced several synonymous terms during its transitions. In the "Contumes de Paris" it appears as *gentis homme*; in the early English statutes we find *gentile homme* and *gentile home*. Its Saxon termination was put on in the thirteenth century, Robert de Bourne wrote *gentille-man*, and Chaucer *gentil man*.

Gentil homme and its Spanish, Italian and Portuguese equivalent is *gentil hombre*, *gentil nomo* and *gentil homon*, are all derived from the Latin *gentilis homo*, the sense of which is variously interpreted. According to some authorities, *gentilis* comes to us in the sense of the civilians, deriving it from *gens* in its radical signification of kin, hence a collection of kin, or clan. Festus says that "he is called *gentilis* who is sprung from the same stock and who bears the same

name." The Roman *gens* underwent a certain modification during the ages, but it undoubtedly consisted originally of an aggregation of patrician families of the same name united by ties of kindred and by certain political and religious affinities. An hereditary nobility gradually arose from the *gentes*, the members of which were termed *homines gentiles*—men of family, who were noble from the fact of their descent.

Pasquale is of the opinion that we must look for the origin of both gentleman and esquire in the names of certain military regiments of the time of the later Roman empire, known respectively as *Gentiles* and *Scutarii*. These organizations took their names from some distinguishing peculiarity, the *Scutarii* because they were armed with the *scutum* or buckler, the *Gentiles* because most of them were Gentiles in the sense of not being Romans. These companies occupied important positions and the Gauls and Frankish tribes became accustomed to apply the same names, *gentil hommes* and *escuyers* to those to whom the kings gave the best positions.

But *gentil homo* was used by the Romans in still another sense, which as Selden believes, gives us the true etymology of the medieval *gentil homme*. The Latin *gens* acquired in time the secondary signification of a nation. At first it was used indifferently, but in the first centuries of the Christian era it took a new meaning, and was applied to uncivilized and barbarian peoples only. During the decline of the empire, when Germans, Goths and Vandals were desolating the provinces, *gentes* became a synonym of *barbari*, and was given as a generic term to all nations except the Greeks and Romans. *Gentilis* or *gentilis homo*, was used to designate an individual barbarian, and its plural *gentiles* a number collectively.

On the overthrow of the empire the Romans naturally took the humiliating position of a conquered people, and were treated as an inferior race by the barbarians who overthrew them. The name of Roman which once had meant more than to be a king, became a term of reproach, and by the same law the term *Gentiles*, once applied in a somewhat scornful sense to the barbarian, was accepted by them as an honorable appellation. In time the word, thus raised from humiliation into honor, acquired still a new meaning, not far removed from its original sense, and became the synonym of *nobilis* and of *generosus*.

Franc-homme, a Frank man or free man, was sometimes used synonymously with *gentil homme*, showing that in the popular mind the words conveyed the same meaning. Hidalgo, in one sense the Spanish equivalent of *gentil hombre*, is probably a derivation of *hijo d'Algodá*, literally the son of a Goth. Hence, as any Frank or Goth, or indeed, any barbarian, was a *gentilis homo* or gentleman in the beginning, the term in its most radical sense is properly applied to a descendant of the Gentile conquerors of Rome. As this sense of the word was the result of the peculiar relations existing between victors and vanquished, so its secondary signification, well born, was its natural and inevitable sequence under a feudal polity.

The term was applied variously all through the middle ages. Shakespeare speaks of "the count's gentleman, one Cesario," referring to the servants of a man of rank; and it was also applied in a limited sense to those who had coats-of-arms, but were without a title, and in that sense gentlemen held a middle rank between the nobility and the yeomanry.

Its modern conventional meaning of well bred or well mannered, is the growth of a society born of a higher civilization.

—Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon these, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, correct or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply laws, or they totally destroy them.—Edmund Burke.

The Conservatory.

SPRING.

As little children gather round their mother,
And beg her a familiar tale to tell,—
One that is dearer far than any other,
Because so often heard and known so well;
And as they watch her, prompting should she falter,
And any variation quickly see,
And cry, "Don't tell it so, don't change and alter,
We want it just the way it used to be."

So do we come to thee, O Nature—Mother,
And never tire of listening to thy tales.
Tell us thy spring-time story now—no other.
That hath a wondrous charm that never fails.
Tell it with all the old-time strength and glory,
Fill it with many a happy song and shout;
Don't miss one bird or blossom in the story,
Don't leave one daffodil or daisy out.
Tell us each shade in all the tree's soft greening,
Don't skip one blade of grass, one bee, one wren.—
Each little thing has grown so full of meaning,
In the dear story we would hear again.

O Mother Nature! thou art old and hoary,
And wonderful and strange things thou canst tell;
But we, like children, love the spring-time story,
And think it best, because we know it well.

—Bessie Chandler.

CANARIES: HOW TO TAME, TRAIN AND RAISE.

BY MAXFIELD.

BIRDS are always busy, always engaged in some new project, and the cage should never be touched without first engaging the attention of the inmate. By gentleness and patience a bird may in a short time be taught to eat from the hand, sit on the finger, kiss and do many other cute little tricks. We have always found hemp seed a potent factor in the taming process.

If you wish a pet canary, select a male bird not over six months old, and hang his cage in the room where most of your time is spent. Notice him often, attend to his wants at the same hour each day, and now and then place the cage on the table beside you while sewing or reading.

To teach him to sit upon the finger, try first to gain his confidence, and having talked with him some time, introduce a finger between the bars and quietly continue reading. After a time he will go up and examine the new object, perhaps even bristle up and fight it. This is a good sign and shows that he no longer suffers from fear. Talk and chirrup in an encouraging manner and give a hemp seed. Try this two or three times a day, till he becomes bold enough to light on the finger and take the seed held on it. When he no longer fears you or the finger, open the door and introduce several fingers and finally the whole hand. As he perches on it gently withdraw the hand, and after a few attempts you will get him outside the cage. Be always quiet and gentle, and talk with him confidentially. Very soon when you open the door and hold up a finger he will come out and perch on it no matter in what part of the room you may be. He will now take seeds from the fingers and lips, if none of this kind are given at any other time. When he has progressed thus far, he may be let out at a regular hour each day, say at breakfast, and afford much amusement for the family, as he flies from one to

another, gaily singing on this one's head, taking a seed from that one, or daintily inspecting the various edibles. We have one who never touches any thing on the table except bread and boiled eggs. When the latter are broken he flies straight to the plate and saucily bristles up and scolds as though warning us not to interfere. If the egg has been buttered and salted we are obliged to deny him the treat as either would prove fatal.

A pretty trick and one easily taught is the ringing of a bell. To do this, suspend a tiny bell in one corner of the cage and leave the bird without food till he is hungry, then ring the bell by pulling the string attached to it and place some favorite food in the cup. If an apt pupil he will soon connect the sound of the bell with the coveted dainty, and in a short time he will ring whenever hungry.

Sometimes we see canaries who will draw up their seed with a small bucket and chain, tell fortunes by cards, draw a tiny cart, or wear a red coat and fire a cannon. But these things are best left to the specialist and exhibitor, and our household pet should be allowed to frolic unhindered, and this he cannot do until he has learned to regard us as friends.

I have in mind one canary who is seldom in his cage except at night. Then the cage is not closed, and with the first peep of dawn, Toots begins to chatter and sing and flying into the next room, which is his mistress's sleeping apartment, he circles about her head, whistling and singing at the very top of his voice, now and then giving her a peck on nose, mouth or cheek, and keeps this up till she opens her eyes and gives him a hemp seed. Toots' mistress gives painting lessons to a number of young ladies, and once when they were copying some very large and handsome pansies he busied himself during the dinner hour by nipping and tearing the petals of those most gaily colored. Other flowers had to be substituted for the mutilated ones, but the young ladies readily forgave the tiny spoiler.

Another time while the class were painting, Toots, who had been flying about, suddenly became interested in the model, a shallow glass dish filled with purple and white violets, and after a close inspection on all sides, slyly seized one of the flowers and giving a quick jerk and a saucy wink of his black eye, threw it on the table. By this time every one was watching him, and to their great amusement, he pulled every violet out on to the table, and then, hopping into the dish, with an air of most comical assurance and self-possession, took a bath, dipping and splashing like a young mermaid.

Toots once paid a high compliment to his mistress's ability as an artist, by repeatedly trying to light on a spray of golden-rod deftly transferred to canvas by her brush. Tearing paper is one of this bird's favorite diversions, and oftentimes the carpet under the rack is so covered with these fragments as to remind one of a snow storm. He is very shy of children, and has learned to keep out of their way, often hiding in the springs under the bed, on the cornice pole, or behind the pictures when they are about.

Another canary of my acquaintance whistles "whip-poor-will" in the most realistic manner, and is so fine a whistler and mimic that when he and his master give a concert one cannot tell which is which.

Most canaries learn to sing before leaving the parents, but to teach them to whistle and sing tunes, there must be constant repetition at regular intervals, keeping the bird as quiet as possible at other times. A good whistler will soon teach an imitative bird so that he will introduce the most surprising variations into his usual song. It is not every bird that can learn to sing a tune, but in Ger-

many where the training of birds is a regular business, it is done in this way: The young birds are kept most of the time in the dark, and always hear the tune they are to learn from a bird kept for this purpose or a bird organ. In from three to six months he will be tolerably perfect in his part, but for a year he hears no music except that one tune. It is seldom that a canary can sing more than one tune, but the king of Bavaria owned one that could sing three tunes correctly.

When you desire to mate your birds place the female in a breeding cage, and hang her on the opposite side of the room but in full sight of the male. Usually they will become well acquainted in a few days, when, if they sing and call to each other in a loving manner, you may safely place them together. In from eight to ten days the female will begin to lay, and at about the same hour each day an egg will be deposited till there are from four to seven in the nest. The process of incubation occupies thirteen days, when hatching begins, a single egg being hatched each day in the same order as they were laid.

While the female is laying she should have plenty of green food to prevent her becoming egg bound. Should this occur give green food still more freely, and taking the bird gently in the hand, rub the passage with sweet oil. Should the trouble be caused by a cold, give the appropriate remedies.

The breeding cage should be kept in a quiet place of even temperature, and always tended by the same person. Showing off the birds to visitors or any other disturbance may cause desertion of the young. Usually the father assists in the care of the family, but if he in any way creates trouble, remove him at once to his own cage. When the young are nearly feathered and have perched for a few nights, they may safely be taken from the mother.

Birds when breeding should have the regular mixed seed, canary and rape, also a preparation of hard boiled egg and cracker, in the proportion of one whole egg to one common or Boston cracker. Grate the egg, pound the cracker and mix. Prepare this fresh every morning, and give at two different times in the day. Give also green food as before directed. The old birds should have this mixture from the time they mate, and it should be continued to the young till they can crack seed, which they can usually do at the age of six weeks. Soaked rape seed may be given in small quantities as soon as they are able to leave the nest.

In case the parents desert the young, feed the tiny creatures with the egg and cracker, using a quill toothpick as a sort of spoon. Each bird should have three or four of these spoonfuls every hour.

Young birds are in full feather at the end of six weeks, and soon after the body feathers are shed, though the wing and tail feathers are not shed until the second season. The process of moulting occupies from six to eight weeks, and during this time the birds must be kept from draughts of air, be fed on the egg and cracker mixture, and receive the most scrupulous attention in every respect.

It is natural for some birds to sing in the evening, and others can be made to do so by keeping them in the dark through the day, and then bringing them into the parlor after the lamps are lighted.

MY FLOWERS.

I wonder if I can give any one a pleasure if I write about my flowers? If so, perhaps I ought to add my mite to make this excellent paper interesting, though I dislike filling up the space myself. While I write this, the snows lie deep all about

my pleasant home. I wish that you of THE HOUSEHOLD BAND, who do not succeed in getting a profusion of blossoms, could be here and see the quantities I have now, and I've had still more accordingly, ever since my plants were brought in, in September. The fearful blizzards which have taken almost all my friends' plants, have blasted many buds for me, thanks to my own carelessness. But still they make a great show, those who pass our conservatory seem to think. I wish more could see them, I like to have others enjoy with me.

Perhaps a description of some of them will interest you. I must not attempt to speak of all: Here are seven Chinese primroses; this pure white one, how lovely it is, with its light green leaves, and numerous blossoms. And this, too, with its bright, pink mauve blossoms, and rich red stemmed, darker foliage. Here, near the primroses, see this eupatorium, (*E. riparium*, I think,) isn't it a lovely mass of feathery white blossoms, it must have at least seventy-five of these clusters, perhaps a hundred, it has been in bloom a long time, but the blossoms seem perfect yet. Here is a scarlet geranium near it, the petals are very large, singularly shaped, and very brilliant. It is not a large plant, only a little over a foot in height, but I counted, a short time since, thirteen of these great clusters of buds and blossoms on it. It is a Pere Hyacinthe. It is not recommended in catalogues as a winter bloomer, I think, but I regard it as one of my best, the foliage is fair, but the plant is inclined to be of "scrawny" habit; this one is not though. I find it is just as easy to have plants stocky and well clothed with foliage, as to have them scraggy, bare-looking stems, with no blossoms, or an occasional one.

I have nearly thirty varieties of geraniums, scented, variegated, zonale, etc. I depend on some ten for winter blooming. Of these, five never fail me; I mean here, for free and continuous bloom—the others, with precisely the same treatment, will be without blossoms from a week to three months, and be perfectly healthy, too. Over there, is one some two feet high, rather bushy. The foliage is richest green, zoned with "invisible" green—some call it black. And those numerous great clusters—I can't cover this one with my hand—of a clear pink, flaked and marbled with white, how beautifully they light up the back-ground of foliage, each lovely color heightening the beauty of the other. Near that thrifty, tree-like, rose-scented geranium, is a little plant, with numerous clusters too; it is a slip of this, though I would find it difficult to believe it, had I not slipped it myself, it shows such a disposition to "sport." It is as lovely as the parent plant, but the white here is so disposed as to form a very distinct border on the edge of each petal, almost like this Mrs. James Vick.

Here is a Marshal McMahon in bloom, but the flowers though fair, are insignificant beside the glorious yellow and bronze of its foliage. Here is an Asa Gray, sometimes it has fourteen clusters, but has been sulking and has only one open now, but that is lovely, as always, and several clusters are coming on. This single white, the Bride, is excellent with its luxuriant, fresh foliage, and many clusters; the pure whiteness of the petals is made fairer still, by contrast with the red stamens. Here is a luxuriant Happy Thought. But this one, not three feet high, is best of all. The light olive green of the leaves, zoned with bright maroon, the whole thrifty mass lit up by seventeen clusters of richest and freshest vermilion, make a picture worthy of being transferred to canvas. I almost haunt the green houses—and spend more money in them than I ought—but have never seen one like it.

I forgot to say the pink one with dark foliage is Master Christine, I think. I wish I could tell you of my lantana,—white—has bloomed since September, of my bouvardias, of my mouthly carnations, lovely—several choicest varieties—my roses, heliotropes, one a pure white, in bloom every day this and last winter, of my splendid coleuses, several sorts, petunias, begonias, and quantities of other choice kinds.

I always cut back nearly every thing thoroughly in the spring. My rule is to start geraniums, etc., for winter, the spring before, otherwise, I get only a blossom now and then, from the young slips, and I want my plants to pay for their lodging.

CLARA M. ELLIS.

SPRING FLOWERS.

It will soon be time to look for spring flowers. About the first one that appears will be the plantain leaved everlasting, *antennaria plantaginifolia*. It is not a very showy flower, but an early bloomer. The whole plant is covered with a silky white down. The root leaves are shaped like those of the common plantain, *plantago major*. The leaves on the stem are smaller and narrower. The flowers are whitish and grow in a cluster at the top of the stem. The plant grows from six to nine inches high. It grows on dry knolls in pastures. It blooms in March and April.

Another one that appears about the same time is the liver-leaf, *hepatica triloba*, so called from the shape of the leaf. It is rather a local plant, at least I have found it so. It is a low plant. The leaves are evergreen. All grow from the root, three-lobed and thickish. It bears pretty, blue, single flowers, on long stems. In cultivation they are usually double. It grows in rich woods, and belongs to the buttercup family, *Ranunculaceae*.

Epigaea repens, the Mayflower, too well known to need any description, and a host of others now make their appearance.

Anemone nemorosa, wind flower, so named because the flowers are supposed to open only when the wind blows, is a delicate little plant. It grows six or eight inches high. The stem is straight, bearing three divided leaves, leaflets toothed or lobed. The flowers are single, on long stems, each plant bearing one. The sepals are large, six or seven in number, and white, tinged on the outside with purple. There being no petals the calyx is colored. It grows in pastures and fields, and belongs to the *Ranunculaceae*.

The violets are all well known, especially the blue violet, *viola cucullata*, and the white violet, *viola blanda*. The yellow violet, *viola rotundifolia*, I have never found very common. The leaves are roundish, smooth and shining, and heart-shaped at the base. The flowers are on short stems. It grows in cool, damp places.

Saxifraga Virginica grows about six inches high. The leaves are somewhat like those of the plantain, thickish, and notched on the edges; most of them are clustered at the root. The flowers are in clusters at the ends of the branches. The petals are five, small, white and fragrant. It grows on the sides of cliffs and ledges.

Houstonia carulea, sometimes called innocence, grows three or four inches high. The leaves are small and oval. The flowers are tube-shaped, one-half inch long, with four-lobed, spreading border, color pale lilac with yellow center. It is common in old fields. I have seen the ground white with the blossoms in the spring. It belongs to the *Rubiaceae*, or madder family.

A common flower, blooming in May, is

corydalis glauca. It grows one or two feet high and branches widely. The leaves are compound, somewhat like the columbine of the gardens. The whole plant is light green, and glaucous like a cabbage. The flowers are small but very numerous, and grow in racemes along the branches. They are very irregular and flattened like those of the *dicentra spectabilis*, have four petals, and are spurred at the base. Color, pink and yellow. It grows in rocky places, and is quite common on land that has been burnt over.

Lonicera ciliata, fly honeysuckle, grows in rocky woods. It is a straggling shrub, with light green, thin, oblong leaves. The flowers are axillary, two together, funnel shaped, yellowish green color, five-lobed, with five stamens, and are succeeded by red berries. It belongs to the honeysuckle family, *Caprifoliaceae*.

Hoping that this may be of use to some flower seeker, I will draw this article to a close. There are so many flowers that bloom at the same time that it is hard to draw a line and choose which to describe.

ANEMOS.

AN ODD CONSERVATORY.

While visiting in the western part of North Carolina two years ago, I saw what seemed to me a very simple and easy device for keeping a small collection of plants through the winter, and it pleased me so much that I shall tell it to the members of our HOUSEHOLD; probably only the southern portion of its readers will find it practicable.

My friend's house stood on a hillside and on the "dry side," of the slope, where the water could not run into it, and the sun shone brightly, she had a hole dug, large enough to admit a dry-goods box, wide but not very deep. The top of the box was sawed to fit the slope of the hill, shelves were arranged in it, and then it was lowered into the hole. Loose earth was packed tightly about it to fit it more snugly in its place, a glass door or cover, constructed from some window sashes, a heavy outer one of wood, and then the flowers were placed in their winter quarters, from which I was surprised to see them emerge in the spring as fresh and bright as conservatory nurslings.

KATE ELLICOTT.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please explain how to treat a campidium? Also what kind of a winter bloomer with yellow blossoms, will succeed well in Iowa?

Fraer, Iowa. MRS. W. J. DEY ERMAND.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me why my mammoth oxalis does not bloom? The bulbs are two years old. They were allowed to rest last summer and have grown in a hanging basket this winter.

S. E. W.

Will some one please tell me what to do with an English ivy which when brought in the house in the fall was completely covered with leaves, but the leaves soon began to turn and drop off until the branches were bare? I then cut it back and sprinkled plenty of bone dust around it. I water it thoroughly whenever it is dry and have tried it in both cool and warm rooms. For a long time it has been covered with little green buds but they will not develop and after a while drop off.

MRS. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister please tell me the cause of my canary bird shedding feathers for the last six months? I think I give him the best of care, the room is heated by steam and is about 70° or 72° through the day and lower at night. He has a large cage, sunny window, a bath every other day, the best canary seed with a little rape mixed with it. He seems to be well as he is quite lively and sings. But looks rough, as the feathers are constantly coming out, the floor is covered with them every day. If any one can tell me the cause and a remedy, I shall be greatly obliged.

MRS. H. E. LOVERING.

213 Walnut St., Holyoke, Mass.

The Nursery.

THE WHITE KITTEN.

My little white kitten's asleep on my knee;
As white as the snow or the lilies is she;
She wakes up with a purr
When I stroke her soft fur;
Was there ever another white kitten like her?

My little white kitten now wants to go out
And frolic, with no one to watch her about;
"Little kitten," I say,
"Just an hour you may stay,
And be careful in choosing your places to play."

But night has come down when I hear a loud "mew,"
I open the door and my kitten comes through—
My white kitten! Ah me!
Can it really be she—
This ill-looking and beggar-like cat that I see?

What ugly gray streaks on her sides and her back,
Her face, once as pink as a rose bud, is black!
Oh, I very well know,
Though she does not say so,
She has been where white kittens ought never to go.

If little good children intend to do right,
If little white kittens would keep themselves white,
It is needful that they
Should this counsel obey,
And be careful in choosing their places to play.

CHARLIE MAINWARING'S VISIT.

Part I.

BY MARY E. IRELAND.

ONE beautiful evening in September, there was a little more stir than usual about the retired farm house of the Mainwarings, giving token that something out of the regular routine was on hand. That "something" was neither more nor less than a visit to Philadelphia, which Charlie Mainwaring—aged ten—purposed taking on the morrow for the first time in his life. To be sure he was to remain but one day, merely accompanying his father, who was going for the purpose of disposing of some of the products of the farm; but to Charlie it was a great event, and required preparation.

On the stand in his room were laid his best clothes, not—like Lord Dundreary's—"all in a row," but in a neat pile, surmounted by his hat, while his boots, polished to the highest possible brilliance, stood beside his bed. The canvas-covered wagon in which the journey was to be made, was to start before the sun was up; and Mrs. Mainwaring considered very properly, that all preparations should be made over night, so the poultry was made ready by the little family of four. Charlie took a bath, had his nails trimmed and his hair critically examined that no dust might be lingering in its flaxen thickness, then he retired to rest, reminding his mother to call him early.

Long before the "clarion calls of chanicleer" had proclaimed the dawn, Charlie was awake, and slipping quietly from his bed, he tiptoed softly to his father's door to listen for any signs of rising. But going to Philadelphia was not so much of a novelty to Mr. Mainwaring, he was sleeping until his usual hour of awakening. Charlie was tempted to give a little cough to hasten that event, but was too conscientious, so he crept back to bed to wait with what patience he could.

At length, his listening ear was gratified; he heard his father stir, yawn, and set foot to the floor, and in a twinkling Charlie was up and dressing, with, as the printers say, neatness and dispatch. When he descended and opened the stair door which led into the old-fashioned kitchen, a blaze of light greeted his blinking vision, and the savory smell of a rich giblet stew, hot buckwheat cakes and coffee was equally welcome. His mother and sister had been up betimes to prepare the meal, and were just about to call the travelers to partake of it.

"Charlie," said his sister, "I wish you would get me a yard of red calico in the

city for my patchwork; you can get it in any dry goods store, and here is the sample."

"And here is half a dollar, my son," said his mother, "which is for spending money, after you have bought the calico for your sister."

"Oh mother, can you spare so much? You know I have my rabbit money."

"Yes, I know you have; but you will need it all for the book you spoke of; this is to buy something to eat. The day will be long, and you will be hungry before your father will be at leisure to go with you to take dinner."

Many boys would smile at the idea of fifty cents being considered "much," but the Mainwarings were in very moderate circumstances. They had, by much effort, succeeded in buying the farm upon which they lived, and they were striving to improve it, therefore, they had to be economical and industrious. Charlie had caught several rabbits, the skins of which he had sold to the storekeeper in the village, and that was what he designated as his rabbit money.

Although the trip was a novelty, it did not prevent Charlie from enjoying his breakfast, and as they were about mounting by the high step into the wagon, his sister could not forbear indulging in a little fun at his expense.

"Charlie, dear," said she, laughingly, "don't speak to the dummies in front of clothing stores, mistaking them for real people, nor think the whole square is one house."

Now if Charlie had been older and more skilled in parrying such attacks, he might have answered, "That is not original, my dear, in fact, it is quite antiquated;" or, "Forewarned—forearmed;"—as it was, he only said, "I hope I am not such a guy as that, sister," and away they drove.

The sun was just rising, the woodlands and meadows, damp with dew, were sending forth fragrant odors, and the jubilant birds were twittering their merriest carols; Charlie never felt happier in his life.

It was yet early when they reached the city, and children were on their way to school. Charlie watched them with interest, yet could not help pitying them, that they must be immured between walls this lovely day, while he was to enjoy it in sight seeing.

"Now, my son," said his father kindly, "we will first drive to the commission house where I sell my poultry and other things, and leave my team in charge of the porter, while I take you to Chestnut street where there will be more to interest you. But before I leave you, we will have a dish of oysters, for the long ride in the morning air has made it welcome."

All progressed as the father had planned. The lunch was enjoyed by both, and they parted at the door of the restaurant.

"Remember, Charlie," said Mr. Mainwaring, "this is Chestnut street; and you must not leave it or you will get lost. You can walk up and down it as far as you wish, and you will find plenty of things to amuse you. You can go into picture galleries, and toy stores and other public places. You will have no trouble to keep a knowledge of the time, and about three o'clock I will meet you at this restaurant, where we will have dinner, and at five o'clock we will start for home."

Charlie paid strict attention to all, took good notice of the locality, saw what was opposite and on each side of the restaurant, and assuring his father that he would not fail to meet him at the appointed hour, trudged off upon his pilgrimage.

What impressed him most was the noise and confusion; coming from the quiet of the farm house, it almost bewildered him. Seeing a peanut stand on the corner, he concluded to invest some of his rabbit money in a pint of these deli-

cacies, and asking permission of the vender, he very sensibly sat down to eat them, while he collected his scattered faculties, and by the time he had finished he was master of the situation.

"The first thing I will do, thought the little man, 'is to buy the things I am to get, then they will be off my mind.'"

So obtaining the locality of the nearest book store, from his friend the peanut vender, he went directly there. A delightful hour he spent looking over the illustrated books for young people, for the book-seller was an elderly gentleman, and happened to be at leisure, and Charlie had the happy faculty of making friends wherever he went. His rabbit money went for a pictorial history of birds and beasts, and he considered it well spent, which it certainly was.

Thanking the kind bookseller, and with his treasure under his arm, he went next in search of the calico for his sister. He soon came to a store with a large plate glass window in which were draped elegant silks and satins, and dresses all ready for the wearer. Charlie saw no calico, and was about to pass on, when a clerk who was standing in the door, asked him what he wished.

"Do you keep calico," inquired the boy, taking out his sample.

"Certainly, we keep every thing," and calling a cash boy bade him conduct the customer "to last counter back," which he did, and after what Charlie considered a long walk, left him at the counter presided over by a pleasant faced young lady. She took down several pieces of red calico, but none matched exactly, and taking his sample the boy resolved to try again. He was not the least discouraged, for before entering he had seen another window close by, in which were cashmeres and all kinds of dress goods, and intended going there if he had not been intercepted by the polite clerk.

He entered, and had wandered half way down the store, much interested in the innumerable little counters, gay with ribbons, neckties, laces, gloves, and all the little et ceteras of feminine wear. A saleslady finally noticed him, to whom Charlie presented the sample.

"I am just on my way to that counter and you can follow," said she pleasantly.

"Have you print the shade of this, Emma?" inquired she, on reaching the counter.

To our hero's embarrassment, he found it to be the same counter and the same lady who had searched for the calico, not five minutes before. But so interested was she in the picnic which her friend had come to discuss, Charlie keeping well in the background, that she only glanced at the sample as she replied, "No, we had a call for that a while ago, we are entirely out of it," and Charlie was satisfied to disappear, leaving the sample behind him.

As he emerged he saw still another window with parasols, fringes, fans and shawls.

"All for women to wear," thought the little man, "I will try there."

"Do you keep calico?" he said to the young lady nearest the door.

"Oh, yes, we keep every thing, what color do you wish?"

"Red," he replied. "I have left my sample, but should know the color if I saw it."

"Well, come this way, and I will point out the counter."

After many turnings and twistings through narrow passage ways, under archways and around counters, they emerged exactly opposite the identical counter he had visited twice that morning. Blushing as red as the calico he was in search of, he was about to flee, when the young girls saw him.

"Clara, there is the little boy back for

his sample," quoth she of the calico counter, and Charlie took it and left for the third, and he devoutly hoped the last, time for that day, at least, for he had not gone into three stores as he intended, but into one with three entrances.

"I wonder what sister would say to that," thought he, as he put a square or more between himself and that store before trying again.

But an excellent ending sometimes follows a poor beginning, and Charlie found in the very next store he entered, a remnant of red calico, exactly like the sample, containing a yard and a half, which the shopkeeper let him have for the ten cents he had expected to pay for the yard, and these two items of business were off his mind.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

"Do you know who invented lanterns, Uncle Lewis?" asked Eugene Taylor coming in from the barn with a lighted lantern in his hand.

"Well, yes, I think I do."

"Who was it?"

"King Alfred, more than a thousand years ago."

"As long ago as that? Tell me about it, please, Uncle Lewis," said Eugene coaxingly.

"That would be English history, and you 'detest it,' said his uncle with a twinkle in his eye.

"Now that isn't fair. You know very well it is studying English history that I don't like, and it is a very different thing to have you tell me stories about it. Please tell me all about King Alfred and how he came to invent lanterns."

"I will on one condition," said Uncle Lewis.

"What is that?" eagerly asked Eugene.

"That after I tell you some things about him, you look up all you can find in the history about King Alfred and then write a short essay on that subject."

"It's hard, but I'll agree," said Eugene, with the air of one who is obliged to submit.

"King Alfred was born in A. D. 849. He was the youngest son of King Ethelwolf, and the favorite too. Learning was cared very little about in those days, and at the age of twelve the young prince was unable to read. One day Alfred's mother, whose name was Osburga, happened to read a book of poetry while sitting among her sons. This was long and long before the art of printing was known, and the book, which was written, was what is called 'illuminated' with beautiful bright letters, richly painted. The brothers admired the book so much that their mother said, 'I will give it to that one of you four princes who first learns to read.'

Of course they were all anxious to own the beautiful book, and Alfred got a tutor that very day, and studied so hard and diligently that he learned to read first, and therefore won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

When Alfred was twenty-three years of age he became king. In the first year of his reign he fought nine battles with the Danes. One winter, in the fourth year of his reign, the Danes spread themselves in such numbers over the whole of England and so routed and dispersed the king's soldiers that the king was left alone, and had to disguise himself as a peasant, taking refuge in the hut of one of his cowherds to whom his face was unknown.

The Danes sought him far and near, but could not find him. The cowherd's wife left him alone one day to watch some cakes which were put to bake on the hearth. Being very busy with his bows and arrows with which he meant to punish the false Danes, the king forgot all about the cakes and they burned. The

cowherd's wife was very angry and scolded him well for his carelessness.

At length the Devonshire men routed a new host of Danes who landed on their coast. The king joined, the Devonshire men and helped them to build a camp on some firm ground in the midst of a large bog. Before any attempt at vengeance could be made it was necessary to know how strong the Danes were and how they were fortified. So King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a minstrel, and went to the Danish camp. He played on his harp and sang for the Danes right in the camp of their leader, all the while taking note of every thing, and learning all he wished to know. Then he quietly departed, placed himself at the head of his army, marched against the Danes and defeated them. Being as merciful as he was brave, he proposed peace on the condition that they should leave the western part of England, and settle in the east, and that their chief should become a Christian. This they agreed to, and the king became the god-father of his former enemy at his baptism.

King Alfred was as good in peace as he was brave in war. He did every thing in his power to help his people, to make them better and happier. He talked with learned men and travelers in foreign countries that he might write down what they said so his people might read it and be benefited. He punished wrong so severely that it was said that garlands of golden chains and jewels might be hung across the street and no one would take them. He founded schools, and patiently heard causes himself in the courts of justice. And the great desire of his heart was to leave England better, wiser, and happier in all ways than he found it.

He was very industrious. Every day he divided into certain portions, and devoted each portion to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax candles or torches made, which were all of the same size, notched at regular intervals, and always kept burning. Thus, as the candles burned down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours by the clock. But, when the candles were first invented it was found that the wind and draughts of air, blowing in at the doors and windows, and through the chinks in the walls of the palace, caused them to burn unequally. To prevent this, the king had them put into cases made of wood and white bone. And these were the first lanterns ever made in England.

At the age of fifty-two this good king died, having reigned nearly thirty years. He died in the year 901, and although he lived so long ago, the fame of his goodness and greatness has come down to us. He is known in history as Alfred the Great, and he was indeed great.

"What a fine story," said Eugene, as his uncle concluded his narrative. "I'm sure I can write a grand essay about Alfred the Great."—*Morning Star*.

HOW FRED WENT COASTING.

In the large white house on the hill lived Fred Irving, he had no brothers and sisters to play with him for he was the only child of his parents. Mr. Irving was a rich man and Fred had a velocipede, a rocking horse, a train of cars, and toys of every kind; but all these did not make him always a good boy. No, he did not like to obey papa and mamma. When he was told to do any thing he would pout and look so cross that mamma would feel very grieved, and many times when he was told not to do a thing, he would do that very thing soon after. Then, too, when any of his little playmates came to see him, Fred must have his own way about every thing, they must all play just

as he wanted to or he would become so cross that they all would have to go home. So do you wonder that, although Fred had so many costly playthings, the boys and girls did not come very often to play with him?

But one day Fred received a lesson which helped him to see that his own way was not always best, but that it was better to mind what others said. Fred's home was in the city, but he had been to the country in summer, where he had such fine times, wading in the little brook that ran merrily along just below grandpa's house, or riding on the loads of hay, hunting eggs in the barn, or picking berries in the field close by. And here, too, many were the scoldings he got for so carelessly disobeying mamma's wishes. Fred had never been to the country in winter, but now his mamma had decided to go for a week and take him with her.

Very happy was Fred when at last he was seated in the cars, fast leaving the city behind. Snow began falling soon after they reached grandpa's, and the next morning every thing was white with the bright glistening snow, the branches bending low beneath their loads, the wood-pile looking like a huge frosted cake, the fences like marble walls. Fred could hardly wait to eat his breakfast so eager was he to go out doors. For a while he followed grandpa about as he fed the cows and horses, but at length he began wistful for his sled at home, for the snow was frozen so hard as to make very nice coasting. Just then Will Faye, a boy about his own age, came along with his sled and asked Fred if he wanted a coast down hill. Of course he was all ready, and as there was a nice hill just back of the house, the two boys were soon having a fine time.

By and by quite a party of boys came along, each drawing a sled. "Come on," they shouted, "we are all going to Great Hill." Will ran to join them and Fred was going, when mamma came to the door and told him he must stay there, the hill was so far away, and she was afraid he would get hurt among so many boys. Then mamma closed the door, and so busy was she planning how grandpa's black dress could be made over, that she forgot about Fred for a while.

But he, naughty boy, as soon as mamma had left him, ran on after the boys, but as mamma had said, the way was long and he felt quite tired when they reached the hill. But in the excitement of coasting he soon forgot that and was as merry as any.

Not far below the hill was a pond, and when the older boys saw that Fred was trying to coast down the hill and on to the pond, they told him that he must not for it was very deep and only slightly frozen.

Now when was our Fred known to mind the advice of others? The very next time down the hill he went and straight on to the pond, nor did the sled stop till half way across. Then with a crash Fred and the sled went down into the water. Fortunately some men were passing and by the aid of planks and an old boat that happened to be near, succeeded in reaching the drowning boy; they took him to a farm house near by where every thing was done for him, but it was some time before they knew that he lived. His mother was sent for, and after a while he was taken to grandpa's, but it was only after a severe illness that he returned to his city home. And while lying in bed so many days he thought how naughty he had been to grieve his dear mother so often by his disobedience.

Yes, Fred's plunge in the icy water that winter day, which so nearly cost him his life, taught him that to obey father and mother is but a slight return for all their love and care.

MILLIE LEWIS.

A DOG THAT COULD COUNT.

Old Fetch was a shepherd dog and lived in the Highlands of the Hudson. His master kept nearly a dozen cows, and they ranged at will among the hills during the day. When the sun was low in the west, his master would say to his dog, "Bring the cows home;" and it was because the dog did his task so well that he was called Fetch. One sultry day he departed as usual upon his evening task. From scattered shady and grassy nooks he at last gathered all the cattle into the mountain road leading to the distant barn yard. A part of the road ran through a low, moist spot, bordered by a thicket of black alder, and into this one of the cows pushed her way and stood quietly. The others passed on, followed some distance in the rear by Fetch. As the cows approached the barn yard gate, he quickened his pace and hurried forward, as if to say, "I'm here, attending to business." But his complacency was disturbed as the cows filed through the gate. He whined a little and growled a little, attracting his master's attention. Then he went to the high fence surrounding the yard, and, standing on his hind feet, peered between two of the rails. After looking at the herd carefully for a time, he started off down the road again on a full run. His master now observed that one of the cows was missing, and he sat down on a rock to see what Fetch was going to do about it. Before very long he heard the furious tinkling of a bell, and soon Fetch appeared, bringing in the perverse cow at a rapid pace, hastening her on by frequently leaping up and catching her ear in his teeth. The gate was again thrown open and the cow, shaking her head from the pain of the dog's rough reminders, was led through in a way that she did not soon forget. Fetch then lay down quietly to cool off in time for supper.—*E. P. Roe*.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As I sit rocking my baby preparatory to his eleven o'clock nap, and improving the opportunity thus afforded, to read a little in your welcome paper, I feel constrained to tell my "experience," in return for the many helpful hints, for which I am indebted to the Band.

Until our baby was three months old, I perseveringly tried every thing which interested friends could suggest, hoping that after a while I should be able to furnish plenty of "nature's own food." But the poor little fellow grew more and more worrisome, crying almost incessantly, no doubt from lack of sufficient nourishment, until finding the supply constantly diminishing, I was forced to give up in despair.

We then consulted a physician as to the best substitute for mother's milk, who recommended a mixture consisting of equal quantities of water, new cow's milk and lime water. We followed his directions a few days, but the little sufferer grew worse instead of better, crying sometimes until it seemed as if he would go into spasms.

I had been afraid of the lime water from the first, and at last refused to give another drop, without consulting our old family physician. After stating the case to him he said, "Don't give any more lime water. A very little may sometimes be beneficial, but if used to any great extent, it is apt to cause kidney troubles in after years. Take a tablespoonful of oatmeal, boil three hours in enough water to prevent sticking, then strain through one of the little tin strainers found on the five-cent counters. Mix the gruel thus made with equal quantities of new cow's milk and water, making a third of each,

sweeten a little with brown sugar and feed at regular intervals."

Following his directions to the very letter, we soon found our little one slowly improving, and at the age of four months, we could see a marked change for the better. As he grew older, we gradually increased the proportions of milk and gruel until the water was left out altogether, and when twelve months old he was literally an oat meal baby, living wholly on oat meal gruel and milk.

Now, for the result. A fine, healthy boy of twenty-two months, still having his oat meal once, and sometimes twice a day, eaten now as mush with milk and sugar. Every one says "What a strong, active child? Large enough for a three-year-old."

A lady who is a clerk in the store where we usually trade, said to me the other day, "Your boy is the healthiest-looking child who comes into our store. His cheeks are like roses, and every time he comes in, I feel as if I would like to eat him up. How have you managed to make him so healthy?"

The answer to such questions always is, "He's an oat meal baby."

With the exception of an attack of croup, and two or three sick days last August, caused by the simultaneous cutting of stomach and eye teeth, he has been a stranger to sickness. Feeling that this simple diet has been a great blessing to us and our baby boy, I gladly pen these lines, hoping they may afford relief to some afflicted mother, and help her to build up a strong constitution for her child, the prime requisite for an intelligent, useful life.

I heartily endorse the remarks of S. S., upon the dress question. Plain little slips of convenient length, seem to me much more suitable and childlike than costly avalanches of tucks and embroidery, which always remind me of a show window.

C. C.

THOROUGH.

There are some children who never think they are doing any thing with their might unless they are doing it with a great deal of fuss and noise and roughness. That is not might, that is weakness; true strength bridle itself and works quietly.

One day a ship got aground on the river. A big tug-boat was sent for and was fastened to the ship, and tugged and tugged, and churned the water with its paddles; but the ship would not move. They then tried another tug-boat, not nearly so large as the first, and round went its paddles, and the rope was strained more and more, and at last the ship was seen to move, and was soon floating down the river after the little tug-boat. Why could the little tug-boat do what the big tug could not? Because the big tug was wasting its steam, letting a great deal escape by the side-holes; but the little tug did not waste an ounce of steam; it knew how to use it all, and so worked with a quiet might.

Learn you to do the same; whatever you have to do, do it with your might; and that does not mean noise and clatter; it means quiet, determined earnestness. If you have to play, play heartily; if you have to work, work with your heart in what you have to do.

—Practice only can burnish the virtues into their glorious luster.

—The more we know, the greater our thirst for knowledge. The water-lily in the midst of waters, opens its leaves and expands its petals at the first pattering of showers, and rejoices in the rain drops with a quicker sympathy than the parched shrub in the sandy desert.—*Coleridge*.

The Library.

ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sung as little children sing;
Sung as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like bright leaves down
On the current of the tune;
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee"—
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside;
As the words unheeding
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleading and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know;
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind and tide,
Nevermore from billows' roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft, gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

ST. PATRICK.

THERE is a day in the first, breezy month of spring when large bodies of our adopted countrymen parade with banners and music, and the people of this nationality are readily known by the badge of green which decks so many, young and old, a knot of ribbon or spray of evergreen worn in memory of the Green Isle and its holy patron, St. Patrick of Ireland, who died on the seventeenth of March, centuries ago. Who was St. Patrick, and what did he do, that 1300 years after his life work had ceased the sons of Ireland should annually pay this tribute to his memory?

The records are meager from which to glean the history of this remarkable man. We do not even know with certainty where he was born, though several places claim that honor, and opinions are divided between assigning Bologne-sur-Mer, and the west of Scotland, as his birth-place, with the weight of evidence, however, in favor of the latter. Even the year and the century share a like uncertainty, some placing it at 377 or 387, others fixing it at some time in the fifth century.

His father, whose name was Calpornius, was a deacon or some say a minister. His grandfather was also an office bearer in the church. His mother, Conchessa, was a sister or niece of St. Martin, the brave and knightly soldier who served under the Emperor Constantine, and afterward became bishop of Tours, France. He began life as a farmer's boy, like so many other lads whose names we revere, and we may fancy him enjoying childish sports with his sister, helping with the

flocks on the farm at Bonavern Tabernia. He was not a saint then, not even Patrick, for that name was given to him later in life, but just the boy Succoth, a name which meant "brave in battle." Very likely he watched the cows like many a boy of these days, perhaps, too, when he wanted to go fishing.

There is reason to believe he was well brought up by his parents and we may easily imagine he would delight in hearing stories of the uncle, or great-uncle, Martin, the valiant soldier and brave defender of the faith. Before Succoth has grown very old, we find the family living in the northwestern part of France. A band of pirates, Britons, swoops down upon the peaceful farmstead one day and carries away the boy and his sister. We do not know the fate of the young girl, but Succoth was sold as slave to a petty chief named Milkoe, living in the extreme north-eastern part of Ireland.

It was a weary life the young boy led here for six or eight long years. Cold and bleak was the country. Even the land owners, the chiefs, had none of the comforts which we enjoy to-day, and almost none of the means with which we protect ourselves from the cold and wet. But the slaves must have fared even worse. Let us think of him in these years of captivity, not as the man honored and loved, but the lonely, homesick boy that he was, his heart longing for the pleasant home life of which he had only a memory now. But the mother Conchessa and the father Calpornius had not labored in vain to teach their boy faith in God, for we are told he prayed a hundred times a day that the Lord would help and deliver him. Little guessed chief Milkoe that his cow boy Succoth was one day to bring to Ireland a message of peace—a gospel of good news to serf as well as to ruler.

One night he had a remarkable dream by which he believed he was guided, and finding his way to the shore, he escaped to his old home in France. We wish we could know whether the parents were still living there, and if he found any old friends, but history gives no light on this point. His purpose now was to return as missionary to the country where he had been held a slave. There were friends who thought this a very unwise or foolish plan, and used all their influence to persuade him out of it, but to no purpose. His heart went out in love and pity toward those people in the north to whom the knowledge of the true God had never been carried. Perhaps he may have seen on his old master's farm the Druid priests perform the barbarous rites of their religion, in the sacred oak groves, or heard the cry of human beings slain for sacrifice, and longed to tell them of the one great Sacrifice whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

But first, like a wise man, he carefully prepared himself for the work. Perhaps he had no help in this, there may have been other obstacles to overcome, or duties to be first performed, at all events it is quite probable that many years passed before he could carry out his cherished plan. In the mean time he had studied and had become a monk at Tours and at Le Mans, and had gone to Rome to see Pope Celestine, who gave him his blessing and sent him to Ireland as a missionary. And here two bits of information are given which tell the manner of man he was. You remember he was a runaway slave. Now, returning after many years, he took with him money to pay his own ransom. Thus he meant his first mission work should be to pay his old master, Milkoe, then to carry to him before all others, the gospel message—a most worthy example of faith and works.

Somehow the news reached Milkoe that his former slave, Succoth, was on his

way to him, and fearing lest he should have to be subject to him (perhaps we get here a hint of the sort of master he had been) set fire to his house and threw himself into the flames. After this the missionary visited other parts of Ireland, meeting first the chiefs, and seeking to teach them the true faith, and gradually rulers and people in large numbers accepted Christianity. He is said to have founded more than three hundred churches, and to have baptized thousands of people, among whom were the kings of Dublin and Munster, and the seven kings of Connaught, with the greater part of their subjects. He also founded monasteries and schools, one of which had seven thousand students, "ten times as many," said the distinguished divine from whose lecture this statement is taken, "as Harvard has at any one time."

When or by whom his name was changed from Succoth to Patrick is not known, but it seems probable that it was connected with his becoming a monk, perhaps when he was commissioned by Pope Celestine. Among the Romans there were but two classes of people, patricians, *i. e.*, the higher classes, and plebeians, the common people. Patrick is short for patricius (from *pater*, father) and has a most honorable meaning.

Ireland was his mission field and a long life was spent in faithful work there. Only two of his writings, his Confession and an epistle, considered authentic, have been preserved, written in rude Latin, but of much interest historically. These reveal a devout, simple-minded man, and a most discreet and energetic missionary. It is noticeable that in his Confession there is no mention of pope, purgatory, or worship of the Virgin, while salvation by faith and all related doctrines are clearly taught.

A multitude of traditions and legends cluster around the name of this remarkable man, most of which must, of course, be rejected by those who search for truth. The story of his having banished snakes and toads from Ireland is familiar to all, and the crozier with which he is said to have done it, was for centuries kept with great veneration in Dublin. It is of little concern to his countrymen of to-day whether or not he did this, but he certainly accomplished a work far greater in its bearings upon the civilization and welfare of Erin. And a worthy example in industry, honesty, and in all that is noble in spirit and purpose, for the lads of to-day to emulate, is St. Patrick, apostle to Ireland.

LESLIE RAYNOR.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

BY JEANIE DEANS.

We are told that a learned astrologer had calculated the horoscope of the infant, Michael Angelo, and found the position of ruling stars and planets, highly favorable to future fame. Without, however, placing great confidence in the prophecy, we are safe to believe he appeared at a period sufficiently propitious to develop his great and varied talents.

On the sixth day of March, 1475, Michael Angelo Buonarroti was born in Florence, Italy, and the rapid growth of civilization in this part of the world, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries prepared the soil for the fulfillment of art. The struggle for existence which had occupied men's minds, sank in the cultivation of those arts which render existence more enjoyable, and the young Buonarroti soon manifested his desire to join the aspirants for fame. He was placed for three years in the studio of a distinguished Italian, Domenico Ghirlandajo, where he worked with indomitable spirit.

In the third year of his studentship, he

was allowed to visit the gardens of Lorenzo de Medici, where he devoted himself closely to modeling from the marvels of Grecian sculpture, and there is a well known anecdote of the faun's head made by him at this time, preserved in the gallery of the Uffizi. A gap is seen from which a tooth is fallen, showing the willingness of the lad to listen to criticism, for it was by suggestion of the royal critic it was done. We do not find him later on so patient under criticism. Sculpture was the first great art to which he devoted himself, and to such perfection did he attain, he is second to none in the world's history.

He is described as a man neither vigorous or strong, yet, says a French writer, "I have seen him scatter more flakes of hard marble in a quarter of an hour than three men in thrice the time." He attacked the marble with great fury, yet struck exactly to the line.

Following sculpture, came painting, architecture and poetry, though he is not especially known to the world as a poet. During the political struggle of his native city, Florence, he became involved, arraying himself on the side of the republic as opposed to the pope and Medicean family. At this time he developed a new line of power, that of a military engineer. Thus where nature seldom bestows but one great gift, Michael Angelo was the happy possessor of five. Well may we say the ruling stars were propitious.

His greatest works were done during the lives of the three following popes: Julius II., Leo X., and Paul III. By Julius he was commissioned to design and build his tomb, a work the artist thought would be his greatest legacy to posterity, but the pope died before it was finished, and Michael Angelo was recalled from Rome. It was, however, subsequently completed, but not after the original design. The most remarkable work of this mausoleum is, perhaps, the statue of Moses.

His next great work we will notice is painting the Sistine chapel. The wonderful dome is his production alone. The designing, coloring, labor, are all his. Painters from various cities were summoned, but he dismissed them all. Their work did not meet his approval.

We are told he was eighteen months painting the scene of the Last Judgment. When the vast work was finished, criticisms were offered, the chief of which was absence of drapery. Biagio de Cesena, papal master of ceremonies, when asked his opinion, declared the work fitter for a tavern. He had better held his peace; swift vengeance was in store. The haughty artist was so enraged or offended, he changed the features of the infernal judge to those of the critic. The unfortunate man prayed the pope for redress, but His Holiness replied: "*Ex infernis est nulla redemptio*," and the picture continued.

Other pictures in the dome are The Deluge, Sacrifice of Noah, Mystery of Creation, Creation of Man, of Woman, Brazen Serpent, Fall of Man, Prophets and Sybils, and a series of holy families representing the genealogy of Christ.

Later in life he became chief architect of St. Peter's. This was during the pontificate of Paul III., and to Michael Angelo is due much credit for the grand and magnificent design. He was at one time banished, but his great genius saved him. He was recalled. He died Feb. 18, 1564, within a few weeks of completing his eighty-ninth year.

WANTED, A READING PUBLIC.

This is what the publishers say is needed—that is, serious readers, those who care enough about books to buy them, own them, and really possess them.

selves of their contents. This is what the writers say is needed—the writers who are becoming almost more numerous than the readers. Nearly everybody writes for publication; it is impossible to provide vehicles enough for their contributions, and the reading public to sustain periodicals does not increase in proportion. Everybody agrees that this is the most intelligent, active-minded age that ever was, and in its way the most prolific and productive age.

Is there a glut and over-production in the literary world as well as in other departments? Isn't it an odd outcome of diffused education and of cheap publications, the decline in the habit of continuous serious reading? We have heard a great deal, since Lord Brougham's time and the societies for the diffusion of knowledge, of the desirability of cheap literature for the masses. The congressmen place cheapness above honesty in their sincere desire to raise the tone of the American people. There is no product that men use which is now so cheap as newspapers, periodicals, and books. For the price of a box of strawberries or a banana you can buy the immortal work of the greatest genius of all time in fiction, poetry, philosophy, or science. But we doubt if the class that were to be specially benefited by this reduction in price of intellectual food are much profited.

Of course some avail themselves of things placed within their reach which they could not own formerly, but it remains true that people value and profit only by that which it cost some effort to obtain. We very much doubt if the mass of the people have as good habits of reading as they had when publications were dearer. Who is it who buys the five, ten, and twenty-cent editions? Generally those who could afford to buy, and did buy, books at a fair price, to the remuneration of author and publisher. And their serious reading habit has gone down with the price.

We have an increasing leisure class. When does it read? Not much in the winter, for the demands of society are too exigent then. For private reading there is no time, and a short cut to information is sought by means of drawing room lectures and clubs, which are supposed to give to social life, without interfering with it, a lacquer of culture. In summer it is impossible to read much; what is called the mind needs rest by that time, and the distractions of out-door life in the mountains and by the sea forbid any thing but the most desultory skimming of the very lightest products of the press. To be sure, the angel of the Atlantic ocean sees a row of pretty girls on the coast, seated on rocks or in the sand, all the way from Campo Bello to Cape May, with novels in their hands—one of the most pleasing imitations of intellectual life ever presented in the world. It is perfect when there is breeze enough to turn over the leaves. And the young men—those who are in business, or who are supposed to be getting a more or less "conditional" education—do they read as much as the young ladies? It is a curious comment on the decay of the reading habit in households, the blank literary condition of the young men who come up to the high schools and colleges. Is it owing entirely to the modern specialization of knowledge that they usually have read little except their text-books?

Now we are not trying to defend the necessity of reading. They say that people got on in the Middle Ages very well without much of it, and that the women then were as agreeable, and the men as brave and forceful, as in this age. But it is certainly interesting to consider whether, by reason of cheap and chopped up literary food, we are coming round practically to the Middle Ages relative to

reading, that is, to reading any thing except what is called news, or ingenious sorts of inventions and puzzles which can be talked about as odd incidents in daily life are talked about. Reading to any intellectual purpose requires patience and abstraction and continuity of thought. This habit of real reading is not acquired by the perusal of newspapers, nor by the swift dash which most people give to the cheap publications which are had for the picking up, and usually valued accordingly. It is an open question whether cheap literature is helping us any toward becoming a thoughtful and reading people. —Charles Dudley Warner, in *Harper's Magazine*.

—You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make that earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say any thing gloomy. —Mrs. L. M. Child.

—Punctuation was first used in literature in 1520. Before that time words and sentences were put together like this.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the ballad containing these words:

"From beneath his broad sombrero
Martha Hopkins making pies?"
I will return the favor in any way I can.
MRS. W. JACKSON.
P. O. Box 193, Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters send me the words of a song part of the first verse of which is,

"There is a dear spot in Ireland,
That I long to see,
'Tis the home of my childhood,
'Tis heaven to me?"
MRS. CELIA ROBERTS.
7 Lagrove St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the words of a poem called "The Kiss Deferred," or tell me where I can find them? I have heard the poem recited, but have never seen it in print. I will return the favor in any way I can or return postage.
MRS. MCQUESTOW.
North Andover Depot, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the words of the song entitled "The Idler?" As nearly as I remember, these are a few of the words:
"Gaily an idler young squandered his time,
Thoughtless of future life—manhood's prime;
Study is for sleepy heads, sang he so gay,
Merry boys, merry boys, time flies away."
And another with words something like these:
"The wind is howling round my pillow,
And brings no care to me."
MRS. T. M. MEER.
Box 70, Rockbridge, Greene Co., Ill.

THE REVIEWER.

LAST EVENING WITH ALLSTON AND OTHER PAPERS. By Elizabeth P. Peabody. In this interesting volume the venerable author has brought together a series of papers and essays written at intervals of her extended literary career, the earliest bearing date of 1830, nearly sixty years ago, and the latest—a "Plea for Froebel's Kindergarten"—reprinted from a pamphlet printed in 1869. Miss Peabody was an intimate friend of the famous American painter Allston, and saw much of him in his later days. The two leading papers of the collection are devoted to a consideration of the life and genius of the lamented artist; a third is a critical notice of his paintings, written at the time of their exhibition in Boston, in 1839. Miss Peabody believes Allston to have been the greatest of American painters, and there are many, even in these days when people are carried away by "breadth" and "impression," who share in that same opinion. Of the remaining papers of the collection those which will have the most general interest are "A

Vision," which was contributed to the Pioneer in 1843, "Brook Farm Interpretation of Christ's Idea of Society," from the Dial, and "The Atheism of Yesterday," from the Christian Examiner. Price, \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

COMMON SENSE SCIENCE. By Grant Allen. Grant Allen is known as one of the brightest and most interesting of writers on natural history topics and also upon what may be called every-day science. In the volume before us we have twenty-eight chapters upon as many different subjects, none of them exhaustively treated, but all of them suggestive, and calculated to awaken interest and induce further investigation. The reader who opens the book for instance, at the paper on "The Balance of Nature," and follows the author through the dozen pages devoted to that subject, will hardly leave the matter there. Mr. Allen, by a series of illustrative facts, shows how curiously all things are interlaced in this world of ours, one thing so dovetailing into the next that it is impossible to alter one of the pieces in the least degree without upsetting the harmony of the whole. Nothing in the world stands absolutely alone. Other notable topics treated in the book are "The Earth's Interior," "Knowledge and Opinion," "Second Nature," "Self-Consciousness," "Sleep," etc. Price \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

RELIGIOUS POEMS BY ROBERT BROWNING.—Christmas Eve and Easter Day, Saul, and An Epistle Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, an Arab Physician, form the contents of a volume edited by Miss Heloise E. Hersey. The poems are printed from the most recent text, and each has a brief Introduction and Explanatory Notes. The whole book is especially timely as demonstrating Archdeacon Farrar's claim that Browning deserves to be ranked among the greatest of religious poets. It is adapted for use in Browning Clubs, for Literature Classes, for Reading Circles which wish a taste of Robert Browning at his best, and, not least, for the reader who has already learned to prize this great poet. Price 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February is a peculiarly strong number. The striking frontispiece "Moose Hunting by Jacklight," is one of Mr. Frost's brilliant illustrations to the paper on "Moose Hunting" by Henry P. Wells. Charles Dudley Warner describes the Bayou Teche country of Southern Louisiana, known as "The Acadian Land," very entertainingly, and his fellow-traveler, the artist W. H. Gibson, beautifully illustrates his text. Mr. Howell's new novel, "April Hopes," begins with every assurance of excellent even his high standard, taking Boston life of to-day for his theme. The conclusions of Sir Edward Reed's survey of the continental navies of Europe carefully measures the naval strength of Italy, Russia, Germany, Austria, and Turkey. A dozen illustrations, four of them full-page, picture the essential characteristics of these rival armaments. The war correspondent, Frank D. Millet, contributes a sequel to his illustrated description of summer life among the Cossacks in the January number. "A Winter Campaign with the Cossacks" contains several thrilling and curious passages recounting the hardy, adventurous life of these pioneers of the Czar's army. The author's drawings render his article doubly interesting. The eleventh part of Blackmore's novel, "Springhaven," rapidly progresses towards the close of Nelson's splendid career. The second part of "Narka," Kathleen O'Meara's dramatic story of Russian life, moves powerfully amid stirring scenes. Several fine poems are given, and the editorial departments are filled to overflowing with good things. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A complete new novel by Miss M. G. McClelland, entitled "A Self-Made Man," is the leading attraction of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for February. Another delightful piece of fiction is "Rothenburg Felicity," a translation by Mrs. A. L. Wister, "after the German of Paul Heyse." Robert Grant furnishes a dialogue, "Two Ways of Telling a Story," in which the representatives of two different schools of art, the ideal and the real, have an amusing quarrel. The literary autobiography, which is a regular feature of Lippincott's, is furnished this month by John Burroughs, under the title of "Mere Egotism." It is a frank, readable paper, and gives much in-

teresting information as to this charming author's literary career and methods of work. Charles E. L. Wingate contributes a notable article entitled "Our Actors and Their Preferences." William E. Curtis contributes a bit of personal gossip entitled "A Day with the President," giving a vivid picture of the daily life of President and Mrs. Cleveland. The departments are as bright as ever, and good poetry is furnished by A. W. R. and C. H. Crandall. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The full holiday numbers of WIDE AWAKE this year have overflowed into the February issue, for we find the opening story a Christmas tale by Katherine McDowell Rice, "Why the Doll's Name Was never Changed," and another beautiful chapter of "The Longfellow Literature" is given; "Longfellow and his Children," by the poet's brother, Rev. Samuel Longfellow. Mrs. Fremont this month concludes her bewitching "Taffy and Buster" chronicles, the gay little ponies bringing about \$3000 into the treasury of the Sanitary Commission. Mrs. Davis' "La Rose Blanche" war story "Mandy's Doll Party," brings a most delightful Yankee soldier among the children of the Plantation. Miss Guiney's "Fairy Folk All," deals with "The Black Elves;" and Miss Lewis' "Famous Pets" with "Pets at the Early English Court" and is enriched with some beautiful "Vandykes." The serial stories are particularly enjoyable reading: "Romulus and Remus" is high comedy this month, "Montezuma's Gold Mines" most exciting, "Howling Wolf and his Trick Pony" has a perfectly delightful adventure of the bright young Indian lad, and "A Young Prince of Commerce" is quite worth while in every family where there are boys to go out in the world. Mrs. Bolton has a good paper about Frances E. Willard, Miss Harris a practical article, "One Lady's Way of Teaching How to Write Compositions," and C. F. Holder one about "Fresh Water Turtles." The new feature of the magazine, "The Contributors and the Children," is eminently successful, being altogether readable. \$2.40 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for February offers some excellent articles to its readers, prominent among which is the able paper on "John Cleves Symmes, the Theorist;" the sketch of this remarkable man with his no less remarkable theories regarding the earth planets, and other things, is most interesting, the quaint illustrations adding to its interest. Henry W. Austin contributes a readable sketch entitled "My Pilgrim Fathers," and John Duncan has an interesting paper on "Pure-Bred Live Stock in Kentucky," illustrated. Lighter articles and several poems are given, and the Editor's Table offers an attractive variety of readable bits. \$2.00 a year. Louisville, Ky.: The Southern Bivouac.

C. E. Allen is one of the first to send out the annual ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF SEEDS AND PLANTS. It is filled, as usual, with a choice variety of new as well as well-known seeds and plants for flower and vegetable culture. Mr. Allen makes a specialty of strawberries and other small fruits, offering many excellent varieties. Brattleboro, Vt.: C. E. Allen.

NOVELTIES IN FLOWER SEEDS is the title of a seed catalogue which devotes itself to the flower garden, and in which one can scarcely fail to find any thing wanted in that line. The same firm also issue a catalogue of vegetable seeds, both at wholesale and retail rates. La Plume, Pa., Isaac F. Tillinghast.

RAWSON'S ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF SEEDS AND PLANTS is as handsome as its predecessors, filled to overflowing with lists of flowers, fruits and vegetables. The new firm seem to fully sustain the reputation of the well known seedsmen to whose business they have succeeded, offering excellent inducements to purchasers. Boston: W. W. Rawson & Co., 34 S. Market St.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received the following from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston: "On Time March," E. M. Bagley, 40 cts.; "Music Box Echoes," Gustav Lange, 50 cts.; "Parson and the Clerk," Comic song, G. Thorne, 30 cts.; "Watching the Embers," song, Ciro Pinsuti, 40 cts.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CENTURY for February. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE FORUM for February. \$5.00 a year. New York: The Forum Pub. Co., 97 Fifth Ave.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE for February. \$2.00 a year. New York: The Brooklyn Magazine Co.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for February. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The New England Magazine.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for February. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.

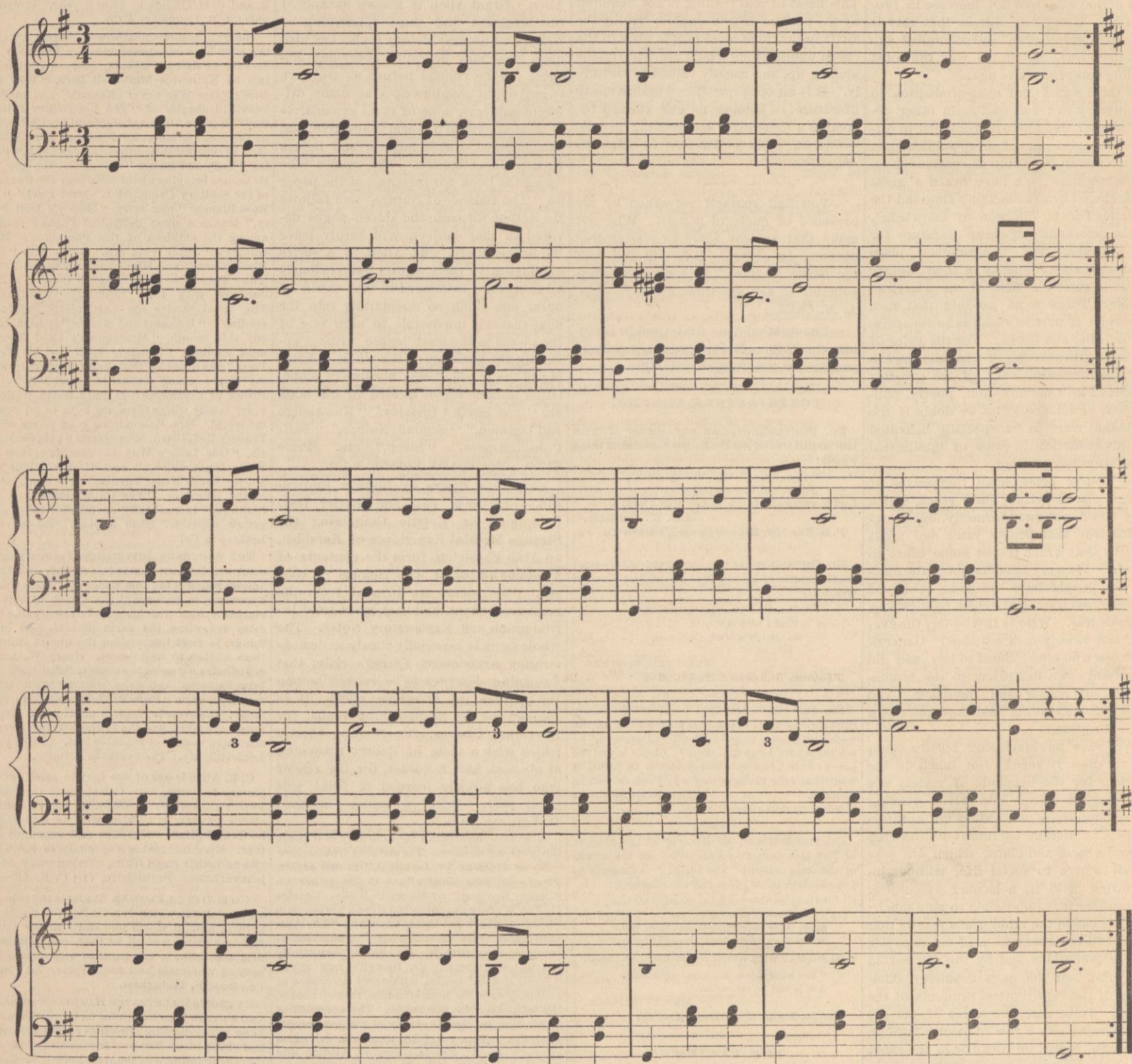
ST. NICHOLAS for February. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

BABYHOOD for February. \$1.50 a year. New York: Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St.

To The Little Ones of "The Household."

LOU'S WALTZ.

GEO. E. DANA.



THE CONCERTS OF THE CONSERVATOIRE.

It is difficult to obtain tickets for them, there being but nine hundred seats, every one of which belongs to members or to regular subscribers. The same people retain them for a lifetime, and at their death the privilege passes to their heirs. The same faces may be seen in the same places year after year, until the eager young listeners have become attentive aged ones; enjoying the music less, understanding it better; taking it patiently for rest and recreation, perhaps for oblivion, instead of passionately forcing it into relation with their own personal hopes, fears, hate, love, or anguish. When the old, regular occupant of a seat disappears, and a new one sits in his stead, he is generally a son, nephew, or grandson of the former possessor.

The owners of seats cannot always attend the performances, and then they offer their tickets to friends or send them to the office of the society, for the benefit of melomaniacs who are willing to

take the various steps necessary for securing them. These consist in sending your name to the secretary of the society on the Thursday before the concert which you wish to attend—Sunday being the day of the performance—and in going to the office on Saturday, when you take your place in a file and wait until your name is called, which is done in the order of your application, when you receive one of the returned tickets, if any remain. If there have been too many before you there is still the chance of going on Sunday at the hour of the concert, tickets often being sent in at the last moment; then, by scuffling with others in like plight with yourself, you may obtain a first-class seat for twelve francs, or an inferior one for eight—there is nothing to be had, I believe, at less than five. The great objection to waiting until Sunday is that all the public concerts are given on the same day at the same hour, and at points very remote from each other; so that if you fail of getting in at the Conservatoire you must miss the first piece

on the program anywhere else and run the risk of losing the concert altogether. After the music begins there is seldom room left except for standing.

There are few good places at the Conservatoire; one does not hear very well in the boxes; in the parquet, all the seats not too near the orchestra are good; but the center of the hall is chilly at the opening of the concert and stifling at the end, while in the amphitheatre, which is under the skylight close to the roof, and opposite the chandelier, the temperature must be upwards of 90° Fahrenheit from the first, and the seats have no back. Yet in listening to the concert every discomfort is forgotten. It is nearly impossible to describe playing the characteristic of which is its perfection.

The sovereign charm of the orchestra of the Conservatoire is its finish, and this is produced by a combination of all the qualities which give us pleasure in music, each in a high degree, none falling short of the rest. First comes the primary one of strict precision in time and tune and

observance of rhythm and accent; then follow sonority, brilliancy, delicacy, fineness of modulation, power, perception, expression—above all, the unanimity which in certain passages sounds like the even respiration of one great being, the breathing of some gigantic incorporation of harmony, in a happy dream. Again and again I have roused myself from the unreflecting enjoyment of merely hearing the music, in order to listen for flaws in the execution, but I never detected a single want or weak point. I am unable to explain the superiority of Richter's Viennese orchestra, which lifts one higher in the sphere of pure, lyrical pleasure, and brings one into the actual embrace of music as an ambient element, like air or water; I can only say that it is more glorious than the Conservatoire—that it has more inspiration.—*Atlantic*.

—Over fifty women, it is stated, are connected with newspapers in the south, and it is proposed that they organize a Southern Women's Press Association.

The Dispensary.

THE DISPOSAL OF GARBAGE.

THE question of what shall be done with the refuse matter from the kitchen, is an important one, and its proper solution is essential in every household. In the larger cities the problem is solved by a special branch of the street cleaning service, whose duty it is to visit every house daily, collect all refuse matter from the kitchen, and convey it away in covered carts. In sparsely settled, country localities, on the other hand, no elaborate arrangements are necessary, as it may be easily removed to a safe distance from the house and utilized as a fertilizer, without offence or injury. But in the smaller cities and larger villages which contain a great proportion of our population, neither of these methods is available, and it is here that the question presses hardest for solution. It is not a question of taste alone, nor of comfort, but of health, and even of life itself.

Notwithstanding its vital importance, the most cursory examination will convince any intelligent observer that in most households, not only has the question not been properly solved, but it has not been even asked—indeed, the inhabitants are not aware that there is such a question.

In almost every back yard we find a heap of offal, consisting of potato skins, egg shells, bean pods, apple parings, pumpkin seeds, corn cobs, nut shells, bits of meat, fish skins, "and much that is not so sweet by half." This may conduce to that odor of sanctity which was supposed to determine the degree of sanctity of the pious monks of old, but it surely does not contribute to either the health or happiness of the household. Instead of this, the garbage heap, fermenting in the summer suns, and decomposing beneath the autumn rains, breeding flies, worms and maggots, becomes a stench in every one's nostrils, and an offence to all things pure. With decay and corruption, it brings also disease, and becomes a fruitful source of diphtheria, typhoid fever and zymotic diseases of every kind.

There is, however, a safe and proper mode of disposing of kitchen garbage, and one of universal applicability. Wherever hogs or other domestic animals are kept, the nutritious portions of the refuse should be fed to them, as the most economical and satisfactory method of disposal. But even the swill pail, which, when properly used, is a useful and necessary adjunct of every farm house, is too often made to cover a multitude of sins against that cleanliness which is next to godliness. For even a swill pail can and should be kept clean.

Where there are no hogs or other animals to consume the refuse, and in the case of such things as even hogs will not eat, there remains the method of burning—a method, which, while requiring care and some degree of pains-taking, is absolutely safe, not over difficult of application, and obviates all danger to health. In some cases it may be convenient to carry the scraps to a distance from the house and burn them in a heap with other combustible materials. But, in general, the kitchen fire is the best and most convenient receptacle. Dry refuse may readily be burned at once, while the moist portions which compose the bulk of kitchen garbage, will require a preliminary drying, or else will require to be added to the fire in small quantities at a time. If added slowly and at intervals during the day, it may be burned thoroughly, and the fire need not be clogged or otherwise

interfered with, and there will be no offensive odor.

When the garbage heap is burned, it is out of the way forever. There is no decomposition, no breeding of germs, no filth to cause disease, when once the fire has done its work. It only remains to be put in the ash heap, when it is ready for use as a fertilizer if wood is used as fuel; or if coal, it will, at least, form a part of a harmless heap of dirt.

J. M. FRENCH, M. D.

THE VALUE OF SUNSHINE.

I would like to give a few suggestions. I think many of us are not aware of the great value of sunlight. It gives life to both body and soul. To live in a dark house makes one melancholy and stupid. The sun, the great source of heat and light, is a great purifier and strength giver. I have had my health restored, I think, more by keeping in the sunshine than by all the medicine I have taken. I have known several delicate ladies to be restored by keeping out doors in the sunshine. What are called sun baths are excellent.

It is a great mistake to have the dining room dark. Food digests better if we partake of it in a cheerful spirit, and the sunlight is cheering and invigorating. Bed rooms should always be sunny.

About eating: Many of us, in our hurried lives, eat too quickly, thinking of our business all the time. I have heard it said by several that they could eat better and their food digested more easily, if there was a goodly number at the table and pleasant conversation was carried on. It has its physiological reasons. Food does not digest as well taken gloomily. It is a law of our nature that we eat in company, and not hurry from the table, but chat in a pleasant manner. We think it is a good practice. Hard work immediately after eating, I suppose we all know, impairs digestion. It would be well to escape any approach of indigestion, for it is a great enemy to our usefulness in any vocation.

Very often in trying to escape one evil, we throw our doors open to another. Thus in darkening our rooms to get rid of flies, we give place to infinitesimals that prey upon our vitals. In keeping out fresh air for fear of cold, we cause poisonous gases to be generated in our rooms, which debilitate the whole system. By taking stimulants to aid digestion, we weaken the digestive organs so that they become incapable of digesting properly the most nutritious food.

There are a great many appearances that deceive us, so it is well that we study the laws of our life. Every young girl ought to study physiology, and have it impressed upon her, too, that to violate the laws of hygiene is a wrong for which she cannot escape retribution, and one which her conscience, if it is enlightened, will condemn.

Good cooking is a very important branch of industry. It gives happiness and health. The dyspeptic does not, as a general rule, like good, wholesome cooking, and the stomach becomes so demoralized that it craves for that which injures. In such cases, the invalid must not follow his feelings, but let reason guide him, and choose a light, simple diet, and wean himself from the obnoxious things that perverted his taste and digestion, and not insist, like the drunkard, that stimulants will cure all his ills, when reason shows only too plainly, that it is killing him. Many people have no better wisdom regarding their food than the toper regarding his drink.

It is always well to find the best way possible for doing any kind of work, and always be open to conviction. Be willing

to learn new methods. Give all a hearing. There is always room for improvement. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

A. M. P.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

AN EXCELLENT OINTMENT.

Having had occasion during the past week to use a remedy long known and highly prized in our family, it occurred to me that I might return some of the many favors received through your columns, by sending it for the benefit of any one who may need such help. It is an ointment good for dressing any wound, but for a sore with any touch of canker about it, it works like a charm. Such obstinate sores as children often have around their mouths and noses are cured in a few days by its use. No one need hesitate to use it, as I have recommended it to many, and my mother to many more before me, and it has proved a success in every case.

Cut a large stick of the elder bush, peel off and discard the outer, grayish bark, then carefully scrape off the inner green covering, and steep it about ten minutes in lard or cream enough to cover the amount of green you have taken. Strain and cool and it is ready for use. I should be glad to hear from any one trying this.

Pawtucket, R. I.

MRS. E. W. S.

THE LUNGS.

Atmosphere is the same to the human system as steam to the engine or fuel to the furnace. It is life; without it all circulation ceases, and we die. Hence, those who have a large capacity of lungs possess one of the essential elements of longevity. If you would feel exhilarated, breathe the atmosphere freely. If you would purify the blood, stop taking quack nostrums and breathe "everlasting life," and if the case is complicated and more is required, consult an intelligent and well informed physician. If you would have rosy cheeks and good appetites, do not resort to the cosmetics of the shops, but exercise your lungs.

—For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it was necessary that the eye should be kept moist and clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland from which flows a watery fluid (tears), which is spread over the eye by the lid, and is afterward swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone to the inner surface of the nose, where the warm air, passing over it while breathing, evaporates it. It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose. If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it and a lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when we look through a dusty glass. Along the edges of the eyelid, there are a great number of little tubes or glands, from which flows an oily substance, which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from becoming sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep the tears within the lid.

—In case of poisoning, the simple rule is to get the poison out of the stomach as soon as possible. Mustard and salt act promptly as emetics, and they are always at hand. Stir a tablespoonful in a glass of water, and let the person swallow it quickly. If it does not cause vomiting in five minutes, repeat the dose. After vomiting, give the whites of two or three eggs, and send for the doctor.

—To purify a room, set a pitcher of water in the apartment and in a few hours it will have absorbed all the respired gases in the room, the air of which

will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is the greater the capacity to contain these gases. At the ordinary temperature a pail of water will absorb a pint of carbonic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence water kept in a room awhile is unfit for use.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MISS A. M. F. *Hot Water and Digestion.* No, I do not "fully approve of taking very hot water into the stomach." I object to this custom, of recent origin, from the fact that it is unnatural and harsh, partially scalding the stomach, which cannot be of any more advantage than a similar scalding of the outer surface. The natural temperature of the stomach—supposed to be the most favorable to perfect digestion—is about 100° Fah., the temperature fixed by the Creator, and supposed to be right, while hot water may vary from 165°, upward. Those who have been in the habit of drinking hot tea may have so trained the stomach as to endure a point nearer 200°, or near the scalding point. It is true that this unnatural heat stimulates digestion, hastening the process, but all such stimulation is followed by a depression; practically acting as a debilitant. The longer, therefore, this is continued, the weaker the digestive powers must become. Yes, it is the "medical fashion" just at the present, but medical fashions are as sensible as those of the milliners, and, like them, are somewhat changeable. "Does not hot water expel gases from the stomach?" Most certainly, and so does warm water, and even cold, or any substance which takes the place of these gases, since no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time. These gases are produced by indigestion, by taking more food than the stomach can dispose of, or foods difficult of digestion, resulting from the fermentation of the undigested food, while it is well known that this gas (carbonic acid) aids the digestion, and may be intended for that particular purpose. It may not be best to expel it prematurely, but allow nature to do her own work in her own way. Again, since this gas is produced by fermentation, made necessary by eating too much, it would seem more natural, more creditable, to eat less, to be more careful in the selection of our food, thus rendering the expulsion of gas unnecessary. The use of a plain and simple food—really more nutritious than the rich—taken at proper times and in proper quantities, well chewed, instead of being washed down with hot drinks, to save time and labor, will render this "hot water" entirely unnecessary.

A CONSTANT READER. *Bruises and Sprains.* No, I do not have any special faith in "wrapping sprains, etc., in cloths wet in alcohol and water." The water dressing, without the alcohol, I regard as far preferable, and quite as convenient, at least, in a state where the good Neal Dow has such an influence as he has at home! I know of no possible advantage in the addition of the alcohol, while, from my own experience and observations, with the experiments in our best hospitals and sanitariums, I cannot say too much in favor of the simple "water dressing," so largely employed at the present time. While nature does the most in all such cures, (the doctors getting by far too much of the credit), I have never been able to find any thing which will do as much in her aid as water—with a little water tincture of arnica flowers—applied with wet cloths, properly covered, changed once in four hours, or oftener if they become too warm. Such cloths conduct off the local heat, reducing inflammation, so absorbing the escaping foul matters as to keep all clean, a very important matter in the treatment of sores. This water treatment is appropriate in the treatment of sores in general, lameness, sprains, bruises, cuts, etc., often relieving internal injuries, simply by conducting off the heat. So long as the cloths are promotive of comfort, no one need fear any harm from their use.

A. T. *Flesh Worms or Black-Heads.* These are no worms and have no heads. To understand what they are, remember that there are sebaceous glands, and that there are tubes leading from them to the skin. It is quite possible for the openings to become closed by dust and dirt, (the blackness), the constant supply of the oil enlarging these, making them look like worms. Those who eat an unusual amount of greasy food are more liable than others to have them, or those having a sallow complexion, a dingy appearance, indicating a deranged state of the liver. (Do not squeeze them, but apply a warm wet cloth, so softening them that they will discharge, at least, by a gentle pressure.) I recommend regular bathing weekly, using warm water with ammonia or castile soap, with the frequent use of the flesh brush. A very plain style of living, using no pork, will be favorable to a cure.

my fondest expectations that I cannot resist the impulse of giving you a description of it.

Now, I fancy I hear some sister saying, "As long as a couple of dollars will buy a good Marseilles spread, I shall not bother my head to embroider one." You are quite right, sister, and so will money buy many other things far nicer than we can make, if we only have it to spare; for instance, money will buy a finer table spread, or mantel lambrequin, or a Persian rug, or lace for trimming pillow shams, but at the same time will they afford us the pleasure and satisfaction that our own handiwork gives us?

I brushed up what little knowledge I once had about stitches, and added to it outline and knot stitch, and went to work. From twelve yards of good, serviceable, bleached factory, I cut out thirty-five blocks, just twelve inches square, making them all double, or, to express my meaning plainer, used two thicknesses of cloth for each block, then basted each block all around, about two inches from the margin. Some of these blocks a friend stamped for me, but the larger portion I stamped myself in the following manner: My designs which are mostly flowers, for instance, a bunch of fuchsias, a cluster of pansies, a spray of roses, pinks, cluster of wheat heads, sunflowers, flags and cat's-tails, etc., too numerous to mention, nearly all being different, were obtained from fashion magazines, by placing a smooth piece of tissue paper over the design, and carefully tracing it out with a lead pencil. Then I removed the tissue paper and basted it securely to the center of a block, and with my embroidery needle pricked out the design through the paper and cloth, and after tracing the holes the needle had perforated on the block with a pencil, I found that my design was as plainly imprinted on them as if stamped in the usual way.

When all the blocks were finished, I set it together by running the upper portions of each block together, and then turned and side-stitched the under portion over the seams, thus making the under side of the spread as free from unsightly seams as the upper side. To make the spread of the required size, I added a border five inches in width around the sides of the spread, those at the top and bottom being somewhat less. In working it I used tidy cotton, No. 16. I have washed and ironed it ready for use, and will add that I first ironed a portion of it on the wrong side, pressing the embroidery until smooth, then turned and ironed the same portion on the right side, omitting the embroidery, of course, and proceeded in this manner until finished. We will say that the seam that joins the border to the blocks, is covered by a row of double briar-stitch, which adds greatly to the beauty of the spread. A. B.

Meridian, N. Y.

CROCHET BED SPREAD.

Make a chain of eight and join in a circle with a slip stitch.

1. Three chain, two double crochet (thread over once), three chain, three double crochet in the circle. This forms a shell; repeat until there are three shells with three chain between each one, then three chain, and join shells in a circle by a slip stitch in first three chain.

2. Three chain, shell in first hole, repeat until there are five shells, then three double crochet, three chain, two double crochet, join with top of three chain by a slip stitch.

3. Three chain, shell in shell, two chain, repeat all around with two chain between each shell, one double crochet in three chain.

4. Two chain, shell in shell, two chain, one double crochet in two chain between

shells, two chain, shell in shell, and continue around in the same way.

5. Two chain, one double crochet in the first hole, two chain, one double crochet in next hole, two chain, shell in shell; repeat all around.

6. Two chain, one double crochet in first hole, two chain, * six double crochet in next hole; turn the work over and put the needle in the top of the first stitch and make one single crochet *; this between *'s makes a ball; turn the work back, two chain, one double crochet in next hole, shell in shell; repeat all round.

7. * Two chain, one double crochet in first hole, two chain, one ball in next hole, two chain, one double crochet in next hole, shell in shell; repeat from * all around.

8. * Two chain, one double crochet in first hole, two chain, one ball in next hole, two chain, three double crochet in next hole, two chain, one ball in next hole, two chain, one double crochet in next hole, two chain, shell in shell; repeat from * all round.

9. * Two chain, one double crochet in first hole, two chain, one ball in next hole, two chain, two double crochet in next hole, three double crochet over next three double crochet, two double crochet in next hole, two chain, one ball in next hole, two chain, one double crochet in next hole, two chain, shell in shell; repeat from * all around.

10. * Two chain, one double crochet in first hole, two chain, one ball in next hole, two chain, two double crochet in next hole, seven double crochet over next seven double crochet, two double crochet in next hole, two chain, one ball in next hole, two chain, one double crochet in next hole, two chain, shell in shell; repeat from * all around.

11. * Two chain, one double crochet in first hole, two chain, one ball in next hole, two chain, two double crochet in next hole, eleven double crochet in next eleven double crochet, two double crochet in next hole, two chain, one ball in next hole, two chain, one double crochet in next hole, two chain, shell in shell; repeat from * all around.

Break off the thread. This forms a hexagon, and when joined together the balls form diamonds. The pattern as I learned it a year ago called for knitting cotton, but I am making mine of No. 8 white thread, one spool of thread making four hexagons. ABBIE.

SOME FANCY TRIFLES.

An ornamental little affair for the corner in a sleeping room, and one that is very useful in a sick room, where rattling, clashing noises are to be avoided, is a husher for the lower half of the ewer. It is crocheted of white knitting cotton. Make a chain of nine stitches, close it into a ring, and work into it loops of nine chain stitches each. Into these work loops of seven stitches each, working round and round, and widening at regular intervals to keep the work flat, until you have a circular piece as large as a tea plate. Then work about an inch more without widening. But in working this last inch crochet back and forth instead of round and round, so as to leave a placket at one side. Somewhere in the depth of this inch, crochet an ornamental stripe, but the last row must be open work, into which when the work is finished, is run a tasselled cord of scarlet wool. Set the ewer down in the center of the husher, draw the crochet work up over it very tightly, cross the cords under the handle of the ewer, then bring them outside the handle and tie there in long loops, letting the tassels fall about an inch.

Another pretty, easily made trifle is a pocket for the handle of the hair brush

or hand mirror. This is crocheted of single or split zephyr in the same stitch used for the husher. Shape it to fit the handle, but make it only two-thirds the length of the handle, since it looks best drawn over it very tightly. The drawing string is a twisted cord finished with ball tassels. This little affair keeps the handle free from grease, besides being very ornamental. When a hand mirror is to be given as a Christmas present, one of these little pockets tied over the handle adds much to the beauty of the gift.

Crazy patchwork of velvet makes a pretty holder for use about a parlor stove. Cut it in diamond shape, line with woolen, and bind with dress braid. The pieces of velvet not quite fresh enough for other uses do very well for this purpose. Velvet crazy work also makes a handsome border for table scarfs.

NELLY BROWNE.

OVAL TABLE MATS.

Make a chain of twenty-five stitches. Double crochet all around the chain to the beginning and turn the work. There will be one stitch on the hook; put the hook back through the last loop through which the cotton was drawn, put the cotton over the hook and draw it through that loop alone, then put the cotton over the hook and draw through the two loops upon the hook, double crochet the row of loops on the back side of the mat to the end.

Crochet twice in each of three adjoining loops to the end. Double crochet to the other end. Crochet twice in two adjoining loops at that end, bringing the ends of the first row around the mat together.

Bring the cotton in front of the hook which has upon it one loop, put the hook through a loop at the end of this row where it commenced, and draw the cotton through the two loops upon the hook, join. Turn the work over, put the hook back through the last loop through which the cotton was drawn, put the cotton over the hook, draw through that loop alone, put the cotton over the hook, and draw through the two loops.

Crochet twice in the first loop of each of the two loops that had two stitches in them, double crochet down the side to the other end, crochet twice in the first of each of the three loops which had two stitches put in them, double crochet to the beginning of the row, join, and turn over as before. Continue this until the mat is as large as required.

For an edge I think this pretty: Pass one loop, five trebles in the second stitch, pass one loop, and fasten down by one double crochet in the next; repeat all round the mat.

This mat is all double crochet to give it a ribbed appearance, the hook being put through the outside half of each loop, and the mat turned at the end of each round. The increasings are, of course, to turn the corners. Please try these, May H., and oblige,

MRS. A. W. PARKHURST.

Box 614, Milford, N. H.

OAK LEAF LACE.

Cast on fifteen stitches, knit across plain.

1. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

2. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, narrow, knit three, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

4. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit six, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

6. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit eight, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two.

7. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit nine, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

8. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit twelve, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

9. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, narrow, knit the rest plain.

10. Bind off thirteen, knit five, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one. This ends one scallop.

Begin at first row. J. B. C.

TOBOGGAN CAPS.

Toboggan caps are very much worn this winter, and here is a very pretty pattern done in star stitch:

Take single Germantown wool of any color and a bone hook. Make a chain of one hundred and one stitches, and join in a ring. Three chain, raise a loop each in second and third of three chain and in first two of foundation, draw through all five, and make one chain. Work fifty more stars, ending the last one in the middle of the first star at the beginning of the round. Go on until there are six rounds in all, forming the turnover of the cap. Do not break off. Turn work on wrong side, and work back in the same manner, making the band around the head. There should be fifty-one stars. Now work twenty-seven stars, leaving twenty-four for the front. Break off, fasten under the horizontal loop of the first of the twenty-seven stars. Work thirty-two rows, breaking off each time so as to keep the right side. Care should be taken to keep the edges straight, and the same number of stars in each row. Now lay three side plaits on each side of this oblong piece; sew together. That brings the top of it down over the forehead to be sewed to the remaining twenty-four stars left of the band, where ribbon or pompons are to be placed to ornament the cap. A row of shells makes a pretty finish for the turnover piece.

Will some one please send a pattern for pretty crocheted infant's shoe?

MRS. F. H. PERKINS.

Kinsman, Ohio.

A NEW STYLE BABY'S SHIRT.

I did not like flannel for baby's shirts, for I could not always see that they were properly washed, and they would shrink up and become so uncomfortable. I had no time to knit shirts, so what was to be done?

I got down the scrap bag and put on my thinking cap. Presently, I came to a pair of pale blue hose which were not much worn, and I said "Just the thing!" I cut them down the back seam, and from the top part of the stockings cut the body of the shirt, and the sleeves from the ankle and the upper part of the foot. I sewed the seams on the machine with loose tension, then opened them and cat-stitched them down smoothly. A crochet edging of zephyr around neck and sleeves completed the little garment, which fitted nicely and was quite pretty.

Old-fashioned hosiery may be bought at any store very cheap. Some of the fine stripes in cream and cardinal or any of the pretty light tints would make love-

The Dining Room.

CAKES.

IF THERE is one thing more than another in this country that is stomach-destroying and dyspepsia-breeding, it is cake. "Candy?" Yes—but candy is not so universal as cake; it is not made so much a part of daily food and living; it is eaten under protest, and occasionally; while cake is an insidious element of every tea-table, of every lunch, of every supper-party, and is recklessly thrust down the throats of children whenever their perverted appetites demand it.

That the healthy and natural craving for food on the part of young children should be thus unnaturally and viciously stimulated is undoubtedly one of the great causes of the depraved condition of adult stomachs, and I feel a great deal of reluctance on this account to adding another chapter to the voluminous directions on this subject, which are given in every cook book, and occupy so large a space in all private collections of recipes.

There are plenty of delightful ways of making biscuits, graham and oatmeal crackers, and adding a relish to the ordinary tea, or lunch, without wandering into the domain of cake; unless an occasional exception is made in favor of good, plain gingerbread, or the simple ginger nuts, and then they will be found more healthful, and actually more palatable, if made with pure graham flour, only the yolk of one or more eggs (no whites,) and with caraway seeds as an ingredient.

When cakes are reserved for family festivals and events, and their making considered an important exercise of culinary skill, much more care is expended upon them, and they are less likely to be hurtful than when hurriedly mixed up at the last moment on every baking day, and possibly eaten "hot and heavy" from the tin. Cake has its place; it is not necessary to deprive the world of sweets, but we do not need to live on them, and in a concentrated form, like cake or candy, we are better on the average without them. But if we are usually simple and healthful in our habits of eating, we can afford occasionally to indulge in a little luxury, and the consequences will be all the more harmless for the accuracy and thoroughness with which the dainty dish is compounded.

Afternoon receptions and "teas" have popularized a number of little cakes, half cake half confection, of which the following is an example. They are called "Brides' Maccaroons." Stir near the fire until very dry, two pounds of white powdered sugar, have ready two ounces of fresh orange blossoms carefully taken from their stems. Cut them into minute shreds into the sugar with a small, sharp pair of scissors. See that they are covered with it or they will become discolored. When they are ready add the beaten whites of nine eggs, and a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Whisk the whole together till it looks like a heap of snow, then drop the mixture on buttered white paper, and bake or rather harden in a very cool oven. Violets may be used in this way.

Snowdon cake, made by a genuine Scotch recipe, is a great favorite with some Scotch-American families. Beat to a cream half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar, the whites of six eggs, half a cup of cream, and one pound of Bermuda arrow-root. Add the beaten yolks of two of the eggs, and a very little salt. Bake in a mold one hour or more.

There was a plum cake which made its appearance at our house at stated intervals which greatly rejoiced the hearts of the children. It was composed thus:

One pound of butter was beaten to a cream with one pound and a half of sugar, into which was grated the rind of two lemons, an orange, and one whole nutmeg. Six eggs beaten to a froth were poured into the middle of a pound or more of fine flour, previously mixed with a dessert spoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt, and with which had been also incorporated a pound of clean and dried currants, three-quarters of a pound of stoned and cut raisins, and some finely shredded candied lemon peel. Flour and fruit raised a wall about the sea of eggs and flavoring, to which was gradually added half a pint of cream, and the creamed butter and sugar. Then the skillful manipulation with a wooden spatula, in which every one took a turn, began, and continued until a thick, fruity batter was produced. If not quite stiff enough more flour must be added, but this requires care and judgment. Then the baking process was watched with anxious eyes, and many were the tests with broom splinters before the final fiat was pronounced, and the plum cake borne off in triumph to be iced and decorated.

Our soda cake, made in "half a minute" if any one dropped in to tea, was not so bad. It was made with one large cup of sugar, one egg, piece of butter size of an egg, teaspoonful of essence of lemon, half a teacup of milk, a few cleaned and dried currants, and two large cups of flour previously prepared with a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Every thing was in the thorough blending of these materials with the flour, the quick mixing, and baking.

Black New Year's cake was made a week beforehand this wise. A pound and a half of butter was blended with two pounds of granulated sugar, and half a pint of New Orleans molasses. Into this was incorporated the beaten yolks of twelve eggs, two ounces of mixed spice, cinnamon, cloves, and mace, two nutmegs, half a pound of chipped candied peel, lemon, orange and citron, four pounds of cleaned and dried currants, four pounds of stoned and cut raisins, one pound of cut, candied cherries, half a pint of pickled fruit syrup or boiled down cider, and flour enough to make a thick batter. The whites of the eggs should be beaten separately, and added the last thing. About one pound and a quarter of flour will be required. It should bake from six to seven hours in an even but moderate oven, and not be disturbed on any account.

Hickory nut cake has the merit of being almost as indigestible as black cake. We used to make it (we do not any more) with two coffee cups of granulated sugar beaten to a cream with three-quarters of a cup of butter, the yolks of five eggs, almond flavoring, a little salt, half a cup of cream, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder put into three cups of flour. The batter should be very stiff when mixed; and then is added a pint of blanched hickory nut meats, split, and lastly, the beaten whites of the eggs. It should bake two hours.

Orange cake is a favorite birthday cake with some children, and as it is not so rich or expensive as plum cake, and is very nice, it may be worth giving. For the layers make an ordinary cup cake of one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, and the yolks of five eggs. Preparing the flour by sifting with it two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, a little salt, and one teaspoonful of soda. Bake this in thin layers as for jelly cake, flavoring with extract of orange and lemon, one teaspoonful each. For the filling, beat the whites of the eggs with a pound of powdered sugar, the grated rind, the juice and pulp of three large oranges and

one lemon. Spread this between the layers, and also cover the top with it. Use more sugar if needed, to harden.

A good chocolate cake is made by beating half a pound of sugar with a quarter of a pound of butter, adding three eggs, and a small cup of milk. Sift a table-spoonful of baking powder with the flour, and bake in layers like the preceding, or as for jelly cake. Make an icing of half a pound of grated sweet chocolate, half a pound of powdered sugar, and the whites of four eggs. Spread between, and smoothly over top, set it in the oven to harden.

It is no use to suppose that cakes will not continue to be made. So long as that bright meal "tea" lasts, and friends are invited to partake of it, cake in this country will be an institution; and when tea disappears, as it has done practically, as a meal, in our large cities, ladies will transfer it to lunch, and use it as a part of the dessert, with ice cream, or fruit. For the tea table there is no cake more delicate, or more universally liked, than almond cake, but it should be made carefully, and of the best materials. Take a whole cup of sweet butter, two large cups of granulated sugar and beat them to a cream. Add to the mixture the beaten yolks of five eggs, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of cream or rich milk, a little salt, and flour to make a thick batter. To this add a cup of stoned and cut raisins, floured, a cup of blanched and chopped almonds, and half a cup of citron chipped very thin. This quantity will make one very large or two medium sized cakes, and they are better made and baked at least one day in advance. But they should be kept cool and dry.

Here are cakes enough to ruin the digestion of an army, yet what a vast number of popular "mountains," "coffee," "spice," "golden," "silver," "almond," "pound," "jelly," "cream," "white," "lady," "sponge," and other cakes rise up, an infinite host, the subject being practically inexhaustible.—*Exchange.*

A CORNER CUPBOARD.

The other day I had the pleasure of looking at a book of designs entitled "The House Beautiful," from the Century Publishing House. I came across a design for a movable corner cupboard. It was a pretty thing, but too elaborate in workmanship to please our plain HOUSEHOLD sisters' tastes or purses. Those few who still have the ones our grandmothers used, with glass doors to show the pretty crockery or china, are possessed of a treasure, and they should prize it highly, as no doubt they do.

For the less fortunate ones who have none, but would like one, the following directions for a home-made affair may not come amiss. Select first a place for it to stand where an open door will not swing against it when finished. Measure from the ceiling down on the wall eighteen inches, cut a three cornered piece of card as a pattern for the size of shelves, by cutting a whole sheet through from opposite corners. See that it will fit closely into the corner and saw the shelf boards to this triangular size. One shelf makes the top and the other the bottom of it, and two shelves between about twelve inches apart, fastened to the wall with small iron brackets, gives it strength.

The shelf boards will have to be pieced, of course, to make them wide enough, but your carpenter can fit tongues and grooves with matched boards before sawing. Fit a narrow cleat on each side of the front for hinges and a catch. The width of each one will be regulated by the size of the door. For this, one can procure of a dealer, a narrow outside window with one bar across the center,

or the frame can be made to order, without the cross piece in the center, which looks still nicer, and leaves your glass when set, in one piece. Place the hinges and the catch the same as on the dish closet door. The front to be nice, will be made of black walnut, but some will object to the expense.

This cupboard will be still more roomy and desirable if a closet is extended from the lower shelf to the floor, with a door to correspond in finish to the one above it, excepting the glass, for which a panel is substituted of course. This will look very nicely when made of pine, if stained or painted like the other wood work of the room. If you stain it a walnut, have a border of scroll work above the upper door six inches wide as a finish. But if you paint it, we would advise that you leave no space at the top, but place the top directly under the ceiling. The upper part will contain heirlooms of old china and plate, while the lower closet may, if locked, contain other choice articles.

COUSIN FRANK.

THE DESSERT.

—Waking the echoes—"Paul," said his mamma, "will you go softly into the parlor and see if grandpa is asleep?" "Yes, mamma," whispered Paul on his return, "he is all asleep but his nose."

—A scolding wife is like a rainy day.—*Talmud.* Not hardly. You go into the house to escape a rainy day, and you go out of the house to escape a scolding wife.

—A rather thick-headed witness in the police court was asked the question whether So-and-so stood on the defensive. "No, sir," he innocently replied; "he stood on a bench."

—A judge who escaped a brickbat thrown by a felon by suddenly stooping, said to friends who were congratulating him on his escape: "If I had been an upright judge I had been slain!"

—"Mrs. DeSilva is so poetical," observed Mrs. Brown to her husband. "She calls her new dresses 'dreams.'" "A very good name for them," responded Mr. Brown, "for her husband always speaks of the bills as 'nightmares.'"

—A German student who had made very little progress, in taking leave of one of his tutors, began thus with pathos: "Herr Professor, to you I am indebted for all I know—" "Stop, I pray," replied the tutor, "do not mention such a trifle."

—It wouldn't work. Mary Ann (exhibiting a hand grenade)—"Ma'am, didn't ye say these things was for fires!" Mistress—"Certainly." Mary Ann—"Well, I've been thyrin' to light the fire wid wan av them, but it doesn't same to wurruk, ma'am."

—Old lady (trying on a youthful hat)—"I hardly know which to select." Saleswoman—"Shall I send both, madam, so that the young lady may choose for herself?" Old lady (leaving indignantly)—"You need not send either, Miss, I will look elsewhere."

—First Dutchman—"Jake, vat you going to gif your son for a birthday present?" Second Dutchman—"I don't know; it's putty hard times; I guess I haf some buddons sewed on his clothes." First Dutchman—"Yes, dat's so; I guess I haf my boy's hair cut."

—"How do you like the squash pie, Alfred?" asked a young wife of her husband a few days after marriage. "Well, it is pretty good, but—" "But what? I suppose you started to say that it isn't as good as that which your mother makes." "Well, yes, I did intend to say that, but—" "Well, Alfred, your mother made that pie and sent it to me."

The Kitchen.

SOME HOME-MADE KITCHEN CONVENIENCES.

OURS is not the ideal kitchen. The ideal kitchen is not found in the ordinary country house of New England; it calls for an outlay of money far beyond the means of most of us. But if I could covet any thing that is my neighbor's I think it would be the beautiful kitchen and laundry of my neighbor, Mrs. Morris. To one who has a taste for it, housework would be nothing but pleasure and pastime in such rooms as hers. To one who has no liking for it, it is, of course, drudgery, always and everywhere.

We indulge no hope of ever being called to reign in such a realm, and we covet not our neighbor's cook-room; but we have taken not a little pride—sister Mary Ann and I—in contriving and inventing ways and means to make our own plain kitchen a convenient and pleasant place to work in. Mary Ann has always said that she does not want too many conveniences, it is so much work to take care of them; but she has admitted that there were three things her housewifely soul did really long for, viz: plenty of closets, plenty of drawers, and plenty of shelf room.

"I wish," she would sometimes say, when she had her most audacious wishing-cap on, "that somebody would make me a present of a house just running over with closets, drawers and shelves."

It came to pass one day that somebody did this very thing, and she is now mistress of a house with more closets in it than she can use, more shelves than she has ever had time to count, and more drawers than two could shake a stick at. But the kitchen of that house, when we took possession, was as bare a place as it has ever entered into the head of man to conceive or construct. It was a large room, light and sunny, but not so much as a cupboard broke the bareness of its walls. The former occupants had evidently been of that class whose ambition it is to have the kitchen look as little like a kitchen as possible. To this end the large, nice iron sink had been moved as near as possible to the wood-shed, and was idly gracing a corner of a back room. This we immediately moved back into the kitchen, setting it up under a north window, with a pump at its right hand connecting with the cistern in the cellar.

Then we bought a cupboard, made somewhat like a dresser, with deep drawers in its lower half, and two doors in the upper part shutting in sufficient shelf room to hold all the dishes in common use. We put this at the left of the sink, at right angles with it, and so near that it could be reached from the sink without a step. The stove being also within a step of the sink, and dishpan and towels having a place of their own under the shelf that surrounds the pump-foot, we found that we had as nearly as possible solved the problem of "dish-washing made easy."

Among the little home-made conveniences that began soon to break out all over the walls of our kitchen, are three small cases of drawers, each case containing twelve little drawers packed close together. The largest of these cases is about twenty-two inches long and nine inches high. Its drawers hold soda, cream of tartar, baking powder, starch, pepper, nutmegs and grater, cloves, cinnamon, rice, tea, coffee and ginger. Of the two smaller cases the drawers of one contain gum arabic, alum, borax, silver soap, tooth powder, sage, cayenne pepper, chocolate, caraway seed, canary seed, and magnesia; while those of the

third one are devoted to such articles as carpet tacks, nails, screws, glue, sand paper, keys, etc. These cases are screwed to the wall at convenient height, and their tops give us three nice shelves.

Between two doors we fastened to the wall a home made cabinet, used originally years ago, for playthings and curiosities. We hung curtains inside its two glass doors, which doors, when open, throw open the whole front of the cabinet, and covered the shelves with scarlet felt. When finished, it looked as if made purposely to hold our modest stock of silver ware, to which use it was put forthwith. The top of this cabinet gives us still another shelf, which Mary Ann proudly adorns with tiles and japanned tea-tray. It is particularly convenient for us to have it in the kitchen, because in winter we use the room as dining room.

A third invention which I claim as my own, but have no desire to secure by letters patent, is a low, flat box of black walnut, which was once used to hold violin music. My invention consists in converting it into a receptacle for hammers, big and little, screw driver, pincers, file, whetstone, gimlet and jack-knife. It stands on a low corner shelf in the kitchen, and is fully as ornamental as when devoted to more æsthetic uses. It saves us much opening of doors, and many a cold trip to the back room.

We have but small sympathy with those individuals above alluded to who try to make their kitchens look as unkitchen like as possible,—who carry the dishpan half a mile or less after each meal, for the sake of having it out of sight two or three hours. Our kitchen is prettily painted and papered; even a picture or two hang high above clock and cabinet; but we make no attempt to have the room look other than what it is,—a convenient, pleasant work-room.

NELLY BROWNE.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

BY THERESA.

Number Twenty-six.

Now that the excitement of the festive season is over, it will seem rather tame and monotonous to settle down in the old rut, and go the daily rounds as before, but so it must, and ever will be. The pleasures attendant upon preparing presents, and small surprises for friends, by the poorer class, are enjoyed and appreciated fully as much as those by the wealthy, who, perhaps, scattered costly presents broadcast, with, it may be, more thought to the "sound" thereof, than the pleasure they would afford. Be that as it may, work, especially of the housekeepers, had to go on the same, only more so, for who does not crave and expect something a little extra in the culinary line as the holidays come but once a year!

The rich man's wife has her servants, (not always,) but she must have the care, which is more wearing than work, oftentimes; while that of the poor man, must bear a double portion with the care and work too. And in order to make both ends meet, studies faithfully to find where she can scrimp to the best advantage, so as not to disappoint the members of her household, who expect wonders by mother, from their scanty income, and she is more anxious to please them, if any thing, than they are to be pleased.

She may do no more than is necessary in bending her energies to replenish the wardrobes, but she must exercise forethought in procuring the articles in season for the "very day," or more than half the enjoyment of receiving, is lost to children, and grown people as well, "who are but children of a larger growth," while otherwise, she might take more

time in her purchases, in the shortest days of the year.

As a rule, the burdens of life fall more heavily on the poor tired mothers, than any other class, and so it will continue to be, I suppose, so long as the world stands. Those who were fortunate enough to furnish new underwear throughout, for the family, will have a rest for a while from the endless patching, but many will have to cling to half-worn ones, and feel thankful for them. But then, again, there is hard work ahead for some one, in keeping them on. Sometimes the flaps of cast off undershirts will wear as long for patches, as the garments needing them, will last. I have heard of the flaps being used for dishcloths, but never having tried them cannot recommend them. They make good wash rags, and sink cloths, and mops, also.

A homely topic, but as all know, mops are very useful, and necessary to have, and who does not experience trouble in drying them in cold weather? It is an easy matter to take the rags all out and rinse and spread around the stove, where they are quickly dried, as well as the mop stick, which will wear longer than if left wet, to rust out, day after day. I detest a frozen mop, or a sour, musty one. To avoid the latter, give them the same treatment, or it cannot be avoided in summer. Of course, they need not be in the house, but spread on some bushes or the ground in the sun. And if previously rinsed clean, will be as sweet as any washing, and it is but a moment's work to replace them in the mop stick for future use. Since reading these suggestions, we have profited by them.

A good wash cloth for toilet purposes, was made of the white drilling lining to the back of an old-fashioned dress waist. By trimming off, it made a square piece which was hemmed all around. A lady said it was the best one she ever used, as it took hold. Colored linings can be bleached and used, though nothing can be got from the backs as they are now cut, or fronts either, without the darts are left uncut, which is not often the case, as the dress fits better. This kind of linings will make durable "mop timber," also linings to holders, by lapping the strips together until the right thickness, then tack together before covering.

I find that new pieces of men's shirting is much more durable for holder covers, and is no more work to make than of calico, as heretofore spoken of. I have also found, that ruffles to aprons, which have been so fashionable, are useful for ironing holders. It is claimed that a piece of leather from an old boot top, inside the folds, will prevent the hand from becoming over-heated while ironing. Has any one tried it?

Instead of dissolving, and making into cakes, bits of hard soap that accumulate as usual, I made a small bag of thin, new, unbleached muslin, and filled it with them. We used it as one would a cake of soap, and liked it very well, besides being less work than the former way. The bag can be used over and over again, as long as it lasts. I sewed up the open end, but it might have been made some longer than necessary, and tied around with a twine in less time; if it does not look quite as neat, it would answer all purposes.

To Cook Liver.—Put slices half an inch in thickness, in cold water in the frying pan, over the fire, and let it parboil a few moments, then pour off the water and fry in plenty of butter. When partly done, cut in mouthfuls, and to save burning on, turn, and stir continually with a knife, over a brisk fire. The butter salts it, so it needs but little more. Cooked in this way, I have known people to eat and relish it, who would not taste of it before.

Cure for Chilblains.—Mix equal quantities of pulverized chalk and fine wheat

flour with lard sufficient to form a thick paste. Spread as a plaster and apply, renewing when necessary. Having no occasion to try the above, which has been among our recipes sometime, I have copied it for any who may have. The materials are within reach of all, and if not beneficial, are such as will certainly do no harm.

The following has been tried with success in our family, and in a time when eggs are scarce, is worth knowing. Please do not hesitate to try it, sisters, and if you do not happen to get the knack the first time, (I think you will,) why "try, try again."

Frosting without Eggs.—One cup of granulated sugar, one-fourth cup of sweet milk, stir sugar into milk over a slow fire until it boils. Boil five minutes without stirring, remove from fire, set the sauce pan in cold water, or on ice, while you stir it to a cream; flavor to suit taste, and spread on cake while it will run. This is much nicer than frosting made of eggs.

HOW TO MAKE RUGS.

In the December number of THE HOUSEHOLD, S. E. M. of Oregon asks how to make rugs of odd scraps and pieces of rags. I had a quantity of old coats, trousers and vests that had been accumulating for some time. I did not know what to do with them as I did not want to make braided rugs they are so hard to sew. Calling on a neighbor I saw some she had been making that gave me an idea. I made one rug with a piece of carpeting in the middle with oval pieces round it, which were button-holed coarsely with worsteds and a star worked in each one. The first row around the carpet was yellow, the next light blue, then red and lastly a darker blue. It looked very well. I had a great many pieces left so I thought I would make a different one. For the center I took a piece of black broadcloth that had been worn some. It is three-quarters of a yard long and half a yard wide with the corners rounded. I cut out a cat and kitten of gray cloth, those I button-holed on the broadcloth with black linen thread, shaded them with black worsted worked stem stitch, worked their eyes, nose, mouth, some collars and lockets, also their smellers with different colored silks. Then I button-holed the broadcloth all around with a bright shade of blue worsted using a long stitch on the cloth. For the leaves I cut a large oak leaf from the cloth, button-holing them around with different colored worsteds, working the veins with Kensington or stem stitch. I put on four rows of leaves, the outer one I made of dark thick cloth and worked them with a dark shade of green worsted. When the leaves were all worked I laid the center on a piece of burlap and pinned the first row on in place, then the second, and commenced sewing them to the burlap with black thread by taking a long back stitch on the under side and a short one on the right side, then I pinned and sewed the third row of leaves and lastly the fourth, then sewed on the center. After all were sewed on I lined the rug with a piece of bed ticking. It makes a firm and very handsome rug. You can use any cloth, no matter how faded it is, by using the wrong side for the right.

If any of the sisters would like the pattern of cat, kitten and leaf I would be happy to send it to them on receipt of stamp for postage. The same sister asks for a pattern for a toilet set for a bureau. A very simple and pretty one is made by taking glass toweling the required length, fringing the ends and at the intersection of each colored thread marking a circle with a large spool, working the mark with colored thread to match the towel-

ing in stem stitch. Mats can be worked to match.

I have trespassed on your time and patience sufficiently, so will close by thanking the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD for the many hints and helps received from them through its columns.

MRS. M. B. ROLFE.

Glencoe, Florida.

DISH TOWELS.

Of all things necessary to a well-arranged kitchen, the dish-towel is one of the most indispensable, and might as well be philosophic, as that is assuredly the way in which the little article is generally looked at. I say "little" for of all things I do detest a great big dish-towel that approximates the size of a table-cloth. The right size is a yard long and half as wide, with the ends hemmed. As to material, different housekeepers have different views; some stickle for crash toweling, and some prefer one thing, and some another. But my idea is that it really makes but little difference as to this point if the cloth is soft, pliable, and without stiffness. An old, half-worn table-cloth, cut up into the right-sized pieces, does as well as something bought out of the store for the purpose. For pans, kettles, and the like, a coarse bag, like that which meal or salt comes in, is first-rate when cut and hemmed. In one corner I work a buttonhole to hang it by, and it is done. I think that there should be six of them, although not more than two or three need be in the kitchen at one time. As to the use of it, I need not write here, as dish-washing is a subject that requires an entire article to itself.

But the towel having been used, there comes in the philosophy as the next thing. It is of importance that the towel should be kept clean and sweet, for however nice the washing of the dishes may have been done, the work is all spoiled if they are wiped on a sour towel. It is really perplexing to one who is a beginner, and to many who are not novices, to know how to keep the towel so that it will smell good. Now, my way is this: in my dish-water I never use soap, but instead of it I employ pearline, which is easily dissolved. After the last dish is wiped, I put into this pan a spoonful of the pearline, and in it wash out my towel and dishcloth. Do not make the mistake of washing it in the dish-water! The towel being properly washed, I hang it out-of-doors on a line, which I have for that purpose, near the kitchen door. In the winter I hang it near the range.

That is all there is about dish-towels that any one needs to know, except that when Monday comes, the towels in use during the past week go into the wash-tub, from whence they should come out as neat and nice as if they were to be used in the bath-room or in dispensing the most negative philosophy that is good for the housekeeper.—*Exchange.*

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PIES.

In the interesting and instructive article on "Gingerbread" in the December number, Mary Martin says "Hold on to the gingerbread, sisters!" With just as much earnestness and as little poetry I say, "Don't give up the pies, sisters!"

I once had a German friend who was a frequent and privileged guest at our home. One day when he saw the pie passed for dessert he made some laughing remark about the "American abomination." Noticing that he seemed to relish it, I presently said "Professor, will you not take another piece of 'American abomination?'" and he accepted it with thanks and an apology for his first remarks.

I think one reason why pies are considered unwholesome is that too much has been eaten before them. The stomach rebels when the load is too great and because pie is the last thing eaten it is blamed for the uncomfortable feelings that follow the meal.

I know a lady who always takes pie at the beginning of the meal if at all, and she never finds it unwholesome. But there are pies and pies, and I have seen specimens that would discourage the most patient stomach in the world.

My friends compliment my pies, so I send my way of making them and some recipes which I use with success:

For the crust take equal quantities of lard and cold water. I use one cup of each to five cups of flour and this makes enough for three pies. Crumble the lard into the flour, which has been sifted with one teaspoonful of salt. Then add the water by degrees, stirring and moulding in flour until a smooth dough is formed. Take enough for one crust, roll it thin, sprinkle with flour, then fold it up and roll again, repeating the process as often as you have time, I usually fold and roll bottom crusts twice and top crusts three times. This process takes more time but less shortening than the old way. Tiny bits of butter may be strewed over the top crust before the last folding if a richer crust is desired.

If the pies are very juicy wet an inch wide strip of muslin and bind the edges. It takes but a moment and they will not run out. Pans should be dusted with flour but never greased. I use a hot oven for most pies, baking to a light brown. Apple pies may be baked more slowly. Mince pies will keep some time and are thought to be improved by freezing. Berry and custard pies should be eaten the day they are made. Powdered sugar sifted over pies before serving adds to their appearance and taste.

Lemon Pie.—Place lower crust in the pan. Put into it one cup of sugar; grate in the yellow rind of one lemon and remove the white rind. Then slice the lemon in, removing seeds. Strew over this one heaping tablespoonful of flour, then add gently one-half cup of water. Put on top crust and bake quickly.

Grape and Elderberry Pie.—Two-thirds elderberries to one-third grapes canned together or separately, sweeten to taste, not too much, and sprinkle one tablespoonful of flour to each pie. Bake quickly.

Custard Pie.—Beat together one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one egg. Add one pint of milk and a pinch of salt. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg.

Sugar Pie.—Prepare crust as for custard pie. Put in a small cup of sugar, sprinkle over it one tablespoonful of flour, add gently one-half cup of water. Put one teaspoonful of butter in bits over the top and flavor with nutmeg.

ERIN.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Delicious Rolls.—Set a sponge at nine o'clock in the evening with a pint of new milk warmed, and two-thirds of a cup of yeast, and flour enough to stir with a spoon, beat it until it is perfectly smooth. When the sponge is very light next morning, add a cup of sugar and butter, and four eggs. Cream the butter and sugar together. Add one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water, and the eggs one at a time, well beaten, or the yellows well beaten, then the whites well beaten. Mix this into the sponge and beat it thoroughly all through. Sift in by degrees enough flour to make it as stiff as can be stirred with a wooden spoon. Let it rise again until very light and spongy. Flour your hands and pinch

off enough to make a cake a little larger than an egg, shape or mold it with as little handling as possible, bake in pans on buttered paper, but do not let them touch each other. Let them rise again before baking. You can use half the sugar and two eggs if you prefer. When baked, mix up the yolk of an egg with a little milk, and spread over the top of the rolls with a cloth, and sift sugar over that.

Apple Snow.—Three eggs, one pint each of milk and apple sauce not sweetened, and one cup of pulverized sugar. Make a boiled custard of the milk, yolks of eggs, and sugar to sweeten, with salt and flavoring. Beat the whites of the eggs to a very stiff froth, and beat in the sugar and sauce little by little. Serve the custard as a sauce. This is very nice.

Cocoanut Cake.—Two-thirds cup of white sugar, three eggs, saving out the white of one, three tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in one cup of flour; bake in three layers. Make a frosting of the white of the egg, and sprinkle on cocoanut.

Boston Brown Bread.—One pint of sour milk, two teacups of molasses, three teacups of corn meal, one and one-half teacups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of soda. Steam three hours.

To make coffee on the French plan, pour boiling water once or twice through the finely ground coffee in a cloth sack or fine strainer; but when eggs are cheap there is no better way than to mix the coffee with half an egg, pour on the boiling water, and set the pot for five minutes in a very hot place where it will just keep from boiling.—*Exchange.*

WASTE PAPER.

Have all HOUSEHOLD readers learned the many and varied domestic uses to which the mass of all sorts of paper that modern civilization brings to her hand may be put? For lining drawers and covering shelves when needed and when replaced by fresh ones, they serve for rubbing the outside of pots, pans, etc., and hanging on the hooks from which they are hung—protecting the wall. Paper bags carefully handled, assorted and put in a clean, convenient place, have many uses in the kitchen. For filters—one within another, or one only as the case may be—laid on a drainer with a cloth under them if the contents are likely to be too heavy for the paper. For a small quantity of Dutch cheese (an excellent stomachic in hot weather, by the way) it saves the making to say nothing of the washing of a bag. For spreading on the floor when the work in hand is likely to make a litter, those mammoth sheets or stout wrappings, fastened down at the outside, if the wind is likely to blow them, by your favorite "stick 'em" or if on a carpet, by a few pins. They can be quickly gathered up with what they have received and disposed of. If flies intrude a quick and vigorous slap with a folded paper may end its career and leave no marks.

To the tired and restless housekeeper tossing on a sleepless bed, pillows heated through and through from many turnings, a pile of nice, fresh papers within reach of her outstretched hand, is a boon known only to those who have tried them. For hot feet and hands of an invalid, a thick folded cloth, wrung out of cold salt water and laid between folds of paper, changing when needed, is refreshing, particularly if a sponge bath of salt water is taken, or in some cases alkali is better, made by putting a pint (or less, according to strength) of wood ashes in a bag, not paper, and putting in cold water let it settle, and use the same as salt water.

But this is out of order. The above is merely suggestive. There are so many uses for waste paper that one don't like to see them blowing about streets, frightening horses, etc. If those who have a superabundance of them would remember their less favored neighbors to whom the dailies do not come, it often would be a kindness well received.

An inquiry: Will somebody who knows give a sure way to get rid of "fleas" besides catching and killing? Persian insect powder no use here.

CALIFORNIA.

THE GOVERNMENT OF SERVANTS.

Gentleness with dignity always attracts, while impatience and severity repel. But discipline cannot be abandoned; penalties must attach to all governments, but not to the exclusion of reward. A too lavish use of either has a bad effect; faults must be corrected, of course, but continuous fault-finding in trifles wounds the spirit of a servant and weakens influence in graver matters which need correction. Likewise continual reward encourages a mercenary spirit, and leaves no room for the enjoyment a kind-hearted servant would naturally feel, in gratifying a mistress from whom she also receives favors. Many times occur when a servant should be substantially remunerated, but often a smile or word of appreciation is sufficient reward. Politeness and consideration endear a mistress to her servant; she is raised in her own esteem, which, so far from producing arrogance and self-assertion, begets respect for others; the elevation and softening of her nature by kindness will make her a more suitable inmate of a home.

But this kindness should never grow into familiarity. It is a trite but true saying, that "Familiarity breeds contempt." Confidence in matters of real interest, is often allowable and serves as a bond of union between the mistress and her servant, but an interchange of idle gossip destroys the very foundation of all good influence, viz: the respect which a mistress ought to command by her right of superiority. But she must not be the superior in intellect alone, but in purity of thought and action. A garrulous servant may sometimes obtrude upon her mistress the recital of a piece of gossip, but this cannot occur a second time if no appreciation is manifested. Sometimes the disposition may be checked by silence, alone; to many a story falling on dull ears and creating no sensation loses its relish in the telling, and attempts at such familiarity being futile are abandoned. The vital evil of idle tale telling, in every form should be entirely excluded from the household. Let not the tongue of gossip be heard, nor the listening ear be given to anything so demoralizing. One is always degraded by hearing hurtful tales, even from an equal, but when it is allowed in domestic life it is injurious in the extreme.—*Mrs. E. J. Gurley, in Good Housekeeping.*

HOW WE MAKE BREAD.

I have seen many methods for bread-making in the columns of our HOUSEHOLD but as yet have seen none the same as ours. We have such success with ours, and so few failures, that I concluded to send it for the benefit of others. At about six or seven o'clock in the evening place upon the stove a spider, common size, full of sweet milk, and let it come to a boil. Meanwhile get ready a pan (dish-pan) full of flour, scrape out a place in the center for the milk, and then put in a small handful of salt. When the milk comes to a boil, pour it in the pan, stir it up well with some of the flour, un-

til it is quite thick. Then gradually stir in a dipper full of cold, hard water. Stir until the lumps are well broken up. Then put to soak either one, or one and one-half cakes of yeast in enough milk-warm water to cover it. (Instead may be used a cup full of soft hop yeast.) When the sponge is about milk warm stir in the yeast, then set in a warm place, suitably covered, till morning. Just as soon as possible in the morning mix it thoroughly and set aside, in a warm place, to rise. You may then mold it into loaves, but if allowed to rise the second time, the bread will be finer grained. Bake one hour in a moderately heated oven. It may remain in longer if it does not bake fast enough.

I am a girl nineteen years of age, who, just having graduated from school, is now taking lessons in the science of cooking at home. I have not made bread more than a dozen times, but every time, even to the first, has been attended by perfect success. Mother helped me only in the first trial. Because of this success I have reason to believe our method a good one. Everybody remarks upon the sweetness of our bread, so, sisters, if you wish to be sure of your bread, try our method. I am only sorry for one thing, and that is, that all the sisters do not have milk to use. **MATTIE POWELL.**

Sterling, Ill.

DRINKS AND FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

For the last three months I have been in a sick room, learning patience from the patientest of mothers, and delicate cookery to please her capricious appetite. The case was a very dangerous one of dysentery.

Tea, coffee, chocolate and cocoa became very distasteful to my mother at the beginning of her illness. Sweet milk she could never drink with any comfort, and buttermilk no one thought of trying. Wine whey was the first nourishing drink that she liked; it is made in this way: Take a cup of sweet milk, skimmed, set in a shallow tin pan upon the stove to scald. When near the boiling point, set it off, and add two tablespoonfuls of good blackberry wine, after a moment's stirring, the curd will rise to the top and may be strained off. The whey is more palatable cold.

Another drink that pleased her was apple water. Take a tart, juicy apple, and roast in the old-fashioned way before the fire. When thoroughly done, cut up in moderate sized pieces, skin, core and all, and if a medium sized apple, put in a cup and add half a pint of cold water. When cold the extract will be strong enough.

Mother's fancy for slightly acid drinks at last suggested buttermilk, and draining off the whey which always rises to the top, we brought her a cup full, thick and cold, and found, much to our surprise that she relished it hugely.

Lemonade she could never drink with any comfort, although she was very fond of it, but one day she fancied she would like the juice from some canned pine-apple, and though we gave it at first with fear and trembling, it did not hurt her at all, and was good to slake thirst.

Rice water was another favorite of hers. Boil the rice in the usual way until all done soft, then add a cup full of boiling water and stir for a few minutes. When it has boiled again, set off the fire to cool and settle, and when wanted for use, pour off the thick, starchy-looking water on top, and add a pinch of salt.

A good drink may also be made by splitting a handful of raisins, put in a cup, pour over them boiling water and let them stand for an hour.

Our physician recommended soft-boiled eggs, and we cooked them in this way: Fill a coffee cup with boiling water, and

let it stand until the cup is thoroughly heated, pour out this water, and fill again with boiling water, break into it a fresh hen's egg, cover, and let it stand a moment, lift the yolk of the egg upon a spoon, letting the white fall from it into the water, repeat this once or twice, till the white takes on a milky appearance, then drain off the water in the cup, beat up the egg and add pepper and salt.

As she grew stronger and immediate danger was over, her range of dishes was much wider. When she tired of chicken, we made a change, and gave her dried beef prepared in this way: Take a cup full of milk, stir in water two teaspoonfuls of flour, when the milk begins to boil add the flour and a handful of dried beef sliced very thin, and previously soaked for about five minutes in water. Do not let it boil again, and it should be served as quickly as possible or the beef will turn hard.

During the night when she would grow hungry, mother was fond of custard, and we made it so: One and one-half cups of sweet milk, two eggs well beaten, and just enough sugar to make it slightly sweet. Stir all together and set upon the stove, stirring until it boils. Of course, it is eaten cold.

KATE ELLICOTT.

DAYS OF YORE.

Having been a constant reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for the past twelve years, I have often wished I could add one iota to its interest by my pen, but have as often felt that so many wise contributors would make my chance for entering the list but small. Upon reading the article by Ann Buck on "Baking Day Fifty Years Ago," it occurred to me that although my memory will not reach back so many years, I can remember that I read a Sabbath school book when a girl of ten or twelve years in which yeast was mentioned, and I did not know the meaning of the word.

In my early home in a farm house in eastern New Hampshire, there was a James' cook stove with its two stories and its bailed covers, but the great fireplace behind it was often used on extra occasions. The monstrous brick oven was heated regularly twice a week. A large pot of beans and a rye and Indian loaf were the first to enter after my grandmother had cleared the bed of living coals from its mouth to the open fireplace, then the Indian pudding and pumpkin pies, and near the oven's mouth were placed cabbage leaves with large round loaves of white bread or huge biscuits made of sour milk and saleratus. In grandmother's back room was always an open fire, and a beautiful resting-place ever was that dear room.

I cannot remember when we were without matches, but our nearest neighbor who had no stove, used occasionally to come of a winter's morning with a shovel to "borrow fire." He lived a quarter of a mile away, and intended always to keep his fire by raking ashes over the coals in his fireplace at bed time, but sometimes it went out and he kept no matches.

At another neighbor's, the farm produced nearly every thing the family consumed and wore. There was a large family of boys. The good mother was scrupulously neat, and her white ceiling and floor was free from spot or stain. They lived largely on brown bread, and I have seen eight or ten loaves of brown bread on the table waiting for the brick oven to heat. This was mixed without the addition of flour of any kind, and never was sweetened, but it was delicious, as I can testify, having many times been treated to a generous slice with a piece of home-made cheese for a relish.

One lady never used either yeast or

soda, but eggs beaten to a froth and mixed with sweet milk and wheat flour were her ingredients for bread making.

Many articles of food are decidedly better when baked in a brick oven; but I, for one, would not go back to those days of tallow candles and inconveniences, for the few exceptions to the general rule. But I will not tire you with my first attempt. If successful in entering this time, I may come again.

ANNIE VARNEY.

OLD MEMORIES REVIVED.

"Baking Day Fifty Years Ago," by Ann Buck, in the January number brings to mind many pleasant associations and memories of the past. I am one of that "comparatively few" to accompany her back through that half century.

How well I remember the open fireplace and brick oven which we used, even up to forty years ago. One of my duties (as soon as I was large enough) was, after supper every Friday evening, to go to the pantry, bring forth the bread trough, place it on two chairs between the pantry and outside doors, (a place which it seemed must have been made on purpose,) then after placing a stick through the middle of the trough, get the hair sieve and sift the meal for the brown bread, which with us, was the staple article of bread. White bread being used only on state occasions and when the brown had run low at the latter end of the week, or when we had got tired of John-nycake and rye biscuit.

As Ann has forgotten the exact proportions, I will tell her how ours was made. We used seven large scoops of rye, and five scoops of corn meal, which were thoroughly mixed. We did not scald our corn meal, we used good hop yeast, and mixed with warm water, when it was left to rise over night, in the morning it was taken out into pans, and placed on the hearth round the fire till the oven was ready—and it was about all a boy's life was worth then, on a cold morning, to get near the fire.

Now when a boy seven years old has to shake twelve large scoops of meal (and seven of those rye) through a hair sieve, as many times as I did, I hardly think he will forget the proportions were he to live to the age of Methuselah. But Ann forgets some of the essential parts of that baking. The baked beans (which I occasionally had to pick over) and the baked Indian pudding, with which I had nothing to do till it came on the table, for which I was truly thankful.

What a conspicuous part the old brick oven played at Thanksgiving, being in constant use for days, turning out score after score of pies, enough to last all winter, in fact, and on that day, to which all children both large and small, used to look forward with so much pleasure, (before dinner,) when from its spacious mouth was taken the steaming chicken pie and the boys' pride, the plum pudding. But I see I have gone beyond my regular baking and have got to work on extras, so will drop the sieve.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS.

SUNDAY SUPPERS.

A friend of mine has solved the vexed problem of the Sunday evening meal. It is the time, of course, when Bridget or Dinah expects to be permitted church privileges, and when the house mother already wearied with her Sabbath duties, feels unable to prepare an elaborate tea. Most women get through the meal grumbling at the severe tax put upon them. A few families have a decidedly rude lunch, but this friend of mine has succeeded in making her meal the meal of the week. The family all look forward to it as their special treat.

Their income does not permit a fire in the grate every evening, but an exception is made every cool Sunday evening. It is arranged for lighting on Saturday afternoon, by one of the boys, who puts a match to it an hour or so before tea Sunday afternoon. His swelling sense of responsibility is very droll.

A little before the appointed time, the daughter of my friend goes into the kitchen, makes some coffee and sandwiches, and puts the necessary cups and napkins upon a tray. When she is ready, the family collect around the blazing fire; the oldest brother carries in the tray and places it before the mother who serves it to each one as he presents himself. Then follows a delightful half-hour of chatting and lunching. How the tongues do fly! The morning sermon and the Sunday school are thoroughly discussed, and many an earnest word about plans for the coming week is frankly uttered by the youngsters, charmed out of the reticence of youth by the friendliness and familiarity of the old folks. Not a member of the family but thoroughly enjoys the occasion. It is an ideal family picnic. When it is time to get ready for the evening service, the empty dishes are piled on the tray, which is carried into the kitchen by willing hands. The washing of the additional cups and saucers does not add greatly to Monday's breakfast dishes.

If you do not believe it pays, O weary mother of lively boys and girls, try it. One experiment will settle the vexed question of Sunday evening tea for you.

EARLY VEGETABLES.

Most of the species of vegetables we now cultivate have been grown and eaten for centuries. Even before the Christian era, many of them were in use. Lettuce has been used at the table for thousands of years. Herodotus tells us that it was served at the royal tables centuries before the Christian era, and one of the noble families of Rome derived its name from this plant.

Spinach, asparagus and celery have been cultivated and eaten among the eastern nations for thousands of years. Radishes were known and grown by the Greeks, and were offered at Apollo's shrine, wrought in precious metals. Parsnips were grown and brought from the Rhine to add to the luxuries of Tiberius' table.

Beets were most esteemed centuries ago, and carrots were in such repute in Queen Elizabeth's reign that the ladies of her court adorned their huge structure of false hair with their feathering plumes. Peas at Elizabeth's court were very rare, and were imported from Holland as a great delicacy.

Fruits were also in great repute among the ancients. The currant was cultivated centuries ago in European gardens and was called the Corinthian grape. One old writer speaks of the berries as Corinths, hence the name of currants. The damson plum was extensively cultivated at Damascus, whence its name.

The cherry came from Croesus, a city of Pontus, and the delicious peach, king of fruits, was first known in Persia. The quince was a holy fruit, dedicated to the goddess of love, and was called Cydonian apple. Pears are as ancient as apples, and are mentioned among the Paradisaal fruits.

DECORATION FOR CEILING.

A thousand thanks to Aunt Rachel for that article of hers entitled "Room Furnishing." By following those directions I have converted a once barren, cheerless apartment, meagerly furnished with a bedstead and a chair, into a perfect Eden of coziness and comfort.

Perhaps some of the readers would like to know how I made a center piece for my parlor that they may go and do likewise. I first purchased four yards of rich, heavy bordering about ten inches in depth, red and gold being the predominating colors, one-half yard plain red paper, the two costing just fifty cents, the border being a remnant. I next cut a strip of light colored wall paper, same width as border, and the plain red into strips one inch wide. I then cut the bordering into two pieces of equal lengths, two yards in each made two mammoth fans by pasting each piece of bordering on to a newspaper foundation, thus forming upper part of fan, pasted the room paper directly underneath, close to border, and the narrow strip of red at the top of the border for a finish. The two strips, each twenty-one inches in depth, were then ready to plate in fan fashion, plates being one and one-half inches wide. This done and the plates confined at the bottom, I had two large fans which I placed closely together and fastened with a needle and thread. They formed a large circle or wheel. Here feminine wit was forced to bow to masculine muscle and I shall have to confess that one of the inevitable Johns fastened it up for me, to the centre of the ceiling of course with small tacks and pins; a large bow of garnet ribbon was placed over the center of the wheel, but if one has a hanging lamp to suspend from the center the bow is superfluous. Try one, sisters, and you will be well paid for your labor. Mine is the cynosure of all eyes.

Will close this already too lengthy effusion with my recipe for frying oysters. I fill my frying pan nearly full of lard, heat as for doughnuts, roll some crackers fine, beat up one egg and dip oysters (large ones always) first into the egg, then into the cracker crumbs and finally into the hot lard, frying a rich brown.

Leviston, Me.

CLARE.

HOW TO JUDGE CANNED GOODS.

A hint about tinned goods, meat especially. Note, when about to purchase, the condition of the tin; if bulged outward, don't have it, even as a gift! We will explain the process of canning, to give weight to our warning.

The meat is packed in tins while raw, then sealed, and cooked in an outer vessel of boiling water, with sometimes the addition of a chemical, to raise the temperature. When cooked, the can is pierced, and as soon as the air and steam have been expelled, it is soldered. Experts know when it is ready for soldering; a moment too soon, and the mischief is done, because if air is left in, the tin bulges, and the meat will not be good. On the contrary, if the tin has sunk, it is an infallible sign of goodness; it proves a vacuum, which is natural, as the meat shrinks when no air is left in the tin.

Some may say, what matter if the air be left in the tin? Simply this: nitrogen, an element of air, imparts to bodies with which it comes in contact a tendency to change and decay.

Often, on opening a tin of preserved goods, people are heard to say "The air is escaping," instead of which, the slight hissing sound is the result of the air rushing in, another proof that there was a vacuum. Well, we go so far as to say that—assuming the outward sign or goodness above referred to—a label bearing the name of a good exporter or importer—and also a reliable vender of the article whether meat, fish, milk, soup, or vegetable, the chances are a million to one against any being injured, much less poisoned by tin goods.

Another caution, though: always look out for any little globules of solder that sometimes find their way inside the tin;

and take care, especially in the case of salmon and lobster, to empty the contents, as soon as opened, into an earthenware vessel. This is necessary for every thing except milk.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE MANAGEMENT OF LAMPS.

Some one has written some directions for treating lamps, and it so accords with the experience of another that we present them herewith. To insure good light, the burners of petroleum lamps should be kept bright. If they are allowed to become dull, the light is uncertain, and, owing to the absorption of heat by the darkened metal, smoke is the result. Once a month place the burners in a pan, covering them with cold water, to each quart of which a tablespoonful of washing soda should be added, and also a little soap. Boil slowly for one or two hours, and at the end of this time pour off the blackened water. Then pour enough boiling water into the pan to cover the burners, adding soap and soda in the same proportions as before. After boiling again a few minutes, pour off the water, rinse the burners with clear hot water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. The burners must be perfectly dry before the wicks are introduced. Should the wicks become clogged with the particles of dust floating in the oil, and new ones not be desired, they may be boiled in vinegar and water, dried thoroughly, and put back in the burners. If wicks have done duty all winter, they should be replaced by new ones in the spring. Nickel burners may be boiled as well as brass ones. Time spent in the care of lamps is never wasted. A perfectly clean lamp that gives a brilliant light is a great comfort. What more cheerless or depressing than an ill-kept lamp, which gives forth an unsteady, lurid, sight-destroying flame. The paper roses, guelder-roses, and chrysanthemums, so popular for decorative purposes, are admirable for placing in the lamp chimneys to keep out the dust during the day, and the wicks should be turned a little below the rim of the burner, to prevent exudation or the oil.

TO PURIFY FEATHERS.

I wish to tell Mary C. Christian my experience with foul-smelling geese feathers. I tried days of exposure to a southern midsummer sun, then baked them in an oven for hours, all to no purpose. I had recently been using borax to wash blankets, and the idea occurred to me to use it for my feathers. I did not add soap because it would leave streaks. So I put on the boiler, filled it half full of water, then added the borax pounded fine so as to dissolve readily. In the lump it was as near the size of a half teacup as I can describe it. I immersed the feathers, about five pounds, weighted down with cleanly washed stones, and heated to boiling, continuing about four hours. I then removed them to a washboard laid over a tub to drain. When cool, I squeezed dry, a handful at a time, working them to the opposite end. I then fastened the case by the end to the clothes line, thoroughly shaking up and changing ends about four times during the two days it took them to dry. I felt I had made a discovery, and yearly in midsummer since that time, my pillows undergo the process. I have no feather beds or they would also. I boil them in their ticks, and it leaves no streaks if they are squeezed dry enough not to run.

For nose bleed, I wish to give a remedy from a Washington physician that has saved one life certainly in my experience. Insert the end of each little finger in the ears, pressing hard, at the same time chewing rapidly for several minutes, the action to be renewed as often as the ne-

cessity requires. In the case of a child something tangible might be given to chew.

Cannot some one give the directions for the begonia mat? Mrs. M. RICE.
Minneapolis, Minn.

SEVEN POINTS IN MANAGING MILK.

1. To make the finest-flavored and longest keeping butter, the cream must undergo a ripening process by exposure to the oxygen of the air while it is rising. The ripening is very tardy when the temperature is low.
2. After cream becomes sour, the more ripening the more it depreciates. The sooner it is then skimmed and churned the better, but it should not be churned while too new. The best time for skimming and churning is just before acidity becomes apparent.
3. Cream makes better butter to rise in cold air than to rise in cold water, and the milk will keep sweet longer.
4. The deeper milk is set the less airing the cream gets while rising.
5. The depth of setting should vary with the temperature; the lower it is the deeper milk may be set; the higher, the shallower it should be.
6. While milk is standing for cream to rise, the purity of the cream, and consequently the fine flavor and keeping of the butter will be injured if the surface of the cream is exposed to air much warmer than the cream.
7. When cream is colder than the surrounding air, it takes up moisture and impurities from the air. When the air is colder than the cream, it takes up moisture and whatever escapes from the cream. In the former case the cream purifies the surrounding air; in the latter case the air helps to purify the cream. The selection of a creamer should hinge on what is most desired—highest quality, or greatest convenience and economy in time, space and labor.—*Prof. Arnold in N. Y. Tribune.*

AMMONIA.

Ammonia, while one of the commonest products of the earth, is also one of the most useful. A few drops of it poured into hard water makes the water soft to the hands as silk, and this water takes the dirt off of paint more quickly than any other, takes the stains out of carpets better than any thing except ox-gall, cleans combs and hair brushes, and makes gold and silver look as good as new. A good quantity of ammonia in the water also is a very safe substitute for any soap known in washing blankets, which, unwieldy and hard to wash at the best, are ruined if soap is used directly upon them. Ammonia, too, rubbed with a bit of flannel on the outside of the throat, as a rubefacient, but not to the point of blistering, is excellent in cases of sore throat from colds; it is useful rubbed in this way on the back of the neck for the alleviation of headache. The preparation called aromatic ammonia is again as valuable, medicinally, as the other is in household service. Ten to twenty drops of this in a large wine-glass of water will revive a fainting person as quickly as brandy will, and is an excellent stimulant in cases of nervous depression and approaching headache, restoring the circulation, and often helping a weak heart. It is so cheap and so satisfactory a remedy that there is no excuse for not having it always at hand.—*Exchange.*

—In making pickles never use vessels of brass, copper or tin, as the action of the acid on such metals often results in poisoning the pickles. Either a porcelain or granite iron kettle is the best for such purposes.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I do so appreciate the many good things in our HOUSEHOLD, that I cannot keep from telling you so. Please do not think because one is silent she does not appreciate the many good things you give us. I am very much in love with you all, and think there are many of the same mind. Please accept my mite which you will find in the shape of a,

Delicious Salad Dressing.—Two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one egg, butter size of an egg, one tablespoonful of mustard, one small teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of black pepper, a pinch of red pepper, stir all together, add one cup of vinegar, put on the stove, stir constantly until it thickens; remove from the stove, set by to cool, chop your cabbage fine, any quantity you want for immediate use, add one cup of sweet milk to your salad when cool, or one-half cup of cream is much better, turn over your cabbage, stir, if there is more cabbage than salad to wet sufficiently add more milk. We think this delicious. Please try and report.

The Boston brown bread of Mrs. E. L. H. in August number is very nice; I have had the recipe some time and know it is good. I will give something more as I have not noticed anything like it in THE HOUSEHOLD. It is a filling for jelly or layer cake, called lemon curd; you can double the quantity in cool weather and keep any length of time.

Lemon Curd.—Two lemons grated, two and one-half cups of sugar, four eggs, stir well, put on the stove and stir while it cooks fifteen or twenty minutes, remove from the stove. It is now ready for use, and is so handy to have on hand when you are caught without any good cake or jelly to put between, as I have been sometimes. I hope the sisters will try this.

To the sister who asks for a dark fruit cake, will give her mine, which is nice for so plain a one. I will give you the whole recipe, although I often use only half of it for us two:

Dark Fruit Cake.—One cup each of butter, brown sugar and molasses, four eggs, one large cup of chopped raisins, one-quarter of a pound of chopped citron, I use currants or dried cherries often instead of the expensive citron, almost a cup of currants if you use them, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one-half teaspoonful of all spice, half a nutmeg grated, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, dissolved in a tablespoonful or two of milk, stir well, add three cups of flour, give it a good stirring, don't be afraid of its being too stiff, it will come out all right, bake in a moderate oven nearly an hour.

Denver, Col.

MRS. E. R. DAVIS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been an interested and benefited reader of your columns for a long time, and, woman-like, seldom read an article without wishing to respond. With the permission of our worthy editor I will send a few suggestions with some recipes trusting they will help some one.

First, a few hints about spatter work in addition to Jennie M. Shannon's letter in a late HOUSEHOLD. I use instead of India ink any kind or color of good writing ink that fancy chooses, following her directions in every particular until ready for the spattering, which I do with a stiff tooth brush dipped in ink, and passed quickly over a fine wire sieve, held in the left hand, and directly over the pattern. In making a cross I think it best to cut the thickness off the cross and other parts of the ornaments that require shading, such as the leaves of a book, and place them so they may be carefully removed when the spattering is half done, also to remove part of the leaves at a

time, adds beauty to the work, but great care must be used in moving any part of the pattern, that the particles of ink are not made to run together.

I have made a very pretty set for a wash stand, *i. e.*, splasher and mats, with ink on white drilling, when dry press with a hot iron to make it indelible, fringe the edges, and threads could be drawn and ribbon to match the room drawn in. My pattern was original and pronounced pretty, the splasher had a wreath of fern and autumn leaves with the words "Wash and be clean" in letters one inch high, through the center of the splasher. The smaller mats had one fern and one leaf on each.

I differ with Nacboochie in reference to "Shall we or shall we not sign our own name." I say, yes, very emphatically. What if our names are "plain and homely," so may our faces be, but they are ours all the same, and we ought not to be ashamed of them. A masked party is novel, but if the masks were not removed, would not the interest of the play be greatly lessened? I think so. We enter a room and see perhaps a number of paintings of distinguished men and women, also scenery of mountain and sea, but of how little interest would they be if the true name and place did not accompany each. A very dear friend of mine, and a member of the "HOUSEHOLD Band," who lives in Pennsylvania, once said to me, "Martha, take my advice; never fail to give your own name, to any and all articles designed for the press. That was one great mistake which I made when I first commenced to write; a natural timidity and lack of confidence in my own ability, caused me to sign an assumed name, and now, although I have written many articles which have been highly commended, yet they do not seem to be my own because they do not bear my real name. It takes a long time to establish a name in the literary world, and let it be your own and work to make it all you could wish."

I will send a few recipes which I have tried and know to be good.

For Cookies.—One cup of shortening, I prefer one-half each of butter and lard, two cups of sugar, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of thick sour milk, and a scant teaspoonful of soda.

Farmer's Fruit Cake.—Soak three cups of dried apples a few hours in warm water, chop fine and simmer two hours in two cups of molasses, add two well beaten eggs, one cup each of sugar and butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda, flour enough to make a rather stiff batter, flavor with allspice or cloves and cinnamon. One cup of raisins greatly improves it.

Pork Cake.—Chop fine one pound of salt fat pork, (pickled not smoked,) add one pint of molasses, one pound of sugar, one pint of boiling water, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg, four eggs, one pound each of raisins, citron and currants, the eggs may be omitted though they improve the cake; add flour enough to make as stiff as fruit cake, more is needed when the eggs are left out.

For Ella Holbrooks I send this recipe for boiled icing: Take fresh eggs, according to the quantity of cakes to be iced, separate them, beat the whites till very stiff, stir in finely powdered sugar till quite thick, flavor with rose water or lemon if preferred, after which place the bowl of icing in a kettle of boiling water, stir it constantly till it comes to a boil, then ice your cake with the warm icing, which will harden very quick; take stiff white paper rolled funnel shaped, into which put some icing, and, by pressing it through the small aperture you can make flowers, letters, dots or any figures you fancy, a vine with grapes and leaves is pretty.

Filling for layer cake is nice made with thick sour cream, thickened with sugar and flavored; we prefer it to many kinds of jelly.

For Earache.—Put a kernel of pepper in cotton, dip in sweet oil and place in the ear.

MARTHA E. ROGERS.

Levy, Sumner County, Kansas.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I come in for a little chat too? I have received THE HOUSEHOLD a year and a half, at first as a wedding gift, and I shall never do without it, I receive so much help from it. I do love to read the letters from the sisters. How I wish Sister "Did" was here so I might shake hands with her. She has expressed my thoughts in regard to the men so nearly all I will add is, give them a column.

Did Honolulu never see a "cooking" man that was a fuss budget? I think I have, not my husband though.

June, I have a little boy five months old and can perhaps help you by telling what I have made and needed. I have six common and four nicer dresses, three flannel skirts, three white skirts, three flannel pinning or foot blankets, two linen bands, two flannel shirts, and four dozen napkins.

I did not like calico for dresses, could not afford white dress goods, so obtained a nice piece of muslin and made the common dresses of it. I like them much they wash and do up so nicely. I did not need four nice dresses, perhaps if I lived in town or did much visiting I should. Baby is now wearing knit shirts made from directions given in THE HOUSEHOLD. I like them very much. I have knit a good deal of lace from directions given in "our paper," for baby.

Madge, in the January number, gives an excellent remedy for sore mouth, but dry golden seal sprinkled in my baby's mouth cured when her recipe failed.

Can some sister tell me what is the matter with and what I can do for my looking glass. It used to be a splendid one, and looks as though dust had settled all over it; I cannot clean it off.

I like F. P. W.'s idea in regard to the badge pin. When are we going to have it? Before I leave let me thank you all for the help you have been to me.

Iowa.

LIDA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask the sisters for some good recipes for coloring carpet rags, something that will not fade. I would like recipes for coloring butternut brown, blue and red. Can any of the sisters give directions for coloring with cochineal? I see a great deal written about making drawn rugs. Did any of the sisters ever try knitting rugs. I think they are very pretty knit on two needles, garter stitch. You can knit in strips and sew together. They are not quite so pretty as drawn rugs but are just as durable and not nearly as much work. I would like to have some of the sisters give directions for a covering to an organ stool, also a pretty, inexpensive shelf lambrequin. When I say inexpensive I mean cheap, as cheap as it can possibly be made and look pretty.

Dakota.

ANNETTE D.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a silent but appreciative member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band for two years and always look forward to and enjoyed each number. There are so many practical ideas and good recipes given, but as yet have not found a remedy for my particular trouble; hence this appeal to my sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD for help. My John is exceedingly fond of pumpkin pie, and although I have tried hard to make them just right they will fall below the average pie baked by an experienced housekeeper. One time they would be too rich or too

poor, too lean or too fat, too much or too little spice, etc. Will some one please tell me the exact quantity of each ingredient for one pie? John is no hand to growl or fuss but I'd like to learn to make his favorite pie and give him a surprise.

Some time ago some one desired to learn an easy method of cleaning new iron utensils. If rough or rusty a thorough rubbing with fine sand paper will do the work. Afterward grease well and let stand a day or two, then wash with soap and hot water.

As this is the time of year for buckwheat cakes it might be a benefit to some one less experienced than myself to know that adding a little sugar (say a tablespoonful to a quart) to the batter, will greatly assist in giving the cakes that beautiful brown we read about.

Adair, Iowa. V. NORA KINGSBURY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a reader of this valuable paper only a few months. Among the letters in my first papers there was a good deal of talk about pies running over; now I want to tell those young housekeepers my way. I cover my tins with crust, sprinkle a little flour in the bottom, put in the fruit, (if apples I cook them and add a little of the juice,) sprinkle sugar on top with a few bits of butter, put in the oven and bake; when done take out and cover and put on the rack. Watch it close so it won't get brown. My pies are always good and the juice isn't all over the oven.

Mrs. A. H. Shindler's salmon or oyster salad is splendid, if you have not tried it you ought to. S. M. E.'s way of starching is good; borax is a great improvement to starch. My colored clothes I always dip in milk to stiffen them, not sour, but old sweet is just as good.

I think our paper would be very much improved if we could have the cuts of our fancy work, there are many of us that have not the time to try all the patterns to find which we think is just what we want.

Here is my chopped pickle recipe: One gallon of tomatoes chopped fine, one tea-cup of salt, mix and drain over night, add one tablespoonful of ground cloves, allspice, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, three tablespoonfuls of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, four tablespoonfuls of chopped green peppers, one head of cabbage, and cover with cold vinegar.

LISLMA E.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Have received my January number and have perused it with more than usual pleasure for this reason, I have had plenty of time, and generally am obliged to read too hurriedly to enjoy it thoroughly, but I am recovering from illness, and so can indulge myself for a little time.

Was pleased to find a letter in this number from a Providence lady, signed P. Perhaps she may be my next neighbor, who knows? Loraine, where are you? Have been "waiting and watching" for a letter telling us more about your delightful Florida home. Write to us; perhaps if we can hear how comfortable and happy you are it will make our northern winter seem less severe, especially if we can read the letter beside a nice warm fire and let our imagination have full sway.

M. M. asks for a good rule for jelly roll; here is one that I consider best of several that I have used in my cooking experience:

One cup each of sugar and flour, four eggs and one small teaspoonful of baking powder, sift the powder twice through the flour; this makes two rolls baked in shallow bread tins, a little longer than wide. When done turn out on a napkin, spread with jelly and roll immediately. It is the only one I ever used

where the edges would not break in rolling, these roll perfectly smooth.

A. B.'s (Meridan, N. Y.) recipe in this number for keeping the juice of pies within bounds is excellent; it is sure unless you get them too full; it is well worth knowing for with me all others have failed at times. I thank you for the continual benefit I derive from the best of papers, THE HOUSEHOLD.

FRANC.

Providence, R. I.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If we feel somewhat dismal and forlorn, just like the child who found her dolls were stuffed with sawdust, isn't it right that we should seek relief in writing to you; not to pour out our griefs and woes, but to relieve the monotony. But a blue-eyed neighbor said, when we left Pleasant Valley, "If you are blue and homesick in your new home don't write it to THE HOUSEHOLD."

We had been spending an evening in her pleasant parlor, and as we gave a last look at the new paint and paper, the beautiful bouquets of tea roses and the pretty wicker furniture, we made a little moan, so perhaps she thought best to warn us against a long, drawn out wail against her land of roses. But another friend writes, "Do let us hear from you through THE HOUSEHOLD." And another wishes we would write something on "our favorite topic," so we will spend our leisure morning in writing, but we won't say one word against Florida; we have no fault to find with her; it isn't her fault if people come here without much money and blunder along in a vain search for a pot of gold. If we are cold at times it is because we did not build warm, tight houses, and provide stoves and fireplaces; if we are too warm at other seasons, it is because we did not plan for plenty of doors and windows with a chance for the breeze to draw through. It is the long warm summer that makes the orange trees grow. The hottest sun makes the sweetest orange.

We are having delicious ones now; one dollar per hundred; we visited the largest grove in this part of the country a few weeks ago; it is not very large, but the trees are very handsome; sweet seedlings planted only eight years ago. Last year they hung full, but the freeze destroyed most of the crop and injured the crop for this year, though to us they looked as if they were well loaded. There were some beautiful grape fruit trees with splendid specimens of fruit. We've just learned a new way to eat them; cut them in halves through the rounded part, not at the stem end, and eat with a spoon.

We have had some rather severe winters this winter, but if we had a comfortable house we shouldn't object to them at all. They serve to blow away malaria and insects and give life a new zest. Frost has done very little damage here though it laid white on the ground one morning for quite a while after the sun was up, but young tomato plants, snap beans and Irish potatoes were hardly touched.

We had some beautiful tomatoes given us from vines which have been bearing since last January. We are having sweet potatoes from the same garden, fifty cents a bushel, and much as we like them, we never imagined they could be so nice as these. Tomatoes and string beans are shipped from here and generally pay well although they have to be carted twelve miles to the station.

One hundred miles north bananas and all tender plants are killed to the ground. One hundred miles farther south egg plants, tomatoes, and string beans are in their prime. A friend writes he has already shipped twenty barrels of egg plants at good price, and as frosts keeps off will ship many more. Also tomatoes and later summer squashes. Says they are now reveling in string beans and tomatoes. Oh that we might so revel! His land is shell hummock, richest of all, but hard to clear and there are more insects to contend with. Perhaps we will try that part of our great big state next winter, though friends who have been living near Tampa have returned to Pleasant Valley, as they were not well while they were gone.

Yesterday was such a lovely day we took a long walk along the shore of the lake. The mercury stood near 80° almost all day; there was very little breeze, the lake was as smooth as glass; the opposite shore three-quarters of a mile away was reflected on its surface as on a mirror. We never tire of our lovely lakes, always changing and dimpling, reflecting alike the clouds and the sunshine.

We found plenty of white violets along the shore, and occasionally a blue one peeped from some sheltered spot. We could hardly realize as we stopped to rest in the shade of a large pine, that friends in the north were shoveling away at huge snow banks, and that even the trains, usually sure as fate, were delayed and blocked, all for the lack of a little of our hot sun. The wild flowers have mostly gone to seed and there is a touch of autumn in the landscape, but we know by the fresh violets that spring is al-

most here. Indeed, some say it is here, that we shall not have much more cold weather; nevertheless, last January they had snow here so it laid on the ground, while we in Putnam county, never saw a flake. The natives here were astonished; had never seen any before. Probably it was charged to the incoming of the Yankees. The natives farther north welcome us more kindly; if any are annoyed or feel crowded, they silently move away, but most of them are glad to see the country opened up.

We wish to thank Jael Vee for her helpful article written so long ago, we are much interested in her Texas home and hope she will report progress from time to time.

Hal Glen are you still puzzling over her name? If we call it three initials, just as it sounds when pronounced, perhaps we shall have her idea.

We are so sorry, Helen Herbert, that we cannot send you, and all the eighty thousand a pressing invitation to flock at once to the "ranche," but we have rented it for a year to a HOUSEHOLD correspondent. We must tell what a kind thing she has just done; sent us a lovely little picture of her home. Her husband is an amateur photographer. It would be a grand idea if she would invite us all there to spend the holidays and her John would photograph the entire group. There would be such a murmur of tongues we could never talk Emerson. How should we ever find out "which was which." It would be like the dream that John had. Emily Hayes said she would come some time. There is plenty of room in Florida for a meeting place, we could never find a better camping ground.

LORANE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Where are all my babies? I have only heard of the arrival of one, and yet some must be over a year old. Can't the mothers just drop me a postal card with name, date of birth and weight? I would like a list of them very much.

I am glad to see Rosamond E.'s name once more. When she writes, we are always sure she has something to say worth saying.

Little Woman, wherein are our tastes similar? Why can't you write me? Are you interested in geology and mineralogy? So am I. I have been taking lessons in them now for two years and my interest is increasing instead of decreasing. Just now I am studying blow pipe analysis, though the folks say I do not need the pipe, I can do plenty of blowing on stones without that aid. I do wish you could take a peep at my cabinet. Ten shelves full of minerals and five drawers of fossils. Here are agatized woods from two California sisters; cat's eyes from another. Woods from North Carolina, rare minerals from Maine. So you see I have constantly good HOUSEHOLD friends in mind. I don't believe Mr. Crowell's cabinet is any dearer to him than mine is to me.

A Subscriber, cut three circles of wadding the size of the center of your silk handkerchiefs, put in plenty of sachet powder; now tie your silk handkerchiefs over cross corner, spread corners out and catch with a thread so they will not slip. If the handkerchiefs are white, tie colored ribbons round under the corners, finish with a bow. These make pretty gifts, too.

FRANK E.

Box 207, Hyde Park, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Being one of the Johns and husband of one of the Mary Anns of the sisterhood of THE HOUSEHOLD, I want to protest against the suggestion of John VI. concerning our share in the improvement of Mary Ann's cooking. John lays a burden upon us greater than we can bear, and if we do not bear it he libels us too heavily. As a rule in our world things that are ideal do not challenge analysis. It is the whole thing, not any part or parts that please, that satisfy. Dr. Holland wrote for us years ago that the ideal dress is one that affects us as a whole, so that to-morrow we cannot remember a thing the person wore, we only know she was well dressed. As we go through the world it is not best to be analyzing things too much. When we sit at a dish of soup at a strange table, we want to enjoy the soup not the ingredients. After we have analyzed a thing there is an obtrusive consciousness of the parts which prevents any original appreciation of the whole. You know a trick once understood is no trick. After we once discover the faces of Maximilian and Carlotta, or the thief picking a man's pocket, and the policeman coming around the corner to catch the thief, in a complicated engraving, we never more see the engraving, only the figures it masks.

If we were cooks we might analyze dishes and profit by the study of them and do somebody some good in stating our discoveries. But as it is, cooking is an art, nothing short of an art, and if we from our stand point, undertook to decide what "does it," we should fail and then it is improper to ask the lady of the house. Who has not seen persons trying to decide what a dish is and what flavors it? and most pitiable of all, who has not seen persons try to fix an insipid dish putting in this and that until the only thing that tasted was Worcestershire sauce.

What do we know about how mother cooked? We were husking and shelling corn, caring for the stock, piling wood, going to school, or sliding down hill when she was making the pies.

Or if we do know that mother used this material, and put some of that in, how much did she put in and when? What are the relations of all the processes of preparing a dish?

John VI.'s idea about helping Mary Ann in all directions is right, but there are two cardinal points for success in such undertakings; the ability to discriminate what the essential causes, or mechanism, or devices are, but more important, dear sir, yea, wholly indispensable, the ability to execute the idea or to reproduce what is wholly in the eye of memory.

I am the more excited over John VI.'s suggestion, and more earnest in my protest because a few of us have tried it. We told Mary Ann mother did so and so. She would have it that that would not come out right. At our opportunity she tried it. What mortification to her! what chagrin to us! what a screeching scandal on mother's cooking, and on all cooking!

We join John VI., in his sympathy for the brides that hear so much about how "mother used to cook." With him, we will never say it again. We grieve over one melancholy fact in the history of our former abuse of Mary Ann, and as we mention it, mothers dear, will you forgive us? Two or three of us married Mary Ann far from our parental home. Only after ten or fifteen years did we take Mary Ann home. All these years we kept saying, "you will see some day." We went to the table all expectation. There were the dishes just as they used to look. But when we got our teeth into them and our tongue under them we had no nerve to look at Mary Ann. We were so disappointed, nay, confounded, that we took a sly time to ask Sister Jane what was the matter with mother's pie and doughnuts. She said, "They are just the same that she used to make when we were children, and has been making all these twenty years you have been away." The great heart of Mary Ann never allowed her once to allude to the matter. Not one little twit did she give us for mother's sake as well as ours. Her vindication was triumphant. She knew that she would never have to sob again over her inability to cook for John as well as his mother used to. She has never heard any complaining since. Oh, the delusions of boyish inexperience, boyish lack of perception, boyish appetite! Oh, the mockery of what stands for us as remembrance!

JOHN VII.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CORN BREAD.—One large cup of sour buttermilk, a heaping cup of Indian meal, a cup of sugar, two heaping tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, a tablespoonful of cream (or lard or butter the size of a hickory nut), a teaspoonful of salt, and a small teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in water. Put in a greased tin and steam one and one-half hours. It is delicious for dinner. Try it and report success.

MATTIE POWELL.

Sterling, Ill.

LEMON SYRUP.—Peel half the lemons. Squeeze out the juice, and filter carefully through book muslin. To every pint add two pounds of granulated sugar. Let it stand all night to dissolve the sugar. Stir well and bottle for use.

MRS. ANNIE SCHENCK.

CINNAMON ROLLS.—Take a piece of bread dough ready to make into loaves, roll out to about half an inch thickness, spread with butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, roll up and cut like roll jelly cake, place in a greased tin and let it rise. Before putting it in the oven, put a small piece of butter, and a little sugar and cinnamon on each.

PUFF PUDDING.—One cup each of sour cream and sour milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful each of soda and salt, and three cups of flour. Steam in cups twenty minutes. Serve with sweetened cream.

POPPY.

MINCE PIE.—Six and one half pounds of meat, one and one-half pounds of suet, two pounds of raisins, citron if you wish, one large bowl of granulated sugar, three cups of New Orleans molasses, seven bowls of chopped apple, all kinds of spice, one lemon, juice, and rind chopped very fine, and sufficient cider to moisten.

SQUASH PIE.—One cup of sifted squash, one and one-half small-sized crackers rolled and sifted, or one egg, two cups of milk, one-half cup of sugar, salt and spice to your taste.

S. M. M.

COLD SLAW.—For one-half of a cabbage take one-half cup of sugar, one egg, and a little over one-half cup of vinegar. Let it boil, chop the cabbage fine and mix well.

Remington, Ind. MRS. C. E. BARTOO.

OYSTER SALAD.—One cup each of oyster liquor and pounded crackers, one-half cup of vinegar, butter the size of an egg, yolks of four eggs, one teaspoonful of celery seed, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, pepper and salt to taste. Garnish with hard boiled eggs.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup of fine,

chopped suet, two cups of flour, salt, pepper, and cinnamon, and fruit if you like, or not. If not wanted so rich put in more flour. Boil in a bag two or three hours, according to size. To be eaten with a sauce or cream and sugar.

MARGERY LUCILE.

Oswatonic, Kans.

BOILED ICING.—A sister asks for a recipe for boiled icing. Mine rarely fails, so I will venture to send it. Boil one cup of granulated sugar and one-third of a cup of cold water together until it gums in cold water. Pour into it the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, and stir until quite cool. Flavor with vanilla, if for white icing. I also mix grated cocoanut with it for cocoanut filling, or chocolate or cocoa for chocolate cake. This will make filling and icing for a three-layer cake.

LAYER CAKE.—This cake is very nice also. One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, one-third cup of milk, one even teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted with two cups of flour. Bake in layers.

Will some one please send a recipe for nut cake?

CLARA.

DARK CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of milk, two eggs beaten separately, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and two and one-half tablespoonfuls of chocolate. Dissolve the chocolate over the steaming teakettle, in a saucepan, beat into it a little of the cake mixture, then beat it into the whole of the cake mixture. Flavor with vanilla, and beat it briskly just before putting into the oven. It makes one large loaf. If desired darker in color, put in more chocolate.

MRS. DIAS.

CORN BREAD.—Four cups of fresh, fine meal, one and one-half cups of buttermilk, one teaspoonful each of soda and salt, and water enough to make a nice batter. Put in a hot greased pan and bake quick. To have real thin bread use two pans. If coarse or bolted meal is used, add two tablespoonfuls of flour.

TO FRY FISH.—After fish has been nicely dressed and salted, meal each piece well on both sides, fry in hot lard, turn four or five times until brown, and serve hot.

MRS. E. H. BRADSHAW.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Four sweet oranges, three eggs, one cup of sugar, one pint of sweet milk, one large tablespoonful of cornstarch. Put in a nappy only the juice of the oranges and the soft pulp cut fine. Mix the yolks of the eggs a little of the milk, and most of the sugar and cornstarch together. Stir this mixture into the rest of the milk which is boiling. Cook like custard. Sprinkle the rest of the sugar over the oranges, and pour the custard over it. Cover the pudding with a soft frosting made of the whites. Brown in the oven. Eat cold.

CARRIE.

JENNY LIND TEA CAKE.—This is a favorite of mine and has been well tested. Four cups of flour, two-thirds cup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix with sweet milk the usual thickness for cake. To be eaten hot with butter.

E. LOUISE A.

FULLER PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, two-thirds cup of butter, one cup of water, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, one teaspoonful of soda, four cups of flour and fruit to suit the taste. Steam two and one-half hours, by putting in a two-quart tin pail and setting in a kettle of boiling water.

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE.—Whites of eight eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup each of milk and butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and four cups of flour.

For Filling and Frosting.—Whites of three eggs, two cups of pulverized sugar, one cup of cocoanut, juice of one lemon, and vanilla flavoring if liked.

SAND TARTS.—Two cups of light brown sugar, one cup of butter, three cups of flour and two eggs, leaving out the white of one. Roll out thin and cut in squares. Beat the one remaining white to a stiff froth and spread on top and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar.

Dakota.

MRS. C. F. E.

PORK PUDDING.—One cup of chopped pork, one cup of chopped raisins, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, three cups of flour and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Steam three hours.

LAURA E. DOLOFF.

Ayer, Mass.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One-half cup each of molasses, brown sugar, and sweet milk or water, two cups of sifted flour, two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of soda, and any kind of

flavoring you wish. We prefer ginger. Bake in two round pie plates.

BAKING POWDER.—This is splendid if pure drugs are used. Eleven ounces of cream of tartar, five ounces of bicarbonate of soda, one-half ounce of tartaric acid, and four ounces of flour. The druggist should pulverize each ingredient before mixing.

M.

LEMON PIE.—Grate the rind and squeeze out the juice of one lemon in a bowl, add a tea-cup of white sugar, and the yolks of two eggs, beat well, add four tablespoonfuls of cold water, beat it in, then beat the whites to a stiff froth and add them to it, and stir in well. Bake a medium-sized pie plate lined with pie crust, and pour the mixture into it, bake slowly, and lift from the oven carefully. It is rich and good.

MRS. R.

QUICK CAKE.—Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda; flavor with lemon. Put all together in a dish before beating, and let it stand in the tin after baking until ready for use. Bake in a quick oven.

MRS. N. W. MITCHELL.

Foxcroft, Me.

REMEDY FOR CARPET BUGS.—I notice in the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD, a sister is troubled with carpet bugs. Let me tell her what I think will get rid of them, the way I do. In the spring I take up my carpets and clean the room, then put the carpet down again, but don't tack it down only in the corners. Then I pour turpentine all around the edges of the carpet, and do so once in two weeks, and I think you will drive them away. Turpentine on a cloth put into a trunk of flannels will keep the moths away. I have tried a number of kinds of bugs with turpentine and they will soon die. If troubled with bed-bugs, take a brush and turpentine, and go all over the slats and corners of your bedstead, and it will be sure death to the bugs, and the turpentine will soon evaporate. Please try.

MOLLIE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be kind enough to tell me the proper use of a bread board? Should the bread be cut at the table, and by whom and how passed to the different people at table? Also please give me some word or inscription suitable for the inside of a wedding ring.

B. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I read in the October number, Mrs. C. L. Gates' answer to G. H. T.'s inquiry how to cook "finnan haddie." I would like to have her try the Scotch way of cooking it, which is much easier. It is a smoked haddock, and generally used by all Scotch people wherever they can be found. Do not remove the skin, cut the fish in pieces and place in a frying pan, pour hot water over it, and immediately cover with a close-fitting cover, let it steam fifteen or twenty minutes, according to its thickness, then place on a hot platter with plenty of butter and pepper.

MRS. F. A. N.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Last summer I made some blackberry jelly but it will not harden. I have coaxed and threatened, but it does no good. Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me what to do? They seem to understand every thing. The berries were ripe and I used the same quantity of sugar that I did juice, and boiled half an hour.

MISS ANNA THOMPSON.

Sakhehatchie, S. C.

If Dot will steam her hard-shelled squashes she can cut them without the aid of an old saw.

HOUSEHOLD READER.

Will some of the kind sisters or brothers of THE HOUSEHOLD please inform me through its columns of something that will mend a granite ware tea kettle that has become loose where the spout joins kettle? and receive many thanks of

E. R. M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister kindly tell when to gather milkweed pods for pompons? Also tell how to make the pompons.

G. W. B.

Can any one tell me where to find rubbers for sweeper rollers? Also a good remedy for whooping cough? and oblige

MRS. W. H. PETTIT.

Hovell, Mich.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to inquire if any of the sisters could tell me how Worcester-shire sauce is made? also, what will remove the lime stains which hard water leaves on glass ware?

MRS. C. W. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If California will try washing her white olecloth in soda, it will look nearly as well as when new.

M. E. C.

The Parlor.

"IF I WERE A VOICE."

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel this wide world through,
Would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true:
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale or singing a song
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong:
I would fly over land and sea.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of the air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I would seek,
And calm and truthful words I would speak,
To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop like the happy sunlight down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.
I would fly on the wings of the air.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd fly the earth around,
And wherever man to his idols bowed,
I'd publish in tones both long and loud
The Gospel's joyful sound.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day
Proclaiming peace on my world wide way;
Bidding this saddened earth rejoice.
If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around.

ONE MORE STRAW.

BY AN OLD LADY.

THE papers are full of "Advice to Women," "Hints for Wives," "How to Make Home Happy," "A Word to Mothers," and so forth and so on. Yet, knowing all this, and a woman myself, I venture to add one more straw to the overwhelming burden of advice under which it is a wonder we women do not sink, hoping it may not be like the "last straw that broke the camel's back."

This simile is not inapt. Women, the wives and mothers especially of the working classes, resemble in many respects the patient burden-bearer of the desert. The loads of never ceasing care and painstaking, the mountains of trials, the almost illimitable patience and endurance exhibited by them exceed the capacity of that much vaunted beast of burden, in so much as human exceeds brute intelligence and endurance.

As I look around and calmly and dispassionately view the scene it seems a wonder to me that women do as much and as well as they do, and I feel that with the morsel of advice should be mingled a large share of wholesome praise.

An earnest, whole-souled woman holds a position which is no sinecure. Great duties devolve upon her which can be performed only by the exercise of constant self-sacrifice, tireless activity and inexhaustible patience. Our position is peculiarly trying from the almost indiscribable light in which men regard us. They treat us as though we were babes and almost imbecile, yet when we have been guilty of some dereliction it is amusing, if one is not too much exasperated, to hear them say they did not expect such things from such superior beings; that they look to us to reform the world, and perchance liken us to angels.

I neither wish nor claim angelhood for myself or my sisters, but I do claim that sex should be no barrier to the attaining of any height to which one's ambition, talents and strength may lead them.

One sex cannot claim superiority over the other because being so different and having such diverse parts to play in the drama of life, no fair comparison can be instituted. No comparison of physical strength can be made because the strength of the male and female is so different, while mental strength and nerve force are not dependent on sex.

Though in this nineteenth century all paths are open to the woman who dares,

yet, from accident of birth, her sphere, especially if she marry, will be more circumscribed, though not less full of trials, than that of her brother. She must be strong to suffer and endure, strong to bear and forbear, she must be watchful and wakeful, never tiring, full of devotion, compassion, charity, love, she must accept her fate as it is spread out before her and with a superhuman adaptation of means to ends weave fair the web of life from the confused mass of threads and jumble of colors given into her helpless (?) hands.

We read in an old book that "to whom much is given of them will much be required." If this is true how is it that with all man's vaunted superiority the mole hill of achievements required from him is so overshadowed by the mountain of perfection which the woman must bring to the altar? Surely there is a screw loose! Who will tighten it?

Men are men, women are women, and each has duties. The glow-worm, provided he shine and shine to the best of his ability, need not trouble himself with inquiries as to whether he is the equal of the locomotive head light which rushes past him in the dull, murky night.

Any woman can, if she choose, be in her own home an angel of light and mercy, a guardian spirit, the controller of the destinies of those who gather around the home fires. But desirable as this may be it cannot be accomplished without mental and physical strength, wisdom, self-abnegation and toil. A woman who will not put by self will never be looked upon as a Minerva by her family.

To reach this pinnacle and wield the accompanying power requires many sacrifices which no one will see nor comprehend and no one but a wife and mother would be equal to the task. The details which compose the whole, would, if spread out in view beforehand, appall even the stoutest of hearts. But fortunately they come a few at a time and gently as the first snow fall covers the leaves which autumn has left brilliant and beautiful to the doubtful mercy of cold, icy winter.

If these first cares are gracefully accepted and the best side presented to the family circle, you will be better prepared to bend without breaking under the more tempestuous storms of later days.

To the lover and young husband it is easy to render yourself attractive. When the family *lures et penates* are first erected every thing is new and clean, the tinware bright, the carpets free from dust and moths, the plates and cups have no nicks, your wardrobe is abundantly supplied, and "he" is inclined to be pleased with every thing done by "his" fresh, rosy-cheeked young wife, and as Fanny Fern said, "even the gingerbread is gilded," or something to that effect.

In a little time cares increase. There are babies, one, two, three, very likely the devoted mother-in-law has come to reside in the family, your clothes are shabby and you do not feel that you can spend either the time or money necessary to replace them, the silver and tin are dull and the china cracked, you are tired, worried and cross, and husband very naturally gets cross too, finds fault and tells you, "you can't cook as mother did," and recriminations are exchanged. You are more harassed by your burdens than was poor Sinbad by the Old Man of the Sea.

Just here is the fatal quicksand where so many before time happy homes have been wrecked. In order to avoid a like fate you must be true to yourself, for

"He who to himself is true,
Can scarce be false to any one."

Sacrifices, as before stated, must be made, but too much mental and physical neglect will defeat your object and unfit

you for wisely and firmly guiding the affairs in your little kingdom. It is the duty of no woman to so overwork herself that she is a mere trembling wreck of aches and nerves. In this guise she may have the pity of her family, but she will be unable to perform the duties for which nature designed her.

Children are a great care as well as a great blessing, and those who undertake the rearing and training of them should do so with the determination of giving them both mental and physical strength. Provided they are kept clean, and clothed suitably for the season it will make little difference in after years whether their dress was plain or loaded with ruffles and embroideries. I know how cunning they look in these fallals, but be true to yourself and unless you can do it without neglecting more important things, deny yourself the pleasure of seeing them thus dressed.

Every wife and mother is in a sense a slave. Love causes this, but do not forget that you are also the truest friend, the most observant counselor, the dearest companion of children and husband.

It will be hard for you to see dirt in the corners, fly marks on the windows, and hard to leave the clothes half-ironed, but be true to yourself, and if lack of time and strength prevent the accomplishment of all things desired let these less important duties go and spend the time thus gained in strolling in the fields with the children, plucking flowers and giving them their first lessons in botany, and cultivating in them a love for nature and animals.

Take time to read not only the literature of the day, but history, biography, travels, and the arts and sciences if you have a taste in that direction. Read aloud and then discuss the theme with your family. If your husband be not interested in any thing except his business, or have outside pleasures, if you continue gradually to grow in intellect and knowledge, your interest in such things will tend to create a like interest in him, or, if it does not, it will wonderfully increase his respect for you, and love and pride will have an added growth. If he be given to intellectual pursuits you will thus be more of a friend and companion, and true companionship must ever join with love to form a substantial basis for wedded bliss.

Next to starvation of mind, I place neglect of person as a shoal to be shunned. This neglect of self takes place easily and the mother even thinks that by this means she shows her family devotion. The last ribbon and ruffle of the trousseau is worn out or changed to some bit of finery for Bertie or Kate. You see gray hairs and crow's feet, and feel tired and perhaps a little dispirited. Such feelings will come at times to the stoutest of hearts. Don't give up in the least. Preserve and foster a proper feeling of individuality and self-respect. Take a breath of fresh air or read a few pages of some favorite author as a stimulant, and don't let any thing short of a fire or a fit prevent your taking a dip in the water and putting on a fresh gown every afternoon. No matter if it be only calico if it is clean and whole and surmounted by a spotless collar or ruffle. Even if household duties must be immediately resumed, don't neglect to avail yourself of this great mental and physical stimulant. It will freshen you and wonderfully increase your self-respect and nerve force.

Another thing, don't go to the breakfast table with uncombed head, slipshod feet and torn and collarless dress. If you do, your feelings will coincide with your looks and you will not be in a frame of mind to preside worthily over the first gathering of the family for a new day. You may say, "This looks well on paper,

but it can't be done; no woman with a family and her own work to do, can accomplish it." But I speak from experience and know it is possible by a little extra effort. I never saw my mother, through all the years from the time of my first remembrance to the last day of a long and exceedingly busy life, come to table in the morning without smoothly combed hair and clean dress and collar. She has brought up her five daughters and three sons in the same habits of neatness, and tousled heads and soiled and torn clothing were never seen in the old home, nor later on in the homes which these same children have set up for themselves.

Many a man is made a good husband in spite of himself. Be as anxious to please him as in the days of your courtship; study his idiosyncrasies, for we all have foibles and need charity, but never forget, nor allow him to, that you are co-equally with him the head of the family. True you are now one, but this one is composed of two equal and individual parts, your rights, thoughts and privileges are not merged in his, only united to make a stronger and more capable head. There must be mutual self-reliance, mutual deference, forbearance, reverence and love before you can be perfect as a whole. Time was when a woman was supposed to lay on the marriage altar all individuality as well as all personal thought and preference except in so far as her lord and master kindly allowed her to revolve in the diminutive circle prescribed by his serene and mighty will. But we of to day do not believe that because a woman assumes the duties of a wife and mother, she thereby cuts herself off from a certain liberty of thought and action. We begin to see that woman has rights of which not even husbands can deprive her. And the more individuality she has—balanced by love and wisdom—the better wife and mother she will be.

Business affairs equally interest both and should be freely discussed. Though each has individual duties where the other should not interfere except in private and with a spirit of the greatest love.

From the accident of sex man is usually the bread winner of the family, but it sometimes happens spite of this and his more constant intercourse with the world that he has not so much business faculty and executive ability as the wife. When this is the case, besides her right to know every thing in which her husband is interested, much practical benefit may result from an exchange of opinions. Indeed, any difficulty seems less after a candid discussion of ways and means.

One thing more, do not give up your connection with nor your interest in the outside world. The woman whose thoughts and ideas are bounded by the home circle, will surely fail in her duties as wife and mother. In order to keep from stagnation and bigotry you must not loose the cords which bind you to the mass. Have an interest in some benevolent work, unite with some society in which you can become elevated and ennobled. Have company, visit your friends, keep up the associations of your youth, worry and fret as little as possible and don't unduly sacrifice nerve and muscle to save the almighty dollar. Men know better than to do this, but most women learn the lesson too late to be of any benefit.

I have one more straw to add. Don't, I beg of you, speak of your husband by his given or pet name in public. It is very well to speak of him to his mother and sisters in the privacy of your family, as Jim, Dick or Jack, as the case may be. But to refer to him in this manner in public, shows, to say the least, a want of good manners. The country women of a past generation generally designated the joint head of the family as "he;" the pronoun always stood for the husband and was

never used in designating servants, male relatives or friends. To say "My husband," or "Mr. —," is much more dignified, ladylike and respectful.

VOICES.

There was a gathering of the children's temperance society in the chapel. Songs had been sung, poems recited and the little ones had behaved in a quiet and orderly manner up to this time. A man of middle age now, by invitation, addressed them, striving to impress their tender minds with excellent thoughts and suggestions about temperance matters. He had had some practice as a public speaker, his words were worthy of attention, yet he utterly failed to interest or control his audience of small people. They became uneasy, restless, more lively, and at last almost uproarious, so that the tones of the speaker, at first heard distinctly enough, were scarcely to be distinguished in the confusion.

The president, a tall boy of eighteen or thereabouts, then arose and with a few kindly, decided words, quieted the little disturbers, speedily restoring order. One who was present and noted the different success of the two speakers, the boy and the man, said afterward to the former, "Were you ever thankful you have a voice?"

The fact that the president was a youth and one liked by the children may have counted somewhat in his favor at this particular time, but his success in controlling that juvenile assembly lay chiefly in something in his voice. Not necessarily in its volume, the man could have commanded enough of that, but in the element of power which showed itself in the ring, the inflections and cadences.

We sometimes think it wonderful that of all the human faces we have seen, no one is an exact duplicate of another. Strong resemblances, close likenesses exist; we often say of two people we cannot tell one from the other, yet with careful scrutiny one will generally without difficulty detect some variation which prevents one face from being a precise counterpart of the other. The face is one, yet how many differing features help to form its unity; the color of the eye, breadth of forehead, shape of mouth and chin, curves of the cheek, these are capable of endless variations. With a slight differing of one feature or another, behold there is an individual face, a face like none other.

Not so with the voice. It may express every emotion of which the heart is capable yet it is but one voice. Without the aids of form or color the voice of each person has an individuality just as truly as does the face. It was Jacob's voice which nearly upset his plan of obtaining by fraud his birthright when he carried to his father, whose eyes were dimmed with age, the venison which Isaac expected would be brought by the hands of Esau. You remember the wonder of the old man that his eldest son could have procured the game so quickly; the doubt he felt, even after the falsehood Jacob so glibly uttered—a lie we cannot doubt which caused bitter repentance afterward—then, but half persuaded, he said, "The voice is Jacob's voice but the hands are the hands of Esau."

In a company of Sabbath school teachers who were studying this lesson, a minister, speaking of the revelations of character often disclosed by the voice said, "I have known people rise in meeting to speak or pray when I've had to do like this" (clenching his hands and setting his teeth hard) "and say to myself, 'O Lord, make that man sit down quick,' because he was speaking words which his voice told me were not the true utterances of his heart."

Do we not know how we are influenced by voices though at the time we may not be conscious of it. How much of sympathy and kindly interest the voice will carry, giving far greater power to the words it bears. It is no hard to imagine a promise of help spoken with a hearty, cheery voice, quickening into new life, zeal and earnestness, when the same words borne upon a voice from which all cheeriness and strength were absent, or perhaps which lacked the tone of sincerity, would rouse but little hope or enthusiasm.

Says St. Paul, "There are. It may be, so many kinds of voices in the world and none of them is without signification." There are voices that rasp, and those that soothe; that rouse the passions, and those which comfort; they cause shadows to fall on the heart; they thrill it too with sounds of eloquent speech and heavenly music, and there are voices which speak peace. There is one voice that always reminds me of the clink of coin. Its owner loves money, I should not like to say supremely, but absorbingly, and the ring in his voice is not of cheer, of melody, but a dull, hard, metallic sound.

Said one, whose eyes permitted her to see but a short distance, "I suppose you have no idea how I am affected by voices, or what conception I form of a minister when I can scarcely see even the shape of a man in the pulpit and his personality strikes me only as a voice coming from across the church." If a new minister appears, or perchance one who comes as a possible candidate for a vacant pulpit, how keenly is his voice noted and how plainly commented upon. It is too loud, or not loud enough, too harsh, thin, weak, or, O blessed possibility, though regretfully rare, it is a grand voice, just the one for our church.

When nature gives one a voice strong, flexible and agreeable, she has bestowed a gift for which one should be truly thankful. Yet, though this favor is not granted, discipline and culture will go far to remedy natural defects. The singing lessons now regularly given in most public schools have a marked effect on the speaking tones of the children, at least in recitation. Some of you know how shrill and high pitched, or monotonous and droning, children's voices may become in school, if these faults are not carefully corrected, and for this purpose nothing can be better than well taught lessons in vocal music.

A voice may be strong and clear without being high pitched or very loud, may fill large rooms and yet lose nothing of mellowness or agreeable qualities. I recall two public speakers, ladies whose names are widely known, whose voices when I heard them, were so strained, so hard and tense, if one might use that term in this matter, that it was painful to listen. Another, a woman past middle life who has spoken in public for many years, east and west, has a clear, penetrating voice, low in pitch, sweet in tone, her ordinary speaking voice really, increased in volume of course as the place demands, but never losing its pleasant and womanly tones.

How often is one recognized by his voice. He may be out of our sight or features may have so changed that we do not see anything familiar in these, but the voice reveals him. "That's Charlie," said a little fellow of three years, upon whose mother I was calling, "I know his voice," and out he darted to meet the big brother of whom he was very fond and whose voice he had heard though the rest had not.

When, on that resurrection morn, Mary Magdalene stood by the sepulchre disappointed in her loving purpose of anointing the body of her Lord, and looking

about saw Jesus whom she did not know but supposed to be the gardener—what was it, when He said to her "Mary," that led her so quickly to respond "Rabboni!" It may have been that the brighter light of returning day enabled her to see his face more clearly, but I like to think it was those tones, that voice she had loved to obey, which prompted the swift recognition.

"So many voices in this world," yet how we miss those which are no more. How many hearts throb in sympathy with the poet when he cries.

"O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

What memories awake when we hear a voice that reminds us of one that is hushed! How quickly, among countless others, should we recognize that one voice could we only hear it once more; its tones linger like strains of sweet music heard long ago.

Longfellow, in that beautiful prose poem "Hyperion," has thus written of a voice which moved him:

"O, how wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only, as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in the still, small voice and in the voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man!"

LESLIE RAYNOR.

OLD KNICKERBOCKER DAYS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

York state is still largely affected by the character of its first settlers—the Dutch. The followers of Hendrick Hudson were quite a different people from the Pilgrims of the Mayflower or the cavaliers of Virginia. To the bustling energy and severe religious tenets of New England they opposed an easy good nature and imperturbable content. Only in the painfulness of extreme neatness did they resemble and even surpass their eastern and northern neighbors. They were thrift and industry personified; and if Hans and Yawcob worked hard ditching and dredging, grinding and sawing, boating and cultivating the soil, Katrina and Gretchen had no easier time keeping the household pranked and in order.

Let us recall a comfortable Dutch mansion of the seventeenth century. Its gable end of small black and yellow bricks, receding in regular steps from the base of the roof to the summit, and then crowned with a fierce little weather-cock, stood squarely to the street. Not ashamed to let its age be known it was proclaimed in straggling iron figures upon the front. The inevitable porch, elevated by a few steps, was covered by a wooden awning, or perhaps a lattice work, over which luxuriantly drooped and wandered a wild grape vine. These porches were the universal rendezvous in the after part of the day. The old people clustered together in one, the younger in another, and the children sat placidly on the steps and ate their bread and milk before retiring; while the beaux sauntered along and cast shy glances toward their favorite maidens, or accepted an invitation to join the little group.

The gutters on the roofs often stretched almost to the middle of the street, to the great annoyance of the passers-by. The front door, opened only on rare occasions, was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, wrought in a curious animal device. This was the pride of the housewife, and was burnished daily with intense solicitude. A wide passage ex-

tended through the house, with doors at either end; this, furnished with chairs, and having always a scrupulously white, sanded floor, served for a summer parlor. Aside from this reception hall there were but two large rooms on the first floor, with light, ample closets adjoining. On account of the difficulty of warming these and to save the best furniture from the dust and smoke of huge wood fires, the family usually retired in the winter to a small addition in the rear, consisting of one or two rooms above and below. This was built of wood, as, indeed, was ordinarily the whole house, except the pretentious gable front. While the Connecticut mistress spun, wove and stored her household linens in crowded chests, the Dutch matron scrubbed and scoured her polished floor and wood work. Dirt in no form could be endured by her; and dear as water was in the city of New Amsterdam where it was generally sold at a penny a gallon, it was used unsparingly.

The good housewife's chief weakness was fine furniture. Ponderous tables, drawers resplendent with brass ornaments, quaint corner cupboards, beds and bedsteads, and even the frying-pan and immense Dutch oven had her most loving regards. The mirrors, the painting, the china, and, above all, the state bed, were considered as the *lares* and *penates* of the family, secretly worshiped, and only exhibited on very rare occasions. "The grand parlor," says Washington Irving in his inimitable Knickerbocker history, "was the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine, white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves, and rhomboids with a broom; after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place, the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day."

Genuine hospitality was a prominent feature of Knickerbocker life. The old fogies had hearts, and big at that, though their carefulness would now be set down as parsimony, but their sympathies and their pleasures clustered around the family hearth in winter and the family porch in summer. No change was ever made in the arrangements for the family dinner in favor of a guest; the affair was simply an informal gathering, at which every one present was expected to outeat himself, and only to retire from the table when compelled by actual surfeit. The burghers' tables were simple enough, however, in their appointments. The meal usually consisted of one course, or rather the repast, comprising meats, poultry, vegetables, pies, puddings, sweetmeats and fruits, was crowded upon the board with such artistic arrangement as circumstances would permit. The standard family supper consisted of mush, or bread with buttermilk, to which was sometimes added sugar. The tea was served from a huge porcelain tea pot, "ornamented with paintings of fat little shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds," a cherished souvenir of Delft in the dear mother country. Clams, called clippers, were a favorite dish of the Dutch epicurean. The Yankee Thanksgiving, with its turkey, cranberry sauce, mince, pumpkin, apple pie and

cider, found favor with the Knickerbocker dames, who, not to be outdone, added the indigestible doughnut and cruller to the dyspeptic provoking list.

In the old Knickerbocker times every Dutch family had a cow which fed during the day in a common pasture at the end of the town. They came at night and went in the morning of their own accord, like proper adjuncts to sedate and systematic households, and their tinkling bells never failed to warn of their approach along the grassy streets when the regular hour for milking arrived. As they were allowed to roam the streets from evening to morning milking, they could not have improved the cleanness of the thoroughfares, which in this respect presented a serious contrast to the immaculate interiors of the houses. Housekeepers were required on dark nights to keep tallow candles lighted in their front windows, and every seventh householder was obliged to "hang out a lantern and candle on a pole."

The one time for gayety and festivity among the Dutch of New Holland was New Year's day. The season was wholly given up to social enjoyments and pastimes, the happy burgher put on an extra pair of breeches and newly greased his eel-skin queue, and the buxom frauleins were resplendent in their linsey-woolsey petticoats, striped with gorgeous dyes, their red clocked hose, their high heeled shoes with silver buckles, their quilted calico caps and capacious pockets, which were worn on the outside suspended from the belt. Our delightful fashion of New Year's calls is an inheritance from the Knickerbockers, who were also accustomed to exchange presents and other complimentary tokens on that day. We also owe to them our Christmas visit of Santa Claus, colored eggs at Easter, flapjacks and New Year's cookies.

MARKETABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

I once knew of a young man who had a methodical mind and a large acquaintance among young women. He used to keep their names in a book, with a memorandum of their accomplishments, noting carefully which could dance well, which could embroider prettily, which make sponge-cake, which drive a horse; so that, should there be a social demand for either of these gifts, it could be supplied. A similar variety of attainments is found in the nursery ballad about the three ships that came sailing by with a pretty maid in each:

"And one could whistle, and one could sing,
And one could play on the violin."

But, after all, it is often asked, What is to become of the pretty maids on some day when their fathers' ships do not come in, and they are left in poverty? What good will their accomplishments do them?

It is pleasant to be able to answer that all these resources may, if well handled, do a great deal for them in just that emergency. Accomplishments are really just as marketable as anything else, so long as there are other people who wish to learn or borrow them. It is common to say that adversity comes peculiarly hard on those who are new to it, but the truth is, that such sufferers often feel it less than those who have been ground down by it all the time. The courage of the new beginners is better; their spirits are better. I have known young girls who pronounced it a "lark" to have their fathers lose all their possessions, so that they themselves could have the new excitement of self-support. Again, they have usually more friends and more zealous counsellors than those who have been

poor all their lives. In our easy American society a sudden loss of property does not, as in older countries, at once transfer a person to a different social grade; we see too many ups and downs for that; and toward a young woman especially, who is obliged to shift for herself, there is usually a cordial and generous sentiment among the friends of more prosperous hours. It is usually more easy for her to obtain work, or instruction, or capital, than if she had always been poor. The things essential are energy, a cheerful spirit, and a quick discovery of the gift, whatever it is, that will be her strongest hold.

As to the selection of this gift, it is perhaps, good advice to say, "Try the thing that you can do best already, before spending time and money in learning something else that you cannot do at all. If you have a particular kind of preserves for which you are famous, see if they are not available in a wider circle; many a household of southern women made this their main resource after the devastations of the civil war. In the same way the mere possession of a remarkably good recipe for molasses candy was once quite a treasure to a northern family of my acquaintance, during a time of commercial panic. Among non-culinary accomplishments the range is also considerable. In boyhood, I learned dancing of an accomplished lady, the daughter of a judge and the sister of a naval officer, who was afterward eminent; being temporarily straightened in circumstances, she tried this means of support, and was only the more respected in consequence. I know another lady of whom the same is true to-day; she teaches in a private school in the morning, and has five different dancing classes in the afternoons.

I heard lately of another who had always been accustomed to wealth, but who on falling suddenly into poverty, called the roll of her acquirements, and found that she knew nothing really well except whist-playing. She had, therefore, the courage and ingenuity to see if she could not make something out of that. Her proficiency was well known, and she now has ten small classes in that difficult art, and receives from them a fair compensation. There are women who are so well known among their friends for their especial skill in tennis-playing, or skating, or swimming, that they would find it easy to form classes for these accomplishments if they went into the matter with energy. Of course, the work must be done, if undertaken, in a perfectly business-like way; no fine-lady dawdling; it must be simply trying to earn an honest penny by the thing a woman knows, instead of apprenticing herself to stenography, or the type-writer which she does not know. The list could easily be extended. In the large community where I live there is absolutely no one to teach a young girl to ride on horseback—a thing which an accomplished horsewoman could do as well as a man. Last year I knew a young girl who, having mechanical aptitude, bought a jig-saw, and had to search through the whole neighborhood, and almost give up in despair, before she could find any one to teach her how to use it, yet she would willingly have paid for the instruction. Even in a thing so universal as crochet, I am told that there is always a demand for some one who knows the very newest stitches.

All such suggestions as these are apt to be misconstrued; the adviser is supposed to have given the absurd assurance that such enterprises will find an easy success, without allowance for time or place, or circumstances. Quite otherwise; the path of self-support is never very easy under any circumstances. It is failure that is easy. You may find no

employment as a governess, no pupils for a school, no encouragement as a copyist. These occupations are always crowded; but if you have a special gift, it is likely to lie in some line where, if the demand is less, there is also less competition. As civilization advances, arts and accomplishments develop. I can remember the time when there was hardly a teacher of gymnastics in America who was not an ignorant and vulgar pugilist, whereas now it is an occupation for educated men and women. What I mean to urge is that the very gifts which are considered ornamental may often be utilized if combined with energy and ingenuity; and that for this purpose those who "have known better days" possess a real advantage in a circle of acquaintance ready-made and willing to aid them, and also in the acquired manners which make their work attractive. It always seemed to me that the heroine of Mr. Howell's "A Woman's Reason" would not have had quite so hard a time in real life as that with which his ingenuity has provided her.—*Harper's Bazar.*

OURSELVES.

Although, according to the old saying, no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, yet it is in singular contradiction to the saying that we, who know ourselves or who ought to know ourselves so much better than any *valet de chambre* can know his master, have often the very highest opinion of our actualities and our potentialities.

Few of us have any accurate knowledge of our limitations; and most of us have an inner consciousness, even if we do not state it to ourselves in set phrase, that, under different circumstances, we might have ruled nations, written epics, played concertos, painted immortal canvases, fought triumphant battles, or have obtained pre-eminence in whatever direction our special taste or bent might have led us, could we have indulged the taste and followed the bent. The *role* of a hero is before the eyes of all, and few there be who do not think they have played the *role* of a martyr anyway; for our own doings, our own sufferings, are very apt to fill our eye far too completely, as when we hold up our hand at but a little distance before our eyes it is able to obscure the whole of a vast landscape.

Perhaps this egotism is an inevitable necessity for the preservation of existence, for we find it in all our relations of life. The people whom we have met, have an interest for us exceeding that of people whom others have met; the old scenes, the old school house, the old spots familiar to our childhood, have an interest for us more than that possessed by places which have a right to be historic, because they became a part of our life, and so of us, and there is a certain unavoidable selfishness in the way we cherish all this sort of memories.

How many of us find it natural to suppose that what we think and do and intend is of the most vital interest to everybody else, even when in telling it we see that listeners do not attend, and we have to make mortifying repetitions; we are sure they would find it absorbing if they would only let themselves listen. The incidents of our journey ought, in our estimation, to thrill all our acquaintance; all the world wants to know how we caught our cold in the head; the reasons why we shir our silk instead of pleating it ought to be explained to our circle; we fancy that every one at the breakfast table is anxious to know how often we waked in the night; every other mother is as much concerned in the story of our baby's croup as we are ourselves; and how we got into our scrapes and how we got out of them, what our peculiar tastes

and vanities and habits are, and how we came by them, with a multitude of like matters, are things of moment and deserving of record.

Even the best and greatest persons are not entirely deficient not only in this over-weening interest in themselves, but in a certain high opinion of their worthiness. When one of the modest Phocion's fellow-prisoners miserably bemoaned his cruel fate, the hero asked him with surprise if it was not enough for him to die with Phocion; and the historian tell us that in a sea-fight one of the mariners exclaiming on the greater number of the enemy's ships, Antigonos, a man unacquainted with bluster, cried, "And for how many ships dost thou reckon me?"

It is difficult for us to admit that we were not in the past all that we now wish we had been, or that we shall not be in the future much that we now wish to be. "Once we were young and bold and strong," sing the old men in the Greek chorus. "And we shall be no less ere long," cry the boys. "We now are such," the young men take up the burden.

Perhaps it is through this intense interest in ourselves that the power of flattery is so great. The inbred flattery of our self-love, says Plutarch, "only disposes and prefaces us to a more favorable reception of that from without. For if we did but square our actions according to the famous oracular precept of knowing ourselves, rate things according to their true intrinsic value, and withal, reflecting upon our own nature and education, consider what gross imperfections and failures mix with our words, actions, and affections, we should not lie so open to the attempts of any flatterer who has designs upon us."

But since each person, in the nature of things, is the center of his own universe, so that even in looking at a star the parallax, however slight, must be admitted from the necessities of the different points of view, we must expect and allow for a certain centralizing sort of egotism both in him who writes and him who reads; and we do well if it stays only this simple egotism of a vivid interest in one's identity, and does not grow into the overmastering selfishness that unconsciously draws the life from those with which it comes in contact, and absorbs every thing to its own uses.—*Selected.*

A TALK ABOUT CABINETS.

As Salome wishes to know something of cabinets, how made and arranged, I thought perhaps I might be able to give her some information, as my John says I am crazy on specimens, and he ought to know.

My first cabinet was a very primitive one, as it had only three shelves besides the bottom of the case. It was about two by six feet, with two small glasses for the door, but there was great pride taken in arranging and re-arranging the few rocks that adorned its shelves.

Not long ago an easily made cabinet was seen, one that any woman could make, even if she did not have quite as much taste in fixing it up, as the lady who owned this one. It was made of boxes. I think there were three, the largest at the bottom, and that was resting on a stand or table. They were all covered with some dark-colored cotton flannel. One could easily paper them if nothing else was handy. Then there were specimens hung inside and out, long grasses, bird's head, wings, and tail were artistically arranged, with all the curiosities an observing woman will pick up.

My present cabinet (the fourth one in the past twenty years, only with the same specimens and a few more) is six feet high without the top moulding, six and one-half feet wide and six inches

deep, with the shelves seven inches, as they are slanted, and they have two little ridges or slats put on them to hold the rocks from slipping down. Then pasted on the shelves is black velvet. Of course, one could have the color that best suited them, though I imagine the black shows off the specimens to better advantage.

My specimens are not arranged geologically, as I am not well enough posted for that. The top shelf has a much larger space than any of the rest, and here are the large crystals, such as come from the gold and silver mines, sulphur crystals and the largest pieces of chalcedony, also large pieces that have been formed around hot springs (what is it? or does that depend on what mineral is in solution in the water?), then back of these where there is a space on the wall, hang sea mosses, Indian relics, consisting of pipes, bead work, arrow heads, and pouch for a papoose. Also, here is my oldest newspaper, of Jan. 4th, 1800. It has Gen. Washington's farewell address in it. Then there are pressed butterflies, flowers from Mt. Vernon, and heather from Scotland, with various other things either old, odd or beautiful.

On the highest place on the next shelf, are my gold quartz, pyrites of iron, nuggets, etc. The two spaces below these are filled with coins, no two alike, but of different countries. The next shelf has sea shells, barnacles, corals and star-fish, the largest always the farthest back, and where there is any space that shows on the back, there are strings of small shells, bits of coral or any thing else from the salt water hung. Of the shells there are no two alike, unless pairs or very small ones, and where there are a number of small ones, they are labeled, then put in a small, open box, (jewelry boxes are good,) or a large shell, as are the most of the very small specimens on any of the shelves, only one should try to keep each kind by itself as much as possible.

The next shelf consists of fossils, and here one could use a little knowledge in regard to the age of the fossils. But if one has not got it to use, they are to be arranged to the best advantage, so that the light and dark pieces alternate. Here we find many different kinds of wood petrified, also a shark's tooth, a mastodon's tooth and part of the jaw, many small teeth and bones, trilobites, shells, and every thing that one can find in the fossil line, for of all my specimens these are the most thought of.

Next are the coals, iron ores, marble, hornblende, tourmaline, serpentine, soapstone, gypsums, feldspar, granites, mica, asbestos, limestone formations, with the pictured rocks, (or rocks with moss, ferns, trees and landscapes pictured on them. What are they, or how formed, does any one know?)

Next in order come the chalcedonies, and with these (the same kind of rock only different colors,) are the amethysts, moss agates, sards, sardonyx, onyx, carnelian, garnet, with all of the various kinds of chalcedony, that with the smooth and convex surface, also those with the large and small crystals. We think we have found one of the places where chalcedony is formed, as here we have small geodes, and from that up to the size of a watermelon, and when they were broken open, as they are mostly hollow, they are full of crystals, and some have very small black specks in them that look as if they might have been flies imprisoned there. On this shelf are also obsidian, (there's a whole mountain of it in the National Park,) pumice, etc.

Next comes another shelf of fossils, and they come from New York, Michigan, Ohio, Missouri, Kansas, Idaho, California and Montana. After these comes a shelf

full of silver and copper ores, and some of these are very rich and beautiful. Truth compels me to say that the former are more sought after, unless it be by some specimen hunter.

Next come the geyser specimens from the National Park, and as the most of these are a white or cream color, they lighten up the lower part of the cabinet. Among these are the pieces of native sulphur, and they are very handsome, with their delicate little crystals and the pure yellow color. The last shelf has cullings from all the others, besides different kinds of nuts, pine cones, sea beans and some Indian relics of old crockery ware.

A good plan is to have some nice, large pieces for every shelf as they improve the looks of the rest, then to have all labeled to the best of one's ability, and to have one or two good geological works to refer to in time of need.

A. E. BARRETT.

GIVING.

Let us give what is wanted, not what we want to give. In our desire to do good, we often forget that unless the action be spiced with a bit of self-sacrifice—a very small amount of the real article will flavor a large deed—it is apt to prove worthless. We may deceive ourselves by a superficial goodness; we do not deceive the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

It is not the large giver who does the most good, but the thoughtful one. Because your washer-woman happens to be needy, do not make of her a sort of "catch-all" for articles of clothing that must be patched or remodeled before ready for use, nor for food that to be made palatable requires extra care in cooking. You say to yourself, "I should be glad enough of these things, were I in her place." So you would, and could make good use of them—but can she? Unfortunately, she rarely knows how to "make the most of things."

Think a moment before giving her that little dress of Gertie's minus its buttons and torn in the sleeve. Would it not be like a veritable hunt for the needle in the haystack to attempt finding scissors, thimble, thread, etc., with which to repair it, in that confused and comfortless home of hers? And this feat accomplished, would she know how to sew on the buttons, and patch the sleeve? I fear not.

Do not blame her too much for being less fitted at forty for the position she occupies—that of a home-maker—than is your own little girl of fourteen. Had the circumstances of their birth and life been reversed, so might have been their individuality.

But the dress—make it wearable! "Yes," you say, "but that will take all my precious morning." So it will, and if an energetic housekeeper—which you certainly are if a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD, for who could long remain otherwise under the stimulating effect of its manifold hints and suggestions—this will be no small sacrifice; perhaps, however, just the necessary bit with which to spice your deed.

Postpone making that delicate orange pudding until to-morrow noon. Give John and the children cookies and cheese for dessert, and tell them all about the dress. And let the ashes of that felt skirt which you were going to transform into a thing of beauty, according to Nelly Browne's directions, rest in peace a little longer. Get out the button box and piece bag instead, and make the dress whole. It is too good to be tied together and pinned up.

But don't be discouraged, should you happen to meet before long, this very dress, which left your hands so neat and tidy, looking like a rag bag soaked in dish water. Your work is not wasted.

The thoughtless little wearer has had spasms of care about this dress, something she has never felt before regarding any thing in her possession. You have inspired her with the idea of neatness. Could she have taken a greater step toward progress? Surely, this should reward you. Her improvement will be slow. It always is where strong inherent tendencies have to be overcome. They die hard. And the reception of an idea and the power of its application rarely come together, this power being generally a gradual acquirement.

We should be quick to improve every opportunity that presents itself of helping upward a fellow-creature. Not in a spirit of superiority, but always remembering that the most we can do in this direction is as nothing compared with that which some guardian angel, perhaps in human form, is daily doing for us.

LOUISE CHARLES.

OUR DAY'S WORK.

In my reading not long since, I was quite struck with the expression, "Tis all in the day's work." Having noticed that some of the members of our Band are inclined to look rather on the dark side of things, I thought there might be some comfort in it for them. There certainly is for me.

He who gives me my day, also gives me my work. The work may and will vary, but the Master is ever the same. My little day hastens on apace, and soon it will be over, and sealed up for eternity. But the Master's eye is upon me, and every event, whether joyous or chastening, comes from Him in wisdom and love. If trial and disappointment cross my pathway, if things jar and chafe me till life seems almost too hard to live, let me remember, "Tis all in the day's work."

He who appointed my work knew just how hard it would be for me, and indeed, did not He mean that it should be hard? How shall we ever become disciplined, if things always go smoothly and easily? How shall we ever be made meet for the kingdom above, if we are not trained by adverse circumstances here? Did trials never come, did we never go into the furnace, were our homes never so shaken that it seems as though all our pleasant things were going from us, how should we ever turn with love and longing towards "the things that cannot be shaken," and how should we ever seek "the building that hath foundations?"

"Tis all in the day's work." The day will shortly be over. The trials which so harass and trouble us, the complications which put us at our wit's end, are not the result of accident. God put them in our day's work, and He looks to see how we will meet and bear them. He has told us, too, that He will be near if we will call upon Him, and that He will deliver in the day of trouble and distress. The Master not only gives us the work, but he offers us help in the doing of it.

Then when life seems hard, when we almost wish we could 'fly away like a dove,' and leave it all behind us, let us remember that "it is all in the day's work," and it is all done in the service of One who knows the bitterness of all human trial and sorrow. If He chooses to give us one kind of work, rather than another kind which we should prefer, has He not a perfect right to do so? Are earthly servants in the habit of asking their masters why such or such work is given to them? Then surely we should render to the All-Wise Disposer of all events, faithful and unquestioning obedience and trust. May we cheerfully do and suffer His will, ever trusting in His infinite faithfulness, wisdom and love.

AN EVERY-DAY WOMAN.

A "SOFT" JOB

BY A. P. REED.

It has been pretty clearly demonstrated by men in all vocations that any thing, be it ever so light, becomes "work" in the common acceptance of the word, as soon as ever a man has to settle down to it as an every-day business. Routine life gets monotonous and tiresome under such conditions, be it ever so easy. Its "softness" does not help it out in the long run as many suppose. Of course, we would not dispute but that some kinds of work are easier than others, but when a man speaks of a job being "soft," we understand him to mean something that is not tiresome, as well as something that is easy.

He confounds the two qualifications, and will therefore be disappointed if he has an opportunity to try his hand at the "soft job" as it will not be "soft" in such a sense, for no work is. If it is a work that does not tax muscle, it is something that taxes brain and nervous force, for to live and live truly, is to be "taxed" in some way, and taxation of the energies in any way becomes tiresome and exhaustive in one way if not in another.

But there is one thing about life in America that gives a man in this country a great advantage over the inhabitant of any other portion of the globe, and helps him to live truly. It is the fact that here a man has variety before him, and is not of necessity obliged to work at one thing all his life, especially if he is a growing man—one who has capacity to go on and up.

For instance, it is not necessary that a boy who learns a trade should follow it all his life, if he resides in the United States. See where many of our famous men have come from. Gov. Palmer of Illinois was once a country blacksmith. Erastus Corning of New York began as a shop boy in Albany. When he applied for work he was asked, "Why, my little boy, what can you do?" "Can do what I am bid," was his prompt reply which secured him the place. Henry Wilson was once a shoemaker, Thurlow Weed a canal driver, Stephen A. Douglass a cabinet-maker, and Gen. Garfield a mule driver. These are only a few instances that come to mind, hurriedly out of many. In the United States, it is not the kind of work that a man selects that secures him either promotion or fame, that depending more especially on the way the work is done. Do not think, boys, that any true work is "soft" in the sense of being void of weariness.

But undoubtedly some kinds of work would give you more pleasure than others, and it would be the kind you are best adapted to. Such work will tire you least, because most pleasurable to you. Look at this part of a job, boy, rather than to its "softness."

He chooses best whose labor entertains
His vacant fancy most;
The toil you hate, fatigues you soon,
And scarce improves your limbs."
Champlin, Minn.

HONEST DIFFERENCES.

We shall differ—differ about a great many things; and we do so wisely, properly, profitably; but do it honestly, lovingly, kindly. Differences in taste, opinions, and in various matters and subjects have ever been, will ever be. In the divine order varieties and differences are seen—nothing duplicated. But "fall not out by the way" in consequence of those differences, but with honest and loving hearts let them lead us more closely to examine ourselves, our purposes, motives, aims, and to bind hearts together more strongly in sympathy and love. On careful examination we may find that others are as near, if not nearer right than ourselves. Differ, but love the more.—Zion's Herald.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

IN PRESS.

SHORT HINTS ON SOCIAL ETIQUET, compiled from the latest and best works on the subject, by Aunt Matilda. 54 pp. Printed on finest paper. Handsome Lithographed covers in six colors. Price 40 cents. I. L. CRAGIN & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

We have advanced orders for a very large edition of this beautiful book, but have reserved the first edition to use for a Christmas reminder among the thousands of good friends we have among THE HOUSEHOLD. Over ten years have elapsed since Aunt Matilda first wrote to you all through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, of the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and over a hundred and twenty issues of THE HOUSEHOLD have since that time each contained at least a column of bona-fide letters from ladies of your number, telling of the merits of this soap. Every letter has been unsolicited by us, and we have known nothing of them until we read them in THE HOUSEHOLD. This kind acknowledgement on your part, through all these years, has cheered and encouraged us, and we feel that we ought to make some return. We have retained from sale copies of "Short Hints," sufficient to give one to each subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, and will send postage paid and free of charge, one to each lady sending us her full address, together with fifteen complete outside wrappers of Dobbins' Electric soap, and the declaration that she is a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD. To all others the price of the book is 40 cents, which may be sent us in postage stamps.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I tried Dobbins' Electric Soap according to directions, and liked it so well that I have been using it for the past six weeks, and must say that it is the most economical and best soap for general use that I ever tried and can cheerfully recommend it to all who wish a good soap. Yours respectfully,

MRS. E. STEVEN.

Eureka, Montgomery Co., Pa.

MR. CROWELL:—I think there is no better soap made than Dobbins' Electric. Its promises are more than fulfilled and it is a household treasure of itself. I don't think I should have courage to face Monday without its help now that its worth is known to me. I have sent to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for their cards.

MRS. T. R. ROGERS.

Stoddard Center, N. H., May 15, '85.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for over two years and like it better than any other soap I ever used. I have tried other soaps and soap powders, but have found none equal to Dobbins'. I would not be without it. I have sent to Philadelphia for the panel picture. Yours, etc.,

MRS. E. D. SOUTHWORTH.

Stoughton, Mass., April 12, '86.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for years, and might have had hundreds of wrappers if I had saved them. I consider it the soap. I have tried many other kinds, but one trial was sufficient and I was glad to get my old friend back; it is the best soap I have ever used. Respectfully,

MRS. E. G. CARTER.

Albany Centre, Vt., March 6, '86.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

Will Salome, Chavis Pass, Yavapai Co., Arizona, please send me her address?
Winnebago City, Minn. Mrs. D. M. WARE.

Will the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me their postal autographs? I will return the same to those that send.

MISS JENNIE JONES.

Enoch, Taylor Co., Ky.

Will Mrs. Crandall and Angie B. B., of Aquia Tria Valley, communicate immediately with their old friend in Waterbury, Conn.?

Mrs. Jake A. Horner, Hancock, Ind., would like to correspond with any of the Band living in Kanopolis, Kan.

Will Loraine, Florida, please send me her address?
Iowa City, Iowa. MRS. N. C. TATE.

If there are any of the sisters in Louisiana, will some of them send their addresses to me?
Box 237, Rockland, Mass. A. G. BRIGGS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mrs. Satchwell, Iowa, please send me her address?

MARIA SEYMOUR.

San Buenaventura, Ventura Co., Cal.

LIFE VERSUS MERE EXISTENCE.

"All that a man hath will he give for his life."

That depends on the quality of the life. Life and mere existence are as wide apart as the zenith and nadir of the horizon.

Pliny wisely wrote: "Life itself is nothing short of a punishment, unless exempt from pains and maladies." Life in its true and full meaning—life in health—is indeed a pearl above price, and for such a life a man may well give all that he hath. We with good old Job, can more patiently bear the loss of all things else than health. Now as then the world is full of sick and suffering souls,

"Which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures."

"Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave."

It is to such afflicted ones that science now brings hope and courage. Health officials and statisticians say that the average duration of human life is on the increase from generation to generation. This is due not only to better sanitary arrangements, but to a better understanding of nature's laws, which can be utilized and controlled only by obeying.

It is beginning to be understood that man is a thesaurus of all the materials, elements, and forces that compose and direct the universe; that he is kept in order by the operation in his little system, of the same law that has evolved harmony out of chaos in the grand system of which he is a part; and that chaos, under the name of disease, returns upon him whenever by any malign influence, that law—the law of equilibrium—has been disturbed and the vital force is thrown out of balance.

Because we are acting in good faith with the public, and are fully able to substantiate all our claims for Compound Oxygen as at once a prophylactic and therapeutic, the fullest investigation and closest scrutiny of its works and aims is solicited.

It is not expected the healthy and strong will accept the message, but those who need help, and their friends; it is far more to their interest that they per-

sonally verify or disprove the statements and the warrant therefor. Thousands of patients, scattered all over the world, and far too numerous for any attempt at collusion, know that Compound Oxygen is a boon to suffering humanity.

Very frequently letters are received from unexpected sources, unsolicited, but the more welcome. The following are of this class, and the first is from the Reverend Bishop of the General Church of Pennsylvania:

"PHILADELPHIA, September 6, 1886.

Some years ago, I know not how many, Dr. C. Hering called my attention to the proposed use of Oxygen as a vitalizer, and as an aid in the cure of nervous and pulmonary diseases. He then predicted for it a future of great usefulness. When you introduced your Compound Oxygen Treatment, Dr. Hering's judgment, in which I had great confidence, disposed me at once in favor of it, and afterwards, when my physician, the late Dr. E. A. Farrington, advised the Oxygen Treatment for relief from great prostration consequent upon illness and mental overstrain, I made the trial hopefully. My hopes were far more than realized by a gradual but sure restoration to health and vigor such as I had not expected ever again to enjoy. By the aid of your wonderful vitalizing agent, I have been enabled to perform as much mental labor, without fatigue and loss of strength, as I performed ten years ago, and my general health is excellent. I can say no more in favor of your Treatment; I could say no less.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. BENADE.

Upon request, will be sent free our Brochure, containing a full explanation of Compound Oxygen, its mode of action and results; also, other instructive publications. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

—Hostess—"I am really ashamed of this dinner! But our grocer had no fresh vegetables and so we had to use cold ones." Guest—"Really, don't apologize. Indeed, I don't think the dinner is worth an apology."

"Tis SOZODONT the whole world tries.

"Tis SOZODONT which purifies

The breath and mouth, and dirt defies,

"Tis SOZODONT for which we cry,

Sweet SOZODONT for which we sigh,

"Tis only SOZODONT we buy.

The Praise of Sozodont

like the famous article itself, is in almost everybody's mouth. The people know that it preserves as well as beautifies the teeth. Hence it is the standard Tooth Wash of the Period.

—Ice two inches thick will support a man. No wonder, then, that ice dealers, who store their houses with ice from ten to twenty inches through, can live in luxury.

Health of woman is the hope of the race. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is to be had at the nearest drug store for a dollar.

Clergymen, lawyers, public speakers, singers, and actors, all recognize the virtues of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One of our most eminent public men says: "It is the best remedy that can be procured for all affections of the vocal organs, throat and lungs."

Halford Sauce makes your food more nutritious.

—Employer (to collector)—"See Mr. Smith?" Collector—"Yes." Employer—"Was he annoyed at your calling upon him?" Collector—"Not a bit. He asked me to call again."

Under False Colors. Notwithstanding the protection with which the law encircles patent rights and trade marks, no sooner does a valuable patent or proprietary article make its appearance than a horde of unprincipled persons try by every means to imitate the original. PYLE'S PEARLINE, celebrated as a washing compound, has had a score of imitations, but the superiority of the genuine article over the counterfeits is so plainly apparent that very few people have been deceived.

Good old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Best cure for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Get the genuine; Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston, Prop's.

A CLERGYMAN'S DEVICE.

A clergyman in Scotland who had appointed a day for the catechising of some of his congregation, happened to receive an invitation to dinner for the same day, and having forgotten his previous engagement, he accepted it. Just as he was mounting his gig to depart he perceived the first of his class entering the garden and the remainder coming over the hill, and at once became aware of the mistake he had made. Here was a fix. But the minister's ready wit soon came to his assistance. "What have ye come for, John?" he asked, addressing the first comer. "On dee ye no remember, sir, ye bade us come to be casecheesed?" "Oy, aye; weel, no to keep ye going further, John, was it a horned coo or a hummel coo that Noah took into the ark?" "Deed, sir, I canna tell." "Weel, turn back, and ask the ither folk the same question, and if they canna answer it, bid them go home and find oot."

A Big Fortune for Some One.

Two years ago, Lieut. Moxie discovered that a little fodder plant would cure the tobacco and liquor appetite. Since it is ascertained it will cure nervous exhaustion and the tired out at once with no reaction like a stimulant. 5,000,000 quart bottles were sold by the apothecaries last year. Everybody drinks it from the President down. Statistics show it is has cured 228,000 drunkards and 889,000 nervous wrecks in 15 months. It is cheap, 35 cents a bottle. They make a medicated Lozenge of it that stops colds after the most severe exposure. It is called Moxie Nerve Food.

—"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?" "Why, you see my grandmother is dafé, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

Any lady can obtain Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's pamphlet, "Guide to Health," by sending a stamp to Lynn, Mass., also a photograph of Mrs. Pinkham.

"All signs fail"—except pimples and blotches. These never fail to indicate an impure condition of the blood, which may be thoroughly cleansed and renewed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The most efficacious and economical of blood purifiers.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

—"Johnny, you must not eat so much cake; eat more bread. It's the staff of life." "I will by and by, mother. I'm not old enough yet to need a staff."

If the Sufferers from Consumption,

Scrofula, and General Debility, will try Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. MOTT, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases generally. It is very palatable."

—"If 'bread is the staff of life,' then pound-cake must be the gold-headed cane of existence."

"Always Reliable and Satisfactory" is the Youth's Companion's statement about Payson's Indelible Ink. For marking clothing, etching, &c.

—Home rule—Wipe your feet before you come in.

All the elements which nature requires, to make the hair beautiful and abundant, are supplied in Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy.

—"If you are not satisfied with your neighbor's call you can return it."

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send postal card to C. H. WARREN, G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn. & M. R'y, St. Paul, for full description of Minnesota and Northern Dakota Country.

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

The illustrated circular of J. F. Mancha, Raymond, Surry Co., Va., offers tempting inducements to settlers in his flourishing Claremont Colony, on James River.



A Skin Without Blemish

No organ is so perfect and so beautiful as the skin. Soft as satin, sensitive as a camera, tinted with the loveliest delicacy, it yet has the strength and elasticity sufficient for the protection of all the underlying frame, tissue, muscle, bone, and nerve. Everywhere a network of sudorific ducts, veins, and pores, it constantly renews itself, and not only with its ceaseless desquamation, but with its natural functional action, eliminates all waste, accumulation and disease. Hence, a skin without blemish means more than beauty; it means health.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a speedy, economical, and infallible cure for every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly and pimply humors on my face to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

MRS. ISAAC PHELPS, Ravenna, O.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

CHEAPEST LIST—Of Plants, Seeds, and Cuttings, in America. List Free.
CHAS. W. BUTTERFIELD,
Florist & Seedsman,
Bellows Falls, Vt.

FLOWERS 5 Packets best Annual 10c.
First quality seed last season growth. Perfection Aster, Phlox, Chinese Pink, Petunia, Pansy. Mixed colors in each package. To introduce will send this choice collection for 10c. silver. One Dollar's worth of choice seed given to my customers. Price List Free.
C. L. BURR, Springfield, Mass.

Infant's Wardrobe.
For fifty cents I will send ten patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or ten patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Full directions for each pattern, also kind and amount of material required for each. MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS, (FAYE,) Brattleboro, Vermont.

Music Given Away

To introduce **WOODWARD'S MUSICAL MONTHLY** and our new winter catalogue of sheet music in every family having a piano or organ we will on receipt of 20c. for postage send samples & ten complete pieces of our very latest popular vocal and instrumental music, full size (11 1/2 x 13 in.) printed on elegant heavy music paper; would cost \$4.00 at music stores. We also publish
THE NIGHT BIRDS COOING, the popular and beautiful waltz song sent by mail for 60c. **WILLIS WOODWARD & CO., 843 & 844 Broadway, New York.**

SEED CATALOGUE
of all kinds of Seeds, Bulbs, Tools, &c. Contains prices, descriptions, planting directions, &c. to all applicants, old customers need not apply. Our finely illustrated SEED ANNUAL with Colored Plates, Lithograph Cover, portrait of Mr. A. W. Livingston and pict. of his New Beauty Tomato 10c. Choice Cabbage and Onion Seed. Originators of Paragon, Acme, Perfection, Favorite and Beauty Tomatoes. Seeds Reliable, Prices Low. We aim to please.
A. W. LIVINGSTON'S SONS, Box 100, Columbus, O.

I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used your valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA and seven cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—a complete cure.

BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va.
Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

Some five months ago I had the pleasure to inform you of my improvement in the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES in my case of severe Chronic Eczema Erythematosa, and to-day cheerfully confirm all I then said. I consider my cure perfect and complete, and attribute it entirely to your remedies, having used no others.

FERNAN ESENCHARDO,
3306 Penna Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

I was almost perfectly bald, caused by Tetter of the top of the scalp. CUTICURA REMEDIES in six weeks cured my scalp perfectly, and now my hair is coming back as thick as it ever was.

J. P. CHOICE, Whitesboro', Texas.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

HANDS soft as dove's down and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

INFANT'S WARDROBE
Latest Styles. We will send 10 pat. of all garments necessary for an infant's first wardrobe for 50 cts. Also 10 pat. of first short clothes for 50 cts.; full directions and amount required for each pat. Will send until further notice, garment cut from cloth ready to make. Health garments if desired. Unsolicited testimonials constantly received.
COMBINATION PATTERN CO., Poultney, Vt.

10 CENTS
Pays for your address in the "Agents' Directory," which goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, catalogues, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of mail matter and good reading free, and be WELL PLEASED with the small investment. Address
S. P. SEAWELL, P. M., Ben Salem, Moore Co., N. C.

BABY'S WARDROBE
Latest styles. The most complete outfits of garments ever offered. Infant's Outfit, 12 patterns, 50c. First short clothes, 12 patterns, 50c. One garment free with each set.
New England Pattern Co., Rutland, Vt.

PATTERNS FOR SCROLL SAWING.
FOR Scroll-Saw Machines, Woods, Tools and all materials used by the Scroll Sawyer. Carving and Engraving Tools, Fine Tools for wood and metal workers. We have the largest and finest stock in the U. S. New goods and low prices. Send 4c. in stamps for large illustrated price list of Saws, Tools, &c., or 10c. in stamps for Price List of Saws, Tools, Designs, a HANDSOME 10c. PATTERN, AND ELEVEN COUPON OFFERS.
JOHN WILKINSON CO., 77 State St., Chicago, Ill.

BEACH & CO'S ROSES
Send stamp for our beautiful catalogue of all the Newest and Best Roses, Geraniums, Carnations, and all kinds of House and Bedding Plants, before ordering elsewhere. We make no extravagant promises, but sell GOOD SOLID GOODS at fair prices; safe arrival guaranteed by mail or express. Our page of special collections will surely contain something you will desire.
Address **BEACH & CO., RICHMOND, IND.**

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. H. L. Foster, Castleton, Stark Co., Ill., will exchange "The Great Exhibition Polka" and other sheet music, for easy instrumental pieces for the organ. Write first.

Mrs. Bruce, 337 Fort St., Los Angeles, Cal., has seven uncut numbers of The Housekeeper, 1886, Minneapolis, Minn., to exchange for seven clean HOUSEHOLDS, same year.

Mrs. L. A. Bryan, 20 Merchant's Exchange, Dallas, Texas, will exchange reading matter or fancy advertising cards, for fancy advertising cards.

Mrs. S. O. Mitchell, Tippecanoe City, O., will exchange brown Langtry bangs, for bound books or any thing useful, and sheet music, for Florida moss. Write first.

Maggie I. Black, Elmira, Grant Co., Dak., will exchange HOUSEHOLDS, for 1886, and Youth's Companions, for 1887, for silk, satin and velvet scraps suitable for a crazy quilt.

Mrs. E. H. King, Napa City, Cal., will exchange oil paintings, for Harper's, Lippincott's, Atlantic and Century magazines, the No.'s to be sent her as soon as read.

Bertha A. Chase will exchange "Our Mutual Friend," and "Ivanhoe," (cloth bound) for any of Bertha Clay's or Margaret Lee's books. Write first.

Mrs. M. E. Townsend, 1511 Eighth Avenue, East Oakland, Cal., will exchange pieces of silk, velvet and worsted goods, for tuberoses and hyacinth bulbs. Write first.

Mrs. Lora Crews, Burnet, Texas, will exchange roots of hardy roses for bulbs of any kind. Write first.

Mrs. K. E. Johnson, 59 Greene St., Syracuse, N. Y., will exchange, things useful or ornamental for Chinese handiwork or curiosities. Those having such please write.

Mrs. Celia Roberts, 7 Lagrave St., Grand Rapids, Mich., will exchange Young Ladies' Journal, 1881 and 1884, for the Little Wonder Performer or Stamping Outfit. Write first.

Mrs. A. L. Givens, Sweet Springs, Monroe Co., W. Va., will exchange HOUSEHOLDS for 1879, also New York Graphic for pieces of silk, velvet, nice woolen and cretome.

Mrs. S. A. Randle, Salem, Oreg., will exchange sheet music, vocal and instrumental, for the Chautauquan for '86 and '87, or crocheted or knitted lace suitable for pillow slips.

Minnie Mathews, box 149, Belfast, Me., will exchange a stamped rug, for the steel engraving, "Only a Little Brook," or "Longfellow in his Library." Write first.

Mrs. A. F. Knowles, Orleans, Mass., will exchange pieces of print the size of postal card, for fancy adv. cards.

Mrs. C. H. Stone, North Ferrisburgh, Vermont, will exchange the Ladies' Floral Cabinet for 1886, for a pair of scroll saw brackets.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

A Great Reward

will be secured by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine. Full information will be sent you free, about work that you can do and live at home wherever you are situated, that will pay you from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day. A number have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not needed: Hallett & Co. will start you. Both sexes; all ages. The chance of a lifetime. All is new. Now is the time. Fortunes are absolutely sure for the workers.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are known to be the safest, surest and best purgative medicine ever offered to the public. They are mild yet certain in their effects, give tone and strength to the stomach, and keep the system in a perfectly healthy condition.

Dr. Seth Arnold. My dear Sir:—The Cough Killer you kindly sent me is almost gone, and I want it always in the house. I wish the world knew its value.—Rev. Jefferson Haskell, Medford, Mass. For sale at all druggists. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Sugar Coated Bilious Pills, unequalled for costiveness, jaundice, and liver troubles. 25c.

Halford Sauce the most delicious relish.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral possesses powerful healing qualities, which manifest themselves whenever this remedy is employed in colds, coughs, throat or lung troubles. Its anodyne and expectorant effects are promptly realized. It is a chemical success and a medical triumph.

Scalds,
Shrains,
Burns,
Bruises,
Cuts,
Frost-bite,
need prompt care
Perry Davis'
Pain Killer
is the best remedy
for such Troubles.
Take a bottle home
Today.
You will find it useful.
All druggists sell it.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

I have used 2 bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and consider myself cured. I suffered 20 years from catarrh and catarrhal headache and this is the first remedy that afforded lasting relief.—
D. T. Higginson,
145 Lake Street,
Chicago, Ill.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE PLYMOUTH ROCK \$3 PANTS.

Made from woolen goods carefully selected for style and wear. Every pair cut to order with guarantee that MONEY SHALL BE REFUND if buyer is not fully satisfied upon receiving the pants—an offer that is rarely accepted after seeing our goods. The small custom tailors making a hundred or so pairs of pants a year must make a big profit to live and pay rent, and besides have to pay some jobber a profit on all the cloth they buy. We, cutting thousands of pairs each month, can afford a very small profit per pair, and buying cloths direct from the mills in large quantities for cash, can give our customers bed-rock value. Goods neatly boxed and sent by mail or prepaid express upon receipt of \$3, and 35 cts. for postage and packing. Send 6 cents for box of samples and rules for self-measurement. Will include good cloth tape-measure free if you will mention this paper. Or if you cannot wait for samples, tell us about what color cloth you want, send us your waist and inside leg measures, and we will take the risk of pleasing you. We refer to American Express Co., Boston, and twenty of the leading papers in the land, in which only reliable advertisers can remain permanently as we do. **PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO., 81 Milk St., Boston, Mass.**

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! For Reading Clubs, for Amateurs, Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Tableaux Lights, Magnesium Lights, Colored Fire, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Jarley's Wax Works, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, Costumes, Charades and Paper Scenery. New Catalogues sent FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! Containing many novelties, full description and prices. **SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 E. 14th St., New York.**

LADY Agents coin money with my new Rubber Undergarment. Immense success. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, A 2, Chicago, Ill.

A WONDERFUL SALT WELL.

Perhaps the most wonderful salt well in the world, is the one near Pittsburg, Pa., which for the past sixteen years has been flowing at the rate of over 36,000 gallons per day. In 1872 a firm decided to sink the well for natural gas. At a depth of 1,200 feet a salt-water vein was struck. Shortly after the tools were lost, and after "fishing" for them for several months they were caught. The well was then drilled to a depth of 2,300 feet when the tools got lost again, and after spending five months in unsuccessful attempts to recover them it was decided to abandon the well. A strong vein of gas was found at a depth of 1,900 feet, but there was so much salt water that it could not find its way out. Its pressure was so great, however, that the salt water was forced up nearly ninety feet in the air. For seven years this salt water continued to flow at the rate of sixty barrels per hour, sometimes more and sometimes less, but never falling short of fifty barrels. It swelled the little brook at its side to a good-sized creek and thence poured into the Alleghany river. It was so strong as to kill all the fish that came within certain limits of the place where it entered the river. The idea of utilizing the water seems not to have entered any one's mind until about seven years after the well began to flow, when a company was formed which established the second largest salt works in the United States, making 150 barrels of salt daily.

After all the salt has been taken from the water it goes through a process which extracts the bromide, a very valuable medicinal product. The amount of water coming from the well to-day is as great as when it was struck sixteen years ago. A peculiar feature is that on some days, for a period of an hour, the well becomes unusually agitated and the pressure terrific, requiring the strongest kind of joints and casing to hold it.

A BOY'S ESTIMATE OF HIS MOTHER'S WORK.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said, "Mother, why she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us, she does; but there ain't no money into it."

ITS VARIOUS USES.—"John, dear," she said, "yesterday I covered your bootjack with silk plush and painted some flowers on it, and it is perfectly lovely. You will be delighted when you see it I know." "I've seen it," said John. "You have; when?" "Last night. I threw it at a cat."

—A married lady who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance and then returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I come back?"

INJUSTICE CORRECTED.

CONVINCING VERIFICATION OF WIDECAST PUBLIC STATEMENTS.

TO THE READERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

In common with many publishers and editors, we have been accustomed to look upon certain statements which we have seen in our columns as merely adroit advertising.

Consequently we feel justified in taking the liberty of printing a few points from a private letter recently received from one of our largest patrons, as a sort of confession of faith to our readers. We quote:

"We have convinced ourselves that by telling what we know to be true, we have produced at last a permanent conviction in the public mind. Seven years ago we stated what the national disease of this country was, and that it was rapidly increasing. Three years ago we stated that a marked check had been given it.

The statistics of one of the largest life insurance companies of this country shows that in 1883 and 1884, the mortality from kidney disorders did not increase over the previous years: other companies stated the same thing. It is not presumptuous for us to claim credit for checking these ravages.

Seven years ago we stated that the condition of the kidneys was the key to the condition of health: within the past five years all careful life insurance companies have conceded the truth of this statement, for, whereas, ten years ago, chemical analysis to determine the condition of the kidneys was not required, to-day millions of dollars in risks are refused, because chemical examination discovers unsuspected diseases of the kidneys.

Seven years ago we stated that the ravages of Bright's Disease were insignificant compared with other unsuspected disorders of the kidneys of many misleading names; that ninety-three per cent. of human ailments are attributable to deranged kidneys, which fills the blood with uric acid, or kidney poison, which causes these many fatal diseases.

The uric acid, or kidney poison, is the real cause of the majority of cases of paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, convulsions, pneumonia, consumption, and insanity; over half the victims of consumption are first the victims of diseased kidneys.

When the recent death of an honored ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he was suffering from Bright's Disease, that was not the cause of death. He was not frank enough to admit that the apoplexy which overtook him in his bed, was the fatal effect of the kidney poison in the blood, which had eaten away the substance of the arteries and brain; nor was Logan's physician honest enough to state that his fatal rheumatism was caused by kidney acid in the blood.

If the doctors would state in official reports the original cause of death, the people of this country would be alarmed, yea, nearly panic stricken, at the fearful mortality from kidney disorders."

The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to justify the claims that they have made, that "if the kidneys and liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's safe cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all other remedies failed, and that has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australasia and America, many a life would be prolonged and the happiness of the people preserved. It is successful with so many different diseases because it and it alone, can remove the uric acid from the blood through the kidneys.

Our readers are familiar with the preparation named.

Commendation thereof has often appeared in our columns.

We believe it to be one of the best, if not the best ever manufactured. We know the proprietors are men of character and influence.

We are certain they have awakened a wide-spread interest in the public mind concerning the importance of the kidneys. We believe with them that they are the key to health, and that for their restoration from disease and maintenance in health, there is nothing equal to this great remedy.

The proprietors say they "do not glory in this universal prevalence of disease, but having started out with the purpose of spreading the merits of Warner's safe cure before the world, because it cured our senior proprietor, who was given up by doctors as incurable, we feel it our duty to state the facts and leave the public to its own inferences. We point to our claims, and to their public and universal verification with pride, and if the public does not believe what we say, we tell them to ask their friends and neighbors what they think about our preparations."

As stated above, we most cordially commend the perusal of this correspondence by our readers, believing that in so doing, we are fulfilling a simple public obligation.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



G. M. T. Johnson, Pub., Binghamton, N. Y.

A monthly paper with handsome cover, each issue illustrated with fine cuts of different breeds of Fowls, Houses, Yards, Incubators, etc. Treating of all subjects pertaining to Poultry. It is a

BOY'S AND GIRL'S POULTRY PAPER, Only 50 cents a Year, Sample Copies 10 c.

A BIG OFFER.

POULTRY for PLEASURE AND PROFIT. An Illustrated Book on Poultry. Price by mail, 25 cts.

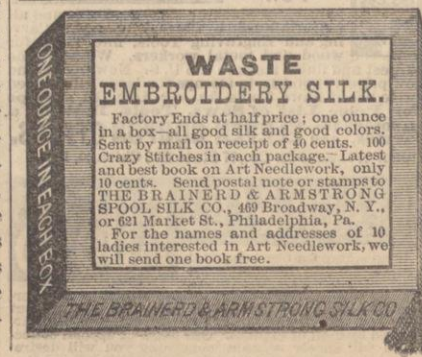
In order to secure a large number of subscribers at once, we will send the paper for a full year and a copy of the book, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of 60 cents. Postal notes preferred, stamps taken. Address, Boy's Own Poultry Paper, Box 33, Binghamton, N. Y.

For Lt. Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, and White Wyandottes, write to H. B. HALL, Windsor, N. Y.

For White and Brown S. and R. C. Leghorns and Pekin Ducks, write to CHAS. F. EASTMAN, Easton, Md.



A full assortment of above as well as of the celebrated EUREKA KNITTING SILK, WASH ETC. and FILOSENE for ART EMBROIDERY. For sale by first-class dealers. Trade supplied by EUREKA SILK CO., Boston, Mass.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE.

Stylish, Durable, Easy Fitting. The best \$3 Shoe in the World.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.50 SHOE

equals the \$3 Shoes advertised by other firms.

Our \$2

SHOE FOR BOYS gives great satisfaction. The above are made in Button, Congress and Lace, all styles of toe. Every pair warranted, name and price stamped on bottom of each shoe. No others genuine. Sold by 2,000 dealers throughout the U. S. If your dealer does not keep them, send name on postal to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass., for free information. Shoes mailed, postage free.

ESTABLISHED 1801.

Barry's Tricopherous

FOR THE HAIR.

No composition yet discovered for the growth and beauty of the Hair, has met with such signal

success as BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS. It is universally used throughout the world, and all speak in praise of its great worth. It is very pleasant to use, and gives the Hair a peculiarly rich gloss, entirely preventing baldness.

The Pansy Sewing Machine.

\$3.50.

This is a NEW Machine. Pat'd Aug. 24, 1886. It is not a toy, but a perfect machine, elegantly nickelled.

Every lady should have one, especially those who cannot run a foot-power machine. It makes a beautiful Chain Stitch, and will do any plain sewing as well as a foot-power machine. It is the

Warranted to Sew Perfectly.

cheapest, lightest, and fastest hand sewing machine ever invented. Makes three stitches to every turn of the wheel, and is so simple that a child can run it. The Pansy is particularly well adapted for ladies traveling, also for house servants. Sent securely packed, with three needles and spool of cotton, on receipt of \$3.50. We warrant every machine to work perfectly. Agents wanted. We have many testimonials.

PANSY SEWING MACHINE CO., West Medford, Mass. Make all Money Orders payable at Medford.

MASON & HAMLIN

ORGANS.

Highest Honors at all Great World's Exhibitions for nineteen years. 100 styles, \$22 to \$900. For Cash, Easy Payments, or Rented. Catalogue, 46 pp., 4to, free.

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The Improved Method of Stringing, introduced and perfected by MASON & HAMLIN, is conceded by competent judges to constitute a radical advance in Pianoforte construction.

Do not require one-quarter as much tuning as Pianos generally. Descriptive Catalogue by mail.

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If you want the best garden you have ever had, you must sow

MAULE'S SEEDS.

There is no question but that Maule's Garden Seeds are unsurpassed. Their present popularity in almost every county in the United States shows it. When once sown, others are not wanted at any price. One quarter of a million copies of my new Catalogue for 1887 have been already mailed. Every one pronounces it the most original and readable Seed Catalogue ever published. It contains, among other things, cash prizes for premium vegetables, etc., to the amount of \$1500, and also beautiful illustrations of over 500 vegetables and flowers (20 being in colors). These are only two of many striking features. You should not think of purchasing any Seeds this Spring before sending for it. It is mailed free to all enclosing stamp for return postage. Address

WM. HENRY MAULE, 1711 Filbert St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

YOUR NAME on 12 Fine Heavy Bevel Edge Cards 10c. Name hid by birds, flowers & mottoes. Outfit 4c. Foots Bros., Northford, Conn.

GOLD WATCH FREE to Every Agent selling our Cards. Send a 2-cent stamp for Samples and Outfit. THE DOMESTIC CO., Wallingford, Conn.



One of the most beautiful Tomatoes ever introduced. Grows in clusters of four or five large fruits of a glossy, crimson color. It ripens early, and is entirely free from ribbed or elongated fruit, being of a perfect shape. It has never shown signs of rotting. For shipping and family use it can not be excelled. Sold last season at 25 cents per packet.

GENUINE SURE-HEAD CABBAGE
Is all head and always sure to head. Very uniform in size, firm and fine in texture, excellent in quality, a good keeper. Alfred Rose, of Penn Yan, N. Y., grew a head which weighed 6 1/2 lbs. It is a strong, vigorous grower and will give universal satisfaction.

FINCH'S PERFECTION LETTUCE
The finest variety in the world. Does not head like some varieties, but forms huge, compact, bush-like plants which are always crisp and tender. One sowing will furnish a constant supply for all summer.

CALIFORNIA PRESERVING MELON
Immensely Productive. One vine produced 25 fine melons, weighing from 10 to 25 lbs. each. The flesh is very firm and solid, with few seeds, which are of a light green color. The preserving qualities are the very finest; they make beautiful, clear, nearly transparent preserves of surpassingly fine flavor.

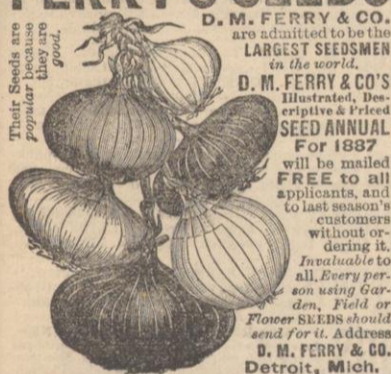
GOLDEN SELF-BLANCHING CELERY
The most valuable Celery ever brought to public notice. Without banking up or any covering whatsoever even the outer ribs become of a handsome, fresh yellowish-white color. The heart is large, solid, and of a beautiful, rich golden color. No variety can surpass it, indeed, equal the Golden Self-Blanching in striking appearance and delicious flavor.

50 VARIETIES FLOWER SEEDS
Consisting of very many choice, easy-growing, beautiful, brilliant flowers, mixed together in one package. Sown together in a bed will bring forth in bloom something new almost every day. This mixture is very fine and will give good satisfaction.

SPECIAL OFFER
I will send one package each of the above named seeds (6 packages worth 65c.) FREE to any reader of the Household who will send me 25c. to pay for the postage and putting up. Address: Remit by postal note, silver or stamps.

FRANK FINCH, CLYDE, N. Y.
I have changed my location, and now occupy the rooms over our new post office, where my facilities for doing a rapid mailing business are most complete. I can receive and fill an order and deliver it to the post office in less than ten minutes. Send on your orders.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE
FERRY'S SEEDS



THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

For 18 Years our Great Specialty has been growing and distributing **ROSES**. We have all the latest novelties and finest standard sorts in different sizes and prices to suit all. We send **STRONG, VIGOROUS PLANTS** safely by mail or express to all points. **3 TO 12 PLANTS \$1.50 to \$25** per Hundred. Our New Guide, 88 pp., describes nearly 500 finest varieties of Roses, the best Hardy Shrubs, and Climbing Vines, and New and Rare Flower Seeds, and tells how to grow them—FREE. Address: **THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,** Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvellous success. Insane Persons Restored. **DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER** for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fit after first day's use. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 157 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

RUPTURES CURED
My Medical Compound and Improved Elastic Supporter Truss in from 30 to 90 days. Reliable references given. Send stamp for circular, and say in what paper you saw my advertisement. Address: **W. A. COLLINGS, Smithville, Jefferson Co., N. Y.**

VIRGINIA FARMS & MILLS
For Sale & Exchange. FREE Catalogue. **R. B. CHAFFIN & CO.,** Richmond, Va.

ENTIRELY NEW, ORIGINAL, AND PRACTICAL--OUR OWN
Special and Exclusive, New

1887 STAMPING OUTFIT

Given to the Philadelphia LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Subscribers Only!

Designed under the supervision of Mrs. Louisa Knapp, Editor of the Philadelphia LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER, Expressly for the Subscribers of that paper.



FOR ONLY \$1.00 WE WILL
Send this Outfit to any address by mail, postpaid, and also, mail a copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for one year.

A Woman Knows What a Woman Wants!

We are well aware that this outfit contains a less number of patterns than those described in flash advertisements, but our aim has been to produce an outfit EVERY PATTERN OF WHICH WILL BE USEFUL, instead of having an immense number of worthless bugs and butterflies, so crowded together on a single sheet as to make it impossible to use them.

The outfit contains patterns for every branch of needlework and flower painting, and EVERY PATTERN is the FULL WORKING SIZE. The several Flannel Skirt patterns are each long enough to stamp a breadth of flannel at once without removing the pattern, and the scallops have the corners turned.

The outfit contains (new) a beautiful Spray of Roses wide enough for the end of a Table-cover, an entirely new design for Tinsel work, several bouquets, each long enough for the corner of a Table-spread or a Tidy, and the alphabet is large enough for Towels, Napkins, Handkerchiefs or Hat-bands.

Each outfit is accompanied by directions for doing STAMPING BY PARKER'S NEW PATENT METHOD WITHOUT PAINT OR POWDER. THIS OUTFIT CONTAINS NO TRASH. It has no tidy or silk or such things. THE VALUE IS IN THE PATTERNS, which Mrs. Knapp has designed expressly for this outfit, and they can be had from no other source. The outfit is WORTH FOR ACTUAL USE, DOUBLE ANY \$1.00 OUTFIT heretofore offered by any one in the country. We have made a contract for 50,000 of these outfits to be delivered during this season, and shall GIVE THEM AWAY RIGHT AND LEFT as follows: We think this order will not last us long, as every one of the fifteen or twenty million ladies in the country will want one.

Judging from the thousands upon thousands of requests we have had for better patterns, than contained in the cheap outfits offered in flash advertisements, we think the ladies of this country have had enough of them. In order to meet this long-felt want, Mrs. Louisa Knapp, editor of the L. H. J., has designed an outfit of original patterns, every one of which is large enough for practical use. She has discarded the tidy, silk, and all the trash, and has produced an outfit which we can offer as low as One Dollar, including a full year's subscription to the Philadelphia LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. We also offer THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL on trial six months, (without any premium) for only 25 cents. Any lady who will show this advertisement to her friends and secure 4 trial subscribers at 25 cents each for 6 months, will receive as a free present for her trouble, the above named stamping outfit.

THE PHILADELPHIA LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER
HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY NEWSPAPER OR PERIODICAL PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES, HAVING Over 400,000 PAID SUBSCRIBERS.

20 Pages, elegantly illustrated by the best artists. The most expensive wood cuts are engraved expressly for our columns. Printed on fine heavy paper, and carefully Edited by MRS. LOUISA KNAPP, Mrs. E. C. Hewitt, and Mrs. J. H. Lambert, associate editors. Employs the best writers.

Pure and Safe Fiction only. Domestic Stories

—BY—
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,
Josiah Allen's Wife,
Marion Harland,
Rose Terry Cooke,
Harriet Prescott Spofford,
Mary Abbott Rand, Ella Rodman Church.

A Series of Poems by
WILL CARLTON.
Author of "BETSY AND I ARE OUT," "OVER THE HILLS TO THE POOR HOUSE," etc.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK is to contribute a series of "COTTAGE DINNERS." Accompanying the recipes will be remarks upon pretty table adjuncts, methods of serving and waiting, garnishing, table manners and etiquette.

"DAINTIES AND DESSERTS." How to prepare delicacies suitable for afternoon teas, or small evening companies, that are not too expensive.

Instructive articles on "HOW TO APPEAR WELL IN SOCIETY," "HOW TO TALK WELL AND IMPROVE YOUR GRAMMAR," by Mrs. Emma C. Hewitt.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE. How to Entertain, &c., by SOPHIE ORNE JOHNSON, [Daisy Eyesbright].

"MOTHER'S CORNER," "ARTISTIC NEEDLEWORK," and "FLOWER" Departments are all Special Features.

"HOW WOMEN CAN MAKE MONEY." A Series of Practical Articles on Money-Making for Women, by Ella Rodman Church.

Address **CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA, PA.**



By **JENNY JUNE,**
With Special Illustrations, Original in our Columns.

SCOTT'S FLOWERS

38 Years' Experience in growing our strong and reliable **ROSES.** Grand Specialties in PLANTS, BULBS & FLOWER SEEDS of extra choice quality. Rare Novelties of great beauty. Handsomely illustrated Catalogue for 1887 with a lovely Colored Plate of Scott's Mammoth Pansies sent FREE to any address. Send for it now. **ROBERT SCOTT & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.**

THE KEYSTONE WASHER.

Will wash Cleaner, Easier, and with Less Injury to Clothes than any other in the World. We challenge any manufacturer to produce a better Washer. Every Machine Warranted FIVE Years, and Satisfaction Guaranteed. The only Washer that can be clamped to any sized tub like a Wringer. Made of malleable iron, galvanized, and will outlast any two wooden machines. Agents Wanted. Exclusive Territory. Our agents all over the country are making from \$75 to \$200 per month. Retail price, \$7. Sample to agents, \$3. Also our celebrated

KEYSTONE WRINGERS AT LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES. Circulars Free. Refer to editor of this paper, Address **F. F. ADAMS & CO., Erie, Pa.**

FREE CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Any person sending their subscription of \$2 for GODEY'S for 1887, can have their subscription commence with the JANUARY issue, in which begins Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's story, and if sent within twenty days from date of this paper, with mention of name of this paper, the November and December numbers containing the first chapters of "WHY DID HE DO IT?" and "A Legal Fetter," will be sent FREE, when sent direct to GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, Box H H, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ohio Improved Chesters
Warranted cholera proof. Express prepaid. Wins 1st prizes in the States and Foreign Countries. 2 weighed 2806 lbs. Send for description and price of these famous hogs, also fowls. **THE L. B. SILVER CO.,** Cleveland, O. Send for facts and mention this paper.

NEW CARDS. 40 Samples and AGENTS' Canvassing Outfit for 2c. stamp. **CARD WORKS,** Northford, Conn.

NO MORE CATARRH. The Great German Remedy is a positive cure. Free sample package and book for 4 cents in stamps. **E. H. MEDICAL CO.,** East Hampton, Conn.



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1887.

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

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.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by money order, (either P. O. or express) or in a U. S. registered letter or by a cashier's check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

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.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but Do Not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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.

CONCERNING ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.—To those of our readers who wish to buy an organ or sewing machine, we offer the advantages obtained by a wholesale purchase direct from the manufacturers, and guarantee to furnish a first-class and every way reliable article at a very great saving of expense. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction warranted in every case.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, every one, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters loosely? Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post office address including the state. Especially in this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

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. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

A TRIAL TRIP.—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on trial THREE MONTHS—postage paid—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months a publication especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and

who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1887. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to anybody—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders, if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

Prof. Doremus on Toilet Soaps:

"You have demonstrated that a PERFECTLY pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article." CHAS. S. HIGGINS' "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP. Being made from choicest stock, with a large percentage of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

Yours for Health

20 Years Record.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. Is a Positive Cure For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS, IMMEDIATE AND LASTING IN ITS EFFECT. IN LIQUID, PILL OR LOZENGE FORM, (6 FOR \$5.) EITHER OF THE LATTER. Lydia E. Pinkham. SENT BY MAIL—SECURE FROM OBSERVATION, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. Mrs. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. Mention This Paper.

For Weak Women.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham: "About the first of September, 1881, my wife was taken with uterine hemorrhage. The best styptics the physician could prescribe did not check it and she grew more and more enfeebled. She was troubled with Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhoea, numbness of the limbs, sickness of the stomach, and loss of appetite. I purchased a trial bottle of your Vegetable Compound. She said she could discover a salutary effect from the first dose. Now she is comparatively free from the Prolapsus, Stomach's sickness, &c. The hemorrhage is very much better and is less at the regular periods. Her appetite is restored, and her general health and strength are much improved. We feel that we have been wonderfully benefited and our hearts are drawn out in gratitude for the same and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sakes we allow our names to be used." C. W. EATON, Thurston, N. Y.

Marriage and Health.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 5th, 1883. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham: "As is frequently the case with mothers who have reared large families, I have tried the skill of a number of physicians, and the virtue of many medicines without relief, and as an experiment I concluded to try yours. I am not a seeker after notoriety but I want to tell you that I have been wonderfully benefited by your medicine. I am now using my fourth bottle and it would take but little argument to persuade me that my health is fully restored. I should like to widely circulate the fact of its wonderful curative powers." Pheba C. Root.

ALPHA TOILET PAPER FIXTURE.

BEAUTIFUL in design and finish. All but automatic. FIXTURE and two large rolls of the finest of medicated toilet paper, 50 cts. Fixture and twelve rolls of paper, \$2.75. Delivered Free anywhere in the United States accessible by express or mail upon receipt of price. AGENTS wanted. Sells at sight.

H. W. MITCHELL, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

This ring free with 120 Hidden Name, Assorted Cards and Scrap Pictures, Games, Puzzles, Songs and Art's Sample Book, 10c. Tuttle Bros. No. Haven, Ct.

CLEANSE THE BLOOD! PURIFY THE SYSTEM! STRENGTHEN THE NERVES! BY TAKING

KIDNEY-WORT

Nearly all diseases are caused by inaction of those organs whose work is to carry off the effete matter after the nutritious portion of our food and drink has been transformed into new blood. To cure these diseases we must use

A REMEDY THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME

On the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS.

KIDNEY-WORT has this most important action, whereby it cleanses, strengthens, and gives NEW LIFE to all the important organs of the body, and eradicates the worst diseases from the system.

Liquid or Dry. Sold everywhere. Price \$1.00.

For circular and testimonials send to Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A Beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Diamond Dye Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

INGALLS' 50-CENT OUTFIT!

This Stamping Outfit contains 100 STAMPING PATTERNS, including Alphabet, Box Best Powder, Pad, Felt Panel, and Silk to work it, also 5 FANCY WORK BOOKS.

We send this Outfit, postage paid, for 50 cents. Get up a Club! We will send 12 of these Outfits by express for \$4.00. Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

Brewster's Patent Rein Holder.

Your lines are where you put them—not under horses' feet. One agent sold 12 doz. in 5 days, one dealer sold 6 doz. in 15 days. Samples worth \$1.50 FREE. Write for terms. E. E. BREWSTER, Holly, Mich.

THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO

Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with \$10 and \$12 orders. Decorated TEA SETS of 44 and 56 pieces with \$12 and \$15 orders. STEM-WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Tea Sets of 44 pieces, or White Dinner Sets of 112 pieces, with \$20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper; we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO. 910 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES

OF LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears." It sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$100 to \$200 a month made. C. F. Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to D. WORTHINGTON & Co., Hartford, Conn.

BUIST'S GARDEN SEEDS

Are always grown from selected seed stocks which insure not only the earliest vegetables, but those of finest quality, and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Our handsomely illustrated Garden Guide mailed on application. ROBERT BUIST, JR., PHILADELPHIA.

DYSPEPTICS DON'T MISS this as you value health! For 15c. I will send formula of inexpensive remedy (ingredients found everywhere) which has cured hundreds of cases, and I think saved my life. Address R. MASON, Rock City, N. Y.

15 CHOICE ROSES for 80 cts. postpaid. 16 Packets Choice Flower Seeds, 50c. postpaid. Other things cheap. Illus. Catalogue Free to all. Address ALBERT WILLIAMS, Sharon, Mercer Co., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE)

for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.

CARDS 100 Fancy Pictures, 30 Songs, 16 Stories, 20 Games, 100 Selections for Albums, 50 Fancy Patterns, 14 latest style Visiting Cards in Sample Sheet & Grand Prem List all for 10 cts. Game of Authors 10 cts. IVY CARD CO., Clintonville, Conn.

ALL FREE! 51 Scrap Pictures, 40 Colored Removable Figures, 250 Album Verses, 250 Riddles & Conundrums, Games of Fox & Goose & Nine Penny Morris, 1 Book of Kensington and other Stitches, 1 Set Funny Cards. Send 10c. for Postage, etc. to Hub Card Co., Boston, Mass.

CEREALINE FLAKES.

The Food of Foods.

ADD "Cerealine Flakes" to flour in making bread and cake.

They will keep fresh much longer. Bread containing it is as much more digestible than bread without it as 100 is greater than 80.

CEREALINE MFG CO., COLUMBUS, IND.

360 Imported, Embossed Pictures, by mail, only 10c. Address National Card Co., Camden, N.J.

CARDS Send stamp for our new sample pack. CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Ct.

Lovely Photos 2 Samples, 5c.; worth 25c. Send to A. WARFEL, Phot'gr, Cadiz, Ohio.

WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth \$5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

TURKISH RUGS PATTERNS, Catalogue free. E. S. FROST & CO., 22 Tremont Row, Boston, Ma.

18 New Hidden Name Border Cards and Ring, 10c. 6 pks. & 6 rings 50c. Munson Bros., Mt. Carmel, Ct.

250 Scrap Pictures & Verses with new samples for 1887, 5c. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Ct.

160 Fancy Scrap Pictures & beautiful Sample Card Outfit, 5c. AETNA PTG. CO., Northford, Conn.

50 CHROMO or 25 All Hidden Name CARDS 10c. Sample Book 4c. Crown Ptg. Co., Northford, Ct.

SEND 10 cents for our wholesale price lists and samples of Fancy, Advertising, and Bristol Cards. CRESCENT CARD CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

WANTED—Agents to sell Fruit Trees and other nursery stock. Good salary and expenses paid. F. W. CHASE & CO., Augusta, Me.

SEEDS—NEBRASKA GROWN. Write for Catalogue to A. S. TRESHER & Co., Grand Island, Neb.

LOVERS of the beautiful in nature sending 15c. to L. Adams, North Tisbury, Mass., will receive specimens of mounted sea mosses or pair pretty shells.

\$5.00 A DAY To Agents—either sex; 2 bran new articles; slight sales; large profits. U. S. HOME MFG CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

115 Assorted Hidden Name Cards with Ring, Sample Book, Games &c., 10c. Bradley & Co., No. Haven, Ct.

LADIES send three 2-cent stamps for a package of choice mixed flower seed (200 kinds.) THE CALL, Dorchester, Mass.

READER if you love RARE FLOWERS, choicest only, address ELLIS BROS., Keene, N. H. It will astonish and please. FREE.

PATENTS THOS. P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No pay asked for patents until obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

RUGS PATTERNS, YARNS & MACHINES. Largest stock; lowest prices. Liberal terms to agents. Catalogue free. Mention paper. The Gibbs Mfg. Co., 88 State-st., Chicago.

YOUR NAME on 12 Gilt Beveled Edge Cards, 10c. Name hid by birds, flowers, mottoes. Outfit 4c. CHAS. FOOTE & CO., Northford, Conn.

350 SCRAP PICTURE BOOKS, Ornaments & Verses, Book of Poems, 12 Fun Cards, 40 New Samples, 10c. E. AUSTIN CO., New Haven, Ct.

Painless Parturition Possible. Tokology, by Alice B. Stockham, M. D., is a noble book for a noble purpose. Sample pages FREE. 60,000 sold. Mor. \$2.75. SANITARY PUB. CO., Chicago.

BROOM HOLDER Suits every one who tries it. Postpaid for 10 cts. Special price to agents in quantities. Ill. catalogue of scissors, needles, etc., with first order. W. R. PERRY, New London, Ct.

\$30 IN PRIZES for largest lists of words formed from "Exchange and Mart." Sample paper and rules for stamp. Young folks, try it. "Manager," 17 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

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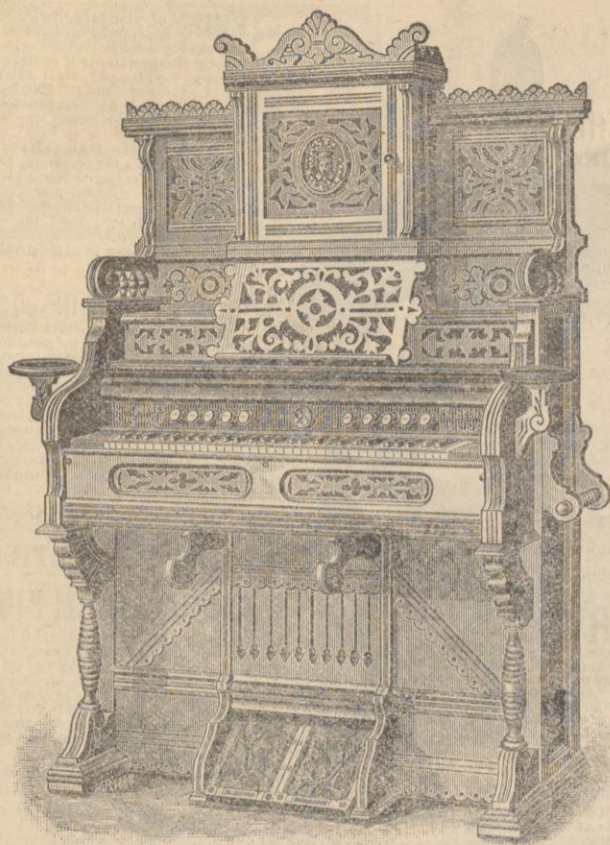
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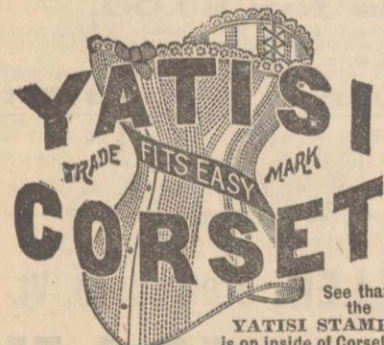


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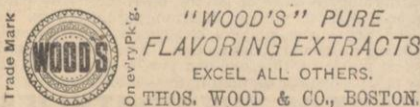
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Warren, Pa.

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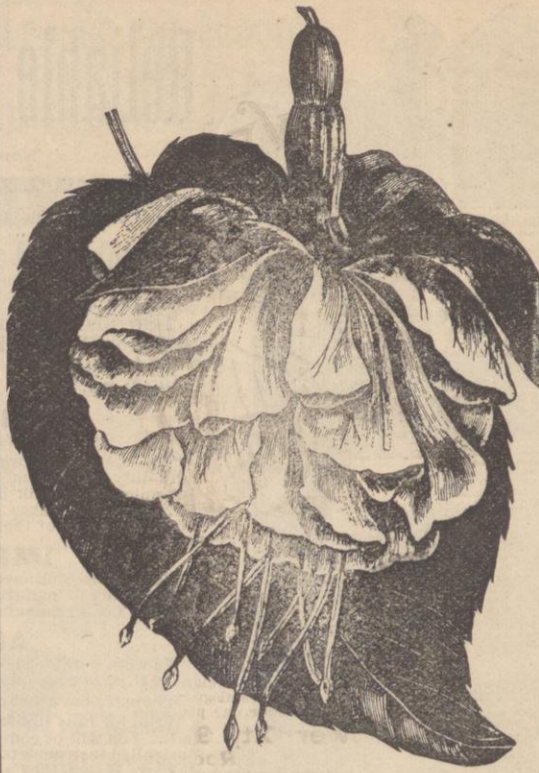
I was taken with a very severe cold last Spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help.

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[See full description in previous issue.]

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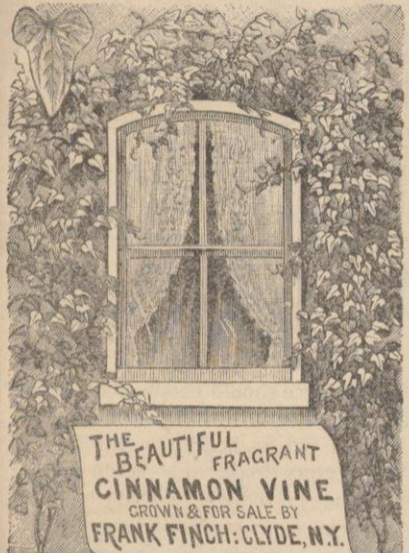
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FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers
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Judson's "Indestructible" Stretcher
English Marking Ink.
REQUIRES NO HEAT
For holding the clothing while marking given each purchaser free.
Price 25 Cts., complete.
DANIEL JUDSON & SON, Ltd.
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For sale by the trade, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Am. H. Quarters, 46 Murray St., N. Y.
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WEAVER ORGANS
Are the Finest in Tone, Style, Finish and general make up of any goods made. Guaranteed for 6 years.
Send for Catalogue, testimonials and terms, free, to
Weaver Organ and Piano Co.,
Factory, York, Pa.

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Book and Map free by C. E. SHANAHAN, Att'y., Easton, Md.
AGENTS can make \$1 an hour. New goods. Sample & terms free. Chas. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.



Send Us Your Address

on a postal card and we will send you a collection of 36 VARIETIES OF FLOWER SEEDS, including Pansy, Verbena, Dahlia, Mignonette, Smilax, Phlox, &c., from which you may select such as you desire at ONE-HALF THE PRICES USUALLY CHARGED.

This is a bona-fide offer; the packets are large and full, and the seeds guaranteed FRESH.

REMEMBER THE SEEDS THEMSELVES WILL BE SENT YOU, for selection, not a catalogue. Write plainly your name, residence and state, on a postal card, and address.

Flower City Seed Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

BAY STATE FLOWER SEEDS.

Choice seeds from premium strains.
TWO SUPERB COLLECTIONS.
Col. "A" 20 cts. Col. "B" 20 cts.
Aster, Rose-Flowered, 15 bright colors mixed. Aster Peony—f.d. Perfection, 16 colors mixed.
Phlox Drummond grandiflora, choice colors. Petunia, mottled and striped, very fine.
Petunia, "Queen of Roses," choice. Marigold, "El Dorado," Pansy, New German variety, extra from choice flowers only. Sweet Alyssum.
Calliopis, mixed colors. Salpiglossis grandiflora, mixed colors.
Mignonette, Gn. Queen. Candytuft, mixed.
Chrysanthemum, segmentum grandiflorum. China & Japan Pinks, finest mixed.
Sent postpaid with directions for culture.
All lovers of choice flowers favoring me with their patronage are guaranteed satisfaction. Stamps taken.
A. B. HOWARD, Belchertown, Mass.

Fancy Work Materials.

25 SKELINS Imported Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 15 cts. 25 Skeins Imported Floss, assorted colors, for 17 cts. 25 Skeins Shaded Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 20 cts. A package of Florence Waste Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 25 cts. Silk Shaded Cards, showing 300 Shades to select colors from, price 15 cts. A package of Plush and Velvet Pieces for Crazy Patchwork for 30 cts. A package of Ribbon Remnants for 20 cts.

STAMPED GOODS!
FELT TIDIES, size 14 x 18 in., 15c. FRINGED LINEN TIDIES, 14c. FRINGED LINEN SPLASHERS, 25c.
Prices of FANCY WORK BOOKS greatly reduced!
Address **J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.**

SMALL'S CALF FEEDER
This NEW article is appreciated and approved by all progressive Farmers and Stock Raisers. The calf sucks its food slowly, in a perfectly natural way, thriving as well as when fed on its own mother. Circulars free.
SMALL & MATTHEWS
21 South Market Street, BOSTON, MASS.

THE LITTLE GEM CARPET STRETCHER.
Agents wanted in every town. Sells itself. Good profits.
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PAINS AND ACHES. HOP PLASTER.
Clean and never-failing, prepared from the virtues of fresh hops, balsams and hemlock gums. Death to pain when applied to backache, kidney pains, rheumatism, neuralgia, strains, stiff muscles, female weakness, sore chest, all sudden, sharp pains. Soothes and wonderfully strengthens weak parts. 25c., 5 for \$1.00 everywhere. Mailed free. **HOP PLASTER CO., Boston, Mass.**

Oh My Toes!
THEY CAN BE CURED BY USING
PRESCOTT'S CHILBLAIN CURE!
A positive and quick cure for Chilblains, and a great relief for Bunions, Chapped Hands, Burns, Frost Bites, and various Skin Diseases. It should be in every family. Price, 35c. If not kept in your vicinity, send 35c. for Sample Bottle to A. T. PRESCOTT CO., 21 Hamilton St., BOSTON, MASS. Druggists supplied by GEO. C. GOODWIN & Co., Boston, General Agents.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS.
Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.
EUGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.
Mention this paper.

Over 100 Beautiful Varieties of Silks for **CRAZY PATCHWORK**
Embroidery Silk, as d colors. 20c. a package.
Send ten 2c. stamps for samples and book of fancy stitches, designs, &c., for Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct.

HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

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

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationery,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's,)	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, Brush, Ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory Handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 25	5
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 50	6
24	Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,)	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler,)	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (agent's selection,)	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 00	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	7 00	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler,)	7 00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6 00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, Ivory inlaid handles,	7 00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7 00	16
59	Celery Glass, silver stand,	7 50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8 00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	8 00	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
65	1 doz Table Forks, medium,	8 00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
67	Caster,	8 00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8 50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10 00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 Views,	10 00	20
72	Folding chair,	8 00	24
73	Cash,	6 25	25
74	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
75	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
76	1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, Ivory inlaid handles,	14 00	30
77	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15 00	30
78	Sewing Machine, (Higby,)	40 00	40
79	Silver Watch,	20 00	45
80	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Higby,)	50 00	50
82	Silver Watch,	35 00	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50 00	100
84	Cash,	35 00	100
85	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75 00	150
86	Cottage Organ, (Estey,)	150 00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail, express or freight.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states, and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of the list and name the premium selected.

Premium clubs will be kept open ONE YEAR if desired. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express or freight are at the expense of the receiver.

New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike for premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever.

Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

Birds!
German Canaries, Singers, warranted, \$2.00; Extra fine, \$3.00; St. Andrews Canaries, bell, water notes, \$5.00; Campanini Canaries, the finest, \$8 & \$10; Talking Parrots, 6 varieties; Goldfinches, Bullfinches, Linnets, Cardinals, Cages, new styles at lowest prices. All bird medicines by mail, 25c. Book on Birds by mail, 25 cts. "Canaries and Cage Birds," 375 pages, elegant colored plates, all facts on all birds, by mail, \$2.00. **G. H. HOLDEN,** 9 Bowdoin Square, Boston, Mass.

NERVOUS and Mental Diseases and the Alcoholic and Opium habits treated by DR. J. A. LOVELAND, GILSUM, N. H. Correspondence invited.

CATARRH SAMPLE FREE
So great is our faith we can cure you, dear sufferer, we will mail enough to convince, free. **B. S. LAUDERBACH & Co., Newark, N. J.**

ANOTHER SUDDEN DEATH.

Hardly a week passes without the mention by the newspapers of sudden deaths, and of late the alarming frequency of the statement that death was caused by rheumatism or neuralgia of the heart cannot fail to have been noticed. In all probability many deaths attributed to heart disease are caused by these terrible diseases, which is far more dangerous than is generally considered. Is there any positive cure? The best answer to such a question is given by those who have been cured by the use of Athlophoros.

Dover, N. H., March 23, 1886.

I have for years suffered with muscular rheumatism in back of my head, neck and arms; the pain was intense and seemed to grow steadily worse. I used two bottles of Athlophoros and it brought relief almost immediately. I believe Athlophoros to be a pure, honest medicine, and there is no question it will certainly cure rheumatism.

Mrs. F. KENNEDY, Orchard Street.

Chicopee, Mass., May 23, 1886.

I have suffered for over five years with muscular rheumatism, being treated by several physicians, besides taking numberless remedies; the doctors could not cure me and the different medicines gave me no relief. There was one remedy I had not tried—Athlophoros. I bought three bottles of it, taking them according to directions. I commenced at night before retiring. The next morning, after a good night's rest, I was perfectly free from pain. My rheumatism went and has never returned. Athlophoros effected a cure in my obstinate case and I believe it will in that of any one suffering with rheumatism or neuralgia.

G. E. LEWIS.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is \$1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, etc., Athlophoros Pills are unequalled.

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA
The Finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. Buy of your dealer or send 10 stamps for trial can. **H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.**

Fisk Mfg Co. PAT. SEPT. 1877 JAPANESE SOAP.

JAPANESE SOAP.
STRICTLY PURE. Best in the world for all purposes, the Laundry, Bath, or Toilet. Will not yellow, stick or green the clothes like many soaps made mostly of rosin. Contains no filthy, disease-giving greases, cleanest soap made. Positively cures and prevents chapped or sore hands. Send us seven Wrappers or Trade Marks and get the handsomest set of cards ever sent out. Sold by all grocers. Manufactured only by **FISK MFG CO., Springfield, Mass.**

Unitarian Publications SENT FREE.
Address **M. C. Arlington Street Church, BOSTON, MASS.**

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR.
(Reclining.)
A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The **LARGEST FACTORY** and **BEST CHAIRS** in the world. Send for Circular to **E. F. MERSICK, Sec'y, New Haven, Ct.**

RUPTURE CURED ONLY
by the Improved Elastic Truss, worn with ease night and day, also ladies' abdominal Supporters. Send for Circular. **IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 822 and 824 Broadway, cor. 12th st., N. Y.**

AGENTS WANTED Ladies or Men, full particulars & sample of goods free. Send 4 cts. for postage. **W. C. GRISWOLD & CO., Centerbrook, Ct.**

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 75,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch.	\$3.25	\$6.50	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	60.00
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00
Six "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00
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One column.	60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.
Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.
Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1887, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

Prof. Smith

—OF—

Wittenberg College,
RECOMMENDS

CLEVELAND'S

SUPERIOR

BAKING POWDER,

and condemns the use of

AMMONIA

—IN—

Baking Powder.

This is to certify that I have examined Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, samples of which I purchased in open market, and that I can recommend it as a good, wholesome, and unadulterated article. It does not contain ammonia, an ingredient of many baking powders, and one which I regard as highly objectionable, since it seriously impairs digestion. I have examined biscuits baked with an ammoniated powder, and have found, as has been repeatedly declared, that the ammonia was still there. Cleveland's powder gave the amount of pure carbonic acid claimed for it by the manufacturers.

EDGAR F. SMITH, Ph. D., F. C. S.,

Prof. of Chemistry in Wittenberg College,
Springfield, O., January 1, 1887.KENSINGTON PAINTING!
A NEW BOOK!

Finely Illustrated. Contains full directions for this beautiful and popular work.
KENSINGTON PAINTING is done with pens instead of brushes. This book tells what Pens and Paints to use; gives a description of the Terms and Materials used; tells how to mix paints in the Preparation of Tints and Shades; also has an illustrated description of color to use in painting Roses, Pond Lilies, Golden Rod, Pansies, Cat-Tails, Clematis, Azaleas, Fuchsia, Sumac, Wheat, Japan Lily, Forget-me-nots, Thistles, Leaves, Birds, Oats, Storks, etc. The Instructions for LUSTRA PAINTING were written by the well-known artist, LIDA CLARKSON, and it is needless for us to add that the directions given are full and complete, and so plain that it will be readily understood how to do this fascinating work. The Instructions for HAND PAINTING give Directions for Painting on Silk, Satin, Plush, Velvet, Felt, Hosiery, etc. This book is FULLY ILLUSTRATED with artistic designs.

Price only 25 Cts. 5 for \$1.00. Circulars free.
Kensington Painting Outfit, \$1.50. Lustra Painting Outfit, \$3.00. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY! A pk'g Mixed Flower Seeds (500 kinds), with PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE, all for 2 stamps. Every flower-lover delighted. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, Farmington, Pa.
Send at once. This notice will not appear again.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S



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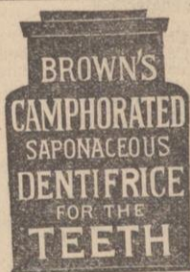
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR

WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.



A MOST AGREEABLE ARTICLE FOR

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth
and PURIFYING THE BREATH.

It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Drug-gists, etc., 25c. a bottle.

LEPAGE'S
LIQUID GLUE

Used by thousands of first-class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Its success has brought a lot of imitations copying us in every way possible. Remember that THE ONLY GENUINE Lepage's Liquid Glue is manufactured solely by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. Sample by mail 25c. stamp.

LADIES! ATTENTION

Tea Sets, etc., given away to ladies who act as agents for us. Send for Premium List and full particulars.

ATLANTIC TEA CO., Fitchburg, Mass.

"GET THE BEST."

After having used the "Welcome Soap" for years, let me say to the sisters of the "Band" that I am perfectly satisfied with it. I never see any ill effects upon the clothes or my hands. A trial will insure its continued use according to my experience.

MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

MUSIC SELF TAUGHT. PROF. RICE'S SELF-TEACHING SYSTEM. All can learn music without the aid of a teacher. Rapid, correct. Established twelve years. Notes, chords, accompaniments, thorough bass laws, etc. Ten Lessons 10c. Circulars free. G. S. RICE MUSIC CO., 243 State Street, CHICAGO.



ECONOMY, as wise folks say, Is wealth pronounced another way, So while "hard times" the people cry, The Toilet Soaps they should not buy. Let all who buy such Soaps take care To weigh the cake exact and fair, And find the pay in figures round A dollar, more or less per pound.

What course should people then pursue? In short, the only thing to do, Though rich in bonds, or wordly poor, The "IVORY SOAP" they should procure, Which may be bought from coast to coast, At sixteen cents per pound at most, And does more satisfaction grant Than all the Toilet Soaps extant.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Copyright 1886, by Procter & Gamble.

LADIES

Do your own stamping with the "Excelsior Outfit No. 2." See the many valuable patterns it contains which are all new and original: 1 upright border of pond lilies, nasturtiums, and blue lilies, 18x7 1-2 in., 1 upright border of daisies, 17x4 in., 1 running vine of cherries, 9x4 in., 1 running vine of poppies, 18x4 in., 1 spray of daisies, 11x9 in., 1 spray of fuchsias, 10x8 in., 1 spray geranium leaves and buds, 10x9 in., 1 spray wild roses and buds, 11x8 in., 1 snowball, 13x10 in., 1 spray autumn leaves, 12x9 in., 1 spray golden-rod and wheat, 11x8 in., 1 carving knife and fork on standards, 15x5 in., 1 spray of apple blossoms, 4x4 in., 1 spray of acorns, 4x5 in., 1 spray of pansies, 4x6 in., 1 full-sized splasher pattern, 23x16 in., 1 full set of initials, 2 1-4 in. high, 1 box of best blue stamping powder and pad with full instructions for stamping by both processes. No small designs in this outfit, as you can make them from the large ones it contains. The above sent to any address, postage paid, for \$1.00. The initials alone are worth the money. If any lady buys and is not perfectly satisfied, her money shall be cheerfully returned. The "No. 1 Outfit" along with the above for \$1.75. See Nov. No. 1 Address all orders to JOHN FERGUSON, 105 East Avenue, Pawtucket, R. I.



This variety is distinguished from all others by its short, stiff stalks, as shown in the engraving, standing up like a tree without support of any kind. It bears very abundantly of fine, large bright red tomatoes, of good smooth shape and fine flavor. The leaves are very curly and of a very dark green, almost black, making the plant very ornamental, as well as useful. I will send one packet, also pkt. of Phlox Drummondii, a Beautiful Brilliant Flower, with my Illustrated Catalogue free to any reader of the Household who will send me 10 cents in silver or stamps.

GOOD BREAD. How to Make it, sent with Knowlton's Perforating Kneader by mail for 50 cents. G. K. KNOWLTON, Hamilton, Mass.

AGENTS LOOK HERE
E. J. MATHEWS, Stone Station, Mont., on Jan. 19 sold 27 Stove Pipe Shelves. Profit \$18.90. Wm. Servis, Philo, Ills., is clearing \$9.00 per day. These are only Samples. Catalogue Free. J. E. SHEPARD & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HALF A MILLION
GARDENS

are annually sown and planted with

Peter Henderson & Co.
SEEDS AND PLANTS

CATALOGUE No. 47A, 140 pages, size, 11 x 8 1/2 inches, is profusely illustrated, and contains 2 beautiful colored plates. Mailed on receipt of 10 cents (in stamps), which may be deducted from first order. Please be sure to order Catalogue by the number (47A).

PETER HENDERSON & Co.,
35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, New York.

TUBEROSES AND CARNATIONS
Treatise how to grow them
Free. 2 flowering bulbs Pearl Tuberose, to all who send 14c. 4 bulbs 25c. Carnation Plants 6 splendid sorts 50c. 14 for \$1. New Oxalis Deppeii, 12 bulbs, 10c. All by mail. CHAS. T. STARR, Avondale, Chester Co., Pa.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma, Price 35 cts by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

BAKER'S
BREAKFAST
COCOA

Delicious, Nourishing, Absolutely Pure.
Costing less than one cent a cup.

SOMETHING WORTH HAVING
Our New SEED CATALOGUE for 1887. Everything Illustrated. For the Farmer and ALL THE GOOD THINGS Gardener, FREE. S. Y. HAINES & CO., 64 & 66 N. Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.