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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., SEPTEMBER, 1887.

No. 9.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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The Veranda.

SEPTEMBER.

Once more the liberal year laughs out,
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.
Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.
O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.
We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow; but the sun
That casts it, shines behind us still.

—Whittier.

RECLAIMING WET LANDS.

AUGUST and September are the best months for reclaiming boggy and wet lands. The first object should be to get rid of the surplus water. This should be done by means of under-drains carefully laid, made of common twelve-inch boards one and one-half inches thick, with one—the under side—left open. In other words a strong trough turned upside down. Such drains, if made of good lumber, will be sound for twenty years. Of course, the regular tile drains are better, but very much more expensive. On most farms in the country, there are lands that may be drained to advantage, and now when the crops are mostly laid by, the work can be done most economically. In draining bogs, the first step should be to cut off the spring water, which will be found generally to proceed from the surrounding highlands. Ditches must be dug in such a manner as to intercept this water, and convey it to the general outlet. When this has been done, it may then be determined where cross ditches and how many of them will be required. To make the work effective care must be observed that the inclination is correct, and the outlet fully large enough to carry off the utmost quantity of water that is ever accumulated during the wettest spells of weather. The top of no under-drain should be nearer to the surface of the ground than eighteen inches; and it has been found that under-drains are most efficient which average about two feet below the surface. Such a depth allows of deep culture, while there is no danger of any agricultural implement striking against the drain. A drain too near the surface is a perpetual nuisance, while it is also liable to injury.

Where the land is overgrown with small trees or bushes, the next business will be the extermination of these, as soon as the under-drains have had a little time to settle, and all water has been carried off. All large stumps must be dug out, while the small ones may be extracted with a mattock; but it is always best to get all stumps and roots out at once, so as to bring the land into cultivation in the most profitable manner. For

the purpose of breaking out roots, nothing equals a large two-horse plow drawn by a yoke of oxen. Such a plow is irresistible except by the great roots that must be cut with an ax; while at the same time it turns and pulverizes the land in the best manner. Many farmers use the small bull tongue plow at first on such rooty land, but my experience has been that this is a great waste of labor as such a light implement has not the force to

without the working plans and specifications. Without them the workmen are very apt, in fact almost certain, to make changes of details that will take away from the unity and beauty of the design. Besides they guard against mistakes and facilitate the progress of the work. For this design the working plans, specifications, estimate and color sheet are furnished by the Co-operative Building Plan Association, Architects, 63 Broadway, New York, for \$35. This entitles the owner to full and constant consultation during the progress of the work.

SETTING APPLE TREES

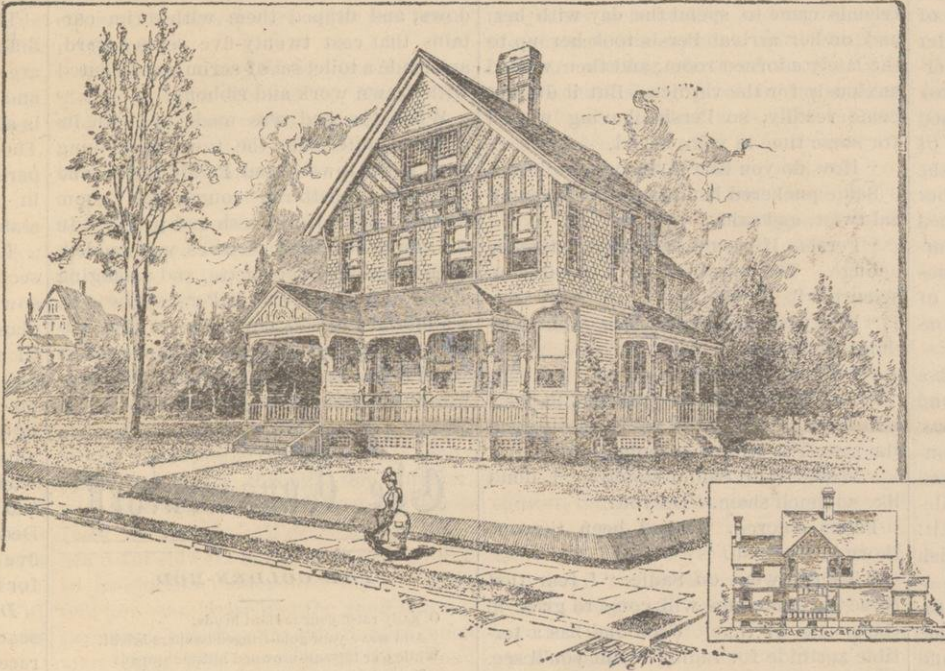
There is an old saying that "the bearing year never comes to him who sets no trees." I can say there are thousands of trees set which never bear fruit, all for the want of proper setting and care. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. The Americans are in a hurry to get rich, and in their work they have too many irons in the fire and some of them get burnt. I was talking with a townsman, a few days ago, who said that he was always in a hurry. We should remember that "haste makes waste." I will give my plan for setting apple trees. Stake out the ground thirty-five or forty feet apart each way; then dig a hole at each stake, four feet in diameter and two feet deep; after the holes are all dug,

set the stakes a little to one side of the center, so that all the stakes will be in line with each other; place the tree in the center after the hole has been filled up with surface soil or sods to the right depth; put around the roots, which should be spread out and placed in a proper position, firmly, rich soil or coal pit dirt; then tie the tree to the stake. Many a tree dies because it was set too deep. Apple trees for the best results must be cultivated and properly trimmed, and then you may expect to eat of the fruit in ten years, perhaps less. Trees that are taken up in the field or pasture will often make good trees and can be grafted in the limbs. Apple trees do well set early in the fall of the year.—Exchange.

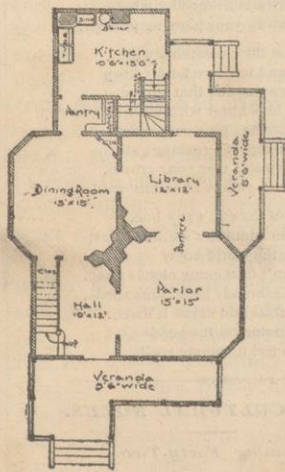
—Corn is a much more certain crop than wheat, one year with another, over a large part of the country.

—It is better for the grass to get ahead of the cattle than to turn them out early and have the feed short all summer.

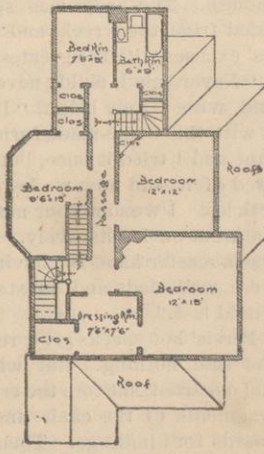
—A wise farmer will protect the birds, the insect-eaters, robins, cat-birds, blue-birds, blackbirds, thrushes, orioles, red-birds, woodpeckers, and the like. All the birds mentioned have a mission to perform in the economy of nature. The martins destroy weevils, the quails chinch bugs, the woodpeckers dig worms from the trees, while others eat worms, caterpillars and bugs.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND FLOOR.

break through the roots which remain from year to year, and cause frequent damage to harness, tools and animals. Lands reclaimed from bogs in this way sometimes produce fine crops of vegetables, corn, etc., but have been found to be on the whole most profitable for grass.

Many such reclaimed lands produce grass of fine quality in great abundance for several years, without any additional outlay, except that of keeping open the outlets of the drains, which must be carefully looked to. It should be made an object to obtain a close, thick sward as

soon as possible, because this will tend to prevent any growth of foul grasses or weeds. Several years are requisite to get a heavy sward of fine grasses fixed, but when this is done it will last for many years.

Aiken, S. C. A. P. F.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

Size of structure: Front, 26 ft., 6 in. Side, 44 ft., not including front veranda.

Size of rooms: See floor plans.

Height of stories: Cellar, 7 ft.; first story, 9 ft.; second story, 8 ft., 4 in.

Materials: Foundation, stone and brick walls; first story, clapboards; second story, shingles; gables, paneling; roof, shingles.

Cost: \$2,850 to \$3,000 complete, except mantels, range and heater.

Special features: Designed to be heated by a furnace; pipes and registers built

into the walls. Fire-places, also, are provided in each of the principal rooms of the first story and in the front bed room. The fire-places are useful adjuncts in heating and insure proper ventilation.

The attic has one bed room, a trunk room and a hallway.

Cellar under the whole house.

It is unwise to attempt to build this house, or, indeed, any modern house,

The Drawing Room.

ONE GIRL'S EXPERIMENT.

PERSIS sat in her room in deep thought. She had knit her pretty brows, and put on an air of inward calculation; and as we are her friends we will look into the busy brain and see what she was thinking about.

"Was there ever such a disgraceful looking room!" she thought. "An old bedstead and bureau that mother had when she first went to housekeeping, and which all the successive boarders for ten years have nearly banged out of existence; that washstand that is always threatening to tip over when the block, that props it up where one of the legs is missing, comes out; one broken-seated chair, a mirror, and this carpet that is only a rag. No pictures, no ornaments; nothing at the windows but those ugly white shades. I don't care for, or at least I don't expect, beautiful things, but I would like decency. A slight contrast to Kitty Moore's room!" and Persis laughed rather grimly.

But she was not without some hope of bettering the condition of things. Her mother was a widow, who supported herself and family by taking boarders, whose rooms must, of course, be kept in good condition, so only the odds and ends of furniture had fallen to Persis. But she had taught the fall term of school in her district, and with the money thus earned she had determined to replenish the furnishings of her room. But then, she was needing a new gown and other articles of dress, and there was in her mind a conflict between the two needs.

Finally she ran down stairs and took a paper from the dining-room table, and then ran back with it to her room. There, seated at the foot of her bed, she pondered over one of the articles contained in the paper, until she had arrived at a decision, and then said aloud: "I'll do it. It won't cost much, and I can both furnish my room and get my new dress."

The next morning Persis began operations. She went down street and purchased quite a large amount of drab and blue cretonne, several yards of cheese cloth, and two yards of blue silesia. Then for the next three weeks she was very busy; but at the end of that time her furnishings were complete, and the following was the result, though we should add that the directions in the paper had been faithfully followed, and Persis had developed a good deal of ingenuity in carrying out its instructions.

The mantel was covered with the cretonne, and then draped with a lambrequin of the same, headed with a narrow pinked ruffle of the silesia. Upon the mantel she placed several Christmas cards and a blue vase. That looked very well, she thought. She had some misgivings lest the cretonne should fade; but the paper said blue, and she concluded it was all right.

Then, for a stand between the two windows, she took half of a hogshead cover that was lying in the back yard, nailed it to the window casings, and put a large brace beneath to support it. This improvised stand she covered in the same way as the mantel, and draped it with a long valance extending to the floor to hide the brace.

Then from two packing boxes she manufactured a dressing-case and commode, both covered with the cretonne; and in the inside of each were shelves to take the place of a bureau. These were concealed by the hanging drapery in front. Above the dressing-case hung an old mirror, also draped with cretonne.

Instead of chairs, she covered two square boxes for ottomans, and put one

in front of each window. Her brother John made her the frame-work of a barrel chair, and Persis covered it with the cretonne. She made cheese cloth curtains for the windows, and also draped the old bedstead with cheese cloth, and looped back the folds with bands of cretonne.

She covered the floor with a straw matting, which was only twelve and one-half cents a yard. Then she put her books on the stand, hung up her one picture, a chromo, and sat down to contemplate the result. She looked a little puzzled, as she sat there, and finally she said aloud:

"It doesn't look quite as I thought it would, but I did just what the paper said. I'll call up mother and see what she says."

So presently up came the mother to take the final survey and pass judgment. She forbore to criticise, and only said:

"It looks very clean and dainty, dear, and I hope you will like it well enough to pay you for all the trouble you have taken with it. We can tell better in a month's time how it pleases us. Now come and eat your supper while the waffles are hot."

But Persis could not wait for the slow progress of time to tell her the good and bad qualities of her room. During the first week of possession one of her school friends came to spend the day with her, and on her arrival Persis took her up to the lately adorned room, and then waited anxiously for the verdict. But it did not come readily, so Persis, having waited for some time in vain, asked,

"How do you like my room, Sadie?"

Sadie puckered her mouth into a comical twist, and said,

"Persis, if you are satisfied that is enough. The approval of a good conscience—"

"Yes, yes!" broke in Persis, "but why don't you like it?"

"I did not say that I don't."

"You needn't try to cheat me, Sadie, I know you of old. Tell me instantly what the matter is with this room."

"Well," said Sadie, slowly, "I don't like so much sham. Do you?"

Persis colored. It had been the one thorn in the flesh.

"Then," went on Sadie, "I fear that these gay trappings will come to grief in the course of time. Cretonne has a terrible aptitude for fading. But you'll see. 'Seek not to anticipate,' as Sairey Gamp says."

Persis did see, as time went on. One night a stout friend of her mother's sat down rather heavily in the barrel chair. There was a crash and shivering of timbers, and to Persis' horror, she saw her guest sink through to the floor. John had not nailed on the boards quite strongly enough. The lady was speedily extricated from the wreck, and received Persis' excuses with the greatest good nature.

"Never mind, child, never mind!" she said, with a jolly laugh, "I know how it is with this home-made furniture. Sister Jane and I tried it once, but we soon got tired of it, and now we keep to boughten articles. I wonder your mother likes it," she went on inquisitively. "She always was a master hand for having things that were well made and substantial so they would last."

Persis' hot cheeks grew redder still, but she said nothing. But when the guest had departed, she tore the cretonne off the fragments of the chair, and split up the boards for kindlings. Then she sat down and fanned her hot cheeks, but said nothing aloud, though it is possible she made some inward resolves.

After that the cretonne on the various articles of furniture seemed to fade faster than ever. The blue was dim, and the drab dirty, especially on the dressing-case and commode. Persis ripped the cover off one of the ottomans, to see if the cretonne would bear washing, but the result was so bad that she made no farther

attempts in that direction. The straw matting began to break away in places, and before long there was a large hole directly in front of the bed. She put down a braided rug of her mother's to cover it, but others came fast, and they could not all be hidden. The cheese cloth curtains never had pleased her, for she thought they looked so "cheap."

And so one day, six months after she had completed her renovations, Persis sat down and once more took an account of stock.

"Every cent spent on this room," she said to herself, "was a waste. I never have liked it, and am glad I kept no record of the expense, for it would vex me so to look at it now. The cretonne is good for nothing now; the cheese cloth is 'dirt cheap'; the matting is disgraceful, and those old packing boxes shall not stay here much longer. But I am to teach school this spring, and with the money I will buy some real furniture."

As Persis planned, so she executed. When the summer came she bought a neat ash chamber suit for thirty-five dollars, covered the floor with plain white matting of good quality that would last for years, got black walnut poles for the windows, and draped them with scrim curtains that cost twenty-five cents a yard, and made a toilet set of scrim, ornamented with drawn work and ribbons.

When the bed was made up with its white counterpane, the towel-rack hung with fresh towels, and Persis' books and keepsakes scattered round, the room looked wonderfully fresh and pretty. In the course of time pictures were added, with a bracket, a statuette, and a hanging shelf for books. And if Persis lives to be a hundred she will never forget the lasting enjoyment that she had from her room when it was tastefully furnished with furniture that was no longer a sham.

The Conservatory.

THE GOLDEN-ROD.

O, gaily raise your radiant heads,
And wave your gold-fringed banners bright,
While o'er the sun-browned hillside spreads
Your charm that sweetly woos the sight!
The fairest ye of all the throng,
Mild heralds of autumnal days;
In forests dim your light prolong,
O'er fields shine through the mellow haze.

Ye tell us that the trees shall stand
All leafless 'gainst the silent sky,
And birds shall in some southern land
Renew the songs they here let die.
How oft a rest the toiler finds
By roadsides where your beauty blooms,
And feels his brow refreshed by winds
That gently sway your glowing plumes!

Sometimes upon the mountains wild
Your watch and ward ye fondly keep
O'er nature's waning life that smiled
E'er storm winds burst with withering sweep.
How oft the towering pine goes down
Beneath the tempest's rushing gale
That passes harmless o'er your crown,
Still bright with yellow blossoms' trail.

The splendors of the sun's gay hue,
Gathered from summer's smiling skies,
Ye throw upon the world anew
When autumn's darkening clouds arise.
The brave and generous heart thus sheds,
Where'er in time and earth it dwells,
Beauty and blessing on the heads
Of those who feel its magic spell.

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Forty-Two.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

THERE is a homely saying to the effect that one can have "too much of a good thing." A reader of this paper has evidently reached that climax, for she writes that she is tired of fuchsias and geraniums and requests me to devote a chapter to plants that are not so common.

That I can do very easily, for there is a long list of plants well worthy of our at-

tention that are not in general cultivation, but for all places and all seasons, it will be hard to find a plant that will prove as satisfactory as do these good old friends; and I should be very loth to dispense with them for the rarest plant in cultivation.

However, it is pleasant to have a variety, and I am always glad to oblige my floral friends, so I will begin the list with the pentstemon. Although the seeds of this plant are advertised at a low rate in almost every seedsman's catalogue, and the plants cultivated and offered for sale by nearly all professional florists in the land, yet, strange to say, the plant is but rarely seen in the border or window garden.

I have often wondered at the apparent neglect of so beautiful a flower, but have come to the conclusion that amateurs do not know what a deserving plant it is. Combining as it does so many of the qualities embraced in the perfect flowering plant, it has only to become known to be properly appreciated. It is of good habit, the flowers are beautiful in color, and delicate in texture, while their blooming period is of long duration, usually from July till October.

The flowers of the different varieties differ greatly in appearance; while some are open and bell-shaped, others are long and tubular; but all are beautiful. There is also a marked difference in the foliage. The pentstemon is advertised as a hardy perennial, but it should have protection in the colder sections of the northern states.

The plants bloom the second year from seed, or if wanted for winter blooming, sow early indoors, or in a hot bed, transplant to pots and grow in the open air until autumn, and with good culture they will begin to bloom by the holidays. Slips taken in the spring and cultivated in pots in the open air will make fine plants for winter blooming. Mine from slips last season were not brought in until October, and they began to bloom by the middle of December. The seeds can be had for five and ten cents per packet, the plants for fifteen and twenty-five cents per plant.

Dictamnus fraxinella is another very scarce but desirable perennial, with long racemes of showy flowers and pretty foliage. I know of but one thing to bring it into disfavor, and it may be the reason it is seldom seen in the gardens of the present day, the seeds are hard to germinate. I believe in all the years of my experience in floriculture, I have never found any seeds that proved as stubborn as those of the *dictamnus*, even though I closely followed the advice of a prominent seedsman who said, "The seeds germinate freely if sown in autumn or spring." I planted them in autumn and spring, and spring and autumn, with the same result, until I chanced upon the following bit of information which had been copied from a foreign journal:

"The *dictamnus* is one of the oldest and best border plants of our cottage gardens. Instances are known where the plant has outlived father, son and grandson in the same spot, without increase, all attempts at multiplying it to give away a rooted slip to a newly married member of the family having failed; yet the *fraxinella* is easily increased from seeds. Sow as soon as they are ripe in the common soil of the border, and cover one inch deep. They will not sprout till the following April. If they are kept over the winter and sown in the spring, they will remain twelve months before they sprout, and not one seed out of a hundred will sprout at all.

When the seedlings are two years old, transplant them where they are to remain and they will flower the third season. They prefer a deep, rich border, or a dry bottom, and all flower in June."

After reading the above I gave them another trial, and succeeded in raising a few plants which I grew in pots, plunging them in the border in summer, and wintering them in the cellar as you would an oleander. This plant is sometimes called "gas plant," because it is said the flowers on the moment of opening emit a gas that can be ignited. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, but I can tell you both flowers and foliage have a pleasing odor not unlike that of a lemon.

I presume there are methods unknown to me to make the seeds germinate more readily; if there is any secret about them I hope it will be given to the world, for the plant is too pretty to be kept so exclusive. Seeds of the *dictamnus* cost five or ten cents per packet; the plants are thirty cents each.

It is often a wonder to me why the *achania malacensis* is not in general culture. It will thrive well in any good garden soil, and is easily propagated from seeds or cuttings, while it may be had in bloom the year round. This plant is a native of tropical America, and in habit resembles the abutilon. In fact, it belongs to the same family. It will grow to the height of five or six feet, or it may be pruned without injury to any desirable shape. The plant bears showy scarlet flowers, peculiar in appearance; the petals do not fully expand, but remain convolute around the lower part of the slender, projecting, and soon twisted column, held together by a little side lobe near the inner edge.

The *achania* delights in a moderate temperature and plenty of water when growing fast; if kept too dry it will give notice by dropping its leaves. It may be known to some reader under the local name of sugar plant, so called, I presume, because of the fine particles not unlike grains of sugar that appear upon the leaves of the plant. Sometimes this substance is mistaken for disease by amateurs, and they labor diligently to remove it; but it is nature's own handiwork and should not be meddled with. Cuttings put down in June will make good plants for winter flowering, but as they tend naturally to a rampant growth, they will need pruning to make pretty shaped plants.

The *passiflora* is an extensive genus of plants well adapted to the window garden, or the open border, and yet, its genus is evidently more extensive than its cultivation, for I seldom meet it outside of a greenhouse. Florists divide this genus into three sections—hardy, half-hardy and tender species. As far as my knowledge goes with the different species, I have found them satisfactory. The vines are rapid growers, and the flowers of all extremely beautiful.

I have never tried this plant as a winter bloomer, but for summer it is elegant. It can be kept in the cellar during winter if it is a frost proof one. I am trying the new hardy white variety, Constance Elliott, this season.

For a summer bloomer I like the *erythrina*, or coral plant. The flowers are crimson and produced in large spikes nearly all summer. This plant is deciduous so it can be stored in the cellar winters. Some shake the soil from the roots and keep as they would dahlias, but if they are dried off in the pots, and the cellar is not too moist, they will keep well without removing.

The pomegranate is another deciduous plant, with pretty foliage and flowers. *Punica nana* is a dwarf variety, beginning to bloom when quite small, and its growth is naturally symmetrical; the flowers are a brilliant orange scarlet and very double.

Crape myrtle is a desirable shrub with most beautiful flowers. It is a native of the southern states, and but seldom seen

in our windows at the north, but it can be easily cultivated here, and the flowers are so lovely it is well worth a trial. Catalogues say it can be safely wintered in a cool, dry cellar, but I have best success with it, when wintered in a cool, dry frost-proof closet. I have lost them several times in our cellar; it is dark and too moist, I think, to store them while resting.

Daphne odorata is another good old plant, but very scarce. Indeed, I have never seen it growing in any living room except my own. I have not found it a difficult plant to cultivate. It will quickly resent too much water or excessive heat. Mine is growing at a north window in a cool room. It has good light but no sun. As soon as the weather will admit I set it outside in a sheltered place until September. It is a beautiful evergreen shrub, and with good culture begins to bloom in December. The flowers are deliciously sweet, and are of long duration if in a cool atmosphere, and where the sun cannot strike them.

And among the winter bloomers we have the laurestinus, a pretty evergreen shrub, bearing its flowers in compound cymes, something like the blooms of the elder. The flowers are white and freely produced.

And also the *jasmine grandiflorum*, blooming from October to May. The flowers are pure white, star-shaped, and possess an exquisite fragrance. It is a very desirable plant.

And so is the azalea. It is also a very popular plant with florists who grow it for cut flowers and decorative purposes. It blooms in late winter or early spring, and can easily be cultivated in our living rooms, if not overheated. *Bursig* has lovely flowers, double and pure snow white and freely produced. *Alba* is a single white variety, and a profuse bloomer. Azaleas that have bloomed in the winter should be given a cool, half shady place out doors through the summer, with just water enough to keep the leaves from dropping. All the azaleas have beautiful flowers and I don't feel willing to let florists monopolize them. They will not bear abuse like the good-natured geranium, but they do not require much more care. The pots should have good drainage so that water cannot stand at the roots, and a temperature of from sixty to seventy degrees suits them well.

I will close this list with the bouvardia as I wish to devote a little space to answering questions. While this plant is not so exclusive as those above, I can truthfully say it is not in general cultivation. It is one of our most valuable winter bloomers, producing its flowers generously throughout the season. The flowers are beautiful, varying in color from pure white to bright scarlet. It is easily cultivated, but thrives best in a warm, sunny window. They should be planted in the border in summer and pruned, both root and branch. Florists treat as follows: Shake the earth from the roots, cut off the tops to about five inches, and pinch off parts of the roots and plant for new plants. Set the old plants in open bed, and re-pot them in the fall for winter blooming. They should be potted before frosty nights come on. I hope that those who are tired of geraniums and fuchsias will give the bouvardia a trial next winter. All varieties single and double are worthy of culture.

Mrs. J. G. W., the roses you mention, grow in my neighbor's yard, just over our garden fence. They are entirely neglected, but flourish well without any petting whatever. Every morning in their season of bloom, I step across and take a peep at them before they are fully opened; just then they are lovely as they are partially veiled by tall grasses. They are the first and only roses of the kind

that I have seen since I was a wee lassie and gathered them from my mother's garden, and, oh, what tender memories they awaken! I cannot name it, but perhaps Mr. Allen can. I, too, would like to know their true cognomen. It may be the rose that was worn as a badge by the House of Lancaster, who can tell?

Elinor Graham, the pansy is properly a biennial, but it can be perpetuated by dividing the roots. Plants from spring sown seeds produce their largest flowers in the autumn of the first year and the spring of the second, after which they are apt to become exhausted, but I will tell you how I treated my old roots last season and again this year. As the spring rains had washed the goodness from the beds, I took a trowel and lifted the roots with a good clump of earth so as not to disturb them, then had the beds spaded anew, adding a generous supply of manure, for there is not much danger of getting the soil too rich for pansies. The plants were then re-set, and watered every day until they were growing vigorously, and now comes the secret of their continuous bloom; as fast as the flowers withered they were removed, not one was allowed to seed. With this treatment my plants were healthy and vigorous all the summer and autumn, until wrapped in their winding sheet of snow. Give them a half shady place in the coolest part of your garden, and make the soil rich and deep. If a dry season water every evening, and I believe you will not have cause to find fault with their deportment. But to keep up a supply of fresh roots it is best to sow new seeds every season.

R. B. W., to have healthy, free-blooming roses, they should be potted in rich soil and given a warm, sunny window, and kept only moderately moist. When they are watered it should be done thoroughly, then wait until the soil looks dry before repeating the dose. Give fresh air every day in warm weather, and shower the foliage frequently with tepid water. Dust is very injurious to them, they will not thrive if coated with it. Cut away the flowers as soon as they wither, and do not crowd them; let each have a little elbow room. So long as the plant continues to grow and bloom well, don't stimulate, but should the soil become exhausted, (a sign you may accept when the leaves begin to turn yellow,) give them liquid manure, not too strong, once or twice a week, but care should be taken not to overdose the plants, for if you hasten vegetation too rapidly, it will be at the expense of vitality. What we want is to assist nature, not force it. Should fine white worms trouble, sprinkle a little air-slaked lime over the surface soil.

Mrs. J. H. Harvard, I think the plant to which you refer in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD, is the *solanum ciliatum*. This is a shrubby species bearing scarlet fruit which remains on the plant for two years or more. The fruit is about the size of a Siberian crab apple. I find the seeds advertised in the catalogue of Geo. W. Park, Fannettsburg, Pa., priced at five cents per packet.

Olive Lee, the best white flower I know of, or the best one meeting with the desired requirements, is the Achillea. The flowers are pure white, very double and produced in large sprays. The plant is very hardy, will grow anywhere, dies back to the ground in winter, but is sure to make its appearance in spring. It begins to bloom in July, and continues to flower until injured by frost. You will find it advertised in nearly all plant catalogues.

Mrs. L. A. Robinson, the very best advice that I can give you to rid your plants of spiders, lice and worms, is to re-pot them in fresh, sweet soil, and while you

have the plants out of the soil, make a strong suds or a weak tobacco tea, and wash the foliage thoroughly in it, and rinse in clean water, blood warm. After they are re-potted, watch them closely for a while, should they re-appear, repeat the bath as soon as they have taken hold of the soil, so that it may be done without disturbing the roots again. Should the worms trouble again, mix a little air-slaked lime with the surface soil. When plants get badly infested with vermin, we may know of a surety that the soil is not in a healthy condition, and the sooner we get rid of it the better for the plants. Dosing them with all sorts of nostrums only makes a bad matter worse.

I have said that roses should have a rich soil, but the dressing used should be old and fine; fresh manures are not fit for plants in solid or in liquid form.

Mrs. N. A. Farnsworth, yes, there are ornamental foliage plants that will thrive fairly well where dust will gather. For such a room I would recommend *acalypha macafeana* and *marginata*, *farugium grande*, *anthericum*, *aspidistra*, and *phormium colensoi*. All these grow well with what one may call indifferent treatment, but they will repay you for a good bath once a week. The *cissus discolor* would not give you satisfaction in such a place. It is a beautiful climber, grown for its foliage which is prettily shaded with purple, green, white and pink; the surface of the leaves is rich and velvety in appearance. It delights in a light, rich soil and partial shade, and a warm, even temperature. A sudden change in the atmosphere will often cause it to drop its leaves. In a congenial element the plant is truly magnificent, but in the ordinary living room with its changing atmosphere, where the dust would be constantly rising and coating the foliage, it would not give satisfaction. A prettily variegated coleus would be much better for the purpose, for they will bear rougher usage, and can be showered without injury.

—Hot water will frequently restore flowers to freshness, even when every petal is drooping. Place the stems into a cup of boiling hot water, leave them in it until each petal has become smoothed out, then cut off the coddled ends and put into milk-warm water.

—Provide a sufficient quantity of good soil for potting plants and store it out of the reach of frost. The best soil for this purpose is a mixture of rich loam (decomposed sods), leaf mould, fully decomposed, fine and dry cow manure and clean sand. Put all these component parts, each by itself, in heaps or in boxes or barrels, in the cellar or in some other frost proof place. They are then on hand when wanted, and may be mixed in the desired degree of richness for each particular kind of plants.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one skilled in the management of roses, please tell me, through the columns of our paper, how to care for a collection of roses in pots, so as to have some plants in blossom all the time? Please adapt the advice to a northern latitude. AMATEUR.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—My white day lily never bloomed until last autumn, but when it did bloom I felt amply repaid for my long waiting and watching. There were other white day lilies in this neighborhood, but none thrived so well or bore such fine flowers as did mine. It had very large, glossy leaves and two rank flower stalks, one growing to the height of thirty-five and the other thirty-three inches, and each producing by actual count forty-five flowers. It grew in a partially shaded spot, and had an abundant supply of water through the summer. FERNETTE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell Mrs. L. A. Robinson, I set my house plants in a rather deep tub of sun warmed water, for half an hour, once a week in warm weather, and I am not troubled with insects. ORA.

The Nursery.

GROWN UP LAND.

Good morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?
O, this way and that way—never stop,
'Tis picking up stitches that grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words will never pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,
O, that is the way to Womanhood Town.
Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I pray,
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell the way?
O, by toiling and trying, we reach the land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,
O, that is the way to Manhood Town.
And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in the Grown-up Land.

JACK.

"I DON'T know about sending such a hardened little chap as he is."
"That is the kind that needs to go."
"But what if nobody'll take him?"
"Then I will bring him back."

So said the superintendent of one of the earliest companies of children sent out by the "fresh air fund," and thus it came that Jack joined the eager little crowd that was drawn from an alley in the slums of a great city.

"He is a tough one," said the superintendent to himself, while watching the boy Jack as he half carelessly, half willfully, tripped up one or two smaller boys in the rush when they were leaving the steamboat to take the cars.

"He don't look like the right sort," said one or two farmers.

"If they were of the right sort, they wouldn't need our help," said a pleasant woman who sat in a spring wagon. "Put him in here, please. Come, my boy, will you go home with me?"

Jack climbed into the wagon, but he made no attempts to enter into conversation. His eyes were never raised to hers as they rode along in silence, and Mrs. Lynn began to conclude that she had taken hold of a very hard case.

But it was soon seen that there were some things that Jack loved. Before night he had made friends with horses, cows, chickens, ducks, geese and cats, and was found lying under a tree in rapt admiration of a pert jay which chattered about him and which he had almost coaxed to alight upon his finger.

"Come with me and I'll show you something more," said Mrs. Lynn, the next morning after breakfast. She put a pail of salt into his hand and they went up a little glen, then up a steep hill, and called:

"Nan, nan, nan!"

A quiet pattering of footsteps was now heard, and down the path came a line of soft-looking white animals.

"What's their names?" asked Jack in great interest.

"They are sheep. There are a great many more up over the hill, but they do not know me very well, so they refuse to come. We must go further."

Higher up they went to where a sunny pasture sloped more gently down on the other side; and there were hundreds of the pretty creatures nipping the short grass, or lying under the trees. They looked at the stranger with shy, gentle eyes, but gathered near as Mrs. Lynn repeated her call.

Jack laughed, and whooped, and threw himself on the ground in the excess of his delight, at first frightening them away. But he was soon in among them, winning

them by his coaxing tones and the salt which he held out to them.

The boy's face seemed transformed as Mrs. Lynn got her first full glance at his eyes. He laid his hands lovingly on the heads of some half grown lambs, and he tenderly lifted one which seemed a little lame.

"You may take that one to the house, if you like," said Mrs. Lynn, "and I will bind up the injured foot."

He did so, and when he returned it to the flock he staid there all day, only going to the house when called to dinner by the sound of the conch-shell. And every day afterward, the most of his time was spent on the breezy hillside, finding his fill of enjoyment in his sheep. He was little seen at the house, seeming not to care for human society; but he took long walks at his will, from which he once brought home a bird with a broken wing, and again a starved stray kitten, both of which he carefully tended.

"Hear him!" said Mrs. Lynn, one day, when she had gone out into the meadow where her husband was at work. "I believe he knows every sheep there."

Jack's voice came ringing down with "Hiho hiho! hiho-o-o-o-o! Where be you, Flax, and Fluders, and Foam? Come here, my jolly boys, and kick up yer heels in the mo-o-or-r-ning!"

"He gets off some such rigmarole every time he goes near them," she said; "and I'm sure all the sheep know him."

Jack stayed a month among his fleecy darlings, and when the time came for saying good by to them, nobody was there to hear him say it. He allowed Mrs. Lynn to shake his hand as he went on board of the train that was to take him to his home or rather to his homelessness, but he made little response to her kind farewells.

She had tried so faithfully to impress him with the idea that there are plenty in this wide world whose hearts the dear Lord has filled with the tenderest pity and love towards those whose paths seem laid in shadowed places, that she felt keenly disappointed, and feared that she might have entirely failed. However, she remembered with comfort that, just as the last car was passing the platform from which she had watched it, she had distinctly caught sight of a boy's face whose eyes were filled with tears as he strove to gain a last glance at her, and she believed in her heart that it was Jack's face.

II.

"It's no use trying to get the matter righted," said Farmer Lynn to his wife, speaking in a tone of great vexation. "This man Green is a tricky knave. Ever since the day his sheep broke into my field and got mixed up with my flock the fellow has been claimin' some twenty of my best Atwoods and Cotswolds, and now he's going to law to make me give them to him."

"Well, if the sheep are yours, won't that course be the best for you?"

"Not with such a man as that. He's ready to swear that the sheep are his, and there's the trouble. I'm morally sure I know my own sheep, but when it comes to be pinned right down to swear to each one among so many, I can't do it."

She shook her head.

"No, you couldn't. Sheep are too much alike, and you would run the risk of making a mistake. When is the trial to be?"

"Next Thursday week."

For the next few days Mrs. Lynn went about with a very sober face. She took two or three rides to the village, had an interview with her husband's lawyer, wrote several letters, and one day the whole neighborhood was alarmed by a messenger inquiring his way with a telegram for Mrs. Lynn, it being the first message of such a nature that had ever made its way into the township.

But after that every thing went on very quietly, until the morning of the day set for the trial.

"Well," said Mr. Lynn, "I s'pose Green will be out here this afternoon to swear that my sheep are his. His lawyers are coming too."

The afternoon came, and with it Green, the lawyers, and half of the township, besides.

They went and looked over the ground, saw the flocks feeding in the adjoining fields, and how, by the fence breaking, they had become mingled. Then, little remained but for Mr. Green to declare which of his sheep had remained with Mr. Lynn's flock.

But Mr. Lynn protested against the wrong being done him by picking out a number of his choicest animals and putting them over the fence into Mr. Green's field.

His lawyer was restless, and seemed anxious to delay the proceedings, saying, at length: "I am looking for another witness."

"It won't do you much good, I fancy," said Green, with a triumphant laugh.

Mrs. Lynn now drove rapidly up in her spring wagon, and her husband looked eagerly to see who was in the wagon with her.

"It's Jack!" he exclaimed. "But I'd like to know what good he can do!"

Green's laugh took on a scornful tone when he saw this long-awaited witness. His lawyer addressed Mr. Bright, the counsel for Mr. Lynn:

"Ho, ho! Mr. Bright, is that your new witness? A heavy weight, I must say! Who do you s'pose is going to take the testimony of a little ragamuffin like that, eh? And against me!"

"I am not going to ask for the boy's testimony," said the lawyer. "I am going to let the sheep testify for themselves. Now, gentlemen, Mrs. Lynn believes that their sheep know the voice of this boy and will come at his call, and it is my purpose to submit their testimony to the decision of the court. Mr. Green's sheep have only been pastured here lately, since Jack returned to the city. Now, my boy, stand on this fence, and let us see if the sheep will claim the honor of your acquaintance."

Jack leaped upon the fence which separated the two fields, and ran a little way along it. For a moment there was a huskiness in his throat and a dimness in his eyes as he turned to the pasture in which he had spent the only real happy hours he had ever known. He gave but one look at his peaceful white fleeced pets in the Lynn pasture; and then, turning the other way, his voice rang out, clear and distinct, on the crisp air:

"Hiho, hiho, hiho-o-o-o-o! Come, Daisy-face! Come, Cloud-white! Come, Snip and Snap and Snorum! Come, Flax and Fluders and Foam! Hiho, hiho, hiho-o-o-o-o!"

At the sound of his voice, a few white heads were raised among the grazing flocks in Mr. Lynn's field; then more; and then a commotion stirred the quiet creatures. Bleating, they then ran to the fence where Jack stood, almost clambering over each other in their efforts to reach him.

But little heed was paid to them, for all were watching the sheep claimed by Mr. Green. There was a stir among them, too; for nine-tenths of the flock, alarmed by the unknown voice cutting so sharply through the still air, had turned and fled, and were huddling in a white mass in a distant corner.

About twenty had bleated their recognition of a friend, and hurrying up with a run and jump, were gathering about Jack, who sprang down from the fence among them; and, with arms around the neck of a special favorite, and his face buried in

its fleece, was sobbing as if his heart was breaking.

Lawyer Bright was dancing about like a school-boy. He swung his hat and then pitched it high in the air.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for boys and sheep! They are as good witnesses as I want. Mr. Lynn's case is the soundest one I ever brought before a court."

"Witnesses!" growled Mr. Green. "Are you such idiots as to suppose that this will amount to any thing in law?"

It did amount to something "in law," however, as Mr. Green found out when the judge's decision was given.—*Ex.*

THE LITTLE MAN CONSCIENCE.

Every window of the parlor was wide open; and, although the sun, shining from the east, laid bright bands of golden light across the carpet, yet the crisp, cold air of January sent icy blasts along with the sunshine.

Cristie was sweeping; not such short, careless sweeps as a less pronounced character could be satisfied to give, but cleanly strokes, that at once cleansed the carpet, and raised but little dust; in fact, just as everybody knew that Christie would work.

Christie was a curiosity to the members of the household; at once as simple and as light of heart as a child, yet, on occasion, a woman upon whose judgment they could rely, true and brave to a great degree.

On the particular day on which you are looking at her, through a stranger's eyes, she was in a quandary; her mind contained an unusual burden, for she was not singing as usual, and her big gray eyes had a look of trouble that was so intense that it seemed to bring a suspicion of tears to them.

Some of the family would say that tears and Christie's eyes could never be seen together. But more folks than that have many sad moments mixed in with the gay ones; for life is made up of sunshine and shadows, and if the dark clouds never came overhead, we should never know how bright the sun can shine.

In a sort of unconscious way Christie swept over and over a figure of green and gold that was worked into the carpet; then she paused, and, clasping both hands over the top of the broom, rested her chin upon them, still thinking upon the bothers. Just then a gentle knock at the door, and the turning of the handle, disclosed to view the face of little Jacky, Christie's especial pet.

"Can I come in, Christie?" he asked.

"Not when the cold is coming into the windows at such a rate, my darling."

"But aren't you cold, Christie?"

"No, little kid; my dress is thicker than yours, and I have a silk handkerchief over my ears, and a pair of mittens upon my hands. Where-as if you became too cold, you might turn into a big icicle."

Jacky gradually disappeared behind the door, and Christie continued her work. She was thinking just as hard, but there had come into her eyes a more hopeful look, that dispersed the mist of tears. "I know how to settle it—Jacky shall decide for me." So, when the windows were closed, and the room had become warmer, she called the boy, and, perching him upon the table, she knelt beside him.

"Jacky, little man, do you know what a judge does?"

"Hasn't he a court, Christie? I think papa said so to John last evening."

"Yes, you are quite right. Now, this room is the court; you are the judge, and I am the prisoner. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"And you are to pass sentence upon me."

"Oh! But, Christie, you would not do what I told you unless you chose to, and I couldn't make you, you know."

"Yes, I will."

"What is the matter, prisoner?" asked Jacky, with mock dignity.

"Just this. I am invited to go to a place of amusement this evening, and—"

"And won't mamma let you go?"

"I have not asked her yet."

"Well, why don't you?"

"I am not quite sure that it is right for me to go; how shall I find out?"

"Oh, Christie, don't you know? Papa says that everybody, big and little, has in their head a little man, Conscience, that can help them every time. You had better ask him."

"I ought to know that, without being told by a baby like you."

"Ask the little man if it is right, and if he does not say yes very quickly, then he means that you had better not do it."

"That is just it, pet."

"And papa says to ask the questions quickly, and to take his first answer, because he likes to be played with sometimes, and then we go wrong."

"I thank you much, darling; you have given me a lesson that I shall never forget. And hereafter I shall not need the help of any one except the little man, Conscience, to show me what is best to do."—*Ex.*

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Boys and girls are not the same. They are born different and show it while infants. The boy baby is restless and uneasy in his mother's arms. He is never still except when asleep, and even then tumbles from side to side in his crib with sudden flings of arms and legs. When he grows beyond babyhood he plays differently. Without ever being told of it he instinctively runs away from dolls; lays them aside in indifference and freely donates them to whatever little girl will have them. He demands balls and bats and drums; he turns down chairs for horses, lays hold on all the strings of the house for lines, wants all the little sticks made into whips, mounts lounges and drives four in hand; he asks for guns, and wants you to tell him stories of bears and lions and tigers, and is amused beyond measure at their leaping upon and eating up cows and oxen.

The girl baby is gentle even from the first, and looks quietly out of the blue eyes, or laughingly out of the dark ones. She naturally takes to her dolls, and never wears of dressing them and arranging the baby house; she is gentle in her plays, and would be frightened with what would fill her brother with a paroxysm of delight; she loves fairy tales, and will not laugh and ask some absurd question about the babes in the wood, but rather cries over their sorrows. The sister will smooth pussy, and hold her lovingly in her lap, while the brother wants to see if the cat can jump, and when she tries to get out of his undesirable company will detain her by the leg or tail.

And these same divergences of disposition and character perpetuate themselves as the boy or girl grows older. There are exceptions, it is true; some boys have all the tastes and gentleness of a feminine nature, and some girls have much that is masculine. I do not regret seeing it in each. The gentle boy will not make any the less noble man because there was so much that was girl-like in his childhood, nor will the girl that was, in her rudeness, often called a boy, be any the less, but perhaps all the more a true and lovely woman.—*Dr. Aikman.*

A BABY'S PLEA.

There is a little tow-headed chap of three years who calls me "papa." We are the best friends in the world, and yet we sometimes have our little differences. And I am sometimes surprised and rebuked by the unconscious eloquence of that dear little lad's pleading for the

rights of children, and for some consideration of their feelings and their juvenile infirmities of character. Somehow we fathers and mothers do forget at times that we were children once, and like-minded with these little ones of ours. The remembrance of our own little heart-aches and our childish grievances seems to have gone from us.

I was cross when I went home the other night. A man had puffed the smoke of a cheap cigar into my face all the way home in the car; another fellow had munched an apple in my car; something had gone wrong at the office, and ten times worse than all, I fell headlong on a slippery place before my own door in full view of all the giggling neighbors and my wife, who made me see visions of divorce courts by giggling too. I was in the raging-and-roaring-lion condition the best of men are idiotic enough to get into at times; and before I had been three minutes in the house that little boy of mine did something I had told him not to do, and I was going to punish him right then and there. But, ugly as I was, I gave the child a chance to say something in his defence.

"What made you do that when I told you not to?" I roared in a voice that might well have scared the life out of the boy. His pretty lips trembled for a moment, great tears came into his eyes, and stammering and trembling he sobbed out:

"Well, papa, I—I—well, papa, what makes you do naughty things ever? You are a big man, and I am such a little boy."

He didn't get the least punishment. It don't seem to me at this writing that I shall ever punish him again as long as he lives. There was such a strong and tender plea for justice and Christian forbearance in his "I am such a little boy."

And I cannot to myself satisfactorily answer the question as to why I do the things I ought not to do, unless it is because of the limitations of our human nature that make it impossible for us to lead sinless lives.—*A Father in Babyhood.*

BOYS AND TRADES.

"I believe," says a southern writer in the *Jeweler's Journal*, "in schools where boys can learn trades. Peter the Great left his throne and went to learn how to build a ship, and he learned from stem to stern, from hull to mast, and that was the beginning of his greatness. I knew a young man who was poor and smart. A friend sent him to one of these schools up north, where he stayed two years, and came back as a mining engineer and a bridge builder. Last year he planned and built a cotton factory, and is getting a large salary. How many college boys are there in Georgia who can tell what kind of native timber will bear the heaviest burden, or why you will take white oak for one part of a wagon and ash for another, and what timber will last longer under water and what out of water? How many know sandstone from limestone, or iron from manganese? How many know how to cut a rafter or brace without a pattern? How many know which turns the faster—the top of the wheel or the bottom—as the wagon moves along the ground? How many know how steel is made, and how a snake can climb a tree?"

How many know that a horse gets up before and a cow behind, and the cow eats grass from her and the horse to him? How many know that a surveyor's mark on a tree never gets any higher from the ground, or what tree bears fruit without bloom?

There is a power of comfort in knowledge but a boy is not going to get it unless he wants it bad, and that is the trouble with most college boys, they don't want it. They are too busy and haven't got

time. There is more hope of a dull boy who wants knowledge than of a genius, for a genius generally knows it all without study. These close observers are the world's benefactors."

GIVE THE BEST OF YOURSELF.

A lady gave us a rule, not long since, by which she had succeeded in interesting her fun-loving boys, so they preferred to stay at home evenings instead of seeking amusements elsewhere. She said:

"I remember that children are children, and must have amusements. I fear that the abhorrence with which some good parents regard any play for children is the reason why children go away for pleasure. Husband and I used to read history, and at the end of each chapter ask some questions, requiring the answer to be looked up if not correctly given. We follow a similar plan with the children; sometimes we play one game and sometimes another, always planning with books, stories, plays or treats of some kind, to make the evenings at home more attractive than they can be made abroad. I should dislike to think that any one could make my children happier than I can, so I always try to be at leisure in the evening and to arrange something entertaining."

When there is a good concert, lecture or entertainment, we all go together and enjoy it; and whatever is worth the price of admission to us older people, is equally valuable to the children, and we let them see that we spare no expense where it is to their advantage to be out of an evening.

But the greater number of our evenings are spent quietly at home. Sometimes it requires an effort to sit quietly talking and playing with them when my work-basket is filled with unfinished work, and books and papers lie unread on the table; but as the years go by, and I see my boys and girls growing into home loving, modest young men and maidens, I am glad that I made it my rule to always give the best of myself to my family."

TO MOTHERS.

If you say "No," mean "No." Unless you have a good reason for changing a given command, hold to it.

Take an interest in your children's amusements; mother's share in what pleases them is a great delight.

Remember that trifles to you are mountains to them; respect their feelings.

Keep up a standard of principles; your children are judges.

Be honest with them in small things as well as in great. If you cannot tell them what they wish to know, say so, rather than deceive them.

As long as it is possible, kiss the children good night after they are in bed; they like it, and it keeps them very close.

Bear in mind you are largely responsible for your children's inherited characters, and be patient with them.

If you have lost a child, remember that for the one who is gone there is no more to do, but for those left, every thing.

Make your boys and girls study physiology; when they are ill, try to make them comprehend why, how the complaint arose, and the remedy, so far as you know it.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—At two or three different times I have contributed my small mite to the "cause we love so well," but have never lifted my voice in this particular department of our valuable paper. In fact, I think when I wrote before no cherub faces lightened our home, and no pattering feet echoed through the house from morning till night. I now have two little girls, aged respectively three years and eighteen months, and as all my friends and relatives pronounce them marvels of

regularity, I thought I might possibly be of a little assistance to others.

My first baby I was able to supply with the natural nourishment, but with my second I was obliged to resort to the bottle when she was a little over two months old, at first once a day, but gradually more and more, till I was forced to use it altogether.

Since weaning my baby I have used the utmost care in her diet, giving her very simple food, (and not too often), consisting chiefly of milk, bread, the various cereals, and when she was about fifteen months, varying it by fresh, soft boiled eggs, and light broth with rice. Some idea may be formed of her healthy condition when I tell you that she cut two double teeth without my knowing it until I found them through, and without the slightest disarrangement of the bowels. This fact was pronounced remarkable by a mother who had raised eight children, and never had "heard of such a thing!" Both of my children cut their teeth with the greatest ease, and I attribute it solely to their simple diet and regular habits.

They take their day naps at regular hours always, and go to bed for the night at seven o'clock in summer and six in winter. Two healthier, happier little "comforts" would be hard to find. They are never rocked to sleep, consequently a great deal of valuable time is saved, and I am sure they are better off. I put them down (in separate cribs yet) at six o'clock, turn out the light and go down stairs. The older one usually sings herself to sleep, and the baby never whimpers, but is soon off for the Land of Nod.

How did I bring this about? By beginning early enough. A great many mothers are deterred from an attempt to form the non-rocking habit because it is so hard to hear their children cry. Indeed it is! Every pitiful wail produces an answering response from the loving mother's heart; but if you begin almost with their first consciousness, most of this may be avoided. Don't wait till the child has learned that a lap is a very cozy, comfortable resting-place, but begin before it has begun to discriminate between a lap and a bed. Be sure it is warm, dry and well fed, and then place it comfortably in bed, and before the bright eyes have glistened there long, the snowy lids will droop, and Miss Baby will have forgotten her infantile troubles in a healthful sleep.

It requires perseverance, to be sure, but ah! what a bountiful harvest you reap some hot day, when you can dispose the restless midget in a darkened room and go about your duties, without being wrought up to the highest nervous pitch by trying to woo sleep to the fidgety, long-suffering baby, who, of course, grows proportionately more restless as you become tired and probably impatient. I have tried it successfully with two children, totally different in temperament and disposition, and I know it can be done. You can readily tell by the manner of the child's crying whether it be in pain or temper.

One more suggestion I should like to make. Teach your children to depend upon their own resources. When my baby was but five weeks old, after she was fed and comfortable, I laid her on the bed, pulled up her skirts so she could kick, and let her lie as long as she would. Upon the first trial she was quiet but ten minutes, but I persevered, and after a while she would lie awake perfectly good for one hour by the clock. As a consequence, when she grew older she amused herself, and now my children are noted for the fund of self-entertainment they possess; and when their originality begins to flag, I come to the rescue with some trifling device that starts them on again for another hour.

My heart is full of this subject, and I have written more than I intended to.

ESTELLE.

The Library.

A POEM FROM BIBLE TEXTS.

The following poem, formed from different Bible texts, is worth preserving:

Cling to the Mighty One, Cling in thy grief, Cling to the Holy One, He gives relief; Cling to the Gracious One, Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faithful One, He will sustain.	Ps. lxxxix: 19. Heb. xii: 11. Heb. vii: 11. Ps. cxvi: 6. Ps. cxvi: 6. Ps. iv: 4. 1 Thess. v: 25. Ps. iv: 24.
Cling to the Living One, Cling in thy woe, Cling to the Loving One Through all below; Cling to the Pardoning One, He speaketh peace; Cling to the Healing One, Anguish shall cease.	Heb. vii: 25. Ps. lxxxvi: 7. 1 John iv: 16. Rom. vii: 38, 39. John xiv: 27. John xiv: 23. Exodus xv: 25. Ps. cxvii: 27.
Cling to the Bleeding One, Cling to His side, Cling to the Risen One, In Him abide; Cling to the Coming One, Hope shall arise, Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.	1 John ii: 27. John xv: 27. Rom. vi: 9. John xv: 4. Rev. xxii: 20. Titus ii: 13. Ps. cxvii: 1. Ps. xvi: 11.

THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

SEPTEMBER takes its name from having been the seventh month in the year, when the year came in on March; now it is the ninth. It has in the course of its existence, borne a good many names, the Emperor Domitian giving it his own name, Germanicus, while the senate under Antoninus Pius, called it Antoninus. Commodus gave it his surname, Herculeus, and the Emperor Tacitus called it after his own illustrious self, Tacitus. It might have had still another distinguished name, that of Tiberius, the Roman senate wishing to bestow that upon it, but the Caesar himself objected to it.

It corresponds to the month Elul of the ancient Hebrews, and the Syro Macedonians christened it Hyperberetæus. September is the Babeth of the Egyptian calendar, the Djour Cadeth of the Turkish, and the *Septembre* of the Italian. By the Anglo Saxons it was called Gerst-monath—Grist month, because the new corn was then carried to mill, and in Switzerland it is still called Herbstmonat—harvest month. It was also called "harvest month" in Charlemagne's calendar, and it corresponds partly to the Fructidor and partly to the Ven de'miaire of the first French republic.

During the French Revolution a fearful massacre took place in Paris from the second to the fifth of September, 1792, when the prisons were broken open and their inmates foully murdered, among them there being a bishop and a hundred priests. Some accounts state that at least four thousand persons were put to death. The agents in this slaughter were known by the name of "Septembrizers."

Three days in September have been kept by the Church from the earliest ages down to the present time—the nativity of the Virgin on the eighth, St. Matthew the apostle on the twenty-first, and St. Michael the archangel on the twenty-ninth. The festival of the Virgin Mary was appointed by Pope Seroias about the year 695 A. D. Her father's name is supposed to have been Joachim, and her mother's Anne.

St. Matthew wrote the gospel that bears his name. He is spoken of as "the publican," or tax gatherer, an office not in high repute among the Jews at that time. He is also spoken of as Levi, who was sitting at the receipt of custom when he was called by Jesus to follow Him. The gospel tells us that as soon as he heard that divine command, "he arose, left all, and followed Him." Little is known of the history of St. Matthew outside of the gospel narrative. Tradition says he suffered

martyrdom among the Parthians about the year 61. In medieval glass he is usually represented with an angel near him, and thus he is set forth in a magnificent window in All Saints Memorial Church in Providence, R. I.

St. Michael's day, commonly called "Michaelmas" is known in the calendar as "St. Michael and all angels, and the church commemorates the services of that order of celestial beings who are appointed to minister to such as shall be heirs of salvation.

In the general epistle of St. Jude, St. Michael is spoken of as "the archangel," and in the seventh verse of the twelfth chapter of the Revelation of St. John, we read that "there was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven."

In Europe there are even now many observances in relation to this day. One of them is that of eating roast goose. It is said that in England this custom arose from the fact of Queen Elizabeth eating it on the twenty-ninth of September, 1588, at the house of Sir Neville Umfreyville, where she heard of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Others say that the custom is of a much earlier date than the age of the Tudors.

The ancient church was much richer in ecclesiastical days in September than the modern. At the time of the Reformation, the observance of these days, except the three already named, was given up. Their names are, however, still retained in the calendar of the English prayer book though there is no special service for them.

On the very first of the month comes St. Giles' day. He was an Athenian by birth, of royal descent, and from his earliest years distinguished for piety and charity. On the death of his parents he, while still young, distributed amongst the poor his entire patrimony, including his very tunic, which garment effected a miraculous cure upon the poor sick man to whom it had been given. Shrinking from the publicity involved in this and many other (apparently involuntary) miracles, he betook himself to France, where after a residence of two years with St. Caesar at Arles, he withdrew into the solitude of the neighboring desert, living upon herbs and the milk of a hind which came to his cell at stated hours. Here he was discovered after some time by the king of France, who on a hunting expedition had tracked the hind to the hermit's cave. With the reluctant consent of the saint, a monastery was built on the site, and he was appointed its first abbot. The functions of this office he discharged with prudence and piety until his death near eighty, A. D. 695. St. Giles was esteemed the particular patron of lepers, beggars and cripples. He is a popular saint in England, no less than one hundred and forty-six churches being named in his honor. In stained glass and in ancient pictures, this saint is represented bearing a crosier, while a hind has her head or fore feet in his lap, her neck sometimes pierced with an arrow.

St. Enurachus' day occurs on the seventh of this month. According to the legend, being sent into France to redeem some captives, he came to Orleans, where the people were engaged in electing a bishop, who seeing a dove alight twice on his head, took that as a sign of his great sanctity, and therefore elevated him to that office. He died about the year 340. He is represented in ancient art with a dove alighting on his head.

On the fourteenth of this month occurs what is called "Holy Cross day," in commemoration of the appearance of a luminous cross in the heavens to the Emperor Constantine. On this same day,

too, in the year 335, the holy cross was first exposed to the gaze of the people in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

The seventeenth of September is consecrated to St. Lambert, who was both bishop and martyr. He became Bishop of Maestricht in 668, but being afterwards expelled by Theodoric, king of France, he retired to the monastery of Stavalo, where for seven years he submitted to all the rules just as strictly as the youngest novice did. The following anecdote is told of him: He arose one night to attend to his devotions, when he accidentally let his wooden slipper fall. The abbot of the monastery thinking some one had broken the rule of silence, sent orders that the brother who had made the noise should go and pray before the cross at the abbey gate. St. Lambert immediately obeyed, though the legend says, "fiercely from the northern mountain blew the blast of winter's night." He was afterwards restored to his bishopric and managed its affairs with the utmost zeal and fidelity. He was murdered in a private quarrel by Dodo, a powerful retainer of Pepin de Heristal, and has always been regarded as a martyr, in consequence of his patience and meekness. It is related that he met the attack of his murderer by calmly throwing himself upon the ground and extending his arms like a cross.

Two more important days in the religious annals of September remain to be mentioned, that of St. Cyprian and St. Jerome. The first named saint was born in Carthage, where for many years he was distinguished as an orator and a teacher of rhetoric. When past the prime of life, he was converted to Christianity and became Bishop of Carthage. During his life, persecutions of the Christians raged so furiously that more than once he was obliged to abandon his see, and remain in obscurity till their fury had abated. But while in exile he kept up a constant communication with the outer world by means of letters and treatises, many of which have been preserved to our times. He is regarded as the greatest luminary of the third century, being remarkable not only for his great piety, but for the purity of his Latin style. He was beheaded just outside of the city of Carthage, on the fourteenth day of September, 258, but his festival was afterwards transferred to the twenty-sixth, in order that the martyrdom of another Cyprian, a bishop of Antioch might be commemorated at the same time.

The thirtieth is St. Jerome's day. This saint was born in Pannonia, and at an early age went to Rome to study rhetoric and grammar, under the famous Donatus. He entered the legal profession, but was afterwards baptized and became a hermit and saint. For a long time he dwelt in a cave in Bethlehem, living in the greatest austerity, his food being the fruits of the earth, and water his only drink. He devoted years to hard study, and in translating the Bible into the Latin language, and in writing voluminous works against the heresy of Pelagius and the errors of Origen. He is by many considered the most learned among the Christian fathers. He died at an advanced age on Sept. 30, 420. St. Jerome was a favorite subject of the old masters. In the galleries of Italy you will see his picture over and over again. He is generally represented as a very old man, engaged in reading, praying or writing in a cave, or in front of it, with a skull beside him.

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

Upon the death of William I., known as William the Conqueror, and William of Normandy, his second son, William Rufus, seized the crown, when by right it be-

longed to the eldest, Robert. Then followed frequent quarrels between the brothers for the contested right; besides Rufus' rule was oppressive and distasteful to the people, and matters were in a turbulent condition in Britain.

In 1096 a new calling came to Robert—Robert of Normandy, as he was called. It was the First Crusade, the most remarkable event of this reign, and he mortgaged his dukedom of Normandy to Rufus for money for the expedition.

The Crusade was one of those events which change the condition of the people, for it was a work of the heart, purifying, ennobling. Its object was the recovery of Jerusalem, the Holy Sepulchre, from the infidels. Every one that joined turned all his possessions into the cause, and much property was devoted by the people, not alone of England, but of Europe, to this purpose. Whatever was stored in granaries or hidden in chambers, all was deserted.

It was during this year that the Pope—Urban II., went to the great Council of Clermont in Auvergne, and from a lofty scaffold in the market-place preached the Crusade to assembled thousands, princes, bishops, nobles, knights, priests, burgesses, peasants and rustics. A zealous missionary had gone through Italy and France, and proclaimed on every hand that the Holy Sepulchre which Christian pilgrims had freely visited since the days of Haroun-al-Raschid, was now closed against them by the Turks, who had conquered Syria; and that the servants of the cross were massacred, plundered and sold into slavery.

This missionary was Peter of Amiens, known as Peter the Hermit. This man possessed the power, though small of stature, to rouse a spirit in prince and peasant.

Previous to this there had been no common bond of sympathy in any thing, religious or political. They feared the spread of Mohammedanism, but no state or country alone was strong enough to cope with the evil single-handed. But a vast European confederation for obtaining the freedom of Christian worship in the land which the Redeemer and his apostles had trod, was an idea that seized upon the minds of men in all countries, and of all classes.

I quote a little of Pope Urban's address given from the scaffold erected in the market-place:

"Let no love of relations detain you; for man's chiefest love is toward God. Let no attachment to your native soil be an impediment; because, in different points of view, all the world is exile to the Christian, and all the world his country."

The people in the market-place listened, and with one voice shouted, "*Dieu li volt! Dieu li volt!*"

"It is indeed the will of God," said the pope. "Let that acclamation be your battle cry. Wear the cross as your sign and solemn pledge."

Henceforth the cross became the symbol. Every person who joined the Crusade had a cross cut from some white material firmly sewed or put in some fashion upon his sleeve. Thousands and thousands gathered to the summons, and Robert of Normandy, rightful king of England, became a leader.

In March, 1096, impatient of waiting for arms and leaders, a vast multitude set out from France, gathering recruits through the countries as they journeyed.

History says: "The peasant shod his oxen like horses, and, yoking them to a cart, migrated with his wife and children, and the children, whenever they approached a town cried out, 'Is this Jerusalem?' Lands were abandoned. Houses and chattels sold for ready money by townsmen and husbandmen. The passion to reach Jerusalem extinguished all ordi-

nary love for gain, and absorbed every other motive for exertion.

It was a far distant land which a few pious and adventurous spirits had attained by difficult paths, over mountains and through deserts, and had returned to tell of its dangers and wonders. It was a land where fierce heathen kept possession of the holy seats which they despised, and where impure rites and demoniacal enchantments polluted the birthplace of the one true religion. The desire to see that land, if not possess it, went through the most remote parts of Christian Europe.

The great body that was moving onward to the Danube and the Rhine was joined by thousands from Wales, Scotland, Denmark and Norway. The spirit of the age was the Crusade, and tumults and quarrels, strifes and bloodshed, were hindered or forgotten in this one object.

It was more than three years after Pope Urban preached the Crusade at Clermont that Jerusalem fell, and the Holy Sepulchre was free, and of course one crusade, the first, could not accomplish the task alone. Another followed, and the spirit became fire among the nations of the west. Fresh bands were marching to recruit the ranks and the deed for which the first started was accomplished, and like all other great struggles for principle, the result was lasting good, an enduring influence upon mankind, and it seems to me the good Robert who gave up his quarrel for the kingdom to join and lead in this enterprise is worthy remembrance.

Without doubt the course of the Crusades was marked by many evil tendencies and false illusions, but the ultimate end was to elevate and uplift European life of prince and peasant in palace and cottage, and to prepare the way for greater freedom of thought, and wiser government.

LETTER-WRITING.

It is too often the case that women who have much housework to do, and very often those who have little, are very poor correspondents. They do not mean to be so, nor are they willfully neglectful, but they have an idea that they must have just so much time in which to answer a letter received, and they keep putting off writing expecting every day to make that time until both writer and letter are only remembered at odd times. Frequently you hear such women say: "I ought to answer So-and-So's letter, but I can't seem to get time to do it. I want to write a good long one when I do write, and I must have time to do it properly. I must manage to make time somehow to do it." It is not a very easy matter for such women to make time, and generally the time is never made. To make time something must be neglected, and there are so many things that it is necessary that they should do at just such times, that it is difficult to determine just which of them to neglect. There are some things that can be put off and the neglect hardly noticed, and the housekeeper knows which are the least important, and which ones she can neglect, but she does not want to put off anything, and works on, thinking she will get time somehow, without any slighting of her work. Such a woman will seldom get the leisure she desires for writing, and very often her correspondence remains for years unanswered.

All women will, I think, admit that the earlier a letter is answered after its receipt, unless there are good reasons for delay, the easier and pleasanter it is to accomplish, while the longer it is kept waiting the more difficult it becomes to answer it. What at first would have been a pleasure becomes in the end a bugbear and annoyance, and the longer it is put off the more it is avoided. Answer a let-

ter as soon after its receipt as possible. Don't put it off thinking you will have more time in the future to write a long letter full of news. It will need to be of an endless length, and a veritable budget of events, to make up for the time lost in getting it ready, if at all like the majority of deferred correspondence. Instead of waiting to write a long letter, commence to answer as soon as you can get the time, and after you have once begun there is little chance that you will not finish it, for to most people in regard to letter writing, "a thing begun is half done." If not finished at once, it can be dropped and taken up and completed at another time soon after, and you will be surprised at the length and newness of your letter, and be better satisfied than if you had waited as at first you had intended to do.

If you are away from the old folks write to them often. Let them know just how you are getting along. To be sure, you need not let them know every ailment. In fact, there is no necessity for telling of every little spell of illness in the family. You might only say you or the children had a slight cold, and their imagination, coupled with their acute anxiety, invest you or the children in a dangerous malady, which they feel you would not write about for fear of worrying them. Avoid of all things any reference to illness or trouble in the family, unless it is actually necessary that they should know. Tell them of all pleasant things occurring in the home—the sayings and doings of the children. These will be of the greatest interest to them, for they like to contrast each of the little one's quaint sayings with some of your own when you were a baby. If there are any members of the family away from home, be sure you do not neglect to write them. Have your letters cheery and bright, all the pleasant news you have heard, but no reference to illness, unless dangerous, or none whatever to trouble, if you value their peace of mind, for most people away from home are very like to "make a mountain out of a mole hill."—*Exchange.*

HOW TO READ.

A great deal more can be accomplished by systematic reading or study for fifteen or twenty minutes daily, than appears possible to one who has never tried it. It would suffice to keep up French or German, and to become conversant with the best authors. Or a little time given daily to the earnest study of science and one might become a skillful botanist or geologist. Or if English literature be more attractive—as it undoubtedly is to the great majority—how soon would one become familiar with Milton or Shakespeare, Bacon or Macaulay, if a few sentences were read and considered daily.

Above all things it is important that one should read systematically, and not be guided by chance. Have always a good book, a standard work, that will repay careful study, at hand, and to that devote a part of the time that may be set apart for reading. Before opening the book recall as fully as possible what was read the day before, and on closing it see by reflection how many of the thoughts of the author you have made your own, and so cultivate memory.

—The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart is written upon his countenance.

—The essential difference between a good and a bad education is this: that the former draws the child on by making it sweet to him, the latter drives the child to learn, by making it sour to him if he does not.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters who read our paper send me the words of the song entitled "Nellie Gray?" I will pay postage or return favor in any way I can.
Exeter, Neb. MRS. E. D. BEACH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will any of the sisters oblige me by sending me the poem, "The Moneyless Man?" I have the reply, but I cannot procure this. I will repay postage and return the favor in any possible way.
MRS. JAS. O. BONN.

Briggs, Pickens Co., S. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will any one send me the words of the poem, "Twas Night on Shiloh," also the poem in which are the following lines:

"He's poor; is that a sin?"

Then was the Christ of men a sinner?"

The last is a very old piece and I may not be correct in the quotation. I will gladly pay postage, and repay the favor in any way possible.

MRS. GEO. G. KETCHAM.

Anamosa, Jones Co., Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of the sisters of the Band please send me the words and music of the song entitled "Must we Leave the Old Home, Mother?" The chorus of it is,

"Must we leave the old home, mother?"

Tell me, won't you, must we roam?"

We can never find another,

Place on earth like the old home."

I will return the favor in any way I can. Address, LEETTA BARBER.
Mason, Los Angeles Co., Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers tell me what poem the following lines are a part of and send me the remainder of the poem? I will return the favor if wished for.

"Unchangeably bright,

Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadows made tender,
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor."

MRS. E. H. POOLE.

Box 140, Mystic Bridge, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers send me the poem containing these verses:

"Not to-night I'll kneel beside thee

To repeat my evening prayer,

But within my curtained chamber,

Father, I will say it there.

With my head upon my pillow,

And my hands upon my breast,

Just as lay my beauteous mother,

In that deep and dreamless rest."

I will return the favor if I can. NORA BOSS.
Downing, Mo.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers please send me the poem which is, I think, entitled "The Farm?" In it you will find these words:

"Well, the cattle browse on the pasture lands, and the world looks blithe and gay,

As blithe as that summer morning when we watched him marching away.

Mother, 'tis like old times again to see you in that seat,
With the lilacs nodding overhead and the sweet pinks at your feet.

If some HOUSEHOLD sister will send it to me with a list of poems she would like, I might have some among the number she mentioned to return the favor. GERTIE GOODWIN.
Valley City, Barnes Co., D. T.

THE REVIEWER.

THE FORTUNES OF WORDS, by F. Garland. In these researches in the history and derivation of words, the author says, "The method we have applied, is the method of one who starts from the mouth of a river, and follows it up to its very source. It is the method by which sources and causes are discovered and science is made. But it is useful sometimes to follow the reverse course, namely to start from the source, or in our case from the root, and follow it downward in all, or at least in its main directions." Those who think this book an uninteresting study will be greatly surprised at the interest they take in its pages, and find it to be of great importance. New York: A. Lovell & Co.

In the Garnet Series, Chautauqua Library, we have ASCHAM and ARNOLD with introduction by Jas. H. Carlisle, the two volumes in one. In this memoir of Roger Ascham, by Dr. Samuel Johnson, choice extracts are made from his greatest work, "The Schoolmaster." In the memoir of Thomas Arnold, special refer-

ence is made to his life work as a teacher. We have also from the same, SELECTIONS FROM GOLDSMITH with introduction by E. E. Hale. The contents of this little book cannot fail to be interesting to the majority of readers. Not the least interesting part of the book is the introduction by Mr. Hale, who, like the author of whom he writes, never fails to be entertaining. Price, 75c. each. Boston: Chautauqua Press, 117 Franklin St.

THE CHANCELLOR'S SECRET is the title of an interesting story from the German of Conrad Meyer, translated by Mrs. M. J. Taber. The story goes back to the days of Henry I., giving a history of the life of the great chancellor, Thomas Becket, the St. Thomas of Canterbury, whose name is familiar to every reader of English history. Mrs. Taber's translation is excellent, following the original closely, yet without the labored precision which mars so many works of this kind. The book contains nearly two hundred pages, is handsomely printed and neatly bound in paper. Price, 50 cents. New Bedford, Mass.: Mrs. M. J. Taber.

THE A, B, C OF BEE CULTURE, by A. I. Root, is a book giving much valuable information, and will be read with interest by all who desire to make bee keeping a profitable as well as a pleasing employment. Very clear advice is given as to the best style of apiary, care of the bees, buying and selling, food for them, and every part of the business one would need to understand, and it will be found very interesting as well as valuable. Price, \$1.25. Medina, Ohio: A. I. Root.

TEN DOLLARS ENOUGH, by Catherine Owen. A practical book, telling in a pleasing little story, how housekeeping can be done in an economical and satisfactory manner. Price, \$1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

We have received from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, DOROTHY THORN of the Round World Series.

BETWEEN THE CENTURIES AND OTHER POEMS, by Jane Maria Read. Boston: Henry A. Young & Co.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August is very attractive and filled with an abundance of excellent articles on the leading subjects of the day. Miss Welch takes us on a delightful tramp through "The Neighborhood of the International Park," and gives vivid descriptions of the historical and natural charms surrounding Niagara. The article is illustrated with a profusion of fine engravings. "The Irish Party," by Edward Brown, is a short outline of the career of the leading Irish representatives, with portraits of the most conspicuous. Robert C. Leslie provides a study of sails under the title of "Sea Wings," G. O. Shields gives a paper on "Hunting the Grizzly" with illustrations by J. C. Beard, and a narrative, "Buccaneers and Marooners of the Spanish Main," is begun by Howard Pyle, illustrated by his own paintings, one of which, "On the Tortugas," is the frontispiece. Rebecca Harding Davis gives the second part of the papers, "Here and There in the South," and Charles Dudley Warner concludes his "Mexican Notes." The serials, "April Hopes" by W. D. Howells and "Narka" by Kathleen O'Meara give generous installments, and Barnet Phillips contributes a pleasing little romance entitled "A Fisherman's Mate." Able articles are given by Bishop Hunt and Sydney Lawrence, there are several fine poems by well known authors, and all the departments contain their usual abundance of excellent reading. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August opens with a romance by Sydney Luska entitled "A Land of Love," the scene being laid among the American residents of the Latin Quarter of Paris. The story is full of a breezy picture quess. A short story entitled "Life for Life" is contributed by H. H. Boyesen. Edgar Fawcett has a paper on "Ouida," Arthur Edmunds Jenks gives an entertaining article on "Social Life at Yale," Louise Imogen Guiney writes a humorous little essay on "Bed" and Mrs. Bloomfield tells us about "The Keely Motor Secret." To those who are interested in base-ball playing John Montgomery Ward's article "Is the Base-Ball Player a Chattel?" will no doubt prove very interesting. The poems are contributed by Edith M. Thomas, William H. Hayne, F. D. Stickney, Kate Putnam

ALBUM LEAF.

(ALBUMBLATT.)

E. GRIEG, Op. 12. No. 7.

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Osgood, and Kate Vannah. The Monthly Gossip and Book-Talk finish a very readable number of this magazine. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

The August number of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE which our readers will remember as an enlarged successor to the Brooklyn Magazine, shows marks of continued improvement in every department. It contains four illustrated articles and among the contributors are Edgar Fawcett, Z. L. White, Julian Hawthorne, Maurice Thompson, Clinton Scollard, and other well known writers. The magazine follows in the line of its predecessor in giving a supplement containing sermons and the editorial departments. \$3.00 a year. New York: R. T. Bush & Son.

WIDE AWAKE for August has for its leading feature the first paper of a series descriptive of "Concord: Her Highways and By-ways," by Margaret Sydney. Beside being one of the most beautiful towns in New England, Concord has not a hill, stream, street, and one may almost say a house, which is not hallowed by some historic or literary association. Elbridge S. Brooks in "Summer Sports," gives a very readable and interesting article illustrated by Hassam. Generous installments are given of the serials, "Keedon Bluffs," by Charles Egbert Craddock, "The Secrets of Roseladies," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and "The Lost Medicine of the Utes," by Lizzie W. Champney. Several other stories are given, among them "How Ned Sealed

Mt. Washington," by Mary Rebecca Hart, and the usual sprinkling of poems and illustrations, making it one of the best magazines offered for the benefit of the little people. \$2.40 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE FORUM for August. \$5.00 a year. New York: The Forum Pub. Co., 37 Fifth Ave.

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

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

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

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

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for August. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Son.

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for August. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co.

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

THE BOOK BUYER for August. \$1.00 a year. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PANSY for August. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

BABYLAND for August. 50c a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN for July. \$4.00 a year. Chicago: F. H. Revell.

The Dispensary.

ABOUT COLDS.

WHAT causes colds? It is any thing that interferes with the action of the eliminatory organs, or any one of them.

From birth to death we are undergoing constant change. New particles are being added, new tissue, new brain, new nerve, new bone and muscle from the blood, which is renewed by our food and the air we breathe; and on the contrary, old particles of bone, nerve, muscle, brain, cartilage and skin are every instant dying, having fulfilled their work, and leaving their places for other and newer atoms that take their places.

As I have recently stated, in speaking of the blood cells, every time the heart beats millions of these little organisms die.

The work of building up and tearing down is continually going on within us. The only question is which process goes on fastest. In youth it is generally the former, and in old age the latter. In middle life, when one just about balances the other, and this renewal goes on without interruption, we are at our greatest strength physically and mentally.

When the waste is more than the supply we are feeble and exhausted. When the supply is greater than the waste we are liable to headache, colds, fevers, rheumatism, and a variety of other diseases.

These little worn-out, effete atoms cannot be retained in the system without injury, consequently we cannot be too careful to keep all the eliminatory organs active and in good working order.

The eliminatory organs, that is, the organs that help us to expel the dead, worn-out atoms from the system, are the liver, the kidneys, the bowels, the lungs and the skin. If any of these, from any cause, fail to do their office properly, an extra burden falls upon one or more of the others, and disease ensues.

For example, the skin is one of the most active and efficient of the eliminatory organs. It is full of myriads of little ducts or tubes that convey away from us all that is injurious in the form of insensible perspiration, or sometimes in very warm weather, or when we have been exercising violently, it assumes the form of sensible perspiration and goes from us in drops.

People may imagine that very little perspiration passes off when it is not perceptible, but this is a great mistake. In the coldest weather, and when we are sitting still, these little ducts are always active conveying away this dead, poisonous matter from the system.

If these perspiratory tubes were all closed we should soon die. Some years ago, at an exhibition, a young child's skin was foolishly covered over with gold leaf that it might represent an angel. As soon as the affair was over it was washed off, but it was too late to save its life; the poisonous perspiration had been kept in too long, and poisoned the whole system.

These little tubes open in a warm place, but shrink and close when exposed to sudden cold. When they close the perspiration is retained and we feel an aching all over from the effort the dead particles make to escape, and then the other eliminatory organs try to work all the harder to relieve the over-burdened system. Sometimes the kidneys or the bowels try to do extra work, and then we have diabetes or diarrhoea; at other times the lungs try to throw off the offending particles, and we have a cough and raise much phlegm; at other times the whole mucous surface seems inflamed, and we have a running from the eyes and the

nose, which is no doubt very unpleasant, but a great safety valve, keeping away symptoms that would be more dangerous. An inflammation of the nose and eyes, or cold in the head, is not nearly so dangerous as a cold on the lungs for example; for the lungs do an all important and necessary work in the system, that of oxidizing the chyle, or turning the digested food into pure blood fit to renew the various tissues, by means of pure air. The more we breathe the more we live. The less we breathe the sooner we die, and, as we all know, we must cease to live when we cease to breathe.

Not only do the lungs give us life by inhaling the air that makes the blood which is our life, but they also throw off at every expiration a great amount of the poisonous, devitalized particles that bring us disease and death if retained. Since, then, the lungs hold so important an office in giving health and strength and vitality, it is exceedingly important that they should not be allowed to suffer from being unduly burdened; that is, we must take pains, especially if we have any tendency to lung difficulties, to keep the other eliminatory organs free and active, and not to irritate the lungs by breathing foul, poisonous air, such as would be found in close rooms, halls, churches or cars, or by inhaling damp air through the mouth. Most sore throats are caused in this way.

We cannot fail to regard with admiration and gratitude the wise provision of our Heavenly Father for our safety and health in planning and creating within our nostrils a great multitude of minute cilia or hairs that have been endowed by Him with such seeming intelligence that they keep up a constant waving, like a field of grain, throwing out and away from the lungs all that might irritate them, like dust, disease-germs, etc., that are always more or less in the air, especially in cities, and in new, recently settled districts; thus warding off disease and saving life.

In breathing through the nose with the mouth closed we save many colds, sore throats, fevers and other ills to which flesh is heir, and it might be as well for women who have not beards to protect them to wear veils also in cold, raw weather.

Above all to strengthen the lungs nothing is so good as to inhale long, free breaths of pure air through the nostrils many times a day, expanding the lungs fully each time. It has been said by an excellent physician that this practice alone has saved many patients to whom it has been ordered, who would otherwise in all probability have died soon of consumption.

Consumption is, as the name indicates, a state where there is consumption rather than supply, in other words, where the old dead atoms accumulate, burdening the lungs, and causing sores and decay, until at last the lungs, from not doing their duty properly at first, become too weak and diseased to do it, and we grow worse and worse. Now the plain remedy is pure air and plenty of it, and nourishing, easily digested food, especially food containing carbon, say ice cream or cream and sugar, fruits of nearly all kinds, which are chiefly sugar and water, and a moderate supply of fresh meat, vegetables, and coarse bread if it can be digested.

We cannot be too careful, if we would avoid colds, to keep the perspiratory ducts open, but not allow them to grow too tender.

People who live much of the time in heated rooms are almost sure to take cold when they go out, from the sudden change, and yet it is equally dangerous to sit in rooms that are too cold. It is better to keep our homes regulated as far as possible by a thermometer, and kept at a moderate

temperature, for our sensations are not reliable.

One very great safeguard from taking cold is to bathe the entire surface of the body every morning in cold water in a comfortable room, washing with the hands briskly, while standing on a warm flannel, first the head, then the arms, the body, the lower limbs and feet, and drying with a towel with all speed and thoroughly. The exercise brings a glow and reaction; it serves as a tonic, cleanses the skin, and gives a sense of vigor and elasticity not otherwise acquired, and it is a fact that people who adhere to this practice seldom take cold.

Another important point for those susceptible to colds is the clothing. This we know is much safer when made of the animal products (wool or silk). Cotton is less objectionable than linen, which is worse than any other material for underclothing, because it does not absorb the perspiration into the fiber, but leaves it upon the surface, where it is liable to be reabsorbed into the system.

Undergarments of pure wool of varying thickness to suit the season, are safer and healthier than any others, absorbing as they do all the perspiration, and by slightly irritating the skin, causing the perspiration to flow more freely. We may choose a soft flannel, or even silk or chamois if we can afford it, but should wear always the animal products next the skin, and change and cleanse the underclothing very often.

This matter of wearing the animal products only in clothing next the skin as being most conducive to health, has lately formed the topic of a paper presented to one of the Royal Societies in Europe, and has been acknowledged by them as the true theory as regards clothing for health. This is still more a matter of importance in our own country, where we have so many and frequent changes in weather and temperature.

The last suggestion I shall offer by way of preventing colds is, take plenty of sleep. During sleep eliminations all go on more vigorously, and new tissue is formed, so that we rise from sleep renewed in body and spirit.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

A CURE FOR THE MOST DANGEROUS WOUNDS.

An exchange gives this piece of information, which may be of great service to many and should be remembered. It says:

An intelligent and trustworthy correspondent, says the Boston Transcript, has sent us the following: "The smoke of woolen rags is a cure for the most dangerous wounds.

A lady of my acquaintance ran a machine needle through her finger. She could not be released till the machine was taken to pieces. The needle had broken into her finger in three pieces, one of which was bent almost double. After repeated trials the pieces were extracted by pincers, but they were very strongly embedded. The pain reached to the shoulder, and there was every danger of lockjaw. The woolen rags were put over the coals, and she held her finger over the smoke, and in a very short time all the pain was gone and it never returned, though it was some little time before the finger healed.

This is but one of many instances of such cure, some of them taking place after several days from the time of the wound. Let woolen rags be kept sacredly and always at hand for wounds. The smoke and stench will fill the house, perhaps, but that is a trifle when the alternative is lockjaw, or even a long, painful sequel to the wound.

Another instance, was the wound made by an enraged cat, which tore the flesh from the wrist to the elbow, and bit

through the fleshy part of the hand. One ministration of the smoke extracted all the pain, which had been frightful."

—An active skin is the best preventive of obesity.

—Ammonia is said to be a specific for carbuncles.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

A. M. K. *Condensed Milk, etc.* In reference to the condensed milk, I will say that it may be very convenient at sea, but never superior to good fresh milk, since it is condensed by simple evaporation. Use the fresh when you can get it. That condition of the "palate" I attribute, mainly, to the free use of salt, always tending to irritation, canker, etc. For the gargle, I recommend alum and water, alternating with borax, in addition to a mustard wet cloth around the throat, at night, well covered. I also think that your unusual thirst may result from the use of salt, the spices, and from a general derangement of digestion. No, I do not recommend a free use of cold water, during digestion, which only proceeds naturally, when the stomach is free from liquids, these first being absorbed. Again, the cold drinks so depress the temperature of the stomach as to arrest the digestion, till the normal heat is restored. There is some philosophy in the advice to which you refer, of drinking freely of water, which is among the very best of solvents. If the digestive powers are feeble, it is not wise to drink any cold drink during the process, for the reason just stated. The best time to drink it medicinally, is when the stomach is empty, as late in the evening, in the night, and in the morning, before taking any food. It is then very useful, an excellent purifier of the blood, this, with pure food, doing more in this respect than the average "blood purifiers." This is done by so dissolving the waste portions of the ever-decaying body that they may easily pass off from the lungs, the pores, etc. The importance of this will be appreciated by remembering that more than one half of the food and drinks taken pass off as perspiration, this drinking proving favorable, as well as in the proper state of the bowels. If the perspiration starts soon after drinking in hot weather, and if this dissolves effete and poisonous matters, so that they may pass freely, the advantages must be apparent.

DRESSMAKER. *The Eyes.* It occasionally occurs that the eyes are not alike, requiring different magnifying powers. I am very sure that this is the case with you, and that you cannot find any glasses which will "fit" you, that is, unless you are provided with a certain kind for one eye, and another for the other, the degree of magnifying power to be tested by trials. This difference may result more from certain diseased states of the eye than from natural deformity. (When you have the proper glasses for one eye, under some circumstances, it may be well to keep the other eye closed, seeing only with the eye that is properly provided for, though we need two eyes as much as two feet, if we would have perfection of sight, particularly in measuring distances, as may be illustrated by an attempt to touch a small point with a needle, in haste, when one eye is closed.) I disagree with your adviser, and say that you should be permitted to rest the eyes, by removing the glasses, though it is well not to tax the eyes when the glasses are removed, nor to look steadily at distant objects. A general use of them, in ordinary movements, in ordinary work will be safe. I think that your right eye is in the most natural state, which is the one for sight if one is to be closed. I warn you not to sew by lamp light at all, as you say that you "can scarcely see at times," which is a warning to you to desist, if you would avoid blindness. No, you cannot naturally see as well "toward night and in the evening," as this defect is more apparent when the eyes are fatigued, the defect depending on the different forms of the lenses of the eyes. It is true, however, that with perfect glasses, those fitted to both eyes, you can see better with them than without, still fatigue may modify the sight. Now, let me advise you and all suffering from the sight, after having been a sufferer more or less for many years, still improving, though I am using the eyes more than usual in literary labors, use them as little as possible by artificial light, never straining or making an unusual effort to see, simply opening them, letting them see. Use them much in the real sunlight, as this is their natural nourishment, avoiding the glare, of course, and what may give pain in any respect. Do not use them at twilight, or in inferior light when an effort is required. Do not go suddenly from a dark room to a light one, but make the change gradually. It is well to wear a wet cloth over the eyes at night, particularly if there is any inflammation. Keep the head cool and the feet warm. Do not use the irritating spices, but use plain and substantial food, eating regularly, no lunches, that the general health may aid in strengthening the eyes. Do not read in the cars, or by a flickering light, or under any circumstances which cause pain or discomfort.

The Dressing Room.

EVERY DAY.

BY MARY MARTIN.

IN THE cool sitting room of my friend, resting from the labors of a hot morning's work, my mind was diverted by various objects of furniture and decoration about me, products of her hand and brain.

First, my feet were resting on a rug, no, mat is the proper name to use, home-made, large and for service. I will describe it. The center was a handsome piece of English carpet, with green and red prevailing colors. It was good quality, for, as she remarked to me, it is true economy to purchase a piece of firm texture rather than a sleazy, cottony remnant that will soon fade and wear through.

The center may be of any desired size. This was a quarter of a yard wide with the width of the carpeting in length. It was nicely and evenly bound with black, and three rows of black braiding sewed round, for it was a braided mat made for use. After the black, contrasting colors in braids, row on row, till finished. In front of the lounge it finds itself a resting-place for many feet and saves the constant wear that must otherwise come upon the carpet beneath. A large, firmly braided mat is considered by many quite a work of art. I know of a country editor—have personally seen and conversed with the man—who offered ten dollars for such a triumph. Possibly he coveted the article as an heirloom in his family.

In my friend's sitting room I was seated upon a lounge over which was thrown a cover. A hair-cloth lounge, unless protected, will show signs of wear quite easily. This was made from an old dress skirt, bright plaid, all wool, hence not faded. It was lined and the edges finished with a scarlet border, brought over on the right side like a facing and stitched by machine.

A sofa pillow at the head, not crazy, was made of soft goods, cashmeres and the like, cut in rectangles, uniform size, excepting the middle one, this was larger. It was finished with a large black cord, and the under side was also black.

A comfortable rocker stood near that had celebrated its fiftieth birthday, but like

"The deacon's masterpiece, strong and sound," was

"Running as usual—much the same."

This she had lately redressed, covering the back with some breadths of an old cashmere, black, and knotting through with black worsted. A cushion of bright cretonne contrasted well, and with a pretty tidy across the back gave a quiet, home-like effect. To be sure it was not a "tony" specimen from an upholsterer's shop, but bespoke an air of comfort with paid bills and a respectable balance on the credit sheet. Yes, old chair, you were all that! Better a little quite one's own than much belonging to others.

There was also a specimen of later date by way of rocking chairs—a willow rocker. "This," you will say, "your friend could not manufacture." True, but I will whisper it slyly, that she wrote a magazine article on a few home comforts and how to obtain them, that brought a crisp five-dollar bill, which in turn brought the rocker.

This may lead my young friends to imagine the mention of a few knick-knacks on paper will bring a competent fortune, but I am authorized to say the "know-how" must be there to give the article the true ring, and even then the fortune may be delayed. A college education is very good, but the actual experience gives

the flavor. A well defined theory is not to be despised, but a well developed practice is preferred by most people. A diploma with the university seal may give one a good "send off," as the college boys say, but the work-a-day world decides its value. Thus, if, like my friend, you should start out on the line of literature to win a rocker, be sure of your ground. If you have decided to tell the women of the country how to make good bread, be sure you have experimented a little yourself. This is the only possible way to really know.

To return, there were several small hassocks or foot-rests in the room. One I quite liked. It was a box covered with an old worsted hood, chinchilla with scarlet border. Its fashion had gone by, and behold how well she had utilized it!

Many good people keep every thing just as it was. For my part, I believe in putting cast-off garments to use. It is not a disgrace to shake off the moth and dust, and put them into every-day wear, like braiding into mats or giving to the poor.

My friend did not allow her old belongings to cumber the earth, if there was a possible chance to get rid of them. I suppose some things put into that mat many would rank an extravagance, they were so good to keep.

I also noticed a stand, her "literary stand" she called it. It was made from an old wash-stand that had served its time; back taken off, a good, strong board for top, legs sawed down four or five inches, and painted a bright, shiny black, it became a very different article of furniture. For cover a pretty piece of felt with border of leaves and wild roses was quite ornamental. Upon the top rested Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and on the lower shelf which these stands have, I spied our friendly HOUSEHOLD.

Upon the table was her work basket, and, yes, her work. She was making a quilt, or the patchwork for one. The pattern is known variously as Daylight and Darkness, State House Steps, Log Cabin, Hard Times, etc. By whichever called, it is pretty, and I thought as I watched her swiftly plying her shining needle, carefully measuring, nicely assorting colors, this triumph of skill, this work of her hands, would probably pass to another generation. That the children of the future would doubtless look with admiration upon this proof of the industry and perseverance of their grandmother, for all people who have made a quilt from the cutting to the finishing know I speak truly when I affirm it is the product of these united virtues.

Industry and perseverance! What have they not accomplished, and where more needed than in every-day life? Say it early and repeat it often, "Fail me not thou!"

In that same basket was a tray cloth she was working in outline stitch. This she informed me was her "visiting work."

But my friend does not believe in one woman attempting every thing, worker though she is, therefore when in need of dressmaking, she does not waste money in buying patterns she is but a novice in using, or time planning or wondering how, when she knows none but the trained workman can produce the result she desires. No, she goes directly to the woman of tape and chart, has her dress well made, well fitted, and pays the reasonable cost which she calculated in the beginning. Now, is not that a sensible proceeding for a mother, housekeeper, and supervisor-general? Is it not sensible not to work herself to the last degree and die before her time? Common sense answers, yes, and good common sense is what we need for every-day wear. It will stand the strain. Buckle on this ar-

mor, sisters, and fear not to wrestle in the conflict.

Something like this ran through my mind as I quietly rested in that cosy parlor, so replete with every-day use.

Yes, I thought, set aside the dress up affairs, and place with them the inharmious, distasteful things, and, if you will, those that cost the most money, but spare for every-day use and wear, the genuine that will admit of no counterfeit or substitute. The ill-fitting dress or tight shoes we may wear on state occasions, but in daily life mention them not.

Just here my reflections ceased, for the mail was announced, and the daily paper handed me, which, as all know, is fast becoming a daily necessity.

HONITON PATTERN IN NOVELTY BRAID.

I would say to THE HOUSEHOLD, if my patterns find the appreciation that my offer to send them does, I shall be amply rewarded for my efforts to please. Every day brings me requests which I cheerfully answer, but having so many demands I am obliged to neglect those who do not enclose stamp. And I will again remind all that I only loan the patterns. There is a great demand for patterns with novelty braid. I send directions for one of my favorites. The directions are correct as I wrote them off while making an extra to send off a few days ago. This trimming has only one kind of braid, which for convenience I will divide into space and bars.

1. Fasten thread to second loop of space, chain four, single crochet in fourth loop, chain three, single crochet in sixth loop, chain four, single crochet in bar, chain four, single crochet in first loop of next space, chain seven, fasten back in fourth stitch, which makes a little hole for center of wheel, chain three, take up third and fourth loop and single crochet as one loop, chain three, single crochet back into hole for wheel, chain four, take up sixth loop and first of next space, single crochet into hole, chain three, take up third and fourth loop, single crochet as one, chain three, single crochet into hole, chain four, take up sixth loop and first of next space as one, chain four, single crochet in hole, chain three, take up third and fourth loops, single crochet as one loop, chain three, back to hole, chain four, put needle through last loop and single crochet into single crochet of last loop on space opposite already worked, chain four, take up bar in single crochet, chain four, take up first loop, and single crochet into single crochet of last loop of space opposite, chain four, single crochet into third loop, chain four, single crochet in fifth loop, chain four, single crochet around bar, chain four, single crochet in second loop, chain four, single crochet in fourth loop, chain three, single crochet in sixth loop, chain four, single crochet in bar, chain four, single crochet in first loop, chain seven, and continue as above for first row. Finish two wheels of this first row, using twelve spaces, before you can get your sample upon which to build the second row.

2. Single crochet into sixth loop of second space on the other side of the braid at the beginning of the first row, chain four, single crochet around bar, chain four, single crochet into first loop of next space, chain three and single crochet into each loop of space, chain four, single crochet around bar, chain three, single crochet in first loop, chain seven, fasten back in fourth stitch, chain three, single crochet third and fourth loops as one, chain three, single crochet back to hole, chain four, take up sixth and first, chain four, back to hole, chain three, take up third and fourth loops, chain

three, back to hole, chain four, take up sixth and first loops, chain four, back to hole, chain three, take up third and fourth, chain three, back to hole, chain four, take up sixth and first loops, chain four, single crochet back to hole, chain three, take up third and fourth loops, chain three, single crochet back to hole, chain four and take up sixth loop, and single crochet into single crochet of loop on opposite space to complete wheel, chain four, single crochet around bar, chain four, single crochet in first loop, chain three, single crochet in each remaining loop, chain four, single crochet in bar, chain four, single crochet in first loop, chain three, single crochet in each remaining loop, chain four, single crochet in bar, chain four, single crochet in first loop, and so on throughout the second row. The second row is the bottom of the lace, finish this up by chain of three and single crochet in every loop, excepting the two loops between scallops, which crochet as one loop to avoid fullness and to complete the pattern as in the first row.

Then make two rows of chain three and single crochet in every loop. This finishes the bottom of the lace. Be very careful in working the first row and not twist the braid.

For the top of the lace:

1. Fasten thread to first loop of four chain, and make a chain of four, two double crochet (thread over once) into next loop, two double crochet into the next loop, (these are the two loops directly over the top of the lower wheel,) chain three, single crochet in next loop, chain three, single crochet in next loop, chain three, single crochet in next loop, chain three, single crochet in next loop, chain three, two double crochet in next loop, and so on.

2. Two treble crochet (thread over twice) into loop, chain one, one long treble (thread over twice, through one, then through two, then through two, then through two) between double crochets, chain one, two trebles in next loop, chain one, two trebles in next loop, chain one, two trebles in next loop, chain one, two trebles in next loop, chain one, one long treble between the double trebles.

3. One double crochet in loop, chain three, one double crochet in same loop, one double crochet in next loop, chain three, one double crochet in same loop.

4. Chain one, and three double crochet in every loop of chain of three.

5. Chain one, three double crochet between the three doubles of preceding row.

6. One double crochet in first double crochet, chain one, one double crochet in third double crochet.

7. One double crochet, chain one between doubles. MRS. E. Q. NORTON.

Mobile, Ala.

BELL'S LACE.

Cast on nineteen stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit two, thread over three times, knit two together, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together.

2. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit three, seam one, knit four, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit two, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit eight, thread over twice, seam two together.

4. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit nine, seam one, knit one,

seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit three.

5. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit two, thread over three times, knit two together, thread over three times, knit two together, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together.

6. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit three, seam one, knit three, seam one, knit four, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit two, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit twelve, thread over twice, seam two together.

8. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit thirteen, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit three.

9. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit eleven, thread over twice, seam two together.

10. Bind off six, knit seven, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit two.

11. Slip one, knit two, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over three times, knit two together, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together.

12. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit three, seam one, knit five, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit three.

13. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit seven, thread over twice, seam two together.

14. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit eight, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit two.

15. Slip one, knit two, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over three times, knit two together, thread over three times, knit two together, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together.

16. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit three, seam one, knit three, seam one, knit five, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit three.

17. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit eleven, thread over twice, seam two together.

18. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit twelve, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit two.

19. Slip one, knit two, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit twelve, thread over twice, seam two together.

20. Bind off six, knit eight, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit three.

I have never seen the directions for this lace published; and I think the sisters will find it new and pretty.

AUNT FANNY.

CALLA LILY LAMP MAT.

Materials: Five shades of green, white and yellow single zephyr, one lap each, four shades of green, one-half of yellow, two laps of palest green and two laps of white. Chain ten, join.

1. Fill with sixteen double crochet.

2. Two double crochet on each stitch of double crochet.

3. Three single crochet on next three, two double crochet on next two, three single crochet on next three, three double crochet on next stitch, repeat first widening with two, then with three double crochet, with three single crochet between.

4. Two single crochet on second stitch, two double crochet on next stitch, repeat widening every second stitch, ending with one single before widening.

5. Same as fourth row.

6. Two double crochet on first stitch, eight single crochet on next eight stitches, two double crochet on next stitch; repeat.

7. Eleven single crochet, then chain eleven, come back in single crochet on that chain, thus forming veins for the leaves, eleven single crochet on chain of eleven, and so on. This is all of the darkest shade. There will be eight stems or veins sticking out around the circle.

8. Next shade. Go round in single crochet at base of stem, widen three double crochet, then ten double crochet up one side of stem, chain two, one double crochet on top, two chain down the other side, widen three double crochet at base, it will be in the same hole as the previous widening, separated by the stem.

9. Next shade. Go round in single crochet at top of stem, two double crochet, chain two, one double crochet in center double crochet, chain two, two double crochet, then down the side; repeat for all the stems.

10. Next shade. Like ninth row.

11. Lightest green. Like ninth and tenth rows.

12. Chain three, fasten in single crochet, chain three, fasten; repeat.

The mat will be very full. Tack, and you will see the place to insert the lilies.

For the yellow center, either make it on a spool, or set up thirty stitches on a needle, knit plain ten stitches deep, bind off, sew up, insert a wire, and sew in place in lily. I like the spool way best, as it is stiff enough of itself.

For the lilies:

1. Chain three; turn, one double crochet in first stitch, five double crochet in next stitch, one double crochet in last stitch.

2. Three single crochet, five double crochet in center stitch of above, five double crochet, three single crochet.

3. Five single crochet, five double crochet in center stitch, five double crochet.

4. Seven single crochet, five double crochet in center stitch, seven double crochet.

5. Nine single crochet, five double crochet in center stitch, nine double crochet.

6. Eleven single crochet, five double crochet in center stitch, eleven double crochet.

Finish as mat by chaining three, fastening with single crochet, and so on.

Make eight lilies. Arrange the mat, sew up lilies, put in yellow, sew the lilies in the hollows and you have a handsome piece of work.

I think these directions can be understood easily as so many have used them.

EDITH PATCH.

CROCHET EDGE.

Make a chain of twenty stitches.

1. Pass over four chain, one treble into each of the next four stitches, chain four, pass over four, one treble into each of the next two stitches, chain three, one treble into the fourth stitch from last treble, one chain, skip one, one treble; turn.

2. Four chain, one treble into the second treble in last row, chain three, pass over three, one treble into each of the next six stitches (two on the two trebles of last row, four under four chain), four chain, one treble into last stitch; turn.

3. Chain six, ten trebles (four under four chain, six on six trebles), chain three, one treble on the next treble, one chain, one treble in last stitch; turn.

4. Chain four, one treble in second treble, chain three, six trebles into each of the next six trebles of last row, chain four, fifteen trebles under six chain of last row, fasten with two doubles in the first row; turn.

5. One chain, one double in first treble, chain four, pass one, double in the next, four chain, pass one, double in the next, repeat all round the scallop, three chain, four trebles under four chain, four chain, pass four stitches, one treble into each of the next two stitches, three chain, pass over three stitches, one treble into the next stitch, one chain, pass over one stitch, one treble into the last stitch; turn.

Repeat from the second row.

TERMS USED IN KNITTING.

Seam or purl is to knit a stitch with the thread before the needle.

Narrow is to decrease by knitting two stitches together.

Make or cast on one stitch is to bring the thread forward and over the needle once.

To widen, make a stitch by bringing the thread round the needle once then knit it.

Slip stitch, pass it from one needle to the other without knitting it.

Twist stitch, put the needle in at the back of the stitch then knit as usual.

Bind off, knit two plain stitches, pass the first over the second, and so on to the last stitch, always counting the stitch left on the needle as one.

Stars thus *—* save the repetition of words, for instance, * over once, narrow, * repeat from * to * three times, means to put the thread over once and narrow three times more.

Carrie, you can buy patterns for babies' boots, with full directions on them.

MRS. A. W. PARKHURST.

BEAUTIFUL EDGING.

Cast on twenty-nine stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow four times, knit six, over twice, seam two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit six, over twice, seam two together.

2. Over twice, seam two together, knit eight, seam one, knit one, over twice, seam two together, knit sixteen.

3. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow four times, knit five, over twice, seam two together, knit ten, over twice, seam two together.

4. Over twice, seam two together, knit ten, over twice, seam two together, knit sixteen.

5. Slip one, knit three, over, narrow four times, knit four, over twice, seam two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, over twice, seam two together.

6. Over twice, seam two together, knit seven, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit one, over twice, seam two together, knit sixteen.

7. Slip one, knit four, over, narrow four times, knit three, over twice, seam two together, knit twelve, over twice, seam two together.

8. Over twice, seam two together, knit twelve, over twice, seam two together, knit sixteen.

9. Slip one, knit five, over, narrow four times, knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, over twice, seam two together.

10. Over twice, seam two together, knit seven, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit one, over twice, seam two together, knit sixteen.

11. Slip one, knit six, over, narrow four times, knit one, over twice, seam two together, knit ten, now take the tenth stitch back on to the left hand needle, and slip six stitches over that stitch, over twice, and seam two together.

12. Over twice, seam two together, knit nine, over twice, seam two together, knit sixteen.

MRS. J. J. WEBBER.

Loveland, Colo.

OAK LEAF INSERTION.

Cast on fourteen stitches, and knit across plain.

1. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

2. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

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

4. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit five, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

6. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit seven, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

8. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

9. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, narrow, narrow, narrow, narrow three together, narrow three together, narrow, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

10. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit six, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Repeat from first row.

Thanks, Elnora Lord, the afghan was just what I wanted.

KEENE.

INFANT'S SOCKS.

Make a chain of thirty stitches.

1. * Ten single crochet, chain two, skip two, fifteen single crochet, slip stitch the two remaining stitches for toe; turn.

2. Slip stitch twice, fifteen single crochet, putting needle through each single loop from you, (this gives a ribbed appearance) chain two, skip two, ten single crochet, turn and repeat from * until you have twelve rows (six ribs).

3. * Ten single crochet, chain two, skip chain, one single crochet in end of chain, turn, one single crochet, chain two, ten single crochet, repeat from * in third row until you have five more ribs, then join together on the wrong side with single crochet, haying the ribs lengthwise and ending at open work, make a slip stitch in next stitch beyond open work; turn.

To make the heel, make two single crochet in each open place around the heel, fasten at side with one slip stitch; turn, single crochet around the heel, slip stitch twice on the side; turn, slip stitch twice, single crochet around the heel, single crochet one more from the side; turn, single crochet around the heel to the toe, slip stitch around the toe, single crochet around to heel, then to toe, slip stitch through two stitches at once around toe, single crochet to heel, single crochet two

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Fifty-Nine.

THERE was never anything so discouraging! Here it was eleven o'clock, and the boys and Hattie would be home to dinner in an hour and a half, as hungry as young bears; and there wasn't a thing in the house to eat.

Nelly sat down by the kitchen door, in despair, and wondered what she should do.

"Why, Nelly! What is the matter? Sick?" and the anxious voice was followed by the bright face of the little neighbor across the way. "I thought perhaps you might not be getting on very easy this first day you are alone, and brought over a warm pie for dinner. I made too much crust and had to use it," she added apologetically, as she placed the tempting looking, flaky crusted pie upon the table. "But, what is the trouble, Nelly?"

"Oh, Mrs. Hall! It's every thing! There isn't anything in the house for dinner; I forgot to ask Hattie to stop at the market when she went to school; Willy hasn't sent any one to attend to the telephone, and I have no way to send for anything. If Bridget's sister had only chosen some more convenient time to be sick, or mother hadn't gone quite so soon, or—I knew how to do anything myself. Every thing has gone wrong, and I don't know what to do."

"I'm glad I came over. My dinner is all ready to go on the table. I boiled a ham yesterday and cooked chickens, and we are to live on cold meats the rest of the week. Mr. Hall has very convenient likes; I can give him a cold dinner every hot day through the season, if I choose; so I have little to do at home just now, and can help you."

"You have, already," replied Nelly, laughing. "Things don't look half so dismal as they did before you came in, and that pie will do wonders; but I'm afraid I shall never be a successful housekeeper for all my boasting. But really, I can't make a dinner out of nothing."

"Out of almost nothing, sometimes," said Mrs. Hall, with a smile, recalling some of her "picked up" dinners. "Let us see what we can do. You certainly keep things in perfect order."

"Oh, I can keep the house clean, but the getting meals, the planning, to know just what to have for breakfast, dinner and supper, to-day, to-morrow and next day—I feel as if I shouldn't have a black hair left by the time mother gets home."

"You are not very gray yet," laughed her friend. "Now let us see what is forthcoming from the 'cupboard.'"

"Nothing was there, the cupboard was bare," said Nelly, opening the pantry door with a flourish. "There is a little cold steak and roast beef in the refrigerator, but not half enough to do any thing with for dinner."

The refrigerator disclosed, besides the plate of cold meat, several boiled eggs and a plate of boiled beets.

"Now, Nelly, we will make ourselves famous. You run out in the garden for a basket of tomatoes, and I'll attend to these beets and eggs. Are they soft boiled? If so I must cook them again."

"I cooked them over after breakfast," said Nelly, putting on her hat. "I thought I could use them in fish balls."

When she came back there was a cupful of vinegar heating in a small earthen saucepan, with a few cloves in it. The beets were sliced, and the eggs peeled and cut in halves lengthwise.

When the vinegar boiled Mrs. Hall poured it over the beet and eggs and put

the dish in a pan of cold water. In a few minutes she put in fresh water, adding ice to make it still colder.

"Now, Nelly, if you will peel and slice a dozen of those tomatoes, I will chop the meat, and then you might make some biscuit, as you have no bread in the house. I will tell you how, and my rule never fails. Now put a heaping tablespoonful of butter into the saucepan, and as soon as it is hot put in the tomatoes and cover closely. That's right. Now for the biscuit;" and the little woman set down the chopping tray in which the meat was chopped to perfection.

"The flour must be sifted and every thing at hand, for one must work quickly to have snowball biscuit," she said, helping to get out the salt and baking powder boxes, while Nellie took the butter and milk from the refrigerator.

"Put four teacups of flour into the mixing bowl, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, and mix them quickly with the hands, rubbing it as you do for pie crust. See how like a coarse powder it looks? Now sift in four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and stir together lightly till thoroughly mixed. Then add a teacup and a half of milk. Now stir all together as quickly as possible. Use a stout spoon or a wooden mixer. I like that the best. I can't endure to use an iron spoon when cooking."

Put a little flour on the mixing board and turn the dough upon it. Roll up in a ball with as little handling as possible; roll out about half an inch thick and cut with a round or square cutter. Here is your baking tin, all buttered; get them in quickly; the oven is very hot; you could hardly have it too hot.

And now we will look at the tomatoes; I stirred them a few minutes ago. They have cooked twenty minutes. Stir in that chopped meat, add salt and pepper to season as you like, and leave the pan uncovered. Those beets must be cold by this time, and I'll put them on this pretty glass plate.

There! she exclaimed, in a minute, "doesn't that look tempting enough for hungry boys?" holding out the plate with a pyramid of beet in the center and the egg laid around the edge.

"Yes it does, indeed; and they will appreciate it, too. Just see how nice these biscuit look," opening the oven door to take a peep at the puffy, beautifully browned balls. "How they have risen."

"They had to rise, they were put in so closely. That's one of the secrets of successful biscuit making. They are all the better for crowding."

"How relieved I feel. An hour ago I didn't think we should have such a nice dinner just out of scraps."

"They are the best dinners out, at least, we think so," said Mrs. Hall, tying on her pretty shade hat with the soft mull strings so becoming to her fresh, bright face; "I shall send you in a plate of my boiled ham, I'm rather proud of my boiled ham, and the boys will like it with the baked potatoes and hot biscuit; don't let those potatoes bake too long, and if you get into another 'slough of despond' send for me," with a little laugh at her own importance.

"Indeed I will," replied Nelly, gratefully. "You don't know how much you have helped me already, and every thing looks so nicely, too," as she placed the last dish on the table just as the boys came in.

"Well, Sis! commend me to you for a good dinner," said Harry, as he rose from the table. "If I had thought you were equal to such a success I should have brought Ned Allen home with me to dinner. I met him coming up from the station, and wanted to ask him home with me, but thought perhaps it wouldn't be just right, and you wouldn't like it."

"I'm glad you didn't," said Tom, with a glance at Nelly's blushing face. "He would have wanted to begin housekeeping right away."

"That's true!" exclaimed Willy, helping himself to another biscuit and a slice of ham. "I'm not half through yet. Hard study does give a fellow such an appetite."

"And I'll wash all the dishes, Nelly," said Hattie. "I told the girls that I couldn't go out with them at all to-day, because Bridget had gone, and we were housekeeping all by ourselves, and I must be at home to help you." At which they all laughed, for Hattie was never very fond of work; and giving up her Wednesday afternoon to dish washing was a sacrifice indeed.

Nellie had to call upon her kind little neighbor many times for advice and assistance, for Bridget "took a little rest" after her sister recovered; but she developed such a capacity for housekeeping that when her father and mother came home from their western trip, mother said she might have staid a month longer, but that she feared she should find them half starved.

But the boys were loud in their praises, and, although Nelly has now been housekeeping in her own house several years, Ned Allen has never been known to tell his wife that she "couldn't cook as mother did."

EMILY HAYES.

SIMPLE DESSERTS.

Many housekeepers look upon all desserts in the light of luxuries; others draw the line at dishes that call for eggs. Now, some dessert dish, if properly made, should form a part of every dinner, if fruit is not to be served. Even with fruit, some people require sugar. When no dessert is provided, a greater quantity of meat and vegetables must be eaten to satisfy the demands of nature.

In arranging for a dinner, plan a light dessert when the rest of the meal is to be substantial. On the other hand, when the main part of the dinner is to be light, let the dessert be hot and substantial. For example, a hot apple pudding. A good one can be made of a pint of flour, prepared as for cream of tartar biscuit, rolled thin, and filled with pared and quartered apples, then steamed for two hours, and served with sauce.

Apples may be added to boiled sago or tapioca, with a pleasing result. Soak a cupful of either tapioca or sago in three cups of cold water over night, then cook it in a double boiler for half an hour. Add to the contents of the boiler one cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and two quarts of pared and quartered apples. Bake in a pudding dish for an hour and a quarter. Cool slightly, and serve with or without sugar and cream or milk. These puddings are so simple that they will not hurt even an invalid.—*Exchange.*

TABLE MANNERS IN ZANZIBAR.

Talking of eating reminds me of the way this operation is performed by the Arabs. Five of them seat themselves around a large bowl of rice surmounted by a skinny fowl, all being curried. Two seize the wings with their fingers and two the legs, and simultaneously tearing these off, leave the carcass to the fifth, afterward taking out the rice by handfuls and dexterously conveying it to the mouth with a peculiar jerk. One mark of hospitality shown to guests when at table consists in the chief's rolling up some rice into a ball in the palm of his hand and aiming it at his guests' widely distended jaws. On one occasion this piece of civility was shown to myself; but not being an adept in the art of swallowing rice balls when so projected, the effect was any thing but

what my kind entertainer anticipated, for, independently of being nearly choked, the grains were scattered or rather sputtered over the table in a manner that elicited roars of laughter even from the grave Arabs. This, of course, was the last experiment of the kind tried upon me.—*Overland Monthly.*

THE DESSERT.

—Summer Boarder—"I have heard that silk tassels grow on your corn." Farmer—"Yes, miss; regular gros-grain silk it is, too."

—A bright story in grammar is told of a little school girl. "Quarrel," she parsed, "is plural." "Why?" "Because it takes two to make one."

—"What's the price of sausages?" "Twenty cents a pound." "You asked twenty-five this morning." "Yes, det vas ven I had some. Now I ain't got none I sell for twenty cents. Dot makes me a rebutation for selling cheap, und I don't lose nodding."

—First Lady—"Yes, I've tried three different sewing machines in the past six months." Second Lady—"What pests these sewing machine agents are, ain't they?" First Lady—"Pests? Why, if it wasn't for them I should have had to buy a machine ten years ago?"

—He was an amateur yachtsman and he looked around the store in a timid way before he hesitatingly asked—"Got any tacks?" "Yes, sir, plenty of 'em. How many papers?" "I guess I'll take a paper of starboard and a paper of port. I'm going a-sailing, and I want to be provided with both kinds."

—Mrs. A.—"I wonder what kind of a dressmaker Miss Pipingcord is!" Mrs. B.—"Splendid! You should have seen the dress she made for Mary Smith. It sets like a glove, and the sleeves fit her arms so nicely that she can't raise her hands to her head. I advise you to have Miss Pipingcord, by all means."

—Anxious mother—"It was after nine o'clock when Clara came down to her breakfast this morning, and the poor girl didn't look well at all. Her system needs touching up. What do you think of iron?" Father—"Good idea." Mother—"What kind of iron had she better take?" Father—"She had better take a flat-iron."

—"Wild Wales." Mr. Roundabout (interviewer from England)—"Is your father at home?" Welsh Boy—"No sir, he's gone to work at Rhosllanerchrugog." Mr. R.—"Isn't your mother in?" Welsh Boy—"She's at the fair at Llanfairmatha-farmythof." Mr. R.—"Got any brothers and sisters?" Welsh Boy—"Sister's living at Llanhangel Tre'r-Beirdd, and my brother's at school at Llanfairpwllgwynglgogerychwrndrobwllyslyfwrn!" "And yet," reflected Mr. R., "our boys spend years of their lives in learning dead languages!"—and decided he'd study "Cymraeg" this jubilee year.

—An old negro woman was employed as cook in the family of a Mr. S. Though a good servant in most respects, she had a propensity for petty thieving that was very annoying to her mistress. Mrs. S. often missed small quantities of tea, coffee, sugar, etc., but the cook always stoutly maintained her innocence when questioned, and in this she was usually supported by Miss Florence S., a kind-hearted daughter of the family. One day Aunt Tildy, the cook, was charged with a more serious theft than usual. At first she seemed at a loss for a reply, but she suddenly burst out with—"I doan' b'lieve I tuk dat ting—no, I doan'. But if Miss Flaw'nce done say I tuk it den I b'lieve it. Miss Flaw'nce tell de truf, I b'lieve all what she say. Jus' you ax Miss Flaw'nce, an' if she say so den I b'lieve it—no oder way, nohow."

The Kitchen.

EDUCATION IN THE KITCHEN.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

FRIENDS of genuine social improvement are congratulating themselves that the progress of education is beginning to take effect in this important department of domestic life. Cooking schools have sprung up in many places in this country and in England, but the English are taking the lead in organizing them as a part of their national and common school system. Of the importance—the imperative necessity, in fact—of this movement, there cannot be the slightest question. Considering our resources and the vaunted education and intelligence of American women there is much to criticize in the culinary systems of too many housewives. Our kitchens are, in fact, almost abandoned to the control of low Irish, stupid negroes, and raw, servile minions that pour in upon us from various foreign countries. We profess to believe in the potency of education and applying it to all other employments and professions; why not to this noble pursuit of housekeeping?

They seem to have the right idea upon this matter in Germany, and the new world is not so old but that it can learn something from the very old. German cooking and German habits of eating are very unlike ours. Many of their dishes would be repulsive to us; but it is a good custom among the German girls that all must learn how to cook. In that country there is a department of industry called *haushaltung*. This is designed especially for women, and constitutes the chief glory in that land of scholars and scientists. No young lady is regarded as having a finished education unless she has spent at least one year in the house of some good family learning *haushaltung*. This word means the art of housekeeping.

And housekeeping is an art as much as music or painting. It requires hardly less talent and training to be a good cook than to be a proficient actor or artist. Some have a greater faculty than others, but no one can well forego the education and training acquired by early experience. Good professional cooks cannot always be had for the money, and a large number of housekeepers cannot well afford the extra expenditure. But as a rule paid servants who hire out to do general housework do not understand the business at all. They have no skill six out of ten times; besides, they are slothful, wasteful, careless and utterly unreliable. The young housewife, if she is going to have a servant or even two, must herself know how to cook, how to buy, how to serve, and how to save things herself. If you understand things and have a method yourself you can soon teach a competent, tractable servant. No woman can teach what she does not know, so every young housekeeper must per force learn to teach, i. e., to keep house.

By far too large a number of housekeepers know little of the business till they marry. Few girls take kindly to the kitchen; they prefer to do fancy work, play on the piano, or sit in the parlor with their best finery on, rather than to soil their delicate digits with flour dust or dish water. (We know many noble, well-balanced girls who are not afraid to do this; but we are speaking of the large number.) When at last they "get a man" they hurry into the kitchen, take a few lessons in concocting nice cake and cookies and baking pies, and graduate full-fledged cooks. The fact is they have not learned to cook at all and know nothing

of housekeeping. As a result the first years of their married life are rendered miserable by this want of knowledge. The many perhaps succeed in a measure in the end; some never learn.

Since the domestic sphere is intrusted to woman, and the proper arrangement and management of a household are so closely connected with our enjoyments and virtues, nothing that involves the rational comfort of home is unworthy of attention. The science of housekeeping affords exercise for the judgment and energy, ready recollection, and patient self-possession, that are the characteristics of a superior mind. Its elements should be acquired in early life; at least, its correspondent tastes and habits are too important to be overlooked in female education. To know how to prepare for, and preside at a table which shall unite neatness with comfort and elegance; where prodigality is never admitted, nor health carelessly impaired, is not only an accomplishment but a virtue.

Says Mrs. Childs in her "Frugal Housewife," published more than forty years ago, "A knowledge of domestic duties is beyond all price to a woman. Every one of our sex ought to know how to sew and knit, and mend, and cook, and superintend a household. In every situation of life, high or low, this sort of knowledge is of great advantage. There is no necessity that the gaining of such information should interfere with intellectual acquirement, or even with elegant accomplishment. A well regulated mind can find time to attend to all. When a girl is nine or ten years old, she should be accustomed to take some regular share in household duties, and to feel responsible for the manner in which her part is performed—such as her own mending, washing the dishes and putting them in their place, cleaning silver, or dusting and arranging the parlor. This should not be done occasionally, and neglected whenever she finds it convenient, she should consider it her department. When older than twelve, girls should begin to take turns in superintending the household, keeping account of weekly expenses, making puddings, pies, cake, bread, and the cooking of all substantial food. To learn effectually, they should actually do these things themselves, not stand by and see others do them."

Training like this would prevent much inconvenience, not to say unhappiness, in a household. Every housewife should know how to manage a household. If one does her own work it is imperative that she possess this knowledge; if she employs servants it is scarcely less necessary. To be able to instruct domestics who are ignorant; to know when they have done well, and when they have done enough, when they have reason to be weary, or a right to complain, it is necessary to have had some personal experience of what is required of them.

Complaints of the errors of domestics are very common, and with none more so than with those who are least qualified to direct them. Perhaps too much is expected of them; perhaps there is a lack of making due allowance for their causes of irritation, or of sympathizing in the hardships of their lot. In our minds much of the solution of the vexatious domestic service question depends on this matter of education in the kitchen.

ACTUAL BILL OF FARE; SEPTEMBER.

SUNDAY.—*First Meal*.—Cracked wheat steamed till tender, cold ham, veal chops, baked potatoes, corn bread and butter, buttered toast, and tea.

Second Meal.—1—Prime rib roast rare, potatoes, Lima beans, beets. 2—Bread

pudding, and hard sugar sauce. 3—Fruit—apples, pears, peaches and grapes.

Third Meal.—Tea, bread and butter, milk toast, and cake.

MONDAY.—*First Meal*.—Oat meal and milk, slices of roast beef warmed in the gravy, stewed potatoes, dry toast, tea, bread and butter, fruit—peaches and grapes.

In warming over slices of roast meat, the gravy should be heated first, and may be flavored with tomato catchup, then the beef put in, and as soon as it is warmed through it is ready to serve. Long cooking a second time spoils it. It does not need much gravy.

Second Meal.—1—Slices of cold roast beef, hot potatoes, boiled corn, beets, and fresh tomatoes, scalded, skinned and sliced. 2—Boiled rice and raisins. 3—Fruit. 4—Tea.

Third Meal.—Tea and toast, crackers, green apples stewed, cream cheese, and ginger snaps.

TUESDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Oat meal with milk and sugar, or butter, mutton chops, baked potatoes, hot corn bread and butter, tea and fruit.

Dinner.—1—Meat pie, (pieces of beef stewed with a nice gravy and baked with a simple upper crust,) boiled potatoes, sweet corn, and beets, boiled and sliced in vinegar. (As before stated beets are more nutritious when wrapped in paper and baked thoroughly in the oven.) 2—Grapes and delicious peaches from our little garden.

Third Meal.—Tea and toast, peaches, bread and butter, milk.

WEDNESDAY.—*First Meal*.—Tea, hominy and milk, broiled beefsteak, baked and stewed potatoes, graham gems and butter, and fruit.

Second Meal.—1—Leg of lamb roasted, sweet potatoes, common potatoes, and stewed tomatoes. 2—Apple tapioca pudding with cream and sugar. 3—Grapes and peaches.

Third Meal.—Same as yesterday.

THURSDAY.—*First Meal*.—Hominy and milk, mutton chops broiled, baked potatoes, light risen bread rolls and butter, fruit and tea.

Second Meal.—1—Tomato soup. 2—Ham and eggs, and potatoes. 3—Cottage pudding. 4—Fruit and tea.

Third Meal.—Fresh bread and butter, beefsteak, tea, and ginger snaps.

FRIDAY.—*First Meal*.—Oat meal and milk, tea, omelette, baked potatoes, gridle cakes, very light and nice, made of cold boiled hominy, eggs, milk and a little flour, and eaten with maple syrup.

Second Meal.—1—Raw oysters. 2—Baked white fish, stuffed, and flavored with thyme, potatoes and stewed tomatoes. 3—Grapes and apples.

Third Meal.—Oysters, bread and butter, ginger snaps, cheese and tea.

SATURDAY.—*First Meal*.—Oat meal and milk, broiled beefsteak, baked potatoes, nice hot corn bread made of half Indian meal and half flour, baking powder mixed in dry, milk and two eggs added.

Second Meal.—1—Boiled ham, potatoes, cabbage, stewed tomatoes, corn bread, and pickled cucumbers. 2—"Brown Bessie," a nice pudding made of alternate layers of sliced apples and bread crumbs and sugar, baked, and eaten with sugar and milk. 3—Fine Bartlett pears.

Third Meal.—Boiled sump with milk and sugar, fresh risen bread rolls and butter, apple sauce, molasses gingerbread, cheese, light loaf cake, made of the bread dough with milk, eggs and raisins added and tea.

If this were an ideal bill of fare some improvements might be made in it, but it is actual, just a simple memorandum of a week's fare.

"Nothing wonderful about it." No. It is very simple, certainly. No pastry, sweetmeats nor confections; no elabor-

ate cooking, alike exhaustive to time, strength, health and purse.

Healthful, nutritious food is economy. No doubt all the money expended in fruit, vegetables, coarse grains, milk and fresh meat, is saved over and over in added strength and health, enabling us to do more good work, and saving many a long illness, involving heavy expenses, including doctor's and perhaps undertaker's bills. None of us can afford to lose health. Let us then fortify ourselves against disease by nourishing food, like the coarse grains, fresh vegetables in their season, and especially the delicious fruits that are flavored and prepared expressly for our use by the glorious Giver of every good and perfect gift.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

THE PRESERVATION OF FOOD.

The perishable nature of all animal and vegetable substances, together with the unavoidable irregularity in their production, imposes upon us the necessity of storing up the superabundance of one time to meet the requirements of another, and it is of considerable interest to preserve these various alimentary substances as nearly as possible in their original state, or at least in such condition that their nutritive properties may be retained as much as possible. It might be thought desirable that all animal substances used for this purpose should be dressed as soon as life is destroyed. But this is not at all the case; generally the flesh is at such a time tough and difficult to digest, owing to the rigidity which sets in as the muscles contract, whereas, if kept for a few days, according to the weather and climate, the flesh becomes more tender. Much experience and attention to various circumstances are necessary to determine exactly how long any particular joints ought to hang in order that they may be ready by a certain day; and much of the success of the cook depends on hitting this point with precision. In towns we trust to our butchers to attend to this, but in the country, where perhaps the butcher only calls twice a week, it is of great importance to be able to judge for one's self. Meat should always be kept in the coolest place in an open larder, and be often dried. In warm weather it is best to buy joints as fresh as possible.

The tenderness of a joint may be partly ascertained by the way in which it yields to the pressure of the finger, and by its opposing little resistance when bent. The slightest degree of change beyond this, can fortunately be detected by the odor. In order to restore meat that is slightly tainted, boil it for a few minutes with a few pieces of antiseptic charcoal, freshly burnt.

Fish requires more care than meat to preserve for a short time. It should be kept in a very cool place, and should be placed on a stone floor or shelf, and dipped in cold salt and water night and morning. If to be kept some days, it should be immersed in a pickle made of equal quantities of common vinegar, small beer and water. Fish is more injured by salting than meat, but smoking and drying are modes of preparation peculiarly adapted to it.

Ice affords the most favorable means of preserving animal food; but it must be kept in the ice until wanted, as it goes bad quickly when brought into a higher temperature.

Soft vegetables, such as cabbage, when just gathered, soon lose their juices by evaporation, their leaves becoming soft, and in this state losing their nutritious properties. Heat soon spoils them, so they should be kept in a cool, shady, damp place, not in water, or their flavor is injured. The best way of refreshing them is to cut off a portion of the stem, and

place the cut part in water. Vegetables preserved by drying undergo an interstitial hardening of the tissues, which renders them insoluble in the saliva, as may be observed by their want of flavor. Vegetables a little touched by frost may be recovered by soaking in cold water.

Butter will keep for years if preserved in honey, the proportion of the mixture being an ounce of honey to a pound of butter. It has an agreeable taste, and might prove a useful method on long voyages. It would not, of course, suit all constitutions, as the proportion of honey is considerable.

Milk requires to be kept in as cool a place as possible, and is better stood on stone shelves than on wooden. The use of a little carbonate of soda prevents its turning sour, and, if too much is not used, has no injurious effect on the milk; a little calcined magnesia answers the same purpose, and milk boiled with sugar also keeps some time. In Russia, milk has been preserved for a long period by slowly evaporating it over the fire, until it is reduced to a solid substance; this is then powdered and put into a bottle, which is carefully sealed with wax. When required for use it is dissolved in a proper quantity of water, and has then all the properties as well as the taste of milk. An easy method of preserving cream for several weeks, or even months, is to dissolve in water an equal weight of white sugar with the cream to be preserved, using only just enough water to melt the sugar, and make a rich syrup. Boil this, and, while hot, add the cream, stirring them well together; when cold, put it into a bottle and cork it well.

Eggs can be preserved for a year or two, if the process of transpiration be stopped. The shell of an egg is perforated with a multitude of small pores, too minute to be seen by the unaided eye. Through these a fluid is constantly evaporating, and this causes decay more rapidly naturally in warm than in cold weather. A really fresh egg is proverbially "full," yet in stale eggs there is some vacancy owing to the evaporation. If the end of a fresh egg be applied to the tongue it feels cold, that of a stale egg warm. This is due to the white of the fresh egg being in contact with the shell, and abstracting the heat from the tongue more rapidly than does the air bubble in the stale one. Fresh eggs are most transparent in the center, stale ones at the end. To stop the process of transpiration, the egg must be rubbed over either with varnish, suet, olive oil or any fresh grease. The superfluous fat or oil must be wiped away, and the eggs set on end, with the small end uppermost, wedged close together, one layer over another, in bran. Eggs can also be easily preserved by simply immersing them in water at 140° Fahrenheit for five seconds, taking them out and rubbing them in suet, and then packing them in sawdust. If only boiled for one minute eggs keep a long time; if boiled hard, they will keep many weeks without any other preparation. Eggs absorb very readily the flavor of any substance in contact with them, and if they acquire a smell of old straw, they are unfit for food.

Most people understand the modes of preserving fruits, so a few hints only need be given on this subject. Most people like to preserve their fruits by the cheapest method; but unless the sugar is of the best, and used in considerable quantity, the success is uncertain. Too much sugar destroys the sub-acid taste so agreeable in many fruits. The room where fruit is stored should be dry and well aired, but should not admit the sun. Some fruits may be preserved in a succulent state, by being kept in water without boiling; this succeeds with the smaller kinds of apples. Baking apples and pears

may be preserved by slicing them about the thickness of one-sixth of an inch and drying them in the sun or in a slow oven. Fruit gathered for winter store should not be bruised or have the skin broken; nor should it be knocked or shaken off the branches; it should be gathered on a fine day when most likely to be dry. The finer and larger kinds of apples and pears should not be allowed to touch each other in the store room. Lemons should be purchased in the summer, and suspended in nets for use at the time when they are dear. Oranges may be preserved a long time by wrapping them singly in paper, packing them in dry sand or jars, and keeping them in an equal temperature. Pine-apples are kept a considerable time by twisting out their crowns; these being very ornamental, are generally allowed to remain, but in time they destroy all the juice of the fruit by living upon it.—*Boston Transcript*.

AMPLE CLOSET ROOM.

Did any good housewife ever yet have closet room enough? Articles of wearing apparel, kitchen utensils, books, papers and countless other things that are always finding their way into our homes accumulate very rapidly, and where to put them is often a subject of much consideration and sometimes robs their possession of half its pleasure. First get your place, then your article, should be worked as a motto and hung in some conspicuous place so that when starting out for a shopping expedition it will seem a parting advice from common sense. Still, as we have the articles let us plan a little how to arrange them. First, the kitchen. There is no closet that becomes disarranged so quickly as the one in which the cooking utensils are kept. No matter if there is a particular spot on the shelf and a special nail on the wall for each article, the spirit of disorder seems to take special delight in upsetting and mixing things up generally. One reason for this is that most cooks are rather flurried when dinner is being prepared, they have not cultivated a calm, philosophic mind, and when they are through with a saucepan or pot they are apt to stick it in anywhere on the shelf so as to get it out of the way. No tidy cook ever lets her implements of fame accumulate. As soon as she is through with a utensil she washes it and returns it to its place; but every cook is not tidy, and very often the mistress is as much and even more to blame than the maid. It should be carefully impressed upon the minds of whoever uses the pot or saucepan or any of the kitchen apparatus that it is to be returned to the exact place from which it was taken.

Sometimes the young misses of the family feel like trying a recipe or constructing some dainty dish for dessert. Of course this is very praiseworthy and should be encouraged, but if they upset the closet, which, perhaps, the cook has just set in order, their visits to the kitchen will not be a source of untold pleasure; besides it is not just. Ordinarily, every moment of the cook's time is occupied, and if she has to re-arrange her closet something else will suffer. It is also a very bad example. The ruler of the kitchen cannot understand why carelessness should be tolerated in one person more than another. She will make no allowances, even if we are inclined to do so.

The pot closet shelves should be covered with strong wrapping paper, so that the stoveblack on the bottom of the pots will not destroy the shelves. It is a very easy matter to put clean paper on the shelves, but it is by no means an easy matter to remove potblack. The iron pots should be kept in a place for themselves, they are so heavy that sometimes, if one is in a hurry putting them away, they may ac-

cidental knock against an agate or a tin vessel and may be crack or bruise it beyond repair. Pans and saucepans are better hanging from nails than resting on a shelf. The china closet and the glass closet keep in order with very little trouble. If you are in too much of a hurry with china or glass they are apt to revenge themselves by breaking, and nothing teaches carefulness better than broken dishes.

In a bed room that has no closet a serviceable substitute for one can be easily and cheaply made. Some inventive genius of the other sex evolved the following substitute: This closet extended across one end of a small room. There were two boards one foot wide sawed off in seven feet lengths. A foot from the upper end cleats were nailed across; these boards were then placed against the side walls at the end of the room. A board was cut exactly as long as the room was wide, and this was placed on top of the upright boards. Another piece was cut as long as the top board, less the thickness of the two upright pieces. This fitted in between the uprights and rested on the cleats, and fitting snugly it keeps the end pieces pressed against the wall; therefore no nails or screws were needed to hold the arrangement in place. By this plan there is a shelf at the top on which to keep boxes and articles which cannot be hung up. Into the bottom of this shelf hooks were screwed, on which garments were hung. In this way damaging the wall by driving in nails or putting in hooks was avoided. A curtain was tacked to the front of the top board, and weighted at the bottom, so that it always hung in the proper place, and when a door or window was open it did not blow about, admitting the dust. The curtain might be hung on a pole, but it is a better plan to fasten it with tacks, this plan making every thing snug and dust tight.—*Ex.*

HEALTHFUL SUMMER DRINKS.

Sarsaparilla Mead.—Three pounds of sugar, three ounces of tartaric acid, one ounce each of cream of tartar, flour and essence of sarsaparilla, and three quarts of water. Strain and bottle it, then let it stand ten days before using.

Currant Shrub.—Boil currant juice and sugar, in proportion of one pound of sugar to one pint of juice, five minutes. Stir it constantly while cooling. When cold, bottle it. Use like raspberry shrub, one spoonful or two to a tumblerful of water.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Mash two quarts of raspberries in an earthen vessel, put them in a large stone bottle or jar, pour into them two quarts of good wine vinegar, cork the jar slightly, and let the juice distill in the sun or warmth two or three weeks; then filter clear and bottle it, corking it well.

Oat Meal Drinks.—First put into a large pan a quarter of a pound of fine, fresh oat meal, six ounces of white sugar and half a lemon cut into small pieces. Mix with a little warm water, then pour over it one gallon of boiling water, stirring all together thoroughly, and use when cold. This makes a most refreshing and strengthening drink. If preferred, raspberry vinegar, citric acid, or any other flavoring may be used instead of the lemon. More oatmeal may be used if preferred.

Second.—Six ounces of fine oat meal, four ounces of cocoa and eight ounces of sugar, mixed gradually and smoothly into a gallon of boiling water. Use when cold.

Lemonade Syrup.—With one pound of lump sugar rasp the yellow rind of six lemons. Moisten the sugar with as much water as it will absorb, and boil it to a clear syrup. Add the juice of twelve

lemons, stirring it in well beside the fire, but do not let it boil any more. Bottle the syrup at once and cork it when cold. Mix a little of this syrup with cold water when lemonade is wanted.

Raspberry Vinegar with Sugar.—Mash the fruit in an earthen bowl; to every pound of raspberries put a pint of vinegar; cover, and let it stand two or three days; then press it through a jelly bag; to every pint put half a pound of loaf sugar, set the juice on the fire to come to a boil, take off any scum that rises; allow five minutes' gentle boiling, set it to get cool, then pour it into small bottles and cork well.

Currant Vinegar.—This fine vinegar is made by simply pressing the fruit to a mash; let it stand a night, then strain the juice off clear and fill the bottles to the brim. Set them uncorked in the sun or in a warm place until the fermentation ceases. Any little impurity that rises skim off with a piece of blotting paper and cork the bottles well. White currants are excellent for delicate pale vinegar.—*Exchange.*

MY WHITE CHICKENS.

Thinking some of you who live on a farm and are interested in chicken culture, may like to hear about my pets, I take the liberty to write, hoping all the while that our kind editor will not drop me into the waste basket, with all my white chicks coming after me.

Since we came to the farm some eight years ago, we have been more or less interested in the chicken business, but only within the last two years have we had pure bred fowls, and a good house to keep them in, two essentials of success we have learned.

Two years ago we bought several sittings of White Plymouth Rock eggs. This fall we have over one hundred of the white beauties, besides many eggs sold for hatching, and a good number of fowls and chicks since the early spring. This year we have added a new room to our poultry house, and some white Wyandottes to our family of chicks, so you will see our chicken fever still runs high.

Several times have we tried the "wooden hen," but still like best the real mother hen who talks and scolds and cares for her children as only hen mothers can. We think these white hen mothers are quite remarkable for gentleness and intelligence. True, they often remonstrate with us when they have set their hearts upon another brood of chicks before cold weather comes, but finally submit very gracefully to our better judgment. We give them a room with plenty to eat, and liberty to run about; in a few days they are in the fields again, instead of the cruel cold water bath and close confinement without food, and it is surprising how soon they return to the duties of hen life.

Is it not wonderful, this growth and interest in poultry culture? And best of all the wives and daughters of the farm can find pleasant and profitable employment in it. True, we must attend to business if we would succeed, and there are many, many things to learn, even in the chicken business.

But if in the fall we have a fine flock of birds, besides lots and lots of eggs the year round, we think the satisfaction felt and money earned will pay for all the work. Often the chicks call us out into the air and sunshine, which helps to brighten many a weary housewife. Some interest outside of the kitchen is helpful to every housewife, be it chicken culture or some other finer culture. We speak from the housewife's standpoint, and with a heart full of sympathy for the many weary homeworers all over the land.

ELLA A. FLETCHER.

Augusta, Me.

FLIES.

After house-cleaning is done we have conquered the dirt, and think we can rest a while on our laurels; but we find another foe awaiting us—a winged adversary to whom house-cleaning is a delight—for no sooner do we get our windows shining clean than they come by dozens, and dance up and down the glass, and hold caucuses on the door panels, seeming to think house-cleaning has been done especially for their benefit. Now, we have a decided objection to this. It is easier to keep them out than to drive them out after they get in. To this end, put up the bars, and do it early. It does not cost much to have a wire screen for every window and door in the house, and then we kill two birds with one stone—for no sooner do the flies stop buzzing and camp out for the night than the mosquitoes wake up and continue the strain—and we shut them out.

If you live where wire screens are not to be had, common netting (black is the least conspicuous), and pine frames answer a good purpose; even if you cannot get those, the netting can be tacked on the outside of the window with a strip of cambric to hold it firm. Keep out the flies some way, not only for the sake of keeping clean, but for the sake of health also. Flies are very cleanly about themselves. See them make their toilet many times a day—yet they go into very dirty places. Physicians tell us they carry and spread disease. Think how they travel! Why may they not carry contagious diseases? We cannot be too careful to exclude them from our food, our sick-rooms (what an annoyance they are to a sick person only those know who have suffered from them) and our houses altogether.

Several years ago, sitting near a window, I noticed a fly buzzing on a window-sill; he seemed clumsy; would fly a little, then stop and clean his wings and body with his feet—after the manner of flies. I was interested, and got the microscope and looked through it. The fly was covered with little brown parasites, so small that I could not see them with the naked eye. No wonder it was clumsy! I took a fine needle and pushed one off. It clung with its proboscis, just as a plant aphid does on the leaf of a plant. The fly seemed to like my efforts in its behalf and kept still. I felt that I must cremate it and its companions together; while doing this, I made up my mind that no more flies should come inside my dwelling—if I could help it. "I would fight it out on that line if it took all summer," like our famous general. I still hold to that mind.

CARES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

It is not surprising, says the Philadelphia Times, that the reluctance of women to the cares of housekeeping is every year growing greater, and that the wives of so many men of ample means, who have all the aid that abundance of money gives, are doing all in their power to shirk these difficulties, and escape them as much as they possibly can.

It is not a fashionable freak that is leading so many thousands of people to desert the city every summer to travel hither and thither, and to crowd the summer resorts, and especially the suburban hotels and boarding houses that have increased so rapidly within a few years. It is all, more than anything else, the result of this growing tendency to escape the trials and annoyances of housekeeping, even for a season, though it is fleeing from the ills they have to "others that they know not of." Of course there are many who see in it all the necessary results of the extravagance of living and the false and frivolous ideas respecting domestic life, toward which society has long been drifting.

So long as wives esteem domestic duties and practical housekeeping beneath them, and foolish parents bring up their sons and daughters with ideas that might suit princes and princesses on some feudal estate, but are utterly out of harmony with plain, practical American modern life, these difficulties must increase.

There are many thoughtful and sensible people who contend that an adjustment must come and that domestic life must soon lose all its comfort and charm, or else there must be somewhat of a return to the simplicity of the times when the grandmothers of the present generation did their own spinning and knitting, and when the daughters of the household were proud to serve at table and good cooking was a great accomplishment. There are many who see some tendency in that direction now and who are trying all they can to help bring it about.

THE SIN OF OVERWORK.

The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor, is by this very labor unfitted for the higher duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both children and husband turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of the one and the tender confidant of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, and, as a natural consequence, in mind also, to perform either of these offices? It is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirit and hopefulness, and, more than all, her youth, the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her; for, no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself.

To the overworked woman this green old age is out of the question. Her disposition is often ruined, her temper soured, her very nature changed by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is only dragged along. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing are for the rest and sleep that will probably not come, and even if they should that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let every thing go unfinished, and live as best she can than entail on herself and family the curse of overwork.

RUNNING AN ACCOUNT.

It is a convenient thing to have a standing account at a store, where you can go at any time, order what you please, and have it charged, without the worry of having to consider whether you have money in your purse to pay for it or not, but it is also true that these items, small though they may be, amount up with appalling rapidity into a sum that always surpasses expectation. Besides this, the very best calculators, and those who generally use a wise economy, buy things in this way which they could easily do without did they take the time for reflection which cash payments would often compel. It is so easy, when an article that seems at the time desirable, to order it sent and charged for, the temptation overcomes the buyer before the strength which comes from looking at the matter on all sides enables her to resist the impulse to buy. Often purchases are made in this way and regretted, while something that was far more necessary must in consequence be gone without.

Merchants understand that a great deal more is likely to be bought where there is a running account than when cash is paid down, which explains their readiness to trust those whom they have reason to believe will pay what they honestly owe. The excess will, in nine cases out of ten, more than compensate for the loss of interest upon the outstanding sums, though there is no question but that they sometimes lose large amounts by the failure of individuals through misfortune, sickness, death or deliberate rascality to discharge their debts.—*Exchange.*

POLISHING WOOD CARVING.

Take a piece of wadding, soft and pliable, and pour a few drops of white or transparent polish or French polish, according to the color of the wood. Now wrap the wetted wadding up in a piece of old linen, forming it into a pad; hold the pad by the surplus linen; touch the pad with one or two drops of linseed oil. Now pass the pad gently over the parts to be polished, working it round in small circles, occasionally re-wetting the wadding in polish, and the pad with a drop or so of oil. The object of the oil is merely to cause the pad to run over the wood easily without sticking, therefore as little as possible should be used, as it tends to deaden the polish to a certain extent.

Where a carving is to be polished after having been varnished, the same process is necessary, but it can only be applied to the plainer portions of the work. Plane surfaces must be made perfectly smooth with glass paper before polishing, as every scratch or mark will show twice as badly after the operation. When the polish is first rubbed on the wood, it is called the "bodying in;" it will sink into the wood and not give much glaze. It must, when dry, have another body rubbed on, and a third generally finishes it; but if not, the operations must be repeated. Just before the task is completed greasy smears will show themselves; these will disappear by continuing the gentle rubbing without oiling the pad. You should now be able to see your face in the wood.

THE ANTIQUITY OF GINGER-BREAD.

It will surprise housekeepers to learn that our homely every-day luxury—gingerbread—has been used since the fourteenth century. It was made then, and sold in Paris—so Montell affirms in his "*Histoire des Francais.*" It was then prepared with rye meal, made into a dough, and ginger and other spices, with sugar or honey, were kneaded into it.

It was introduced into England by the court of Henry IV. for their festivals, and soon brought into general use. Since then it has retained its popularity and contributed much to the pleasures and enjoyments of young and old. A great change, of course, was after a while made in its composition, and particularly after it was introduced into this country. Honey, being more expensive than molasses, was less used, and the darker color hidden under some other ingredient or gilded. "To take the gilt off the gingerbread" was a common proverb, and in the old country, booths, glittering with their rude devices in gingerbread, are still seen in many country towns to this day.

A SHORT CHAT ABOUT OATMEAL.

No one can live long in a Scotch community without noticing the healthful look of the children, whose food consists largely of oatmeal, compared with those fed on fine grains, or even groats which are the same, only without the husks. The chaff or husk, however, which is left in the meal, contains some points that act

as a stimulant on the coats of the bowels to keep them active without medicine, and render this food of benefit to the dyspeptic. There is no method of cooking oatmeal equal to the making of porridge, and when properly prepared, it is generally a favorite dish for breakfast.

"What makes your oatmeal porridge so good?" is a frequent question in our house from strangers, and they think the meal must be a superior quality.

But to prepare it properly the water must be boiling, necessary salt added, and the oatmeal then stirred in slowly by sifting it through the fingers. The process must be hurried if lumps would be avoided. When it begins to boil up well, stop stirring and close the pot up tightly. Set at the back of the stove while you cook the rest of the breakfast. Lift the porridge without any more stirring, as it is this that breaks the grain and makes it waxy. The Scotch do not stir with a spoon, but with a smooth, flattened stick called a "spurtle" that one can make according to their own idea. This gives more evenness to the mixing, and if cooked in this way the porridge will be sweet, whole-grained and wholesome — *Annie L. Jack in Good Housekeeping.*

LOOSENING GROUND GLASS STOPPLES.

Sometimes ground glass stopples of bottles become, from one cause or another, fixed in the neck and cannot be removed by pulling or torsion. An effectual method is to wrap a rag wet with hot water around the neck, and let it remain a few seconds. The heat will expand the neck of the bottle, when the stopple can be removed before the heat penetrates the stopple itself. Or, wind a string once or twice around the neck, and, holding the bottle between the knees, pull alternately on one and the other end, thus creating friction, and consequently heat. Or a little camphene oil dropped between the neck and stopple of the bottle will often relieve the stopple.

Grained wood should be washed with cold tea.

Javelle water, used to remove tea and coffee, grass and fruit stains from linen, is made thus: Mix well in an earthen vessel one pound of sal soda, five cents' worth of chloride of lime and two quarts of soft water.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—Take of pure mustard four tablespoonfuls; sugar, one tablespoonful; cinnamon, one teaspoonful; cloves, black pepper, and wheat flour, each one-half teaspoonful; vinegar sufficient to cover. Let it come to a boil, and, when cold, add from one to two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, stirring it in well.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For years I have had the pleasure of reading this valuable paper. For some time I have thought of writing to thank the many sisters who responded to my call for crochet samples. I received a great many, and sent some in return, so if the sisters who sent samples have not received any in return, please let me know and I will answer immediately.

If Miss Anna Thompson, in the March HOUSEHOLD, will try my recipe for blackberry jelly I think she will succeed, as I always have nice, firm jelly. Place the fruit in a porcelain kettle with just water enough to keep from burning, stir often, and let stand over a slow fire until thoroughly scalded, then strain through a jelly bag two or three times, if necessary, to make it clear. Measure and allow as much sugar as juice, boil the juice briskly for ten minutes, add the sugar and boil

ten minutes longer. To test the jelly, drop a little into a glass of cold water, and if it goes to the bottom at once it is done.

New Subscriber can make lemon extract if she will take one large lemon or two small ones, roll them until soft, then cut one end off, put the lemon in a pint bottle, pour one pint of good alcohol over it, cork tight; it will be ready for use in a few days.

L. P., there is not very much trouble in cooking good muffins. First, make a sponge of sour milk and flour, to make a batter as thick as for griddle cakes, let it set over night, in the morning beat into the sponge one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, to one quart of yeast. Have your muffin rings hot and well greased; fill them half full and bake in a hot oven. You will have nice light muffins.

Please try this recipe for angel food, and you will find it a success. Beat the whites of eleven eggs to a stiff froth, and then beat in one and one-half cups of granulated sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla, add one cup of flour, measured after sifting, with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. The flour and cream of tartar must be sifted four times. Beat slowly and thoroughly after the flour is added. Bake in an ungreased pan, tin or earthenware, in a slow oven for forty minutes. When done set the pan on the edges of two other pans to cool, unless you have a pan for the purpose with projecting pieces of tin above each corner, which will allow a free circulation of air when it is turned upside down. The pan should be a bright new one.

MRS. CLARA SPILLMAN.

Paragould, Ark.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. M. G. Dorcater is far on the road to perfection in baking beans. If she will add a tablespoonful of molasses before putting the beans in the pot, and place the pork on the top of the beans, after cutting gashes through the rind, so as to divide it into narrow strips, she will have the genuine Boston baked beans, the fame of which hath circled the globe. The molasses gives a richness of color and flavor otherwise unattainable. The beans should be kept covered while baking, and a scant tablespoonful of salt added with the molasses.

Here is a recipe for cottage pudding and sauce for Sister May: One cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, one egg, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with nutmeg and bake in a gingerbread tin. For the sauce: One cup of sugar, a heaping teaspoonful of flour, a small lump of butter (about a teaspoonful), one egg well beaten. Stir these well together, add two cups of boiling water and boil until it thickens, but not until the egg separates. Remove from the fire, and flavor with lemon or vanilla. The cake part makes a good cheap layer or cream cake, and is also nice for tea, eaten warm without the sauce. A handful of blueberries beaten in at the last makes it a blueberry cake.

Winchester, N. H. BETTY SHERMAN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to express my thanks and my high appreciation of your worthy paper that came to me as a wedding present. I have received much benefit and pleasure from perusing its pages. The June number was especially full of useful hints.

This is a time of year when material for pies is scarce, and Ritta's rhubarb pie and the recipe for vinegar pie by One of the Girls, came just in time.

I will give L. P. my recipe for muffins. We think them excellent and with good cream of tartar I never fail. Two-thirds

cup of butter and lard mixed, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, a little salt, one quart of flour, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Dissolve the soda in the milk and sift the cream of tartar in the flour. Bake in muffin rings or roll pans for twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Here is a recipe for angel's food: Whites of eleven eggs, one and one-half tumblers full of granulated sugar, sifted, one tumbler full of flour sifted, one teaspoonful each of cream of tartar and vanilla. Beat the eggs stiff on a platter, add sugar, then flour, which must be sifted four times and then measured, add cream of tartar and sift again, add the vanilla last. Do not stop beating until put in the pan to bake. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven and then try with a straw, if too soft let it remain a little longer. Turn up side down and let it cool on the tin. The tin should not be greased at all. Do not open the oven door for the first fifteen minutes, no matter how bad you want to see it.

Would some of the sisters please give me a good recipe for pie crust? I do not want a very fine, rich one, but one that I will know how to get good crust whether I want to make two or a dozen pies. I have had the luck of getting the crust so rich I could hardly do any thing with it, or not short enough.

MRS. JOHN B. PELLE.

Bloomington, O.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some kind sister who has learned at the school of experience write an article how to make good pies and pastry? I am anxious to make good pie crust, and that some of the sisters may write soon. I will tell them that I am a young wife very anxious to excel in the culinary science, and am very much in earnest in my desire. Who will help me?

The following are tried and excellent recipes:

Sweet Tomato Pickle.—Ten pounds of tomatoes (ripe), five pounds of sugar, two and one-half pints of good vinegar, five or six dozen cloves, as much again allspice, a few pieces of ginger. Cook slowly until tomatoes are pretty well cooked, then put on a large dish to cool, and continue to cook the syrup until as thick as molasses, then put the tomatoes back and cook a few minutes longer.

Green Tomato Pickle.—Slice a peck of green tomatoes and four or five onions, or even more onions if you like them. Sprinkle each layer with salt and set away for twenty-four hours. Drain the brine off well and put in a preserving kettle and cover with good vinegar. Put in one-fourth pound of white mustard seed, one ounce each of allspice and black pepper, one-fourth ounce each of cloves, mace or nutmeg, one pound of brown sugar, two or three pods of red or green peppers; Cook slow until tomatoes look clear, when nearly done add one small box of mustard and one ounce of turmeric. Mix mustard and turmeric with cold vinegar.

CROCUS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been trying to live for several months without THE HOUSEHOLD. It has been a failure, not but that I still live, but I am only half living. I cannot do my work well unless I have my friend THE HOUSEHOLD to advise me. It helps me wash, iron, cook and clean, and never, never laughs at my alarming results with some of its recipes. I cannot spare such a friend any longer. THE HOUSEHOLD came to me as a wedding present, for which I thank you most sincerely.

It was the same old story with me. A teacher who knew nothing of housework, leaving her fifty scholars to take one pupil. I thought it hard to manage fifty. I am wiser now. The one gives me more

trouble than all the fifty, for he must eat, and I must prepare his food. Who invented eating? How I should enjoy pulling his hair! I had had years of preparation and study for the care of the fifty, and none for the care of the one. That was all wrong, as I know now by sad experience. Every girl, rich or poor, teacher or poet, should be educated in housework. Then and only then, is she prepared for marriage. Unless they are so educated they will see many sad hours, and weep their beautiful eyes red very, very often.

One young lady friend of mine, a teacher, marrying without any knowledge of housework, said that she should give all her mistakes in cooking to the dog, but the dog ran mad, and she and her husband did—nearly. They finally went to a hotel to live, and thus lost the happiness of having a home of their own. Will our husbands love us as well if we cannot make home happy by cooking well, and keeping the house neat and tasty? I believe not. For that is our duty and should be our joy.

My John is very good and patient, but he smiles a good deal, and often wonders if the pigs do not get more to eat than he does, "especially of those high toned French dishes." They are really puddings and pies which some way get confused in their construction.

I will send to the sisters two recipes which always behave in my hands.

I shall look eagerly for THE HOUSEHOLD. For I am anxious to be a perfect housekeeper, and it can help me more than all other friends.

I wonder if any of the sisters ever make holders to use about the stove, of pieces of old carpet? I find them very nice, so thick and firm.

The sisters' letters help and encourage me so much. I sincerely hope that sometime I shall have some bright ideas for them.

Suet Pudding.—One cup each of suet, molasses, and milk, one teaspoonful each of soda, cloves, and allspice, one-half of a nutmeg, one cup of raisins; mix with flour enough for a stiff batter, boil three hours. For sauce, egg, sugar and butter.

Queen of Puddings.—One pint of nice bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, the grated rind of one lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake like a custard. When baked spread over the top slices of jelly and cover the whole with the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, with one cup of sugar and the juice of the lemon. Brown lightly in the oven. Lou.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD for more than three years, and value the paper very highly. Visions of Mr. Crowell's capacious waste-basket have deterred me heretofore from even acknowledging the help I have received from the paper, and also from endeavoring to lend a helping hand to others, but noticing an inquiry from one of the sisters about pickles, I felt I would like to help her.

If Ettie McL. will take fresh picked cucumbers, gherkin size, and after washing them, pack tightly in jars, (I use glass preserving jars), add a tablespoonful of salt and four or five small canary or cayenne peppers, to a quart jar, fill up with cold cider vinegar and seal. I think she will be pleased with the result. They are ready for use any time after standing about a week. I put up about one thousand cucumbers in this way last fall, and have used this method several years, and always successfully. I hope this sister will try, and report results.

Queenie, in the February number, wants a recipe for good tomato soup. Mine is considered excellent, with one fault, being a little too good. To one cup of good

stock, add enough hot water to make one quart, place in a kettle, and add one quart of tomatoes, after they are peeled and sliced, or a quart of canned ones. Let them cook, if raw, about an hour, adding water, as it boils away, sufficiently to keep to first quantity, then add a scant even teaspoonful of soda, and immediately a pint of milk and three finely rolled soda crackers; let it boil up, and serve.

Another sister asks for recipe for coffee cake. I wish she would try this: One cup of butter, two cups of light brown sugar, one cup of strong coffee, two eggs, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little coffee, one-half pound of raisins, seeded and halved, one-half pound of currants, and about four cups of flour, or enough to make it the consistency of fruit cake.

These are well tried recipes, and I hope the sisters will give them a trial, and that they may be acceptable.

I wish some one would send directions for crocheted lace that is particularly pretty in wool. MRS. G. A. WHEELER.

Bloomfield, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I too knock for admission to your circle. Last winter one of the sisters asked for a recipe for jelly roll, so here is mine. It is very good:

Two eggs beaten thoroughly, one cup of sugar, beat again, one-third cup of cold water added, with another beating, one cup of flour in which has been sifted, one-half teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. When baked lay it on a wet towel, and spread quickly with jelly, roll and wrap the towel around.

Here is some thing for next winter: Do the sisters know that one cup of snow answers for an egg? It is very good in doughnuts and is quite an item when eggs are high.

This washing fluid is a great help: One box of potash, one ounce of salts of tartar, one ounce of ammonia. Put into a jug, add one gallon of soft water. Use one-half cup of fluid and one-half cup of soft soap to one boiler of clothes. Put clothes into cold water and boil twenty minutes. For the next boiler full add a little cold water, fluid and soap. It is better to soak the clothes over night. After boiling rinse in two waters. M. E. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For a long time I've been thinking of writing and thanking Mr. Crowell for THE HOUSEHOLD, which I received first as a wedding gift, and the sisters for all the "bits" of information I've received since being a subscriber to our paper, but I have felt a little fear in so doing, but now the sense of my ingratitude has overcome my fear and I set myself to work to write you a few lines.

The day for THE HOUSEHOLD to come is a day looked forward to both by my John and myself. I read every word in it. Sometimes I but finish one when it is time for the next. You may think I'm slow, but I like to read it thoroughly and I read a book, for fear if I "skipped around" I would lose some of its valuable information.

I wish I could tell you something interesting, but I'm not in Florida, nor yet in the western wilds, but right here in New England where it seems as though you must know every thing.

I have been house-keeping two years and enjoy it very much. I try to plan my work so I may do it as easy as possible and have a little time for recreation. If things are planned a little beforehand and a time and place made for every thing, we will find our work passing off more quickly and pleasantly than if done at any time. I have an aunt who in her younger days had as a copy in her writing book, "A place for every thing and every thing

in its place." It impressed itself very strongly on her mind, and she has done her best to impress it on other people, and as a good many of her days were passed in my old home, I came very frequently in contact with that old maxim. It certainly did me good, and now in a home of my own, I see its effects. A time for every thing, too, is a good thing to remember. Washing on Monday, ironing and baking Tuesday, sweeping on Wednesday, and this gives Thursday and Friday for a little recreation, while Saturday is baking again and getting ready for Sunday. That is the way I tried to do my work each week and all through the winter and spring I varied very little from the routine.

Of course, each day, rooms have to be brushed up, dusted, etc., but this is light work.

Now for a change to something to eat! I wonder if you all know how nice fried bread is. In the morning take some of your dough (set to rise the night before for loaves) and roll it out about three-fourths of an inch thick, then cut in diamonds and fry in hot lard. It is nice and helps to fill up when you are nearly "out" of bread or have not quite enough for breakfast. Look out that the old bread does not get left. John told me how his mother did it and if he can tell me anything more she did, I shall let him.

Do any of you ever pot-roast a piece of flank beef? We think it as nice as the rib roast and it is much cheaper. You can get it for seven cents per pound. I usually take from four to five pounds. Roll it up, and tie around tightly with string. Put it into boiling water and boil slowly till tender and then put in the dripping pan, baste with some of the water in which it was boiled, and brown in the oven. When done make a gravy as for roast beef. It will cut nice round slices and it is splendid cold. If any one tries either of these I wish they would please report.

Can any one tell me if there is any particular way to wash eider-down flannel?

I wish, as some one in a late number suggested, that the older mothers would give us a little advice in regard to the babies.

MRS. W. L. AUGER.

Orchard St., New Haven, Conn.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I have been a member of our Band for over five years, and would not like to be without my HOUSEHOLDS, which I have bound, so as to preserve them. I put two years together which makes a nice sized book.

I am very glad to see that the Johns are getting interested in our paper, as well as to be deriving benefit from it. For my part, I think that, as the HOUSEHOLD is, as its name indicates, a paper for the family, it would be well to allow the Johns to have some personal interest in it, and be allowed to write.

I was very much interested in "That Affair at Emily's," in the May number, and thought I might be able to help some of the sisters who wish to get up an entertainment without much outlay.

Gelatine makes a very pretty and delightful dish, either at a company, or for tea or dessert. I will give my recipe which never fails: Take one box of gelatine, soak in one pint of cold water one hour, then add two pounds of granulated sugar, grated rind of one and juice of six lemons will do, but eight or nine are better, the juice of one orange, and three and one-half pints of boiling water, stir till sugar is dissolved, then strain, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and set where it will get very cold. This should be made the day before it is wanted.

For any who have an ice cream freezer, a very pretty and appetizing dish can be made, which takes the place of ice cream very well, by making up a recipe as given

and let it cool, then put in freezer before it thickens and freeze it like cream.

I hope some of the sisters will try this and report. I have never seen this idea in print, for so far as I know, we were the originators of it, by accident at first, and have made it many times.

FERN DALE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wonder if I dare knock at the door for admission. You don't know what a great comfort you are to me, and I don't believe I could keep house without you. I read One of the Mrs. Johns' letter to my John (only his name is Charlie) and he was very much interested. I quite agree with her upon colored stockings. I think I have hurt my feet with black stockings. I do my own work for four in the family. My baby boy is fifteen months old, and I do get so much help from the mothers' column. I have brought him up on condensed milk and he is perfectly healthy and very strong. He is now cutting his teeth and gets along nicely with them.

I hire my washing and ironing done, as I am not strong enough to do it. I do not believe in not ironing clothes. I want mine nice and smooth.

Grace, I had to laugh about your biscuits. I remember making some like them. I have been a housekeeper for four years and it is only lately that I have dared to try again, but if you will step in some afternoon and take tea with me I will promise you some nice ones.

I have a dear friend whose acquaintance I made through The Exchange Column. She is now making me a visit.

Well, as this is my first letter, I will close by sending Enola my recipe for lemon jelly: Dissolve one box of gelatine in one pint of cold water, with juice and rind of two lemons, soak three-fourths of an hour, then add three pints of boiling water and two cups of sugar, and strain through a bag into moulds.

KATE E. WATTS.

Lockport, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will it answer to begin my letter with the "shaky" subject of earthquakes? Mrs. La Bruce of South Carolina has asked for information, and perhaps all the sisters have neglected to answer, each thinking that enough others would write and no need of her doing so. My experience is not large, for although I have lived here over three years I have never felt but two, and those only lasted a few seconds. Others have occurred but not severe enough for me to feel them. There is much difference in localities very near each other. At one the tremor will be quite severe and at the other hardly noticeable. Only once in the history of this coast has there been a time when there were many tremors in succession. That was in 1868, I believe, when they lasted nearly all one day. This I know nothing of by experience, only by hearsay. With this as an introduction I will proceed to more substantial subjects, only adding for the benefit of the easterners who are afraid to come to this coast because of earthquakes, that we consider our immunity from thunder storms more than a recompense.

Now A., as to the paint for your kitchen. The principle article needed is white lead and in thinning it use but little oil and more japan. A little quick drying varnish is still better. The oil is what makes the paint sticky. For coloring, burnt umber gives a chocolate, chrome yellow a yellow, bone black or lamp black a slate color. If one wants the floor still nicer spatter work can be put on after the plain paint is dry. To do this mix different colors, plain white, black, green or whatever colors you wish, and then proceed with paint brush and a stick the same as with spatter work for mottoes. The more of

an expert one is with a brush the better will be the work, of course. I wish I knew the exact proportions for the paint, but I have not mixed any for so long that I have forgotten. The best way is to try a little on a board and see if the color suits and if it dries all right. One or two coats of the paint can be used as you prefer. If lamp black is used for coloring, great care must be taken to dissolve it thoroughly in the oil before mixing with the paint, or the floor will be mottled. All these colorings must be dissolved before mixing.

Mrs. S. A. S., I think the reason your cake splits on top while baking, is that the oven is too hot when it is put in, and a crust forms on top before it rises. Then when it does rise the crust will split open.

Broiled Mackerel.—If fresh, clean, wash, and wipe dry. Split so that the fish will lie flat, salt well on both sides, and broil until the flesh can be detached from the bones turning carefully to prevent breaking. Place on a hot dish, butter plentifully and add a little pepper and lemon juice if you like them. If the fish is salt, freshen by soaking over night. Broil and serve the same, or make a cream gravy and pour over it.

Chicken Pot Pie.—Boil two chickens in two quarts of water with a few slices of salt pork for seasoning. If pork is not liked, salt the water well. When the chicken is nearly cooked, mix a dough as for biscuit, only a little less shortening, and place over the chicken and cook half an hour. The fowls should be skinned and cut in small pieces before putting to cook. If the water boils away too much, add more.

MRS. F.

San Jose, Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As a wedding gift you came to me last year, and every time you appeared, as well as innumerable other times, I felt I must thank the editor and the friend who sent him my name. How often you were consulted and how many things you taught me. A young housekeeper is not supposed to know much, and such a supposition is not incorrect as far as I am concerned, but you helped me wonderfully, and sometimes you made me appear quite wise. To your credit let me say that of all your recipes which I have tried not one has failed me.

I must mention a few of the recipes which I have liked so well.

Mrs. J. D.'s orange pie is delicious. I slice the pulp very fine and add that. As this gives all the juice to the pie, and the pulp is hardly noticeable when cooked, I like it better. Will Mrs. J. D. try it and see if she does not think it an improvement. In lemon pies I always use the pulp in the same way, not squeezing out the juice in either case.

A. McM.'s plain cake without milk is a recipe worth trying. By spicing a part of the dough, or adding chocolate, I have made not only the white but also a nice dark or marble cake.

O. B. gives us a cake without eggs which is splendid for a cheap cake, if baked in layers. For those of us who are trying to solve the question of economy it is often just the thing.

Poppy's cinnamon rolls, Mrs. F. M. Curtis' cream filling for cake, Tislet Temple's omelet, and Mrs. E. R. Davis' lemon curd have all met our approval, and Mrs. E. B. E.'s rule for starching linen is tried every ironing day by us with success.

On our last baking day we made one of Ida Bell Van Auken's "Brother Jonathan's," and it was excellent. We shall try it often now.

I will send a few recipes which I have not seen in your columns, and which I think the sisters will like if they try them. The first is rhubarb pie, and every one who has tried it reports it far better than

the old way. One cup of rhubarb chopped fine, one cup of sugar, one egg and one tablespoonful of flour, all beaten together. Flavor with lemon if you wish. Bake with two crusts.

Chocolate Pie.—One cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, three-fourths cup of sugar, the yolks of three eggs. Heat the chocolate and milk together, add the sugar and yolks beaten together to a cream, and flavor with vanilla if you like. Bake with an under-crust, and spread a meringue of the whites over the top.

The following recipe for ginger snaps meets with success wherever it goes. My John says they are as good as sugar, and that is a great compliment from him, as he has a decidedly sweet tooth. One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and lard, one egg, a little salt, a scant teaspoonful of ginger and a heaping teaspoonful of soda. Mix quite hard and roll thin.

I wonder if any of the Band would like the directions for making a pretty crocheted shoulder cape.

Will some one please tell me just how to make good raised doughnuts?

Montpelier, Vt.

ELSIE ELTON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am truly ashamed of myself for not expressing my thanks for my wedding gift, but it has not been through lack of appreciation that I have kept silence during this year and a half. I do heartily enjoy the letters, and hardly a paper comes which does not bring forth the exclamation, "just what I want." The HOUSEHOLD is a necessity to me. We have never kept house, but as we board with a dear auntie, I am privileged to try many of the dishes given in our paper, and generally they are delicious. When auntie asks me what I would like for dessert, the answer is often a "cottage pudding with egg sauce," so as I read sister May's request in a late number, I felt it to be a duty as well as a pleasure to respond.

Pudding.—Two cups of flour, two-thirds cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; bake half an hour.

Sauce.—Two eggs, beaten to a froth, one and one fourth cups of sugar, two-thirds teaspoonful of vanilla; just before serving add two-thirds cup of cold milk.

The following is a pretty way to use sponge cake which has got rather stale to cut. Lay the loaf in a deep dish and spread some jelly on it: make a custard using the yolks of eggs, and pour around it, then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and pile on the cake. Dropping pieces of the jelly over it gives a dainty effect.

A simple recipe for sponge pudding, especially if you have slices already cut, is very good. Put the slices of cake into the dish and pour over a custard made of three cups of milk, yolks of three eggs, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn starch, and vanilla or lemon: frost with the whites of the eggs beaten with a little sugar and set into the oven just long enough to brown. Serve cold.

Will some kind sister please tell me how to frost lemon pies handsomely? Mine fall so woefully flat as soon as taken from the oven.

MABEL W. J.

Melrose, Mass.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Years ago—we won't tell how many—when we studied in geography about the Gulf of Mexico and Charlotte Harbor on the southwest coast of Florida, we longed intensely to see the shell covered islands, the cocoa palms and the land of the Seminoles. "The Seminole's Reply," in the reading book, was read and re-read and admired, and we hoped it might happen some time that we should meet

and talk with some one who had visited that far-off land. It was so little known, then, it seemed like a foreign land; we could find very few books describing it.

They say "all things come round to those who wait," but we were quite sure if we wanted to see Florida we had better be moving; it would not do to sit down quietly and wait. But when we at last arrived, we found Florida a large state, and to us in Pleasant Valley, the southern coast seemed almost as far away and beyond reach as when we were in Boston. But at last our satisfaction is almost complete, not quite, for there are always new worlds to conquer. We find ourselves really at home on Charlotte Harbor, breathing the warm salt air and watching day after day the salt waves breaking on the white sandy beach. It is very flat here, it could not well be more so, we fear in the rainy season it may be wet and we hear terrible tales of clouds of mosquitoes, sand flies and sprightly fleas, but so far we have not been annoyed, and "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The scenery is not yet "tropical," we have not yet seen a "jungle," and it is not hot by any means; we had many chilly days in March, so we tell the boy he will never be content till he sits down on the equator. Still we are really below the frost line.

Guavas, the moon flower, fairy lilies, and many tender plants grow wild here, though the greatest variety will be found several miles away on Alligator Creek. We have seen a splendid specimen of *erythrina*, the long red spikes reaching far above our heads.

Mangroves grow along the shore and are very curious; the fruit is fibrous and woody; the seeds vegetate in the branches, take root and grow down to the ground and root again. Trees often have a dozen or more such stems or branches. The "mango apples" which are eatable grow on the opposite shore of the bay and seem to be another species.

Every thing here is in the rough. Last October there was only one house in the place. Our post-mistress spent last summer here and for many weeks was the only human being, her nearest neighbor being three miles away. There was no railroad, not even a horse or a mule; there was a boat, but she could not use it, but she was a good walker. Now we have three hotels, restaurants, boarding houses, five or six stores and many other buildings. When we see what has been done in such a short time we think the future has much in store. With our mild climate, tonic sea air, rail and water connections, the tide of travel reaching farther and farther south each year, this must become an important point. It is the most southern railroad station in the United States. The "long pier," two miles down the bay is three-fourths of a mile long, running out into deep water, and eventually—some say as early as next winter—Cuban steamers are expected to land there. There is another shorter pier here in town, where steamers land daily, taking passengers to and from points farther south. Schooners come in from Tampa, Key West and New Orleans, and the harbor dotted with sails is a pretty sight. We have counted thirty-four vessels at the pier at one time.

We have one of the finest hotels in the south. It will cost sixty thousand dollars when completed, and the furniture amounts to twelve thousand more; there are one hundred and thirty-eight sleeping rooms nearly all facing the bay; hot and cold water on every floor, electric bells, gas, steam heaters; every thing complete; a wide piazza runs the whole length, and the view from it at sunset is perfectly beautiful. The inside finish is very fine. There is a counter in the main hall finished in native woods; panels of curly pine with trimmings of black mangrove or American *lignum-vitæ*, which is beautifully polished. The dining hall is not yet finished and guests and workmen all eat in "the barracks," a large building outside, rough and unfinished, but the colored waiters are just as dignified as if they were in Young's or Parker's; in fact, our head waiter came from Young's, and Sundays, in his black dress suit, immaculate linen and glittering studs, gives an air of elegance to our rough apartment. We have had many distinguished guests; the Duke of Sutherland and party, Mr. Edison, with many of his friends, editors, ministers and millionaires too numerous to mention.

The water here, from an artesian well, is strongly impregnated with sulphur and smells awfully, though no worse than some of the springs at Saratoga and probably is of as much value. We hear that it has proved beneficial in a number of cases. We intended to drink a glass each morning, but the smell is too overpowering. If it is drawn and left to stand over night, and well iced, it is very good.

We have not yet seen those beaches covered with shells or the groves of cocoa palms, but we know there are islands not far away with barrels of shells lying on the shore, and we hope to sail away down there sometime, but we hear shells are in great demand, many boatmen make a business of shipping them north.

Edison has a nice home with laboratory and workshop at Fort Myers, where he is experimenting with sound in the still Florida waters,

We wonder daily how it is that so many people, parties of ten, twenty, forty and more find their way so far south, so far down in these unexplored regions, where, a few years ago, there was hardly a sign of life.

LORAINÉ.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CORN SOUP.—Cut the corn from the cob, and to a pint add a quart of hot water, boil an hour or more, then pass through a colander, heat together over the fire butter size of an egg and a heaping tablespoonful of flour, when well cooked add the corn, a pint of boiling milk, a cup of cream, pepper and salt. Just before serving, you may, if you wish, add the yolks of two eggs, but it is good without this addition.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Make a corn-starch pudding with a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, whites of four eggs and one-half cup of sugar; flavor with vanilla. Take out now one-third of the pudding, and to the remainder add a bar of chocolate grated and dissolved in a little milk. Now put half of the chocolate pudding in the mould wet in cold water, smooth the top, then add the corn starch pudding, smooth it also, next the remainder of the chocolate. Served with boiled custard.

SWEET ALYSSUM.

CORN CAKE.—One cup of flour, one-half cup of corn meal, one cup of buttermilk or sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of sugar, a little butter (melted) and salt. Bake in a quick oven.

MRS. H. T.

Mt. Desert, Me.

CORN STARCH BLANC MANGE.—One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of corn starch wet with a little water, three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one cup of sugar and a little salt; flavor with lemon extract. Heat the milk to boiling, stir in the corn starch and salt and boil together five minutes, then add the yolks beaten light with the sugar, boil two minutes longer, stirring all the while. Remove the mixture from the fire and beat in the whipped whites while it is boiling hot. Pour into a mould wet with cold water, and set in a cold place. Eat with sugar and cream.

A. M. C.

FRUIT CAKE.—Five eggs, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of syrup, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, three cups of flour, one teacup each of citron, currants and raisins.

CHOW-CHOW.—Cut in slices one peck of green tomatoes with four large onions, sprinkle over them one teacup of salt, let stand overnight, drain off and throw away the liquor, add two tablespoonfuls of whole peppers, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of whole cloves, two tablespoonfuls each of ginger and whole allspice, one tablespoonful of ground mustard, four tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, one pound of sugar, cover with vinegar and boil one hour, and add a few pieces of horseradish if liked.

M. J. GUTHRIE.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Dissolve two squares of chocolate with two and one-half tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one tablespoonful of milk, set this over the steam of the teakettle, and while dissolving beat to a cream one-fourth cup of butter, and two-thirds cup of sugar, then two eggs, (reserve the white of one for frosting,) add the dissolved chocolate, one-fourth cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and a little clove. This is very simple but very good.

MRS. F. E. ARNOLD.

TOMATO CATCHUP.—Twelve large ripe tomatoes, four large onions, four large green peppers, four cups of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon, cloves, and ginger and grated nutmeg; chop onions and peppers fine, then boil all together one hour and bottle for use.

GRAPE CATCHUP.—I like the wild frost grape, but of course any will do. To one gallon of juice after the grapes have been cooked and put through a sieve, add a pint of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, and about half an ounce each of cinnamon, cloves, and allspice, and a little mace, and boil down until it is quite thick, being careful not to scorch it; it may need a little more vinegar and sugar.

Leadville, Colo.

MRS. M. C. D.

SALT YEAST BREAD.—Put boiling water in a quart pitcher with a spoon in it. In five minutes pour the water out and wipe dry. Then put in two teacups of lukewarm water, a small teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, and make into a batter giving it a good beating. Put the pitcher into a vessel of warm water, and keep it on the back of the stove. The water will not be too warm if the batter does not scald on the

quantity of cold water, add confectioner's sugar sides. Beat it occasionally, and if the yeast was set about eight in the morning, it should begin to rise about one. As soon as you notice it starting, put in a small pinch of soda and a teacup of flour. Beat it thoroughly and let it rise. Have your flour warm in a bread pan, and as soon as risen stir into your flour two quarts of warm water, a tablespoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of soda. The water will not be too warm if it does not scald the flour. Put in yeast, stir sponge into a nice batter, sprinkle flour over the top and set in a warm place. When the flour cracks it is ready to make up into loaves. Have the bread board well warmed before mixing the bread on it. Keep the loaves in a warm place until light and bake.

CARAMEL CAKE.—Mix one teacup of flour and three-fourths cup of sugar together with one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two eggs, beat whites and put in last with three tablespoonfuls of hot water.

Filling.—One half cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of milk, and butter the size of a hickory nut. Boil seven minutes, stir until cold, then add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Use for icing and between the layers.

ST. CLAIRE.

TOMATO SOUP.—To make one gallon of soup take two and one-half quarts of good beef stock, one medium sized carrot, beet and turnip, and two onions, peel and cut in small pieces and boil in the stock three-quarters of an hour, strain through a sieve, add a two-quart can of tomatoes and boil fifteen minutes longer, strain again and add pepper and salt to taste. Let this cool while you take a copper or iron sauce pan which will hold six quarts or more, and put in it one-fourth pound of butter, heat until it is a good brown, and add while hot three tablespoonfuls of flour, take from the fire, mix well together, and add the stock and tomato that have been boiled together and strained to the butter and flour; this must be well mixed together. Add one dessert-spoonful of sugar and stir until it boils. Boil and stir for five minutes. It is then ready for the table.

PRESERVED GRAPES.—To make a nice preserve of green grapes (wild ones are best) cut the grapes in halves, take out the seeds, use equal weights of grapes and white sugar, boil the sugar fifteen minutes, add grapes, boil till quite tender, skim out carefully that they may keep their shape, boil the syrup about ten minutes, and pour over the grapes. This need not be sealed.

ELSIE KAY.

GINGERBREAD.—One teacup each of molasses and sour milk, one egg, one tablespoonful each of soda and ginger, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, or one level tablespoonful of lard; Flour enough to make a good batter.

BANANA CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of water or sweet milk, three eggs, four cups of flour, and three small teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix lightly and bake in layers. Make an icing of the whites of two eggs and one and one-half cups of powdered sugar. Spread this on the layers, and then cover thickly and entirely with bananas sliced thin. This cake may be flavored with vanilla. The top should be simply frosted.

ICE CREAM.—One gallon of sweet milk fresh from the cow, one and one-fourth pounds of powdered sugar, one ounce of gelatine, whites of eight eggs and yolks of three or four. Put the gelatine in one quart of the milk in a double boiler over the fire until dissolved. Beat the eggs until thoroughly light, and add eggs and sugar to the milk, and when the gelatine is cool enough, add it. Mix well and freeze. Use any flavor preferred.

P. H. L.

LOAF CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda and two cups of sifted flour. Grate one half cake of Baker's chocolate, and mix with one-half cup of milk and one beaten egg, sweeten pretty sweet, boil till smooth, flavor with vanilla, cool and mix with the above. Bake three-quarters of an hour. After reading this, do not say, "She has forgotten cream of tartar," for I haven't. The recipe does not call for any. This has been used in our family for years and pronounced excellent. It's much improved by boiled icing on top.

ESTELLE.

MARBLE CAKE.—Two-thirds of a cup of butter, one and two-thirds cups of sugar, four eggs, two cups of flour, one tablespoonful of milk, and soda the size of a pea. Take out half of the dough and add spice and half a cup of raisins chopped fine. It can be baked in layers or a tablespoonful alternately in well buttered tins. It will make two loaves and keep well.

ELLA.

CHOCOLATE CREAM FROSTING.—White of one egg beaten to a stiff froth and an equal

part thick enough to spread, flavor with vanilla. Spread half an inch thick on the cake. Melt half a cake of sweet chocolate, add a teaspoonful of boiling water, beating well, and pour over cream frosting on cake.

J. E. A.

CORN CAKE.—If A New Hand will try this recipe, I think she'll like it: Two cups of butt. milk, two large spoonfuls of butter or lard, (if lard, a little salt, too,) two large spoonfuls of wheat flour, thicken to a batter with corn meal, one teaspoonful of soda stirred in with the meal, bake fifteen or twenty minutes, and serve hot.

TO GET RID OF RED ANTS.—M. R., Greenfield, Mass., wet a large sponge in sweetened water, press it just enough so it will not drip, lay it where the ants inhabit, leave a few hours, then drop it into a basin of hot water. Repeat the process till there is not one left to tell the tale.

ADDIE ATKINSON.

COUGH MIXTURE.—One pint of fresh tar, cook and thicken with New Orleans brown sugar, continue to cook till thick enough to make into pills. You can test this by dipping some out on the stick that is used for stirring it with, and letting it cool. After taking it off the fire add one ounce of sulphur and stir in well. When cool, make into pills and take three times a day before eating, one before each meal. I think it requires a cup of sugar, though more if necessary, the amount wasn't specified. It's not only good for coughs but also for asthma. Keep in an earthen vessel and make into pills as they are needed.

E. L. P.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please tell me what will remove soiled spots from nice books without injury to them? and oblige,

A SISTER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask Aunt Hannah, who wrote for the June HOUSEHOLD if we could use her kalsomine on a wall that had been white-washed.

MRS. LOUISE A. BROOKS.

West Cheshire, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mrs. J. A. Robinson, who in the April number speaks of Tryphosa's sponge cake, please tell me in what number of THE HOUSEHOLD I can find the recipe?

MRS. H. F. PRICE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how I can take from straw matting the marks made by the iron casters of furniture? and oblige,

CARRIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please inquire through THE HOUSEHOLD if any of the sisters can tell me how to make chow-chow, like that we buy in stores and thick with mustard?

MRS. H. S. HARRISON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to rough the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD a recipe for oat meal crackers like those the bakers make.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell S. A. Bibb, who asks in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD for information concerning a rusty stove pot, after cleaning it to thoroughly dry it, and then put in a little milk, and rub it all over it well with a cloth, let it stand and get well dry. Repeat this every time she uses it, and in a short time I think it will stop rusting.

Cuttyhunk, Mass.

A. F. VEEDER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one give a recipe for making mustard pickles, also one for tomato chow-chow and elderberry wine?

I was fortunate enough to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present last November, and it has been a good friend to me.

MRS. H. T.

Mt. Desert, Me.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to make lemon jelly for icing?

ELLA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the many sisters be kind enough to tell me through the columns of your paper, how to can tomatoes that will keep all the year.

L. A. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of your readers answer the following inquiries through the columns of your paper? I would like to get recipes for salads made with cream instead of oil, summer desserts, fancy potatoes, and strawberry shortcake; also how to wash doubtful calicoes, take spots out of a carpet and not take it up, and soup stains out of a woolen dress, and should be greatly obliged for the same.

M. C. F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters tell me through your columns what will remove stains from white satin?

A READER.

The Parlor.

AMITIE.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

What more delightful upon earth,
Besides the Father's love,
As friends, with friendship of pure worth,
Born of kind heaven above?

To feel the thought of kindred hearts
While at the daily round,
The throb of warmest pulses starts,
And makes quick life abound.

We realize the tenderness
Of near-by ones with joy;
Heart answereth to heart-caress
And both true thought employ.

While the same friend whose presence cheers
A very blessing prove,
A constant feeling us endears
As well to us who move

Our spirits by their mystic power
Of silent, unseen kind;
Like surest heritage, the dower
That falls from each good mind.

O friendship is a hidden might,
Which girds the mortal here;
Its pleasantness shed such light
As help all doubt to clear.

And none who feels its depth, but knows,
Thus cherishing the while,
Some sweet, best gift, that inward flows
From human heart and smile.

This precious boon of God benign,
Is love of His which breathes
Of tenderest sympathy, and mine
I hold as He bequeathes.

MISTRESS PUTNAM'S TEA.

ONE of the greatest sacrifices made by the women of the American colonies prior to the revolution was abandoning the use of tea, the crowning glory of their social parties. Undeniably the tax laid by the mother country was extremely light, and but for the underlying principle, the refusal to pay it would have been foolishness. But the battle between George III. and his people was transferred to American soil; the surrender of Cornwallis was the triumph of the people and the defeat of the king. As early as 1773 some thoughtful minds foresaw the rupture between the colonies and the mother country, and fully realized the terrible price in money, blood and tears with which independence must be bought.

Of this class was Colonel Putnam, a man of strong will, intense prejudices and generous disposition. Inheriting a fair fortune, well-educated and hospitable, his large, gambrel-roofed mansion at Enim had been the center of colonial gayety. His pretty young wife made a charming hostess, and Mistress Putnam's tea-drinkings were the delight of her neighbors. But, alas for Bohea and Hyson, Souchong and Imperial, their reign was over. New York and Philadelphia sent back their ships with the fragrant cargoes of assorted teas, and Boston was firmly resolved that, come what might, not a pound of taxed tea should be landed in her harbor. All over the state private indignation meetings were held, and heads of families and householders sternly promised that tea should be banished from their tables. Colonel Putnam was one of the first to pledge his word.

Mistress Putnam's bright eyes sparkled with anger when the colonel ordered that no more tea should be drank beneath his roof. "But you know, colonel," said the lady, "this tea was imported last year and paid for then, and shame it were to suffer the excellent herb to be wasted."

"Nevertheless, Mistress Putnam, it must be as I have said; I have given my word, never yet broken, that there shall be no more tea-drinking in this house. No doubt a goodly cargo of tea will sail into Boston harbor about Christmas, but we are determined it shall never be landed; better ship and cargo should sink than an ounce be sold our people," and the colonel struck the table a blow with his clenched

hand that made the china ring. The lady's cheeks burned. Stored away in her pantry were chests of Bohea, Imperial and Hyson of the best quality. For Mistress Putnam prided herself upon her delicious tea, which was always served in the finest porcelain. If tea was banished from her table, that tea-set, the pride and admiration of her life, would be practically useless.

However, she had learned at the cost of not a few tears that her stately husband was master in his house. She watched him covertly, as he sat opposite, washing down the delicate, flaky biscuits with a glass of rich yellow milk, knowing him perfectly capable of substituting the clear cold water from the spring for either coffee or milk if principle required the sacrifice. "Remember, Chloe, no more tea in my house," he said, as the favorite dusky hand-maiden brought a fresh supply of biscuits. The girl, bewildered, turned inquiringly to her mistress, but the lady, dreamily watching the rose-vine full of musky sweetness swinging by the lattice, gave no sign of attention. Chloe, being shrewd and quick-witted, saw something had gone wrong, and guessed that the tea was at the bottom of the trouble, but only saying, "Yes, massa," passed into the kitchen.

The colonel finished his supper, and, taking his pipe, seated himself under the broad elm tree in front of the house. And Mistress Putnam, after washing and wiping her precious china, restored the pieces to the shelves of her buffet and retired to her own room. Chloe ate her own supper, and having all in readiness for the morrow sat on the kitchen step with her knitting, thinking over her master's strange command. She remembered her mistress had invited a few friends to tea on the morrow, and how would the ladies ever get on without their favorite beverage? Then she fell to counting over the chests of tea stored in the pantry, and the wonder grew; till, resting her dusky head against the door-post, she dreamed the colonel was making a bonfire in the front yard of his wife's tea-chests and their contents. Next morning while Chloe was raking open the coals in the kitchen fireplace she heard the colonel ordering Pompey to bring round brown Hector directly after breakfast.

"Massa's goin' away—to Salem, I reckon; he allers rides Hector to Salem," muttered Chloe, as she plied the bellows and watched the curling flames leaping from twig to twig and climbing up the large sticks piled systematically on the brass andirons. The colonel seemed in the best of spirits, and Mistress Putnam particularly anxious to please him. The cloud between them, whatever its cause, had melted away. Breakfast over, Mrs. Putnam stood in the doorway—her bright, brown hair, guiltless of powder, drawn simply back from her low, broad forehead, secured by a high comb, standing high above her shapely head—chatting gaily with her grave-browed husband. He smiled gravely as, mounted on brown Hector, he looked down upon her, saying: "I may not tarry, how wilt spend the day? for I look not to return till the late evening."

"I have invited a few freinds to sit an hour or two with me; be not anxious, I shall not be lonely," returned the lady, as the colonel, lifting his hat with a courtly grace, rode slowly from the door.

At the gate he checked his horse, turned quickly in his saddle, and called back with the air of a man who had nearly forgotten an important order: "Remember, I have promised no more tea be drunk within my house."

A flush stole over the bright, pretty face in the door, but she only bowed her head, and no word of remonstrance or promise of obedience passed her lips. The

colonel, evidently satisfied, waved his hand and rode briskly along the road to Salem village. Mistress Putnam listened till Hector's hoofs could no longer be heard, and then, with her sleeves pinned above her dimpled elbows and a big apron tied over her morning dress, invaded Chloe's dominions.

"We must lose no time," she exclaimed, cheerily. "Bid Pompey see the brick oven is heated, and then go to the barn and bring in all the eggs; we must have custards baked directly." Chloe vanished on her errand, while her mistress, from the shelves of the buffet, brought out her precious china and packed it, with her own hands, in a large willow basket, arranging her silver and glass-ware in the same manner.

For the next two hours the spicy fragrance of nutmegs and cloves floated out of the kitchen windows, and mistress and maid were busy compounding the choicest delicacies of the cook-book. By noon all was done, the delicately browned custards, loaves of sponge and fruit-cake set away in the pantry in company with almost transparent slices of cold meat and chicken, and glass dishes of ruby and amber jellies. Mistress Putnam, taking a satisfied glance at the contents of her pantry, retired to her chamber to arrange her dress for the occasion.

About two o'clock the company began to assemble, and the repeated raps of the bright brass knocker put Chloe into a flutter of excitement. First to arrive was Mistress Deacon Gershom, then lively Mistress Alice Hale, and hardly were they comfortably seated before Mistress Captain Putnam, Mistress Mollie Downs and Mistress Eunice Pettibone rustled in, dressed in big-flowered silks, hoops and high-heeled boots, each carrying her silk work-bag on her arm. Mistress Putnam received her guests in her own graceful manner, making each feel so much at home that the little stiffness incident to such occasions speedily disappeared, and each lady, being comfortably seated, produced her bit of company work. Outside the window swung the late roses, and the hollyhocks stood stiffly against the western zephyrs like sentinels on guard, the wild bees hummed, and now and then a curious fellow would fly in at the open window to be driven out for his pains.

The ticking old clock in the corner was quite drowned by the lively clatter, for there was quite as much gossip in those elder days as at our modern kettle-drums and pink-teas.

Anon they chatted of graver things—how it was possible a war might yet be the end of the opposition in the colonies to the will of the king regarding the new tax on tea; of the rumors of the friendliness of the Pitt family, and that the whole trouble was the king's fault, and they wondered was it true that he was half insane—and more to the same effect, till the shadows lengthened behind the hollyhocks, and the tall clock in the corner pointed to the hour of five. Much the matrons wondered that no cheerful tinkle of silver and china came through the closed doors. Would Mistress Putnam change her hour of tea, that the colonel might be present?

A light tap at the door and Chloe craved audience with her mistress. A few whispered words and Mistress Putnam, with a merry light in her dark eyes, turned to her guests, saying: "My friends, methinks not one of ye hath ever seen the sunset from our house-top. I pray ye come now with me, for the prospect is such that mayhap ye will never see again; put up your work, I beseech ye, and come with me." With scarcely concealed surprise the guests returned their work to the recesses of their silken work-bags and followed the light-footed hostess up the narrow winding stairs.

Verily, the prospect was such as had never been seen before; on the broad gambrel-roof was spread the supper-table, glittering with glass and silver and transparent china—the collation not a whit behind that of other days—while the smoking tea-urn, in spite of the colonel's commands, betrayed its fragrant contents.

Explaining her husband's prohibition, and that she was determined her guests should not be summarily deprived of their favorite beverage without warning, the lady acknowledged she had kept the letter of the law, while disobeying its spirit, and bade her guests be seated, a command which was readily obeyed, and the clatter of knife, fork and spoon played a pleasant accompaniment to the confusion of tongues, as the different articles on the table were duly praised, recipes asked for and various experiments in cooking detailed. The matrons sipped their tea, admired its bouquet and bewailed its disappearance, for each wife present knew that the command, "No more tea," might be issued in her household within the week.

Before sunset the tea-drinking was finished, and the guests in little knots of twos and threes walked slowly homeward, while Chloe and Pompey removed every vestige of the surreptitious feast. When Colonel Putnam rode up to his own gate, candles were lighted in the house, a substantial hot supper awaited his return wherein coffee and milk took the place of tea, and his pretty wife, with somewhat heightened color, smiled and chatted, keeping her husband's mind so directed that he should not ask her how she had employed herself during the day.

In December, 1773, the tea ship arrived in Boston harbor. As Colonel Putnam had prophesied, not an ounce of tea was landed, but the whole cargo was unceremoniously dumped into the sea to become possible food for the finny tribes.

Mistress Putnam's guests discreetly kept their secret, and before Colonel Putnam learned the details of that aerial tea-drinking the revolution had been fought, the king defeated and the young nation was buying her own tea.

Tradition has not preserved the colonel's sayings and doings when he learned of his wife's stratagem; at all events he finally forgave her and laughed in secret over her shrewd manœuvre. That tea-party occurred more than a century ago, yet the gambrel-roofed house still stands beneath the ancestral trees, and the descendants of the colonel and his ready-witted wife, who occupy the homestead, take pride in showing where Mistress Putnam held her last tea-drinking in ante-revolution days. — *Boston Commonwealth*.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff."—*Proverbs*.

We had an antiquarian show in our town last summer, and among the articles of interest and antique worth exhibited were two ancient spinning-wheels which had been brought out from the garret where they had been hidden for years, cleared of dust and cobwebs, and placed in convenient positions for use. An armful of clean white rolls, just carded, soft as chenille and quite as pretty, was brought in and laid down in a tempting pile. Two elderly ladies, dressed in the fashion of "ye ancient day," turned the wheels, and spun for the edification of the crowd. It was a novel sight to the younger generation, many of which had never even seen a spinning-wheel before that day.

But the greater number of those to whom these old-time implements of domestic industry were familiar enough, knew nothing about spinning. Many

were the essays made by fair hands to turn the soft, fleecy roll to tough woolen yarn, and merry was the laughter over the repeated failures. It seemed so easy, a cast of the hand so, a step forward and then a step back, a firm hold and then another flash of the hands, but it was much more difficult than it looked. In fact, it required a certain "knack," as the old ladies said, to become a tolerable spinner. Of those who tried, only one woman under forty years knew the art sufficiently to be an expert at it. All the others who spun that day were women over fifty, aged housewives and grandmothers who had learned to spin in their girlhood.

What a commentary this fact offers upon the mutations of time! In our grandmothers' day, spinning and weaving were the leading accomplishments of housewives. Every household had its spinning wheels both for wool and flax, and there was a loom, oftener more than one, in every neighborhood, from which each season, great webs of home-made frocking, toweling and sheeting were turned off. It was a great thing to have a supply of wool equal to the demands of a family, for nearly all the clothes worn, especially in rural districts, were home-made. Flax and wool were staple products in those days. Every farmer raised a patch of flax which was harvested as carefully as the corn crop, and was really much more important.

The flax was early sown, and the "fairy blue" anxiously waited for. When the little round seed vessels were hard and brown, it was pulled up by the roots and carefully spread in windrows, and left to mellow, then placed away until the "beginning of snow time," when the flax beam was brought out in the sunniest spot of the door-yard, and the outside, woody fibers crushed. After this, with a wooden staff called a swingling-knife, they separated that part of which linen was to be made. Now the women took charge of it for combing, and nothing could be fresher or nicer than a "hand of flax" after this last process; and the spinning and weaving was no more drudgery to them than china painting and Kensington embroidery are to the ladies of to-day.

When a fine, clean web became the result of such patient, cheerful work, it was spread upon the grass near some brook or well, exposed to the sun and hourly sprinkled by a careful attendant, usually one of the younger members of the family, while the lavender grew to make yet sweeter its snowy folds.

Flax wheels, now set apart as ornaments, such as have no particular story to tell the present generation, were once essential adjuncts to every well-to-do family in the country. It is recorded that a "spinning match" was held in a minister's family, at Falmouth, now Portland, Maine, where one hundred ladies of the "best families" were present, and sixty wheels were used. It must have been a busy, noisy time, and there could have been small opportunity for gossip among the high-heeled, pomatum-haired colonial belles. Every one ought to read Mrs. Stowe's description of such a spirited scene in "Oldtown Folks."

In those days the women folks were busy from morning to nine o'clock at night. As we have said the clothing used by the family was usually all of domestic make, fabrics of linen as well as of wool. The wool was taken from the backs of the sheep, washed, carded, spun, woven and dyed, on the farm premises. The bark of the butternut afforded a favorite tint of yellow brown; indigo was used for dyeing blue, and chipped logwood and copperas bought of the distant grocer gave the inky black suited to garments for Sunday use.

What pictures of home life a spinning

wheel conjures up! T. Buchanan Read touches them all with his delicate fancy in his poem of "The Closing Scene," and we can see the housewife in her quaint cotton sunbonnet worn in summer for the glare of the sun, in winter as a protection from the draughts, at other times from mere habit, the strings invariably thrown back over the shoulders, heavy clogs or pattens on her feet, a loose jacket over her dress, and a bunch of household keys suspended from her girdle; the cat purring upon the hearth, and two or three children playing upon the floor, or watching with curious eyes the motions of the strong, quick hands, as she turned the great rim with the ashen wheel-pin, or reeled the yarn from the spindle into the large, loose skeins. Those were the days when the kitchen was the living part of the house, where, when the day's work was done, our grandmothers were not ashamed to sit with their children and domestics around the sputtering tallow dip or sperm oil lamp, where the fireplace and oven took up one entire end, and a goodly press which flanked the other side suggested untold wealth of linen and woolen stored away.

The sound of a spinning-wheel is always pleasant to one who has heard it in his youthful days. The long, monotonous, dreamy buzz or whirr has a music that lingers on the ear, like the song of the sirens to Ulysses' sailors. The sound of my mother's comes to me now as I write, across the years, and a host of memories comes with it. The old kitchen, somber and brown and mellow, the pumpkin and apple drying upon poles over the mantel, the rows of glistening pewter plate on the buffet shelves in the corner, rise before me. Before the fireplace stands my mother whirling the large wheel which twisted the wool and spun the warp and made the woof which was to be woven into garments for the husband and children she loved and cared for. My pretty sister at the picturesque smaller wheel spun the flax which was to be woven and whitened for her own wedding outfit.

Spinning is a wonderfully graceful occupation. No other employment shows off so well a trim, elegant figure, shapely hands, and round white arms. If modern young ladies knew what pretty work it was, and what unlimited freedom to action it gave, I am quite sure the ancient art would be revived, and the old spinning wheels, brought out of the gloomy, dusty attic for service again. Readers of Longfellow will remember that Priscilla Mullens sat at her wheel spinning, demure and fateful as one of the Parcae drawing out the thread of life, when John Alden appeared before her to deliver the message of Captain Standish. If she looked half as sweet and fascinating as I have seen young ladies look at the spinning-wheel, and Priscilla must have been as fair as a daisy and as sweet as a may-flower, the only wonder is that the young cooper and secretary did his errand at all. I can seem to see the maiden's dark gray eyes flash out a certain injured pride and feminine coquetry as she glanced at the handsome fellow and said, as she gave her wheel a quick whirl and then bent forward over the loaded spindle, "Prythee, why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Spinning is as old almost as the human race. Naamah, the beautiful, talented sister of Tubal-cain, is affirmed by Jewish writers to have invented the art of spinning wool and making cloth. Both spinning and weaving were common household employments among the Israelites. Of the model housewife in Proverbs it is said, "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands; she maketh fine linen and selleth it; and delivereth girdles to the merchants." Nor did persons of rank consider the occupa-

tion mean and beneath their dignity. Andromache, Helen and Penelope, the wives and daughters of princes, are represented spinning in the Iliad and in the Odyssey. The method of spinning among the ancients was simple. Into a loose ball of flax or wool the broad, flat end of the distaff—a light stick or reed three feet long—was inserted. The distaff was held in the left hand and steadied by the arm, while with the fingers of the right hand the fiber was drawn out and twisted spirally into a thread. The first thread was fastened to a spindle made of light wood or reed, with a slit at one end into which the thread was placed. By twirling this spindle as the fibres were drawn out the thread was hard twisted. The work was continued until the lengthening thread allowed the spindle to touch the ground, when the former was wound upon the latter. This spinning and winding were repeated until the spindle was full, when the thread was cut off, the spindle laid in a basket for use in a loom, and another one employed. In the olden time many a white-armed Roman girl and straight-nosed Greek maiden must have won their heart's love, while spinning in the doorway or in the cool, shaded atrium of the house. Ovid, in his "Art of Love," prescribes the employment as one of the best in which to display a woman's grace, and to make an impression on the fancy of a suitor. We have no doubt that it was practiced by many a dame who had, perhaps, outlived her beauty.

In the Middle Ages, spinning and weaving continued, as in the days of Solomon and as in the days of Caesar, woman's chief employment. In that quaint and interesting volume, the English Domesday Book, which was prepared in the year 1086, and gives a graphic and accurate picture of the time, there is scarcely any mention of manufactures of any kind. The women of the various households, were, as we learn, so industrious and clever as to do away with the necessity of employing weavers, tailors, bakers, brewers, and cloth workers. They were quite able to perform these tasks for their own homes and families. It was not until the reign of Henry I., (1130), that a clothier's guild was chartered in London. But even the rise of this manufacture left plenty of work for the hands of women to do.

The word "spinster," now the legal designation of an unmarried woman, had its origin in the fact that in the medieval time spinning was her special employment. Spinning was one of the first works which the lady of the castle taught her demoiselles. All the illuminated manuscripts which have come down to us illustrating the domestic life of the Middle Ages, show us "the lady spinning," "the lady carding wool," "the lady at the loom." Every important household had its spinning wheels and its looms. A writer of the twelfth century describes the mansion of a nobleman of high rank, in which the room of the ladies was lined with linen warp, woof, and with all the implements and machines used in making linen and woolen stuffs. Every morning the lady of the mansion and her maidens could be found at work in this room. A French ballad of the same century entitled "*Le Bien des Dames*," celebrates the industry of women in a complimentary manner. The following is a translation of one of the stanzas:

"Much ought women to be held dear;
By her is everybody clothed.
Well know I that woman spins and manufactures
The clothes with which we dress and cover ourselves,
And gold tissues and cloth of silk;
And, therefore, say I, wherever I may be,
To all those who shall hear this story,
That they say no ill of womankind."

The spinning wheel and hand loom were employed throughout the linen dis-

tricts of Europe, even into the present century, affording to the females of every family a most useful and genial occupation. In the quality of the fabrics the highest excellence was attained by the French and Flemings, and among commercial products the linen of Flanders and the north of Europe long maintained a high rank. Ireland, too, was celebrated for the general diffusion of the manufacture, especially among the families of the province of Ulster, and the heavy linens of that country, in the form of table cloths and sheeting, have long held an important place in the general trade in this fabric.

But all is now changed, and within half a century, to such an amazing extent as to have created a revolution in social life. The first mills in England for spinning flax were erected in Darlington near the close of the last century, upon plans the invention of which is claimed by the French, though afterwards, as they admit, greatly perfected by the English. Other mills were soon established, and by 1830, both woolen and linen and cotton factories, were in active operation. Of our Priscillas and our Griseldas, too, it can now be said as of the lilies, "neither do they spin." The romance of the old life is gone. Steam and machinery have destroyed the occupations of women, and in a degree those of men.

But though the days of the spinning-wheel are past, the associations that cluster around the ancient implement will never be forgotten. The very mention of the name recalls the home life of the olden time. Classic memories cling around the homely domestic article. The story of the spinning-wheel has entered into the literature of all lands. The patron deity of spinning in Greece was Minerva herself, who is frequently represented with a distaff in her hands instead of a spear. In the beautiful story of Daphnis and Chloe, the heroine is represented as spinning wool through the long summer days to make clothes for her beloved. Bertha, the wife of the king of Burgundy, won the title of the "Beautiful Spinner," because she was always spinning, and even had a distaff fixed to her saddle, so that when traveling she might not lose the precious moments. In the fairy story of the "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," it was a spindle that the princess thrust into her hand while spinning in the upper chamber that caused all the mischief. We know of nothing so suggestive of romance as a spinning-wheel. As Longfellow sings of the Puritan maiden, so we know it will be.

"When the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers
with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in
their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla
the spinner."

CLINTON MONTAGUE.

WHAT JENNIE DID WITH HER MONEY.

"And glad the gathering when one life is ended,
Of all the influence that one life hath cast."
—Longfellow.

The day that Susan Shorey decided upon for her quilting, chanced to be one often longed for but seldom seen, a clear, cool day in August. Indeed, if you will believe me, Aunt Susan had really taken a peep into the farmer's almanac, that always graced the mantel of her spacious sitting room, to see if such a thing could be as her having lost the reckoning on the state of her yearly quilting bee.

"It's most too good to be true," she said to herself that forenoon while wiping up her "spare" tea set. "It's so nice an' cool an' then it's such clear weather for Sister White, whose eyes are gittin' none o' the best, but who'd feel terrible put by if she knew any one

thought, let alone sayin', her stitches wa'n't as short an' even as the best quilt-er in the lot."

Miss Susan Shorey was known as Aunt Susan to every one in Rightsville, and miles beyond her deeds of charity had made her name a household word. Though born in "ther year o' '12," as she would have quickly told you, and time had wrought deep wrinkles in her face, and turned her locks to snowy whiteness, yet her eyes had the sparkle of youth, and best of all her heart had been kept young.

No one ever thought of calling her an old maid or prudish. Had you been riding through the little settlement of Rightsville, any one from the least toddler up to gray beard, would have informed you with pleasure, that in the quaint yellow house behind that clump of trees on the hill, was where Aunt Susan Shorey lived and kept Pilgrims' hotel.

Though all of her kith and kin had long since found rest in the little church yard just out of the village, her life was neither morbid nor lonely. She had learned that—

"Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess."

Every year for more than twenty-five, the ladies of Rightsville had received an invitation to go up to Aunt Susan's quilting. They would as soon thought "Independence" or Christmas day would be left out of the calendar, as Aunt Susan's quilting omitted.

Do not suppose these quilts were hoarded up, or even used by the dear old lady. They were made for charitable purposes, given to the deserving needy, or sometimes as a token of friendship and esteem, like the fate which awaited the one now in the frame.

Though Aunt Susan seldom knew at the beginning what disposal would be made of her quilt, this particular one was an exception. It was very much handsomer than many of the others and each one in turn admired it as they came trooping in to Aunt Susan's large sitting room early in the afternoon.

It was a goodly number that collected there, for all knew that a good time was in store.

Two of the number were new comers who had lately moved into the place, and had come to be initiated. One, old Judge Peter's wife, had been present at the first quilting twenty-six years before, and each successive one for a quarter of a century.

Every thing was freely discussed at these gatherings, bread making, training children, cross husbands and women's rights, with now and then a bit of gossip, for Rightsville was not free from that terrible scourge, a gossip woman.

Several attacks had been made on some absent one, but the blow had been parried by some better disposed one of the party, and a foothold not gained. But Mrs. Dodge, the dressmaker, and well known for the fluency of her tongue, was not to be outdone.

"They do say, girls, that Jennie Swift is about to be married," she exclaimed. "Is that so?" "Who to?" "How did you hear?" came from the younger members of the party, while the older ones, though not so eager, were interested in a coming marriage.

"Well, they say it's a fellow down in Elton, a clerk or something of the kind in a drug store, I believe. Sarah Jane (she lives in Elton you know) says it's been going on for a year or more. Strange, isn't it, we never heard of it before?" continued Mrs. Dodge, who seemed elated that at last she had struck a piece of news that seemed to interest the group. "But then Jennie's so queer, you

know, 'twould be just like her to pop off all of a sudden."

"Queer! I should say she was, and so set in her way," said Fanny Drew. "Why last year we girls tried and tried to get her to buy a new hat to wear to that picnic. You remember our folks here were going to meet with the Ellidgeville folks, and of course we didn't want to be outdone in dress, and they are great on dress, you know. But 'twas no use," continued the aggrieved Fanny, "'twas either stay at home or wear the same old hat she'd worn two seasons."

"Perhaps she had not the means to purchase a new hat," suggested pretty Agnes Goodhope, the village teacher. "You know her invalid mother requires a great deal of her spending money, if, indeed, she ever has a cent she can call her own, to spend."

"Oh, 'twasn't that, I assure you, Miss Goodhope," said the first speaker. "For my husband's brother told him, that the girl he was going with last summer said that she heard from a reliable source that Jennie Swift had not less than a hundred dollars in the bank. And I know myself that she went as far as to look over Miss Brown's hats with the intention of purchasing. But mind you that was before any thing was said about the picnic. Oh, I tell you she's just queer."

Mrs. Dodge paused for breath, and old lady Morrison, with both arms akimbo, and her angular form bent forward, drawled out in her peculiar piping voice. "Dew tell! Is Jennie gwine ter be married? Well there! Jennie's allus kinder neat."

A smile passed round the circle, but no one paused to ask what her being "kinder neat," had to do with her getting married.

Aunt Susan was a silent listener to the conversation going on about the absent Jennie; but like the tempest which is preceded by the calm, her powers were being concentrated the more forcibly to strike.

Peering mildly over her glasses at her guests, she said in her quaint way that always riveted one's attention.

"Pears ter me ladies, 'pears ter me that Jennie's hat was good enough, plenty good enough ter hoity-toity through the woods with. To be sure she'd worn it two seasons, but 'twan't such a great ways out o' fashion as one'd suppose. Though Jennie don't have but little she allus selects with taste an' buys the best her means will afford. An' she's deft at arrangin' ribbons an' things as every one in Rightsville knows. Her creed is earn before you spend. An' ter my thinkin' her crown in glory 'll not be askew because she didn't allus wear the latest style down here, but 'll be all the more comfortable like, for her havin' gone without herself for the benefit of some one more needy."

"Did she really spend her money she intended buying a hat with? Please tell us about it," said Miss Goodhope. As all seemed anxious to hear about it, Aunt Susan hesitated.

"I dunno," she said, "I never like ter meddle with other folks' affairs, but seein' it's gone so fur, perhaps in justice ter Jennie, I'd ought ter out with the whole."

Every one in Rightsville knows what a good, patient girl Jennie's allus been ter her poor sick mother and little brother. Since her father died, she's been their main stay, an' its been a hard one ter make both ends meet, as I ought ter know, havin' known 'em all sence Daniel Swift moved into the place more'n forty years ago."

Had she chosen, Aunt Susan could have told of many a little act of kindness on her own part, that had helped Jennie along while struggling from girlhood into womanhood, and trying to present what

would be termed a decent appearance in fastidious Rightsville. But of her own good deeds she never boasted.

"Jennie often tells me her plans, an' last spring she told me how she was goin' ter have a new hat ter match her dress she'd been fixin' over. She'd planned it all out, the blue was ter match the trimmin' on her dress, for Jennie likes ter have things correspond. She told me she'd earned the money, 'twas her very own, an' then she wanted me ter guess how. Well, I knew it couldn't be knittin' footin', for she'd used up the last mite of yarn weeks before, an' what few apples they had ter dry was swapped for flour, an' the eggs had ter be sold every week ter buy knick-knacks for her mother, so I had ter give it up."

"Well," said Jennie, laughing, "I got it with bottles."

"Bottles," said I, "what dew you mean, Jennie Swift?"

"Just what I say, Aunt Susan," said she. "I sold bottles enough to come to three dollars, and that with a half dollar left of that I earned doing fancy work for Mrs. White will buy me a hat presentable in Rightsville."

You know, ladies, they've had a sight of sickness in the Swift family, an' 'twas one of Mrs. Swift's hobbies ter store away every bottle that wasn't in use. And Jennie said as how she was ransackin' round up garret one day, an' thought what a pity 'twas ter have all them bottles layin' there doin' nobody no good. So with her mother's consent she cleansed them out in shape an' carried them ter the drug store in Elton."

"Did she tell you how she cleansed them?" said practical Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, she said 'twas quite a job, but then, Jennie isn't one that's afraid of her pains. She put as many bottles as 'twould hold into a tin boiler, tied up a bag of ashes an' dropped in, poured in some soap an' covered the whole with cold water an' boiled 'em. Then she set 'em away to cool a little, an' after rensin' in clear water they were fit for use."

The ladies were all interested in Aunt Susan's story and all agreed it was a novel way to earn money.

"But you haven't told us, Aunt Susan, what Jennie did with the money that her hat was not forthcoming," said Miss Goodhope.

"Well, wait a bit, while I start up the fire, for it's gettin' nigh on to four o'clock."

And off she bustled to look after the supper of baked beans and brown bread and pumpkin pie, without which a quilting would have been no quilting at all with Aunt Susan.

"Well," she continued, seating herself again, "you remember Memorial day, an' what a time all Rightsville had strewin' flowers over the graves of the dead soldiers—fallen heroes, the parson called 'em—and what a time they had plannin' about the children's marchin' and all that."

Well, Mira Stubbs was about crazy ter go with the rest, but her mother, poor soul, has all she can do to provide for her family without fixin' up Mira fit ter be seen out 'mongst folks. Mira's father was a soldier too, but though he never had any health after he came out of the army, some how there didn't seem ter be any chance ter get a pension, though a braver man never died for his country than Daniel Stubbs.

Mira always goes ter Jennie with her troubles, and when she saw the little chit feelin' so bad 'twas more'n she could stand. So comfortin' Mira the best she could, Jennie slipped down ter the store and with her money just gits a pair of boots, a dress, and some fixin's for a hat which she made herself. Of course none of the things were nice, but Mira looked as neat as a pin when she was dressed,

with a white ruffle round her neck and her hair tied back with a bright ribbon. An' my! wa'n't she jest tickled most ter death?

'Twas a great disappointment ter Jennie ter go without her hat, but she said she felt reconciled when she saw how happy Mira was that day marchin' with the other girls.

There, ladies, I've told you all there is ter tell. It's a fact, though, about Jennie's gettin' married, an' 'tis no secret that she an' Zach Miller will be married Jennie's birthday."

At the mention of Zach Miller, all started as if an electric battery had shocked them. He was well known as the proprietor of a flourishing drug store in Elton, and an exemplary young man. More than one fair damsel in Rightsville would gladly have accepted Zach for better or for worse.

"Somehow," continued Aunt Susan, "it got out about Mira Stubbs' rig, Mrs. Stubbs has relatives in Elton you know, an' Jennie's mother told me on the sly, she half suspected them bottles set Zach a thinkin'—Jennie sold 'em to Zach's clerk you know—for she never knew till after Memorial day that Zach had any particular likin' for Jennie, though he's kind of escorted her round like, when she's been down ter Elton visitin' her Aunt Jennie Fields. Mrs. Swift's health is uncommonly poor—that's the reason Jennie isn't here to-day—an' she'll feel better ter know when she's gone Jennie won't be left alone, as one might say. Jennie's a master hand ter keep things, an' though it isn't much, this quilt'll help her out a little with her fixin's, for she's like the girls of my day," said Aunt Susan with a touch of pardonable pride, "she don't want ter begin housekeepin' empty handed, with nothin' she can call her own."

It had dawned upon the minds of the quilters, what disposal Aunt Susan would make of her quilt before she informed them in her blunt way, so none were surprised. And as she bustled off to prepare supper, with two of the company to assist her, the merits and demerits of Jennie Swift were discussed no more.

I have never learned whether Aunt Susan's lessons on charity ever cropped out with good results in Rightsville but hope they have learned that it is truly more blessed to give than receive. And may they ever bear in mind that, "death and life are in the power of the tongue." "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles."

As I wended my way homeward through the still August twilight, after lingering to bid Aunt Susan good-bye that being the last quilting I should meet with them, even should the dear old lady herself be spared another year, these words came to me o'er and o'er:—

"There are treasures for the lowly,
Which the grandest fail to find;
There's a chain of sweet affection
Binding friends of kindred mind.
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned."

VILORA VEGETABLE.

HOW GLASS IS MADE.

The formation of window glass is effected by blowing the melted matter, or metal, as it is called, into hollow spheres, which are afterwards made to expand into circular sheets. The workman is provided with a long iron tube, one end of which he thrusts into the melted glass, turning it round until a certain quantity, sufficient for the purpose, is gathered or adheres to the extremity. The tube is then drawn from the furnace; the lump of glass which adheres is rolled upon a smooth iron table, and the workman blows strongly with his mouth through the tube. The glass, in consequence of its ductility, is gradually inflated like a bladder, and is

prevented from falling off by a rotary motion constantly communicated to the tube. The inflation is assisted by the heat, which causes the air and moisture of the breath to expand with great power. Whenever the glass becomes so stiff, by cooling, as to render the inflation difficult, it is again held over the fire to soften it and blowing is repeated, until the globe is expanded to the requisite thinness. It is then received by another workman, upon an iron rod, while the blowing iron is detached. It is now open at its extremity, and by the means of the centrifugal force acquired from its rapid whirling, it spreads into a smooth, uniform sheet, of equal thickness throughout excepting a prominence at the center where the iron rod is attached.

After the glass has received the shade which it is to retain, it is transferred to a hot chamber, or annealing furnace, in which its temperature is gradually reduced, until it becomes cold. This process is indispensable to the durability of glass; for, if it is cooled it becomes extremely brittle, and flies in pieces at the slightest touch of any hard substance. This effect is shown in the substances called Rupert's drops, which are made by suddenly cooling drops of green glass by letting them drop into cold water. These drops fly to pieces with an explosion whenever their small extremity is broken off. The Bologna phials, and some other vessels of unannealed glass, break into a thousand pieces if a flint or other hard and angular substance is dropped into them. This phenomenon seems to depend upon the same permanent and strong inequality of pressure, for when these drops are heated so red as to be soft, and left to cool gradually, the property of bursting is lost and the specific gravity of the drop is increased.

Flint glass, so called from its having been originally made of pulverized flints, differs from window glass in containing a larger quantity of the red oxide of lead. The proportion of its materials differs; but, in round numbers, it consists of about three parts of fine sand, two of red lead and one of pearlash, with small quantities of nitre, arsenic and manganese. It fuses at a lower temperature than crown glass, has a beautiful transparency, a great reflective power, and a comparative softness which enables it to be cut and polished with ease. On this account it is much used for glass vessels of every description, especially those which are intended to be ornamented by cutting. It is also employed for lenses and other optical glasses. Flint glass is worked by blowing, molding, pressing and grinding. Articles of complete form, such as lamps and wine glasses, are formed in pieces, which are afterwards joined by simple contact while the glass is hot. It appears that the red lead used in the manufacture of flint glass gives up a part of the oxygen and passes to a protoxide.

The name of cut-glass is given in commerce, to glass which is ground and polished in figures with smooth surface, appearing as if cut by incisions of a sharp instrument. This operation is chiefly confined to flint glass, which, being more tough, soft and brilliant than the other kinds, is more easily wrought, and produces specimens of greater lustre. An establishment for cutting glass contains a great number of wheels of stone, metal and wood, which are made to revolve very rapidly, by a steam engine or other power. The cutting of the glass consists in grinding away successive portions, by holding them upon the surface of these wheels.

The first, or rough cutting, is sometimes given by wheels of stones, resembling grindstones. Afterward, wheels of iron are used having their edges covered

with sharp sand, or with emery, in different states of fineness.

The last polish is given by brushing wheels, covered with putty, which is an oxide of tin and lead. To prevent the friction from exciting so much heat as to endanger the glass, a small stream of water continually drops upon the surface of the wheel.

Among the ancient specimens of painted glass, some pieces have been found in which the colors penetrate through the glass so that the figures appear in any section made parallel to the surface. It is supposed that such pieces can only have been made in the manner of mosaic, by accumulating transverse filaments of glass of different colors, and uniting them by heat, the process being one of great labor. They are described by Winckelmann and Caylus, from some specimens brought from Rome.—*Scientific American*.

ON A RICE PLANTATION.

As soon as the germ root pushes out underneath the grain in search for food a minute point is visible above the ground reaching up for light and air. This is the embryo stalk and corresponds with the germ root. The plant is now in the proper stage for forcing and the stretch water should be put on at once. The water is at first turned on deep, entirely covering the surface of the squares, and the young plant, drinking in the life giving fluid, commences to rear its head aloft and reach up for light and air. The river water is seldom clear—always more or less tinged with mud—and the tender shoot battles manfully with its semi translucent covering to bask in the comforting rays of the sun.

After the rice has become sufficiently stretched, or a few inches high—a period extending through from two to ten days—the water is slackened down to what is known as “slack water gauge,” so as to show the tops of the plant and give it necessary air and sunshine. If the plant is longer than the water is deep, which is generally the case, it floats its upper leaves on the surface in long waving lines across the squares—a singularly attractive and beautiful picture. It seldom happens, however, that the whole plantation is under the same treatment at the same time, for with 500 or 600 acres to sow, it is a difficult matter in spring, with frequent interruptions from rains and bad weather, to seed down so large an acreage in time for any one spring tide for flowing. A large plantation will run five or six drills and put in sometimes sixty-five or seventy acres daily; but even with as rapid work as this it is impossible to get all in contemporaneously. Consequently it is a common thing to see, perhaps, one-fourth of the squares under the stretch water, another fourth under charge of the “gun squad,” waiting for the tender point to shoot; another series under the sprout water and the remainder in process of planting, all at once. This necessarily adds greater interest and diversity to the process and prospect.

Sometimes, too, the rice comes up mixed with “volunteer;” this is the product of the grain shaken out during the previous harvest and scattered broadcast over the land. This can generally be removed by the hoe, but where it is very thick sometimes necessitates replotting and seeding, thus throwing late a portion of the crop. This volunteer rice is hardy and prolific and externally similar to white rice, but the objection to it is that the berry is red and greatly reduces the grade of rice with which it is mixed, besides totally unfitting it for seed. To destroy this obnoxious tare the fields are sometimes thrown into dry crops for a year or two, or kept under water for a like time. It will be remembered that each square

is under separate control, and, except where two or more are temporarily united by the check banks washing through, can be flowed and drained independently at the pleasure of the planter. A walk over the banks of a plantation at this period is replete with interest; at every step the “fiddlers” scurrying from under your feet and ducking into their holes, each one as he disappears waving aloft in defiance his disproportionate manacle. Yonder are small squads of negroes in twos and threes, dragging with long wooden rakes the floating trash and stubble blown by the wind in masses against the lee banks and piling it on the pathways. Over there the rattle of the grain drills is heard seeding down the few belated squares. Here is the trunk minder with his assistant hard at work repairing a leak. On the canal bank is the overseer in consultation with the planter on his daily visit to the fields, his little sail boat rocking at the wharf down by the quarter. Attention is called to a defective trunk or a dangerous bank; stretch water to-morrow, must be turned on No. 6 and No. 8, and sprout water let off from 17 and 23. The long cord of the submerged thermometer is drawn in hand over hand, its reading carefully taken, and the mean temperature of the water for the month in the overseer's handy note book is compared with that of last year and dependent operations deduced and determined. From the high and dry squares on the further side comes the casual pop of the musket, while flocks of daws and hungry crows circle overhead, awaiting their opportunity to settle down on the sprouting grain. Everything works in its appropriate groove and little is left to chance.

The stretch water is held at the slack gauge from twenty to forty days when the “dry root” and the leaves corresponding to it have put out. The amphibious and pampered plant has now had enough of its stimulating though strictly temperate beverage, and is ready for a period of “prohibition” or dry growth.—*Southern Bivouac*.

OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS.

There are men and women who, like some flowers, bloom in exquisite beauty in a desert wild; they are like trees which you often see growing in luxuriant strength out of a crevice of a rock where there seems not earth enough to support a shrub. The words “old maid,” “old bachelor,” have in them other sounds than that of half reproach or scorn; they call up to many of your minds forms and faces than which none are dearer in all this world. I know them to-day. The bloom of youth has possibly faded from their cheeks, but there lingers round form and face something dearer than that. She is unmarried, but the past has, for her, it may be, some chastened memories of an early love which keeps its vestal vigil sleeplessly over the grave where its hopes went out; and it is too true to the long-departed to permit another to take his place. Perhaps the years of maiden life were spent in self-denying toil, which was too engrossing to listen even to the call of love, and she grew old too soon in the care of mother or sister and brother. Now in these later years she looks back calmly upon some half cherished hopes, once attractive, of husband and child, but which long, long ago she willingly gave up for present duty. So to-day in her loneliness, who shall say that she is not beautiful and dear?

So is she to the wide circle which she blesses. To some she has been all that a mother could have been; and though no nearer name than “aunt” or “sister” has been hers, she has to-day a mother's claim and a mother's love. Disappointment has not soured but only chastened,

the midday or the afternoon of her life is all full of kindly sympathies and gentle deeds. Though unwedded, hers has been no fruitless life.

It is an almost daily wonder to me why some women are married, and not a less marvel why many that I see are not. But this I know, that many and many a household would be desolate indeed, and many and many a family circle would lose its brightest ornament and its best power, were maiden sister or maiden aunt removed; and it may bless the Providence which has kept them from making glad some husband's home.

Yonder isolated man whom the world wonders at for having never found a wife! Who shall tell you all the secret history of the by-gone time! of hopes and loves that once were buoyant and fond, but which death, or more bitter disappointment dashed to the ground; of sorrow which the world has never known; of a fate accepted in utter despair, though with outward calm! Such there are. The expectation of wife, or home, has been given up as one of the dreams of youth, but only with groans and tears; now, he walks among men somewhat alone, with some eccentricities, but with a warm heart and kindly eye. If he has no children of his own, there are enough of others' children who climb his knee or seize his hand as he walks. If he has no home, there is many a home made glad by his presence; if there is no one heart to which he may cling in appropriating love, there are many hearts that go out toward him, and many voices which invoke benedictions on his head.—*Dr. Aikman*.

PARAFFINE.

Such has been the demand for paraffine for the manufacture of chewing gum and confectionery that not less than seventy-five barrels a week are shipped to New York and Boston for the Standard Oil Company's refineries. At least fifty per cent. of this is made into chewing gum. This wax, although the residuum of the most offensive product imaginable—the tar deposit left after the kerosene has been extracted from the crude petroleum—is made into the purest and sweetest of substances used in the most delicate of industries. Two firms—one in New York and the other in Boston—purchase the most of this wax, and subject it to another refining process. The wax is worth seventeen cents a pound at the refineries, and when ready to manufacture into gum or candy is worth thirty cents a pound.

It is only within a few years that the second refining process was known in this country, and all the paraffine required for use in that form had to be sent to Scotland for refining, the extracting of fine paraffine wax from the bituminous shales of that country having been a profitable business there for many years.

Every person who sinks his teeth into chewing gum nowadays chews paraffine. Every delicate caramel or other confection sold in the candy stores contains the wax, and the paper it is wrapped in is saturated with it. For the insulation of electric wires paraffine wax has taken the place of every thing else. It will defy the action of sulphuric and other acids, and it cannot be adulterated for that reason. It has displaced all other wax in the manufacture of candles. Brewers find it invaluable for the coating of the inside of barrels, keeping them absolutely sweet and clean. It has taken the place of French wax in the manufacture of wax flowers. It is a perfectly pure hydro-carbon, without taste or smell, notwithstanding that it is made from the worst smelling tar imaginable. It defies the strongest solvents of all kinds, and is yielding more profit to those who handle it in all branches than any other substance of American trade.

SNEEZING AND ITS SUPERSTITIONS.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

Superstition, that unknown, mysterious fear which controls us in spite of our reason, clings to and directs us in even the most common acts of life. Who is there among us, clear-headed and practical though we may consider ourselves, who does not connect some pet superstition with such simple events as the breaking of a mirror, the burning of an ear, the finding of a horseshoe or four-leaved clover, or the spilling of salt? And many a mother would rather her baby had the croup than have him look in the glass before he is a year old, or sneeze at an unlucky season.

Sneezing is a natural respiratory movement, interrupted by a strong expiratory effort, expelling the air through the nose with more or less noise. This action may be brought on by the inhalation of dust, pungent vapors, or by the simple inspiration of air when the membrane is diseased, or in an irritable condition as in the case of a cold. There is also a spot on the head the touching of which will cause sneezing in almost all persons. Barbers are aware of this fact; as their gentle manipulations are often greeted with a round of sneezes. This inspiratory, expiratory action is supposed to be caused by the touching of a small and extremely sensitive nerve which runs from the top of the head to the nostril, and is much more sensitive with some than with others.

Sneezing is now generally considered a favorable and healthful operation, and is courted by people who believe in its efficacy by looking intently at the sun until the desired action occurs. Consumptives are said never to sneeze, and many an unfortunate victim of this dire disease gauges the probability of his recovery by this standard.

The old custom of saying "God bless you," when a sneeze is heard, is of ancient origin, and still prevails in oriental countries. In the time of Saint Gregory the Great, at a certain season the air was filled with an unwholesome vapor or malaria, which so affected the people that those who sneezed were at once stricken with death agonies. In this strait the pious pontiff devised a form of prayer to be uttered when the paroxysm was felt to be coming on, and which, it was hoped, would avert the stroke of the death angel.

Sneezing is mentioned in works on mythology, and it is said that the first sign of life given by the cunningly wrought image of Prometheus was a lusty sneeze. According to the tradition of the rabbis, God, when he had finished the creation, decreed that every living person should sneeze once, and once only, and that simultaneously with this action soul and body should be separated. But Jacob, wily old patriarch that he was, desired an exception in his case, a special mark of Divine favor, which was granted, thus enabling him to sneeze without incurring the dread penalty. Had he asked God to exempt him from sneezing, it would, perhaps, have been quite as much to his credit, but he wished to do the evil and yet escape the consequences—a trait possessed by all his descendants.

Aristotle in writing of this subject says that those who thought the seat of the soul to be in the brain looked upon sneezing as "one of the most sensible and manifest operations of the brain."

Sneezing has been thought lucky or unlucky according to the day of the week on which the action occurs, as witness this old jingle from the Lancaster folklore:

"Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter;

Sneeze on a Thursday for something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, you'll sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek;
The devil will have you the rest of the week!"

In ancient books we find many references to this act, as in the Odyssey where the sneezing of Telemachus is accepted as a pleasing confirmation of the words of his mother, just at the time when she is denouncing the riotous, gormandizing suitors, and praising the valor of Ulysses.

"She spoke:—Telemachus then sneezed aloud;
Constrained, his nostril echoed through the crowd.
The smiling queen the happy omen blessed;
'So may these impious fall, by fate oppressed!'"

Great results often grow from small acts, an example of which is seen in the time when the fate of the whole Greek army was decided by so common and natural an occurrence as the sneeze of a soldier. While Xenophon was delivering his famous address to the army, urging his companions to be firm and bold, and while they were undecided as to whether resistance or retreat were the better part, a sounding sneeze was heard adown the ranks. This omen was at once accepted, tents and all superfluous accoutrements burned, and that retreat, since so famous, with all its hardships and dangers was begun.

An old author says, "two or three sneezes be wholesome," and there is a proverb to the effect that when a patient has sneezed three times he may be discharged from the hospital. But we know that sneezing is sometimes followed by fatal results, as in the case of a man who expired after the twenty-fourth paroxysm.

Even where sneezing is considered a favorable omen, the time of day is sometimes thought to determine its good or ill effect, as a sneeze which takes place from noon to midnight is thought auspicious, while one occurring from the latter time to noon is quite otherwise. Among the many death signs we have one in regard to this act, thus, if one sneeze for three successive nights, it is accepted as a token that a death will take place in the family, or if not a death that some other terrible disaster will befall them.

TRUE ENDS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Let us understand that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, and not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves, to be the shelter always open to good and true persons, a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert, whose inmates know what they want, who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have aims; they cannot pause for trifles. The quiet of the house does not create its order, but knowledge, character, action, absorb so much life, and yield so much entertainment, that the refectory has ceased to be so curiously studied. With a change of aim has followed a change of the whole scale by which men and things were wont to be measured.

Wealth and poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they that feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale, would be found very indigent and ragged. The great make us feel, first of all, the indifference of circumstances. They call in to activity the higher perceptions, and subdue the low habits of comfort and luxury, but the higher perceptions find their objects everywhere; only the low habits need palaces and banquets.

Let a man then say, my house is here in the country, for the culture of the country; an eating house and sleeping house for travelers it shall be, but it shall be much more. I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself or me to get a nice dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed chamber made ready at too great an expense. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village.

But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behaviour, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price, in that village, and which he may travel fifty miles and dine sparsely and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveler. But let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake, and reads the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds.

There was never a country in the world which could so easily exhibit this heroism as ours—never anywhere has the state made such efficient provision for popular education, where intellectual entertainment is so within the reach of youthful ambition. The poor man's son is educated. There is many an humble house, in every city, in every town, where talent and taste, and sometimes genius, dwell with poverty and labor. Who has not seen, who can see unmoved, under a low roof, the eager, blushing boys discharging as they can their household chores, and hastening into the study rooms to the study of to-morrow's merciless lesson, yet stealing time to read one chapter more of the novel hardly smuggled into the tolerance of father and mother—atoning for the same by some pages of Plutarch or Goldsmith; the warm sympathy with which they kindle each other in school yard or in barn or wood-shed, with scraps of poetry or song, with phrases of the last oration, or mimicry of the orator; the youthful criticism on Sunday of the sermons, the school declamation faithfully rehearsed at home, sometimes to the fatigue, sometimes to the admiration of sisters; the first solitary joys of literary vanity, when the translation or the theme has been completed, sitting alone near the top of the house; the cautious comparison of the attractive advertisement of the arrival of Macready, Booth or Kemble, or of the discourse of a well known speaker, with the expense of the entertainment; the affectionate delight with which they greet the return of each one after the early separation, with which, during such absences, they live the honey which opportunities offer, for the ear and imagination of others, and the unrestrained glee with which they disburden themselves of the early mental treasures, when the holidays bring them again together? What is the hoop that holds them together? It is the iron hand of poverty, of necessity, of austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which make other boys too early old, has directed their activity in safe and right channels, and made them, despite themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful and the good.—*Exchange.*

SELF-DENIAL.

Self-denial, for the sake of self-denial, does no good; self-sacrifice for its own sake is no religious act at all. If you give up a meal for the sake of showing power over self, or for the sake of self-discipline, you are not more religious than before. This is mere self-culture, which being occupied forever about self, leaves you only in that circle of self from which

religion is to free you; but to give up a meal that one you love may have it, is properly a religious act—no hard and dismal duty, because made easy by affection. To bear pain for the sake of bearing it, has in it no moral quality at all; but to bear it rather than surrender truth, or in order to save another, is positive enjoyment, as well as ennobling to the soul. Did you ever receive even a blow meant for another in order to shield that other? Do you not know that there was actual pleasure in that keen pain far beyond the most rapturous thrill of nerve which could be gained from pleasure in the midst of painlessness? Is not the mystic yearning of love expressed in words most purely thus—let me suffer for him? This element of love is that which makes this doctrine an intelligible and a blessed truth. Sacrifice alone, bare and unrelieved, is ghastly, unnatural, and dead; but self-sacrifice, illumined by love, is warmth and life; it is the death of Christ, the life of God, the blessedness and only proper life of man.—*F. W. Robertson.*

HOME BUILDING.

The idea is prevalent among many young people that the home is of secondary importance in laying the foundations of their married lives. It is not so. The corner stone of all true success is the home. Upon this depends, to a degree, the permanence of the nation's weal. "The country home is the support of the nation;" so is any home in city or country. What are the people of a nation, a city or a community without homes? Drifted by the waves of circumstance and inclination, they are anchored nowhere; and because not anchored, their habits and modes of life change necessarily. They must accommodate themselves to the ways and circumstances of those around them; and, having no fixed abiding place, it generally follows that pleasure and entertainment are sought in public places, by this means often distracting the thoughts and engendering a morbid craving for things utterly at variance with the quiet home joys, which might afford the highest and sweetest pleasure.—*Country Home.*

—Love is sunshine; hate is shadow.—*Longfellow.*

—Happiness is where it is found and seldom where it is sought.

—Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

—The history of all the world shows us that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

—What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.—*Wendell Phillips.*

—He who does no good gets none. He who cares not for others, will soon find that others will not care for him. As he lives to himself so he will die to himself, nobody will miss him or be sorry that he is gone.

—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offense, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be harsh or unjust with your children or servants. Firmness, with gentleness of demeanor and a regard for the feelings, constitutes that authority which is always respected and valued. If you have any cause to complain of a servant, never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offence.

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 as gifts 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.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I received some music, Mikado cabinets, and the panel picture of the two sisters, from I. L. Cragin & Co. The latter is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. Many times a day I stop to gaze at the face of the older of the sisters, which is to me very beautiful. I have always found Dobbins' Soap reliable, and also its makers, and in these days of fraud it is rare to find a reliable firm. The best way to show my appreciation is by still continuing their patron, and trying to induce others to become so. Every one that sees the panel admires it, and I think it is the best advertisement of their soap they ever had. Yours in haste,
Charleston. Mrs. W. J. SMALL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I send you this postal to let you know that I received one sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and am very well pleased with it, the washing is done so much quicker and with much less labor than the old way. There are only three of us in the family, and wash day is not dreaded by me, when I have Dobbins' Electric Soap. Yours respectfully,
Jackson, Ohio. E. HUNSINGER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I got a sample box of Dobbins' Soap, and I found it the best soap I ever saw. It does all they claim. I like it very well, and will not buy any other soap when I can get Dobbins' Electric. I would rather have it than any washing machine I ever saw. I have as good a washing machine as is made, and the soap saves more labor than the machine does, and makes the clothes cleaner than any machine. Yours truly,
Flora, Ind. JENNIE BRACKNEY.

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.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Abbie, who gave directions for crochet bed spread in March HOUSEHOLD, please send me her address?
Box 569, Concord, N. H. Mrs. C. M. LADD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the sisters to send me their postal autographs. I will return the favor if it is desired.

ADDIE SMITH ATKINSON.

Weldford, Kent Co., N. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the ladies who answered M. Baracchini's exchange, and received no answer, please write again, as the letters were not received? Address, M. BARACCHINI, 45 Market St., Lynn, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will A. E. Barrett, that wrote the article, "A Talk about Cabinets," in the March number of 1887, please send her address to Mrs. J. C. HAYNES?
Reno, Washoe Co., Nevada.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the HOUSEHOLD sisters living in Washington Territory please write me in regard to its being a desirable place for a home? Would prefer letters from those living in cities or towns. Will pay postage on all correspondence.

Mrs. CLARA N. MURRAY.

2409 University Ave., Austin, Texas.

If Abbie, of New Mexico, will send sample of crochet lace, given in August HOUSEHOLD, I will compensate in any way she may wish. Address, MISS FANNIE I. CAMPBELL, Moorefield, Harrison Co., Ohio.

HAY FEVER.

To the periodical sufferer, who despairingly looks forward to "the 19th of August, at 11 A. M., sharp," for the return of that annual torment, hay fever, rose cold, hay asthma, or rose fever and aestivis, it may seem early in the season to give any warning or advice on this disease. But if we can thus early call the attention of even one-fifth of the "quarter million of the American people who are seized by this disease," to a very easy and pleasant remedy for its cure—if taken in time—they will answer the question, have we not commenced this subject too soon? with a "thousand times no!"

For many years they have undergone a painful siege, until frost relieves them; as disagreeable to others as it has been distressing to them. Though many have given it a careful study, and many essays have been written upon it by eminent physicians, yet its cause and true nature are but little known. Because of its regular periodic character, this was taken as its most salient point, and there the use of quinine has been very generally prescribed. On one point the M. D.'s seem generally agreed,—i. e., the disease rests in the individual and not in the surrounding air. But they do not go further to determine for us whether microzoic life or merely nervous irritation with asthmatic abnormal conditions are the cause of this most unwelcome malady. We will leave to others the opening of this field, but as for ourselves we will offer the sufferers that remedy which we believe to be the most reasonable, and from the experience of a large number of patients, the most efficacious.

Summer is soon upon us, and also with many will come the dreaded hay fever. There is not the fear of an inexorable fate as with consumption in its last stage, but who has any fancy for that almost certain

periodic spasm for sneezing! sneezing!! sneezing!!! That intolerable feeling of languor. Loss of taste and appetite. That hopelessness which says you must endure until the season is past in which the hay fever claims control.

We speak of it thus early that all who read this article may have time to think and act after they have read the following testimonial, and many others we can give, the writers of which are scattered far and wide over our country:

"PITTSBURGH, ME., April 29, 1885.

"Hay fever for many years; comes on about August 20th; last till October 10th. Some irritation in right lung and difficulty in bronchial tubes. No appetite; weak; cough, and raise considerable yellow thick matter. Burning in pit of stomach and pain in bowels. Limbs ached; hurts to draw a long breath."

"PITTSBURGH, ME., October 18, 1886.

"I have been waiting to give you my hay fever report. I am happy to inform you that the Compound Oxygen Treatment overpowered the disease this, the second, season. It has been worth more to me than I can express. I want every one afflicted with the same to avail themselves of the Compound Oxygen, and am willing you should use my name if you choose to do so. For more than thirty years, every autumn, I have suffered from this terrible disease. The only relief I ever received was at the seaside, even there I had the symptoms.

"Mrs. L. C. NICKELS."

"Compound Oxygen: its Mode of Action and Results," a new book of 200 pages. Sent free upon addressing Drs. Starkey and Palen, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PUNY BABIES

can only be made strong by giving them a food identical in effect with mother's milk. Such is Lactated Food. It is easily digested and assimilated, and prevents or cures all bowel disorders.

Public Benefactors are not alone confined to the higher orders of scientific research. Indeed but few have done more for the welfare of the working masses than James Pyle through the introduction of his labor-saving Pearlina.

—When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—Hugh White.

Editor of the Chicago Herald Challenged.

Without knowing what he was talking about, the Herald Editor told his readers Nerve Foods were humbuggery. Dr. Thompson walked into his office with \$1000 in his fist, and said if he could not prove by the leading men and women of Chicago, that Moxie would remove the appetite for liquors, help nervous exhaustion, all effects from overwork and dissipation at once—without stimulation, reaction, or injury from long use—and give double powers of endurance, he would give the money to a Chicago Orphan Asylum; otherwise the editor should do the same. After inquiring on the street, the editor threw up the sponge, and apologized. The Doctor knows what he has got. Three leading papers in New York tried the same thing, and were beaten.

—"Yes," said Mrs. Seldomhit, "I keep off the evil spirits now by wearing an omelet around my neck."

They strolled along the broad parade,
John Jones and pretty Miss Maria.
"Your teeth are awful, John," she said:
"Why don't you buy the beautifier?
See mine! How white! Yes, 'tis my wont
To polish them with SOZODONT."

Love Turns his Back

on slovenliness as regards the teeth. Keep them pure, all ye who wish to be beloved and caressed. SOZODONT is unequalled as a means of whitening, polishing and preserving them.

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

W. L. Douglass \$3 Shoe.

Gentlemen who desire a stylish, comfortable, well-made shoe, unequalled for wear, should get the W. L. Douglass \$3 Seamless Shoe. This shoe now has the upper cut in one piece, thus doing away with the old-style seams at each side, making it much neater in appearance and more comfortable to the foot. No other \$3 advertised shoe in the world has this improvement, nor is any other made of as good material. But no expense has been or will be spared to make every possible improvement in the manufacture of this shoe, and those who wear them testify that it is just what it claims to be, "the best \$3 shoe in the world."

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.

Horsford's

ACID PHOSPHATE,

—LIQUID—

A preparation of the phosphates that is readily assimilated by the system.

Especially recommended for Dyspepsia, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, Wakefulness, Impaired Vitality, etc.

Prescribed and endorsed by Physicians of all schools. It combines well with such stimulants as are necessary to take. It makes a delicious drink with water and sugar only. For sale by all druggists. Pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, - Providence, R. I.

Beware of Imitations.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 C.H. St., Boston.

PIE.

At first he ate rich food,
Dishes well cooked;
His table looked
Like that of one who has learned how to live,
Who could advice 'gainst indigestion give;
There was no pie;
He was in gentle mood,
And in relations with the senate he
Showed, from the first, a thoughtful courtesy—
And time passed by.
Then some bad spirit near,
Some demon sly,
One day said in his ear:
"Why not have pie?"
That one bane of the race,
Relic accurst
Of time when first
Something stern Puritans might dare afford
For their dessert, upon the White House board,
As time passed by,
Found its unhallowed place;
And, in relations with the senate, he
Showed arrogance and rash acerbity.
It was the pie!

GEMS FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK.

All yellow gems and gold are appropriate to be worn on Sunday, to draw down the propitious influences, or to avert the antagonistic effects of the spirits on this day through its ruler and name-giver, the sun.

On Monday pearls and white stones (but not diamonds) are to be worn, because this is the day of the moon, or of the second power in nature.

Tuesday, which is the day of Mars, claims rubies, and all stones of a fiery luster.

Wednesday is the day for turquoises, sapphires, and all precious stones which seem to reflect the blue of the vault of heaven, and that imply the lucent azure of the supposed spiritual atmosphere, wherein, or under which, the Rosicrucian sylphs dwell—those elementary children who, according to the cabalistic theogony, are always striving for intercourse with the race of Adam, seeking a share of his particular privilege of immortality, which has been denied to them.

Thursday demands amethysts and deep-colored stones, a sanguine tint, because Thursday is the day of Thor—the runic impersonated male divine sacrifice.

Friday, which is the day of Venus, has its appropriate emeralds, and reigns over all the varieties of the imperial, and yet strangely the sinister color, green.

Saturday, which is Saturn's day, the oldest of the gods, claims for its distinctive talisman the most splendid of all gems, or the queen of precious stones, the luster-daring diamond, which is produced from the black of Sab, Seb, or Saturn, the origin of all visible things, or the "Great Deep," or "Great Mother," in one sense.

—Literary World.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

It is said, when darkness settles over the Adriatic sea and the fishermen are far from land, their wives and daughters, just before putting out their lights in their humble cottages, go down by the shore and in the clear, sweet voices sing the first lines of Ave Maria. Then they listen eagerly and across the sea are borne to them the deep tones of those they love, singing the strains that follow, and thus each knows that all is well. I often think that from the home life of the nation, from its mothers and sisters, daughters and sweethearts, there sounds through the darkness of this transition age, the tender notes of a dearer song whose burden is being taken up and echoed back to us from those far out amid the billows of temptation, and its sacred words are "Home, Sweet Home!" God grant that deeper and more strong may grow that heavenly chorus from men's and women's lips and lives.—Frances E. Willard.

—The poor claim charity as a right from the affluent.

DEATH IN THE WATER

IS THE ELEMENT WE DRINK DECIMATING THE PEOPLE?—HOW A UNIVERSAL MENACE TO HEALTH MAY BE DISARMED.

A few years ago the people in a certain section in one of the leading cities of the state were prostrated with a malignant disease, and upon investigation it was found that only those who used water from a famous old well were the victims.

Professor S. A. Lattimore, analyst of the New York State Board of Health, upon analyzing water from this well, found it more deadly than the city sewage!

The filling up of the old well stopped the ravages of the disease.

Not long since the writer noticed while some men were making an excavation for a large building, a stratum of dark colored earth running from near the surface to hard pan. There it took another course toward a well near at hand. The water from this well had for years been tainted with the drainings from a receiving vault, the percolations of which had discolored the earth!

Terrible!

A similar condition of things exists in every village and city where well water is used, and though the filtering which the fluids receive in passing through the earth may give them a clear appearance, yet the poison and disease remains, though the water may look never so clear.

It is still worse with the farmer, for the drainage from the barn-yard and the slops from the kitchen eventually find their way into the family well!

The same condition of things exists in our large cities, whose water supplies are rivers fed by little streams that carry off the filth and drainage from houses. This "water" is eventually drunk by rich and poor alike with great evil.

Some cautious people resort to the filter for purifying this water, but even the filter does not remove this poison, for water of the most deadly character may pass through this filter and become clear, yet the poison disguised is there.

They who use filters know that they must be renewed at regular periods, for even though they do not take out all the impurities, they soon become foul.

Now in like manner the human kidneys act as a filter for the blood, and if they are filled up with impurities and become foul, like the filter, all the blood in the system coursing through them becomes bad, for it is now a conceded fact that the kidneys are the chief means whereby the blood is purified. These organs are filled with thousands of hair-like tubes which drain the impurities from the blood, as the sewer pipes drain impurities from our houses.

If a sewer pipe breaks under the house, the sewage escapes into the earth and fills the house with poisonous gas; so if any of the thousand and one little hair-like sewer tubes of the kidneys break down, the entire body is affected by this awful poison.

It is a scientific fact that the kidneys have few nerves of sensation; and, consequently, disease may exist in these organs for a long time and not be suspected by the individual. It is impossible to filter or take the death out of the blood when the least derangement exists in these organs, and if the blood is not filtered then the uric acid, or kidney poison, removable only by Warner's safe cure, accumulates in the system and attacks any organ, producing nine out of ten ailments, just as sewer gas and bad drainage produce so many fatal disorders.

Kidney disease may be known to exist if there is any marked departure from ordinary health without apparent known cause, and it should be understood by all that the greatest peril exists, and is in-

tensified, if there is the least neglect to treat it promptly with that great specific, Warner's safe cure, a remedy that has received the highest recognition by scientific men who have thoroughly investigated the character of kidney derangements.

They may not tell us that the cause of so many diseases in this organ is the impure water or any other one thing, but this poisonous water with its impurities coursing constantly through these delicate organs undoubtedly does produce much of the decay and disease which eventually terminate in the fatal Bright's disease, for this disease, alike among the drinking men, prohibitionists, the tobacco slave, the laborer, the merchant and the tramp, works terrible devastation every year.

It is well known that the liver which is so easily thrown "out of gear," as they say, very readily disturbs the action of the kidneys. That organ when deranged, immediately announces the fact by sallow skin, constipated bowels, coated tongue, and headaches, but the kidney when diseased, struggles on for a long time, and the fact of its disease can only be discovered by the aid of the microscope or by the physician who is skillful enough to trace the most indirect effects in the system to the derangement of these organs, as the prime cause.

The public is learning much on this subject, and when it comes to understand that the kidneys are the real health regulators, as they are the real blood purifiers of the system, they will escape an infinite amount of unnecessary suffering, and add length of days and happiness to their lot.

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LADIES
Enamel your Ranges twice a year, tops once a week and you have the finest-polished stove in the world. For sale by all Grocers and Stove Dealers.

A MIRACULOUS CURE.

WARREN, VT., March 29, 1887.
To J. S. Dodge, M. D., Lincoln, Vt.
DEAR SIR:—I have been troubled with prolapsus uteri for fourteen years. Have been obliged to wear a supporter or pessary all that time. I commenced taking your "86" last New Year, and before I had used one-half a bottle I laid aside my pessary for the first time in fourteen years, and have had no reason to resume its use.—Mrs. Fred Grant.
"86" is sold by druggists everywhere.

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S. T. Taylor's Illustrated Monthly Fashion Report appears about the Twentieth of every month, in advance. It contains a large number of wood-cuts, representing the Leading Styles in Ladies' Toilettes, Hats, Bonnets, etc., that are to be worn in Paris during the following months: besides this, an article on Fashions prepared for us with the greatest care by our agents in Paris; and many hints and information invaluable to the professional dress-maker, as well as to the private lady who appreciates elegance and correct style of dress.

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The only \$3 SEAMLESS Shoe in the world.
Finest Calf, perfect fit, and warranted. Congress, Button and Lace, all styles toe. As stylish and durable as those costing \$5 or \$6. NO SEAM. BEST KID. ELASTIC. WARRANTED. BEST KID. SEWED.
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The oldest and the Best.
Exquisitely perfumed. Removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft, and Beautiful.

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—FOR—
Indigestion and Dyspepsia.
A POTENT REMEDY FOR Indigestion, Acute and Chronic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases.
Over 5,000 physicians have sent to us the most flattering opinions upon Digestylin as a remedy for all diseases arising from improper digestion.
For 20 years we have manufactured the Digestive Ferments expressly for PHYSICIANS' use, and for the past year DIGESTYLIN has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent. It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great DIGESTIVE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements we would respectfully refer to all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and PHYSICIANS generally. Price \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or
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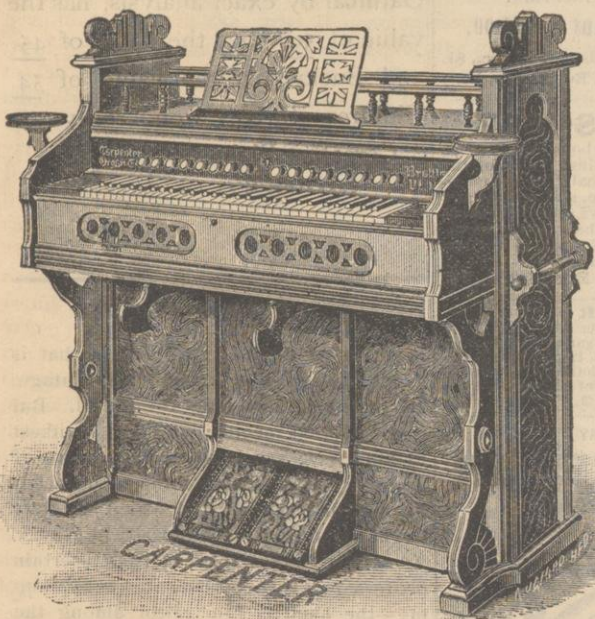
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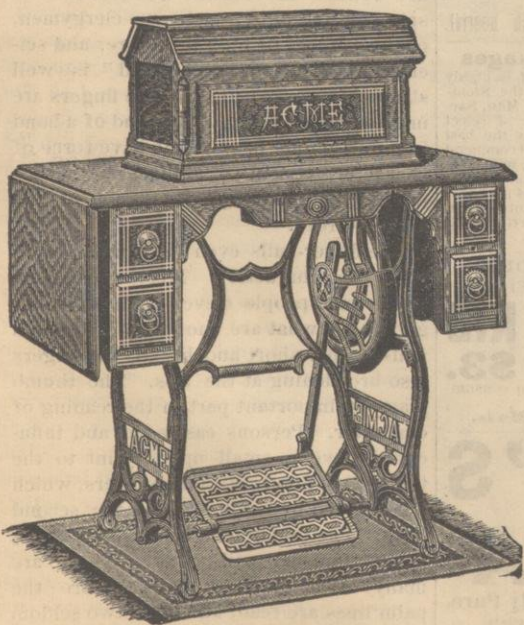
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UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but Do Not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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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.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

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 is 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.

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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.

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 Cures COLD, CATARRH, SORE THROAT, BRUISES, BURNS, HAY-FEVER, RHEUMATISM, HEADACHE, DARTS, SORE EYES, PRICE SOLELY BY ELY, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

I found it a specific for Hay Fever. For ten years I have been a great sufferer from August 9th till frost. Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found. Hay Fever sufferers should know of its efficacy.—Frank B. Ainsworth, Publisher, Indianapolis, Ind.

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"PALMISTRY."

A man or woman with a face that is easily read is at a strong disadvantage, and at times must long for a veil. But it seems that people with the blankest looking faces are exposed to dangers of discovery which have hitherto been but vaguely understood, and which certainly ought to increase the popularity of gloves. According to the explanations of a certain professor—professors are always explaining—the hand is the traitor among the various portions of the human corporation. The initiated can at once discover whether you are likely to rival the age of Methuselah or be cut off in the flower of youth; whether measles, whooping cough, glanders, small pox or any other adjunct to a doctor's income is likely to add variety to your days, and whether you are likely to leave a large or small family to weep for you.

Nor is this all. Your sweetheart with a fondness for palmistry can at one glance of your hand decide whether you are true or fickle, generous or economical, and a dozen more things about you which you only intended to let out by degrees after marriage.

The long, slender hand, with tapering fingers, is called the "clerical hand," and is generally found among people who devote their time, or whose tendencies are toward the higher intellectual and spiritual pursuits, such as clergymen, poets, authors of high literature, and scientists. The "soldier hand" is well shaped, but is broad, and the fingers are not noticeably long. This kind of a hand is found among people who have force of character, executive ability, and quick intelligence, although it is not of the highest order.

The finger-nails even have much to do with the character. Most musicians, artists, and people clever with their fingers, have what are known as spatulated nails, rather short and broad, the fingers also broadening at the tips. The thumb plays an important part in the reading of character. Persons easily led and influenced have a small upper joint to the thumb, but good reasoning powers, which are denoted by the length of the second joint. The thumb nail, if unusually large, shows unusual will-power. There are many other outward signs before the palm lines are read, and these two seldom disagree.

A noted student of palmistry gives the following interesting directions for finding out the general characteristics of a person:

"The head-line, which is the most important, should be clearly marked to denote what is called a 'level head,' and should extend beyond the center of the palm to denote a brain better than the ordinary. When it just passes or only reaches the centre of the palm the intelligence is only ordinary. If the line keeps one course it shows one aim in life, but this is unusual. If it goes out into two or three forks it shows an inclination for many callings, and if it becomes entirely lost in a labyrinth of marks it shows a person not especially adapted to any thing in particular.

The life-line, which is really the next in importance," continued the professor, who isn't at all sentimental, "is easily read. If it goes in a clear line from the head-line down to the wrist it denotes good health and long life. If broken off in the centre one will die when middle-aged, but if continued again the break is merely an illness, and if a long break a very dangerous illness. All breaks in the life-line denote illness. When the life-line branches out from the main track each branch denotes a descendant.

"I suppose I should take the heart-line next," said the professor. "Indeed, with young people it is the most interesting. When one has a good and generous heart the line must extend beyond what is called the ring finger. If the main line is deeply marked it shows a person of strong emotional tendencies. A fickle nature is shown by the end of the heart-line. If this forks out in many directions it shows that the heart is not steadfast, but when it branches out in one or two forks this does not show fickleness, because, you know, very few people love only one person.

The travel-line runs very close to the life-line and crosses the head and heart generally, but I have seen hands where this line was not visible. Toward the right hand is the east and toward the thumb the west. The travel-line generally runs north and south, and each break or offshoot from it denotes a journey in the direction it takes. If a long journey, the break is a long one, and in this way one can tell exactly how far they must travel. Of course there are thousands of other lines on the hand by which one's fortune and history can be read, even to the most minute details, but those I have mentioned are the most important ones. Palmistry is a great study, greater than phrenology, and more people are becoming converts to it each day."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

Do our young women know what it is that strikes one who has been away from the country for a time, the most unpleasantly on his return? It is not their faces, assuredly, which for regularity of outline, and delicacy and freshness of tint, are unsurpassed; indeed, are not equaled by any thing that one sees abroad, save in the finest pictures. Nor is it their forms, which are lithe, supple and graceful, with a spring in the step and a freedom of carriage that are always a delight to the eyes. Nor can it be said to be their dress; for though they dress too much, in colors too positive and decided, and are in this respect far behind the French women, they are yet in advance of all others, English, German or Italian. But it is the voice, and the management of the voice.

After looking at our American girls, it is almost a disappointment to hear them speak. What they say is perhaps well enough, but the tone and mode in which they say it is not well enough. Their voices are commonly too thin and shrill, and when they are not, are pitched in too high a key. Sometimes they come through the nose a good deal more than is desirable. They have a metallic ring, or at

least a reedy quality, like the *vox humana* of the organ, and not that soft, low, and gentle quality, which Shakespeare proclaimed so "excellent in woman."

Climate has no doubt a good deal to do with this result, for the fault is most perceptible at the north and east, and least perceptible at the south; but carelessness has quite as much to do with it. Our mothers and teachers, we suspect, do not take much pains to train their children and pupils into good habits of enunciation. They are carefully taught to sing, but they are not carefully taught to read and to speak. Yet more than half the charm of all social intercourse depends upon the agreeable or disagreeable use of the voice.

How repulsive, when one has been lost in admiration of a beautiful face and a noble figure, to hear the mouth open like the grating of a hinge, or the "squawk" of a guinea-fowl! How delicious when it opens with the sweet trill of a flute, or with the warble of birds, or with that deep, rich, mellow, and sympathetic liquidity, which no other instrument but the human throat ever attains!—*Putnam's Magazine.*

"Pitch your voice in a low key," says a writer on etiquette. We presume etiquette can be temporarily dispensed with when trying to wake the boys in the morning.

"Yes, my hands are soft," said a dashing and conceited young fellow the other night in a small company, as he admiringly looked at those useless appendages that had never done a day's work. "Do you know how I do it?" he exclaimed, proudly. "I wear gloves on my hands every night to sleep in." "Do you sleep with your hat on, also?" asked a pert young woman. And the young fellow replied in the negative, and looked wonderingly because the company smiled.

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It is cleverly written, and once begun will not be laid aside until read through.—*Daily Graphic, New York.*

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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. E. E. Hall, Westport, Mendocino Co., Cal., will exchange China lily bulbs or crocheted lace, for silk or satin pieces. Write first.

Mrs. L. S. Ballou, Bristol, N. H., will exchange maiden hair ferns, for any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. L. A. Cadwell, Cornwall Hollow, Conn., will exchange roots of fringed gentian, for perennial flower roots, callas, or other bulbs.

Mrs. L. P. Cordell, 526 N. 6th St., La Crosse, Wis., will exchange pocket editions of Seaside, Lovell's, and other libraries, for the same. Send list of books.

Miss Nettie Spray, Tonganoxie, Kans., will exchange hardy peony roots for three yards of good gingham.

Mrs. Belle Meyers, Livermore, Calif., will exchange linen splasher, rick-rack insertion, edging, for single zephyr worsted; Harper's bound mag., 1870, for Deserted Wife by Mrs. Southworth.

Mrs. Julia Bangs, Livermore, Calif., will exchange Bryant's Popular History of the United States (new) for something of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. Clara Crockett, Ingle, Pulaski Co., Va., will exchange sample and directions of bed spread knit in strips, and samples of crocheted lace, for scraps of silk and worsted.

Mrs. M. C. Ebersole, Silver Spring, Pa., will exchange crocheted torchon lace for cultivated blackberry plants. Please write and state kinds.

Mrs. C. N. Dunham, 3507 N. 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange complete years of choice publications for nice knit or crocheted articles for infant wear. Write first.

Mrs. F. B. Richards, South Lyndeboro', N. H., will exchange specimens of silex, mica, mica schist, and others, for specimens, or stamping patterns for filo floss. Write first.

Mrs. A. E. Howard, Hatfield, Mass., will exchange flower seeds, lily, yucca, iris and gladiolus roots, and adv. cards, for rare plants and offers of other things.

Mrs. Ethel Wylie, box 80, Morrisville, Vt., will exchange stamped and painted pieces of velvet for plain pieces, one stamped piece for two, and painted for three pieces.

Mrs. M. A. Eldridge, 20 Prairie Ave., Providence, R. I., will exchange crocheted wool edging for a year's subscription to "Ladies' Home Journal" or "Housekeeper."

Mrs. T. H. Stripp, Kingsmill P. O., Elgin Co., Ontario, will exchange flower seeds, bulbs, etc., for a six-inch square of crazy work, hand painted or embroidered.

Mrs. G. W. Adams, Bradgate, Humboldt Co., Iowa, will exchange Demorest's magazine, 1886, in good condition, for two and one-half yards of dark red felt. Write first.

M. F. Underwood, Flat Shoals, Ga., will exchange cotton bolts, rooted cape jessamines, and a variety of bulbs, for blocks of silk crazy work 12x12.

Mrs. A. E. Barrett, box 40, Bristol, N. H., will exchange pieces of print four inches square for pieces of print or gingham the same size.

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.

AMERICAN SAYINGS.

Some one with a good memory for such, might make a very readable article from the best remembered and most characteristic sayings of Americans. Here are a few that may serve as specimens of what might be done with time and opportunity:

Samuel Adams, known for many things, seldom has his name associated with the phrase first applied by him to England: "Nation of shopkeepers."

It was John Wesley, and not Charles Sumner, who first spoke of slavery (the slave trade) as "the sum of all villainies."

Franklin said many things that have passed into maxims, but nothing that is better known and remembered than: "He has paid dear, very dear for his whistle."

Washington made but few epigrammatic speeches. Here is one: "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving peace."

Did you ever hear old John Dickenson? Well, he wrote of Americans in 1768: "By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall."

Patrick Henry, as every school-boy knows, gave us: "Give me liberty or give me death," and, "If this be treason, make the most of it."

Thomas Paine had many quotable epigrammatic sentences: "Rose like a rocket, fell like a stick;" "Times that try men's souls;" "One step from the sublime to the ridiculous," etc.

Jefferson's writings are so besprinkled that it is difficult to select. In despair we jump at: "Few die and none resign," certainly as applicable to office-holders now as in Jefferson's time.

Josiah Quincy, Jr., said: "Wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called on to make our exit, we will die freemen."

Henry Lee gave Washington his immortal title: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Charles Cotesworth Pickney declared in favor of "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

"Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," is from Josiah Quincy in 1811.

John Adams did not say, "Live or die, survive or perish, I'm for the constitution," but Daniel Webster did say it for him.

The revolutionary age alone would give us our article, had we time to gather the pearls. Coming down, we pass greater, but not more famous men, for Davy Crockett, the illustrious author of "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

Andrew Jackson gave us "The Union—it must be preserved."

Benton almost lost his identity in "Old Bullion," from his "hard money" doctrines.

Governor Throop, of New York, was called "Small Light Throop" for years from a phrase in a Thanksgiving proclamation.

Scott's "hasty plate of soup" lasted his life time.

Taylor's battle order, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," will be quoted after he is forgotten.

Seward is known for the "irrepressible conflict" wherever the English language is spoken.

Marcy's patched breeches are as well remembered as his state papers.

Rufus Choate gave us "glittering generalities."

Our own Bill Allen, the "Chinese Gong," is responsible for "54-40 or fight."

Tom Corwin's "welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves," one of his noblest utterances, gave him more unen-

viable criticism than any other saying of his life.

Calhoun gave us "state rights" as a most pernicious and absurd equivalent for national supremacy under the constitution.

Douglas applied "squatter sovereignty," though it is probable that Cass invented and Calhoun named it.

Stringfellow was the original "border ruffian."

War times gave us no end of epigrammatic utterances. Those of Lincoln alone would fill a volume. Chiefest of all these that noble, God-like sentiment: "With charity for all and malice toward none."

McClellan's chief exploit was to make us acquainted with the phrase "Change of base."

Grant gave us "Fight it out on this line," "Unconditional surrender," "I propose to move immediately upon your works," "Bottled up," and a hundred others. It seems to have escaped notice that Grant is responsible for more of these characterizing, elementary crystallizations of thought than any military leader of modern times.

Sherman first gave utterance to the great truth, showing at once statesmanship and military sagacity, "The confederacy is a shell," and he had the rare felicity of practically demonstrating his own theorem by the "march to the sea."

Sheridan's character and his style of fighting are expressed by "sent them whirling up the valley."

Pope's unfortunate orders from "headquarters in the saddle" gave Lee opportunity for the one solitary joke of his life time: "What can you expect of a general who puts his headquarters where his hindquarters ought to be?"—Columbus, O., Journal.

DRIVER ANTS.

There are certain ants that show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too; only these boats are formed of their own bodies. They are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night, while chickens, lizards, and other animals in Western Africa flee from them in terror. To protect themselves from the heat, they erect arches under which numerous armies of them pass in safety. Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth gummed together by some secretion, and again it is formed by the bodies of larger ants, which hold themselves together by their strong nippers, while the workers pass under them.

At certain times of the year, freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "drivers" and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood, but instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruins rises a black ball that rides safely on the water and drifts away. At the first warning of danger, the little creatures rush together and form a solid ball of ants, the weaker in the center; often this ball is larger than a common base-ball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branch of which they are soon safe and sound.—St. Nicholas.

—Strong character, like strong muscle, comes from activity, from warfare, not retreat.

—Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

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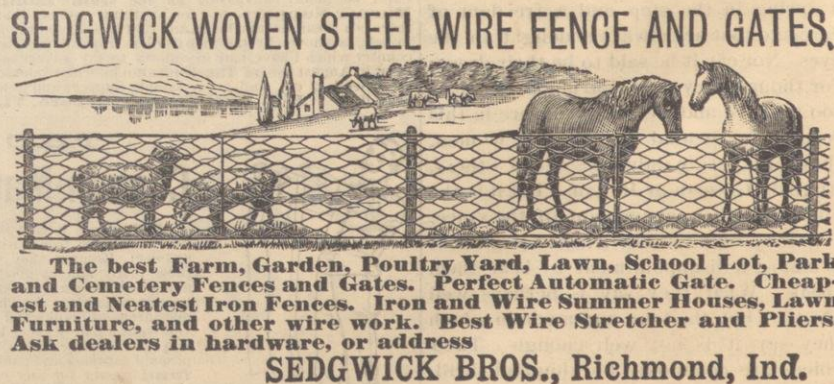
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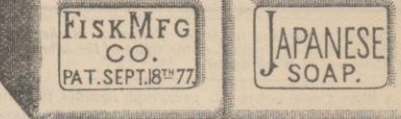
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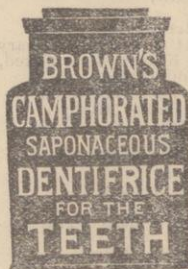
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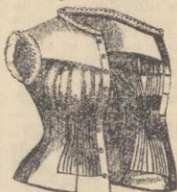
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