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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

W. A. RICHARDS, ENG. ESTABLISHED 1868. BRATTLEBORO, VT.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 8.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1875.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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

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HOME.

It is not by thy walls, be they humble or grand,
That the dearest of words in our tongue we de-
fine—

No measure, or lesser, or larger of land,
Can hold by its firmament a thing so divine.
Home, sweetest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is it thy sweetest of sweetness has won?

Nay, the lord in his palace, though smooth across
sweep
To the verge of his vision, his own—all his
own—

Though sunshine his senses delightfully
steep—
Thy beautiful grace he may never have known.
Home! brightest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is it thy brightest of brightness has won?

And the cotter who rests him on Saturday night,
When the snow-sheeted world wins a glow
from the fire,
When thrift all about him is smiling and bright—
Not always for him is there crowned his desire.
Home! rarest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is it thy rarest of rareness has won?

Ah! the hamlet and hall may be equally blest,
With comfort that welcomes, with welcomes
that cheer,
And better than any may each be confest,
Yet home that is home finds no anchorage here.
Home! subtlest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is it thy subtlest truly has won?

They only have won thee—they only have known
What thy four little letters express of pure bliss,
That dwell amid sweetness whose seed has been
sown

In a region above, ere transplanted to this!
Home! Eden that blesses, though veiled be the
sun,
It is love and love only thy essence has won.

The flowers of thy garden may all fade away;
Through exile, love's landmarks be mistily lost;
But the spirit of home is not mortal as they,
And it lives how'er sadly our longing is crossed.
Home! rest of the soul under shadow or sun,
Whoever has won thee, forever has won!

—The Aldine.

ORNAMENTING WALKS ABOUT
THE YARD.

SOMETHING is always needed along
the sides of walks to keep the soil
from being worked along into the
middle of the path. For this purpose
a row of green sods neatly placed on
each side is frequently preferred to
any other material. The grass, how-

ever, must be kept clipped rather
short, and the edges must be trimmed
occasionally to prevent the grass from
spreading, and thus occupying more
than the desired area of ground. In
some instances the sides of the walks
are embellished with pinks, lilies, roses
and other flowers.

Many persons think there is nothing
for the borders of walks equal to box.
Others, who do not fancy that sort of
edging, employ it for the reason that
some florist has recommended box-
edging as the most popular material
that can be employed for such a pur-
pose. But as box emits an odor which
is offensive to some persons, and as it
is often more expensive than it should
be, we prepare our borders with clover.
Of course it will require two seasons
before the blossoms will appear.

To our own taste for the beautiful
there is no edging for walks that can
excel a strip of clover of various sorts
in full bloom. The meadows of sum-
mer, fragrant with sweet-smelling hay,
cannot vie with the surroundings of
the cottage walks when edged with
the rainbow-colored inflorescence of
the Alsike clover, interspersed with
the nodding plumes of the common
red or the pea-vine clover. As we are
making some new walks around about
our own country villa, the borders are
prepared in the following manner:

On both sides of the walks the soil
is spaded deep and reduced to a mel-
low condition. Where it is not in a
fertile state a generous supply of fine
manure is worked in and mingled
thoroughly with the mellow bed. It
is important that the surface should
be rich and in a fine state of commu-
nition, as clover seed cannot flourish
luxuriantly while the seed-bed is cov-
ered with lumps of hard earth. If no
fine manure can be obtained readily,
apply a liberal dressing of ashes, either
coal or wood ashes, although the lat-
ter will be found more valuable. A
light dressing of guano or superphos-
phate of some sort, or the German
Kainit, which is advertised so exten-
sively, may be employed with excel-
lent results.

After the seed-bed has been properly
prepared open three drill-marks in the
mellow soil about four inches apart,
parallel with the walk, in which scat-
ter the clover seed. A good way to
form the drill-marks is to take a square
stick, say four or more feet in length,
place it on the seed-bed one corner
down, and press and work it about
half an inch into the mellow soil.
Where the walks are curved take a
round stick and open drill-marks. Be
careful to make the marks parallel
with the walks. Now scatter seed of
the white Dutch clover in the first

drill-mark, so that the seed will be
distributed about every half inch
lengthwise of the mark. In the sec-
ond mark sow the seed of Alsike clover
about as thick as directed in scat-
tering the seed of the white clover.
In the third drill sow seed of the com-
mon red clover. Then take a broom
or bough of an evergreen tree and
brush the seed in lightly.

If seed were scattered three times
as thick as directed there will be no
objection, except a waste of seed.
Seed of the varieties named, and of
some other varieties also may be pro-
cured at most seed stores. In some
cities the seed of other varieties of
clover beside those alluded to may be
purchased usually by the pound. In
some localities the Bokara clover may
be sown for the sake of variety. It
must be borne in mind that the first
season the clover will yield no blos-
soms. But if planted as directed, al-
lowed to gain a foothold, then covered
lightly with straw during the winter
to prevent the roots from being lifted
out by frost, the various forms of rare
inflorescence will irradiate the borders
of the walks early the next season
with all the gorgeous beauty of the lily
of the valley.

If cobble-stones can be placed along
the walks and washed with milk of
lime, some white, purple, blue and
other colors, the rough bowlders will
teach impressive lessons on the sub-
ject of rural beauty. Soon after the
blossoms begin to unfold, the clover-
heads must be clipped off for the pur-
pose of keeping the plants in bloom
for a long time. If this is not done
the growing clover will become so
exhausted by producing a crop of seed
that the second season after the ma-
turity of the crop the clover borders
will appear weak and sickly and but
few heads will blossom. The clover
stalks should never be permitted to
grow so tall that they will fall down.
Let the tops be cut off before the stalks
become tall and slender.—*New York
Herald.*

A PERMANENT WHITEWASH.

Take half a bushel of unslaked
lime. Slake it with boiling water,
cover it during the process to keep in
the steam. Strain the liquid through
a fine sieve and add to it a peck of
salt previously well dissolved in warm
water, three pounds of ground rice
boiled to a thin paste, and stir when
boiling hot, half a pound of powdered
Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean
glue, which had been previously dis-
solved; add five gallons of hot water
to the mixture, stir it well and let it
stand a few days covered from the
dirt. It should be put on hot.



POPULARITY.

THE art of acquiring popularity, says
the Saturday Review, is among
those accomplishments which are not
generally a matter of boasting to their
possessors, and are even considered
as in some degree discreditable. Yet
none are so unsuccessful as those who
seek popularity. A person who aims
to please all men, is pretty sure to
please none.

The great secret, then, adds the Re-
viewer, of obtaining popularity, should
be to flatter each man in a party of ten
without insulting the other nine. At
first sight, this would seem to be im-
possible; inasmuch as all praise of
other people is more or less disagree-
able to the hearers. People, however,
of a certain happy temperament, can
manage to accomplish even this per-
plexing task. It is wrong to flatter in
words; and there is a kind of implied
flattery which does not necessarily
hurt the feelings of those who are not
its objects.

The really agreeable companion is
the man who is gifted by nature with
the power of seeing through the eyes
of other people and catching the con-
tagion of their emotions. Men may
be divided for social purposes into
two principal classes. The instinct of
one is to repel every assertion made
to him like a personal insult, and of
the other to accept it as the novel re-
velation of some hitherto unsuspected
but perfectly obvious truth. One class
forms what, in the language of elec-
tricians, would be called a non-con-
ducting medium; the other receives
and intensifies every vibration com-
municated to it. No flattery is so deli-
cate as that which consists in a lively
perception of the force of every re-
mark you make, and a thorough ap-
proval of your sentiment. Nothing is
so humiliating as the open opposition,
or, still worse, the blank indifference,
which some persons oppose to your
most brilliant flashes of genius. Ev-
erybody has suffered at times the cruel
sensation of casting a joke upon stony
ground; when, instead of the expected
laugh, the witticism is followed by an
inquiring gaze, or a civil request for
the end of the anecdote. Such a mis-
fortune has been known to quench a
professed wit at his first attempt, and
convert him into a dumb animal for
the rest of the evening.

As no man ever yet admitted that he
had made a bad joke, he naturally at-

tributes his mortification to the malignity of his audience. Under such circumstances, the gratitude which he bestows upon the one exception to their stupidity who shows a genuine perception of his humor, is like that which is due to the friend who throws a rope to a drowning man. * * * A man may be honorable, truthful, and thoroughly benevolent, and yet have no disposition whatever to dance to every one who pipes. When he hears a story, his first movement may be toward incredulity, and before he proceeds to mix his tears with those of his companion, he may require a more than ordinarily careful explanation of the facts. Such a man is often punished rather severely in general popularity for the sluggishness of his imagination and the want of mobility of his understanding.

Still harder is generally the fate of a man who may have every other qualification, but has the misfortune to be shy. Just enough modesty to give your friends the happiness of thinking that you are a little afraid of them, is not a bad thing; but there are few vices which are punished more severely by public opinion than decided shyness or reserve. A man may be a bad father, a tyrannical husband; he may be a liar and a coward, and in many ways dishonest, and yet be generally popular; but if he is unlucky enough to be guilty of an over-delicacy in conversation, or in the expression of feeling, he has no chance of being a social favorite; probably nine people out of ten think him sulky, cynical, and spiteful, and at any rate decide—for which, perhaps, they cannot much be blamed—that if he can't take the trouble to overcome his diffidence, they can't take the trouble to detect his hidden virtues.

BED-ROOM DECORATION.

Number One.

In the decoration of our bed-rooms, paper hangings are almost universally used for the covering of the walls, and if properly hung, and well chosen as to color and finish, may be considered as most appropriate. The choice of color is not limited in quantity, although it is so in degree, inasmuch as dark or strong colors are out of place in bedrooms, the chief end to be kept in view being cleanliness, neatness, purity of color, and unobtrusiveness, neatness in pattern and general arrangement, light and cleanly coloring, quietness and repose of effect.

In selecting the paper for a bedroom, care should be taken to avoid those spotty-patterned papers we have spoken against in a former article, as no class of papers can be more annoying or in worse taste than spotty patterns, especially in the bedroom. A bedroom to be pleasant and healthy, should appear to be scrupulously clean, as well as being really so in fact. The days of heavy bed-hanging and darkness-producing window-curtains is happily gone by. Beds, bedroom furniture and decorations, are approaching something like what they ought to be in order to preserve health. The wall paper should be colored in tints of light warm greys, with pink or reddish mauve outlines to pattern; light creamy drabs with pattern in

white, outlined with a darker shade of the same color. There are some of these grey papers which have yellow outlines to the patterns; these when hung have a dirty look. This is always objectionable, as cleanliness is indispensable in bed-room paper. These light tinted grey or grey and white papers are very pleasing in effect in all rooms which face the east or south, but when the room faces the wintry north the tone or tint of the paper should be of a warmer color. If grey, the grey must have a larger portion of red in its composition or else have a portion of red and yellow in its pattern.

Good satin or glazed grounds wear the best, especially in those very light colors. The ground may be glazed, and the pattern dead color, or *vice versa*. The effect is good in either case. As to their general utility, smooth or satin papers do not catch or hold the dust so much as if they were wholly dead colors, which are necessarily rough, and what dust the satins do gather is much easier brushed off than it is off the dead colors. Another advantage they have over dead colors is the fact that they do not absorb moisture or damp so soon as dead colors; the smoothness of the surface rather tends to throw off the moisture than to absorb it. Borders may be used with advantage to the appearance of the room. As a matter of taste we prefer to have them narrow and unpretentious when placed upon a pattern paper. They make a very appropriate and effectual finish to a bed-room. The ceiling may be either white, with a few tints of color in the cornice, or the flat of the ceiling may be tinted with a color which will contrast and yet harmonize with the prevailing color of the walls.

The wood work of a bed-room should be painted in tints of color in harmony with the paper. For instance, if the paper has a grey ground with a white pattern, edged with pink or reddish violet, we should paint the panels grey, the stiles white, and the mouldings cream color; and if there is a narrow bead on the inner edge of the moulding next the panel, we should paint that pink or reddish violet; or if there be no bead, we should run a line of the same color upon the panel. These grey, white, and pink papers are very cleanly looking and pleasant; but they do not fulfill the conditions requisite to produce harmony. We therefore put cream color on the moulding of the wood work in order to supply that omission.

We object altogether to the use of imitations of wood in bed-rooms, excepting hotels or other such places where real hard service is required. Bed-rooms, in towns especially, should be painted afresh every two or three years. This leads us at once to the consideration of what is really the most important aspect of the question—namely, the sanitary condition of our bed-rooms, so far as regards our subject. Of all the rooms we inhabit, the bed-room should be the freest from all suspicion of uncleanness and from impure air. In our sleeping state we have less power to resist the injurious effect of foul air and other impurities engendered by neglect and uncleanness.

TO PREVENT WOOD SPLITTING.

Small pieces of valuable wood, such kinds as are used for turning, etc., are very liable to split readily—that is, outward from the centre. To prevent this, soak the pieces, when cut, in cold water for twenty-four hours, then boil in hot water for two or three hours, and afterwards dry slowly, and under cover. This will be found useful in making handsome mantel, toilet, and other articles from sumac, cherry, and other woods that never grow very large.



THE FUCHSIA.

Within the mountain lodge we sat
At night, and watched the slanted snow
Blown headlong over hill and moor,
And heard, from dell and tarn below,
The loosened torrents thundering slow.

'Twas such a night as drowns the stars,
And blots the moon from out the sky:
We could not see our favorite larch,
Yet heard it rave incessantly,
As the white whirlwinds drifted by.

Sad thoughts were near; we might not bar
Their stern intrusion from the door;
Till you rose meekly, lamp in hand,
And, from an inner chamber, bore
A book renowned by sea and shore.

And, as you flung it open, lo!
Between the pictured leaflets lay—
Embalmed by processes of Time—
A gift of mine, a fuchsia spray,
I gathered one glad holiday.

Then suddenly the chamber changed,
And we forgot the snow and wind;
Once more we paced the garden path,
With even feet and even mind—
That red spray in your hair confined.

The cistus trembled by the porch,
The shadow round the dial moved;
I knew this, though I marked them not,
For I had spoken, unreprieved,
And, dreamlike, knew that I was loved.

Sweet wife! when falls a darker night,
May some pure flower of memory,
Hid in the volume of the soul,
Bring back, o'er life's tormented sea,
As dear a peace to you and me.

—Chambers' Journal.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME.

TIME was that a broken goblet was the despair of the frugal-minded housekeeper. Nothing could be made of it, and it was thrown regretfully into the ash-barrel, even though the goblet part was whole and good. Minus the stem, it has nothing to stand upon. But the other day I met a little lady who told me how she had broken three goblets on purpose, after a vain search in her mother's closets for stemless ones. This is what you can do with them: Crochet a cover of scarlet zephyr, or white cotton, as you prefer. Place the goblet in it, and suspend by cords from your chandelier, and you have an exquisite bouquet-holder, which will delight your eyes as it swings over your table, filled with freshly gathered flowers. But better still than this is it to roll around your broken goblet, on the outside, coarse, red flannel, the reddest you can procure; stitch it compactly, and dip it in water, so as to make it thoroughly wet. Then roll it in flaxseed;

the seed will adhere to the flannel, and you must try to distribute it as evenly as possible. Stand it on the large end, in a saucer or plate, in which put water, which you must renew as it is absorbed. Never let the plate dry, and never suffer it to chill or freeze. It will reward you by growing rapidly, and giving a dark green color against a bright red ground.

But a whole vessel can be used for some ornamental purposes with good effect. Fill a common tumbler with water, and then cut out a round of cotton batting just large enough to cover the surface, and lay it upon the water. Over this scatter the seeds of grass, or flax, or mustard, or all mixed. Set the tumbler away in the dark. In a few days you will see a beautiful sight. Delicate, silvery, threadlike fibres will steal through the cotton and creep downward to the bottom of the glass, while the surface of the cotton will be a soft, glimmering mass of velvety green. Set this now in your sunniest window, and every day or two replenish the water by inserting more, with a teaspoon or a small syringe, under the edge of the cotton. A glass globe such as gold-fish are kept in is very effective for this sort of gardening.

Over a friend's dining-table I have lately seen a charming arrangement, which must add zest to appetite whenever the family gather here. A small round glass globe is attached by wires to the chandelier—not suspended, but bound to it, so that there is scarcely an inch of distance between the two. This was filled with water in December, and a few sprigs of the plant popularly called wandering jew were set in it. They have grown profusely, and now their lavish greenness is festooned around the chandelier, and falls in graceful sprays over the table. It has to be looped up to keep it from falling too low.

If an acorn be hung by a thread within a half an inch of the water in a little vase, and left untouched, in a warm place, for two weeks, it will burst its shell, throw a root into the water, and shoot up, its tapering stem covered with green leaves. Think of having an oak-tree in a tumbler!

Keep the water pure with bits of charcoal, and if the foliage turns yellow, add to it a few drops of ammonia.

I suppose everybody has heard of the graceful vines which can be raised with a sweet potato for the basis. Take an old peach-can, a glass one, of course—and drop your potato into it, filling it with water nearly to the top, and always keeping it at the same height. A sunny window is needed for this. As the bottom of the potato puts forth fibrous roots, the top will shoot out into a vine, which is dainty and beautiful, and has the merit of growing very rapidly. A carrot or turnip scooped out, and the hollow filled with water, is rather more astonishing than this. Hang the carrot itself in the sunshine, and it will be transformed before long into a pendant of feathery verdure, artistic and aristocratic enough for the drawing-room or the lady's chamber, with never a hint of its plebeian origin in the kitchen garden. Cinderella at the ball was

not farther removed from Cinderella on the hearth at home.

Pine cones, which can be picked up by scores in the woods, if thoroughly wetted and sprinkled with grass-seed, assume shapes of rare levelness. For children or invalids this sort of gardening indoors is a captivating resource. Walls and ceilings, carpets and curtains, do not suffice of themselves to make home beautiful, and there is a rare delight at any season in watching the life of the "green things growing."—*Exchange*.

PRESSING FLOWERS, FERNS AND GRASSES.

At this season of the year we frequently desire to preserve the beautiful flowers which bloom everywhere about us, whether in field or garden.

The process is an exceedingly simple one, and does not require a hand press wherewith to accomplish the desired end; but a pair of flat irons, a large chair, or even a leg of a couch can be made to do duty for it. A number of sheets of buff manilla, or common brown paper are, however, essential.

Take care to gather the specimens on a fine day, and either just after the dew has dried away or just before it falls. If gathered at noonday the flowers will not keep their colors as well; and if plucked in field or meadow, it is well to place them in a tin box in order to retain their freshness.

A good specimen of a plant should show every part—its root and stem leaves, its flower part, open and in bud, and, if possible, its seed and seed-vessels in their various stages.

When the specimens are gathered take up each one singly and lay it smoothly between two sheets of the paper, and place them inside the leaves of a large book; do the same with another, and so on until the book is full. Now tie a string tightly around it, and place under flat-irons, or some heavy weight. Let the plants stand for twenty-four hours, and then change the paper to dry them still more. Do this for three or four days and you will find that they retain their color perfectly, and are then ready to put away. If the plants have thick or woody stems it is best to cut away the under part of them before pressing.

Stone crops and heaths should be dipped into boiling water for three or four minutes and then dried off before pressing—for if this is not done the succulent stems will continue to grow even after being pressed in the paper, and spoil their appearance. Berries can be dried by being hung up in the air or sun for a few days. Ferns can be pressed the same as other plants, but if the fronds should shrivel up before they can be placed between the papers to dry, they can be put under water for an hour or so, and this will expand them again. As soon as they are free from moisture, however, take care of them.

The grasses of the fields and meadows, if gathered in their first bloom, tied up in bunches, and hung up in bunches in a dark closet to dry, heads downward, will retain their natural color, and make a lovely addition to your winter bouquets. Indeed, I think no summer vase or bouquet complete without their airy, fairy grace, and

daily gather them to adorn our surroundings.

When the ferns and flowers are well pressed, you can make them into lovely transparencies by pasting them with starch upon coarse cape lace, covering them with another piece of lace, and then putting them between tiny frames of cardboard; binding the edges with green ribbon, you can suspend them from your windows. Lamp shades can also be made in the same manner, and bouquets can be formed upon paper and framed under glass, which will closely resemble water colored paintings.—*Daisy Eyebright, in Fruit Recorder*.

THAT WINDOW.

BY INEZ FORD.

That window is a little oasis in the desert of our street!

One of our neighbors exhibits in each of her long front windows, a tiny table of marble, crowned with curious vases, with sprays of waxen leaves and flowers, drooping over the sides.

Another drapes her windows with damask and lace, and I think of the upholsterer every time I pass that way and catch a glimpse of the rich fringes and massive cords and tassels.

But this particular window of which I write, is a little paradise. There is a large rustic basket in the center, with trailing vines and mosses falling from it, and all around, above and beneath it, are plants of every description. There is a tall plant there now, with snow-white blossoms, which shine among the dark green leaves, a pretty contrast to the scarlet fuchsia that swings its bells close by. There are geraniums of various kinds, tuberoses all delicacy and fragrance, sprays of myrtle and ivy climbing everywhere. A curious plant, whose name I do not know, but which grows up sturdy and tall, blossoming in clusters of blue stars, all mingle their freshness and beauty in that one window.

And I know that these are not all nurtured for the gratification of self, for I often see just a spray of some favorite, or a tiny bouquet, or perhaps a whole cluster of them, going away from our neighbor's house to where some one is sick, or to some poor little child who has none, and whose bright eyes grow brighter at the little offering, and sometimes they are destined to lay in waxen hands, whose strife with this world is now ended.

And beneath this window, there is a square plat of ground, also filled with flowers, and I often watch her hands as they flit to and fro among these voiceless children of her care, and I sometimes fancy that the lilies are more beautiful, that the buds brighten and breathe forth a richer perfume, when they quiver beneath her touch.

And as they comfort and minister unto her in her loneliness, so they do unto us who only pass by, and catch a glance at their beauty, and get but a faint breath of their rich fragrance.

May blessings rest on the hearts that prompt, and the hands that plant, such green spots in our lives, whether they are vine-wreathed and flower-

shaded windows, or kind words and tender sympathies! They are all the same—they all cheer and strengthen us, and help us wonderfully on the journey of life.

SKELTON LEAVES.

Dissolve four ounces of common washing soda in a quart of boiling water, then add two ounces of slaked quick lime and boil for about fifteen minutes. Allow the solution to cool; afterward pour all the clean liquor into a clean pan. When this liquor is at its boiling point, place the leaves carefully in the pan, and boil the whole together for an hour, adding from time to time enough water to make up for evaporation. The green pulp or body of some leaves will more readily separate than others. A good test is to try the leaves after they have been gently boiling for an hour, and if the cellular matter does not easily rub off betwixt the finger and thumb beneath cold water, boil them again for a short time.

When the fleshy matter is found to be sufficiently softened, rub them separately, but very gently, beneath cold water until the perfect skeleton is exposed. They are at first a dirty white; to make them a pure white, and therefore more beautiful, all that is necessary is to bleach them in a weak solution of chloride of lime, a large teaspoonful to a quart of water; if a few drops of vinegar is added to the solution, it is all the better, for then the free chlorine is liberated. Do not allow them too long in the bleaching liquor, or they become too brittle, and cannot afterward be handled without injury. About fifteen minutes will be sufficient to make them white and clean looking. Dry them in white blotting paper beneath a gentle pressure.

Simple leaves are the best for young beginners to experiment upon; the elm, ivy and beech leaves make the best skeletons. Care must be exercised in the selection of leaves, as the time of year and the state of the atmosphere, when specimens are collected, otherwise failure will be the result. The best months are July and August. Never collect specimens in damp weather, and none but perfectly mature leaves ought to be selected.

Mrs. A.

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

A bouquet of roses next Christmas would be lovely, and this is the way in which you can get one. We would add one suggestion to the directions given below, and that is, that it would be better to seal up the buds as nearly air-tight as possible.

Choose some of the flowers you wish to preserve, such as are latest in blowing, and ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem three inches long; cover the stem immediately with sealing wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer. In winter, or any other time when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the end of the stem sealed

with wax, and put the buds into water wherein a little nitre of salt has been dissolved; and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lovely colors and breathe their agreeable odors.—*Advance*.

TO KEEP FLOWERS FRESH.

The following may be of interest to the ladies: When you receive a bouquet sprinkle it lightly with fresh water; then put it in a vessel containing soap suds; this will nutrify the stem and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sideways (the stock entering first) into clean water. Keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water; replace it in the soap suds and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soap suds need changing every three or four days.

By observing these rules a bouquet may be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a very passable state; but attention to the fair creatures, as directed above, must be observed, or all will perish.

WARD'S FERTILIZER.

We have in our advertising columns of this issue a novelty in the shape of a concentrated fertilizer for plants and flowers for field culture and the conservatory. This fertilizer is prepared in various forms so as to be adapted to the needs of the different varieties of plants, etc., and in one form is highly recommended for pot plants and flowers. It is easily applied, perfectly odorless, and can be sent by mail at a very slight expense. Sufficient for one hundred plants is sent in a neat box postage paid for ten cents, and we would advise our lady friends who have house plants to care for to send for and try a box of this fertilizer.

CARE OF CANARIES.

Hang the cages where the drafts do not strike the bird. Give canary and rape seed, plenty of fresh water, cuttle-fish bone, and clean gravel on the bottom of the cage often. Also, give the birds fresh water to bathe in every day. After they have bathed, remove the dish, which should be shallow. The room should not be overheated. A little pepper occasionally regulates them. Do not give them cake or sugar. When moulting, feed them on rape seed slightly moistened. Hard boiled eggs and crackers grated are excellent. Bad seed will kill birds. Cabbage and sweet apples are good for them, and now and then an egg.

X. Y. Z.

—Will O. H. A. please tell me how to treat a passion vine, also how often should the calla and the night blooming cereus be re-potted? S. J. G.

Westminster West, Vt.
Answer:—An account of the passion flower was given last month.

Re-pot your calla and night blooming cereus and give new soil every autumn.

C. E. A.



SING TO THE SEAM.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

The girl who sits in the porchway low,
Sings to her needle as to and fro
It weaves the seam with its glittering glow,
Close in the garment she holds to sew.
Sing to the seam;
Sing it your dream;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

No "song of the shirt" sings she, oh no,
Her words are gleeful, happy and low;
While the shining needle, fast or slow,
Tosses the thread that it shorter grow.
Sing to the seam;
Sing it your dream;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

A song's good company while you sew;
It helps the needle to onward go
And trace its work in a dainty row
O'er the downy, drifted, cambric snow.
Sing to the seam;
Sing it your dream;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

A simple song with no work below
Is lost on the empty air, you know;
But tune and labor together aglow,
The richest blessings of time bestow.
Sing to the seam;
Sing it your dream;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

—Selected.

WHAT SHALL I WEAR?

THIS seems to be the vexed question which occupies a very large share of our time and thoughts, and which we often fail to settle satisfactorily. No one doubts that too much valuable time is spent upon this subject. We all lament it, yet many of us do not see the way clear out of our difficulties, and so we go on through the sweet spring days so rich with promise, under the burning skies of mid-summer, among the ripened glories of the mellow autumn, into the winter of the year, with this great burden resting upon us, feeling guilty if we are not plying the needle every moment of the time that we are not engaged in household duties. If we do steal away occasionally for a pleasure excursion or relaxation of any kind, our enjoyment is marred by constantly recurring visions of some incomplete garment at home whose endless flounces, or puffings, or shirrings, still await the finishing touches of our tired hands.

What wonder is it that a few conscientious souls driven to desperation by this growing evil have rushed to the opposite extreme, and utterly tabooed all ornaments and trimmings, even of the simplest kind, and move among their fashionably arrayed sisters in such severe and uncomely plainness of attire as to provoke the ridicule and censure of the latter class.

Two wrongs do not make a right however, and it was with this thought in mind that I read the letter from one of our HOUSEHOLD Band a month or two since, wherein a perplexed sister asks advice upon this very point. She says her husband desires to have her dress richly, but she herself fears that

it will be wrong to do so, and she is undecided what course to pursue.

It is always a difficult matter to decide for another in regard to a question of duty under any circumstances, but there are certain general principles which hold good in all cases, and one of these is that we ought to be willing to sacrifice our own feelings and preferences (that is, if no principle of right is violated) when others will be made happier by such a sacrifice. If the husband of the sister referred to, can afford to give her elegant clothing and ornaments and wishes her to wear them, is it not her duty to gratify his taste in this matter? She would scarcely wish to mortify or pain the one of all others whose affection she most values, and in whose eyes more than all others she wishes to appear attractive. Her duties to him are second only to her duties to God, and a true wife will take as much pains to render herself pleasing to her husband as she did in the fond early days of courtship when the fastidious lover was expected.

Holy Writ seems indirectly to sanction this, for does not he who pierced the heavens with apocalyptic vision, say, "I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

But how far may this be carried without becoming a sinful excess? Is there not a golden mean between the severe plainness of the nun's garb, and the overloaded woman of fashion the elaborate and excessive ornamentation of whose apparel is equally opposed to the laws of taste and beauty?

The fashions have been such for several years that one has great latitude of choice, and if a certain garment is unsuited to the style or means of a lady, she can usually select another pattern that is equally fashionable but better adapted to her needs. There is no excuse for wearing an antiquated style of dress when there is always something of modern design that is pretty and becoming, and although there is much still remaining that is ridiculous and absurd there have unquestionably been many improvements. Who can doubt that the gored dress is an advance upon the old-fashioned full skirt with its numerous gatherings and platings oppressing the hips. The high shoulder seams of waists are preferable to the longer seams of former times which made it almost impossible to raise the arms above the head without much discomfort. Then too, the new styles of undergarments invented by Madam Flynt and the Dress Reform Committee are destined to restore the roses of health to many a pale cheek which has been prematurely robbed of its bloom by a long and persistent course of unhygienic dressing.

The only fault with the present styles of dress seems to be the great amount of trimming required, and in this respect, let the reform begin. A really rich article needs but little, if any trimming, and a cheap one is not worth the time and trouble necessary to trim it elaborately. Besides, it only draws attention to the quality of the goods which might pass for something better if more plainly made. For overdresses, nothing is needed

but a single row of lace or fringe or a fold of the goods which can be easily made and put on. For underskirts a single wide ruffle with the top puffed, or shirred, or plaited, as best suits the prevailing mode will relieve the plain appearance of the skirt and looks as well as two or three flounces or any amount of intricate work which has no effect except to try the patience and temper and ruin the eyesight of the unfortunate seamstress.

Let us use our common sense in this matter and while we believe in beauty and feel that He who clothed the flowers in hues of loveliness, and covered even the unsightly stumps and stones and every decaying and unseemly thing in nature with soft, velvety mosses, and graceful vines, and a thousand forms of beauty, meant to teach us this lesson, that we should suitably and properly adorn ourselves, not forgetting the higher and immortal part which should be clothed with all sweet graces of character, fit robes for the kingly tenant whose royal presence ennobles and dignifies the outer man and makes it worthy of our respectful care and attention.

PANSY.

FANCY WORK FOR OLD LADIES.

I want to speak to the grandmothers, and to elderly ladies generally, and I begin by telling them I am an old lady myself, and know fully what feebleness means, and have tried to learn the antidotes to the troubles incident to age, and to keep bright, and cheerful, looking also to the glorious time when we shall see the dear Saviour, and be with Him where He is, according to His promise to all who love Him. And surely old people need to love Him. I can scarcely imagine how they can help it, after having lived on His mercy and patience so long.

But this is not what I intend to write about now. I want to speak to you about fancy work, so called. Recently some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band spoke of tatting. And now I want to prescribe all kinds of fancy work as being the very best medicine for old ladies. Having formed habits of industry, they find the hardest work of all is to fold their hands and do nothing. But they are feeble, and the family mending and the knitting of boys' socks, is too hard for them. What then shall they do? What can they do?

My sisters, I tell you, try fancy work. To use two bone needles for fancy knitting is not nearly so hard as to knit with four steel knitting needles—not near so hard. Then there is crochet, that is very easy. Then there is tatting and bead work. Then there is beautiful work done with worsteds on canvas. Perhaps you have always thought this kind of work belongs to young people; but I tell you it is especially for old ladies. To be sure they can do it easier when old if they did it when young, but never mind that, you can easily learn, now.

I knew an old lady who had borne and brought up eight children, and her married life had been spent on a farm, and the dairy had been her especial care and labor. When sixty-eight

years old she lost her husband, and her children had all died, or married, so she was left alone. Her daughters invited her to come to them, but no, she wanted to retain her old home. And a man and woman were hired, and she continued to keep house. But the woman was able to do the work for the small family, and very soon Mrs. B. felt as if she had nothing to do, she felt lost. Some one said, why not try worsted work. Can I begin at my age and do it well? Her daughter said, "yes, mother, you can, and very soon you will enjoy it, and can do something pretty for each of us."

So her daughter bought her canvass and worsteds, and a simple pattern, and she soon became greatly interested. I think she was seventy-five years old when she told me about it; she said it really did her good. By confining her attention, and exercising her mind, she was diverted from her losses, and troubles, and that did her good; and then the work amused her, and that did her more good. And it pleased her children also, and they all wanted some pretty thing which mother, or grandmother, had done. So each one bought materials for just what they wanted. One, a sofa cushion, another a traveling bag, and one a set of mats. It pleased her to do these things, and it pleased them to have mother's pretty work. "Oh," she said to me, "I don't call this work, it is play, only it is play which is useful, and I do my plain work, also. But this is just play, and I like to do it." She did it until she was eighty-five years old, and lived to be near ninety.

Perhaps some one is saying, "if she was able to do that, she was able to knit socks, or do any family sewing." I reply, not so, it is not so at all. Don't your heavy knitting needles make your side ache, or your stomach feel tired? yes, I know they do. And then plain sewing involves preparing the work, and holding it, and above all, it involves the threading of needles, and feeble hands find this hard. And the lighter the work, the smaller is the needle, and the harder to thread. Worsteds seem to be made for old eyes to thread. But some may say they cannot afford to buy the worsteds and canvass, and pattern, and have no one to provide for them. I know this is often the case. Well then, there is beautiful work done with a crochet needle, and all kinds of cotton are to be had at small price, and with this, very pretty chair ties can be made, and chair ties are needed in every room. They can be made very pretty of coarse cotton, too, and in great variety. Handsome chair ties are also made by knitting them with two bone needles. And bone needles are very light, and are easily handled. The young people are always glad of knitted or crocheted edging, and this also is very useful, and easily made.

Many enjoy making tatting. I knew a lady who makes very handsome tatting while she reads aloud to her sick husband. You don't call that a waste of time do you? But generally, I think tatting is not quite as easy for old ladies. If they like it, by all means do it. And I know a lady who learned to make tatting when

nearly seventy years old. Her husband was so pleased to see her learn it more readily than her daughter that he made her a very pretty ivory shuttle, and riveted the two parts together with a bit of silver.

Then I know an old lady who does beautiful bead work. She got a premium at a county fair for a broad-cloth table cover bordered with a wreath of bead work, beautifully done. She said to some one, who asked how she could see to do such tasteful shading, "Oh, the beads thread themselves, it amuses me, and my son is very proud of my work at seventy-five years of age." That's it.

Yes, I say, to all the dear old ladies, cultivate a taste for fancy work. I believe the dear Lord intends our work should be adapted to our failing strength. Most of us are deprived of the society we once enjoyed. Our former friends are most all gone, and we feel lonely, and the work we used to do is irksome, even if we have it, most of the young people get on faster to have the old people step aside. Very well, let us step aside gracefully, and have our own sources of pleasure. Let us see what pretty things our feeble hands can still make; we may be sure they will all be wanted and appreciated by and by. EXPERIENCE.

DR. HOLMES ON TRAIL DRESSES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote in the "Professor at the Breakfast Table:" "Our landlady's daughter is a young lady of some pretensions to gentility. She wears her bonnet well back upon her head, which is known to all to be a mark of high breeding. She wears her trains very long, as the great ladies do in Europe. To be sure their dresses are so made only to sweep the tapestried floors of chateaus and palaces, as those odious aristocrats of the other side do not go dragging through the mud in silks and satins, but, forsooth, must ride in coaches when they are in full dress.

It is true that, considering various habits of the American people, also the little accidents which the best kept sidewalks are liable to, a lady who has swept a mile of them is not exactly in such a condition that one would care to be her neighbor. But confound the make-believe women we have turned loose in our streets! Where do they come from? Not out of our parlors, I trust. Why there isn't a beast or a bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses.

Because a queen or a duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid of all work or a factory girl thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing about with her—pah! that's what I call getting vulgarity into your bones and marrow. Making believe what you are not is the essence of vulgar people. If any man can walk behind one of these women and see what she rakes up as she goes, and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. I wouldn't let one of 'em into my room without serving them as David served Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts, sir; cut off his skirts.

Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all about

her sweet and clean to the wish of making a vulgar show. I won't believe it of a lady. There are some things that no fashion has a right to touch, and cleanliness is one of those things. If a woman wishes to show that her husband or father has got money which she wants and means to spend but doesn't know how, let her buy a yard or two of silk and pin it to her dress when she goes out to walk, but let her unpin it before she goes into the house.

MANTEL ORNAMENTS.

MR. GEORGE E. CROWELL.—Sir:—I would like to inform Mrs. E. M. through THE HOUSEHOLD that she can make very pretty mantel ornaments in the following manner: Take a cow's horn and after cleaning all the dirt and roughness off, take a piece of glass, and scrape it in large flakes. Then take a piece of card-board and make a basket of any size desired, for instance, eight inches in diameter at the top, and five or six at the bottom, cut a piece of card-board for the bottom, and sew in, then take white thread and tack the flakes of horn on the basket very thick, with one row around the top of the inside of the basket; make five stars around the basket, of golden beads; make a handle of card-board and cover well on each side with the horn; then make five or six small stars of beads on it, and sew it on the basket and fill with wax flowers, with a delicate vine entwining the handle. This is very pretty and easy made.

Another way. Take a cigar box and cover well with pink cambric, then take a piece of blue satin or merino and cut two inches larger than the lid of the box, then work any kind of flowers and leaves in the center of it with pink, or golden, and green silk floss, sew it on the lid and stuff tightly with wool or cotton; cut another piece of the cloth two and one-half inches wide, sew together lengthwise turn and press well; then make a box ruche of it, and sew around the edge of the cushion; fasten a cord, the colors of the flowers, in the center of the ruche; take another strip of the cloth four inches wide, hem it and make a box ruche with a heading one-half inch broad, sew this on the box, and trim the lid with the cord to match.

Another way: Take a piece of card-board twelve inches long, and three inches broad, sew together as a box; then take a piece of pink satin, gather in the center and on each side, sew a button in the box, then sew the satin ruche on the top and bottom of the box, and in the middle; line the box with pink satin, quilted, line the lid with the same. Make a cushion on the lid, with a rosette of black lace, with a pink satin button in the center. Sew black satin around the top, and center of the box. Tack the lid on one side of the box, and on the opposite side fasten with a gold cord, and pink satin button. NORAH.

PANSY LAMP MAT.

MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—In your last paper C. N. wished to know how to make a pansy lamp mat. I have made

a pair and will try to tell her how I made them.

I used white worsted for the center, and made it of close crochet of about eleven rows; then make a chain of thirteen stitches and join to the center piece, without putting thread over; continue this until you have twenty-eight loops; the next row the same, catching it in every loop; then make a chain of eight stitches and catch in the loop as before, do two rows, making four rows of the loops in all; then join the black, and crochet in the same loop three times, putting thread over each time; then make a chain of eight, and make loops as with the white until you have six; then put in the loop three times as before; continue the same around the mat, and you will have five of the places where you have crocheted in the same loop three times; then join the yellow, and fill the black loops with four stitches, putting thread over and where the three black are put four between those also, the same round the mat; then join the purple (shaded) and crochet in every stitch putting thread over each time; then for the last row make a chain of three stitches and join in every stitch, without putting thread over; then sew together, having the three black come in the center of each pansy.

Trusting this will be of some service to her, and shall hear from her and how to make the articles named, I remain a constant reader of THE HOUSEHOLD. K.

Manchester, Mass.

TIDIES AND TOILET MATS.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—In the June HOUSEHOLD Rosella asks how to make tidies and toilet mats. Will you allow me space to answer her question through your columns?

Obtain one yard or more of white Java canvas eighteen inches in width. Cut from it four square pieces, one, the larger, about eighteen inches square, being intended for a mat for the toilet cushion; the second fourteen inches square, as a cover for the same, and two small mats about six inches square. Procure also some single zephyr worsted of any desired color, scarlet or black being preferable, as these colors alone bear washing without injury. Work with the worsted a single row of cross-stitch around each mat, one inch from the edge and ravel the canvas up to this line, which will serve as a heading and will keep even and firm the fringe thus formed.

Ornament each mat by working on it in worsted any pretty simple border pattern, as a Grecian or vine pattern, and in the centre of the cushion cover work your initial. Make a cushion of strong white cotton which, when completed, shall measure ten inches on each side, fill with bran, wool, or even fine, dry sawdust, tack the cover over the cushion, allowing it to fall over its sides, and place on the large mat, using the small mats for perfume bottles or other toilet accessories.

Following these directions you will have a very pretty and serviceable toilet set. A pretty tidy and also a set of mats for the sink may be made in a similar manner.

DAISY TIDY.

A very delicate and pretty tidy may be made in the following manner, the materials required consisting of three rolls of fine white tape and a few knots of yellow worsted:

Cut your tape into pieces fifteen and one-half inches long. With the aid of your tape-measure and pencil, mark off upon one edge of the tape, dots one inch apart; mark the other edge in the same way, these dots alternating with the first, and place a third row of dots midway between these two, along the centre of the tape; join the ends, and with strong, white thread gather the tape by taking a short stitch where each dot appears, and carrying the thread from one to the next. If done rightly the gathering thread will form a series of points. Draw the thread and fasten it, thus forming a flat ring of quilled tape with a small opening in its centre. For the centre of the daisy, wind a thread of the worsted around your finger fifteen or twenty times, slip off and tie a bit of thread tightly around the little cluster of loops; cut open at each end, shear it off smoothly with the scissors and you will have a flat fuzzy tuft one inch across; fasten this over the centre of your daisy and the flower is complete. Make twenty-five of these, fasten together in diamond form, and finish the tidy with a cord and tassel of worsted looped and fastened from the three lower points. CORA.

WAX MOTTO.

MR. CROWELL.—I send directions for a motto in wax which we think is beautiful. The motto is "Cast thy anchor in Heaven." Cut an anchor out of pasteboard seven inches long, four and one-half wide at the points; cover this with two thicknesses of wax, then make a chain of double wax, six inches long, wet this with gum arabic and sprinkle on frosting; make a small rose and put at the bottom with leaves and buds, also a smaller one at the top.

Star-flowers, Venus' looking-glass, heliotrope, and two or three oak leaves look very pretty intermingled. Make all of white wax, frost the flowers cover the back of the box with black velvet, and the sides with white paper, then fit a piece of pasteboard around the inside of the box where the black and white meet, about one-half inch wide and cover with gilt paper. Sew the anchor in slanting to the right with the chain on the left side, then cut the words "Cast thy," out of double wax about an inch wide, and place in a semi-circle above the anchor, then cut the words "In Heaven" same as the first and place in a semi-circle below the anchor.

I think this will please the many readers of this paper if they will try it. Frosting is made of pure white isinglass. M. E. N.

Laconia N. H.

—Parasols are smaller, with colored linings and scalloped edges.

—Knitted mantles of double zephyr, overcast with silk floss, will be very fashionable for evening wear.



PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

BY ALICE CARY.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver-house,
You would never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner!

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her,
But while she moves with careful tread
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder.

My child, who reads this simple lay
With eyes downcast and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is which pretty does,
And that worth does not go nor stay
For poverty nor splendor:

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner,
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

CHILDREN AS MESSENGERS.

BY AUNT LEISURELY.

PLEASE Mrs. —, mamma sends her compliments, and would like you to take tea with her this evening," said a childish voice at my elbow, one pleasant morning last autumn.

Busy as I was, this was no unwelcome summons, for if I had a particular weakness, it was for spending a sociable afternoon with that genial lady, his mamma, who was an old friend and schoolmate, or having her take tea with me, so, not having the least suspicion that he had delivered his message wrong side out—for instead of inviting me there, she had sent word she was coming to visit me—I told him to tell his mamma that it suited me very well indeed, and nothing would give me greater pleasure.

"And Mrs. Atkins is there too," volunteered my youthful reporter of items, as I handed him one of the apples I was paring, and of which he immediately took a large bite.

"All right my love," quoth I, "the more the merrier," for Mrs. A. was another old schoolmate and particular friend. So, after an early dinner I dressed myself and baby, put him in his carriage, and at two o'clock, the usual hour for an afternoon visit in our primitive neighborhood, sallied forth; at the same time my friends numbers one and two, were sallying forth also, and the consequence was we met as near about half-way as was possible to tell, without actual survey. I need not say that was the only consequence either, for it was only one of them, the others were, we stood in the path and looked at each other a while, then as the cause of the blockade dawned on our minds simultaneously, we one and all, baby not excepted, burst into a genuine old-fashioned peal of laughter, that did us good for the balance of the week.

"Now we shall have to toss up a stick to decide which place we'll take tea,

seeing nobody is expecting company this afternoon," said Mrs. Atkins, "and I for one don't wish to be cheated out of it."

"Oh, come on home with me," I insisted, "for I really believe we are an inch or two nearer our place than yours."

"No indeed, I cannot rest until I see how Eddie pilots himself out of his share of the business," said my neighbor laughingly; so we went home with her, court-martialed the luckless Eddie, to try him before a jury of three and a half, and enjoy his confusion and chagrin. But we were never more mistaken in our calculations; he answered the call promptly, walking in nonehanly, his pockets stuffed full of strings and bits of apple, his head full of the business of making box-traps and setting snares, and not troubling himself in the least about grown people's nonsense.

"Eddie what possessed you to invite Mrs. — here to tea this evening, when I told you to tell her we were coming there," said mater-familias, impressively.

"Well mamma, I kept saying it all the way to myself, and when I got there I thought it didn't sound just like you told me last, but you know you and Mrs. Atkins were both talking at once, and I told you you had better put it all down on a piece of paper, but you wouldn't mind me, so I am not to blame at all," with which verdict the jury agreed, and the little episode was a piquant sauce to one cheery afternoon, and Eddie, I am afraid, could have given an evidence several times that not only two but three, "were all talking at once."

Since then, when sending children upon errands, I have taken Eddie's advice, and written a note; it takes but little time, and of course if a written message is sent a verbal answer should not be returned, and the whole matter is much better understood than when trusted to the imperfect wording of children, for one is apt in giving a child a message, to tell them too much, thereby confusing them.

I think it a good plan to limit children in regard to their stay, when sending them upon errands, as it gives them a habit of promptness, for, as a general thing, they have very little idea of the passage of time; having but little of the past to retrospect upon, and still less of the future to speculate and borrow trouble from, the present is all that occupies them, and their minds being easily directed from one object to another, time passes imperceptibly.

I often think of an errand I was once sent upon when a child, to a family who owned several slaves. It was a delightful place to visit at all times, for beside the merry children, both schoolmates, the little treats the colored people entertained us with, and the stories they told us were a never-failing source of delight.

Not being limited in my stay, I was soon busily employed in helping the children carry cobs into the kitchen; by the time that was done tea was ready, and the kind parents of my play-fellows would not let me go until I had my supper. Of course I did not consider it quite etiquette to leave immediately after, so we amused ourselves with games awhile, then betook

ourselves to the kitchen. A roaring fire was blazing on the ample hearth, and down we sat in the light thereof to build cob houses.

A huge johnny-cake was baking on a board before the fire for the colored people's supper, and when done, we were pressed to partake of it, so we all sat down to a second supper. One would suppose I was not qualified to judge of the merits of that johnny-cake if an appetite were required, but I think it was the sweetest morsel I ever ate. I have often tried to imitate it, but never succeeded in making it taste just as that one,—perhaps it required all the surroundings of that pleasant time to make it appear just right.

Of all plans of enjoyment for children, none can be surpassed by a southern kitchen. Negroes are naturally fond of children; what amuses the little folks amuses them, a bright fire, a warm corner by it, impromptu cookery in the shape of roast potatoes, chestnuts, etc., is their idea of happiness. Having a fondness for the supernatural, the "ghosts" they have encountered and heard of, form the staple part of their conversation, and in those days I think parents were less careful than now in forbidding their telling children such stories, but fortunately their ghosts were of the most peaceable kind, and only appeared to warn of danger, or some kindness.

A stray thought of home did now and then cross my mind, but I could not prevail upon myself to leave just yet, for after the supper was cleared away Aunt Phillis, the cook, was to "boil us some molasses-candy, and sing us some hymns, and Ben, her son, was to tell us his best stories and how could one be expected to tear themselves away under such circumstances.

While enjoying these things in anticipation, a younger brother appeared upon the scene to escort me home, but the attraction was too strong for him, and he staid also.

Two of the colored people besides Aunt Phillis, occupy a conspicuous place in my memory of these halcyon evenings in "de kitchen." One was the aforesaid Ben, a good-natured, slack-twisted, over-grown fellow, black as ebony, who showed every tooth in his head when he laughed, and who was respected by all the family because of his trustiness, and who kept furtively glancing toward the corners of the room during the thrilling scenes of his narratives.

The other was uncle Andy, a very old colored man, who sat smoking and grumbling, in the most comfortable seat in the chimney corner, his white wool glistening in the fire-light like moon-beams on a snow-bank. His interest was centered upon his brother, who was a minister, and in whom he thought all the virtues convened. He was never weary of talking of him or hearing his praises, and when the precious time was wasted in discussing other topics to the neglect of his merits, he interrupted the narrator with frequent grunts of disbelief, and mutterings of "shut up dar, now yer knows yer's stretchen de blanket." Ben put up with it in dignified silence for a while, but after a time it became unbearable, and he was compelled to notice it.

"Uncle Andy," he remarked blandly, "I has a heap of charity fer yer, fer I knows yer not comptious-mentions, but I dont 'low yer, nor no other culled pussen, to call me a contradict," with which rebuke he resumed his subject, and uncle Andy subsided.

His ministerial brother was an oddity in his way. He was a sincere old old man, and a good preacher, and when he held forth in different neighborhoods, many white persons went to hear him. He prided himself upon being superior to sectarianism, and, as a general thing was liberal in his views regarding other denominations except the quakers, against whom he appeared to have a little spite, for no reason that I know of, only as individuals they had given him more latitude than other sects, but his outward reason was their avoidance of music in their service, so if in his peregrinations, he chanced to preach in a neighborhood chiefly peopled by quakers, he generally remarked in the course of his sermon, "what will de quakers do on account ob de music, if dey gets to hebben?" then shaking his head mournfully, he would add slowly and impressively, "mind, I say if."

But the pleasantest times as well as any other must have an end, and this evening among the rest. What was our surprise on returning to the parlor, to find it was nine o'clock, an older brother had come for us, and been persuaded by our kind hosts to leave us all night, as it was dark and cloudy and they would take us home in the morning, so he had left two hours before, as he laughingly said, for the remainder of the family would come in search of him and forget to go home.

The next morning it was snowing, not feathery flakes, but mingled with cutting sleet, rain drops, not fit at all all parties concluded, for us to go home, so we staid that day, also, and they took us home the next evening on a sled, the children accompanying us; two days and two nights spent in executing an errand intended to be accomplished in the space of about fifteen minutes.

PARENTS, READ AND PONDER.

Number One.

I propose to speak to you in relation to your duties to your children while in school.

The school is an expansion of the family. Children from different homes are brought together and committed to the care and instruction of teachers employed for this purpose. These teachers occupy the place of the parents; receive from them delegated authority and power, and assume their duties for the purpose of carrying forward, and completing the important work of education. This work does not begin with the school, nor is it confined to the study of books. It begins with infancy, under the influence of the mother's smiles and tears and anxious care; it progresses through childhood, in the midst of toys, and a world of objects which address themselves to the senses, and interest the mind of the little stranger. These are the most important periods of life, as the child now receives the most durable impressions, and most lasting habits.

But the time at length comes when parental inability, or absorbing home cares and toils, forbid proper attention to the child's higher education. Assistance must be secured. The school becomes a necessity; but by no means and at no time, should our children be committed entirely to the care of others. It is an hour of special peril, when without experience, or practical knowledge of the world, they are sent out to mingle with new associates, to form new relations and to come under new control. There is need, therefore, of greater parental vigilance and fidelity than ever before. No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that the discipline of the family may be confined to the home, and that parental responsibility ceases when public instructions begin. This discipline and watchfulness and special care should extend over the whole period of minority.

I come now, therefore, to consider the practical questions which have a bearing upon the relations of parents to the schools in which their children are educated.

At what age should children be sent to the public school? From four to eighteen is the ordinary legal school-age. Some foolish mothers send their children to school even earlier than the law suggests, to get them out of the way. They have the babies still at home to be cared for, but do not realize that the teacher, with twenty, thirty, or forty pupils to govern and instruct, has no time to give attention to their restless children who are too young to be instructed at school.

But they ought to know that the schoolroom is no place for so young children. Such an imprisonment, with nothing to do, is an absolute wrong and injury to the little prisoners. They have committed no crime; and they need and have a right to claim the freedom of home, with their toys and pets and sports. The activity which such freedom alone can secure is absolutely necessary for healthy, physical development. Besides, the object-teaching and self-culture of the home-school are far better for a child than the false system of primary instruction adopted in most of our public schools.

Another thought in this connection: When sent to school too early, and improperly taught, the child becomes disgusted with school-life, and receives an irreparable injury, affecting his progress and improvement in later years. If he enters at the right age, and is properly taught he will learn to love his school and acquire a taste for books. At what age shall the child be sent to school? I ask again. Better at twelve than three years old, better at eight than five, and never younger than six. O.

LITTLE CAPTAIN TROTT.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

We think that nobody can refuse to Captain Trott the award of industry and energy. He is energy itself. He believes in early rising, and, like all others who practice this severe virtue, is of opinion that it is a sin for anybody to sleep after he is awake. Therefore he commences to whistle and crow, and pick open the eyes of papa and

mamma with his fat fingers, long before "Aurora crimson the east," as the poet says. For those hopeless sinners who love the dear iniquity of morning naps, Trott has no more mercy than a modern reformer, and, like a modern reformer, he makes no exceptions for circumstances. If he is wide-awake and refreshed, it makes no difference to him that mamma was up half a dozen times the night before to warm his milk and perform other handmaid offices for his lordship; or that papa was late at his office and did not get asleep till twelve o'clock. Up they must get; laziness is not to be indulged; morning naps are an abomination to his soul; and he wants his breakfast the quickest conceivable moment, that he may enter on the duty of the day.

This duty may be briefly defined as the process of cultivating the heavenly virtue of patience in the mind of his mother and of the family and the community generally. He commences the serious avocations of the day after a shower of kisses, adorned by fleeting dimples and sparkling glances. While mamma is hastily dressing, he slyly upsets the wash-pitcher on the carpet, and sits a pleased spectator of the instant running and fussing which is the result. If there is a box of charcoal tooth-powder within reach he now contrives to force that open and scatter its contents over his night-gown and the carpet, thus still further increasing the confusion. If he is scolded, he immediately falls on his mother's neck, and smothers her with sooty kisses.

While taking his bath, he insists on sucking the sponge, and splashing the water all over his mother's neat morning wrapper. If this process is stopped, he shows the strength of his lungs in violent protests, which so alarm the poor woman for the character of the family that she is forced to compromise with him by letting him have a bright pin-cushion, or her darling gold watch, or some other generally forbidden object, to console him. This, of course, he splashes into the water forthwith, and fights her if she attempts to take away; for Trott is a genuine Red Republican in the doctrine of his own right to have his own way. Then he follows up through the day, knowing exactly when and where to put himself in her way, in fulfillment of his important mission in perfecting her in patience. If she is going up stairs with baby in her arms, Trott catches her about the knees, or hangs on to her gown behind, with most persistent affection.

In the kitchen, if she be superintending verdant Erin in the preparation of some mysterious dish, Trott must be there, and Trott must help. With infinite fussing and tip toe efforts, he pulls over on his head a pan of syrup—and the consequence of this movement all our female friends see without words.

Is there company to dinner, and no desert, and stupid Biddy utterly unable to compass the difficulties of a boiled custard, then mamma is to the fore, and Trott also. Just at the critical moment—the moment of projection—a loud scream from Trott announces that he has fallen head-first into the rain-water butt! The custard is

spoiled, but the precious darling Trott is saved, and wiped up, and comes out, fresh and glowing, to proclaim to his delighted admirers that he still lives.

Thus much on Trott's energy and industry, but who shall describe the boundless versatility of his genius?

HOW TO SAVE THE CHILDREN.

Hearth and Home remarks that one of the most important subjects to be considered in the care of a young child is that of diet, both in regard to regularity and quantity. It is a very common practice to feed a babe when it cries, as if it were nothing but a stomach, and had no other demands than those of hunger. There are many things a child may want, and many ways in which it may be uncomfortable, and its only language is that of crying. Infants doubtless cry oftener from overloaded stomachs than from hunger, but it is the theory of many to stop the cries by filling the mouth, which only brings temporary quiet. A child's stomach needs rest quite as much as any other part of the body, and if it is fed all that it wants at regular intervals, a mother may be sure that her child is not crying for want of food. Three hours is considered by many physicians a proper interval, but those of delicate organizations need to be fed oftener than those who are stout and hearty. As the child grows older, the intervals can be gradually lengthened. These rules, however, are scarcely applicable until a baby is a few weeks old.

The habit of feeding a child of any age between its regular hours for meals is positively injurious, unless there be some special reason for so doing. The habit of tasting food at the table, allowed to children by many mothers, is very pernicious, not only being injurious physically, but cultivating an unhealthy demand for and a desire to try every kind of food that comes within sight, causing the mother much unnecessary care and trouble. When a child first asks for unsuitable food, it may be taught that it is injurious and the matter be easily disposed of, providing always that some kind child-comforter does not give the first taste.

The benefit of bathing, I think, is very generally admitted. A full bath, once each day, serves not only to keep the body cleanly, but also as a tonic. For this purpose it is important that the temperature of the water should not be too high, as very warm baths are weakening. A healthy child will soon find a tepid bath more agreeable than a very warm one, if the bath-room was sufficiently warm. It is a very good rule of hygienic institutions, that for all tonic baths the rooms should be warmer than the water. A full bath may be given daily with beneficial results, under favorable circumstances, at all ages.

The importance of ventilation in the nursery can hardly be overrated. The necessity of pure air to health we all understand, and, if essential to adults how much more important to the sensitive lungs and organs of a child! A practiced physician told me that in his opinion croup was very often produced by children lying on the floor at play and sleeping in trundle-beds or low

cradles, and thereby experiencing the under-currents of cold air, and breathing the carbonic acid gas which settles to the lower part of the room.

—Never accuse a child of a fault unless you are certain he committed it. Children should not be treated with suspicion. We should act toward them in this matter as we feel we ought to act towards others, only with greater tenderness—not less, as is usually done. We should always put the best construction possible upon their conduct.

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Bainbridge. 2. Los Angeles. 3. Rage, sage, sago, Sego. 4. J A P A N 5. L A R C H
A G I L E A Z U R E
P I N E S R U R A L
A L E R T C R A N E
N E S T S H E L E N

6. What is a trifle? A thoughtless word,

Forgotten as soon as said?

Perchance its echo shall yet be heard,
When the speaker is with the dead.
That thoughtless word is a random dart,

And strikes we know not where!

It may rankle long in some tender heart.

Is it a trifle there?

7. Windmill.

8. Merrimac—Arkansas.

M alag A

E cuado R

R eikiavi K

R ussi A

I onia N

Matamora S

A labama A

C elebe S

9. Murmur.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of twenty letters.

My 18, 16, 17 is not wet.

My 20, 15, 19, 4, 5 is to long.

My 14, 13, 3, 7 is a kind of meat.

My 2, 19, 4 is a part of the body.

My 1, 12, 6 is a field.

My 5, 15, 10, 9, 11, 2 is a plant.

My 8, 14, 20 is a plant.

My whole is something to remember.

PANSY.

ANAGRAM.

2. Tel su ratcets mosslobs vere,
Lal glnoa ruo thawpay rehe;
Hatt rieht tabyue dan tiehr cenfararg,
Nogl amy evil ot lebsn adn receh.

BLUEBELL.

SQUARE WORDS.

3. A shrub and its flower; elliptical; a man's name; a woman's name.

4. A town in Asiatic Sarmatia; a girdle; formerly; pasture.

ROSCOE F.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

5. Meet prate.

6. Bare smile.

7. Due to Cain.

8. Queen Cole.

9. Rush I go.

MABEL.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

10. A mute letter; covering for the head; an apartment in a vessel; a picture; reverence for God and devotion for his service; a word of denial; a vowel.



OILY FOODS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

THAT a certain per cent. of "respiratory food" must be taken, and more in cold climates than in hot, must be admitted. This food is composed of carbon in its various forms, and is designed as lung-food, to sustain the animal heat—by which the heat of the body is kept at all times at about 98° Fahr.—and at the same time produces the fatty tissues. Of course, more or less of this is indicated by the condition of the system in relation to the amount of fat existing. More of this is needed in the winter and in cold climates than in the opposite conditions. In cold weather, this carbon is actually burned as a means of producing heat and of course the stomach will dispose of an excess at that time. On this principle the Laplander may take an excess of carbon with impunity, while the same diet at the tropics would prove fatal. It follows, therefore, that there is the same propriety in a regard to principle, in different climates, in connection to our food as our clothing, a summer and winter diet, as certainly as summer and winter clothing. A due regard to this fact might save many of the fevers of all communities and also direct the fat and the lean what kinds of food to use if they, by diet, would change or improve their condition. And here it may be remarked that an excess of fat is as certainly an indication of disease as that of leanness—both alike unnatural and unfavorable.

But this fuel or respiratory food is in three distinct forms, and so far as the warmth is concerned, it will make but little if any difference which we employ, though the oils will tax digestion more than the others. All of the oils, the sweets and the starch are embraced in this kind of food. The oils are both animal and vegetable, the latter of which are not only more digestible but far purer, since animal oils are more or less affected by the diseases of the animals—and it must be remembered that animals are diseased, more certainly the fatter ones, especially those animals having a general covering of fat instead of deposits in different parts. Of the sweets but little need be said, save that in most communities, far too much and in too concentrated a form, is taken, especially in warm weather, when the tendency is, and must be, to clog and derange digestion, preparing the way for fevers and inflammatory diseases. Starch is found so abundant that we might almost dispense if need be, with the other two forms. All of our frames are rich in starch, while most of the solid parts of the potato, rice, tapioca, sago, corn-starch, farina and such articles, are starch and aid in sustaining the fat and warmth of the body. It may also be remarked that white bread is almost pure starch, not containing enough of the nitrogen or muscle element for strength and labor, and that

the butter used with it is all carbon or fuel. It may also be remarked that the modern theory is in favor of more carbonaceous food for the consumptive and for those in any respects troubled with lung diseases. Hence, the use of "cod-liver oil," rich in carbon, but not more so than butter—pure carbon—which might answer just as well, in this one particular, aside from the fashion, that is, if in the best possible condition fresh and sweet. Certainly if one is wasting away, losing the fat, with weakness at the lungs, it is desirable to secure a moderately sufficient supply, at least, of the best form of carbon, never supposing that it must be some particular article, as the cod-oil, since all forms of this carbon element aid in sustaining respiration and furnish fatty tissues, which element must be furnished in our cold climate, even in excess of the ordinary food to sustain the muscles and promote strength and endurance.

But of the digestibility of the oils in general. Taken in the solid form, as in the butter, the first change consists in its conversion into a liquid, an oil, by the warmth of the stomach. This is changed to a cream-like substance, and contains a vast number of oil-globules, not unlike those in milk, not really dissolved or digested, but held in suspension. Hence the oils combined naturally, as in milk or in an emulsion, are more easily digested than in the form of butter or in any solid or undivided form.

On this subject the late Liebig, the world's greatest chemist, says: "I have often subjected fatty substances to the action of an artificial digestion. Liquor intended for the digestion of common foods, which readily dissolved the coagulated part of the egg (very hard to digest) or beef-steak. In no case, however, have I been able to get the fat or oil in solution, or digested. When the yolk of egg boiled hard was submitted to its influence, the albuminous matter is as readily dissolved, but not so the yellow fat of the yolk, which was merely diffused through the liquor, rendering it creamy, or yellowish white, and opaque." It is certain, therefore, that these fats are not really dissolved, digested, but so changed that the minute oil-globules, seen by the microscope, float in the milk and in that form enter the blood to serve as fuel. It must be evident that when this substance is in excess, and it is probable that many, if not most, persons take oils in excess, the blood is loaded with practically a foreign substance, a source of disease, which may re-appear in the form of fever, etc., or as an eruptive disease, sores, as an outlet for such matters. Hence, the excessive use of fats, more than is needed for the warmth of the body, must tend to these forms of disease—natural efforts to free the system, and purify it.

Those who use oils in excess are almost sure to be "billious." The bile does not really belong in the stomach, but to the bowels, there acting as physic. But the presence of much oil there invites this bile from the liver, which, by its alkaline properties, aids in the change, converting it into a kind of soap, the most thorough

change that can be made, it is presumed. Doctor Beaumont observes that "oil is slowly and with great difficulty acted upon by the gastric juice," and adds, that "in many dyspeptic individuals fat does not become properly chymified. It floats on the contents of the stomach in the form of an oily pellicle, becoming odorous and sometimes highly rancid, and in this state excites heartburn, most disagreeable nausea, and eructations, or at times actual vomiting." This is sufficient, or should be, to convince us that we may eat more than will be of any advantage, if not digested, but allowed to remain and rot—and also that "bad breath" is as often the result of decaying food, especially animal, which putrefies instead of fermenting, as of bad teeth. If the body is corrupt, filled with indigested food, the breath must be as bad and offensive.

I close this with a single quotation, from from J. Pereira, M. D., F. R. S., and L. S., an English author of great celebrity: "Fixed oil or fat is more difficult of digestion and more obnoxious to the stomach, than any other alimentary principle. Indeed, in some more or less concealed form I believe it will be found the offending ingredient in nine-tenths of the dishes which disturb weak stomachs. Many dyspeptics who have most religiously avoided the use of fat or oil in its more obvious form, as fat meat, marrow, butter and oil, unwittingly employ it in some more concealed form, and, as I have frequently witnessed, have suffered therefrom. Such individuals should eschew the yolk of eggs, livers (of quadrupeds, poultry and fish) and brains, all of which abound in oily matter."

CHINESE DINNER ETIQUETTE.

Herr von Fries, an Austrian employed in the Chinese custom service, describes an official Chinese banquet at which he was present. The guests, he says, having all assembled in the outer court-yard of the house, the doors were thrown open by two Coolies, who admitted them into a second court-yard. Here they were received by a flourish of trumpets, some discordant Chinese music, and the firing of mortars. They then proceeded to the third court-yard, where the master of the house received them, and showed them into the dining-room, which is only divided from the court-yard by a glass partition. In the middle of the room was a large round table, and against the walls were chairs, with a small table before each to put tea-cups on, tea being served immediately before dinner. The walls were covered with Chinese pictures, and numberless lamps and lanterns hung from the ceiling.

After a short conversation in the Chinese language the table was laid in the presence of the guests. When all was ready the host asked each guest to come to the table, pointing out his seat, and handing him with many compliments a set of red lacquered chop-sticks. When this ceremony was completed the company sat down to dinner. Rice wine was first brought up, together with ham, eggs, and various cold vegetables. The

next course consisted of bird's nest soup, and thirty-four dishes followed, among which were sharks' fins, a soup made of diminutive snails of the size of small beans, which came from Lake Tahu, a ragout of ducks' tongues, fishes' brains, with brown sauce, (a most disgusting dish to a European palate,) and puddings baked in oil. Roast pork and ducks were also served; these were eatable, and the fish was particularly well cooked, but Herr von Fries came to the conclusion that the simplest European dish was preferable to the most elaborate delicacy of the Chinese cuisine, and he says that after dinner he felt as if he had eaten boiled gutta percha.

The best part of the entertainment was a dish of excellent fruit. Champagne was served toward the end of the dinner. This is the only wine drunk by the Chinese, and only the wealthy can afford to buy it, as a case costs from ten to fifteen Mexican ducats. Cigars were handed round after the soup, and it is the custom to go away directly after dinner. It is also remarkable that at a banquet of this kind the host only appears in official costume, the guests being all in mufti.

THE DESSERT.

—The pen is mightier than the sword. About \$60,000 mightier, General Sherman thinks.

—It is observed that in strawberry shortcake it is not the cake that is short, but the strawberries.

—While witnessing a game of ball out West, a boy was struck on the head, the bawl coming out of his mouth.

—To a squire who was boasting of his horse's speed, Foote, the witty comedian, replied: "Pooh! my horse will stand faster than yours can gallop."

—It is singular that mineral waters are only beneficial to the wealthy. We never knew a physician to advise a poor man to go to any watering-place.

—A magazine contributor writes his name Junius Henri Browne. He will never be chosen captain in a "spelling match," as long as he spells John Henry Brown in such a ridiculous fashion.

—A Boston editor blushes for the ignorance of three young girls of that city who tried to get their horse's head down so that it could drink by unbuckling the crupper.

—A farmer complains that a hook and ladder company has been organized in his neighborhood. He states that the ladder is used after dark for climbing into his hen-house, after which the hooking is done.

—The inconsistencies in our orthography are something fearful to contemplate. T-o-n-g-u-e spells "tongue," and the man who first spelled it should have been hongue. A-c-h-e spells "ache," and that's all you can make out of it. E-i-g-h-t spells "eight," no matter how you deprecate the idea; and that a-i-s-l-e should spell "aisle," and f-e-i-g-n "feign" is enough to make anybody smaile, if the effort were not too peignful.



DIET FOR DYSPETICS.

Number two.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

IN a former article we gave a description of some of the various forms of dyspepsia, as introductory to our main subject which is the diet best adapted to the sufferers from this disease.

If the patient is inclined to constipation of the bowels, bread made of equal parts of Graham flour and common fine white flour (not simply stirred together, but kneaded long and well, and in all other respects treated like good home made, fine flour bread,) will be best adapted; or, if not disposed to acidity of stomach, light corn bread, New England Johnny cake, may be suitable. In cases where the bowels are inclined to too great freedom, use good, fine flour bread, not less than twelve hours old raised by a light and sweet hop yeast. Soda biscuits, hot or cold, and short cake are not to be thought of. Buckwheat is a grain food that seems specially adapted to cases of dyspepsia produced rather by a general derangement or excitability of nerves than by active disease, and the delicate griddle cake, perfectly sweet and full of little air cells as it is when properly made, eaten with little butter and no syrup, is often one of the most easily digested of articles of food. Griddle cakes made of boiled rice and raised with good yeast, are generally acceptable to delicate stomachs. It is the quantity of melted butter and sweet syrup with which these cakes are usually eaten that has brought their bad reputation. Another instance of good dog Tray in bad company.

Pork in any form is too difficult of digestion for any but unimpaired digestive organs, but there is a sufficient range of meats without that. Rare beef, broiled, roasted or baked, eaten with the fat if it does not manifestly disagree; mutton or lamb stewed or broiled; chicken broiled or stewed without the skin; game of any kind that is not so tough and stringy that the process of mastication will be shirked, cooked in any way that does not imply a liberal use of lard or butter in its preparation, and broiled or boiled fresh scale fish of all kinds, only avoiding the skin and fatty portions, for fish fat like pork can only be digested by the strongest. Of shell fish, only the liquor and soft parts of clams and oysters, raw, or moderately stewed or roasted, are found easy of digestion.

Well made soups, not too highly seasoned, and with every particle of grease carefully removed, are acceptable to most stomachs. But if an unpleasant sense of weight or a tendency to flatulence is observed after taking them their use should be discontinued.

Of vegetables, one or two sorts at most are enough for one meal. Cabbage, cauliflower, parsnips, turnips,

egg plant, cucumbers and salsify are esteemed difficult of digestion; beets, onions, beans or lettuce are less so, but still not easy. Tomatoes, once thought to be the most healthful of vegetables are now avoided by many on account of cathartic tendencies. If disposed to an unhealthy looseness of the bowels, it will be necessary to avoid all articles of food which have cathartic properties—as tomatoes and onions—and also such as have rough husks like corn, peas and beans; and for the same reason all such coarse food as oatmeal, cracked wheat, hominy and the like; and among the fruits, grapes and huckleberries on account of their seeds and skins, and perhaps even raspberries for their tiny seeds.

Thus, while one sort of dyspeptics is recommended to eat the roughest of food to stimulate action, another sort is advised to eat only the blandest of things, as baked sweet apples, or pears, without any portion of the skin or seeds, an abundance of sweet cream, boiled or baked rice, soft boiled or raw eggs with or without beating, tapioca, corn starch, or any other smooth pudding that can be made with little sugar and no eggs. For sugar seems generally to act as an irritant in such cases, and eggs are brought by the process of cooking in the pudding into as indigestible a state as hard boiled eggs which are well known to be fit for ostriches only. Sweet cakes are condemned for the same reason and pastry for its grease. The moderate use of tea and coffee may not be injurious but excess kills.

For the inevitably-dyspeptic, the unfortunate mortal who has inherited a nervous, excitable, and if not a diseased yet a too delicate, finely strung organization, the same general rules given to the second class will apply. Only, instead of six months or a year of rest, they must pursue a similar dyspeptic's system their whole lives long. In this class are found many of the finest minds and hearts in the world. It is found largely of people who along with delicate constitutions due to the overwork in a good cause and the physiological ignorance of some pious or learned ancestor, have inherited his refined tastes, his watchfulness to do good, his anxiety to leave the world a little the better for his life, his industry, his aspirations, elevated ideas, self sacrificing disposition and tireless energy of mind. But, alas! their physical force is totally inadequate to the strain they put upon it. They are intolerant of rest. With them, even more than with most Americans, the natural tendency is to shorten life by over work. A morbidly active nervous temperament drags into its service a conscience which continually applies the whip and spur of duty. The rest which nature imperatively demands they denominate laziness, and spring onward, forever stung by the sharpness of the self-acquisition. They cannot tolerate the thought of a whole life spent in rest and pleasure even should they be peculiarly able to indulge in the luxurious idleness. Work of some sort is positively essential to their happiness; and here is their danger. In some way they must be made to understand that mind alone can never accomplish great results. That a high

pressure of steam is not merely useless, but dangerous in a defective boiler. That if they wish to accomplish anything they must be moderate in their demands upon themselves. Moderation in all things but especially in work, abundance of sleep and a carefully regulated diet may enable them to work half the time. No more than this must they attempt if they wish to prolong life or to get the most possible happiness and usefulness out of the years that they do live. Though they may have brain power, worthy ambition, and earnest desires, they must school themselves to stand aside, to be left behind in the noble race, and—hardest of all—to recognize the justice of their fate. The laws of God are for the whole world while it endures; and the immutable law which punishes the children for the sins of the fathers, is, in the course of ages, beneficent in its action.

DISINFECTANTS.

The only certain, speedy and permanent disinfectant known to man is cleanliness.

Antiseptics are substances which arrest and prevent decay, such as creosote. Deodorizers take away the ill smell attached to localities, arising from decomposition, either by absorption as pulverized charcoal, or by forming new chemical combinations, as copperas. But many deodorizers have an odor of their own which overpowers that was sought to be got rid of; among these are burning tar, and brown sugar sprinkled on burning coals.

Disinfectants are substances which take away the power of conveying disease. The emanations from what passes out of the body of persons having cholera cause the disease in others; but if carbolic acid is instantly thrown upon these dejections they are rendered harmless. Common copperas called sulphate of iron, in its crude state can be purchased for five cents a pound; this dissolved in two gallons of water; and thrown over ill smelling places, is the cheapest, simplest and most convenient deodorizer, and is applicable to privies, sinks, cellars, gutters and heaps of offal. Common fresh dug earth is efficient, plentifully sprinkled over offensive places.

A cheap and easily available disinfectant and deodorizer is made of a bushel of salt in a barrel of water, then add enough unslaked, that is fresh lime, which has never been exposed to dampness, to make the whole into a thin paste, to be applied as often as necessary to all places yielding offensive smells, such as gutters, sinks, cesspools and the like; this is home-made chloride of lime.

But all disinfectants, deodorizers and antiseptics must be applied from time to time; it is less trouble and a greater wisdom to sedulously cultivate habits of the strictest cleanliness in person, clothing and habitation, indoor and out, as well in the hall; not neglecting a corner or a crevice in the whole building, keeping an eye to one point always that wherever there is dampness there is disease, and that moral purity and filth in any form are absolutely incompatible.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

REMEDY FOR CROUP.

I notice one of your subscribers desire a remedy for croup. I will give you one that I have used the last fourteen years in my family of little ones.

Cut a piece of linen or cotton cloth like a bib that will come up close around the neck, grease with fresh lard or sweet oil (I have sometimes used castor oil when no other was convenient) and rub on snuff (Scotch if you have it) I use Maccaboy because I had it in the house and have found it efficacious; tie around the neck and let it come just over the chest, and bind or tie around under the arms.

I have found it to give almost instant relief and in a few moments, say twenty, the child is asleep. I put it on just as soon as I hear the least sound of croup. I found it in Dr. Gunn's works, and have used it on four of my children out of six, and it works like a charm. Mrs. D.

Maryville, Cal.

TO CURE TOOTHACHE.

A well known dentist, who has tried the remedy on some nervous people who have old roots or broken teeth, and are too timid to permit an attempt to remove them, makes the following public, for the benefit of all whom it may concern: To persons having a hollow tooth, allowing the air to reach the nerve, I would advise that they get some spirits of nitre and mix with alum; saturate a little cotton with it and apply it to the cavity. If the pain extends upward toward the eye, or takes the form of neuralgia, procure some horse radish leaves, take out the stems, wet them and apply on the face over the pain, and I think you will get relief. If you have no radish, try beet leaves; they may answer the same purpose.

—If a man only takes enough sleep and exercise, he can work his brains as hard as he wants to.

—When you feel physically "out of sorts," leave off eating, and instead of seeking something "to take," seek something "to do."

—A contemporary says that in most cases of fevers we have no doubt that an attack might have been prevented, and the patient well in a few days, without a particle of medicine, by rest, a partial fasting, and free use of lemons and lemonade. The virtue of this article in bilious attacks and incipient fevers has been tested with the best results, and we commend its use as a preventive of these diseases.

—Warts are very troublesome and disfiguring. The following is a perfect cure, even of the largest, without leaving any scar. It is a Frenchman's prescription, and has been tested by the writer: Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart, and tie it on it; or, if the excrescence is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of sticking plaster. It may be removed in the day, and put on every night. In one fortnight the wart will die and peel off. The same prescription will cure corns.



PHANTOMS.

Many strange shadows does my rich Past keep,
Giving me glimpses of them now and then,
Sometimes amid the busy ways of men,
But oftener in the lotus-land of sleep;
Faces of friends that no more laugh or weep
On this our earth bend over me as when
They dwelt with us, and gladden me again;
Dead lips call out to me across the deep,
And ever in my dreams I see thee stand,
O fairest, purest, sphered in sanctity!
With soft sad smile, and lifted fading hand,
Full in the pallid moon, becomest me,
And I, half wakened, answer thy command,
"Go on, sweet ghost, and I will follow thee."
—Harper's Magazine.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

BY U. U.

Number Three.

A writer, as well as an artist, a mechanic, or worker of any craft must have tools wherewith to work, and those also which are best adapted to his, or her purpose. Aside from pens, paper, and ink, the necessary implements of the scholar and author, are, as we well know, books, with a share of the current literature of the day. If one has access to good public libraries and reading rooms a great want is provided for; still there are a few works for reference and for consultation which are an almost imperative necessity, while those of literary and scholarly tastes delight in nothing so much as to have choice volumes of their own.

The desires of some of us in this respect, however, can be gratified only to a limited extent, and thus it is wise to make the most of the capital at hand. Of the works among the "must have's," the dictionary, as a matter of course, stands first, and some good standard one is needed. Webster's is the more general favorite, and in this one has almost a library of itself. A Latin lexicon, to one sufficiently familiar with the language to use it understandingly, is a great help, as well as a pleasant satisfaction, for our own language is so much indebted to this classic that reference to it often gives us a clearer idea of the proper use of a given word.

Then a good rhetoric—at least a knowledge of its teachings—is next to grammar in importance, and it is well to have one always at hand. There is a fascination in turning its pages, and thus bringing to mind its terse, familiar rules. Whateley's, Blair's and Campbell's are standard works, while there are school editions, like Day's, or others of small price and much real value.

Some work of English synonyms is very important. Crabb's (published by the Harpers) we know is excellent, and we believe stands high among scholars. Roget's Thesaurus is somewhat supplementary to Crabb's synonyms; it being a collection of words, and of their idiomatic combinations, arranged according to the ideas which they express; and, as some one has said: "It gives a writer a word he wants when that word is on the tip of

his tongue, but altogether beyond his reach." Similar works by other authors may be as good as these, but we speak of our own preference and general opinion. Study upon the phraseology of a sentence, with avoidance of too frequent repetition of the same word, is of much importance in writing, and young aspirants cannot spend their time to better advantage than in this "delicious perplexity," as Col. Higginson calls it, of clothing their thoughts in the most attractive language. It is said, and with reason, that plain Saxon words are the best in all places where they can possibly be used. But expression must vary, else the work has the appearance of being homely or carelessly done. Thus we often wish to use a word of the same tenor, perhaps, several times in a sentence or page. Possibly we may call to mind its best synonyms, and again, we may be utterly unable to do so. The dictionary, in a measure, comes to our rescue, but a work particularly for this purpose is far better, as well as more convenient to refer to than a large dictionary. Besides we have, in the body of the work—as in Crabb's—the origin and comparison of words, with their various significations and uses, thus making the book one for study aside from mere reference.

I have dwelt upon this topic thus at length, because it is one often overlooked by young writers, its importance not being made apparent to them. Not long since an inquirer asked of the New York Tribune, why so many authors use such phrases as "not unfrequently," and "am I unaware," in place of the short word "often," "I know," etc. To this the editor of that column replies that: "A continued repetition of the same word or phrase is an offence to the ear of the practiced writer. Circumlocutions and paraphrases of expression and thought are used in writing just as curves are employed in roads and avenues, or folds in drapery. A straight road may be the best for utility, but landscape gardeners employ curves equally with straight lines. In law we want direct and simple statements, but in literature, in poetry, in every-day conversation, a paraphrase or circumlocution sometimes pleases the fancy and varies the monotony of plain statements, though the result is a deficiency in force of expression."

"Words and their Uses," by Richard Grant White, is a work of very great interest to a student or lover of our language; and though the author's conclusions are sometimes rather far-fetched, and not always to be strictly followed, yet the treatise on the whole is most fascinating reading, and its claims upon the scholar cannot be ignored. Trench upon the "Study of Words" is a standard authority, though that too sometimes provokes controversy. We are little acquainted with it, personally, yet hold it in very high regard.

As for books purposely for writers, one only has to look over the advertising columns of publishers to see new ones asking favor of the public, in common with the old. A few years since we purchased a volume which professed to be a complete guide to

authorship, but found it, as we judged, a cheap, gotten-up affair, made purposely to sell, rather than being produced by inspiration on the subject. Of "Types and Pens," published by Lee & Shepard, we can speak most favorably, it being what it professes to be, and its suggestions upon the mechanical part of preparing manuscript for the press is such as will commend it to all. Roberts' Brothers have recently published a small volume called "How to Write Clearly," which we have not seen, but which is favorably noticed by the press.

But better to our mind than most any set directions—that is if the writer needs inspiration and to be stimulated to high endeavor in his chosen work—are some of Mr. T. W. Higginson's Atlantic Essays, the "Letter to a Young Contributor," and "Literature as an Art," are among the finest things of the kind in the language, from the pen of one of its most finished and elegant literary masters. The essay "On an old Latin Text Book," sends the blood tingling through the veins, as though one was reveling in the delights of the classics anew, and cannot but interest all scholars, even though they may never have thumbed a Latin grammar in their lives. In "How to Do It," by Edward Everett Hale, we have a chapter upon "How to Write," which is full of good points and suggestions, and penned by one of the most capital and unique writers of the day. The chapter "How to Talk" is of nearly equal benefit, as that dwells more upon the proper use of language than does the first mentioned chapter.

A contributor to THE HOUSEHOLD not long since recommended Crocker's "Literary World" to book buyers. Let me say that it is of equal importance to writers; its brief editorials, with the Notes and Queries which find a place every month, making it of paramount interest to any one fond of literature for its own sake, as well as a help to a writer. More anon.

THE REVIEWER.

WEALTH AND WINE. National Temperance Society, and Publication Home, New York.

This is another volume by that popular writer, Miss M. D. Chellis, so well and favorably known in connection with Temperance literature. As might be expected, it has a high moral and religious tone, is admirably conceived and is written in a beautiful and pleasing style. The dangers from wealth and high social position, so called, are forcibly presented, while the terrible evils of intemperance—the evil of all evils at the present—are forcibly depicted. In fine, it is a valuable contribution to this class of literature, such as the good and the pure may safely welcome to their household. Such books and the efforts of the wise and good, based on principle, at this time, are especially needed to mould the public sentiment, as a means of controlling and removing this monster evil.

AMERICAN SCHOOL MUSIC READERS. (In 3 Books.) Prices: 35 cts., 50 cts., and 50 cts. By L. O. Emerson and W. S. Tilden. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

The pretty collections of juvenile songs called "School Song Books" are rapidly giving place to "Graded Singing Books" suited to the present advanced stage of musical education. It is evident that one book cannot combine all the elements necessary for a note-reader for children of all ages. The Primary School needs a little child's book, and the High School may receive one fitted for adults. In the three useful volumes above mentioned, Mr. Emerson and Mr. Tilden have provided a large amount of good material for

instruction, and manage to give it a very agreeable shape. The three books contain about 600 melodies, with words attached, the first, for the youngest learners being very short and simple, and the last, for the most advanced, are fitted with two additional parts, and although used for instructive purposes, are in themselves fine Trios, Anthems, Hymn Tunes or Glees.

ORNAMENTAL DESIGNS for Fret Sawing, Fancy Carving and home decorations. Price 60 cents.

The interest and easy success attending the use of the Fret Saw has made the subject of fancy carving and the making of household ornaments wonderfully popular. Ladies and young people everywhere find in it a fascinating recreation, and are making dozens of beautiful fancy articles at so small a cost that they can decorate their homes profusely with many charming ornaments. The demand for new designs is becoming very great, and to meet this demand we have this book, giving, in a very convenient form and at moderate price, the most tasteful patterns that can be found. Upwards of one hundred designs of Picture frames, Consoles, Baskets, Brackets, Letters, Figures, Fancy Stands, etc., etc., are given. Henry T. Williams, Publisher, 46, Beekman St. New York.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July contains over ninety beautiful engravings, illustrating a great variety of subjects. Seven of the seventeen articles are illustrated. Mrs. Spofford's splendidly illustrated paper on Newburyport is itself so picturesque, and so full of color, as to almost need no pictorial embellishment. She shows that the old town at the mouth of the Merrimac is as rich in literary and historic associations as Concord—on one of the tributaries of that river—has been shown to be in the May and June numbers of Harper. There is a special fitness in Mr. Parton's selection, for the July number, but of his chapters on caricature, that one which treats of "Caricature in the Revolutionary Period"—that period including both the American and the French Revolution. His leading illustration, with equal fitness, is one designed by Benjamin Franklin in London, 1774. Mr. Parton's article contains sixteen rare and curious illustrations belonging to the period under consideration. The Editor's Easy Chair contains some pertinent Centennial suggestions, pays a just tribute to the memory of the late John Harper, discusses the modern purgation of the theater, and gracefully acknowledges our debt to Theodore Thomas for his orchestra concerts. The Scientific Record is full of interesting matter, and the other editorial departments are as compact as usual with instruction and amusement.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of The Living Age for June 12th and 19th, contain The Covenanters, Charles II, and Argyle, from the Contemporary Review; Gaspard de Coligny, from the British Quarterly Review; Parts VIII and IX of The Abode of Snow, from Blackwood; Eton Thirty Years Since, from Macmillan; Isaac Cassaubon, from Blackwood; The Dean of Chester on Fashion; An Italian Spring in England, and The Aesthetic Modifications of Dissent, from the Spectator; The Success of Humbugs, Saturday Review; The Future of Europe, Pall Mall Gazette. With installments of Fated to be Free, by Jean Ingelow; Three Feathers, by William Black, and the Marriage of Moira Fergus, and the usual choice poetry and miscellany. LITTELL & GAY, Boston, Publishers.

St. NICHOLAS for June opens with one of the most charming frontispieces that have yet appeared in the magazine, illustrating a fanciful poem by Rachel Pomeroy, about a little giant-girl, who is certainly unlike any other of her race with whom we are acquainted. Stories of adventure have by this time come to be a fixed fact with the boys who read St. NICHOLAS, and they will fully appreciate the interesting account of the manner in which a "First Trout" was caught, the article telling them just "How to Camp Out at the Beach," and a certain crisis in the story of "The Young Surveyor." As for the girls, they will testify that there is no lack of enjoyment for them when they have read the chapters of "Eight Cousins," "The Story for the Bird-defenders," "Cristichen's Answer," and "Among the Lilies." The illustrations generally are admirably drawn and engraved; and the various departments are, as usual, full of information, anecdote, and humor.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

CON SPIRITO.

As originally written.

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming! And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there Oh! say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night, that our flag was still there!
Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave!
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

In 1861, DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES wrote an additional verse to this song which was sung at a military festival in Boston, Mass. and may hereafter be considered as a part of the song, as it will be used in time to come, as follows:—

When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
By the millions unchained when our birthright was gained,
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

2462—1.

Published in sheet form by WHITE, SMITH & CO., price, postpaid, 10 cents.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for June is at hand promptly. It is an excellent number, closing the sixth volume of this useful periodical. Although the founder and publisher of this magazine, Mr. S. R. Wells, has recently died, it will be continued without material change in its management. From the first it has been progressive and radical, yet sincerely, as we believe, working for the health and good of the people. This number contains

many excellent articles, as, Temperature Affecting Health; What I Know of Doctoring; The Irrepressible Conflict; Babyhood Experience; A Victim of Quinism; Prayer as a Remedial Agent; Popular Physiology, with illustrations; Treatment of Sick People; True Courage; Preserving Flowers; Caring for Lamps: A Summer Drink, etc.; In Memoriam, containing a brief Sketch of the Life and Labors of the late S. R. Wells, be-

sides a great amount of short popular paragraphs in Answer to Correspondents, etc. Price only 20 cents: or, \$2.00 a year, with a Book Premium to all who subscribe at once. Address S. R. Wells & Co., 737 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST maintains, in spite of all rivals, its place in the favor of the

American public, and is now issued in its fourteenth annual edition for the year 1875. The author, Mr. Fetridge, has re-written from personal observation a large part of the guide for Switzerland, the north of Europe, Great Britain, and Ireland. New maps of these countries, with plans of cities and divers routes of travel, with a new general map of Europe, are among the notable features of the present edition. Harper & Brothers.



COUNTRY MAIDENS.

BY GEORGE W. SEARS.

They sat with their small, white feet in the brook,
Two country maidens, of beauty rare,
Kate wit her bright espeigle look,
And blue eyed Blanche with her golden hair.

The air was fragrant with new mown hay,
The wild bee wrought with a drowsy hum
And they chatted the dreamy hours away
With girlish plans for the years to come.

And she with the eyes of sparkling jet,
Would be content as a farmer's wife,
To shun the follies that wear and fret,
For the simple pleasures of country life.

Then Blanche with her eyes of sparkling blue,
Shook down a river of sunny hair
That rippled and flowed in golden hue
O'er bosom and neck and shoulders bare.

"And I," she said "shall live in the town,
With jackeys to go and come at call;
And I shall be proud if men will see crown
Queen of beauty at rout or ball.

My husband shall be a millionaire."
Oh, poorly you guess your future life;
On you with your beauty ripe and rare,
Shall fall the lot of a farmer's wife.

And red lipped Kate, with her midnight curls
Shall win the riches for which you pine;
Her brow shall glisten with gems and pearls,
Her table with plate and costly wine.

But she shall long for the new mown hay,
And the gushy shadows on the upland leas,
And sicken and tire of her splendid way
And sigh for books and birds and trees.

And you will sneer at your narrow lot,
Weary and tire of your household cares,
And each shall covet what each hath not
And pine for the burden the other wears.

Oh, city dame and farmer's wife,
Each from the other too long estranged;
Ye were two jewels of love and life,
If but the settings were turned and changed.

EGG FOOD.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

IN accordance with a former promise I now will offer a few practical thoughts on the egg in its relations to the table. The most important element of all eggs is the liquid albumen, in both the glaise or white and the yolk, in the latter of which is also found oily matter to sustain the heat and fat of the body. The fact that the young of fowls are developed and nourished during incubation by the elements in the egg with a little nourishment obtained from the external air, and that from these two simple substances the bone, muscle, feathers, beak, claws, red blood and every fiber and particle of the chick, are all made, is good evidence that it contains the elements well calculated to sustain the human system. Indeed, albumen, whether liquid or solid, animal or vegetable, enters largely into all of the constituents of the body, solid and fluid. It may be dissolved in water and, in this form, constitutes an important part of the blood, its serum, with which the cavities of the body are lubricated, rendering their surfaces less liable to injury. The importance of this may be seen in the fact that it differs from fibrin or the principal constituent of muscle or lean flesh, only by the addition of two parts of sulphur. Indeed, albumen, so abundant in both parts of the egg,

must be regarded as the starting point, the true basis of all animal tissues. All articles containing nitrogen from which the muscles are made and, of course, the source of strength and endurance are changed to albumen before they can take part in the process of nourishing the body. And yet we cannot subsist on albumen or nitrogenous substances alone. Hence, the egg by which the young fowl is formed contains some other substances. The white of the egg or glaise, contains about eighty parts of water in a hundred, albumen, fifteen and one-half, and four and one-half of uncoagulable matter, nearly resembling the serum of the blood. The yolk is a kind of yellow emulsion consisting of oil suspended in water by means of albumen, and is composed of about fifty-four parts of water, nearly eighteen of albumen and twenty-eight and three-fourths of yellow oil (fael) which adds essentially to its indigestibility when hard cooked. The oil contains stearine and oleine and according to Liebig, quite a trace of iron. The albumen of both parts is precisely the same element though its combinations may differ.

The white of the egg contains a number of conditions favorable to digestion. It is alkaline, contains saline matters, and especially common salt in a very large proportion; the animal matter which it contains is the same as that formed in the blood. Lastly, it contains some organized membranes which may perform, in digestion, some useful and perhaps indispensable function. From this albumen, therefore, flesh, blood and all of the tissues of the body must, in a great measure, be formed. The gastric juice has the power of first hardening or coagulating this liquid albumen and then of depositing it and preparing it to nourish the body.

If the egg, therefore, is highly nutritious, somewhat more so than the best of beef steak, it is a matter of importance that the method of cooking should in no respect impair its usefulness. But it should be remembered that eggs readily decompose and soon become decidedly bad if kept in a warm place, though they can be dried in thin layers and kept for a long time. They are less stimulating than beef and hence better for the nervous and the over active. There are many females who adopt the high pressure system, laboring almost day and night, living on excitement and of course fearfully exhausting their vital forces, who would be benefited by the use of the egg, avoiding all stimulants, which only goad, irritate and quicken our efforts, eventually destroying power. None of these stimulants ever contain any real nourishment, none ever add one ounce to the strength of the body but all must debilitate in the end, a principle well established as intelligent medical men well know.

How, then, shall the egg be prepared that it may yield the greatest amount of vigor and endurance? Of course cooking can in no way add to the nourishment of food though it may sometimes render that nourishment more available. The less strength exhausted and the less labor expended in the digestion of food the better for the general health.

It is unquestionable that several articles of food containing albumen, as the egg, the oyster, cabbage, etc., are far more digestible when uncooked, or but slightly cooked. The whipped egg, made fine, digests in one hour and a half, the raw in its natural state, in two hours, the roasted, in two and a fourth, the soft boiled, in three, and the hard boiled, in three and a half hours, or more than twice the time needed for the whipped. It follows that the same nourishment is obtained in the one form with less than half of the labor and exhaustion demanded by the other. If one would live in obedience to the laws of our being, guided by conscience and judgment and wishes to secure all of the nourishment of the egg, under the most favorable circumstances let it be cooked, if it can not be eaten raw, in water not over 160° Fahrenheit, the boiling point being 212°, remain for half an hour, or until the white becomes coagulated, in part at least. In this form it becomes palatable, more so than when cooked hard, and by no means objectionable to stomachs of ordinary power.

In the language of a learned author, "When boiled hard, especially when fried in butter or grease they are very difficult of digestion. These observations also apply to omelettes, pancakes, fritters, cake and other dishes made with eggs and cooked by frying." Indeed, these are the sentiments of our best authors. It may be that some family physician may talk otherwise but in such a case it is possible that his practices control his judgment, or that he sanctions what he does himself.

The egg is indeed a valuable article of diet and it is unfortunate that so much of its goodness should be wasted by bad cooking.

I may add that the solid albumen may be obtained from many of our nuts, as the almond, five of which if made fine, will make as much custard as one egg.

BREAD.

Potato yeast will not keep very well in summer, so in very hot weather do not use the potatoes in either yeast or sponge, only the water they were boiled in, or when they get very old, only use the water. If you have to use yeast you feel a little uncertain about, boil a pinch of hops with your potatoes for the sponge. You can use potatoes in your sponge, except during dog days. Bread having potatoes in it keeps moist longest, and makes the sponge light and puffy, but turns sour quicker. Bread made with milk will turn sour much sooner than that made with water, and it sometimes causes indigestion to invalids, or children with weak digestive organs. Some say a little butter, or lard in warm water, makes bread that tastes exactly like bread made with milk, and it will not spoil so soon. In summer, set the sponge in a cool place to rise over night, or it will sour; in winter it must be well wrapped up, and set in a warm place, where it cannot get chilled, the pans, and flour to be added, should be kept at the same temperature so as not to chill.

Flour intended for cake or bread, if sifted and placed near enough the fire

to dry, without browning, makes them much lighter. The longer bread is in the making, the darker it will be, and its sweet flavor destroyed; and if bread rises too long, even if it should not sour, it will be dry and tasteless as a chip. Carefully kneaded bread, and baked just before it passes to the extreme point of fermentation, is what you want. About nine o'clock in the evening make your sponge, it must not rise over eight hours, get up early and attend to it the very first thing, that you may have it all baked by eight o'clock. In the winter pare and cut up six potatoes, in the summer two, cover with water and boil until they will mash; drain, mash, and pour the water back again over the potatoes, add as much cold water as you will require for your bread, this will make it just the right temperature for your yeast. Put the sifted flour into your bread bowl, make a hole in the center of the flour, pour in the potatoes and water, stir in a little flour, a large coffee cupful of yeast, and give it a good beating, do not stop stirring until all the flour is in, and it looks as stiff, shiny, and smooth as a loaf of bread just before going in the stove. A stiff well mixed sponge will not sour and makes better bread.

Early in the morning add a small handful of salt, and sifted flour, to make it as soft as can be kneaded, using as little flour as possible. Flour your hand well, put it on your dough board, and give it an honest kneading with all your strength, for half an hour by the clock. The hands should be closely shut, and the fists pressed hard and quickly upon the dough, dipping them into the flour whenever the dough sticks to them. Kneading makes bread white; it is the hardest part of the work, but in the thorough kneading process lies one of the great secrets of success in bread making. It imparts an evenness to the minute air-cells, or pores, a fineness of texture, tenderness and pliability to the whole substance. Return it to your bread bowl, cover always with a cloth to keep the surface moist, and prevent its being crust bound, and let it rise while you are preparing breakfast. Care and watchfulness are necessary that bread does not rise too much and thus become sour, especially in warm weather; experience and observation only can teach. Grease your bread pans, lay a floured cloth in each one, pinch off with your hands sufficient dough for a loaf, mould it only long enough to form into shape, then put it in the pan on top of the cloth and let it rise. When light, sprinkle some flour in the bottom of your pans, with your bread cloth turn your loaves upside down, (this makes them bake lighter) and bake slowly for an hour and over. When baked, open the oven door, and let it remain in long enough to soak, this prevents its being cloggy and heavy. Be careful that the top of the bread does not scorch and brown too soon, for this would prevent its rising up light; when a nice brown color, cover the top with paper. Do not lay them flat on the table, set them on their sides one against another. Cover with a cloth to keep the steam in, it makes the crust tender. If baked too hard wring a towel in cold water and cover over them.

Miss Beecher say: "With good yeast, flour, and temperature favorable to the development of fermentation, success depends on the thorough diffusion of the proper proportion of yeast through the whole mass, and on stopping the subsequent fermentation at the precise point for filling the air-cells by baking; a few moments delay at this point, and the acetous fermentation will begin, and the whole result will be spoiled. After moulding, the loaves should stand, usually not over ten minutes, just long enough to allow the fermentation going on in them, to expand each little air-cell to the point at which it stood before it was worked down, then baked. The problem in baking is the quick application of heat rather below, than above the loaf, and its steady continuance till all the air-cells are thoroughly dried into permanent consistency."

Bread can be spoiled in three ways. By working in too much flour; by not kneading enough; by allowing it to rise too much. J. I. M.

THINGS AROUND THE HOUSE.

My entire household, including the hired girl, is full of satisfaction to-night over the fact that I have just driven the ax-handle firmly into the ax and wedged it there, so that it cannot under any circumstance come out. It may read like a small matter to you, but do you know that that helve had been loose for nearly five years? Yes, for five years that ax has flung itself across the yard whenever I struck a heavy blow, leaving the helve in my hand, and I suppose I have decided more than a thousand times to go in and get a hammer and chisel and fasten the helve in. I was thrown and had my arm broken by the ax flying off, two hired girls had their noses broken, we spoiled the stove-boilers, nearly killed three boys, and yet I didn't get around to fix the ax until to-day.

Foster was telling me the other day that he had finally glued that knob on to the bureau drawer, and he seemed greatly relieved. I remember when that knob was knocked off—almost seven years ago. I was helping him move the bureau when the accident occurred, and I never was in the house afterward without hearing Mrs. Foster say:

"Come, Henry, haven't you got time to fix that knob on this evening?"

"Yes, Martha," he would reply, and yet it was seven years before he got at it.

Seven or eight years ago, my neighbor, Mr. Goodwin, found a cow among his cabbages one day, and in driving her out she jumped over the gate and broke one of the hinges. He went in and got a hammer, screw-driver, and screws to repair damages, but his wife called him into breakfast just then. After breakfast he hadn't time, and so it ran along until the other day. He passed through the gate an average of five times per day for about seven years, or thirteen thousand times in all, and he had lifted it up, carried it around and bothered for half a minute each time. Thirteen thousand times he said to himself that he would fix that confounded gate, and yet he didn't do it until the other day.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago I was taking dinner with Turner, over on Adams avenue, and his wife called attention to the fact that she had that day broken the handle of her big seven-pound flat-iron, and that she must get another. The other day I met her on the street, and she told me she had replaced the flat-iron at last. For thirteen years, fifty-two times per year, she had used that broken handled iron to smooth down her washing, and every time she had said to herself that she would go up town next day and order a new one.

Bristow died last week. We were warm friends, and I was with him to the last. After he had called the family up one by one, and shaken hands and said good-bye, I saw that there was yet something on his mind. I admonished him to trust me if he had a dying request, and he grasped my hand and replied:

"I've been trying to find time for the last seventeen years to take the butcher knife down to the shop and have it ground, and if it wouldn't be asking too much of you, I wish you'd see to it!"

I promised him, but it may be twenty years before I get the knife to the shop, and ten years before I call for it.

I can remember when old Mrs. Bagley died. She had a china teapot in her house which had belonged to her grandmother, but she had always kept it in the drawer because the handle was broken and wanted cementing. She gave the teapot to a neighbor, who waited five years for a bottle of cement, then four years more to find time, and finally knocked the spout off while trying to mend the handle.

I don't suppose any of us would forget the day a note was due, but if the knob should drop off a chamber door, I expect that George Francis Train might be elected President before we would find time to replace it.

SALT RISING.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I have laid aside my sewing this afternoon, to answer the earnest appeal of sister Vilette, "Will not some one tell me, in detail, how to make salt rising bread?" To encourage her as much as possible I will say, to begin with, that the lady, who taught me, has taken the premium for a number of years at our county fairs. I offered some of mine one year on exhibition in another state and carried off the prize also, and if possible I will tell her our recipe so plainly that she can scarcely miss it if she tries.

In the first place, it requires a good deal of patience, and in the second, good flour. In cool weather, while I am getting dinner I put a half pint of sweet milk on the stove to boil. I then put two-thirds of a cup of corn meal in a bowl and scald it with the milk, and keep it warm over night. Next morning take a large water pitcher pour into it one pint of warm water, a teaspoonful of salt and one of sugar; then add sufficient flour to make a thick batter after it has been well stirred, add your corn meal, stirring it very gently through the sponge; then place the pitcher in a kettle of warm water, keep it about blood heat, say 108°, until it rises; then put one

quart of sweet milk on to scald, while it is heating, sift your flour in the bread bowl leaving a hollow in the center, add another teaspoonful of salt and when your milk boils pour it on the flour and stir up as much flour as it will allow, then cool it by adding one pint of milk, put in your rising and stir a stiff batter. This is called "sponging the mass." You then keep it warm until it rises, then knead into loaves by adding the rest of the flour; I usually knead until smooth; then put it in pans to rise, and bake about thirty minutes in an even oven, and I think you will be sure of success.

I do not scald my corn meal until tea time during hot weather as there is danger of its souring, incredible as it may seem, I have had my bread baked by ten o'clock, frequently; but I do not always do so well, as it will come slowly sometimes in spite of you; but the quicker it comes, the better bread you will have, and I sincerely hope you will never be obliged to consign another batch of batter to your friendly "ditch," although a "Hoosier" sister offers her "method," with kindest wishes for your success.

I would like very much to hear from you through our beloved paper after you have given my recipe a trial. I wanted to send some more recipes to the sisters, but will wait until some other time as I do not wish to occupy too much space.

MRS. D. B. SMITH.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I am much interested in reading the letters from THE HOUSEHOLD Band and often think that I would like to join their number but there are so many that write better than I can, that I feel as though I was trespassing to take up the room.

I think as Mrs. Dorr does, it does no good to discuss family troubles, especially one's husband's short comings, in so public a manner as some have done in these columns. But there are questions of interest to all that may be talked over with profit. I have been waiting for Dr. Hanaford or some one else to give their opinion on the effects of eating starch as some one asked, also, about children going barefooted. I would like to ask if what has been said in this paper about Dobbins' Electric Soap is true or if it is merely to advertise it. I would like to ask, too, if you would occasionally publish a quartette for the benefit of those singers who do not like to trust their voices alone in public. The music would be of more use and be better appreciated by some I know if it was such that four or more voices could sing on it.

MR. EDITOR:—I hardly believe that any other subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD made its acquaintance in the way I did. A friend of mine established himself as agent for some piano and the Estey organ for the county in which I live. One day I went in there to see the instruments when I found them just unboxing one of the organs. Among the papers that had been placed between the box and the instrument to prevent the latter from bruising was a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD intact. I picked it up and soon

found something of interest. I asked for the paper and was readily granted the favor that may have seemed so trivial to my friend. The paper was published in 1872, I do not remember the month. After reading the paper a little more I was so well pleased with it that all which prevented my subscribing immediately was that I was going away for a long visit.

The February number that has just come to hand, contains inquiries by Lily's Mamma and A Reader as to how to keep feet warm. The plan that I found most effectual was discovered by my husband in some of his reading. Every morning as soon as he rose he would bathe my feet in cold water, then rub them with a coarse towel till the skin glowed. I then lay in bed about twenty or thirty minutes longer, and when I arose dressed my feet warm. I believe it was not more than a month till I was troubled no more though I had suffered from cold feet for years; since that time I have read that a good plan is to dip the feet in cold water and rub them good just before retiring. I think that would be a better plan but for the shock of putting the feet into cold water, I would recommend instead that the feet be bathed well with the hand. If Lily's Mamma will take powdered rosin and sprinkle it over hot embers and keep her feet in the smoke she can cure her feet of chilblains. I will warn her that the remedy is rather severe but fortunately it will not require many trials; six smokings cured a case of a man who was unable to walk because of chilblains. To prevent her hair from falling out I recommend the following wash: One ounce of camphor, one-half ounce of borax, pulverized; pour over these one quart of boiling water. When cold bottle for use. If preferred you may add a half ounce of glycerine; it may tend to keep your hair from flying though I do not perceive that it makes much difference.

MRS. BELLE C.

Rio Vista, Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I will just rap at the door, uncertain whether you will let me in. If so—well. If not—well. At least I will try to think so, for I certainly do not wish to enter unbidden and mar the pleasure and joy of so happy a household. Although my tongue has been very silent, I have been an interested listener to what has been said, and have been on the point of speaking many times. I have not been quite as much interested in the recipes for cooking as some of your readers, because my health has been such that I have learned to live very hygienically, and it would be impossible to follow many of the recipes. I cannot help thinking the majority of people would enjoy better health if they lived more simple. Instead of living according to nature, we have formed artificial habits, and cultivated such appetites, that we crave indulgences which God never meant for the human body, and in consequence, there comes a long train of diseases, dyspepsia, liver-complaint, consumption, phthisis, head-ache, stomach-ache, and all sorts of aches and pains, which would fill worlds full of books, were each individual case written out in detail.

Could we be put back to the good old times when our fathers had

"Bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold,
Bean porridge in the pot nine days old."

we should find their habits much more simple and economical, they were also more robust and hardy. What if we should bring up our domestic animals to be as dainty as ourselves? would they enjoy life any better, or be any more healthy? Our great-grandmothers spent very little time, compared with what we do now, either in cooking, or making articles merely to adorn the body; and yet they were just as jolly, cheerful and happy as any of us, if not more so. If the present generation would reform in this respect, how many precious hours of rest would it furnish for the weary, worn out mothers and housekeepers of our land; many of whom are dragging along slowly and surely towards the grave. Is it right to live thus? are we not living too fast for our good? I doubt not but many of you will say yes.

If my letter is not too long I would like to say a few more words. I was quite interested in Mrs. Dorr's remarks about the hymn "I would not live away." I never supposed there was scarce a person living who really wanted to live always in this world of sin and sorrow. I recollect when I was a very small girl, I wanted very much to live to be a hundred years old, I even went as far as to pray that I might live that length of time, but that was the extent of my ambition, I very much doubt whether I would have cared to live any longer. When I was older and went to school, I recollect we school girls would occasionally discuss the subject "whether we would like to live always," and we all with one consent, made up our minds we should not. Free as we were in those youthful days from the cares and trials of life, yet we felt there was trouble enough to dampen our ardor, and looked forward to the time when we should be ready to lie down in the grave to rest. It is true there is something about death we all dread; it is against nature; it is sent as a punishment for sin—we dread suffering. Paul says: "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up at life."

How many there are, especially those who have passed through a long series of deep affliction, and battled with the temptations and trials of life who if they could lie down and die as easy as they can go to sleep, would say, "let me die."

POLLY JEWELL.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.—I have only had an introduction to THE HOUSEHOLD since January of this year, but am sure I have lost a great amount of good by not having its acquaintance years before.

As much of the good we get is by the unselfish effort of those who take a portion of their precious time to contribute to the good of others. I feel that I cannot sit, a recipient of these benefits, and hear suggestions made, and questions asked, without endeavoring to make some reply, at least I must have the consciousness of

having tried to benefit some one in return for the great benefit received.

The subject of health and how to preserve it, is one that lies very near my conscience, and I may say my heart. And I am so full of sympathy when a sister in THE HOUSEHOLD makes an expression like this: "As I am an invalid, and have few opportunities to become acquainted with the present mode, etc., etc." Now the sympathy is not in consequence of their being deprived of the present usages of society, but in consequence of their ill health.

I never see a neighbor sick, debilitated, or discouraged, but it brings vividly to mind the time when I was of their number. Always ailing, often discouraged, but always trying to think it was for the best, and God's dealings with me to guard me from greater evils. Trying to think, I say, for I was in a dim way becoming conscious that sickness was unnecessary.

That dim consciousness is now a settled conviction. And I feel the most intense longing to step to the bedside of every suffering sister, and give them of my treasure.

My sister look up! it is light we need. The dear Lord can never hear and answer our prayer for health until we cease to trample upon his natural laws, whether we are acquainted with those laws or not. God has commanded that we seek for knowledge, and in this day none are excusable for living in ignorance, however "up hill" the first steps in reform may be.

I know how loath I was to believe that certain things were so detrimental to me when persons twice my age and seemingly robust used them with apparent impunity. I was slow to believe that long dresses and many under-garments suspended from the hips were causing my weak back and limbs, while strong constitutioned women dragged them about for years seeming to feel no inconvenience. So determined are we to transgress as long as there is a show of leniency for a transgressor.

To-day I was reading some recipes in THE HOUSEHOLD; I found some good ones and was glad to find an inquiry for recipes for plainer cakes and puddings.

I will remember the day I resolved to find a way to live without spiced cakes and pies and pickles and to do without meat rather than eat a particle of pork. And thank God I have found a way far preferable to the old in every way.

When I read the recipes for pickled ham, minced ham and other savory dishes only to be obtained by using pork fat, when I read of chowder and lily and catsup or ketchup and various pickles, I invariably pray that all may read only to lay aside and never think of using.

It is now six years since we have used lard in any way. We think no person would miss it who had reached the settled conviction that pork and all its belongings were unclean. We use cream wholly as shortening except in times of scarcity and then we use beef drippings as they are wholesome in comparison. I intend my children shall become so prejudiced against pork that they will in no wise partake

of food containing it, that they may not suffer for years as I have done, getting impaired blood and tissue back to its normal state.

Since our disuse of pork and greasy gravies I have not had the slightest desire to eat a vinegar pickle whereas they used to be next to bread in my daily diet, and if I were sick or lost appetite for a few days, a pickle or some cold potato and vinegar or something of that kind was the first thing I wanted.

How very different; the first and last thing is some sauce but I am never at a loss for the best of sauce, a good appetite. I always eat sauce in lieu of pickles, cabbage, lettuce, ketchup, etc., etc.

I have made a longer talk than I intended and I would like to say much more if I were sure some of the sisters would be glad of my experience in reform. It is unavailing to speak of a higher, better life to one who is perfectly content with present health and attainments. It is only when we become convinced that we are not living up to the "full measure of man in Christ Jesus," that having lived to the flesh we are indeed of the flesh reaping corruption. Not till then are we willing to come and with wasted powers laid upon the altar, say, "Lord teach me thy laws that I may obey."

EMMA.

COLORING RECIPES.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—J. E. C. wishes recipes for coloring blue, green and yellow on cotton. Here they are.

Blue.—Two ounces of Prussian blue, and two ounces of oxalic acid to four pounds of goods; use an earthen dish to dissolve the acid in and dip the goods from one to the other. Wash your goods thoroughly after dyeing as the acid rots the cloth. Dry in the shade.

Yellow.—One ounce of bichromate potash and two ounces of sugar of lead for two pounds of goods. Wet your goods in warm water enough to cover them, wring out and put in your potash; when dissolved add the sugar of lead; put in your goods and let them soak a few minutes, then wring them out and put them back, etc., till they are a good color. They need not be washed and will not fade.

To color green, dip the yellow goods into the blue dye and wash them well. Dry both blue and green in the shade. These colors will last as long as a rag carpet does and I have seen the blue bright after repeated washing and wearing.

Mrs. L. C.

R. E. R. wishes to know how to color kid gloves, black or brown, also how to dye a hair switch, so will give my experience.

To color kid gloves brown, (I never tried to color black,) make a strong solution of green tea and saffron, I used more saffron than tea, nearly as much again, I think, but did not measure the quarts. Use a sponge or cloth to wet the glove with, and have them on your hands the first time you wet them, after which lay them in a window where the sun is shining, until they are nearly dry, then sponge thoroughly again and so continue to do

until they are as dark as you wish, then when nearly dry put them on the hands and keep them on until entirely dry. This makes a pretty and durable color and my gloves were as soft and pliable as when new; no one could tell they were colored at home.

To color the switch, make a strong dye of green tea, in an old tin basin with the tin off, or in iron, put in the switch and keep hot but not boiling, until it is as dark as desired. It sometimes takes two or three days to color them but they do not fade easily after this process. Cold tea kept in an old basin, will do much to restore gray hair if used constantly and I have never heard that it has proved injurious in the least.

L. E. P.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE RECIPES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Seeing in your last number, that L. E. H. desires a method of preserving recipes for future use, I send mine. Procure a blank book of convenient size, and divide it into departments; allowing one for cake, another for pickles, etc., as you may desire; leaving the last of the book for miscellaneous recipes, and hints on housekeeping. When you see a recipe you would like to keep, write it in the department to which it belongs; or if the paper is of no value, cut the recipe out, and paste it in your book.

EM.

L. E. H. wishes to know how to make the recipes available. This is my way, only I include other things also. I number the pages of a blank book with the letters of the alphabet (or sheets of foolscap sewed together answer every purpose) and then proceed thus:

A.	1875.	B.	1875.
Month.	Page.	Month.	Page.
Aquarium, May	96	Bread—brown, May	111
		Brewis, June	135
		Blankets—washing, "	133
		Beans—baked, "	134

MAGGIE.

Tell L. E. H. that my way to save THE HOUSEHOLD recipes, is to have a small blank book on my table, handy, and whenever I find a recipe I wish to save, I copy it off into it.

Mrs. L. C.

PREPARING BLACKBERRIES FOR WINTER USE.

To seven pounds or quarts of blackberries, add three pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Let the vinegar and sugar come to a boil, then put in the berries, allowing them to remain until thoroughly heated through. I put them up hot in hot glass or stone cans as other fruit, but it is said it will keep, if well covered, without being air tight. This preparation is just sweet enough, and just tart enough for pies or table-sauce; the berries do not harden as when preserved in clear sugar, and is in every way excellent. A little vinegar is an improvement at any time in blackberry pies; it takes off the bitter taste.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

ICING FOR CAKE.—Take one pound of the best white sugar and pour over it just enough cold water to dissolve it. Beat the whites of three eggs slightly, add these to the sugar and water, put it in a bowl, place the

bowl in a vessel of boiling water and beat the mixture; it will become thin and clear at first and afterward begin to thicken; when quite thick, remove it from the fire and continue beating until cold, then spread it on the cake with a knife. It has a beautifully white, glistening appearance and is very hard and smooth.

FOAM PUDDING SAUCE.—Four table-spoonfuls of sugar, two of butter and one of flour, beaten to a cream; add the white of an egg beaten to a froth and pour into the whole a gill of boiling water, stirring it very fast. Flavor with lemon, rose, or nutmeg.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Beat tart, well-flavored apples and stew until soft, then run through a colander; add to each pie one-third of a cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar and three well beaten eggs. Flavor with nutmeg and bake as a custard pie.

SPONGE CAKE.—Three cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one cup of water and six eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar and a little salt. Flavor with lemon. H. G.

LEMON RICE PUDDING.—Boil one-half pint of rice in two and one-half pints of milk, until soft; add to it while soft, the yolks of three well beaten eggs, the grated rind of two lemons, three table-spoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt. If too thick add a little cold milk; it should be a little thicker than boiled custard; turn into a pudding dish, beat the whites of the eggs very stiff, together with eight table-spoonfuls of sugar and the juice of the lemons. Brown and eat very cold.

DELMONICO PUDDING.—One quart of scalding milk, eight table-spoonfuls of corn starch wet in cold milk; stir into the milk with the yolks of three eggs beaten well, a little salt and four table-spoonfuls of sugar. Take off the fire, flavor to taste, froth the eggs and put in the oven and brown.

MOCK OYSTERS.—Take six ears of green sweet corn, boil them, cut from the cob, boil a pint of sweet milk, put in the corn and add butter, pepper and salt. As nice as oysters, we think, nearly. If you like these, perhaps I will send some more, sometime. X. Y. Z.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—THE HOUSEHOLD is always a welcome visitor in our home, whose visits are eagerly anticipated and heartily enjoyed. Even the back numbers are carefully preserved and unlike most papers have a lasting value. I forward a few recipes which have been recently asked for, hoping in this way to requite in some measure the benefits I am every month receiving from your columns.

RICE MUFFINS.—One-half cup of boiled rice, boiled soft; add to this three spoonfuls of sugar, a bit of butter the size of an egg, one pint of sweet milk, one-half cup of yeast, two quarts of flour and a pinch of salt; let it rise over night, if necessary, add in the morning a little soda.

In the April number Ruth asks how to make a dish of bread crumbs called brewis. It is made in this way. Place on the fire a pint or more of milk, according to the amount desired; let it boil a few minutes, then add a bit of butter, a pinch of salt and fine bread crumbs enough to thicken it; heat through and serve.

COFFEE BLANC MANGE.—One-half box of Cox's English Gelatine, two cups of milk, two cups of boiling hot coffee, made as for drinking coffee and four eggs; heat enough of the milk to dissolve thoroughly the gelatine and put the remainder in the coffee; when the gelatine is entirely dissolved pour the coffee upon it and stir severely. Beat the eggs well with one-half cup of sugar, add to the other ingredients and pour the mixture into moulds, previously wet with cold water. Place in a cool place and it will jelly very quickly.

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE.—Put one-half box of Cox's English Gelatine in cold water enough to cover it; let it remain twenty minutes or until dissolved, stirring it occasionally; meanwhile, place in a pail and set in a kettle of hot water, one quart of milk and grate into it one square of Baker's chocolate; when the milk is scalding hot, pour into it the liquid gelatine, stirring rapidly until it

is cooked which will be in a few minutes; have your mould ready wet with cold water and strain the blanc mange into it through a cloth or wire strainer. This recipe will be found very nice; it is best made the day before it is wanted as it requires to stand several hours to become firm. I hope the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD will try these two recipes, they are especially nice as a dessert for dinner and are very easily made.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—One pint of milk, three-fourths of a pound of sugar and one-half of a box of gelatine; put these together in a dish which place in a kettle of boiling water; after the gelatine is dissolved, beat four eggs and stir into it, cook until the mixture looks clear, then cool it. Beat one pint of cream previously flavored with vanilla to a stiff froth, add the eggs and beat again thoroughly, line a dish with cake, pour in the mixture and put cake over the top.

SUGAR KISSES.—Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, stir into this one-half pound of sifted white sugar, flavor it to your taste. Lay it, when stiff, in heaps on white paper, each the size and shape of half an egg, and an inch apart. Place the sheets on tins and put in a hot oven; when they turn a little yellow take them out and let them cool five minutes. Take two kisses and press the bottoms gently together until they adhere and so continue until all are prepared. They are very delicate and good and look handsomely. M.

CIDER CAKE.—One cup of butter, three cups of brown sugar, four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, five cups of flour, one cup of cider with two teaspoonfuls of soda in it; raisins and all kinds of spice. This cake will keep a long time.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—I will send a recipe for soft gingerbread which is very nice. One cup of sour cream, one cup of molasses, two eggs, a pinch of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of ginger and one of soda. Bake in a two quart basin. I think two and one-half cups of flour is sufficient. COM.

VEAL OMELETTE.—Three pounds of veal, chopped very fine, three eggs, two table-spoonfuls of milk or cream, two teaspoonfuls of pepper, two table-spoonfuls each of sage and salt and four powdered crackers; mix eggs, cracker and cream together. Cut with veal two slices of boiled pork; form into a loaf and bake two hours and a half; baste with butter and water while baking. To be eaten cold. MRS. R. G. PETTIN.

CRACKERS.—Fourteen cups of flour, one cup of lard, three cups of water, four teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two teaspoonfuls of soda; do not put in any more water but keep kneading in the flour so you will not need to pound but will have tender, brittle crackers good enough for any one to eat.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One quart of sour milk, one half cup of melted butter, three eggs, two will do, a little sugar or molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus and Graham flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in a hot oven about twenty minutes.

TO PRESERVE BUTTER.—I wish to send you one recipe for the preservation of butter which I used last year myself and am using this. To three gallons of brine strong enough to bear an egg, add a quarter of a pound of nice white sugar and a table-spoonful of saltpeter; boil the brine and when cold strain carefully. Make your rolls of butter in five or six pounds and wrap each roll in a white cloth and then pack the same as you would pork. Be sure and keep it covered with brine all the time, and after the butter has been in a while, if it will not bear up an egg add more salt but be sure to always boil your brine as there is the secret of good brine. MRS. H. H.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL:—E. H., in the August number, asks how to make cheap picture frames. Please tell her to cut out pieces of paste-board the desired length and width allowing enough to cross at the corners, and cover with broadcloth, black velvet, or glazed cambric, which answers for a varnished frame,

or any plain cloth the color of light wood, or black walnut, and fasten at each corner with a pretty button.

My HOUSEHOLDS are "lent out," so I do not know the name, nor the number, that contains a question from a lady in regard to her cucumbers growing soft in the brine. We were troubled in the same way for years, but have not been since placing a flat stone on them, to keep them under the brine which is generally pretty strong, though not extra. A SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—H. C. asks for a recipe for oat cake, I have one that we like. Take two cups of sour milk, or buttermilk, and stir in three cups of oat meal, then add one teaspoonful of salt, and one of soda dissolved in a little cold water; bake in gem pans or in a sheet. The oven should be hot enough to bake in twenty minutes.

Will some one give directions for canning different kinds of fruit? and oblige, Boston, Mass. MRS. F. L. C.

MR. CROWELL:—I want to say to those who want a good Indian pudding that I don't think it is so much the making as the baking that makes it good; it ought to bake six or eight hours, just as slow as it can bake. I always leave one of my oven doors wide open and part of the time both of them are open. If they bake fast the juice all bakes away. E. C. S.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask through THE HOUSEHOLD how to prepare sea-mosses to make wreaths and flowers? also what preparation is used to make them adhere to the card board after they are placed? or if the glass and framing are sufficient? Answers to the above will greatly oblige a READER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I was first introduced to one of your numbers in May last. It happened in this wise: I was spending the day with a friend, she wishing to be excused for a short time, introduced me to one of THE HOUSEHOLD, as an entertainer during her absence. I was much pleased with the new acquaintance, and left with my friend a pledge that I would become acquainted with others of your numbers, which now make me monthly visits, that I highly enjoy.

I would like to tell the sister who wished to know how to clean zinc, although two or three have given their way of doing it, I think none quite equals mine. After washing it thoroughly with soap-suds, wipe dry; then take three spoonfuls of clear water, into which put one teaspoonful of oil of vitriol. Take a clean cloth and rub it thoroughly with the vitriol water, being careful not to drop any on the carpet; then take clear water and wash, and wipe dry, and you will not only have a clear, but a bright zinc also.

I would like to tell the friends also what will cure salt rheum. Get sweetfern, if it does not grow in your locality you can procure it at the druggists. Steep and drink it for a common drink, also bath the parts affected, and it will cure you. It is far better than any doctor's medicine. Chicago. MRS. D. D. B.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have never sent anything to your paper, as I thought that other ladies were better qualified perhaps than myself to contribute their mites.

I saw to-day in some late number a question asked, "How to preserve citron for cake?" and as I have had very good success in preparing it I will tell you how I did it. First I obtained the real citron, that grows on trees, the citron lemon however will answer, but it is very thin, I don't know anything about the citrons that grow on vines. I washed them and soaked them in strong wine for a week, and the skin in bitter, then I boiled them in clean, clear waters, until they were tasteless and very easily penetrated with a straw. Then I made a syrup of sugar and water, pound for pound, as housekeepers say, a pound of sugar for a pound of fruit, and boiled the fruit four hours, very slow, until the syrup was so thick that I could not keep it from burning; I took out the citron and dried it, sprinkling sugar over it; I made a pillow case full, three years ago, and have had no cool place for it. I have about one-fourth of it left and it is very nice now for cake, puddings, and mince-pies. I don't re-

member having ever heard of this kind of citron when I lived in good old Massachusetts, but there may be citron trees there in abundance.

I agree with Dr. Hanford in his criticism of the bill of fare. We eat oat meal mush every day for breakfast, although we should prefer it for supper if we had any such meal, but are now obliged to conform to the California custom of cold lunch at noon and dinner at half past five. I boil the mush at least half an hour, making it thin as thin molasses at first and by gentle boiling and occasional stirring, it swells to the consistency that we like. At first we liked hot biscuits better, but were determined to eat mush and now we are very fond of it.

Cracked wheat I soak over night, in the morning I put it in a pail with plenty of water and some salt, put the pail in a kettle with boiling water and place a piece of iron or some thin pieces of wood in the bottom of the kettle; I cook it in this way all the forenoon, stirring occasionally and adding water if necessary. It never sticks or burns and needs very little attention.

I see no letters from Southern California in your paper. I might tell you of our rose trees, geraniums and fuchsias, as high as the piazza roof and very thick, verbenas we have, covering square yards of area, unless cut away. We have no need of houseplants, for we have flowers in great profusion blooming all winter out of doors. The largest orange groves in California are in this town and brides can supply themselves bountifully with real blossoms. There are drawbacks here, as the society is not as good as that of New England, and we are without many of the advantages people there possess. We have not one drop of rain from April until November and all our flowers are irrigated or watered with hose pipes during that time.

I will write again if you feel interested in this far off land. J. Los Angeles, Cal.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to inquire through THE HOUSEHOLD, if any of the sisters can tell me how to take ink spots out of a carpet without taking out the color, and also what will restore the color already taken out, which is a pea-green, or a little darker. HOPE.

Will some one of our many obliging sisters furnish a recipe for making some kind of a sealing wax or something that will keep the air out of the jars? Every year I lose several jars full of fruit and I think the fault is chiefly in the rubber rings; they are too thin and too large and give way under the pressure of the cover and leave an air-hole. I think if I had something to put on them it would prevent the air passing and save the fruit. A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some one through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, inform us how shirt bosoms are polished as we get them from the laundry. CLARA. Hyde Park, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Has any one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band any practical knowledge in cleaning a white ostrich feather? If so, they confer a great favor to a sister by giving all the information they can on the subject.

I do not understand H. M. Thompsons' directions for a tidy. Will she try to make directions little clearer and oblige two or three of the Band? M. E. H.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of your very readable paper be so kind as to give a good recipe for flour griddle-cakes? Also a good and simple way for making cream biscuit.

Can any one tell me what will make the hair grow, and become fine and soft?

Is there anything that will keep the hands white and soft while doing housework? LENORA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one of your readers tell me what will take tea stains out of table linen? MRS. S. H. B. Jackson, Cal.

A subscriber wishes to know if there is anything that will take musty taste out of cider? MRS. H.



A PICTURE.

BY QUILL PEN.

A woodbine crept above the door,
Sunbeams glanced along the floor,
South winds, straying, the leaflets o'er
Whispered Spring's forgotten lore.

A matron sewed, 'neath the maple tree
Shading the old porch somberly;
Sewing, smiling in reverie,
Dreaming of bygone days was she.

Amid the chimes of laughter sweet,
Came the patter of little feet,
And mamma gladly turned, to meet
The children's welcome, wild and sweet.

They pressed around the mother's knee
And gave her flowers, in noisy glee,
Roses, stung by a saucy bee,
And violets shrinking modestly;

Cowslips of flaming golden hue,
Lilies of Beth, with cups of dew,
Wind flowers, tumulous, bright and blue,
Stars of arbutus shining through.

This was part of the wreath they threw
Into the apron checked with blue;
Voices sang while the fingers flew,
"All for you, mamma, all for you!"

Here, at the close of a wintry day
Memory's footsteps backward stray,
One of these children, now turned gray,
Feels a breath of that bygone May.

Sees in fancy the household band,
Round the bloom of the young year stand,
Feels "The touch of a vanished hand,"
Smooths the curls by the soft wind fanned.

Regret cries to him, "Oh, the time,
When life was set to a silver chime,
With springtime glory, faith sublime,
And hope made earth a fairy clime."

ONE WEEK.

EVERY DAY BRINGS ITS OWN WORK.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

EARLY in the morning, the very first of the week, before we were well awake, in came Monday to spend the day, and brought all her washing. Ben heard her coming, and hurried to make the fire and get the water over by sunrise; and it was well he did, for such a large wash I never saw. Nell and Bell and I all had to help in the rubbing, the wringing, and the hanging out. We did not let mother touch a thing except the fine starch, because she had a headache. But the rest of us worked as hard as we could, and it was not so bad as it might seem, for the sun shone, the lilacs smelled sweet, the robins twittered, and Monday was so good natured, and looked so pleasant, laughing and singing at her work, that Bell and Nell and I began to laugh and sing too, over the wash-board, and over the rinsing-tub.

Ben was lying on his back under a tree, making whistles.

"Jump up, jump up, you lazy boy!" cried Monday, cheerfully; "run over to the store as quick as you can, and bring me a bottle of blueing!"

Monday was forgetful that morning, and did not think till after Ben had gone that she ought to have told him to get starch, too; so when he came we had to send him right back again. That made Ben frown, and he told Bell he should be glad when he got

off to school, where it didn't make any difference when Monday came.

It was lucky we had some cold meat in the house, so there was not much to do for dinner; but we managed to slip on a small kettle of potatoes behind the boiler, and the teapot too, though the stove was pretty well crowded. Monday said she had learned not to be particular about her victuals, and as long as she got her washing done, she wouldn't mind what she had to eat.

So we worked, and rubbed, and rinsed, and wrung, and every now and then Monday called some of us out in the yard with her to help hang the white things on the line, or spread them on the sweet, green grass. How pretty Nell looked, with her white, bare arms, and her cheeks like wild roses, as she carried out a basket full of Monday's table cloths, napkins and aprons, to the line. But when she came back her cheeks were a great deal redder than wild roses; they were more like the wild scarlet geranium.

"I do wish," she said, "that our yard wasn't so close to the street. Every one that goes by can look right over the fence."

"What of that?" asked Bell: "it is no harm to be seen hanging out clothes."

"I know it," said Nell, ruefully; "but my dress was fastened all up around my waist, just as Monday showed me how to pin it, and my sleeves were up, and I had on this old sun-bonnet."

I glanced out of the window, expecting to see the governor and all his daughters, at least, to account for Nell's blushes; but there was no one but Bob Carter just disappearing around the corner.

"O, never mind," said Monday, cheerily; "there isn't a house of them all but what I visit. They all know what to expect when Monday's about!"

The washing was almost done, and I thought when we got through we might have a little rest. But no! "Come girls," said Monday, as the last piece was hung out. "Come, let's go right to work and wash up the oil-cloths and mop out the veranda!"

So we did, and by the time that was done, and the tubs put away, and everything set to rights, it was almost time for Monday to go. We had a quiet little tea, and the last of her visit was really very pleasant, for we all sat out in the veranda together, and we watched the sun go down behind the hills, and listened to the birds' twilight songs. But I was so tired that by-and-by I slipped away from the rest and went to bed. But I should not have deserted them so if I had known that Monday had concluded to stay a little longer, and fold down and sprinkle all the clean clothes.

We all slept soundly that night, and would have been glad to lie abed a little later than usual the next morning; but you may have noticed that as the week begins, so it goes on all the way through; and sure enough, at an early hour, Tuesday came walking into the house, bringing all her ironing. She looked heated and flushed, and said she was afraid she should not get through her work before night; so we put the irons on the stove in a hurry, and good-natured Nell got out

the board and blanket, and finished off a good many little things, while Bell and I fried the ham and made the coffee for breakfast.

Tuesday said rather crossly that we must not fry another thing on the stove that day, for it spattered the grease so, and plagued her with the irons. O, what a warm day it was! We put on our thinnest calicoes and opened all the windows to send a draft through the kitchen. It looked so cool and shady out of doors, under the apple trees, and we wished we could stay out there and read or play croquet; but Tuesday said we must wait till another day for that.

What a time we had of it. Nell did the starched things and made them look beautifully; no French laundress could ever suit father better with his shirts than Nell does. But I hurried so, I did not let my irons get hot enough some of the time, and the things looked rough, so I had to go over them again. Bell got hers too hot once, and scorched a napkin, and Tuesday got into quite a flurry over it for a few minutes.

"What shall we get for dinner?" asked Nell, when it was almost noon. "The cold meat is all gone; there is not a bone left for Tuesday."

"O, never mind me," said Tuesday, "I'm too heated and tired to have much appetite. How would it do to scramble some eggs with shaved beef and bake a little custard?"

"Just the thing," said Bell; "and I'll do it all and set the table, if you will iron this tucked waist with ruffles, Nell."

So patient Nell took the waist and crimped the ruffles to a marvel of nicety. Tuesday's ironing was a large one, but as no other visitors came in, and we all helped, we managed to get it done by tea time, and the clothes horse was piled full.

We were tired enough by that time, and Bell and I declared we would keep on our calicoes just as they were, and not dress up at all, for we meant to go to bed by seven o'clock. But Nell put on a cool, pretty muslin and brushed her wavy brown hair, till she looked as pretty as a pink, and she said she meant to stay up and pass a pleasant evening with Tuesday, who looked quite rested and peaceful as the cool hours came on.

It was about half past nine in the evening when I opened my eyes drowsily, hearing our street door close. A minute after Nell came into the room, with shining eyes, and a book under her arm. I asked her what it was. She said it was the "Idyls of the King," which Tuesday had just lent her to read.

We slept a little later the next morning, for Wednesday did not call us; but we found her waiting when we went down stairs—waiting in the sitting-room, and she had brought three windows to be washed, a carpet to be shaken, and a good deal of scrubbing. Mother was sorry for us, and sat there telling her how tired we were, we had worked so hard for Monday and Tuesday; so then Wednesday said very good-naturedly that we needn't finish all her work, if we didn't feel like it. She said she saw Tuesday herself just for a minute at midnight, and Tuesday told her we were

right smart girls. That made us laugh, and we thought we would try to keep up our good reputation.

Ben had the carpet to shake—that was his part; and he did not like it much till two or three boys came running into the yard to join him, and then they had great fun beating out the dust with clubs, and making believe they were Indians. Bell and I felt strong and willing, so we helped Wednesday do all the scouring with soap and sand, while Nell took her windows out of doors under the trees, and washed and rinsed them over and over till they were clear and fine as crystal. Everything Nell did always looked just so nice when it was done.

"Let's have a good dinner," said Wednesday; "I really think we deserve it. I brought a couple of chickens with me and hung them up in the pantry. Now, if you could dress them, dear Nell, and roast them, how nice they would be with cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes, and asparagus!"

"Good! good!" shouted Ben, who had just come to the door, all covered with dust.

Nell said she would see to it at once, and disappeared in the kitchen, while Bell and I cleaned paint more vigorously than ever, feeling quite merry, and Wednesday never grew impatient once, but sang and laughed, and made funny speeches all the time.

What a good dinner we had! Nell's dinners were always tip-top, and Ben declared he didn't care how often Wednesday came, if she would bring such crisp, tender chickens every time. We ate in the kitchen, for Wednesday had not quite got her work out of the way in the dining-room; but that made it all the jollier, and we had a splendid time.

Ben was just running off after dinner, when Wednesday called him back to tack down her carpet for her. It did not take us long after that to get everything in order in the room, and then mother put on her best cap and sat down quietly with Wednesday, to be ready for callers, while Bell and I ran out in the yard and had a merry game of croquet. Nell sat down under the biggest apple tree and read her book of Idyls.

Well, we were tired again that night, and as we laid our weary heads upon our pillows, Bell said: "I wonder what will happen to-morrow?"

And this is what happened: When we went down the next morning, we found Thursday there, all in a flutter, just going to call us. She had brought us an invitation to her picnic, on the river bank, in the grove. She said everybody we knew was going, and we must be all ready and meet the party at half-past ten at the wharf, from whence we should start in a sailboat for the grove. We were wild with excitement and delight. But Thursday said she should want something to eat, and must take a basket full of lunch; so Nell went to work in a trice, making some nice, light, white biscuit, while Bell and I boiled eggs, and sliced ham, and made coffee. Then away we went, and a delightful day we had of it. Such splendid swings! Such merry games! and the very nicest of dinners spread out on the green grass.

Just after dinner, Thursday whis-

pered to us that we could help clear things away and wash dishes; but we didn't want to, and Bell said we had worked hard enough all the week to deserve a rest now, so she and I ran off to play blind man's buff with the rest, among the trees. By-and-by, some one asked, where Nell was.

"Sure enough," said Bell, "where is she?"

We looked all around, and at last we saw something like Nell's white dress behind a rock. Bell and I stepped softly a little nearer, and then we saw Bob Carter sitting there by Nell's side. They did not seem to be talking, they were looking dreamily off upon the river.

We had a splendid time all the rest of the day, but it was Thursday's picnic, and at last she said she could not stay with us any longer, and we must all go home. So we drifted happily down the river by moonlight, and when we got home at a late hour, we were about as tired as if we had been working all day instead of playing. But it was a glad, joyous kind of weariness, and Nell, I remember, said it was the most beautiful day of her life. Thursday smiled, and hastened away.

"It would be just like Friday to come to-morrow!" said Bell, as we settled ourselves drowsily in bed.

And sure enough she did! O, what a rainy day that was! The sky all dark with clouds, the trees and the eaves dripping, the street full of little pools, and the rain falling in torrents. But Friday said the weather made no difference to her; she had seen so much of the storms of life that a few drops more or less mattered nothing, so she hung her somber waterproof by the stove, and settled herself in an easy chair, putting on her spectacles, and drawing out her work. She had brought two dresses to be made over, a hat to be trimmed, and all her week's mending. Bell groaned, but Nell smiled, and we all got our scissors and thimbles and needles, and went to work. Mother and I ripped seams; Nell cut out and basted, and Bell stitched with the machine. Friday was very sociable, and entertained us with a long account of disasters that had happened to people she knew. It was always her luck, she said, to be in the way when trouble came, and mother said she believed it, when a few minutes after, Ben came running in with a torn jacket, and the best umbrella turned inside out by the wind.

"Make your fingers fly, girls," said Friday peering over her spectacles; "I want to get both these dresses done by noon, overskirts, flounces, and all. If it was a ball dress now you'd be spry enough about it!"

We worked with all our might, but one of us had to go and see about dinner, and so the sashes got put off till afternoon. We had a fish dinner that day, because we had heard that Friday always liked fish; but she looked rather disappointed when she sat down at the table, and said it was a long time since she had had anything hearty; so then Nell found some cold ham and brought it to her.

In the afternoon Bell and I darned stockings and sewed on buttons, while Nell helped Friday by making her sashes and trimming her hat.

"Good girls, good girls!" said Friday, nodding at us approvingly. "It is well you have got along so fast with your work, for Mrs. Smith and her daughters are just coming to stay to tea!"

Sure enough, they were that moment entering the gate, and came directly into the house. They had been intending to visit us for some days, they said, but could not seem to find time for it before.

So then we had to get up a company supper, and it was a nice one, with the best cake and preserves from the store-room, and some of Nell's light biscuit, and a cream toast got up in a twinkling. We had a very pleasant time, and were eager to have Friday stay late that evening, but she said she must be off. She put her head back through the door as she started, to tell us there was a new moon, and we must be careful not to look at it over our left shoulder or we should lose our wish. Nell went sideling up to the window, and stood there a long time wishing in silence.

"Now make haste to bed," said mother, "for Saturday is coming to-morrow!"

And she did come. She came early, in a bustling mood, bringing bread to be baked, cookies and pies to be made, crullers to be fried, and any amount of sweeping to be done. We all went to work with energy, though Bell was accused of putting more berries in her mouth than she did into the pies. We had warm work that day and plenty of it; but the appetizing odor that floated through the kitchen encouraged us, and Ben ate so many of the fresh hot crullers that he had no appetite for dinner. We did not have very much of a dinner however, for Saturday said she liked to take her heartiest meal toward evening when the beans came out of the oven.

"I declare," said Bell, laughing, "it is a fact, isn't it, the old saying I have heard so often, that 'Every day brings its own work!'"

And we agreed with her emphatically. But after Saturday had gone, what peace and rest stole over the house, and next morning when we awoke everything seemed so quiet, except the sweet singing of the birds. There were no carts or wagons rumbling through the street, no boys playing and shouting, no people hurrying to the stores on errands.

"One can really draw a long breath," said Bell. "I should know Sunday had come, even if I had forgotten all that is in the almanac!" And when we went down stairs we found, indeed, that dear, quiet Sunday was there. Ben, with an unusually neat appearance, sat studying his Bible lesson earnestly, and mother, with folding hands, was looking out at the peaceful morning sky. There was no work to be done—nothing but the meals, and they were light and simple, for Sunday said she had something else to think of besides what she ate, and she wanted us all to have time to go to church.

We went all of us, both morning and afternoon, and heard our dear old clergyman speak words that went straight to our hearts. His texts were, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge;"

and, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

It was so pleasant as we all walked slowly home, our whole family together. Nell came last, and Bob Carter was with her. When he reached the gate and paused, he came up to us all, in his bright, honest way, and said we were the happiest family he knew of, and he hoped we would let him become one of us. How Ben stared! But mother smiled very kindly, and when Bell and I turned suddenly to look at Nell, she stood there blushing with a ring on her finger which we had never seen before.

"What day of the month is your birthday, Nell?" asked Ben, suddenly. "The 12th," said Nell.

"Well, now I'm going to find your verse," and hastily turning the leaves of his Bible, he came to the oft-read thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, and read us the twelfth verse: "She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life."

Then we all went happily into the house, still enjoying the quiet presence of Sunday.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Fifty-seven.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

One morning, sitting in her own pretty library, with its array of choicest books, its pictures, and its quaint and curious gatherings from many ages and many lands, a lady whom the world knows and honors told me a pitiful story. It was a sad story of the little life of one of her own children, a babe who lived but a few short weeks; and of whom, when the white lids drooped over the heavy eyes never to be lifted again, every one was forced to say—"It is well that he has died."

For the child was fearfully deformed—and life could have been to it only one long pang.

The lady told me of her own overwhelming anguish, of her husband's grief and horror, of their patient ministrations to their helpless charge—and at last, of its death and burial. We had known each other long, and she knew that I knew the story; but it had never been mentioned between us before. It was not a matter to be talked about, even among friends.

But after finishing her narration, every word of which gave evidence of her unselfish care for her child, she said, turning her sad eyes upon me.

"One thing troubles me, my friend, and will as long as I live. I am haunted by the fear that if the child had lived, I should never have loved him as I loved his brothers, who were so uncommonly handsome. Deformity and ugliness are so shocking to me. They repel me in spite of myself. What if I had been so unnaturally wicked as not to have loved my own child!"

What could I say to her, but that God had taken care of all that, and that she had no right to trouble herself with the "might have been?" Whether her fear was well grounded or not, she had done her whole duty while the babe lived; and her Heavenly Father,

knowing, perhaps, her feebleness and "remembering she was but dust," had removed the temptation even before she had been fully tested. It seemed to me that the chances really were that that child might have been the most dearly beloved of all the flock. As a rule, we love best those to whom we minister with daily and nightly care—those who are most helpless and most entirely dependent upon us. Mothers certainly do not love least those who most need them.

But thinking, long afterward, of this conversation with my friend, I could but remember how much of morbid self-questioning there is, which is as uncalled for, and even more unreasonable, than in this case. We raise mountainous *ifs*, and try to scale their summits, making ourselves believe they are built of adamant rock, when in reality they are like the shifting sands of the desert. If we were to let them alone, they would vanish of themselves, leaving the path clear before us. Why should we clamber over that which the very winds of heaven will scatter like thistle down, if we will but give them time? Half our doubts, and fears, and perplexities, have no more substance than will-o'-the-wisps; when we approach them and try to grasp them—lo! they are not there.

Introspection has sometimes been taught as one of humanity's first duties, and there is no doubt that a certain amount of it is a good thing. To "know thyself," to become familiar with the springs of action, and to understand fairly the hidden workings of the soul, is a matter of great moment. Yet it may well be doubted if too much of such knowledge is not quite as harmful as too little. The healthiest nature, it seems to me, is the most unconscious nature. As with the body, so with the soul.

Carlyle is said to have remarked that he was fully nineteen years old before he became aware that he was the possessor of a stomach; and that he had not been unaware of it for a single moment since. Who can doubt at which period of the great philosopher's life his stomach was in the healthiest state?

"I am so conscious of my teeth," said a lady yesterday; "I cannot forget them for a moment."

"Nor can I my feet," was the laughing reply of her companion. "For fourteen years they have been an under-current to all my thoughts!"

Doubtless many an American woman, with her chronic backache, could echo the same statement with only a slight change of terms. Now I don't believe Adam knew that he had a stomach, or nerves, or a spine, or a liver. Neither shall we when the millenium, not of patent medicine-venders and doctors, but of the human race, comes. The body will be but the unconscious vehicle of the soul—its unconscious minister. Or perhaps it would be better to say that the perfectly healthy body will perform all its varied functions so simply and quietly, that the soul will scarcely be aware of the presence of its servant.

Too much study of the body, too close watching of symptoms, too ready a diagnosis of every ailment, too close scrutiny into the cause of every slight

disturbance of the system, so far from being conducive to health, is greatly promotive of invalidism. It is not well, when you have eaten your dinner, to begin to wonder whether this or that article of food is going to "agree" with you. The better way is, having eaten, to forget all about it just as fast as ever you can. Don't go prying into all the secrets of inner man. Don't go to worrying yourself about the processes of digestion and assimilation. They must go on; but if they can go on without your being in any way conscious of the prosaic facts, then you are well, then you are in a state of perfect health.

Now is there not a morbid introspection and self-searching, as far as the soul is concerned, that is closely akin to this sort of unhealthy bodily consciousness? Too many of us go about with our eyes turned inward, always inspecting our own condition, always wondering how we feel, always trembling lest there is something wrong with us. If, happily, we are unable to discover anything dreadfully out of the way at the present moment, we at once begin to conjure up some "might have been" wherewith to scourge ourselves. We wonder, as did my friend, whether under certain given circumstances—circumstances that never have occurred in our experience, and that probably never will—we should not fail to come up to the mark. I knew one woman whose life had been singularly blessed, who contrived to be very uneasy for that reason. She did not know how she should bear sorrow; she feared she should not meet it in a "Christian spirit;" she could not tell whether she should be able to do her duty or not, if such and such things should occur. And I knew another who was afraid that what she did was not done for the "glory of God." She was a most devoted wife and mother, saintly and self-sacrificing to an extreme; but she so loved husband and children that sacrifice for them was a joy. So she thought it necessary to examine herself, to search her own soul, and pry into her motives and innermost purposes.

Did she not know that love itself is the "fulfilling of the law?" If the great Law-giver did not see fit to submit her to the cruel test of a loveless life, and the discharge of duty that was mere duty, why should she insist upon applying the test herself?

The truth is, everything that is done in this world is done from mixed motives; and that it should be so, is the plan of Infinite Love and Wisdom. St. Simon Stylites thought he was doing God service by standing all those long years on his pillar. But there is little doubt he thought, too, of the plaudits of the multitude, and the crown of sainthood. Cromwell fought and prayed for "God and the Commonwealth"—and for his own elevation. No monk or hermit ever prayed and fasted from one single motive, clear and well-defined. Always, into the main current of one's desires, and hopes, and aspirations, run countless rills of feeling, and emotion, and impulse, which give it color and additional force. We have no more right to quarrel with them, than the river has to quarrel with the

mountain streams that feed it as it rolls onward to the sea.

If the streams should turn the river from its course, then indeed it might have reason to complain; then indeed it might swell, and fret, and chafe against its banks. So may we look about us in dismay if the current of our many motives is bearing us away from truth and right. But if we are conscious that the main current of our being is flowing towards God, let us not be too inquisitorial and self-searching. The best of us are very poor subjects for contemplation. Let us rather look away from ourselves to something better and higher.

THE WIFE'S ALLOWANCE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

There were people enough to envy Millicent Houghton when she was married to Radcliffe Gates. She was only a district school teacher, at so much a month, without home or parents. He was a wealthy banker, who seemed to have nothing on earth to do but to indulge his whims and caprices to their utmost bent, and the world in general announced its dictation that Milly Houghton "had done uncommonly well for herself."

But Milly did not look happy upon that golden July morning, with the sunshine streaming through the oriel window of the great breakfast room of the Gates place, and scattering little drops of gold and crimson, and glowing purple on the mossy ground of the stone colored carpet.

She was dressed in a loose white cambric wrapper, looped and buttoned with blue, and a single pearl arrow to uphold the shining masses of her lovely auburn hair. Her eyes were deep, liquid hazel; her complexion as soft and radiant as the dimpled side of an early peach; and the little kid slippered foot that patted the velvet ottoman was as tapering as a sculptor could have wished it.

Mr. Gates from his side of the damask draped table, eyed her with the complacent gaze of proprietorship. She was his wife. He liked her to look well just as he wanted his horses properly groomed and his conservatories kept in order; and he troubled himself very little about the shadow on her brow.

"I'm in earnest, Radcliffe!" she said, with emphasis.

"So I supposed, Mrs. Gates," said the husband, leisurely folding his paper—a sign that the news within was thoroughly exhausted—"so I supposed. But it isn't at all worth while to get excited. When I say a thing, Mrs. Gates, I generally mean it. And I repeat, if you need money for any sensible and necessary purpose, I shall be most willing and happy to accommodate you."

Millicent bit her full red lower lip, and drummed impatiently on the table with her ten restless fingers. "And I am to come meekly imploring you for every five-cent piece I happen to want?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gates, if you prefer to put the matter in that light."

"Radcliffe," she coaxed, suddenly changing her tone, "do give me an allowance, I don't care how little!

Don't subject me to the humiliation of pleading for a little money half a dozen times a day. You are rich."

"Exactly, my dear," nodded this benedict; "and that's the way I made my fortune, by looking personally after every penny, and I mean to keep it up."

"But think how I was mortified yesterday, when Mrs. Armour came to ask me if I could subscribe fifty cents towards buying a hand carriage for our washerwoman's lame child—only fifty cents—and I had to say, 'I must ask my husband to give me money when he returns from the city!' for I had not even fifty cents of my own."

"All very right—all very proper!" said Mr. Gates, playing with the huge rope of gold that hung across his chest in the guise of a watch chain.

"Other ladies are not kept penniless!"

"That rests entirely between them and their husbands, Mrs. Gates."

"And now, Mrs. Gates," said the banker, after a moment or two of overwhelming silence, "if you'll be good enough to stitch that button on my glove, I'll go down town. I have already wasted too much time."

So the verbal passage-at-arms ended, and Milly felt that, so far, she was worsted.

She watched Mr. Gates drive off in an elegant barouche, drawn by two long-tailed chestnut horses, all a glitter with plated harness, and turned away, almost wishing that she was Millicent Houghton once again, behind her desk in the little red school house.

She looked around at the inlaid furniture. Aubusson carpets and satin window draperies, and thought, with a passionate pang, how little all this availed her.

"It is so provoking of Radcliffe!" she murmured. "I've half a mind to go out to service, or dressmaking, or something—for I must have money of my own, and I will!"

Just then a servant knocked at the door with a basket and a note.

"An old lady in a shaker bonnet and a one horse wagon left it," said the girl, with a scarcely disguised titter. "She wouldn't come in, although I invited her."

Mrs. Gates opened the note. It ran in a stiff, old-fashioned caligraphy, as if the pen were an unwonted implement in the writer's hand:

"DEAR MILLY:—The strawberries in the south meadow lot are just ripe, where you used to pick 'em when you were a little gal; so Penelope picked a lot, and we make bold to send them to you for the sake of old times, as aunt Araminta is going to the city tomorrow. We hope you will like them.

Affectionately your friend,

MARIA ANN PEABODY."

The tears sparkled in the bride's eyes. For an instant it seemed to her as if she were a merry child again picking strawberries in the golden rain of July sunshine, with the scent of wild roses on the air, and the gurgle of the little trout stream close by. And as she lifted the lid of the great basket of crimson luscious fruit, and inhaled the delicious perfume, a sudden idea darted into her head.

"Now I will have money of my

own!" she cried out, "money that I will earn myself, and thus be independent!"

Half an hour afterwards, Mrs. Gates came down stairs, to the infinite amazement of Rachel, the chamber-maid, and Louisa, the parlor-maid, in a brown gingham dress, a white pique sun-bonnet, and a basket on her arm.

"Won't you have the carriage, ma'am," asked the latter, as Mrs. Gates beckoned to a passing omnibus.

"No, I won't!" said the banker's lady.

And within the city limits she alighted, and began to work in good earnest.

"Strawberries! who'll buy my wild strawberries!" rang out her clear, shrill voice, as she walked along, lightly balancing the weight on her arm, and enjoying the impromptu masquerade as only a spirited young woman can.

Mrs. Fowler bought four quarts for preserving, at twenty-five cents per quart.

"Wild berries has such a flavor!" said the old lady, reflectively. "And 'taint often you get 'em here in the city. I s'pose you don't come round reg'lar, young woman?"

"No, I don't ma'am."

"Because you might get some good customers," said Mrs. Fowler.

Miss Samantha Hall, who keeps boarders, took two quarts; Mrs. Captain Cranberry took one; and then Millicent jumped on the cars and rode wearily down town.

"I've got a dollar and seventy-five cents of my own now, at all events," said she to herself.

"Strawberries! Nice, ripe, wild strawberries! Buy my strawberries!"

Her sweet voice sounded through the halls of the great building on whose floor the bank was situated.

It chanced to be a dull interval of business, then, and the cashier looked up with a yawn.

"I say, Bill James," said he to the youngest clerk, "I have an idea that a few strawberries would not go badly. Call in the woman."

Bill, nothing loth, slipped off his stool with a pen behind each ear, and scampered out into the hall.

So Milly sold another quart.

As she was giving change for the cashier's bill the president himself came in bustling and brisk as usual.

"Eh? What? How?" barked out Mr. Radcliffe Gates. "Strawberries! Well, I don't care if I take a few. Here, young woman, how do you sell them?"

Milly pushed back her sun-bonnet and executed a sweeping courtesy.

"Twenty-five cents a quart, sir," purred she with much humility.

The president dropped his paper of berries on the floor.

"Mrs. Gates!" he ejaculated.

"The same, sir," said Millicent.

"May I venture to inquire—"

"Oh, yes," said Milly, "you may inquire as much as you please. I needed a little money, and I am earning it. See how much I have got already!" and she triumphantly displayed her roll of crumpled stamps. "The strawberries were all my own, sent to me this morning by old Mrs. Peabody, and I have been selling them so as to get an income of my own."

"You, ma'am, selling strawberries through the streets?"

Milly made a second courtesy.

"Extreme necessities justify extreme measures, Mr. Gates," said she, saucily. "I earned my own living before I saw you, and I can again."

Mr. Radcliffe Gates looked uneasily around the crowd of gaping clerks.

"James," said he, "call a hack. My dear, let me take you home."

"Not until I have sold the rest of my strawberries, sir," saucily retorted the young wife.

"I'll take 'em, at any price," impatiently exclaimed the banker.

"Cash down?"

"Yes, anything, everything—only come out of this crowd."

So Mrs. Gates went home; and that evening the banker agreed to make his wife a regular allowance of so much per week, to be paid down every morning at the breakfast table.

"But we'll have no more selling strawberries," said Mr. Gates, nervously.

"To be sure not," said Milly. "All I wanted was a little money of my own."

And Mrs. Gates never again had to ask her husband for money.

A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Look, the world's comforter with weary gait,
His day's hot task has ended in the west,
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest:—
Shakespeare.

The songs have ceased, and busy men
Are to their beds of silence creeping;
The pale, cold moon looks out again
On the tired world so softly sleeping.
Sir John Bowring.

Reader, have you ever had the misfortune to spend a summer in the city? If so, perhaps it was, after all, not a misfortune, inasmuch as it will enable you all the better to appreciate and enjoy the country. The delightful country, with its calm and quiet, its coolness and peace, its freshness and repose.

When nightfall comes, you seat yourself upon the veranda and listen to the gentle and subdued hum of pleasant country sounds; the lowing of cows coming from their pastures to be milked; the hum of the tired bee, coming home laden with honey; the low ripple of the water in the brook; and the cool sighing of the wind in the tall pines. The fragrance of new mown hay is wafted to you upon the breeze; the sun sinks below the horizon, leaving the western sky all aglow with radiance; and presently the shadows of evening throw a veil over the lovely scene; the sounds of labor are hushed, and all the world seems at rest.

"No sound, save of the night wind's gentlest sigh,
Could reach the ear:—"

"Hark, to the gentle lullaby,
That through the trees is creeping,
Those sleepy trees that nod their heads
Ere the moon as yet comes peeping,
Like a tender nurse, to see if all
Her little ones are sleeping."

Far otherwise in the city. The stifling heat and dust, the tramp of busy feet, the ceaseless roar and rattle of wheels, which grate upon the ear all day with everlasting din, when evening comes, still clatter on with unabated fury.

"On with the cap and out with the light,
Weariness bids the world good night,
At least for the usual season;
But hark! a clatter of horses' heels:
And sleep and silence are broken wheels,
Like wilful murder and treason!"

Another crash—and the carriage goes—
Again poor weariness seeks repose—
That nature demands injurious;
With a rattling chorus of row-de-dow-dow,
Till silence herself seems making a row,
Like a Quaker gone delirious!"

It is said that those who dwell near the mighty cataract of Niagara, are so accustomed to its roar, that they never hear it; and so with all accustomed sounds, they cease to impress themselves upon the ear. Thus the hum of the city gradually grows indistinct, and you are just sinking into slumber when a chorus of fighting cats startles you with its harsh discordant sound. This is by no means calculated to soothe you to sleep, but remembering that the poet tells us

"Night is the time for rest,"

you endeavor to compose your nerves as far as possible, and once more try to sleep; but now the plaintive wail of an infant, in the next block of houses, comes to you through the open windows, and instead of being hushed it soon grows into a loud and suffering cry, which is kept up, as it seems to you, for hours. All your motherly sympathies are aroused. What can be the matter with that poor child? Is it ill, or neglected? Can it be possible that any parent could wilfully suffer a poor little child to scream so? causing suffering not only to the child but to hundreds of weary and suffering listeners on every side?

"Judge not, that ye be not judged." The baby cries because it is in pain, and its mother tries in vain to quiet it, using each motherly art and even rising from her couch she paces the room with the child in her arms, till she feels as if she should sink upon the floor, exhausted.

But why this pain?

The pain arises from indigestion, and the indigestion is caused by eating improper food.

"And why did she give it improper food?" you say. "She ought to have known better."

Stop, stop, dear madam, not so fast. The mother would gladly have given nourishment to her infant from the source provided by nature, but her own milk proves insufficient and injurious to the child.

"Owing to her own bad temper," you say, "this always injures the milk of a nursing mother."

No, on the contrary she has been noted for being of a patient and gentle temper, and this we know is favorable to the secretion of a nourishing and healthful milk.

"What then?"

Why simply this. She has injured the quality and quantity of her milk by overwork, and by mental suffering, in the desperate struggle for life for herself and her little ones. Let us peep into the chamber from whence the sounds come. The poor mother who has been pacing the room with her infant, sinks at last, exhausted, into a rocking chair, and tries in vain to quiet the little fellow by offering him the usual panacea. "Oh! I am so tired," she says, under her breath.

"Hush, darling, hush," she says, in a

gentle, soothing tone, "there, there, now by-low with mamma, and go to sleep. Hush-sh-sh."

"There is not the least use in wearing yourself out so over that child," says Mr. Lee, adjusting his head at the same time comfortably upon his pillow, and settling himself for repose. "Children should be taught to sleep at night. It is just the way you manage them."

"How can I teach him to sleep? I am sure I don't know," answers Mrs. Lee, despairingly.

"Why, how do other mothers do it? My mother never used to have such a fuss with her children, and Tom Stanley told me the other day that he never in his life was kept awake at night by a child, and you know they have seven."

"Oh dear," groaned Mrs. Lee, "I wish our children would sleep at night."

"So they would if you managed them right; as I said before it is all management."

"But what can I do? how must I manage them?"

"Why, just let them alone. Put the baby to bed comfortably, and then go to bed yourself, and if he cries, let him cry it out."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Lee, "I could never bear to let a child scream, or to see him suffer without doing something for him."

"You make yourself a perfect slave to your children," he rejoined, "the baby knows well enough who is master; but I suppose there is no use in arguing with you. I shall be utterly unfit for business to-morrow if I am kept awake all night. I must try to get a little sleep," and again Mr. Lee turned over, beat up his pillow, and closing his eyes, settled himself once more to slumber.

As may be supposed this little conversation had not tended to lull the baby to repose or to soften his pain, and it was not till after midnight that poor, weary Mrs. Lee, having at last succeeded in soothing her little one to rest, lay down carefully upon her couch with her child upon her arm, afraid to move into a comfortable position for fear of awaking him, and overpowered with weariness sunk into a heavy sleep.

Mr. Lee was not an unkind man, and when he woke next morning and saw the pale, haggard expression upon the face of his sleeping wife he moved softly with his clothes into the next room that he might not disturb her while dressing. But a shrill whistle made by some thoughtless boy in the street in passing the house just then aroused poor Mrs. Lee, who wearily unclosing her eyes and seeing the sunlight streaming in at the window, rose hastily, and with a heavy heart and aching limbs, once more began the toil and labors of a long summer's day.

A few more nights similar to this passed, and then it became apparent to both parents that their child was really seriously ill. The family physician was summoned, who after two or three visits in which simple but effective remedies were administered, one day said to them:

"Now, my friends, you may consid-

er your child out of immediate danger. He has been very ill, and threatened with congestion of the brain, but for this time, at least, I think he has passed the worst; all his symptoms are favorable and in a few days, with care, he will probably have fully recovered from this attack. But remember he is at any time liable to a recurrence of the same disease, unless the cause is removed. You must therefore be on your guard. 'Forewarned, forearmed,' you know."

"But what should cause him to be liable to this disease?" asked Mr. Lee.

"His mother is at the root of the mischief," replied the doctor, with an arch smile.

"Why, doctor, what can you mean?" queried poor Mrs. Lee.

"Why, simply this," said the Dr., "you are not at your best, and while you are in your present state of health your milk must be injurious to your child."

"Why not wean the baby at once?" said Mr. Lee. "I am sure he is wearing his mother out."

"Because his digestive organs are not strong enough to endure such a change of diet. If you were to wean him now in the heat of summer, or indeed at any time before October, you would certainly lose him."

"What then would you advise, doctor?"

"You must improve the baby's health by improving the health of his mother, and it can be done in no other way."

"Do you think Mrs. Lee has naturally a feeble constitution?" asked her husband.

"No," said the doctor, "under favorable circumstances her health would be excellent, and her children as healthful as you could desire but she is far from well now, and unless there is a decided improvement in her health soon, I assure you that you will not only lose your child, who is a fine active boy with a large brain, but the chances are that your wife will be either a confirmed invalid or ready for an insane asylum."

"Why, doctor, I am surprised to hear you say this! I had no idea of anything so serious."

"My dear sir, hundreds of women are sent to insane asylums every year who might have been spared to lead useful, happy lives with their families and friends by a little tender care and thoughtfulness. 'The ounce of preventive' is too often neglected, and then the 'pound of cure' is of no avail."

"What do you prescribe for her, doctor?"

"I prescribe for her, first, time for rest and recreation, plenty of sleep, daily exercise in the open air, nourishing food, cheerful surroundings, and kind friends."

"Do you not think she needs some tonic?"

"The best tonics for your wife, my dear sir, are fresh air, rest, recreation, sleep, and above all plenty of love and sympathy. If you will see to it that she has a regular and daily supply of these I will promise you a rich reward, for it will give to you in return the life of a bright and beautiful child, the help and counsel of a loving

and faithful wife, and the blessing and cheer of a happy home."

Reader, that prescription has been tried, and its efficacy fully proved.



MY EASY CHAIR.

BY MARY CUTTS.

As I waked from a slumber the day you left,
How deserted and drear to me
Seemed my dear little room from which you had
fled,

And the places late filled by thee!
I gazed all around with a woeful face;
For no one, alas! was there,
To reject the allurements of parlor below,
And recline on my easy chair.

Ah! dull did it seem with its broad, ample rooms,
And its ruffled old cushion so gay;
"And why thus deserted, neglected, am I?"
The faithful old friend seemed to say.
'Tis true these dear ones would oftentimes come,
Forgetting each labor and care;
Yet, for hours and hours, when gazing on it,
Forlorn seemed my easy chair.

Kind friends would come in, and say, "How do
you?"

I am sorry that you are so ill;"
But my chair was unsatisfied yet, as I thought,
"And looked very woefully still."
For the kind friend was one, and far roaming
away

O'er mountain and valleys so fair,—
The friend who came in when I felt sick and weak,
To repose on my easy chair.

Madam Luna, too, sweetly would smile on my
couch,
And the sunbeams around me play;
All nature, arrayed in a beautiful robe.
Did seem most attractively gay;
Yet I turned from the softness of moonbeam pale,
From the splendor of noonday glare,
To gaze with a pensive and sorrowful brow
On my desolate easy chair.

WHAT WE ARE.

BY DAISY.

NOT what the world in its varying
moods and phases takes us to be,
not even what we foolishly fancy our-
selves to be in our own minor con-
sciousness, can in any way stand the
test of omniscient scrutiny. Subter-
fuges fail us when we stand eye to eye
with inexorable truth. Our pitiful
parleying and weak compromises with
self cannot soften the blackness of the
inevitable record of what we are, and,
thank God, neither can any breath of
detraction from the outside world,
sully the whiteness of that record.

It is such a glorious thing to do, to
plan, to execute, indeed, certain de-
grees of activity determine one's
physical, mental and moral status. So
in the whirl of the busy world, the
halt and the maimed are counted out.
Yet sometimes, out of the rush of the
great tide are little still places soft
with verdure and sweet with blooms
of patience and self-sacrifice. In the
quiet corners of the world, dumb souls
await the unsealing of another life, in
hope and quiet endeavor.

I am sure the world would have
called her a very commonplace old
woman, my heroine, not worth think-
ing about one would imagine. A poor
widow who took in washings and had
one calico dress a year, and little old
black caps that would have been dusty

and rusty if she wasn't the very quin-
tessence of neatness in her person.
Her hands were hard and rough and
her body was bent and she looked quite
unlike a heroine, trudging along the
street in her old gray hood and her
faded shawl. Long, long ago she was
pretty and lively and when she took
up the burden of married life she didn't
know what a heavy burden it would
prove to be. Life brought nothing but
hardship and poverty and finally sick-
ness. For years and years she was
nurse, housekeeper and provider for a
sick husband and little children. She
had not even the meagre comfort of a
loving appreciation of her care from
the invalid but often bore marks of
positive cruelty at her husband's hands.

Early and late, without thought of
complaint, she ministered to him in
his loathsomeness and when he died
she mourned for him and planted his
grave with flowers as though he had
been her heart's idol. And yet when
superficial sorrow mounts the stage
and parades its suffering she is silent.
She does not flippantly voice her
griefs, yet who shall say what ruined
hopes, what wounded pride, what
stricken love she carried in her hungry
heart, those weary, weary years? So
though she was only a poor old woman
who took in washings, in the eyes of
the world, in the sight of angels she
wore the badge of heaven's royalty.

Then there is Mrs. Shoddy who in
silken attire sweeps majestically down
the aisle of the church on Sunday, to
her gaudily upholstered pew. She
lifts her eyes to the clergyman's face
in a saintly way, she bows low and
makes most fervent responses, and
people say, what a sweetly devoted
soul she was. Then she heads the list
on subscriptions for charitable pur-
poses, with what seems to be a gra-
cious generosity and everybody thinks
what a fine use she makes of her
wealth. When her pastor speaks pa-
thetically of the sufferings of the poor,
she raises her dainty handkerchief to
her eyes to wipe away the tears that
never come, to show what a tenderly
sympathetic heart she has. Yet pri-
vately, in her actual contact with the
poor she superciliously snubs them.
She has no interest in their lives and
no patience with their misfortunes.
To the dependents of her household
she is sharp and niggardly to the last
extent. Looking at what she seems
to be to the world, it would symbolize
her as a goodly stream making its
banks fair with flowers where it ran.
But the real picture of what she is
would be only a parched desert waste
to which no thirsty soul might come
for refreshment.

Then there is the delightfully genial
man of society. He has such surpris-
ing adaptability to his surroundings;
he has tact to make his friends in the
best conceit with him and themselves,
and his brilliant repartee and rare con-
versational powers make him admired
and sought after in the world. Out of
its praises, in the privacy of his home,
he drops the mask of a smiling courtier
and becomes a veritable tyrant. All
his brilliancy and good humor are re-
placed by sullenness and fault finding,
so cursing the one spot of all he
should most desire to bless. There
could be no more striking contrast
of light and shade than the interming-

ling of such a life as it really is with
that which it assumes to be.

Another person wearing a disguise
is the inscrutable little home body,
who out of deficiency of strength for
keeping a place in society and a cheery
untroubled homelife at the same time,
is dubbed a nobody by the rare dis-
crimination of the able-bodied sister-
hood. It is such a deplorable thing,
say they, to burden one's self perpet-
ually with the trifles that make the
domestic wheels run smoothly. As a
matter of course she is finally dropped
out of society's ranks as being quite
too slow for its onward march. Then
if she be true to herself come the
days for accumulating strength; days
of care and toil it may be, but of rich-
est discipline whose stern hand holds
the key to unlock the boundless store-
house of the soul. Days that lacking
all outside stimulus, are yet strong
with their own inspirations, won
through patient working and waiting.
So though she is counted out in the
estimate of the busy life of the world,
she is counted in to the transcendent
compensations God gives to His be-
loved.

Could some wonderful light reveal
to others what we really are, what a
strange unfolding it would be. And
yet we are all standing in a light invis-
ible to us, where every line is distinctly
traced, every shape, every tint, all
the wounds, and scars, and deformi-
ties. Pray God it may be a loving eye
that sees us as we are.

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH.

In the March number of the *HOUSE-
HOLD* there appeared an article from
the very able pen of Mrs. Dorr, which
struck me with peculiar force, as in a
very common sense manner she stated
some truths that thrust themselves
with especial import upon the atten-
tion of thoughtful members of society.
There is no doubt that death is regard-
ed as the great enemy of the human
race and that we can never come to
regard it as anything but a terror as
long as we are educated to believe it
to be the termination of all interest in
earthly affairs. Our friends are here,
our affections center here with them,
and to be torn away ruthlessly and
suddenly without any possibility of
compensation or hope of relief, is the
hardest trial that human beings have
to endure upon earth. Is it strange
that in the reaction against this faith
any opinion however absurd finds ad-
vocates as long as such opinion prom-
ises relief from the silence of the grave?

The human intellect has solved the
problem of transmitting intelligence
in a moment to the uttermost part of
the earth, but countless millions were
born and buried ere the brain of a
Morse constructed the first electric
telegraph. And yet he used no means
that were not in existence since the
creation, and in his discovery we may
discern the possibility of powers latent
that shall go a long way toward solv-
ing the mystery of death. Let it not
be said as Mrs. Dorr has intimated,
that death is an eternal mystery from
whose precincts no sensible message
shall ever be evolved.

Because the mind of man was cen-
turies in solving the simple method of
telegraphy does it follow that the mind

was powerless? Or, rather, that the
time had not yet come when there was
a demand for the invention. So it
seems to me that the present age is
calling for light upon all mysteries and
that the Father of spirits has no objec-
tion to the veil of death being removed
as soon as humanity can comprehend
the mystery of ages and I dare say
that if it was shown plainly to us we
should be surprised to see how simple
after all the mystery of death appears
to those who have passed its portals.
What if it be nothing but another
birth into a land that is as well or bet-
ter adapted to cultivating the mind
than this is to the growth of the body;
a land where the chances and condi-
tions that make life so hard and cul-
ture so difficult to the masses, are re-
moved, and where the intelligent have
to instruct the ignorant as a condition
to their own happiness. Would not
such a world as that be more consist-
ent with the life and example of Christ,
than a Heaven where idleness is con-
sidered desirable, and the people resi-
dent without affection for those so
unfortunate as to be excluded?

I give these thoughts for what they
are worth, but of one thing we may all
be sure. Life does not end at death.
Even the physical continues to exist,
and if that be so the law of compensa-
tion demands the perpetuity of the
spiritual. I know not what may be
the opinion of many of your readers
concerning immortality, but if the
signs of the times are an index, there
will arise a sect in our land who will
solve the problem of death as the oth-
er mysteries of nature have been
solved, and then we shall wonder that
we ever shuddered when we were
called upon to lay our friends in his
icy embrace.

HOMELY WOMEN.

I used to feel badly to think I was
classed with those long suffering and
much enduring females, known as
homely women; but lately the classi-
fication has become quite pleasing to
me. Homely has almost as varied a
meaning in its application to faces, as
that much abused adjective "nice,"
has in relation to other things. Nice
has been used to qualify almost every-
thing from edible to the Niagara Falls,
while homely is used to describe all
kinds of faces from moderately plain
to positively ugly and repulsive ones.

Not long ago while riding in the
street cars, a gentleman directed my
attention to a lady seated in the cor-
ner of the vehicle, remarking that
her husband was a very talented man,
and that he pitied him for having
"such a homely wife." Being in sym-
pathy with that class of women, I
looked at her quite attentively to see
what homely meant in her case. I
found she had a very pleasant face, but
strength was written upon it too plain-
ly to admit of its being called pretty,
so her husband was pitied for having
"such a homely wife." He probably
agreed with Emerson, "a face that
character wears to me is sufficing-
ness."

While looking at the lady, my idea
of a homely face, was that it was an
intelligent one, but the same day I met
several other women in all stages of
ugliness that were also called homely.

Now I have no objection to being called a homely woman, but I do protest against the words having such a doubtful meaning. All homely women, however, can make the words pleasing to themselves in the way that I have. Homely, really means homelike, and as home is the "dearest spot on earth," it must necessarily take a very agreeable face to remind one of it. Never accept the words in any other way when applied to yourself.

PLAIN JANE.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

There is a ship named Sometime;
Men dream of it, and wait—
One on the shore, impatient,
And one at the household gate,
Thinking, "If it come not in the morn,
Then in the evening it may."
But one I knew, not thinking of ships,
Worked till the close of the day;
Lifting his eyes at the evening time,
Lo, there his ship at anchor lay.

—Poor folk's wisdom goes for little.

—Some men, like flowers, are fitter for a corner than a full light.—*Seneca.*

—Affliction's rods are made of many twigs, but they are all cut from the tree of life.

—The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.

—A man will generally give you his advice without charge, but you will often be cheated if you take it.

—The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.—*Dr. Johnson.*

—A plant that grows in a cave is pale and sickly; so is the piety of a Christian who shuts himself out from the fellowship of God's household.

—If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable impression of you; if with a little mind, leave him with a favorable opinion of himself.

—Diogenes being asked, "The biting of which beast is the most dangerous?" answered: "If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer; if tame ones, the flatterer."

—The minds of some people are like the pupil of the human eye, and contract themselves the more the stronger light there is shed upon them.—*Thomas Moore.*

—A little girl, five years of age, being asked what is faith, artlessly replied: "It is doing just what God wants us to do, and asking no questions about it." This covers the whole field; perfect trust, combined with implicit obedience.

—As birds sing oftener on lowly roofs than palace domes, and roses love best to climb o'er lowly window sills and cottage eaves, so to the poor God's blessings come, freighted with dearest wealth, and to the humble heart His love is sweetest.

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

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

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

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.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read so much in your columns of late regarding the experience of ladies testing the merits of the great Dobbins' Electric Soap, that I too was led to send to its manufacturers, (Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,) a few weeks ago, for a box of it. In course of time it arrived, and was quickly opened, for my woman's curiosity was excited to see if it looked like other soap. As soon as I saw it, pure, sweet, and white as snow, I felt that its superiority to other soaps had not been exaggerated by the many members of THE HOUSEHOLD who have so unanimously sung its praises.

Wash-day came, and I put it to all sorts of tests, and I truly believe after trial that there is nothing that Dobbins' Electric Soap won't do. I have been so anxious that all my neighbors should know that wash-day had been shorn of all its terrors, that I gave my box all away among them, and the result is, that, without one single exception, every one says it is the very best soap they ever used. All our grocers have got supplies of it, and to use the words of one of them "it is going like hot cakes." I would not use any other soap, even if I had to pay for this twenty-five cents a pound, in fact I should then still think it economy to use it, it goes so far and does so much work. I cannot see why any one should neglect to try it and satisfy themselves. Mrs. E. D. D.

Canton, Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please say to Mrs. M. A. J. that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the very best I ever used. I have seen so many encomiums of it, that at last I made up my mind that it must be worth trying, and that so many ladies would not praise it so highly to your readers if it were not really all that they have said. So I sent fifteen cents for postage, to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., as Mrs. Jennie Warder advised in the June HOUSEHOLD, and in a few days I received my sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, white as snow, sweet and pure enough to eat, and already I have made up my mind that I can never again be without it. I cannot tell you half its merit; every day I like it better and learn something new regarding its properties. All I can say is, no one has said a word too strong in its favor, and that the soap tells a better story of itself than any one can do for it. Soberly, honestly, and sincerely, every woman who reads THE HOUSEHOLD is very careless of her own interests, if she neglects to try this soap for herself. It must have merit to be so praised, and it costs very little to test its merit and the truth of the many words of praise spoken of it through THE HOUSEHOLD. I, for one, think a vote of thanks due "Aunt Matilda" who first called our attention to "Dobbins' Electric Soap" in the February HOUSEHOLD.

MATTIE BOYD.

Rochester, N. Y.

HEARING RESTORED. Great invention. Book free. G. J. Wood, Madison, Ind.

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

WE TRUST every one of our present subscribers will send us a half dozen or more trial subscribers before Oct. 1st. See A Trial Trip, on last page.

THIS IS A WATCHFUL SEASON OF THE year for Mothers, as great care and judgment is required in feeding infants and young children. Ridge's Food is prepared to fill this greatest of all wants; don't leave a trial too late.

PERUVIAN SYRUP.—This valuable medicine has been silently making its way into public favor by the numerous remarkable cures it has performed. Its singular efficacy is owing to the protoxide of iron which in this preparation remains unchanged, and is the only form in which this vital element of healthy blood can be supplied.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—Those eminent men, Dr. Jas. Clark, Physician to Queen Victoria, and Dr. Hughes Bennett, say that consumption can be cured. Dr. Wistar knew this when he discovered his now widely-known Balsam of Wild Cherry, and experience has proved the correctness of his opinion. 50 cts. and \$1 a bottle, large bottles much the cheaper.

"We would not be without the American Peerless Soap for twice its cost" is the testimony of every one who has given it a fair trial, and of these there is almost an innumerable multitude which is constantly increasing as the merits of the soap become more extensively known. Try it and you will be glad to enrol your name as a life member of the Peerless army.

BAYOLINE is now the popular hair dressing. It is meeting with ready sale in all directions. It is sold by all druggists at a very reasonable price; and its virtues, its beneficial effects upon the scalp, its efficacy in preventing the hair from falling out, its cleanliness and economy are points in its favor, which are vouched for by a well-known physician, and which all will discover by a brief trial.

Many who are suffering from the effects of the warm weather and are debilitated, are advised by physicians to take moderate amounts of whisky two or three times during the day. In a little while those who adopt this advice frequently increase the number of "drinks," and in time become confirmed inebriates. A beverage which will not create thirst for intoxicating liquors, and which is intended especially for the benefit of debilitated persons, whether at home or abroad, is Dr. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic. Containing the juices of many medicinal herbs, this preparation does not create an appetite for the intoxicating cup. The nourishing and life-supporting properties of many valuable natural productions contained in it and well known to medical men have a most strengthening influence. A single bottle of the Tonic will demonstrate its valuable qualities. For debility arising from sickness, over exertion or from any cause whatever, a wineglassful of Sea Weed Tonic taken after meals will strengthen the stomach and create an appetite for wholesome food. To all who are about leaving their homes, we desire to say that the excellent effects of Dr. Schenck's seasonal remedies, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills, are particularly evident when taken by those who are injuriously affected by a change of water and diet. No person should leave home without taking a supply of these safeguards along. For sale by all druggists.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the preparation known as crushed wheat prepared by Messrs F. T. Smith & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. To those suffering with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Indigestion and kindred ailments, and those of sedentary habits, it will prove invaluable. It can be used in very many ways, such as for puddings, soups, gruel, muffins, cakes, dessert, cold, with milk, sugar or syrup, or fried in slices, or in fact in almost every manner that rice, oat-meal, corn-meal, barley, tapioca, sago, or any similar article can be used, and in which the skillful housekeeper will find a most desirable substitute for all. For a breakfast dish it is unequalled, and should be on every table. Directions for cooking will be found on each package.

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Cures Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises or Wounds of every kind in man or animal.

"GILES' IODIDE OF AMMONIA is, in my judgment, the best remedy for neuralgia ever put before the public. I have been afflicted with this terrible disease for 22 years, and never until I fell upon Mr. Giles' remedy did I find any assured relief. I take pleasure in saying this, inasmuch as I desire always to be a benefactor of the human family. WM. F. CORBIT,
Chairman of the Methodist Church Extension.
Sold by all Druggists. Depot 451 Sixth Ave., N. Y. Only 50 cents and \$1 a bottle.

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



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HAVE YOU SEEN THE

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

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FOR MOTH-PATCHES, FRECKLES,

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

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Blackheads or Flesh-worms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine, or consult

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PORTLAND, ROMAN & KEENE'S CEMENTS,

For Wells, Cisterns, Foundations, Stables, Cellars, Reservoirs, Iron Batts, &c. S. L. MERCHANT & CO., Importers, 76 South-St. (entrance on Maiden Lane), NEW YORK.

Remit 6 cts. postage stamps for Treatise on Cement.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS!**Open to All.**

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

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

A COTTAGE ORGAN, worth \$200.

For the Second largest list

A GOLD WATCH, worth \$100.

For the Third,

either **A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$80,**
or **APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, worth \$80.**

For the Fourth,

either **AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.**
or **A SILVER WATCH, worth \$50.**

For the Fifth, Prang's Beautiful Chromo,

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN, worth \$25.

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

ANOTHER LIST**DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.**

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

A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.

For the Second largest list we will give

AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.

For the Third

A SILVER WATCH, worth \$35.

For the Fourth,

A BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE, worth \$30.

For the Fifth

A CHILD'S CARRIAGE, worth \$20.

For the Sixth

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

For the Seventh,

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.

For the Eighth, Prang's Brilliant Chromo,

SUNSET IN CALIFORNIA, worth \$10.

For the Ninth

Family Scales, (24 lbs.) worth \$5.

For the Tenth

A Gold Pen, worth \$3.

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

To Single Subscribers.

We have on our subscription books the names of several thousands of SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS. A single subscriber is not necessarily an unmarried one but merely one whose copy of THE HOUSEHOLD is the only one taken at his or her postoffice. Those who receive this paper in wrappers (except in a few of the large cities where all are wrapped) will understand that they are single subscribers and therefore interested in this paragraph. Now it is just as easy for us to send fifty or a hundred copies to an office as one and we much rather do it, so we call upon those friends to send us lists of sub-

scribers from their postoffices and not compel us to wrap each paper singly—you have no idea of the large amount of work it causes every month. No matter if you don't get but one name besides your own. That will be two and that will make a bundle. Read what we will do for you: To the single subscriber who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from their own postoffice we will give

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.00.

For the Second largest list we will give

A Family Clothes Wringer, worth \$7.50.

For the Third,

A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, worth \$5.00.

For the Fourth, a copy of

GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE U. S., worth \$3.50.

For the Fifth,

A GOLD PEN WITH SILVER CASE, worth \$2.50.

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

4thly and to Conclude.

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

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, worth \$12.

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

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Before Oct. 1st, 1875.

1868. 1875.

THE HOUSEHOLD**For 1875.**

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

PROGRAMME FOR VOL. 8TH.**A New Volume!****New Type!!****New Contributors!!!****New Subscribers!!!!****A Better Paper for Less Money!**

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

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1875.

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

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

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

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

One Dollar and Ten Cts.

making it by far THE CHEAPEST PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

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

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

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

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July 1, 1875.

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Or the agents,

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Send for sample and mention THE HOUSEHOLD.
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NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 12:40 p. m., Montreal at 3:50 p. m., St. Albans at 7:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., for Springfield, New York, &c.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:25 a. m., arriving at New London at 5:15 p. m.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 p. m., Rutland at 3:30 p. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 8:40 p. m.

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

GOING NORTH.

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

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EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Miller's Falls at 11:25 a. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 12:24 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—Leave New London at 8:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:55 p. m., for White River Junction.

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J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Sup't.
St. Albans, Vt., May 29, 1875.**Household Premiums.**

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No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
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15	Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated),	2 00	5
16	Six Scotch Pl'd Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
17	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
18	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
19	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
20	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
21	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
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28	Six Dining Forks, (silver plated),	4 00	9
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31	Sheet Music, (Agts. selection),	5 00	10
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33	Hf. Chromo. Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
34	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
35	Carving Knife and Fork,	6 00	12
36	Spoon Holder, (silver plated),	6 50	14
37	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
38	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
39	Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler),	7 00	14
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