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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 9.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOVEMBER, 1876.

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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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FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Summer is fading; the broad leaves that grew
So freshly green when June was young are fall-
ing;

And all the whisper-haunted forest through
The restless birds in saddened tones are calling
From rustling hazel copse and tangled dell:

"Farewell, sweet summer,
Fragrant, fruity summer,
Sweet farewell!"

Upon the windy hills in many a field,
The honey-bees hum slow above the clover,
Gleaning the latest sweets its blooms may yield,
And, knowing that their harvest time is over,
Sing, half a lullaby and half a knell:

"Farewell, sweet summer,
Honey-laden summer,
Sweet farewell!"

The little brook that bubbles 'mid the ferns,
O'er twisted roots and sandy shallows playing,
Seems fain to linger in its eddied turns,
And with a plaintive, purring voice is saying,
Sadder and sweeter than my song can tell:

"Farewell, sweet summer,
Warm and dreamy summer,
Sweet farewell!"

The sultry breeze sweeps down the winding lane,
With gold and crimson leaves before it flying;
Its gusty laughter has no sound of pain,
But in the lulls it sinks to gentle sighing,
And mourns the summer's early broken spell—

"Farewell, sweet summer,
Rosy, blooming summer,
Sweet farewell!"

So bird and bee and brook and breeze make moan,
With melancholy song their woes complaining;
I, too, must join them as I walk alone
Among the sights and sounds of summer's wan-
ing;

I, too, have loved the season passing well—
So farewell summer,
Fair, but faded summer,
Sweet farewell!

—George Arnold.

ORNAMENTAL VINES.

AFTER the necessary trees have all been planted; the shrubs properly arranged, either in pleasing groups or as single specimens; the sod put in the right condition, and the thousand and one odd touches are put on—there is still about the place a lack of finish and completeness, without vines. For covering trellises, screens, arbors, old stumps, and even unsightly heaps of

stone and rubbish, nothing else will do as well as vines. Vines we must have; and when so many beautiful ones may be had so easily, it is difficult to see why so few are planted. Most varieties can be obtained from the nurseries for a mere trifle, and so many of the best can be had for going into the woods and digging them. For covering out-buildings, tall stumps or other large objects, one of the very best is the Virgin Creeper (American Ivy, Five-leaved Ivy, or Ampelopsis quinquefolia). It is found in the woods in every part of the west, and will bear almost any kind of abuse in transplanting at almost any season of the year. It grows very rapidly, and needs almost no training or tying up, as it will fasten itself to anything—even a brick wall—by means of the little rootlets or suckers which are very numerous on its branches. All that is necessary to be done is, to plant it beside whatever is to be covered—it will take care of itself, and soon become one of the most beautiful plants on the place. It is well covered with large five parted leaves, dark green through the summer, changing to a bright crimson and yellow in the fall, when it becomes as brilliant and showy as the maple.

Another rapid grower is the Wistaria or Glycerin, one variety of which is native in the northern states. It grows well, has leaves something like the ash, and long racemes of pea-shaped dark blue flowers, which give it a very showy appearance. The Chinese Wistaria is very similar, but is a stronger grower, reaches a larger size, and produces its pale blue flower plentifully in the spring and again more sparingly in the fall. The white variety differs from it only in the color of its flowers.

Probably the most common and most popular of climbers is the honeysuckle, of which there are many varieties. The Monthly Fragrant is very attractive with its red and yellow fragrant flowers throughout the season. But my favorite is the Halleyana, and evergreen, strong-growing variety, which blooms profusely from June to September. The flowers are pure white, changing slightly to yellow, and most deliciously fragrant. If I could have but one variety, I would certainly choose this one.

The Bignonia or Trumpet Vine is everywhere known, and admired for its large trumpet-shaped scarlet and orange-colored flowers, which are pronounced abundantly in August.

The Clematis or Virgin's Bower, which is so common in our woods, must not be left out of our gardens.

Beside the wild varieties, nursery-

ranging from pure white to blue, purple and striped, and many of the flowers are of immense size. Besides these and other woody vines, there are almost any number of annuals and biennials, which may add greatly to the beauty and variety of grounds, and for temporary purposes it is often better to plant such. Nothing can exceed the brilliancy of the cypress vine; the many-hued but quickly-closing flowers of the morning-glory, and the graceful delicacy of the Mountain Fringe or Alleghany vine. We must not neglect these while making our plans for a pleasant place, for while they last they are exceedingly beautiful, and well worth all the care that is given them.

BEAUTIFYING THE NOOKS AND CORNERS.

A little book has recently appeared in England called the "Wild Garden," the object of the author being to show the English people what a large number of garden plants, usually supposed to require careful cultivation, will, if planted out and neglected, take care of themselves, and go and flourish from year to year—in short, become perfectly naturalized. He proposes that plants of this hardy nature should be planted in such nooks and corners as almost every large place presents, and thus form what he calls his "wild garden," where instead of weeds the place shall be filled with pleasing flowers, growing in a natural way.

The idea is a happy one, and quite as practicable with us as in England. There is scarcely a farmer's wife who does not long for a garden, while but few of them are able to command the means and time to keep one in proper order. A neglected garden is a source of pain rather than pleasure, but if she could have a wild garden, where one of its merits was its freedom from care, it would allow many a one to enjoy flowers who might otherwise be deprived of this pleasure. Upon almost every place there is a spot exactly adapted to a wild garden. If it is so rocky that it has been left untouched all the better.

Almost any of the well-known border plants that are to be found in old gardens are suited to the wild garden; the Columbines, Larkspur, Moss Pink, Primrose, Peonies, Perennial Poloxes, and a host of others. Some of our more attractive native plants would of course find a place here, and the late-flowering Chrysanthemums also. We can readily see that a wild garden can be made to the real lover of flowers a source of daily pleasure, from the time the first crocus pushes in early spring until frost has destroyed the last Chrysanthemum.



A CHEERFUL ROOM.

ROOMS have just as much expression as faces. They produce just as strong an impression on us at first sight. The instant we cross the threshold of a room, we know certain things about the persons who live in it. The walls and the floor, and the tables and chairs, all speak out at once, and betray some of their owner's secrets. They tell us whether she is neat or unneat, orderly or disorderly, and more than all, whether she is of a cheerful, sunny temperament, and loves beauty in all things, or is dull and heavy, and does not know pretty things from ugly ones. And just as these traits in a person act on us, making us happy and cheerful, or gloomy and sad, so does the room act upon us. We may not know, perhaps, what it is that is raising or depressing our spirits; we may not suspect that we could be influenced by such a thing; but it is true, nevertheless.

I have been in many rooms in which it was next to impossible to talk with any animation or pleasure, or to have any sort of good time. They were dark and dismal; they were full of ugly furniture, badly arranged; the walls and the floors were covered with hideous colors; no two things seemed to belong together, or to have any relation to each other; so that the whole effect on the eye was almost as torturing as the effect on the ear would be of hearing a band of musicians playing on bad instruments, and all playing different tunes.

I have also been in many rooms where you could not help having a good time, even if there were nothing especially going on in the way of conversation or amusement, just because the room was so bright and cozy. It did you good simply to sit still there. You almost thought you would like to go sometimes when the owner was away, and you need not talk with anybody but the room itself.

In very many instances the dismal rooms were the rooms on which a great deal of money had been spent, and the cozy rooms belonged to people who were by no means rich. Therefore, since rooms can be made cozy and cheerful with very little money, I think it is right to say that it is every woman's duty to make her rooms cozy and cheerful.

The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshine. Without this, mon-

ey, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheerful; and it is as unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it; neither will people. Nobody knows, or ever will know, how many men and women have been killed by dark rooms.

"Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Sydney Smith used to say of a morning, when he ordered every blind throw open, every shade drawn up to the top of the window. Whoever is fortunate enough to have a southeast or southwest corner room, may, if she chooses, live in such floods of sunny light that sickness will have hard work to get hold of her; and as for the blues, they will not dare to so much as knock at her door.

Second on my list of essentials for a cheerful room I put—color. Many a room that would otherwise be charming is expressionless and tame for want of bright color. Don't be afraid of red. It is the most kindling and inspiring of colors. No room can be perfect without a good deal of it. All the shades of scarlet or of crimson are good. In an autumn leaf, in a curtain, in a chair cover, in a pincushion, in a vase, in the binding of a book, everywhere you put it, it makes a brilliant point and gives pleasure. The blind say that they always think red must be like the sound of a trumpet, and I think there is a deep truth in their instinct. It is the gladdest, most triumphant color everywhere.

Next to red comes yellow; this must be used very sparingly. No bouquet of flowers is complete without a little touch of yellow; and no room is as gay without yellow as with it. But a bouquet in which yellow predominates is ugly; the colors of all the other flowers are killed by it; and a room which has one grain too much of yellow in it is hopelessly ruined. I have seen the whole expression of one side of a room altered, improved, toned up, by the taking out of two or three bright yellow leaves from a big sheaf of sumac and ferns. The best and safest color for walls is a delicate cream color. When I say best and safest, I mean the best background for bright colors and for pictures, and the color which is least in danger of disagreeing with anything you may want to put upon it. So also with floors; the safest and best tint is a neutral gray. If you cannot have a bare wooden floor, either of black walnut, or stained to imitate it, then have a plain gray felt carpet.

Above all things, avoid bright colors in a carpet. In rugs, to lay down on a plain gray, or on a dark brown floor, the brighter the colors the better. The rugs are only so many distinct pictures thrown up into relief here and there by the under-tint of gray or brown. But a pattern, either set or otherwise, of bright colors journeying up and down, back and forth, breadth after breadth, on a floor, is always and forever ugly. If one is so unfortunate as to enter on the possession of a room with such a carpet as this, or with a wall-paper of a similar nature, the first thing to be done, if possible, is to get rid of them or cover them up. Better have a ten-cent paper of neutral tints, and indistinguishable figures on the wall, and have bare floors painted brown or gray.

Third on my list of essentials for making a room cozy, cheerful and beautiful, come books and pictures. Here some persons will cry out: "But books and pictures cost a great deal of money." Yes, books do cost money, and so do pictures; but books accumulate rapidly in most houses where books are read at all; and if people really want books, it is astonishing how many they contrive to get together in a few years without pinching themselves very seriously in other directions.

As for pictures costing money, how much or how little they cost depends on what sort of pictures you buy. You can buy for six shillings a good heliotype (which is to all intents and purposes as good as an engraving), of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas. But you can buy pictures much cheaper than that. A Japanese fan is a picture; some of them are exquisite pictures, and blazing with color, too. They cost anywhere from two to six cents. There are also Japanese pictures, printed on coarse paper, some two feet long and one broad, to be bought for twenty-five cents each; with a dozen of these, a dozen or two of fans, and say four good heliotypes, you can make the walls of a small room so gay that a stranger's first impression on entering it will be that it is adorned for a festival. The fans can be pinned on the walls in endlessly picturesque combinations. One of the most effective is to pin them across the corners of the room, in overlapping rows, like an old-fashioned card-rack.

Fourth on my list of essentials for a cozy, cheerful room, I put order. This is a dangerous thing to say, perhaps; but it is my honest conviction that sunlight, color, books and pictures come before order. Observe, however, that while it comes fourth on the list, it is only fourth; it is by no means last! I am not making an exhaustive list. I do not know where I should stop if I undertook that. I am mentioning only a few of the first principles—the essentials. And in regard to this very question of order, I am partly at a loss to know how far it is safe to permit it to lay down its law in a room. I think almost as many rooms are spoiled by being kept in too exact order, as by being too disorderly. There is an apparent disorder which is not disorderly; and there is an apparent order, which is only a witness to the fact that things are never used. I do not know how better to state the golden mean on this point than to tell the story of an old temple which was once discovered, bearing on three of its sides this inscription: "Be bold." On the fourth side the inscription: "Be not too bold."

I think it would be well written on three sides of a room: "Be orderly." On the fourth side: "But don't be too orderly."—*St. Nicholas.*

PICTURES.

Picture frames ought to be distinguished in color from the remaining furniture of a room, since a part of their design is to isolate the picture which they encase. For the same reason they should not correspond too nearly in their decoration with the other objects of the room. On the other hand, however, they should not

be out of harmony with the predominant color of the room, and might better harmonize in tone than by contrast; neither should their ornamentation be out of keeping with the general style of decoration observed in the rest of the furniture.

Pictures of middling size should be hung with their centers nearly level with the observer's eye. They should be hung flat against the wall, and not, as is often the case, tilting out. When they project from the wall there is an unpleasant sense of insecurity and a confusion of lines and the projection of shapeless shadows upon the neighboring wall. They should also be secured by two cords suspended from two nails—heavy cords for large pictures rather than thin cords or wires—in order to preserve the idea of security. Two parallel cords hanging perpendicularly are in better keeping with the parallel lines of the room than the unpleasant, triangular form made by a cord suspended by a single nail and attached to the two sides of the picture frame.

Oil paintings in gilt frames have the best effect against hangings of olive-gray, more or less deep, according to the tone of the picture. Pearl-gray, or normal-gray, a little deeper, is a good tint to receive engravings and plain lithographs in gilt or yellow-wood frames.—*Inter-Ocean.*

stall them in their winter quarters, give the sunniest spots to roses, heliotropes, geraniums, etc. Pinks and fuchsias may be partially shaded. Heaths require to be shaded, and should be kept moderately cool; water them only with soft water, and keep the soil in the pots loose. Begonias require a warm shady corner. Callas should have a warm place and some sunshine. They will bear to be stimulated to almost any degree, and thrive the better if hot water is poured in the saucer. Ivies may stand anywhere; they may be treated to warm water but should not be stimulated with liquid manure.

The best way to treat fuchsias is to keep them in a dry cellar until March, then prune them into shape and repot them in as small a pot as will hold the roots well. Give plenty of light and water and they will surprise and delight you with their rapid growth and abundant blossoms.

Give your roses a little powdered charcoal or soot tea.

Give your pinks a little lime water, but never stimulate them with guano or anything of the sort.

Give all your plants a refreshing ammonia bath once a week, putting about one teaspoonful of ammonia to two quarts of water.

Keep all plants and pots clean. As a rule water all healthy growing plants regularly every morning with soft water from which the chill has been taken, but do not wet the leaves of any plant when the sun is shining on it.

Some plants require special treatment. Callas, for instance, can scarcely have too much water, while heaths should be watered sparingly, never allowing any to stand in the saucer. Cactuses require very little water from September till February, and during that time they may stand in a moderately cool, shady place.

Avoid as far as possible sudden changes in temperature. Do not crowd your plants. Remove brown scale from hard-wooded plants, with an old tooth-brush and soap suds. It is said that a few drops of carbolic acid in the water with which you shower plants will discourage green lice. My remedy has always been to pick and brush them off and wash the underside of the leaves with a sponge and soap suds. Frequent showering and washing the underside of the leaves is the best remedy and preventive against the red spider. In very cold weather put a newspaper between your plants and the window. Keep them from draughts as much as possible. The best way to give them air is to open a window at the top during the middle of the day.

Roses bloom best in comparatively small pots. Heliotropes, on the contrary, should have plenty of pot room. If the leaves of your plants turn yellow and drop off, look to see if they are not pot bound. If you suspect there are needle worms at the roots try lime water.

THE AQUATIC BOUQUET.

BY MRS. C. S. JONES, MONROE, MO.

A novel and most charming floral arrangement will be found in the "Aquatic Bouquet;" and whether for the drawing-room bracket, the stand



MIGNONETTE.

BY WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

When every beauteous flower-cup
Is softly, closely, folding up,
As twilight shades the blooming bowers,
There floats across the garden wall,
A fragrant breath, more sweet than all
The odors of the vanished flowers—
A perfume we can ne'er forget,
The dewy breath of mignonette.

Oh! thus, when grace and beauty fade,
When hope and pride are lowly laid,
As years our pathway darkly cross,
May love its fragrant incense shed
To sweeten all the path we tread,
And more than recompense the loss.
Beauty and bloom we may forget,
But never love nor mignonette.

—Selected.

HINTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF PLANTS IN POTS.

BY FLORA.

MOST of the plants commonly kept in-doors during the winter will thrive well in a soil composed of two parts rich leaf mould to one of sandy loam or good garden earth. Mix thoroughly, making it very fine, and have your pots fresh and clean. Put some bits of charcoal or broken crocks in the bottom of each pot, throw in a handful of earth, hold up the plant by the crown in the middle of the pot, sift in the earth carefully around the roots, when the pot is nearly full give it a tap to settle the earth, sprinkle moderately and set in a shady place for a few days.

If you have an unoccupied room with a south window, it will be a good place for them until they need artificial heat. When you are ready to in-

of the sick room, or as an epergne for some elegant dining or supper table, it is an imposing object. But to describe this lovely creature: It consists of flowers, leaves, buds, sprays, grasses, ferns and moss—or indeed any treasure of the floral kingdom—in a state of perfect beauty, and in an upright position, surrounded, ~~coated~~, red, yes, buried as it were, beneath the limpid element. A singular, yet, after all, a most simple phenomenon, merely one of Nature's laws beautifully demonstrated, viz.: the power of atmospheric pressure, and the old rule of our school lesson, "two elements cannot occupy the same space at the same time," in this instance proved by following the subjoined directions:

Have ready a glass shade, such as we use for covering fern-cases, wax-flowers, statuary, or other delicate objects, of any size convenient; or substitute any plain glass chamber, such as a tumbler, jar, or bell-glass—though these are only suitable for small bouquets—a glass or china dish, with flat bottom, sufficiently large to admit the shade, and with a deep rim (such as a soup plate for instance); a selection of flowers of even ordinary species, such as dianthus, abronia, verbena, etc., with the other floral treasures before mentioned; a piece of stone one-half as large as diameter of the shade, some fine but strong green thread, and a tub filled with clear cold water. Now commence, by arranging the flowers and leaves tastefully into a graceful bouquet form; using judgment and artistic skill, in order that, by contrast and pleasing combinations, the most satisfactory results may be obtained. Fasten this when completed to the stone, by tying the stems to it (for which reason the stone might better be rather rugged in character). The stone itself must then be entirely hidden by tying moss and colored leaves around it (commencing at the top, and covering the stems of the bouquet). For this, the leaves of coleus, achyranthus, alternanthera, and variegated geraniums, contrasted with moss and emerald-green fern-fronds, will present a charming appearance. The stone so covered is placed in the center of the dish, and around it (if space intervenes between it and the side of the dish) arrange pretty stones, moss and bright leaves, with graceful vine sprays.

Now immerse this dish, arranged as it is, in the water contained in the tub; then taking the shade in the hand, place one side of it beneath the water, just over one side of the dish, and slowly sinking it until entirely filled, all the time turning it over the bouquet, until finally it is placed down on the dish; then raise dish and all up slowly from the water and you will find that the atmospheric pressure will keep the shade firmly fixed, while before you will be one of the most lovely objects you ever beheld.

Do not disturb the water around the rim of the dish, as it aids in making the shade airtight, and for this reason it might better be renewed from day to day, as it evaporates. Around the outer rim of the plate or dish place pieces of stone, shells and coral, prettily dressed with tradescantias, ivies, or other delicate plants that will grow in water. We have said this was a

beautiful object, but "the half hath not been told," until after standing for twenty-four hours, or less time perhaps, each tiny leaf, every feathery spray, the crimson of the gorgeous foliage plants, and soft, velvety petals of the blossoms, have become encrusted with a glittering coat of diamonds, draped and festooned with tiny ropes of shimmering spangles, gemmed and studded with sparkling jewels, and opalescent pearls, in the form of hundreds of minute air-bubbles, so transparent that every shade and tint of the rainbow is reflected; and the star-like incrustations give the bouquet the appearance of some wonderful piece of fairy work, arising from a sylvan grotto covered with white, frosty gems, far more brilliant than any cut and polished by human hands.

This wonderfully beautiful object is well suited for adorning the sick room, where flowers are generally so acceptable, yet frequently inappropriate on account of the odor, but for table decoration it is specially elegant, and capable of surprisingly beautiful effects. Thus we have seen a most imposing supper table epergne arranged thus: an unusually successful aquatic bouquet filled a shade eighteen inches in height, placed on a moss covered stand one foot in height, around which were four gold fish globes, of the half gallon size, arranged in the same manner, but with only white flowers; below these was a circle of white cut-glass, finger glasses, alternated with small shades, only six inches in diameter, with bright flowers in the one, and only ferns in the other; as an edging, a circle of plain cut-glass tumblers, each containing four rosebuds of many varieties surrounded by moss. Each dish was surrounded by shells, stones, and delicate vines, and having been constructed the day previous, it was by the following evening in that perfect state of frosty loveliness that is the greatest charm of these exquisite creations. The magnifying power of the globes and round shades is also another special wonder in these beautiful arrangements, so that very small blossoms appear quadrupled in size. They will appear perfect for four or five days in summer, and from six to nine in winter. Sea-weed also is charming arranged in this manner with a shell to anchor it.

BLEACHING FERNS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—A Subscriber, in the September number, wants the process of bleaching ferns. I use chloride of soda, price fifty cents a bottle. Take one small tumbler of the soda and two of soft water, put into a preserve jar so as to shut it up airtight. The leaves may be pressed, if necessary, to preserve them till you can put them in the solution. When you put them in the jar have the stems under water too; it takes the stems longer to bleach than it does the leaves. If they do not come white in three or four days, make another solution, and put them in, and they will come out very soon. Some ferns bleach in two days.

When they are white take them out and put them in clean water to soak two or three days, to get all the soda out, or they will turn yellow; then put

them into a little blue water, and finally have a plate with water so that they will float, take a piece of paper large enough for a leaf, dip it under the leaf on the plate, take a penknife and place every part of the leaf in its natural place on the paper, then slide it out carefully, let the water dry off the paper some, then put in a book to press, paper will dry in twenty-four hours, then take the leaves off carefully and put in a book again to press. It is a slow process but pleasant work.

LOTTIE E. W.

HOW TO FROST A WAX CROSS.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to tell L. E. S., of Bedford, how I frost a wax cross. I arrange the flowers on the cross, and when it is finished, hold it near the fire a few minutes, and while the wax is soft pour the diamond dust, as it is called, over the cross and flowers together. Hold the cross over a paper so as to catch the frosting that rattles off, as some, of course, will do. This can be taken up with a spoon and poured over again, until as much adheres to the cross as you like. Any colored flowers can be frosted in the same manner.

L. E. S. can make her own diamond dust, and it will be just as nice as that she could buy, and not cost her a cent. I always make mine. Take bits of broken window glass, or any kind of clear glass, put them in a mortar, or on a wide board, and pound them up as fine as you can get them; take out all the coarsest grains, and you have your diamond dust ready for use.

I think the neatest way of fastening flowers to a cross is simply to stick them on. Of course the stems of the flowers are wound with wax, and the cross is covered with wax, and they will readily adhere to each other if pressed together.

AGGIE.

Valparaiso, Ind.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have a large picture that I wish to frame with some kind of rustic work, will some one tell me how to proceed? I want something heavy enough to hold glass. Would be much obliged if Rosalie would fulfill her promise and tell us how to make winter bouquets and paper frames to imitate leather work. Please to tell L. I do not think that she need be afraid to use benzine on her gray silk, but if afraid to try it let her put two thicknesses of brown paper on the spots and press with a moderately hot iron.

FLORA MC.

MR. CROWELL:—I thought I should like to answer the queries concerning the *camellia japonica*, by Mrs. M., in a late HOUSEHOLD. They can be raised as house plants. For soil use peat; if they are cuttings, they will bloom in three years. They do not need excessive watering.

MARY I. C.

Middleboro, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—Some one inquired how to prepare autumn leaves for winter use. I prepared some last winter that were said to be, by every one who saw them, the handsomest ones they ever saw. I first, of course, pressed them dry in old books, then I

varnished them on the right side with boiled linseed oil, using an old shaving brush; I then spread them on old newspapers to dry, and when dry they were ready for use. If they are thoroughly dry they will not grease the wall.

I. W.

Delaware, Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to know why my monthly rose, *agrippina*, from Long Brothers, does not bloom. The leaves drop off and new ones come as fast as the others go, but it does not blossom. Can some one tell me why? Also, will the suckers, or sprouts, which spring up around the roots of canna retard their blooming?

MELVA.

MR. CROWELL:—Will Isa A. please send me her patterns of the cat and pigeon, that she makes of bleached canton flannel? And will Meta please send me instructions for, and samples of worsted flowers? and greatly oblige,

HATTIE KEELER.

New Boston, Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would be greatly obliged if some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band could name some pretty vines that grow in water, and how to treat them? Also the best treatment for orange trees? I have one of two years' growth, half a foot high, has not been out of the pot in which it was planted. Am troubled with yellow spots coming on the leaves. How can I set the colors in borders of white silk handkerchiefs?

MARGIE.

If Mrs. V. P. will get an ounce each of paris green, chrome green, chrome yellow, prussian blue, and vermillion red, and scatter over her grasses, after dipping them in thin gum arabic water, she will have them colored nicely. Then by mixing them with crystallized grasses, they make a very handsome bouquet. I put mine into a cornucopia, made of pasteboard, stained and varnished, with some fancy picture pasted on it; or cover with glue, then scatter rice on and cover with red wax, to imitate coral.

H. A. K.

MR. EDITOR:—In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD V. P. asks for a list of flowers that will grow from cuttings. Nearly all kinds of house plants, such as geraniums, roses, heliotrope, coleus, deutzia, fuchsia, dew-plant, and others too numerous to mention, grow from cuttings.

North Epping, N. H. A. C.

If Lillie L. will pour on the earth in her flower pots, some lime water, the worms will come to the surface and can easily be removed.

MRS. J. P.

Edith B. will confer a great favor on a lover of sea moss, who is anxious to obtain some from the shores of the Pacific to make a wreath of, if she will exchange some for that gathered in the eastern states.

A SUBSCRIBER.

A Subscriber wishes to know how to preserve autumn leaves and ferns. I will tell her how I fixed mine. I pressed them till dry, then ironed the leaves with sperm tallow. They still look bright and do not curl only enough to look pretty. I did not do anything to the ferns except to press them.

Maine, N. Y. MARY D.



AUTUMN STYLES.

THE weather continues of such unprecedented mildness that autumn styles have not yet appeared in their full glory. But the glimpses we have had of them are prophetic of unusual beauty and tastefulness. In color we have many of the shades so admired this summer, but they are all distinguished by the great depth and softness of the shades, while, at the same time, they are more decided in tint. Myrtle-green, invisible, and bottle-green will be standard colors; the darkest shades of blue, deep plum, and navy-blue are destined for great popularity. In brown there are beautiful variations, from the deepest, richest chocolate color to the dark-seal brown and delicate fawn. In gray we have a great many exquisite shades, delicate ashes-of-roses, soft silver-gray, and deep, subdued tints, almost slate color. Stripes and plaids will continue in favor, but there are shown no new fabrics in them. Camel's hair will probably be most used of all materials, and with the increased demand comes a much improved quality. This is very close-grained, firm and solid, and has an exceedingly handsome finish. In this material is a remarkably odd but not unpleasing variety; a ground of some solid color, such as green-seal or blue, very dark, with tiny, irregular spots of several brilliant colors, crimson, purple, lemon, scarlet and others. Over a skirt of some dark, plain material, this fabric makes up into a really handsome and distinctive polonaise or "habit."

Brocaded silks and various kinds of wool-and-silken damassee will be in unabated demand. They will be reserved for polonaises, overdresses, or various confections upon dresses of some solid color. For a house-dress the Princess has an unlimited lease of favor. Advices from Paris warn us to make no change in this charming and becoming garment. A peep at one which is to serve at a fall "opening" as a model is a princess robe of exquisitely fine cashmere, in color rich carbonier. The scarf-like drapery, which is very elaborate, is of a beautiful shade of pearl-gray, with a handsome floriated design in silk of color like the dress. The lower edges of the drapery are bordered with a remarkable fringe of twisted cables of pearl-gray wool and intermingling bunches of carbonier silk thread resembling "corn-silk" in texture.

Handsome silks, the dealers say, are rising rapidly in price, especially those of the colors which will be most fashionable this fall. Those who have already a handsome seal-brown, dark navy-blue, plum-colored, or myrtle-green silk may esteem themselves truly fortunate, for now these colors, in desirable qualities, can be obtained only at about or nearly double their former cost. Myrtle-green will probably be the color this fall, and it would be hard to find one more deserving of this distinction by reason of intrinsic beauty.

Navy-blue still continues in fair demand, but we are told it must be so dark as to appear almost black in order to come within the pale of desirable shades. Some exceedingly beautiful silks come in bright cardinal-red, and are designed as underskirts to be worn with polonaise or other overdress of some rich but subdued contrasting color.

A specimen dress of this sort has the skirt of silk, deep cardinal-red, very long and narrow, with a gathered flounce a foot deep ornamenting the bottom. Above this is a Shirred puffing put on diagonally with the flounce, and of equal width to it. This puffing is headed by a bias fold two inches wide, heavily corded on both sides. The edge of the flounce is also ornamented with a corded bias band. The polonaise is of the new black brocade, a beautiful variety, so firm, stout and rich that it is a novelty even in this day of beautiful silks. This polonaise has an inserted vest of cardinal-red, overlaid with a black silk cord. The outside ends of this vest, instead of terminating below the waist in front, extend into two three-cornered pieces, like the end of a fichu. These are all passed smoothly over the hips, and joined low in the back with a cable cord and tassels. A handsome fringe of cardinal, black and jet, forms an elegant bordering for the polonaise. The pockets which are very full at the top, are drawn into place with cardinal-red ribbons, and otherwise ornamented with bows of the same.

A simple and inexpensive dress, into which the favorite cardinal enters, is one well adapted to the cool fall mornings. It has the skirt of cardinal-red empress cloth, cashmere, or serge, simply trimmed with two pleated flounces headed by a bias band. The overskirt is a polonaise of cashmere or camel's hair, in color a soft, dark gray, buttoned behind, and fitting very smoothly over the hips. The back is draped by means of three pleats laid at the side seams and in the back. These pleats are reversed and made into three upturned folds. At each is a bow of cardinal-red faille gros-grain ribbon without ends. Around the bottom of the polonaise is a fine cording, and above this are three rows of inch-wide silk braid, cardinal-red. The dressy effect of this braid may be greatly enhanced by having traced upon it some simple but pretty little design in floss of light cardinal-red and gray. The sleeves, which are coat-shape, are open about two inches at the wrist, and are faced with cardinal-faille or gros-grain. They have also three rows of braid. Such a dress of good materials and well made is now procurable for thirty-five dollars, and is an extraordinary "bargain." Its color and combination are "the rage," and it can be worn all through the winter. A little taste and ingenuity will permit of the braid's being embroidered (in loose stitch) at home.

In millinery, designs and devices are numberless. It would be a task simply to enumerate them. The shapes which will be most popular are the "Gainsborough," the English turban; another style of turban, with the front and back depressed or bent, and a shape with the high-pointed crown and a wide brim turned up closely to

the sides or back. During the early autumn coarse straw will be much worn, but with the cooler days we shall welcome back the familiar old felts in charming new shapes. These felt hats will be seen in all the new colors and shades, such as seal brown, plum, myrtle, green, cream and ivory white, dark blue, and so on *ad infinitum*. Feathers of every description will be universally worn, but during the first few weeks in autumn fall flowers and fruits will prevail as garnitures. In wraps there are, as yet, no decided change, but the coming few days will be fraught with novelties of every style.—*Chicago Tribune*.

FALSE HAIR.

In all our large cities may be seen a number of signs, often of large size, bearing the inscription: "Human Hair," and suggesting at first sight startling thoughts of tomahawks and scalping-knives. What commodities these establishments contain, and what heavy prices they put upon them, few ladies, at least, need be told. But the immense increase that has taken place in the business of buying and selling human hair within a comparatively recent time is not so well known.

At the beginning of the present century, and for some time afterward, the use of "false hair" was looked upon with some contempt, and was considered at least as discreditable as the employment of rouge for the complexion. But with the accession of the Empress Eugenie to the throne of France a great change quickly took place in this respect. In that country human hair, which had been selling for four francs per pound, soon reached the price of eight, and shortly afterward of ten, francs. It became more and more generally worn there, until at last no woman or girl who made any attempt to be in the style could endure being without a greater or less quantity of hair which had grown on the head of some other person.

Most of this capillary addition to the *coiffure* was fastened to the back of the head, and allowed to hang down over the nape of the neck, called in French *chignon*; and that was the origin of that now famous name.

About the year 1865 this style of decorating the head began to spread rapidly outside of France, and in a very short time had made its way into almost every civilized country in the world. It became immensely popular wherever it was known, and even women of the lowest rank aspired to the honor of possessing *chignons* of some kind.

The price of human hair rose rapidly in consequence of this suddenly increased demand. In 1866 unprepared hair was sold in France for twenty francs per pound; in 1867 for thirty-five francs; in 1868 for forty-five francs; and in 1870 for fifty-five francs. That which had been prepared for use brought twice and three times those amounts.

The demand was, and still is, supplied from the rural districts of France, Switzerland and Germany, being sometimes cut from the heads of dead persons and sometimes sold by the women and girls on whose heads it grew persist in wearing at the morning to traveling agents of Paris houses.

The most beautiful hair obtained in this way comes from the French provinces of Bretagne and Auvergne. When a peasant woman dies in those localities her hair is immediately cut off by her affectionate relatives, not as a memorial of the departed, but to be sold for as much as it will bring. But the hair of the living is much more valuable as an article of commerce than that of the dead; and the blonde peasants of the districts before named often receive 1,500, and sometimes as much as 2,000 francs, for their heads of hair. Many of these young women "save up" their long locks until they are about to be married, and then dispose of them for money to assist in setting up as housekeepers.

Of late years gray hair has been bringing higher prices than any other kind, partly on account of its greater scarcity, and partly because it is now considered very elegant and stylish in fashionable circles.

Cheap substitutes for human hair, composed of jute and other vegetable substances, were for some time manufactured in vast quantities. But the abuse of this practice caused the first check to be given to the habit of wearing additions to the natural hair; for the unpleasant developments which a year or two since followed the scientific examination of some ordinary artificial *chignons* had the effect of suddenly decreasing the demand for such articles, and finally of bringing them into disuse.

Since that time it has been declared by skillful physicians that the use of additional hair of any kind is very apt to produce a bad effect upon the head of the wearer, and that many a severe headache, nervous fevers and other painful affections of a similar character are directly traceable to the constant weight and heat upon the head, and strain upon the roots of the real hair, which this fashion necessarily involves to a greater or less extent.

FRESH AND SIMPLE ATTIRE.

One who writes in an English journal on "Clothes" declares that "men do but ask to see their mothers, sisters and sweethearts daintily clean and fresh in all their arrangements and appointments, and as pleasing to the eye as modesty and moderation permit." There is something really charming in this picture, simple as it is. "Daintily clean and fresh in all their arrangements and appointments." We may concede that, for great occasions, ladies may elaborate a little on this basis; but, say, for the breakfast table, or for all ordinary home occasions, how delightful it is to see our womankind arrayed in fresh and simple attire—no crumpled hair in unwholesome reminder of last night's elaborate coiffure; no silks or other once-costly fabrics, now soiled and dilapidated; no formidable wrappers, loud of color and wonderful of pattern; no twice-used linen; no slatternly shawls, that horror in untasteful households; no touch of *dishabille* in the slightest or least suggestive degree.

Unhappily, this picture is much too rare. There are many women who and girls on whose heads it grew persist in wearing at the morning meal, and upon other domestic occasions.

sions, old gowns, or apparel that has been banished from the drawing-room. Now, a lady may be dressed in more rich and costly fabrics at one time than another, but there should be no degrees of neatness, of order, of purity, or of freshness. The morning dress may be a wholly inexpensive one, but a grease stain or a rent is just as much an offense at breakfast as at dinner. In fact, if there must be a stain, we would rather see it on the evening silk than the morning muslin, which should always have the supreme sentiment of freshness and daintiness.

Many women have little idea of how greatly they shock the tastes and really endanger the affections of their husbands by their unseemly domestic apparel. There is not a man of sense and refined feeling anywhere who would not prefer some simple and chaste adornment for his wife in the morning to any extreme of splendor at the evening ball. Let a woman by all means dress brilliantly on those occasions that render it proper; we have no desire to abridge her privileges nor baffle her instincts in this particular; but we claim that it is important for her, if she values her household serenity, that she should give equal heed to her customary domestic attire.

The female who goes about the house untidily dressed has no right to the title of woman. She is without those marks and indications by which she can be classified. We reject the notion that a person can really be a woman who is without those dainty instincts for sweet and pure apparel that traditionally pertain to the feminine sex. Such an individual has lost the characteristics, the qualities, the refinements, the distinguishing elements of the daughters of Eve; and, as she has not by this elimination gained any characteristics of the masculine sex, she evidently belongs to some as yet undescribed variety of the human family.—*Appleton's Journal.*

WHAT I DID WITH FIVE CENTS.

BY NELLIE A. GARDNER.

To begin with, I had a pint bottle filled with benzine at the druggist's. I tried it on a sheet of white paper first, and as it evaporated leaving no stain I concluded that it was good.

I had a gray dress that was very badly soiled over the shoulders, so it was fit for nothing. I thought it would be a nice thing to experiment with. I doubled an old sheet a number of times and put it on the table, on this I placed my dress waist with the lining uppermost. Then I poured on the benzine and let it evaporate. The first application so much improved it that I put it on a number of times, till hardly a trace of the dirt remained.

While I was deluging my dress I thought of some old hair-ribbons that were so very dirty mother said they would burn as well as lard boxes. So I got them out, wet a piece of flannel in the benzine, and wet the ribbons quickly with it. It soon evaporated leaving them looking very much better than before, so I put some more on the dirtiest places. In a short time the dirt and grease entirely disappeared, leaving the ribbons looking nearly or quite as good as new. I was some-

what afraid at first to try cleaning a scarlet ribbon, thinking the color would be spoiled; contrary to my expectations the color remained the same as it was when first bought. I afterward cleaned some green and blue ribbons, and these colors remained unchanged. I took care to wet the whole ribbon over, so no stain should remain at the edge of the place where the benzine was applied. I didn't rub them much for fear of rubbing the color into the cloth underneath.

I cleaned a light summer sack where it was soiled around the neck, and a friend who had tried it said it cleaned coat collars nicely and made dresses soiled on the underside of the sleeve look like new.

After cleaning the articles mentioned, I had some benzine left for future use. So I thought I invested my five cents to good advantage, for I had a clean dress and sack, beside more nice ribbons than I should buy in two years.

CHILDREN'S WINTER CLOTHING.

It is a favorite maxim with city mothers that children are warmer-blooded, and need less clothing, than adults. Especially is this held true of babies and girls. Boys are warmly protected by cloth leggings, kilt suits and stout shoes, while their little sisters defy the winter wind in bare knees and embroidered skirts. There is a poetic fancy, too, that girls should be kept in white up to a certain age. A dozen little girls, of from three to five were assembled the other day, and the universal dress was an under-vest and drawers of merino, a single embroidered flannel petticoat, and an incumbent airy mass of muslin, ribbons, and lace. Meanwhile, their mothers, women of culture and ordinary intelligence, were wrapped in heavy woolens, silks, and furs.

In consequence of this under-dressing, the children are kept housed, except on warm days, or when they are driven out in close carriages, and therefore a chance cold wind brings to these tender hot-house flowers, instead of health, disease and death. It is absolute folly to try to make a child hardy by cruel exposure, or to protect it from croup or pneumonia by a string of amber beads, or by shutting it up in furnace-heated houses. Lay away its muslin frills until June; put woolen stockings on its legs, flannel (not half-cotton woven vests) on its body, and velvet, silk, merino,—whatever you choose, or can afford—on top of that; tie on a snug little hood, and turn the baby out every winter's day (unless the wind be from the northeast and the air foggy), and before spring its bright eyes and rosy cheeks will give it a different beauty from any pure robes of white.—*Scribner.*

CLEANING GOODS BY NAPHTHA.

Naptha is being used as a cleansing agent for furniture, carpets, clothing, etc. The process consists simply in placing the article to be cleaned in a bath of hydro-carbon, and there leaving it for a couple of hours. Huge vats are used, capable of holding several barrels of naptha at a time; and in these sets of furniture or carpets are secured so as to be entirely submerged in the liquid. No preparation of the

goods is necessary, and the naptha seems to exercise no deleterious effect upon varnish or gilding, upon glued joints, or upon the finest silk or satin fabrics. Dirt and grease are entirely eradicated, the latter sinking to the bottom of the vats, from which it is from time to time removed in the shape of a yellowish mass. Moths are, of course, totally destroyed.

Several fine sets of furniture were shown us which had been treated by the naptha process. They appeared like new, so far as the fabrics were concerned, and there was no discernible smell of the fluid. The process is patented. The principal item of expense is the evaporation of the naptha; but this being allowed for, the cost of cleansing is somewhat less than incurred in the ordinary method followed by clothes-scouring establishments. It may be added that naptha does not act upon linen or cotton, and it is practicable available only upon animal fibers.

A TEST FOR COTTON IN FABRICS.

According to the Boston Journal of Chemistry there is now produced a class of goods made entirely of cotton, but called merino, and which have the look of the latter fabric, owing to the woolly surface imparted to them in the process of manufacture. These goods are found both in the United States and the Spanish American markets in large quantities, especially in men's undershirts and drawers. To cause the cotton to thus resemble wool, it is scratched, and the surface raised by a particular operation. On drawing out a thread or two and burning the same in the flame of a taper, if the material be cotton it will consume to a light, impalpable, white ash, cotton being a vegetable fiber, but if on the contrary, it is wool, and therefore an animal fiber, it will twist and curl in the flame and show a black ash, accompanied with a smell which will at once indicate its origin. Cotton is now so cleverly treated that it is frequently taken for silk—also an animal fiber—and the simple test referred to can always be resorted to when there is any doubt upon this point.

COLORING WITH COCHINEAL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Seeing in the June number of THE HOUSEHOLD the inquiry, "How to color with cochineal?" I send two recipes:

To Color Scarlet.—For one pound of goods, one ounce of cream of tartar and one ounce of cochineal, mix well in warm rain water; then add two ounces of muriate of tin; bring to a boiling heat, wet the goods in a warm suds and put them in the dye, stir briskly a few minutes, and rinse in cold water.

To Color Pink.—Boil the goods in alum water one hour. For one pound of goods, three-fourths of an ounce of cochineal, well pounded, rub it with one ounce of cream of tartar, put in a brass kettle with water sufficient to cover the goods; when blood heat put in the goods, stir constantly, and boil fifteen minutes; rinse in cold water.

If Mrs. B. tries either of these I think she will not be disappointed.

Eagle Harbor, N. Y. E. P. C.

THE WORK TABLE.

Mrs. W. Oliver asks in the May number for a description of a charm quilt. Mine is pieced of calico pieces about three inches square. I sewed them together in strips and joined the strips together diagonally, but the charm is, there are no two pieces alike. I have more than seven hundred pieces in mine and no two of the same print.

ILLINOIS.

If M. B. wishes for pretty patch-work patterns yet, and will give Laura, box 208, Plainville, Conn., her address, I will send her patterns. LAURA.

MR. EDITOR:—Will Hans Dorcomb enlighten my ignorance, and tell me the use to which a sofa blanket is put? Will she please explain about the embroidery, how is the bit of canvass to be used, having the threads drawn out? Is the same design and color used on all the half squares? Are all the half squares knit of one color? An explanation on these points will greatly oblige a constant reader of THE HOUSEHOLD. L. L. L.

I noticed a request in the May number, how to remove mildew? I simply rub on soft soap and lay it in the sun, and repeat the process if necessary.

MRS. A.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—In the October number J. A. asks how to clean kid gloves. A good way is to use milk and white castile soap. Dip white flannel in the milk, then rub some of the soap on the flannel, then rub the glove.

M. L. M.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please inform me how to color over a faded black plume?

Brownhelm, Ohio. CARRIE E. P.

In answer to the question asked in a former number for something for the complexion. I think one-third ammonia to two-thirds glycerine, put a few drops in the water before washing, will be found to have the desired effect.

F. C. P.

MR. EDITOR:—If Jennie E. will wash and rinse her soiled ties in pure cold water, and iron while damp under a clean towel, I think they will look nearly as nice as when new. M. B.

Will some one of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to color white gros-grain ribbon nicely? Almost any color will do except green or black.

MARY.

A subscriber wished me to tell her what kind of thread, and how much, it would take to make a carpet of twenty yards. I use No. 8, black, Holyoke, thread. Five dozen spools will warp twenty yards, thirty-six inches wide. Weave it in an eight and twenty reed, one thread in a split. One and one-half pounds of fine rags will fill a yard. To make a feather take two colors, twist them separately spinning way, put them together and twist them twisting way, that will make one-half; take the two colors and twist them separately twisting way, and put together and twist spinning way for the other half.

Canterbury, N. H. MRS. H. S. D.



THE BABY.

BY ASHTON CURRIER.

The baby sits in her cradle,
Watching the world go round,
Enrapt in a mystical silence,
Amid all the tumult of sound.
She must be akin to the flowers,
For no one has heard
A whispered word
From this silent baby of ours.

Wondering, she looks at the children,
As they merrily laughing pass,
And smiles o'er her face go rippling
Like sunshine over the grass,
And into the hearts of the flowers;
But never a word
Has yet been heard
From this silent darling of ours.

Has she wonderful wisdom,
Of unspoken knowledge a store,
Hid away from all curious eyes,
Like the mysterious lore
Of the birds, the bees, and the flowers?
Is this why no word
Has ever been heard
From this silent baby of ours?

Often she seems to listen
To something we never can know,
Perhaps to the voice of angels
Who silently come and go;
Making brighter her golden hours
With many a word
That will never be heard
From this silent baby of ours.

Ah, baby! from out your blue eyes
The angel of silence is smiling—
Though silvery hereafter your speech,
Your silence is golden—beguiling
All hearts to this darling of ours,
Who speaks not a word
Of all she has heard,
Like the birds, the bees, and the flowers.

JOHNNY'S BOTANY LESSON.

JOHNNY is an imitative little fellow. Whenever he sees any one doing anything he is very apt to want to do it, too. He came the other day to my summer study room—in the hay barn on the hill, where the air is always fresh and cool—and found me busy with a lot of plants that I had gathered in the woods that morning. He looked on curiously for a little while, then asked what I was doing that for.

"Doing what?"

"Why, picking all those weeds to pieces and putting them away in those big books."

"I'm afraid you haven't been looking sharp," I replied. "I don't put away those I pick to pieces."

Johnny was still again for two or three minutes, then he broke out with, "What do you pick them to pieces for?"

I told him they were plants that were new to me, and I was studying them to learn me what they were like and what their relations were.

"Relations! Do plants have relations?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"That's queer! And is that the way you learn so much about them?" Johnny asked.

"Chiefly."

"I wish I could do that," he said after another period of silent watching.

"So you can."

"When?"

"Any time; now if you want to."

"Will you show me how?"
"With pleasure."
"Right away?"
"Right away."
"Well," said Johnny, after waiting a while, "I'm ready."
"So am I."
"But I don't know what to do," said Johnny.
"You must get your plants first," said I.
"Where?"
"Anywhere—out in the garden, if you like."
Johnny ran to the garden, and was soon back again with his hands full of leaves and stems.
"Will these do?" he asked.
"Suppose you wanted to study animals, and I should give you the ear of a dog, the tail of a cat, the foot of a hen, a cow's horn and a piece of sheep-skin to begin with; do you think they would help you much?"

Johnny laughed at the idea of such a funny mess, and said he thought a whole dog would be better.
"A good deal better," said I; "and a whole plant would be better than all these pieces."

"Can't you tell me what their names are from the pieces?"

"I could," I replied, "but names are not what you are to study. You are to study plants."

"Of course," said Johnny, not knowing what else to say.

"I will go with you," I said, "and show you how to get something to study."

When we reached the garden I stooped to dig up a weed that few boys in the country do not know something about—purslain, or, as it is commonly called, pusley.

"What is the use of taking that?" inquired Johnny. "Everybody knows what that is."

"Well, take it, for all that," I said; perhaps we may learn something about it that you never noticed before."

"That's catnip," said Johnny, as I began to dig up another plant that stood near the first. "You aren't a going to take that, are you?"

"Why not?"
"'Cause," said Johnny, "I've known catnip ever since I can remember."

"Shut your eyes," said I. "Now tell me what kind of a stalk catnip has."

"Why," said Johnny, hesitating—"It's just like—any other stalk."

"Like pusley?"
"No; pusley hasn't any stalk; it just sprawls on the ground."

"Like mullein stalk?"
"'No,'" said Johnny; "not like that."

"Like corn-stalks or thistle?"

"Not like them either," said Johnny. "It's like—I guess I don't remember exactly what it is like."

"So you don't know catnip as well as you thought," said I.

"These two will be enough to begin with," I continued. "Study them carefully, and when I have finished with my plants I will come to see how you get on."

Johnny soon tired of studying by himself, or maybe he did not find very much to learn; at any rate it was only a little while before he stood at my table, plants in hand.

"Well," I said, as I put away my work, "what have you discovered?"

"Catnip-stalk is square," said the young botanist.

"Good," said I; "anything more?"

"It smells," said Johnny.

"What like?"

"Like—like catnip tea," said Johnny.

"Very like, indeed," said I. "What else have you learned?"

Johnny hesitated.

"Is the pusley stem anything like catnip?" I asked.

"Do you call those stems when they don't stand up?" was Johnny's reply.

"Yes those are stems."

"They're round," said Johnny, "and smooth. Catnip is fuzzy a little, and the stems are straight."

"Anything more?"

"The leaves are bigger than pusley leaves, and thinner and softer," said Johnny, comparing them.

"We haven't finished with the stalk yet," I said. "Can you tell me anything more about it?"

"That's all I know," said Johnny.

"How about the color?"

"It's green."

"Is the pusley stem green?"

"Some of it, and some of it is almost white, and some of it almost red; queer, isn't it?" he went on, spreading the plant out as it grew in the garden. "The under side of the stem is pale, and the upper side is red—tanned, I guess, in the sun."

"It looks like it," I said; "what is the color inside?"

"Shall I break it?"

"Certainly."

Johnny bent the pusley stem with both hands, and to his great surprise it snapped short off.

"Oh!" he cried, "how brittle it is; I didn't think it would break so suddenly."

"Try the catnip stem."

"It won't break," said Johnny.

"Cut it with my knife."

"It's tough," said Johnny, "and woody, and hollow. The stalk is square, but the hole is round."

I took the knife, cut the stem across at a joint, and said: "I don't see any hole here."

Johnny was puzzled. "See," I said, splitting the stalk lengthwise, "the hollow is closed up at the joints where the branches begin."

"I shouldn't have thought of that," said Johnny. "What a lot of things there is to learn about one stem!"

"We've scarcely made a beginning yet," I said. "But before we go further let us recall what we have already found out:

"The catnip stalk is square; stands up straight; has a strong odor; is slightly fuzzy; is green; is rough and woody; will not break easily; is hollow, except at the joints; and—"

"That's all I can think of," said Johnny.

"And the pusley stem is round; lies flat on the ground; is smooth; brittle; pale green below; and red on top; solid—Are you sure of that?"

Johnny split a pusley stem its whole length, and said there was no sign of a hole in it, adding meditatively, a moment after: "It takes a great deal of study to find out all about a plant, don't it, if it is a weed?"

"A very great deal," I said.

"I think I know all about these, now," said he.

"Oh, no!" said I, "not nearly. You haven't learned anything about the roots yet, nor the branches, nor how they grow, nor about the flowers, nor the seeds, nor when they come up in the spring, nor when they die in the fall, nor what things eat them, nor what they are good for, nor what their relations are, nor—"

"I'll never be able to learn all that!" cried Johnny, fairly frightened by the magnitude of the task he had undertaken. "And there are such a lot of plants!"

"It would be a terrible task, indeed," I replied, "if you had to learn it all at once. But you haven't. Just keep your eyes open, and take notice of the different plants you see, and you will get better acquainted with them every year. The older you grow the faster you will learn, and the more you will enjoy it. In a few years it will be pleasanter than play to you."

"I hope so," said Johnny, resolutely; "for I've got to learn them all. I'll try, anyhow." —Ex.

HANDLES.

"Handles, boys! handles!" our dear, polite, gentlemanly grandpa used to cry when his grandsons came rushing noisily into his presence, asking favors, making remarks, and replying to questions, leaving out the little, very important words, "Sir," "Ma'am," "If you please," "Thank you," and "Excuse me."

Not a reply could be gained from grandpa, no matter how pressing the case, till the handles were applied to the sentences. If six boys had been waiting to start on a fishing expedition, if a new kite was just ready to be launched, if a brass band and procession of caged wild beasts had been passing the door, not even the elephant could move him to reply to a string of sentences without handles, uttered by a boy with his hat on his head, and his hands in his pockets.

As a consequence, the boys about grandpa grew civil and polite. They learned to stand aside, and let a lady enter a door before them; they ceased to interrupt conversation, or monopolize the easy chairs and pleasant seats in the windows, so prized by the old, who cannot walk out to see the outdoor sights. As they sat about the evening fireside with their books and games, they became an ornament instead of a nuisance, as I have heard boys called by those who do not view their actions with a loving mother's partial eye.

Grandpa, with his saintly spirit and courtly manners, has gone to his reward. With his generation have passed away our "gentlemen of the old school," who obeyed the command, "Be courteous." "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," have become antique phrases; and a half-spoken "Yes'm" and "No'm," a shake of the head, a nod, or nothing at all, has taken their place. A group of boys standing by the roadside district schoolhouse, with hats off, making a polite salutation to passers-by, as was the custom in ancient New England days, would be a more wonderful sight to behold than the children who mocked the hoary-headed prophet of God, and were devoured by bears.

I don't know how grandpa could en-

dure it, if he was alive, to hear the sort of inarticulate sounds, perhaps intended for "Umph, umph," that proceed from the mouths, without opening the lips, of our young people now-a-days, in place of the obsolete "Yes, ma'am." It tries my love and patience severely.

This new code of manners may be a "modern improvement;" but I fail to see its beauty or utility. A polite, respectful boy can never, by any freak or fashion, be transformed into anything but a beautiful sight. Satan favors the modern system of calling parents and guardians "old fogies," "played out," "not up to the times," because he knows they want to make boys manly, pure, and true; and he is trying to have them disrespectful, bold, and regardless of the feelings of those who are given them by God to guide them in paths of wisdom.

They say "fashions come around every seven years." This is encouraging. I hope the readers of this paper will not wait for polite children to come in fashion; but, when they find themselves acting rudely, will remember grandpa's cry, "Handles, boys, handles!"

I once, in passing by, gave a little boy an apple. What do you think he said? "Of course," you will reply, "he raised his cap, and said, 'thank you.'" I blush to tell that his reply was—a start, and the exclamation, "Bully for you!"

Boys, be courteous. You will never be fit for any position of power or influence in our land unless you learn to use the handles. Our country is growing very large; and we shall want some noble men for presidents, governors, and cabinet members, twenty years hence. I hope a few boys at least will cling to old-fashioned, respectful ways such as George Washington practised, and be ready for elevation to these high positions.—*Christian Banner.*

RIGOR FOR YOUNG LIFE.

How much the fond friends of young folks need this home word from Dr. Bellows:

Life is an earnest battle. It is no trifile to have a nature fearfully and wonderfully made—strong desires that must be avoided, fatal proclivities that must be resisted and overcome. And therefore it is that we so much need that early training, that early discipline which it is hard to see whether parents and governors are more slow to apply, or children and youth more reluctant to receive. Let the fault lie where it will, it is a fatal fault. Success, usefulness, virtue, happiness, peace, salvation, heaven—all depend upon our entering life fitly armed in suitable moral harness; with proper convictions as to what the exposures, dangers and temptation of body and soul are, and with such settled rules, habits and principles, such a trained conscience, such an established reverence for God and duty, as must deprive the world of all its power to deceive and betray.

Those of us who are parents, should remember that it is we who put the harness on our children. They don't gird themselves. It is we then who are mainly responsible for its want of strength, its loose, ill-fitting character.

In our tenderness, we refuse to draw the buckles where they will hold, and if the shoulder chafes or reddens ever so little with the strap, we are the first to remove it. We are sorry to think that the young bosom must contract its inspirations beneath so sturdy a coat.

We lift the sandals and plead for the feet that are to press their rough seams; but where are our recollections, that we do not think of the sharpness of the spear that that heavy corselet is to resist, the weight of the battle-axe that leathern head-piece is to annul, the roughness of the road those stout shoes are to make smooth? Is it not because of the tenderness of the flesh, that we need our leather mail, and are we to dread our armor more than our enemy? That is the miscalculation of life; the sacrifice of our life-long safety, to our immediate convenience; of our whole usefulness and honor and triumph as men and women to our short season, careless, self-indulgent, negligent happiness, and freedom from self-imposed restraint as boys and girls, as young men and maidens.

LAPLAND CRADLES.

Lapland has but one art, one solitary object of art—the cradle. "It is a charming object," said a lady who has visited those regions; "elegant and graceful, like a pretty little shoe lined with soft fur of the white hare, more delicate than the feathers of the swan. Around the hood, where the infant's head is completely sheltered—warmly and softly sheltered—are huge festoons of colored pearls, and chains of copper or silver, which clink incessantly, and whose jingling makes the young Laplander laugh." O, wonder of maternity! Through its influence the rudest woman becomes artistic, tenderly heedful. But the female is heroic.

It is one of the most affecting spectacles to see birds of the eider—the eider duck—plucking its own down from its breast for a couch and a cover for its young. And if a man steals the nest, the mother still continues herself the cruel operation. When she has stripped every feather, when there is nothing more to despoil but the flesh and blood, the father takes his turn; so that the little one is clothed of themselves and their substance, by their devotion and their suffering. Montaige, speaking of a cloak which had served his father, and which he loved to wear in remembrance of him, makes use of a tender phrase, which this poor nest recalls to my mind: "I wrapped myself up in my father."

DOING AN ERRAND.

There are two ways of doing an errand. One is to go willingly and return quickly, and the other is to go unwillingly and be as long as you can about getting back. Some children never want to do anything for anybody but themselves. If you call them to drop a note for you in the postbox, or run to a neighbor's with a message, they invariably scowl, and say, "Can't somebody else go? I'm busy now." And then little sister or brother, whose feet are always ready to run on errands, steps up and says: "I'll go; I can do it." What a beautiful spirit the willing

spirit is! And is so lovely in a little child.

"Let me do it" is the keynote of a loving character—longing to be of use to somebody. If you are wanted to do an important errand, drop everything and go. You need just such kind of exercise. If you are not a volunteer, you must be driven into the service; but how much pleasanter it is to have the heart enlisted in these friendly offices, than to be sent off because it is your duty! Do you ever offer to do an errand for anybody? Or do you wait until you are asked, and then pout and shake your shoulders, and make yourself so disagreeable that it is seldom one feels like soliciting a favor?—*Observer.*

"PROVERBS."

MR. CROWELL:—I like "The Puzzler" very much, and my children and their young friends have spent many a pleasant hour in trying to solve them. They have started a new game here which I like very much because it is innocent and instructive. They call it "Proverbs." I will give it for those who have never played it.

Two persons leave the room, and those who remain select some proverb, as, "Make hay while the sun shines," "A stitch in time saves nine," etc., each take a word in the sentence, and then call those who have left the room. They each ask a question to the person where the proverb began and they have to answer with their word in it. After they get clear round they try to put the words together so as to form a sentence. It is quite amusing and I hope will interest some of the young readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

ANN O. K.

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. George Washington. 2. Pumpkin. 3. Kaleidoscope—Maple, pine, fir, ash, yew, willow.

4. M iria M
O thell O
N ipho N
M alle T
O liv E
U lste R
T histl E
H enr Y
5. Eastport. 6. Calais. 7. Machias.
8. Rockland. 9. Bangor. 10. Belfast.
11. Handsome is that handsome does.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of nineteen letters. My 1, 13, 19 is a rough, steep rock. My 16, 5, 17, 12, 2 is an irrational animal.

My 16, 4, 18, 7, 14, 6, 10 is a building for soldiers.

My 16, 13, 4, 11, 15 is a metal. My 3, 9, 8, 18 is a wild animal.

My whole are two battles fought during the last war. ROSCOE F.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. In sponge, but not in rag,
In plough, but not in snag,
In color, not in dye,
In corn, but not in rye,
In mountain, not in hill,
In fountain, not in rill,
In looking, not in eyes,
My whole, 'tis said, was very wise.

SIA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

3. A woman's name; a French word meaning unknown; a famous highway

in the ancient days of Rome; a house not built on land nor made by human hands; a city of Europe.

DECAPITATIONS.

4. Behead keen, and leave a musical instrument.
5. Behead rough hair, and leave a witch.
6. Behead a part, and leave a small animal.
7. Behead a case, and leave a shrub.
8. Behead tardy, and leave deep.
9. Behead soft, and leave a plant.
10. Behead to kill, and leave a small quantity.

ROSCOE F.

CHARADES.

11. My first is part of the human race; my second is part of the body; my third, my first is very apt to do. My whole is a city of Europe.

12. An altercation; denotes relationship; part of the mouth. My whole is a river in the United States.

13. To gain; near to; a kind of pastry; a body of water; an interjection; one of the alphabet. My whole is a lake noted for its beautiful scenery.

14. Shoddy; a vast extent of country. My whole is a lake of the United States.

15. An organ of the body; stagnant water. My whole is a city in Europe.

16. What we have to do to be fashionable; a lair. My whole is a city in Europe.

17. The shuck of a nut; a boy's name. My whole is a city in Europe.

18. One of Noah's sons; denotes a town. My whole is a city in Europe.

ANAGRAM.

19. Mispel rwdos ear preogud gothereter, Morfgin fitbealu niles fo hotugh; Namy a eon sitth fitg sopesess, Dan by ynam rome si't gouths.

ANAGRAM OF NOTED MEN.

20. Dear N., the ink leaks.
21. O, Helen, level slim word.
22. E. V. Tweed, trader.
23. Oh, fat cure us.

SIA.

PROBLEM.

24. From 0 take 1, from 9 take 10, 2 from 1, and 4 from 3, and 9 will remain. SIA.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

25. A vowel; a tool; a tree; a large bird; receptacles; is modest and reserved; a simivowel. Read downward, I was an illustrious English poet.

BLANKS.

To be filled with transpositions of the same word.

26. He — to the — of power, the symbol of which is a —.

27. — I have — my —.

28. — is very — to — his head.

29. The — of your — was good.

A. M. B.

WORD PUZZLE.

30. Entire I am thin; curtail me and I am part of a ship; curtail, and I am the name of a mineral spring; behead, and I am a relative; restore the next letter and I denote equality; restore the last letter and I mean to cut off.

A. M. B.

JUMBLES.

Names of Birds.—31. Reckpowode.
32. Treulvu. 33. Nocuta. 34. Hiersot.
35. Lwslawo. 36. Pohoeo. 37. Kecoaep. 38. Low. 39. Wrco. 40. Vode.
41. Nobri. 42. Kued. 43. Dieublbr.
44. Paegim. 45. Lulg. 46. Nehro. 47. Struhu. 48. Abt. 49. Kocuco.



ABOUT SOUP.

BY BARRY GRAY.

No dinner, however elaborate in other respects, can be regarded as perfect, which is not preceded by a soup. We can forego the oysters, but the soup is as essential to the proper enjoyment of a dinner as is an introduction to a stranger before we can with ease partake of his hospitality. To be sure, there are eccentric characters, (like Theodore Hook, for instance,) who know that

"Mortals with stomachs can't live without dinner."

who for a wager, or because they have not wherewith in their pockets to pay for a dinner, drop uninvited into a strange house, not knowing the host or any of the inmates, and by force of "cheek," sustained by wit, manage to be asked to remain and dine. Such a story is related by Hook, who, passing a house, got a whiff of the savory viands cooking therein. Stepping to the door he rings the bell, is admitted, and, announced by the servant, mingles with the company. After a while the host, discerning him, asks his name.

"Smith," he replies, and hurries off into an amusing story to put his host in good humor.

"But, really," the entertainer said, when Hook finished, "I did not anticipate the honor of Mr. Smith's company to-day."

"No! well, to be sure, I'm late; your note said four, and 'tis now past five; but the fact is I was detained in the city, and—"

"Pray," asked the host, "whom do you suppose you are addressing?"

"Why, Mr. Thompson, of course, old friend of my father. I have not the pleasure, to be sure, of being personally known to you; but having received your kind invitation yesterday, I availed myself," etc., etc.

"No, sir, my name is not Thompson, but Jones," in an indignant tone.

"Jones!" in surprise; "why, surely, I cannot have—yes, I must—good heaven! I see it all. My dear sir, what an unfortunate blunder; wrong house—how can I apologize; permit me to retire, and to-morrow—"

"Pray, no, remain," plying the young man's embarrassment, "your friend's table must have been cleared long ago, as you say four was the hour named, and I am too happy to offer you a seat at mine."

Hook stayed, delighted the company with his stories and witticisms, and wound up his career late in the evening, when his friend Terry, who had called for him, was present, with a song, the last stanza of which we give:

"I've dined very well on your fare;
Your wine is as good as your cook;
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,
And I, sir, am Theodore Hook."

But all dinner-seekers are not as fortunate as was Theodore Hook, for instance little Tom Hill, who was famous for examining kitchen areas

about the hour of dinner, and selecting his host according to the odor of the viands. Invited to dine at one house, he happens to glance down into the kitchen of the next, where he discovers a haunch of venison on the spit. This could not be resisted; leaving his inviter in the lurch, he ingratiates himself with the neighbor, who asks him to stay to dinner. The fare, however, consists only of an Irish stew, and the disappointed guest learns, too late, that the venison is to grace the table of his original inviter, and had been cooked in the neighbor's house because his own kitchen chimney smoked.

To return to our soup, which I fear has grown cold while treating of other matters. It is the lightest, most nourishing, most wholesome, and most savory of all dishes. "God bless the man," Sancho-Panza says, "who first invented sleep," and let us add soup. For it warms, refreshes and invigorates the empty stomach, and strengthens it to receive the more substantial fare that is to follow. Chemically speaking, broth is an extract of all the soluble parts of meat. The osmazome, or spirituous part of it, first dissolves; then the albumen. These two united are the essence of the meat, and constitute the stock from which all soups are made. To make a good soup the water in which the meat is placed should simmer rather than boil, so that the albumen may not coagulate in the center of the meat before being extracted—by this process, too, the different ingredients of the extract will unite with each other easily and thoroughly.

No well regulated kitchen should be without a stock-pot, and a *pot au feu*. Indeed, there should be two stock-pots, one for brown meats and the other for white, such as veal, chickens, turkeys, etc. The *pot au feu* is somewhat different, being the kettle into which the thrifty housewife casts all pieces and trimmings of meat, poultry, and such vegetables as may be desired, with the liquor from "boilings," uncooked bones broken, gristles, and in fact every clean and succulent scrap that may be left from anything prepared for cooking. Simmer the whole slowly for six or more hours, carefully taking off the scum as it rises, strain the liquor off and put into an earthenware jar, uncovered, and keep in a cool place until wanted for use.

Another soup, for which the French are famous, is the *bouillabaisse*, of which fish is the foundation. Thackeray, in one of his ballads, thus describes it:

"This bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of broth, or soup, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all kinds of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, suffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace,
All these you eat at Terre's tavern,
In that one dish of bouillabaisse."

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis,
And true philosophers, one thinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks;
And Cordeier, or Benedictine,
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting
Which served him up a bouillabaisse."

Although this dish is a specialty at Marseilles, and is composed of several kinds of fish peculiar to the Mediterranean, still our own waters contain

just as good fish for the purpose of a *bouillabaisse* as ever swam in that distant sea. Take the cod, the black bass, the lobster and the prawn, and dispose of them in this wise:

Place in the bottom of a large fish kettle three large onions—the Spanish, such as you can obtain at John Sutherland's, preferred—slice; add to this three or four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and fry the onions a pale brown; next place the fish, cut into pieces two or three inches square, in the kettle until the bottom of it is completely covered; pour sufficient warm water over to just cover them; to each pound of fish sprinkle about half a tablespoonful of salt; add a few bay leaves, the juice of two lemons, five or six tomatoes, half a clove of garlic, and a half-teaspoonful of cayenne pepper—place the kettle on a hot fire, and boil rapidly for fifteen minutes. Then add a small portion of saffron, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and let the whole boil a minute or two longer; remove from the fire, as it is then ready to serve. Pour it carefully into a tureen lined with thin slices of dry toast.

The *bouillabaisse* should not be allowed to cool before serving, as every moment's delay, after it is dished, causes a loss of flavor.

The grandest of all soups, however, is the turtle, and the making of it requires a master's superintendence. Careme says: "The composition of its seasoning claims an able hand and a strong memory; the palate of the cook should be very fine; none of the ingredients should predominate, not even the cayenne or allspice which some cooks inconsiderately employ." Properly made turtle soup is a feast in itself and those who eat it, like the aldermen of old, who were presumed to live solely upon it, will grow fat thereon.

Mock-turtle, made from calves-head, is also an admirable soup, and so, too, is gumbo—either made with okra, or sassafras. This is essentially a southern dish.

The national soup of New England is chowder, clam, and codfish; the last was a dish of which the great statesman, Daniel Webster, was extremely partial, and was very skillful in preparing.

The following is an excellent recipe for this favorite dish: Take one pound of salt pork, cut in slices and fried brown; put a layer of these on the bottom of the pot, over them a layer of fish cut in slices about one inch thick, cover this with a layer of potatoes sliced, intermingled with pork, then a layer of pilot bread, and so alternate until the pot is nearly filled. Pour over the whole a quart of water, add salt and pepper, and a few onions sliced, if desired. Boil half an hour. A codfish, weighing six or seven pounds, is required.

Sydney Smith gives an account of a dinner by a neighbor of his in the country, at which a haunch of venison was the stimulus for accepting the invitation. The dinner was delayed, the guests grew hungry, then serious, then impatient. At last the host was beckoned out of the room, and on his return, informed his guests that the woman assisting in the kitchen had mistaken the soup for dirty water, and

thrown it away. This was bad; but not so bad as what followed; when dinner was finally announced, "as we entered the dining room," says Smith, "what a gale met our nose! the venison was high—the venison was uneatable, and was obliged to follow the soup with all speed." Poor Smith! how he must have felt its loss! For if ever there was a man who liked a good dinner he was one.

And now, with a few aphorisms we close:

When you sit down to a feast, never allow your soup to grow cold; cold soup is an abomination, and if you wait for it to cool, the servant may snatch it away from your lips. Better to gargle your throat with vinegar and cayenne, so as to be able to swallow it boiling hot, than miss it altogether.

Never decline to take soup; whosoever does is a barbarian, and is not worthy of sitting as a guest at any table.

Soup is the extract of all meats and the essence of all vegetables; therefore, soup is *multum in parvo*.—*Home Journal*.

THE DESSERT.

—Solitude is well enough until you want to borrow something.

—Why is that boys look for coons in melon patches? The coon is never there.

—The Danbury News has found a coal-dealer so careful about weighing a load that he stands on the scales himself.

—A North Hill man has applied for a divorce on the grounds of excessive cruelty, because his wife feeds him on oatmeal mush six times a week.

—Nearly all the post-offices in Texas are now in charge of females. It works so well that the males now arrive and depart every hour in the day.

—"I made nine hundred dollars during my three-day's visit," said a young hopeful to his father on his return from New York. "How so, my boy?" replied the delighted parent. "Why, I had a thousand dollars' worth of fun, and it only cost me a hundred."

—A learned florist tells us that plants sleep at night. Then how wrong it must be for a big, awkward man to get up in the dark to hunt for a match, and by tumbling over them, awaken out of a sound sleep fourteen pots of plants that have been set in the sleeping-room to protect them from frost.

—The ladies of Norwich, N. Y., who had all been buying "hand-made lace" from a gypsy woman at one dollar per yard, were somewhat taken aback at discovering that the article came from the store kept by the husband of one of their number, and that he was willing to sell them all they wanted at a quarter the price they had paid the gypsy.

—Tommy is fond of sugar, and asks his mother for some to eat with his strawberries. She refuses. He appears resigned, but adds gravely: "You know, mamma, what happened round the corner? There was a little boy, and his mother would not give him any sugar on his strawberries, and—" "And—?" "And next day he fell into a well?"



CHEMISTRY FOR GIRLS.

BY E. THOMPSON, D. D.

This is properly styled a utilitarian age, for the inquiry, "What profit?" meets us everywhere. It has entered the temples of learning, and attempted to thrust out important studies, because their immediate connection with hard money profits can not be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not so generally intruded itself—the female academy—the last refuge of the fine arts and fine follies. Thither young ladies are too frequently sent, merely to learn how to dress tastefully and walk gracefully, play, write French and make waxen plumes and silken spiders—all pretty, but why not inquire, "What profit?"

I take my pen, not to utter a dissertation on female education, but, to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will thereby be better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life. We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to the study of poisons.

The strong acids, such as nitric, muriatic and sulphuric, are virulent poisons, yet frequently used in medicine and the mechanic arts. Suppose a child in his rambles among the neighbors should enter a cabinet shop, and find a saucer of aqua fortis (nitric acid) upon the work-bench, and in his sport seize and drink a portion of it. He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for, but ere he arrives the child is a corpse. Now as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine chest, or drawer, was calcined magnesia, which, if timely administered, would have saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy. Oh! what are all the bouquets and the fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge?

Take another case. A husband returning home on a summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box, labeled "salt of lemon," and making a solution of this, he drinks it freely. Presently he feels distress, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drank a solution of oxalic acid, which she has procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal. When he arrives, perhaps he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk, which, if given in time, would certainly have prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generally used to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is laid upon the floor in a teacup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the chil-

dren upstairs to play; the baby crawls to the tea-cup and drinks. Now what think you would be the mother's joy, if having studied chemistry, she instantly called to recollection the well ascertained fact, that there is in the hen's nest an antidote to this poison? She sends for some eggs, and breaking them, administers the whites. Her child recovers, and she weeps for joy. Talk to her of novels—one little book of natural science has been worth more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer their medicines by guess, from a tea-spoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case. A physician in a hurry leaves an over-dose of tarter-emetic (generally the first prescription in the case of bilious fever), and pursues his way. The medicine is duly administered, and the man is poisoned. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is dispatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now there is, in a canister in the cupboard, and on a tree that grows by the door, a remedy for this distress and alarm—a sure means of saving the sick man from threatened death. A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or other astringent vegetable, will change tarter-emetic into a harmless compound.

Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture is present, and its surface becomes covered with a green substance—carbonate or protoxide of copper, a poisonous compound. It has sometimes happened that a mother has, for want of knowledge, poisoned her family. Sour kraut, when permitted to stand for some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may require a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison.—*Ch. Union.*

THE NEED OF ACIDS.

When much fat pork is eaten there will always be a demand for pickles or vinegar, says the report of the Massachusetts Board of Health. The demand for acid is a genuine call of the system, but there is no especial call for the strong acids, such as raw lemons and pickles, if one has from day to day the proper supply of moderately sour fruit. Half of the doctors would find their occupation gone if apples were freely used as an article of food. Fruit has never done us the good it might have done, because it has been eaten at improper hours, between meals, or in the evening. It has actually been turned into a foe to good digestion by the process of pickling and preserving.

The old fashioned "pound for pound" preserves are too sweet to serve the purpose of acid fruit, and too rich to have the nourishing effect of juicy sweet fruit. They are simply sweetmeats to be eaten with caution. Canned fruit is excellent, but fresh fruit is best, whenever it can be obtained. The good effect of fresh fruit is often spoiled by the excess of sugar used with it. When there is a craving for sour food, for pickles or for lemons,

it is generally a strong indication that the system has a real need of acids, and lemons or vinegar are sometimes best medicines to cure biliousness, and restore a failing appetite.

A year ago I saw a child pass through one of these poor spells. He lost his appetite, and could not bear the sight or smell of food until he caught sight of a dish of dried applesauce, and then he was possessed with a desire for some of the juice. This seemed to refresh him, and he ate for his next meal bread soaked in the juice of stewed dried apples. After that canned tomato, cooked with bread helped forward the cure. Before this ill turn he had, for a few weeks, lived almost entirely without fruit, contrary to his usual habit.

It is a common mistake to use fruit at the table only in the form of sauce at the evening meal, or encased in rich crusts as pie for dinner. In the latter case, the ill effect of the piecrust is often greater than the good effect of the fruit inside the pie. As for the fruit sauce on the tea table, it is better than a heavy supper of meat, but there is some sense in the old saying that "Fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night." Perhaps any kind of fruit or vegetable may be used to excess, or in too large a proportion as compared with the rest of the diet. Certainly acids should be used in moderation, especially the strong kinds.

Because the juice of a lemon may be an excellent cure for biliousness or flatulence or other disease, it by no means follows that school girls can thrive upon their daily use. In former days, when pale and slender maidens were in fashion, it was not very uncommon for silly girls to try to reduce their weight and ruddy hue by frequent sips of vinegar, and many a feeble woman and many an early death has been the result of such tampering. A variety of vegetables and fruit, well cooked and eaten as appetite calls for them, will satisfy the natural demand for both sour and sweet food.

CARE OF THE THROAT.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Before an intelligent and conscientious physician prescribes or advises in reference to any malady, he wishes to know something of its nature, its causes and conditions, asking various questions. Yet the quack and dealer in patent medicines, in their ignorance, may prescribe at perfect random, offering remedies designed to cure many different kinds of diseases, meeting the wants of all classes of society, curing all with a perfect certainty. The one recognizes the fact that drugs may prove poisons, if given carelessly or indiscriminately, while the other has money in mind.

It is safe, however, to refer to certain causes of "chronic sore throats," and to suggest auxillary treatment or good nursing, which may remove in some slight cases, even without recourse to drugs, if sufficient time is allowed. Some of the many causes of these affections of the throat, when inflamed, are the too free use of salt, vinegar, pepper, and the like, as well as of the sweets and oily substances—especially in warm weather—sudden

checking of the perspiration, as by exposure at night after profuse sweating and exhaustion by day, immoderately singing or talking, particularly on a high key, with all influences that tend to rasp, fret or irritate the throat—inflammation.

It should be remembered that in seeking a cure it is always well to learn the first cause or causes, with the aggravating circumstances, and then to remove them all, since the use of medicines while the causes still remain is not only foolish, but must result in a slow cure, if, indeed, the cure can be effected, though it is possible to change the form of a disease, soon to re-appear with even greater violence, though the patient may be satisfied with the ruse. A true cure usually implies a change of habits, if bad; the removal of causes, and renovation of the whole system—sometimes demanding a good, nourishing, but plain diet—putting the human machine in good "working order," remembering that disease is not so much something to be killed, as it is the absence of healthful action.

It is safe to gargle the throat with borax or alum water, or both alternately, at least four times each day, in the proportion of a piece as large as a nickel five-cent piece to a teacup of water, and at the same time to irritate the outside, either with a small blister or the application at night of a wet cloth—three thicknesses, covered with a dry flannel, the wet cloth to have a thin coating of mustard or cayenne pepper sprinkled over it. Such applications, with the removal of the causes and with the right medicines, will remove ordinary cases. Most cases may be modified and to some extent improved by the nursing alone.

If Mrs. S. E. C. chooses to allow me by direct letter to ask certain questions, so that I can prescribe intelligently, I will respond.

SLEEP AS A STIMULANT.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain force; because during sleep, the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive the appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those which have been consumed on previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes or burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace.

The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet and stillness, of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, as men who are so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over.



BOOKS AND READING.

THE object of reading, of course it is knowledge; but it is not that only. Reading is a dissuasion from immorality. Reading stands in the place of company. When one's appetite for it is formed, it takes away from him the necessity of accepting whatever company he can find, and such excitements as may happen to lie in his neighborhood, for a man who is armed with books that he loves is independent of all other companionship. A book is a garden. A book is an orchard. A book is a storehouse. A book is a party. It is company by the way. It is a counselor. It is a multitude of counselors. The best things that the best men have ever thought in past times, and expressed in the best manner, lie in books; and he who knows how to use these may be said, almost, to have control of the world. I would give more for the ownership of books than for that of all the gold in California, if in ownership I sought happiness—various, self-respecting happiness, continuous amid cares, and burdens, and disappointments in youth, in middle age, and in old age. There is nothing like a book, to one who knows how to pluck fruit from it, and how to prepare it for his palate.

Now in view of the multitude of books, when one thinks of reading he is likely to be puzzled. It is as if one should go out into the world—without a trade, or profession, or calling—to seek his fortune, and not know whether to go east, or west, or north, or south, and when you urge men to form habits of reading, they instinctively say, "Tell us where we shall begin: Where shall we read? What shall we read? What shall we do?"

Now, it may be some comfort to you to know, that, although books are almost endless, there is not one in ten thousand of them that is good for anything; and therefore you need not trouble yourself about reading many. There is, for instance, that great collection of six hundred thousand volumes in the British Museum. There is that still larger collection of eight hundred thousand volumes in the Imperial Library of Paris. I forget how many there are in the Bodleian Library. Then, in our own country, there are vast libraries. And you might safely say, perhaps, that in those libraries not one book in a thousand would be of any value to you unless you are a specialist—unless you are a historian of books, and want to know about every book that was ever printed or written; or unless you are studying some special matter of history.

Under such circumstances, books that would be profitless to everybody else would be profitable to you. But for the purposes of the common people who are reading for amusement, or for general information, you may set it down that the great majority of books have nothing in them; and that therefore you need not trouble yourself in respect to them. It is not

probable that, if a man were to read twelve hours a day for a whole lifetime, he could read more than twenty thousand volumes; and what would that be in a library of eight hundred thousand volumes? So do not think that you are bound to do a great deal of reading, or that you are to make any considerable headway, as it respects the number of existing volumes; and do not be ashamed not to have read volumes that have been read by other people.

It is quite the habit among young persons to say; "Have you read such or such a work?" There is a great deal of pedantry and vanity displayed by people in telling what books they have read, as though they were superior to others who have never read them. You might as well be ashamed because you are not acquainted with all the people that others are acquainted with. If you are acquainted well enough, and they are of the right sort, that is quite sufficient for you. A man who says, "I have read all the books there are," is a fool, or ought to be one! Books are not to be stowed away in a man's head indiscriminately. Omnivorous and multifarious reading, as it must be without aim, is also without much profit. Therefore, you may relieve yourself from any sense that you are going to enter upon an enormous task, when I advocate the habit of reading for your own sake or for the sake of knowledge, or for the sake of pleasure, as a dissuasion from evil, and as incitement to the fundamental forms of morality.

And let me say, that reading may be divided into two general classes; first, that which is professional. Of that I shall say nothing because if you are not studying and reading professionally, you will need no instruction respecting it; and if you are, you will derive it from your appropriate teachers. The second is general reading for general information, of which every man of every business, should have some knowledge.

This last includes about all the departments which I shall mention; and when I mention them, I beg you not to suppose that I would inculcate upon anybody a very minute and exhaustive reading of the works contained in these departments. I once felt a good deal of reproach because I read so superficially. I could not get through a great many books that I thought I ought to read; nor was I relieved till I read the preface to Professor Smythe's works on history, in which he declared that he had not read a tenth part of the books which he recommended; and I found that, in all his lectures to students, he pointed out in historical authors a certain portion only that was to be read, telling them that the rest was to be let alone. A man does not think it necessary to eat a whole ox piece by piece. He takes the tenderloin, and leaves the rest; that suffices for him. Now, books have a tenderloin; and if you get at it you get all that those have for you—that is, if you are reading for general information.—*H. W. Beecher.*

SIMPLICITY IS BEAUTY.

The late Fitz Greene Halleck once said: "A letter fell into my hands

which a Scotch servant girl had written. Its style charmed me. It was fairly inimitable. I wondered how, in her circumstances in life, she could have acquired so elegant a style. I showed the letter to some of my literary friends in the city of New York, and they unanimously agreed that it was a model of beauty and elegance. I then determined to solve the mystery, and I went to the house where she was employed, and asked how it was that, in her humble circumstances in life, she had acquired a style so beautiful that the most cultivated minds could but admire it. 'Sir,' said she, 'I came to this country four years ago. Then I could not read or write. But since then I have learned to read and write, but I have not yet learned to spell; so always when I sit down to write a letter, I select those words which are so short and simple that I am sure to know how to spell them.' There was the whole secret. The reply of that simple minded Scotch girl condensed a world of rhetoric into a nut shell. Simplicity is beauty. Simplicity is power."

THE REVIEWER.

THE USEFUL COMPANION AND ARTIFICE'S ASSISTANT, Containing Everything for Everybody, including nearly six thousand Valuable Recipes and a great variety of General Information and Instruction in almost every branch of Science and Industry known throughout the civilized world. New York: The Empire State Publishing Co.

This is one of the largest, handsomest, and most useful books ever published for two dollars, containing a large amount of general information and instruction of practical, everyday use, to everybody. It contains nearly six thousand valuable recipes adapted to every known trade, profession and occupation. To give the Table of Contents in full would take three pages of this paper closely set in type of this size. Full and complete instructions are given in the arts and sciences of book-keeping by both single and double-entry, telegraphing (reading by sound), harmony, as relating to sacred music, exhibiting the construction of all the principal chords used, thorough base or playing sacred music from figures, enabling the performer to play four parts on four staves by looking at two; tuning the piano forte, reed organ, melodeon and seraphine, with suggestions for detecting and discovering defects, taking ferotype, tintype and other positive pictures, making artificial flowers and fruit, leaf pressing, showing how they are made and preserved. A great variety of useful information for inventors, mechanics, etc., will be found in these pages including patents, and how to obtain them, length of time required, amount of fees, forms for patents, caveats, assignments, licenses, shop rights, etc. Extensive and useful tables, or ready reckoners, are inserted for the use of lumber dealers, iron-moulders, tinsmiths, model makers, masons, plumbers, pipe manufacturers, cistern builders, watchmakers, coal dealers, sheet iron workers, blacksmiths, etc., etc. The medical department has been arranged by a physician of high standing and long and extensive experience and practice, and can be relied upon in all cases. This alone is well worth many times more than the cost of the book. Under this heading will be found extensive directions to mothers and nurses in regard to the general management of infants and children in health as well as disease. In short the work abounds in useful and important information for every one. The farmer, the mechanic, the student, the professional man, and the household will find it a counselor of great value. The author has given a book, in this volume, of interest and value to all classes; no one can fail to find it of great worth.

LITERATURE FOR LITTLE FOLKS, by Elizabeth Lloyd. Price in boards, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. Sower, Potts & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

This little volume is filled with sacred precepts and lessons in beauty, truth, refinement and culture, made so interesting and entic-

ing that children and teachers will hail it with delight. Children in their Second Reader, whose time becomes tedious when not pleasantly occupied, will find this to just fit in and supply their needs. It contains the gems of sacred and child's literature, easy words and sentence lessons in composition, and object lessons from pictures. It instils literary taste, the use of correct and refined language, knowledge of authorship and habits of memory, observation and quick perception. The plan of the work is original and delightful.

"GOOD NEWS," Songs and tunes for Sunday Schools. Edited by R. M. McIntosh. Price 35 cts. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

A well chosen title, which will do something to introduce this pretty book to the notice of young singers and their friends. The Good News on the cover page is supplemented by a sketch of a victorious party of Israelites returning to Jerusalem, whose walls appear at the left, and whose people are coming forth in response to the joyous news proclaimed by the herald. Of the songs, which have a general appearance of being bright and well chosen, a large number are quite fresh and new. Sunday Schools will make no mistake who add this to the brilliant series already in their musical libraries.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October is not only plentifully stored with light reading-matter, but has also all those other characteristic attractions which have given it the foremost place in periodical literature. This number contains the conclusion of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda"—the greatest novel of the age. The fourth part of "A Woman-Hater" will awaken fresh curiosity as to the authorship of this remarkable story. Mrs. Craik's "The Laurel Bush" and Julian Hawthorne's "Garth" are continued. There are also three excellent short stories. The illustrated papers in this number cover a great variety of subjects. J. H. Beadle contributes a piquant and beautifully illustrated article on the mining region in Utah. A. H. Guernsey narrates the thrilling story of Benjamin Robert Haydon's career, illustrated with some of that artist's characteristic sketches. Martha J. Lamb gives a very complete and very interesting description of Newark, recounting also the history of its original settlement. Her paper is profusely illustrated. Emily V. Battey contributes a fascinating paper about old lace, beautifully illustrated, and full of the picturesque romance of her subject. Lyman Abbott, in a very entertaining illustrated article, describes the peculiar domestic customs of the East. Mrs. Mary Treat gives us another illustrated paper on the Carnivorous Plants of Florida; and James Payn contributes a gossipy article concerning the late Harriet Martineau, accompanied by her portrait. The poetry of the number is contributed by Paul H. Hayne, Rachel Pomeroy, Helen S. Conant, and Louise Chandler Moulton. The Editor's "Easy Chair" contains a suggestive criticism of "Daniel Deronda;" an exposure of the contents of Mr. Flint's celestial mail-bag; some new suggestions concerning Jenkins—also some about American innkeepers. The other Editorial department are up to their usual standard.

Hurd & Houghton (of the Riverside Press) have brought out, in a neat volume of about 200 pages, The Life and Character of Rutherford B. Hayes, the Republican nominee for the Presidency prepared by William D. Howells, editor of the Atlantic Monthly. The material from which the book is prepared is said to be entirely fresh, and large use is made in it of original letters and documents. The volume contains also a sketch of Wm. A. Wheeler, who is upon the same ticket.

"WHIP-POOR-WILL" is the title of a new book of music and songs recently issued by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass. It is designed for public schools and juvenile classes. It contains a complete elementary course of instruction, and has a great variety of one, two, three, and four part songs. The author is W. O. Perkins, who is also the author of "Golden Robin," "Shining River," etc. The songs are mostly of a secular nature.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS is the title of a little book intended for the home and the school, issued by Biglow & Main, New York and Chicago. It is compiled by Mrs. W. F. Crafts (Miss Sarah J. Timanus) and Miss Jenny B. Merrill. It is what its title implies, and seems to be a very good selection of songs and music. Its songs are all devotional.

THE LEAVES IN THE GARDEN MURMUR'D.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. The leaves in the gar - den mur - mur'd, As in a brok - en dream; Balm - i - ly breathed the

2. Good night! I said to the riv - er, The wind and leaves, "good night!" But I will watch and

3. If as the po - ets of sci - ence af - firm, Sound nev - er dies, But on - ward thro' circles in-

night wind, And soft - ly rip - pled the stream, The qui - et of eve - grew deep - er. Seen

wan - der A - broad with the full moon's light, I stood on the bridge in si - lence; In

creas - ing, For - ev - er and ev - er flies, In what far sphere of here af - ter, What

all things sank to rest;.... The green leaves slept in the branch - es, The wind on the riv - er's breast.

si - lence I staid not long;.... My rapture broke from my bos - om, A sounding rock - et of song.

moments of pleasure or pain,.... Thou song, lost breath of my be - ing Shall I meet and greet thee a - gain.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

I WOULD thank P. W. for her suggestion about drying corn. I intend to try her method this fall. We, here at 'Squire Wayne's, are very fond of succotash, and usually dry considerable sweet corn, so as to have it in winter. When school commenced, last summer, we had just enough corn left for one mess, and I promised the "school ma'am" that I would save it to cook sometime when she was here to help eat it. I did so, and she gave it what I call the highest praise possible for a girl, for the first time long away from home, to give; she said it tasted like her mother's good succotash. As M. Carter, in June number, asks how to make succotash, I think I will tell her how I made it.

In the morning, about nine o'clock, I looked over a cup of beans and washed them, washed two cups of corn, and put both corn and beans to soak in cold water, but in separate dishes. About three o'clock in the afternoon I drained the water from the beans and put them in a kettle with water enough to well cover them, threw in perhaps a quarter of a teaspoonful of salterus and let them boil up (this takes out the strong taste, in a measure); after a few minutes I drained this water, put on more cold water, let them cook in that until they began to be tender, threw in a spoonful of salt; let them cook until very tender, then added the corn, with the water in which it was soaked, seasoned to taste with salt, pepper and butter, stirring it frequently, and letting it boil five minutes or so, not long enough to harden the corn. It should be quite juicy when done. And where one has it, a little cream stirred in just before removing it from the fire, is, I think, an improvement.

In making succotash, one should be careful to stir it often, after putting in the corn, to prevent burning. Sometimes, when cream is scarce, a teaspoonful or so of flour, mixed smoothly with a little milk, and stirred in, letting it boil a minute or so, improves it for some, others prefer it without. Some persons even prefer it without the cream; that depends on individual taste. So in regard to the proportion of corn and beans; some prefer more beans and less corn, and so make it half and half.

When to be cooked for dinner, I put the corn and beans to soak over night. However, I think that no succotash is half so good as when made of green, shelled beans, and sweet corn fresh from the field.

We are now in the midst of "red raspberry time," and we had a raspberry shortcake for breakfast, this morning. Ross said it was just as good as strawberry shortcake, and father thought it was "almost as good."

I make shortcake crust the same as biscuit, only shorter than common biscuit. I roll the crust nearly an inch

thick, lay it in a pie tin and bake it, then split it open, butter the under crust well, lay on a thick coating of berries, sprinkle enough sugar over them to sweeten them well, butter the upper crust and lay that on, pressing it firmly together; cover for a few minutes with a thickly folded cloth, to let it steam, and it is ready to serve. Here you have a dish "fit for a king."

Sometimes I set it in the oven a few minutes after putting in the berries. Some prefer cream, also, on shortcake. In making biscuit I always use cream and buttermilk, if I have cream; or if the cream is thin, I sometimes use that alone. To-day, after making the crust for my shortcake, there was a piece of the dough left, and so I made a pie; and the crust was just as I like it, tender and flakey, but not too short.

Let me see, I was going to tell you how I cooked potatoes. Our potatoes are just getting large enough to eat, now for two weeks or so past, but are not yet old enough to be "mealy," so I washed and scraped them, washed them again, and put them in a kettle with water enough to cover them, let them boil a few minutes, salted them, and as soon as they were tender, drained them, then added a small piece of butter and a bowl of sweet milk, with the cream on; I then took a small spoonful of flour and a little milk, mixed it smoothly, and stirred that in (it should be thickened only enough to make it about like cream among the potatoes); let it boil up, salted it to taste, added a dust of pepper, and it was done.

The children brought me in a large handful of beautiful grasses, three or four days ago. Some were tall and stately looking, some tall with drooping heads, some fine and feathery, of different shades, some a reddish brown, and some dark green, while others were light, delicate, almost golden. I tied a string around the stalks, and hung them up, tops downward, in a dark place, to dry. When dried and properly arranged, they will make a lovely bouquet; and in December I intend to put them in a corner of the sitting-room, to be "a thing of beauty" and "a joy" all winter. I think that a huge bouquet of dried grasses, like this, is beautiful, when artistically arranged, in one corner of a room.

Let us all see how bright and cosy we can make our rooms, next winter—let us at least transfer a bit of the fields and woods to our rooms to gladden our hearts during the long, cold winter months.

IS RARE BEEF DANGEROUS?

For several years past hygienists and pathologists have been closely studying the progressive invasion of the *tanioidea* or tape worms in the human species, in order to discover all the causes which lead to the presence of these terrible parasites and the means of preventing them. While many vital points relating to the subject are still in controversy, it has been demonstrated that we are attacked by the armed tænia (*tænia solium*) and by the non-armed tænia (*tænia medio canellata* or *inermis*), that the germs of these two entozoa are introduced into the intestinal canal through flesh food, and that the germs

of the first usually come from pork and those of the second from beef and mutton. It has furthermore been pointed out, by M. Regnault, that, while the number of attacks of the armed tænia has not notably augmented, those of the non-armed worm are becoming more and more frequent.

The cause attributed to this increase is first, the therapeutic use of raw beef, and second, the habit of eating that meat, as well as mutton (the latter, however, in a less degree than the former), in a very rare state. Both beef and mutton contain morbid germs, which might well escape the scrutiny of a much more rigid inspection of market food than obtains here; and these, lodged in some organ of the body, speedily develop into the mature worm. Cooking the meat through thoroughly is a sure safeguard; but on the other hand, there are many who have no relish for well done beef or mutton, and, among the Germans especially, the meat is prepared in various ways without being cooked at all. We have frequently seen raw beef-steak served and eaten with the simple accompaniments of pepper, salt and vinegar. Butchers in New York city chop finely the good meat which is trimmed from joints or bones, and sell it in its hashed state, at a low price, to the poorer classes, who likewise eat it raw, and thus save the fuel required for cooking. As indicated above, physicians often prescribe raw meat to the weak and debilitated, and it is no very uncommon thing to see infants sucking tender pieces of raw steak. Of course all this is dangerous, and the fact, we have reason to believe, is not entirely unknown to those who favor the practice; but on the other hand, there is a general idea that if meat be cooked ever so little, merely warmed through, all peril is obviated. That this is a subtle error will be clear from a brief consideration of the cooking process.

The *rationale* of broiling is the subjection of a large surface of meat to a sudden high temperature. Coagulation of the exterior albumen succeeds, and the juices are prevented from escaping, so that they are cooked with the fibrous part of the meat, enclosed as it were between two shells. Roasting, or rather baking, as it is practiced in this country, is virtually the same process, the hot oven being substituted for the coals. Frying accomplishes the same end by the action of highly heated fat. Boiling is just the reverse, as the heat in that case is applied gradually, so that the albumen can be coagulated uniformly through the mass. Now albumen coagulates at 142 degrees Fah., and further heat reduces it to a firm transparent body, so that a piece of beef which is left "unbasted," that is, unmoistened, during the cooking process, and its exterior temperatures not thus kept down, or a steak allowed to cook slowly over a slow instead of a brisk fire, is likely to become incased in a close crust, not inaptly termed "leathery," which tends to prevent the further penetration of heat. It will readily be perceived that thus, although the meat has been subjected to cooking a proper length of time, and although its exterior may appear overdone, a part

of its interior may be practically raw, and may never have reached the temperature of 140 degrees, beyond which it has been proved germ-life cannot exist. Hence, in such portion of the meat thus prepared, the germs are none the worse for their warming, and enter the body in an active state.

It does not follow, however, from this that we are to interdict that most noble of all dishes, the rare cut of sirloin, but it does follow that we should exercise some greater care in its preparation. And in this respect we have a very safe and simple guide in the two temperatures noted above, or rather in there close approximation. Everybody knows the difference in color and general appearance between meat nearly raw and meat cooked, and is capable of observing the glairy, flabby condition of the former as compared with the firmness of the latter. In one case the albumen has not coagulated, in the other it has. But in the latter instance we know that a temperature of 142 degrees has been attained, and that is two degrees higher than the germ death point; hence we are thus rendered certain that the danger is obviated, on simple inspection of the condition of the meat, which still is rare enough to satisfy any healthy taste.

It is not difficult to perceive that the ravages of that other fearful parasite, of the hog, the *trichina spiralis*, have been the cause of greater care in the preparation of pork; and as the same thorough cooking which destroys the *trichina* like wise destroys the tænia germ, both evils are obviated at once. Hence we find another cause for the diminution in cases of armed tænia noted by Regnault, while the prevalent neglect of precautions regarding beef and mutton may likewise account for the spread of the affliction attributable to those meats.

It is a curious fact in this connection that a prominent French medical journal (*the Abeille Medicale*) strongly recommends horse flesh to be used raw therapeutically, and asserts that it is much more nourishing than either beef, mutton, or pork. We doubt whether this last assertion will meet with general acquiescence; but if it appears, as our contemporary states, that the horse is not subject to the parasitic affections common to the cattle now used as food, there can be no question but that, from a sanitary point of view, the food value of our superannuated chargers is greatly enhanced. At all events, for some reason the consumption of horseflesh in France is rapidly increasing, as recent statistics show that nearly thirty per cent. more of the animals have been slaughtered, for the markets in Paris, during 1876 than were killed last year. —*Scientific American.*

STARCHING AND IRONING.

It seems strange to us old housekeepers that anybody should find difficulty in doing up bosoms and collars nicely, but our ranks are continually recruited by women quite ignorant of these mysteries. The mutations in Wall street a year ago left a neighbor of mine poor, and now the brave wife hires nothing done but the washing. She came in to-day to ask just how

to make and manage the starch, and I was glad to tell her. Dissolve the pearl starch in cold water, pour on boiling water, stirring it all the time till it is the right consistency, that is, about as thick as paste for ordinary purposes; if too thick it will not iron nicely; if too thin, the linen will not be stiff enough.

I starch my clothes when they come from the rinse water, rub the starch well into them and hang them on the line. When I sprinkle the clothes I have a bowl of thin cold starch from which I wring the collars and bosoms and let them lie two or three hours or over night. When they are to be ironed I place them on the bosom-board, rub them till they lie smoothly with a soft, clean, damp cloth, and then pass the iron over them. If the starch shows any disposition to stick I lay a thin cloth on the bosom and pass the iron over that first then remove it and finish the work.

Various substances are used to give the linen a polish, and keep the iron from sticking. Some use a little lard or butter, and a few shavings of white soap stirred in the starch just after hot water has been poured over it. Others use a teaspoonful of white sugar, or a bit of wax candle, or a little gum arabic water. Some boil their starch five minutes, others only one, and others not at all. Some do not make their starch until they sprinkle their clothes, and then rub the starch into the dry linen and let it lie over night before ironing, and some depend entirely on cold starch. But I have found the first method given the surest and easiest.

If one is disposed to polish her linen, a polishing iron may be purchased at any hardware store. It is a small steel-faced iron with a bulge at the acute end, and costs from seventy-five cents to one dollar. The articles to be polished are first ironed in the ordinary way, then dampened by laying on them a wet cloth, then placed on a board and rubbed hard with the bulge of the polishing iron till they shine.

Linen that is placed immediately after being ironed near the stove or in the hot sun is stiffer when dry than if they are permitted to dry slowly. It is a good plan to lay collars and other small articles on a waiter and set them on the kettle or other support on the stove till they are quite dry. Sometimes the iron will stick in a manner perfectly unaccountable; it is rubbed on a board on which fine salt has been sprinkled and then passed over a brown paper with wax in its folds, the sticking propensity will be checked. A bowl of clear water and a clean old linen cloth to remove any specs the linen may acquire before or while being ironed.

HINTS ABOUT MEAT.

The leg of mutton is the most profitable joint, containing most solid meat. The neck is an extravagant joint, half the weight consisting of bone and fat. The shoulder has also much waste in bone and fat. The shoulder has also much waste in bone. The breast does well for kitchen dinner, nicely stuffed; it is much cheaper than the other joints. Sirloins, and ribs of beef are very extravagant vines, but dear me! they couldn't

joints, from the weight of bone. The roasting side of the round part of the buttock, and the part called the "top-side," are the most profitable family eating. The mouse buttock is used for stewing; shin is used for soup or stewing.

Meat should be wiped with a dry, clean cloth as soon as it comes from the butcher's; fly-blows, if found in it, cut out, and in loins the long pipe that runs by the bone should be taken out, as it soon taints; the kernels, also, should be removed from beef. Never receive bruised joints. Meat will keep good for a long time in cold weather, and, if frozen through, may be kept for months. Frozen meat must be thawed before it is cooked by plunging it into cold water, or placing it before the fire before setting it down to roast. It never will be dressed through if this precaution is not taken, not even when twice cooked.

Pepper is a preventive of decay, in a degree; it is well therefore, to pepper hung joints. Powdered charcoal is still more remarkable in its effect. It will not only keep the meat over which it is sprinkled good but will remove the taint from already decayed flesh. A piece of charcoal is boiled in the water with "high" meat or fowls will render it or them quite sweet. A piece of charcoal, should be kept in every larder. Hams, after being smoked, may be kept for any length of time packed in powdered charcoal.—*The Housekeeper.*

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Do any of you ever come to our sunny southland, our beautiful Alabama? I send you greeting from the genial clime, and, with Mr. Crowell's permission, would like to tell you how much delight and instruction is afforded me by your Chats, Letters and Recipes. You were introduced to me last summer by the kindness of a good friend, and every month since I have hailed your coming with most pleasurable anticipations because I knew there was something useful in store for whoever would read; something racy, instructive, strengthening; heart-food for weary woman, and ways of pastime for the happy and untrammelled. Is not THE HOUSEHOLD a perfect gem in its way? Its editor possesses the happy faculty of selecting and editing just what a woman wishes to see in a journal devoted to her interests.

Ever since February I have been wanting to thank Alicia for her plain, sensible way of making "salt rising." I tried it and my very first effort was delicious bread. She may rest assured I have not used any other since.

If Mabel will take a mixture of soot and wood ashes and sift it over her alyssum plants while they are wet with the dew, I think she will drive the little black flea; or, if that does not prove effectual, a little powdered tobacco mixed with the above and used in the same way certainly will. Can she, or any one else, tell me what will destroy the worms, or prevent their eating the vines and blooms of the sweet pea. They have ruined mine two years—worms of all grades and colors. Once I sprinkled salt on the

stand such treatment, they died crisp and brown.

I also wish to ask some wise body how to make apple, peach, quince, and plum butter. Fruit butter is a conserve not generally used at the South I think, as I have never seen any on a southern table.

I will tell M. D. W. my way of picking fresh cucumbers, and I think they are much better than when put in salt that must be soaked out again. Make a moderately strong brine, boil it and pour enough of it boiling hot over the cucumbers to cover them. Cover and let them remain in the water thirty-six hours, then take out and dry, and they are ready to pickle. I pickle with hot vinegar and put in a bit of alum to give a nice color, as the hot water is apt to turn them yellow. I have a recipe by which I make cabbage pickle that every one pronounces splendid. I will send it if any one wants it.

With best of wishes for all THE HOUSEHOLD I subscribe myself your southern sister,

HATTIE D.

Moulton, Ala.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Perhaps some of the friends would like my recipe for Chili sauce. It suits the taste of all my friends who have tried it. Forty large, ripe tomatoes, peeled and cut small into a large porcelain kettle; four onions and five green peppers chopped fine; three and one-half cups of good vinegar, two even tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and ground mustard, and two teaspoonfuls of allspice. Let all cook slowly together two or three hours, and when nearly done add three and one-half cups of sugar. (It is not so likely to burn on the kettle when the sugar is added last.) Seal tight in jars or wide-mouthed bottles. As a sauce to eat with meat it is preferred by many to catsup. If more spice is liked, of course it can be added, or more or less sugar or vinegar used, according to individual tastes.

I was quite interested in an article entitled "Small Economies," in THE HOUSEHOLD some time since.

To young housekeepers who are obliged to economize, and do not know exactly how such an article is of much value, let me add one little item which I learned from an old friend of mine. Don't throw away the bottom of your goblets, if you are so unfortunate as to snap the stem of one. Don't you see what a nice little cover it makes to put over the top of a teacup or mug, with a knob on top, too, to lift it by? I use the upper part of my broken goblets for jelly, setting them in teacups until the jelly hardens, then pasting stout white paper over the top, when they can be packed close together on the top shelf of your closet and one will hold the other up. This is, of course, supposing that you are so unfortunate as to have many broken ones.

When I was married I had something over two dozen goblets, of which but one remains. I have only broken one myself. Hired help seem to have an antipathy to whole glass. Cracked fruit jars will do nicely to put away raisins or tea in; if only slightly cracked cold liquids may also be put in them. But isn't it trying to the nerves to hear a fine two-quart jar

ing fruit? It is about as bad as breaking the needle of your sewing machine when you least expect it.

If I ramble on in this way, Mr. Crowell will never let me come again, so good morning, one and all.

Ashley, Mass.

ANNA W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the May number E. M. wants to know how to clean white corduroy. The only way I ever heard of is to wash it. My little four years old girl has a sack which is in the wash almost every week. She has had it almost a year and a half, and it looks almost as nice as new. We don't wring it, nor iron it unless the edges curl, then only on the wrong side. E. M. need not be afraid to try this, as there are dozens of sacks here, and they are all cleaned in that way.

I have a very nice recipe for potted veal, which perhaps some one would like. I get the leg of a calf (cut off as high up as the butcher will cut it,) and let it boil until very tender, then take out and chop fine, first removing all pieces of bone. I skim the fat off of the water it was boiled in, and then take a bowlful of the clear liquid and mix with the chopped meat, add vinegar, pepper and salt to taste, and put in a deep dish to cool. When wanted cut in slices. This is very nice.

Can some one give me a nice recipe for making chicken salad? Also a kind of cooky I remember eating when a child, and have never seen any since? They were very thin and seemed almost like molasses candy, still they had some flour in, and were splendid, at least to my childish taste.

I have a good and not expensive recipe for lemon pies. Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, juice of two lemons, one tablespoonful of flour mixed to a paste with a little of the water. This makes two pies. Bake. For foam, beat the whites of three eggs, with a little sugar, to a stiff froth, spread on the pies, return to the oven and let them become a golden brown.

R. G.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL:—Is there space in THE HOUSEHOLD for just one word from me? I have been a reader of your paper three years, and I have for a long time wished to put in my plea for help, and have at last gained courage to ask some of the dear sisters of the Band for a list of books of good, solid reading. I thought perhaps dear Mrs. Dorr could help me so much just here. I want to commence a course of reading that will be helpful and instructive, but do not know where to begin, or what to read, and if such a list could be given it would be of the greatest benefit not only to myself but to a large number of your readers.

BOSTON GIRL.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—A letter in the May number made me think that perhaps it would be right for me to speak once more through your columns to the sisters of the Band which I've learned to love so much. I mean the letter written by "Frank," whose home is in that truly beautiful city in the west, so near to my own childhood's lovely home. But the thoughts which Frank gave us will be the sub-

ject of this letter. In her letter she says: "But, dear friends, are not our murmurings, our putting into words the grief we feel, encouraging others to complain in words? Would it not be better to strive to speak cheerfully, if we speak at all? As the harmless spark which dies of itself if unmolested grows into a consuming fire if fanned by the breeze, so will our troubles be magnified by expression." Now with all honor to Frank and her sentiments, I venture to advocate theories of an entirely different nature. Our *HOUSEHOLD* Band is composed, we hope, of the mature minds of women and some men, not of children and those who are not responsible for their conduct in life, and we expect that they are not weak enough to imagine that because one, from the depths of a deep sorrow, or a heart over-full of care and anxiety, ventures to tell us of those feelings, another is licensed to come to us with that which would be highly improper to make known to the world. We feel almost confident to say that Frank can hardly have been called very far into the shadows, (as she must some day like all other mortals,) certainly not far enough to give her that experience which longs for sympathy as Christ in Gethsemane longed for it. It is untold wealth to a hungry soul to rest in the consciousness of a heart in sympathy with it and its longings. There are but few of us who have not felt the priceless worth of true friendship, and how the burden seemed to melt half away when we were permitted to open the flood gates of the over-burdened soul, and pour out its fullness into that precious listening ear. Suppose we all felt that restraint which Frank encourages, what a tame level for everything to rest upon. Why, God sent us into this life to fill it up with deeds of love and sympathy, and how is this to be done if others have no need, and if others have need how will we know of it, if hearts and lips are closed? But we know that all hearts have aches and sorrows, why not tell them, as far as is expedient, to each other? Human hearts were made for human sympathy, and let us beware how we handle them. Did not the pure tears of Jesus fall upon cheeks of flesh like our own? It was the Divine which was in Him, teaching the blessed lesson of sympathy, through our common humanity. If our brother asks of us a loaf, shall we give him a stone? Oh, let them come. I know how sweet it is to tell all I may if the burdens of a soul which God made for sympathy, and my highest earthly happiness is to grant this blessed boon to the extent of my capacities; no mission holier than to alleviate the caresse of a heart laid bare to my sympathy; and to the thoughtful person this duty is fraught with much responsibility. May God help us to see these things in their true light. Lovingly.

DESSIE M.

MR. CROWELL:—I live with a family that reads *THE HOUSEHOLD*. Have just read the "Problem for New England Girls," by Alice D. I admire the common sense contained in the sentiment, and I say, long live Alice to vindicate practical truth! By the way, the article has served to encourage.

Would that every repentant one who is trying to redeem the past might read it and appreciate the sentiment.

God's little hive of industry in the earth can work in lovely harmony; and though opposed by the factions of ignorance, pride and bigotry, will eventually bring about the glorious end desired by the Master-builder. But woe is me! I might put a parody on Paul's words in 1st Cor. 15:9, and exclaimed "I am the least of the workers that is not meet to be called a worker," because, worse than idly, I have spent the sweetest portion of the morning of life wasting health-heaven bestowed faculty. All, no not all. Infinite mercy reserved the precious life, and infinite love now says be hopeful. Oh, yes! One moment is quite too much for vain regret. I might have been a worker; but now, to be permitted to glean, how good!

S. O. J.

GRAHAM BREAD.

MR. CROWELL:—I am a new subscriber and quite domestic, hence take pleasure in perusing the recipes in *THE HOUSEHOLD*. I desire to correct an erroneous idea, however, that many have in making graham bread, by giving it so little care in getting ready to bake. I make my sponge over night with milk and white flour, adding a small piece of butter, the same as in making white bread. In the morning a little sugar is added and sponge thickened with graham flour not quite as stiff as for white bread. Let it rise, then knead thoroughly before putting in the pans. I use hop yeast made of grated potatoes same as has been recommended in *THE HOUSEHOLD*. The point I desire to make is that graham bread is decidedly improved by bestowing as much care upon it as in making white bread.

A SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—A Subscriber in the March number wants to know how to make nice light graham bread. To one quart of the flour one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted with the flour, a piece of butter the size of an egg. One-half cup of bolted flour improves it greatly. Wet it up with warm water and put in a small teaspoonful of salt, and it should be well kneaded and baked moderately fast. She will be sure to like it, I think.

I never did such an awful thing as to write to a paper before, and you may throw this in the waste basket; but I am away down in old Georgia, and hope you will send me the paper anyway.

MRS. M. S. R.

Forsyth, Ga.

GEO. E. CROWELL, — Dear Sir:—I have tried a great many ways of making graham bread, but like this better than any other. Take two quarts of graham flour, pour boiling water upon it until it is thoroughly wet through, cool it with sweet milk until it is cold enough to put in the rising, stir in about two-thirds of a cup of sugar or molasses, put it in the rising, and set it the same as wheat bread.

To Make the Rising.—Take two cups of warm water, one cup of graham flour, one-third teaspoonful of salt, one-third teaspoonful of soda, stir it

up and set it to rise the same as salt rising.

K. P. N.

MR. CROWELL:—I had almost dispaired of ever getting a recipe for making light graham biscuit, when the following was recommended. It is excellent. To three cups of graham add about half a cup of yeast, a little warm water and salt, and let it rise over night; in the morning add two spoonfuls of molasses and one-quarter teaspoonful of saleratus, roll out with a little flour and cut out. Let them rise a short time after they are in the baking pan. I have been the recipient of so many good recipes that I thought I could not do less than to send you this.

C. A. S. E.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—I send you a superior recipe for graham blunders, or breakfast cakes. Take one pint of sour milk, not too sour, add a little salt, one tablespoonful of molasses, stir in a little graham meal, then add a small teaspoonful of soda, and stir in more of the flour until quite thick. Drop from a spoon into buttered gem pans and bake in a quick oven. When done brown cover them closely with a thick towel for ten minutes or more. They are fit for a king.

HELEN.

Oak Park, Ill.

I want to send my recipe for graham bread, as I think it a little the nicest I ever ate. Make a sponge of the graham, of salt rising, as for white bread, then when the sponge is very light (it wants to be stirred quite thick) stir in a handful of corn meal, and a large spoonful of sugar for each loaf. Have the batter as thick as can be stirred readily. Pour into deep cake bars, and when light again put in the oven. It is delicious.

MATTA.

MR. CROWELL:—In the April number of *THE HOUSEHOLD* some one wished a recipe for graham bread. I send mine which I know to be good. In the evening set a sponge of warm water, yeast, salt, and white flour; in the morning, when light, add more water, one cupful of molasses, and mould stiff with graham flour, let it rise, then mould into pans. When light, bake.

FLORENCE.

I will send my recipe for graham rolls. One egg, one pint of new milk, one pint of graham flour, beat thoroughly, and bake in a hot oven.

I also send recipe for pop-overs. One egg, one cup of new milk, one cup of wheat flour. Bake in a roll pan, like the graham.

A SUBSCRIBER.

HULLED CORN.

This old-fashioned luxury is coming into style again, and as it is really a delicious dish when properly prepared, it may be acceptable to know the *modus operandi* of doing it right. Take a six-quart panful of ashes (hard-wood ashes if possible, as they are stronger); put them into an iron kettle, with three gallons of water; let them boil about five minutes; then set off from the fire, and turn in a pint of cold water to settle it. Turn off the fire and strain; put it into an iron kettle, and put in six quarts of shelled corn; put it over a brisk fire, and let it boil half an hour, skimming and stirring frequently. The outside skin of the kernels will then slip off. Strain

off the lye, and rinse thoroughly in several clear waters.

When the lye is thus weakened, turn the corn into a large dish-pan, and turn in water enough to cover it; then rub thoroughly with the hands, till the little black chits come off; rinse and strain off till the water looks clear; then put back into a clean kettle, with water enough to cover it, and let it boil slowly. It will swell to more than double the first quantity. Boil till quite soft; it may be necessary to add water occasionally; stir often, so as not to burn at the bottom of the kettle; when quite soft put in two large tablespoonfuls of salt, and stir well. To be eaten with milk or butter and sugar.

It is a healthy dish, and though there is work in preparing it, yet it is good enough to pay for the labor and trouble. It is good either hot or cold, and was considered by our grandparents to be one of the greatest luxuries of the table. Wheat hulled in the same way is considered a great delicacy, and a very beneficial diet for invalids, but it is not so staple or nutritious as Indian corn. Smaller quantities can be prepared by using less lye and corn.—Country Gentleman.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

SMOTHERED CHICKEN.—*Ed. Household*:—In the August number I see some one asked for directions for smothering a chicken, and as no one replied in the last number, I wish to tell her how I smother them. Split the chicken in the back, after cleaning, and put it in your vessel with about one teacupful of water and cover so closely that no steam can escape. When nearly done add plenty of butter and some black pepper. If the chicken is tender it will be done in fifteen or twenty minutes.

I wish to thank Nellie in the September number for her recipe for salt-rising. We tried it last week and found it a success. The yeast was up by half past eight o'clock and the bread baked before dinner.

FRENCH SPLIT-BISCUIT.—I would like to add a recipe for French split-biscuit which I think excellent. Make the yeast by Nellie's recipe, only begin in the morning and set aside till dinner, if you wish the biscuit for supper. When the yeast rises take one egg, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful each of lard and butter (all lard can be used if butter is not plentiful); beat the egg and sugar together and pour into your flour, mix with the yeast, and knead well. Make one large biscuit and one small one, and place the small one on top the large one. Put them in a pan and set to rise.

BESS, FROM ALABAMA.

MR. EDITOR:—In a late *HOUSEHOLD* Aunt Lydia wishes to know how to make a good baked Indian pudding; also how to make a good frosting for cakes.

INDIAN PUDDING.—To a pint of scalded milk, add half a pint of Indian meal, a teacup of molasses, a teaspoonful of salt, and six sweet apples pared and cut in small pieces. Bake three hours.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—Ten teaspoonsfuls of powdered sugar to the white of an egg. Beat five minutes for each spoonful of flour.

If E. M. H. will rub her tins with a little plaster on a flannel they will be brighter.

C. A.

ED. *HOUSEHOLD*:—I will send a few recipes in answer to questions.

WINE JELLY, FOR AN INVALID.—One paper gelatine, pour one pint of cold water upon it, let it dissolve, then add one pint of boiling water, stir it well, add one pint of wine, then one-half pound of white sugar. Put in moulds and set in a cool place for an hour or two.

CAPER SAUCE.—Boil half a pint of milk and stir in a teaspoonful of corn starch

or flour rubbed smooth in milk, and a teaspoonful of butter; last of all add two tablespoonfuls of capers and let it boil up.

I have other recipes for the same more elaborate than these that I could furnish if wished for.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil a nice fowl, when cold cut off all the meat and chop it, but not very small; chop a large bunch of celery and mix with the chicken. Boil four eggs hard, mash, and mix with sweet oil, pepper, salt, mustard, and a gill of vinegar. Beat this mixture thoroughly, and just before dinner pour it over the chicken. It done before, it makes it tough.

I have mislaid the lobster salad recipe, but it is made in a similar manner except lettuce is required instead of celery, minced, and the dressing not to be applied until serving.

I would say to Mrs. M. C. E. that Sister Jessie's recipe for peach pudding, in the March number, 1875, is very nice, and will send one for peach charlotte if it is desired.

M. S. F.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Miss L. B. D. from Cambridgeport wishes to know the recipe for Charlotte russe. I can give her my recipe for Charlotte russe pudding, which we all think delicious. Heat one and one-half pints of milk to near boiling, by putting it into a two-quart tin pail, after which set the pail into an iron kettle half full of boiling water, with a little board at the bottom of the kettle, to prevent the pail from touching the bottom, stir into the milk the yolks of four eggs, one-half tablespoonful of corn starch, first dissolved in a little cold milk, one-half cup of sugar, flavor with vanilla and let the whole thicken about as thick as custard, then lay slices of sponge cake into a deep pudding dish and pour over it the custard, and when cool, add to the top a nice frosting made with the whites of four eggs and one-half cup of powdered sugar; after beating the egg to a stiff froth, then add the sugar and after well heating it, spread over the pudding and put it into the oven and brown lightly. I would say that any kind of cake will do, but sponge is the best.

MRS. J. P. B.

GOLD AND SILVER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half tea-cup of sweet milk; the whites of five eggs, three-fourths teaspoonful of cream of tartar mixed in two cups of flour. The yolks of the eggs and the same ingredients make gold cake. Season the silver cake with peach and the gold with lemon.

DELICATE CAKE.—Two teacups of sugar, one teacup of butter, one teacup of cream, six teacups of flour, two teaspoons of soda; mould with the hand and bake in a pan.

FRITTERS.—I make fritters in this way, for a small family: Pour into the sieve one quart of flour, a pinch of salt, and if the buttermilk is new not over an even teaspoonful of soda, if not new heap the soda on the teaspoon, add this, sift well and stir briskly into three teacups of mixing milk; have ready well heated fritter covers, well buttered; watch carefully so as not to burn them, and turn quickly so as not to break them; soon as done a delicate brown, place each one in turn on a large, round, deep dish, buttering and sugaring well, and keep covered with a deep dish until well steamed and softened through.

Limerick, Me. MRS. B. C.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—In the October number of your paper Mell asks for a good recipe for strawberry cake and spice cake. I think she will be pleased with the following:

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Make good, rich biscuit dough, divide into two portions, roll out to fit your tins, and place one on top of the other. When baked pass a knife between the cakes to separate them; butter the lower half and spread on the berries, which should be ready mashed and sweetened; put on the other cake, sprinkle sugar over it, and place in the oven a few minutes.

SPICE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, two-thirds cup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two and one-half cups of flour, two tablespoons of cinnamon, two tablespoons of allspice, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one nutmeg, one coffee-cup of raisins, one teacup of currants, one-half pound

of almonds, blanched and chopped fine. Bake in small tins in a quick oven. The fruit can be left out and it may be baked in a loaf, if desired.

I also notice a request for gold and silver cake. I hope Novice will try this, for I never knew it to fail:

SILVER CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, six tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, the whites of three eggs beaten to a foam, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one and one-half cups of flour, and flavor with lemon, or anything liked. This makes one loaf. Gold cake is made exactly the same, except use the yolks of three eggs instead of the whites.

MRS. L. H.

CLAM CHOWDER.—As I have never seen my recipe for clam chowder, I will send it to you, as it is very nice. Clams cooked the old way are like rubber, but this way are tender and sweet. I buy my clams all opened, the same as oysters; I then take out the pulps and put them in a dish by themselves, then

take the head, shoulders and solid meats and cut into two or three pieces, and wash and boil about four hours; if the water is hard I put in a little saleratus, then half an hour before dinner I have ready my potatoes, onions, and pork if you like, but I prefer butter, pepper and salt; when my potatoes are about done then I put in the pulps, not allow more than five minutes to boil, have ready my crackers all split and buttered and put in; after lifting my kettle from the fire, put in three pints of warm milk. If you are fond of clams I think you will like this. Please try it and let me know through THE HOUSEHOLD how you like it.

M. A. L.

LEMON PIE.—The yolks of two eggs, one lemon, (grate the peel,) one cup of white sugar, half a pint of milk, cover and bake. Make a frosting of the beaten whites of the two eggs and three tablespoonfuls of white sugar, pour over the pie and let it brown lightly.

TIPSY PUDDING.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one egg, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and flavor with lemon; mix soft, bake in a long tin, having it an inch thick, and when done turn on a cloth, cut in squares of about three inches, split open and spread with raspberry jelly, then put them together again and place them in a dish. Take a pint of sweet milk, set in a kettle to scald; beat the yolks of two eggs with a cup of sugar, flavor with lemon, and pour it in the dish; then take the whites of the eggs and make a frosting, pour over it and place bits of jelly over it.

MATTIE B.

Mackerel Corner, N. H.

CORN BREAD.—One pint of slightly scalped Indian meal, one tablespoonful of lard, two eggs, stir well, add one-half teaspoonful salt, water enough to make a thin batter, and add two teaspoonfuls of Dooley's yeast powder and bake in a quick oven. Delicious.

BELLE.

PICKLES.—When the cucumbers are large enough to pick, take a stone jar and set it out by your vines, and put in one pint of molasses for every gallon of pickles, and as you pick your cucumbers put them in and stir well every day. Cover them close so the rain cannot get in and they will be nice. If not sour enough when you take them in the house, set them by the stove awhile. Having made mine so for two years, I think it less work, and they keep well.

A. P. G.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. EDITOR.—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD give a recipe for sweet pickle for green tomatoes? Also, the best way for cooking beef-steak? and oblige,

MRS. H. C. R.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Dear Sir:—I have read with much profit the Questions and Answers in THE HOUSEHOLD since I have been a subscriber, and would like to ask if some one will tell me how I can keep a stove pipe from spoiling the paper, where it passes into the chimney? Also, what can I do to prevent the appearance of a little black insect in my flour.

MRS. W. A. C.

Providence, R. I.

MR. CROWELL.—If Mrs. R. H. will get a box of W. Collamore's Dead Sure Thing, an

insect powder, and put around where the ants come, she will drive them away. I was troubled very much last year, but three applications of that powder rid the pantry of them.

Will some one give me a good recipe for apple batter-pudding? and oblige,

MRS. L. H.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Will some of the readers of your paper please tell me through its columns how to make a card basket? I have read of crystallizing them, and imitating coral, but I do not like either way, I would prefer something different.

If Henrietta will make a strong solution of soda and water, add wash the warts three times a day I think they will go away. It will take two or three weeks.

PENELOPE.

Mrs. R. H. requested to know how to get rid of the large black ants. If she will lay small pieces of common rosin soap on the shelves of her closet, I think she will soon be rid of those troublesome pests.

Sister F. M. K. gave directions in the September number of THE HOUSEHOLD for making hair chains, but as I have never seen any hair work done, could not understand them. If she will send me more explicit directions I will very much oblige an interested reader.

CARRIE W.

Thorndale, Chester Co., Penn.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—A Subscriber, who wants a recipe for bluing without vinegar, will be pleased with the following: One of oxalic acid, one ounce of Chinese blue, two quarts of soft water; dissolve the blue first, then add the acid.

I will also add a reliable recipe for White Mountain cake, which somebody enquires for in a late number. Two eggs, two cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar in the flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda in the milk. Flavor with lemon or what you please.

If any of your readers know what will remove dark spots from ivory handles, or white spots from the zinc lining of a refrigerator, will they be so kind as to put their knowledge in circulation through these same interesting columns?

E. P. H.

Springfield, Mass.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—This is my first year of subscription for THE HOUSEHOLD, but if I live it will not be my last. I have gained many new ideas from its pages, and consider the recipes worth a dollar to any one. I send one of a plain pudding which is very nice. One teacupful of tapioca soaked over night in three pints of water; in the morning pare and core six nice apples and put them into the tapioca and water, with two teacups of sugar, and bake until the apples are soft. To be eaten cold with cream; or milk will do.

Will some one please give a recipe for rice croquettes, and fried rice for breakfast, or any other good breakfast dishes?

If Ruth will use Horsford's powders according to directions, she will have no trouble with her soup dumplings.

If A Lover of Flowers will keep her begonia warm, and not very wet, the leaves will not drop off.

If O. K. H. will water her calla with warm water, and keep it quite wet, it will grow and bloom finely.

A New Subscriber should keep her amaryllis bulbs one-third out of the ground, and pick off all offsets as fast as they appear. My plants do well, and my friends say I make things grow by looking at them, but I don't lay claim to any such power.

Middletown, Conn. KITTY R. H.

I can tell Katie how to keep her iron sink from rusting. Let her wash it in hot water, wipe dry, and then pour a little milk in it and rub it in thoroughly. Do this once a day and it will keep smooth and black.

TO PRESERVE GRAPES.—Pick the bunches without bruising, and pack them in a box, first a layer of cotton then one of grapes, and so on. Keep them in a cool place. Choose those varieties for preserving that do not fall from the cluster easily. The Isabella, Diana, and Hartford, are excellent for this purpose.

Tell S. B. M., in starching collars, etc., to wet thoroughly in cold starch, fold them up

in a cloth for an hour; rub them with a cloth wrung out of water before ironing, and have her irons as hot as possible and not scorch. Finish by passing a damp cloth lightly over the surface and follow quickly with the iron. Repeat this a few times and you will have a fine polish.

To mend rubber boots, if it is a crack, sew it together with a few carpet stitches; if a hole, fasten a piece of cloth or rubber over it, and with a cement made by dissolving some bits of rubber (part of some old rubber shoe) in spirits of turpentine till the mixture is thick enough to spread with a brush. If kept in a warm place it will dissolve in a week. Apply a second or third coat, drying each separately.

A. F. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I have found so many good recipes in your columns, and some valuable hints and suggestions just when they were needed, and in return I would like to contribute my mite for the benefit of some of your subscribers.

Lizzie A. wants to know how to remove finger marks from rosewood furniture. If she will take equal parts of turpentine, sweet oil, and rain water, put them in a bottle, shake them thoroughly, and rub on the furniture with a soft cloth, and polish with a dry cloth, it will remove all finger marks, scratches, etc.

Can any of your readers tell me how to make chocolate cream, or drops, such as we buy at the confectioners? Also, can any one tell me how to start seeds of the cobra scandens? I have tried them in the open ground, in the house, and under glass, but have not succeeded in getting them to sprout.

MRS. C. W. B.

I think I once saw in THE HOUSEHOLD a recipe to drive black ants from the pantry. If you know of one will you be kind enough to inform me? and greatly oblige a sufferer from the pests.

MRS. F. M. P.

Spencer, Mass.

To New Subscriber. The cucumbers are not spoiled, but always do that way. And when you wish to use some of them, take them from your salt brine, put in a pail, and pour scalding water on them; change daily till freshened, then scald them in vinegar, in which a little alum and allspice is thrown, and you will put down more than a bushel in salt next year.

That recipe for transferring engravings is very nice; tried it five years ago.

AN INTERESTED READER.

Will some one tell me how to frost a loaf of cake when it is cold so the frosting will spread smooth, and how to trim it? and I would like to know how to make a pretty lamp mat?

A. P. G.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—Lillie wishes to know how to put up cucumber pickles for winter use without putting them in salt. When picked from the vines take one gallon of water, one gallon of vinegar, and one pint of salt, put in the cucumbers, and put on a weight to keep them under the liquor. Take out a few at a time and put in vinegar for present use, if too salt, soak over night. Try it and you will find it the surest way and the least work. Horse radish root cut in small pieces and put on top of your pickles will prevent mould.

She also wishes to know how to make tomato catsup. I can tell her how to make grape catsup. If she will try it she will never wish to make tomato. To five pounds of grapes, boiled and passed through a colander, add two and one-half pounds of sugar, one-half pint of vinegar, a heaping teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, pepper, and half a teaspoonful of salt.

L. R. E.

A New Subscriber says she put pickles down in salt, and they all looked shrunken and spoiled. I have often done them so, and by scalding them in spiced vinegar they will become again plump. I have made them in this way, a few at a time, and they were very nice.

MRS. J. PULEY.

I think A New Subscriber will reclaim her cucumber pickles by soaking them two or three days in clear water, then covering with good cider vinegar.

Will some one tell me how to color cotton carpet rags blue? and oblige, SARA.

Will some one give me a good recipe for making cake without eggs?

K. P. N.



SUNBEAMS IN NOVEMBER.

BY CLARA CLAYTON.

Through the shivering treetops, leafless,
Fall their arrows tipped with gold,
Piercing through the Frost-king's armor,
Forcing him to loose his hold,
Till all earth smiles into gladness,
All forgetful of the sadness
Lurking in the Frost-king's wold.

In the heart, as in the seasons,
Comes the cold November on;
And the Frost-king's reign is cruel
If Affection's sun be gone;
But, oh! how his power is stunted
When his sombre robe is tinted
With the beams of Friendship's sun.

Though the frosts of life's November
Sear and strip each tender vine,
Till not one of earth's dear friendships
Lives, around the heart to twine—
It may prove a Father's loving,
That, in thus the shade removing,
Full and free His love may shine.

Father! source of light, we thank thee
For thy love's life-giving beams!
Howsoe'er the soul be shadowed,
Howsoe'er bestormed it seems,
Thou hast sunshine for November.
Help, oh! help us to remember
Whence eternal sunlight gleams.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE IN HARD TIMES.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"Why shouldst thou feel to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart!

One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee too
Thy part."

—Paul Fleming, 1609.

"Fearst sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not!
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken;
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears."

—S. D. Carter.

HOW cold it is, mother! Can we not have a fire?"

"No, dear, we have no wood."

"Can you not buy some?"

"No, my child, mother has no money."

"Did not father know the fire was out?"

"Yes, but he had a great deal upon his mind when he hurried away this morning to business; perhaps he forgot it."

There was silence for a few minutes while the mother put away the few dishes that had served their morning meal, and then Bessie spoke again:

"Mother, does God ever forget?"

"No, my darling. He loveth us with a tenderer love than even a mother, and you know how much mother loves you."

"Then why cannot He send us bread and coal?"

"He will send us just what is best for us. The bible says, 'We know that all things work together for good to those that love him,' and again it says, 'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed.'

"Mother, we do love God, don't we?"

but I do not see how we can do any good."

"Oh, yes, we can all do good if we are ever so poor. You do good to mother when you are cheerful and obedient, and when you love one another. Yes, indeed, my dear, little helps do a great deal of good to mother. Who wiped the dishes yesterday, and who amused the baby and then got him to sleep, and who are always ready to run errands for mother?"

"Oh, mother, that is nothing; of course we want to help you all we can."

"If you do even a little thing from a right motive, God accepts it, as a service done for Him."

"What do you mean by a right motive, mamma?"

"I mean the reason why we do anything. God does not ask so much what we do, as why we do it. For example a man may give a dollar to help the poor because he loves God, and remembers that God tells us to be kind to the poor, and that the Saviour has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these ye have done it unto me.' This is a right motive and therefore a good act. Another man may give a dollar to the poor also, not because he cares for the poor, but because he wants people to think he is a good generous man. This is a bad motive. It is not loving God or the poor, but loving himself, and being selfish. His dollar may help the poor just as much as the other man's, yet it was a bad act, because he did it not for God or the poor but for his own sake."

"When we help you, mamma, it is to please you."

"That is a good motive, because God loves to see you honor and help your parents, but it would be still better if you did it to please God. He loves you even more than I do, and you know how dearly I love you."

"It does not seem as if He loved us so much, or He would give us good things to eat, and fire to warm us, and why did He take away our dear little sisters?"

"Ah, my children, you do not know how much God loves us. 'He doth not afflict willingly but for our profit;' and 'Through much tribulation ye shall enter the kingdom of Heaven,' or as the poet beautifully renders it,

'The path of sorrow and that alone
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.'

Be sure God has not forgotten us. He will give us all that is good for us here, and if we love and serve Him, by and by we shall be warmed and cheered in the light of His presence; and we may feed on the fruit of the trees that grow by 'the river of the water of life.' There will be no more pain, no more sorrow nor crying, for all tears will be wiped from all eyes. Now the room is quite neat and clean. Get the testaments, Johnnie, and let us read. Bessie, wrap my large shawl around you and sit close to the chimney. There is still some heat in it."

After reading a few verses, the mother offered up a fervent prayer to the ever loving and watchful Being who is always more ready to hear than we are to ask. Just then a loud knock was heard at the front basement door. Johnnie eagerly ran to open it. There stood a large, stout boy with two large

apples in one hand, one red and the other green, looking very tempting. In the other hand he had a nice looking potato.

"Apples? Potatoes?" said he. "Fine early-rose potatoes! Only sixty cents a bushel! Apples only forty cents a peck. A dollar and a half a bushel. First rate apples for eating or pies!"

The children looked very wistfully at the tempting fruit, but Mrs. Lee shook her head, and said, "No, not to-day," and Johnnie sadly shut the door.

"Mother," said Johnnie, "why does not God give us apples when he knows we want them so much?"

"Learn to wait patiently, my children; God does not always hear our prayers at first, but He will surely give us all that we really need."

"Oh, mother," said Johnnie, "I wish I were a man; wouldn't I buy you apples and everything else. I am going to earn some money one of these days and then you'll see what I'll buy. Won't you be surprised?"

"Johnnie," said Bessie, "do you hear that bell? There goes the junk man, with his cart."

"Rags! Rags!" shouted a voice outside.

"Stop him, Johnnie," said Mrs. Lee. Johnnie ran out and the man quickly stood at the door saying, "White rags, five cents a pound; colored, one cent, and the same for paper; old iron, half a cent a pound."

Mrs. Lee brought down her rag-bags in which were scraps of white and colored rags and paper that she had saved and carefully sorted, and received in return sixteen cents.

"Any old whiskey bottles?" asked the man, "I'll pay you a good price for them."

"No," replied Mrs. Lee, "we do not use it."

The junk man went out, and the children began to caper about the room in great delight.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Johnnie, "only think, sixteen cents! now I guess we'll have a fire and something good to eat, too."

"Yes, Johnnie, run to the corner as fast as you can and buy three bunches of kindling. Here is five cents."

Johnnie did not need a second bidding, and in a few minutes more the children were dancing around a cheerful fire. Even the baby, catching the general spirit of hilarity. Mrs. Lee soon put coal over the fire, and just then she thought of what the man had said about bottles. She remembered that there were about twenty old medicine bottles, empty and useless, that had been all carefully washed, and that they were in a box in a closet under the tubs. Perhaps the druggist at the next corner would buy them. She immediately sent Johnnie with them to inquire.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Johnnie, as he came jumping in a few minutes afterwards hardly able to contain himself for joy. "He gave me eighteen cents for them! See, see, mother, here is the money! He took all but two. Isn't that good?"

"Mother, may I go out and buy something?" asked Bessie, "I like to go on errands."

"Yes, take this little pitcher and get

five cent worth of golden syrup, and I will boil some rice for you."

"Rice and syrup! Rice and syrup!" exclaimed the children, "Oh, I do like rice and syrup. May we have all we want?"

"Yes, and baby shall have some, too, with white sugar. And now children, I am going to Mrs. Bentley's to see if I can hear of any employment.

I shall not be gone very long, but you must be my little housekeepers while I am gone. Take a holder and pull the saucepan to one side of the range to cool as soon as it is done, or in about half an hour. Keep the damper shut and the fire will not go out, for I have put on coal. Play with the baby in this warm room, and take good care of him."

"Oh, yes, mother, you will see what good housekeepers we are," said Johnnie.

"Yes," said Bessie, "it will be fun." And the mother went out with a thankful, happy heart. The God who fed Elijah by the ravens had heard their prayers. And now, thought she, I have a great mind to buy a few apples for the children. It would be such a treat to them. But I will wait till I am coming home.

While Mrs. Lee sat in a cosy back-parlor waiting to see Mrs. Bentley, little Jamie Bentley came in, a plump rosy-cheeked little fellow of seven years, and he began in his childish way to try to entertain Mrs. Lee.

"Here are some pears for you, Mrs. Lee. Do you like pears?" said he; and he took from his pocket three small yellow pears and placed them in her lap.

"You dear little fellow! Thank you, you are very kind, but I cannot take them from you," replied Mrs. Lee as she rose to greet his mother, a stout, good-natured lady, who just then entered looking the very personification of good living and good temper, and whose generous kindly heart shone out all over her face.

"Yes, yes, take them and welcome if you like them, said she, "and as many more as you want. We have had a tree full of them in the garden, more than I know what to do with. Jamie and Murray ran down and get a pailful for her."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Lee, as the boys ran out with alacrity to gather the pears, "they will be a great treat to us."

It was a cold day late in October. "Your children may like them stewed," remarked Mrs. Bentley.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lee, and then they began to talk of business matters. Mrs. Lee engaged employment for the coming week, and with the "merry heart" that "makes a light foot," she went quickly home to the children, who could hardly find words to express their delight at the pears and the good news. And when their father came home that night with new supplies of food, and better still with words of love and good cheer, and told them that business seemed to be brightening, they all united in a fervent and heartfelt thanksgiving to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift."

Truly, "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

A TALISMAN.

A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A young man lay upon a sofa in a waking dream. His thoughts were in the future, and fancy dwelt with brilliant images. On the morrow he was to depart for a distant city, and there enter a law office to study the profession he had chosen. He had talents, and was ambitious. Up to this period of his life he had dwelt chiefly in the country, receiving his education at a college in the neighborhood. He was pure-minded, and free from the vices that sensually so many of our young men.

So lost was he in his waking dream that present things faded out of his mind. He saw only success, the proud satisfaction that awaited him in the future.

"I will stand among the first," he said in his thoughts, with every pulse leaping in full throbs along the arteries.

A kiss upon his forehead dispersed his fancies, and instead of unreal things he saw the face of his mother bending over him. How full of love it was!—tender, yearning, anxious love.

"How can I let you go, Alfred?" she murmured.

"It is hard, dear mother," he answered, drawing his arm around her neck, and kissing her fondly in return, "but it is best. You see that as well as I do. I could live but half a life here in the country. You know I have talents and ambition for a wider sphere. You shall be proud of your son, dear mother."

On the next day he went away.

A large city is a dangerous place for a young man who has no charmed home circle to draw him back from its many false enticements. If the young man's early years have been passed in the country, the danger is still greater.

"I will see what is to be," he said, communing with himself. "We must know the world if we tread its paths with sure foot. I am not afraid."

Social, witty and generous, he was not long without companionships. Within a few weeks from the time he entered the city he was introduced to a coterie of young men, mostly law students, who met two or three times a week for the purpose of self-improvement. They had a room fitted up with a library, and took many of the periodicals of the day; but cards, wine, and cigars occupied usually more of their attention than books and periodicals. The literary designation of their club was mere feint to blind parents and curiously prying friends and relatives.

Our young friend saw, on the evening of his introduction to the club, that it was a false pretence, and its association demoralizing; but the young men were so fresh and witty, the wine so exhilarating and the cards so absorbing, that he soon found himself within the sphere of common enjoyment, and partaking with a zest.

He was not used to much wine; his second glass confused his senses for a little while, and the third gave him a back, no matter who might take off his strangely buoyant feeling that annoyed fence and sneer.

him. A sense of fear and shame accompanied this feeling and he resolved to drink no more that evening. So he passed the bottle when it next came around; but his neighbor filled his glass for him, saying:

"Don't be afraid of this wine, it's no stronger than water."

He was lifting his glass when his hand stopped midway. Then he sat it down, and did not touch the wine again.

"This is dull work," exclaimed one of the company, as he took the pack of cards and began to shuffle them at the close of the game.

"Let's have a shilling stake, just for the excitement of the thing. Even boys don't play marbles for fun, nor shoot at pennies or pick eggs without the hope of winning. And what are we but boys of a larger growth?"

Portemonees were instantly in hand all around the table. Yielding to the common assent of this proposition, our young friend's hand went down into his pocket; but ere he drew it forth his hand was arrested almost as abruptly as if external force had been applied. Then rising from the table he left the room without saying a word, and never entered it again.

Knowing glances passed around the room.

"What's up?" asked one.

"Frightened!" said another.

"Oh! you must excuse him! he's just from the country," said a third.

And then the game went on.

Said a fellow student in the law office to Alfred the next day:

"I wish I had left with you last night but I hadn't the courage to break away."

Then drawing out his purse, he held it up, adding, "Every dollar gone, you see."

"What do you mean?" asked Alfred, lifting his brow in surprise.

"I am a plucked pigeon."

"And you knew it was wrong to gamble?"

"Of course I did, and wished myself well out of it when a stake was proposed, but hadn't your manly courage. How in the world did you muster up strength of mind to brave that whole company? I couldn't have done it."

"Because," was answered, "I saw things more to be dreaded than their scorn of displeasure."

The days and weeks moved on. Our young friend attracted strongly; he was a favorite with every circle in which he gained admission. Gradually some of the finer perception which he had thus brought with him into the city lost their delicate edge. He was not so quick to perceive danger; was less on his guard; many currents passed against him, bearing him often away from safe channels.

His head grew less strong against wine; his ear less sensitive to unseemly speech; his eyes became tempters. Forbidden fruit was not looked upon with desire, but sometimes plucked and eaten, leaving upon the taste its after bitterness and disgust. And yet, among his companions, he was noted for a large degree of self-control; for the ability to stop at the point of danger, and go resolutely back, no matter who might take off his fence and sneer.

"He bears a charmed life," said many a weak one sighing over his own debasement. "If I could only plant my feet as he does, and say: 'Not one step further in that wrong direction.'"

But of himself Alfred was not so strong. It was not the firm will that saved him, but rather the charmed life. He had a talisman, and by virtue of that he was enabled to stand amid temptation where so many fell.

A year of city life wrought changes in our friend. He had grown manlier in appearance, and moved with a firmer step and more confident air.

The experience of that first year—the dangers and escapes—the new aspect of life it had revealed to our young friend, were lessons not to be unheeded.

One day during the first month of his second year in the city, our young friend was sitting alone in his proprietor's office late in the afternoon, when an acquaintance came in. He was about Alfred's age, a youth of superior talents, and like him had spent his earliest years in the country. The city's allurements had been too strong for him. He had fallen into many vices, and they had woven, like busy spiders, their half invisible cords about him, until he was held an almost powerless captive. He was pale; his eyes were congested from recent dissipation; his hand was hot and trembling as he laid it in that of his friend.

"How are you?" asked Alfred.

"Don't ask me; you see how I am—wretched," was the unhappy reply.

"Are you sick?"

"Yes—in body and mind. Oh! I wish I were dead."

"There is a better, a braver, and a manlier wish than that," replied Alfred.

"For one like you, perhaps, who have gone through the fire unharmed; but not for me, I have no will, no power. My good resolutions are like flax, and my appetite like flame. How did you stand, when I and so many like me, went down?"

"Not in my own strength," replied Alfred, his face growing serious.

"You moved against those evil allurements as if you were in armor against them. Ah! how often have I envied your power to stop at the right moment. I have seen you leave a card table when a stake was proposed; I saw you push aside the bottle when others were drowning reason and self-control; I have seen you turn your back shuddering when siren voices were in your ears, and others went madly on to folly and disgrace. How was it?"

"I had a talisman," said Alfred "and through that I was safe."

"What is it?" The young man looked up quite hopeful at his friend.

"Let me tell you about it." Alfred's voice softened, and his eye had a tender light. "On the day before I left home I was lying on the sofa dreaming of the future. My heart was full of grand anticipations; I saw a splendid career before me. The picture that my fancy created was full of allurements. From this dream I was suddenly awakened. A warm kiss touched my forehead again, and I feel it with strange distinctness. Then comes a vision of that tender, loving

face, and I start back with a shudder. It seems for a time as if my mother's eye was resting upon me."

Silence followed.

"I have no mother," was answered in a sad voice. "When I went out from my home, no talismanic kiss was printed on my forehead."

"Have you a sister?"

A faint light flashed into the young man's face.

"Yes," he replied, and his voice trembled a little. "I have a sister. Dear girl! It would break her heart to see me as I am now!"

"Is not her pure kiss now on your lips and cheeks?"

"Yes, yes!" The voice shook, still more.

"Then be that sister's kiss your talisman."

"God bless you!" cried the young man, grasping Alfred's hand. "My feet are touching bottom! I feel the commencement of resisting power. Oh! the flood shall not overwhelm me again. My sister's kiss shall save me!"

He trembled; light warmed his pale face; hope looked out of his eyes.

"Let it be talismanic to restrain as well as protect," said Alfred. "Let its sweet influence hold you back from dangerous ways and evil companionship. We often fall for going into slippery places. It is easier to keep away from temptations than to resist its influence."

"Thank you my friend, for that warning," answered the young man.

"It shall be heeded." "Yes, yes," he added, speaking hopefully, almost cheerfully, "my talisman shall restrain."

You would hardly have known him a month after. The pale exhaustion of his face was gone; his mouth was firm and confident, his eyes clear, his step elastic.

"How well you are looking!" said Alfred, meeting him one day.

"You keep the talisman?"

"Ah! it is here," and he laid a finger softly on his lips—"My sister's kiss. God bless her!"

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEM?

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

The middle-aged women—not very aged people, for there are a few of those yet thinly sprinkled among us, but the women who have attained to spectacles, and to forty or fifty years of age—where are they?

They used to occupy the middle ground between youth and old age, and there were a great many of them. It is singular that they have so quietly slipped away from our midst, leaving their husbands and brothers with us. Our homes and churches look very desolate without them. I go early to church, and watch the gathering congregation attentively, in the unspoken hope of finding the lost ones there. Middle-aged men throng in—they were never plumper—good-looking men, who are much handsomer in their maturity than they were as youths; but they look lonesome without any woman of a corresponding age. A certain vague incompleteness surrounds them like an atmosphere. They wear a look of quiet resignation that well becomes them as Christians;

but as they glance up at their pews where the matronly women used to sit, and see in their stead bunches of hair, sometimes camel's hair, or perchance the hirsute spoils of some unfortunate cow, not even the knowledge that there is a human frame attached can quite do away with the inexpressible loneliness of their condition. They dearly study the bits of lace and feathers and flowers that make up the surface show; they stealthily note the heavily trimmed dresses, and more heavily wrinkled faces, and beneath the outside composure of the gentleman swells up a pitiful yearning for the real woman that he remembers—the warm hearted, matronly woman—the motherly, wifely woman; for the woman who used to come to the sanctuary to worship God, and to humbly seek the divine favor.

It seems so odd to these thinking and middle-aged men, that the wives to whom they were married a quarter of a century ago should have increased neither in years or knowledge; that the twin sisters of their youth should be at least a score of years younger than themselves. My heart compassionates these men who suffer this loss in their lives so uncomplainingly, often so cheerfully. I respect their heroism; I admire their philosophy.

The next generation of men will not need this sympathy. They will not, like these, remember the dear old times when wives and mothers were women; when the spiritual and intellectual growth of their families was the first object of the loving, motherly hearts; when the feet of the giddy, thoughtless children were carefully guided by the wisdom of elderly persons into the house of God, and none were suffered to mistake its holy courts for an opera house; when the worship there was not accounted a mere dress parade; when the caricature of Christian's burden in the Pilgrim's Progress, which is now stylishly humping the female back, would have been looked upon as one of Satan's clumsiest devices.

But we are not going to discuss fashions, or puzzle ourselves with the vain use of the microscope in our endeavors to find the brains of the fashion-followers. We only deplore the wide, empty gap left between youth and old age. And mourning thus, my heart yet exults in its memories of the past. What delightful treasures these memories are! And what cause I have for thankfulness! Instead of the image of matronly beauty that I associate with my remembrance of my mother, I might, like many a hapless child of the present time, have been only able to recall a fashion-plate. Instead of the soft brown hair so smoothly shining over her temples, I might have had to remember thin locks strained back from a yellow, wasted forehead. Instead of the pretty soft lace cap, there might have been a hideous waterfall. Ah, God is good, and so I am not tried beyond my strength.

There were aunts in those days, lots of them; real genuine aunts, attired like useful, thoughtful women. They were not ancient fossils, befrizzled and feathered into a frightful resemblance to youth; we could hug them without any fear of rumpling their

plumage. They never laughed contemptuously at Johnny's awkward attempts at gallantry, or snubbed little Sue for cutting paper dolls in the sitting-room. They knew all about the rents in Benny's jacket and trousers, and always touched him up a little with soap and water before he came to the dinner table.

They were such cordial, comforting aunts when the mumps, the measles, the whooping cough and chicken-pox were in the neighborhood; they had nice soft laps for the teething babies; and O, what doughnuts and turnovers were concocted for the greedy, growing youngers of all sizes! And when the long winter evenings came, and there was candy making, and corn popping, and apple roasting, and nut cracking to be attended to, the light-hearted happiness would have been yet incomplete if auntie's marvelous stories had not been added thereto.

Remembering this kind of aunts and mothers, it is not strange that childhood wears a bleak, comfortless aspect since their departure from among us. To be sure, childhood is fast going out of fashion, too; boys and girls of ten or a dozen years are writing love letters, and coqueting, and going into society with as much freedom from bashfulness as if timidity had never been known, and there will soon be but two classes of the gentler sex left—youth and old age.

Yet even those who carelessly consent that the coy prettiness of modest childhood should be lost to our race, cannot help regretting the loss of the old-fashioned women. It used to be a pleasant world when they were in it. They gave a happy stability to society. Like the golden russet apple, they kept well, and did not lose their flavor. A long row of elegant houses without any homes in them, was then a sight unknown, and indeed, it was the chief pride of the trim house-keeper that comfort rather than show, should preside in her dwelling.

The world seems cold to us who remember the true woman. I wish we could have her back again. There is

so much sorrow and trial that she would lighten with her sympathy. It would encourage our religious hopes, strengthen our weak faith, if she were here to listen reverently to God's word, or to venture with timid steps to approach the table of the Lord. If we could see her meek head bowed in worship, instead of the flaunting streamers which are not even lowered to half mast in time of prayer.

O, yes! we need the middle-aged, true hearted women as much as ever. Is there no way to recall her?

POCKET-MONEY.

The man who defined happiness as "having a nominal income of five thousand a year, and a real one of ten," merely meant that he liked to have plenty of pocket-money. He had made the discovery that it is not in the spending of an income, however handsome, that real enjoyment is to be found, but in the possession of a large per centage over and above the fixed scale of yearly expenses. A shop-keeper with a steadily increasing trade may have more use of his money than some of his customers who are twenty

times as rich. Our poor seem to imagine that all lords go about with their purses full of bank-notes of large amount, with which they could light their cigars if it so pleased them, without suffering even temporary inconvenience. They would not give credence to such a fact as that some time ago, when one of our most wealthy young noblemen came of age after a long minority, he felt almost like a younger son. The vast accumulation of the estate had been invested to the last penny in improvements, which, although eventually added enormously to his rent-roll, left him for the time being practically without pocket-money. He could, of course, borrow to any amount, but the mere notion of such a thing was too ridiculous. In some way or other the greater number of our aristocracy allow themselves to be so burdened with permanent expenses that they are not able, even if they were willing, to do the great public services which might well be expected of them. Those of our middle classes, too, who have fixed incomes very rarely so apportion them as to leave a sufficient margin for the extras, which make all the difference between being able to enjoy life, and spending it in the endless drudgery of trying to make ends meet.

Women, as a rule, suffer a good deal from want of pocket-money. Young men send in their bills to their fathers, and have generally a sum wholly independent of necessary expenses to spend as they please, whilst their sisters have usually only an allowance for dress. In ordinary cases, and particularly where there are many girls of one family, this allowance is not one calculated to show any margin when the milliner's bill is paid. Miss Yonge lately spoke with regret of the ignorant young women who dabble in literature merely for the chance of earning a few pounds. She, perhaps, for a moment forgot of how much importance even a few shillings may be to a person who finds it almost impossible to make her income cover her inevitable expenses.

Girls are often subjected to painful humiliations, when staying at friends' houses, merely on account of this dearth of pocket-money. They are, perhaps, forced to allow gentlemen with whom they are only slightly acquainted, to pay for cabs or for an admission to a picture gallery or a flower-show. They suffer agonies from not being able to give tips to servants. But, worst of all, they lose that nice sensitiveness in money matters which ought to be most carefully nurtured, and which of late seems to have gone out of fashion. It is cruel and wicked of parents to permit their children to be placed in circumstances where they are tempted to put themselves under obligations to people from whom they have no right to receive them. A girl, out of ignorance and impecuniosity, may sometimes find herself placed in an equivocal position from which she does not feel able to get free; and cruel embarrassment may be caused because she had not a few shillings in her purse when she wanted them.

As a rule, a married woman in the middle classes is not much better off than her unmarried sister in the matter of pocket-money, if she has not

brought her husband any fortune, and if she is unhappily burdened with a conscience. She finds herself in possession of house-money and dress-money, and, being probably inexperienced in management, she finds it hard enough to keep within her allowance. She never feels as if she could call a few pounds her own, and is thus deprived of many small pleasures, and even necessaries, which her husband would never dream of refusing to himself. This is one of the reasons why ladies' clubs are not at present likely to become very numerous. Clubs presuppose a certain amount of pocket-money which a woman has not hitherto been supposed to require. A man would feel that life was not worth having if he had to account for every cab, cigar, brandy and soda; but a lady who is obliged to balance her weekly books would have to chronicle the small beer she gave to a friend at lunch, and all her afternoon cups of tea. She might, however, take refuge in the convenient item of "sundries," which fill an important place in most female account books.

Being obliged to do without pocket-money, and to empty the hitherto fairly abundant half-crowns into the family purse, is the real trial of a young man's life when he marries on the same income he has hitherto spent on himself.

He must remain very much in love with wife and home if he does not sometimes regret the jingle of the sovereigns in his pocket which were not mortgaged to house-rent or servant's wages. It will be well if he always remembers that he cannot both have his cake and eat it. This is the impossibility aimed at by many of our artisans. They encumber themselves with a wife and countless children, and then feel aggrieved if they cannot have as much money to spend on beer, tobacco, and music-halls as their single comrades.

It is provoking to get behind the scenes in a household where the income is amply sufficient if it was only sensibly apportioned, but where every one is made miserable by the constant

screw that has to be kept on incidental expenses. The servants, the garden, the stable, swallow up everything. There is no margin left. One of the girls has a fine voice, but it is uncultivated; another draws cleverly, but has not learnt perspective. Lessons would cost too much, so Lucy must go on singing through her teeth, and Maude doing sketches out of drawing. Perhaps another of the family becomes hopelessly ill from want of proper medical advice. Books, pictures, traveling-expenses, and all the little etceras which add flavor to life, are done without. No one is able to indulge any harmless fancy or generous impulse. The mother's life is spent in trying to make every pound do the work of two, and her husband's in grumbling at the impossibility of keeping a balance at his banker's. It never seems to occur to them that, by substituting a neat parlor-maid for the puffy butler, and by being contented with fruits and flowers in their season, they might get rid of most of their anxieties and make their children much happier.

A hundred a year reserved for household pocket-money can confer a won-

derful amount of pleasure. It will buy a new piano, give three people a nice little tour, or present a stained-glass window to the parish church, as their tastes may incline. It is dull work drawing checks for the wages of servants who are only plagues and for the food which they spoil in cooking. "Where much is there are many to consume it, and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?" The French understand this better than we do, and reserve a large portion of their income for their amusements, whether these consist in drinking wine, eating bonbons, or going to the theatre. We often spoil our pleasures by not providing for them, and so turning them into extravagances. But this would not be the case if we laid aside money for the purpose of gratifying a legitimate taste, be it for lilles or "Lohen-grin."

Any one without a taste does not deserve to have pocket-money. He does not know its use. We mean the word in its widest sense, of course, by which it can be made to include hobbies, whether they take the direction of ragged schools or etchings. Children can scarcely be given an allowance too early, but it should not all be for pocket-money. They ought to be required to provide certain things out of it. This teaches them to distinguish between income and pocket-money. Many people, unfortunately, never learn the difference during a long life. Parents are very apt to forget that their boys require to be taught about the management of money as well as how to do fractions. They avoid speaking on the subject before them, which is generally a great mistake. Young men are often extravagant, entirely from ignorance of the value of money. They get into debt before they are aware of it, and have not moral courage to take means to extricate themselves. They treat the allowance which their father intends to cover all expenses entirely as pocket-money, with painful results to all parties concerned.

The enthusiastic affection displayed towards pattern old bachelors and fairy god-mothers of the approved type is mainly, we fear, owing to the command of pocket-money which they take care to have. But without it they could not fill their places to their own or any one else's satisfaction. The happiness that they are able to give keeps them young, and planning surprise gifts fills up many a lonely hour. What glorious visits to the pantomime and the circus, the mountains or the seaside, the youngsters extract from their magic purses! What Christmas trees and rocking-horses, kites and canary birds! It is they who supply crisp bank-notes instead of ornate candlesticks for wedding-presents, it is they who help in outfits and by long desired watches. They have no children to tempt them to live in a style which they cannot afford. They keep themselves unencumbered with useless and unsatisfactory expenses. Many a young couple beginning life have it in their power to halve their anxieties and double their chances of being comfortable by so preparing their budget that mere every-day so-called necessities shall not swallow up the whole of their means. But they will

have the additional servant, or the diamond necklace, or the pair of horses or the house in a fashionable street, which leaves them without the much more valuable item of pocket-money. —*Saturday Review.*

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

In an article on the above subject in Scribner for September, Dr. Holland says:

There are just about four months in the year in which an ordinary country village is a pleasant place to dwell in, viz.: from May to September. The muddy streets and sidewalks of autumn and spring, and the icy and snowy ways of winter, render it uncomfortable for walking or driving. The foliage and herbage of summer cover up the ugly spots, and the greenery of the growing months transforms the homeliest details into the pleasant and picturesque. The moment the greenery disappears, dilapidated fences, broken-down sheds, unkept commons, neglected trees, and the tolerated uglinesses of the village assert themselves. The village is beautiful no longer. There are thousands of villages scattered over the country in which there never has been a public-spirited attempt made to reduce their disorder to order, their ugliness to beauty, their discomforts to comfort.

Every man takes care, or does not care, of his own. There is no organic or sympathetic unity, and the villages, instead of being beautiful wholes, are inharmonious aggregations. Some paint and some do not paint. Some keep their grounds well, and others do not keep their grounds at all. Unsightly wrecks of vehicles, offensive piles of rubbish, are exposed here and there, and every man apparently feels at liberty to make his belongings as unpleasant to his neighbor as it pleases him. No public sentiment of order is developed; no local pride is fostered; there is apparently no desire for beauty fostered; there is apparently no desire for beauty or convenience that goes one step beyond one's home in any case.

It is therefore, with great gratification that we notice here and there the organization of Village Improvement Societies, and the beautiful work which they are accomplishing. Wherever they have been in existence long enough to accomplish anything, shade trees are planted by the side of the highways; old, neglected commons are fenced in, graded and planted; sidewalks are laid in all the streets, and a public interest in order and beauty is developed, which makes every man more careful of his own. Two villages, of which we happen to know, have been quite transformed within two or three years by the operations of these organizations; and their beneficent and beautiful work, already done, will insure to their localities a certain amount of beauty and convenience for the next hundred years. They have not been met by the public apathy that they anticipated, and they have been enabled by subscriptions, fairs and festivals, to raise sufficient money for the work they have instituted, while individual citizens have co-operated with them in their schemes.

There is no good reason why every creation lives the Creator, the Sus-considerable village of the country should not be made convenient, health-ful, and beautiful, by the operations of such societies as these. There is a God of love, and a God of peace; no good reason why a public feeling that He has implanted within the hu-
man soul a knowledge of good and evil, and that as much as any one re-sists his evil inclinations, and culti-vates a love for all righteousness, so much is that person transformed into a child of God, and can consistently sing "Nearer my God to thee."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," but let us remem-ber that it is not only to those who love and cherish purity of heart, that God's nature can be revealed, "for what man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God," so then as fast as we cultivate within ourselves a godlike spirit, just so fast shall we progress in the true knowledge of God.

Having once firmly established in the minds of the young an unwavering faith in God, and correct ideas of serv-ing Him, teach them, secondly, faith in a coming immortality; faith that the Almighty Creator, and Lord of all, is able to perpetuate His own creation, and that whatever He in His infinite wisdom and power has created, that also He will watch over and protect. Teach them this strengthening, cheering faith, that in the eternal world, the children of God, crowned with immortal youth, will again take up the broken chain of their existence, and with clearer vision, and swifter and firmer step, forever press onward in the knowledge and love of God.

L. K. A.

GOOD NIGHT.

The vital importance of imparting to children correct religious instruc-tion, cannot be estimated or even real-ized. It is during childhood that the most lasting impressions are made upon the child, impressions which whether of good or evil, will grow with its growth, and make life prove to him either a success or failure; and it is in the household, and under the daily example and teaching of the par-ents, that the child usually receives those impressions which will influence his future actions, and make him a blessing, or a curse to man-kind.

And now let us ask ourselves, What religion is profitable to teach the young? What instruction shall we give the little children who are grow-ing up in our households the truth of which shall be verified to them in fu-ture years? What seed shall we sow in their young hearts, that will germinate, and finally ripen into a noble harvest?

We answer in the forcible language of St. Paul, and wish that every parent in the land might ponder his words until they should comprehend the full meaning and truthfulness of them: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance."

Yes, my friends, in sickness or in health, in sorrow or in joy, through-out all the changes of life, "Godliness is profitable." First of all, then, teach the young faith in God, as the only solid foundation of moral and spiritual growth; teach them that back of

How tenderly and sweetly falls the gentle "good night" into loving hearts, as members of a family sepa-rate and retire for the night. What myriads of hasty words and thought-less acts, engendered in the hurry and business of the day, are forever blotted out by its benign influence. Small token indeed; but it is the little courtesies that make up the sum of a happy home. It is only the little courtesies that can so beautifully round off the square corners in the homes of laboring men and women. The simple "I thank you," for a favor received will fill with happiness the heart of the giver. True wealth is not count-ed by dollars and cents, but by the gratitude and affection of the heart. If a home be happy, whether the owner possess a patch of ground of one or a thousand acres, they are in the end wealthy beyond mathematical cal-culations.

Then how much more lovingly are the sable folds of night gathered around the happy homes; how much more confidently do its members re-pose their weary bodies in the care of Divine goodness, soothing their over-taxed minds to the realities of a beau-tiful dreamland; awakened, refreshed and invigorated for the coming day's labor, by having bid their loved ones an affectionate "good night." And it, during this life, we have faithfully at-tended to all these little courtesies, these little soul-needs, if we have

guarded carefully all "God's hearts" placed in our keeping, at the close of its brief, yet eventful day, how much easier to bid all our dearly beloved ones a final "good night."

A SPRIG OF HEARTSEASE.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

When autumn had set upon the world his bright seal, when we were growing stronger and richer under the influence of his radiant, mellowing touch, there arose on the serenity of our HOUSEHOLD air a pitiful cry that made us turn in compassion toward the suffering sister that had uttered it. Lifting our eyes, we saw that whoever she might be it was one who was "seeking after heartsease;" and a sad story she told us as she craved sympathy from the group gathered on the hearthstone, a sad plaint of unanswered longings, of a disposition to see everything in its darkest aspect that makes her often the victim of "discontent" and "despair," of a terrible dissatisfaction with "everything and everybody," but most of all with herself.

Yet with her domestic relations she has no fault to find; the horrible "demon" has not blinded her so she cannot see that her home is "pleasant" and her circumstances "comfortable." Ah, when I heard her say this, we wondered that there was not a song in her heart instead of a wail of anguish, we wondered how an honored wife and mother could chant such a woe dirge.

But I see it is with herself especially that she is at enmity; it is her lack of a "happy disposition," her failure to be what she thinks she "ought to be in any one thing" that is the inspiration of her moan, and it is because she is "always conquered" that she asks us to pity her.

Dear sister, did you ever plunge deeply in the Fountain that is opened for our healing—so deeply that there was not a human passion or a human faculty left out of the cleansing waters—did you ever do this and still "come short of your aspirations?" Did you ever give yourself entirely up to the skill of our great Physician, willing to be treated in His way, even to the crucifying of your own ideas as to what is right and best, did you ever do this and still feel that there is no balm for ills like yours? Ah, there must be no half-way doing in this matter if heart-sick mortals would find relief from their pains, the disease is vital and the application must be far-reaching and all-absorbing.

It is very blessed to know that our best Friend is always ready to help, and the sooner we understand that He helps only those who help themselves the better it is for us; but did you never think what a passive state this implies, after all? Did you never find out that the way He requires us to help ourselves is that we lift our poor, puny hands up to Him and ask Him to do it all for us?

Ah, my sister, it is when we cease from our human efforts, it is when we leave off expecting that we are going to be conquerors and ask the great Captain of our salvation to fight our battles for us, that we can be victors

on life's battle field. In this way tri-

umph is sure to every one who is seeking after heartsease, sure to every one who is willing to lay down their own weapons, willing to give up their pride of will or self-doing; all up to Him who promises to supply every need.

And, if we never cease our looking away from self, this victory is an abiding one; adverse circumstances cannot gain the mastery over us; our souls' adversary can never conquer us; for this is the way to "cultivate a happy disposition," this is just the way to become what we "ought to be."

But remember that this looking upward must not be only now and then, it must be always. When a sudden gust from the earth-winds, whatever it may be, makes us most unhappy and the dark side looks blackest; just then we must shut our eyes resolutely and wrap closer about our souls this blessed mantle of prayer. Bringing to the days such a spirit, it does not matter if our lot be cast in a "small village" where the society is "uncongenial," where there is little to "enoble one's thoughts or break the monotony," nay, it does not matter, since our own touch shall purify all these common things.

Did it ever seem to you as if every day is a new trust, a roll of unsold canvass, waiting for the colors in which your own hand shall trace the unpainted picture? Maybe you are so practical that this suggestion seems to you nothing but a fancy, but before you set it aside in scorn perhaps you will tell us some truer way to look at these lives, some way that shall inspire us to nobler effort. But I love to think that each day comes to us a fresh blank, and that as our great Teacher acts before us the pattern, so He gives us the colors with which we may paint pictures that shall delight our own eyes and rejoice our loved ones, pictures whose colors shall not fade when viewed by the all-searching Eye.

If the influences about us seem hostile, if our surroundings are coarse and stale, if the social air is stifling, our opportunities meager, and we sometimes are mentally almost starved, thus may we the more surely learn to extract all the nutriment from the food which is within our reach, learn to make the most of the opportunities which we have; it is for us to purify the air and rise so far above our surroundings that every experience of every day shall be to us as a sacrament grand and holy. And if our influences are sometimes hostile, the greater and nobler will the victory be when we have proven ourselves superior to them all.

O, a precious trust is this wonderful boon which we call life—a precious trust; and when we take it up thankfully and reverently, looking at it in the light of our Father's love, it will become in our eyes a sweet and excellent gift; it will surely yield to us all the richness and fragrance which our souls are craving.

When you have done all this, dear sister, when you have found by trying that this is just what you need to fill up the measure of your peace, then take your pen and try to point out the way to some fellow-traveler, for "he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

HOME KEEPING.

With what enthusiasm the young housekeeper enters her clean, bright, attractive kitchen. With what a glow of delight she engages in her duties. Everything is new, pure, untarnished. The sunshine gleams in rows of bright tin, the shelves are free from even a hint of dust, and the surface of the china is smooth and polished. The tea-kettle sings cheerily away on the stove. How delightful is work with such surroundings. How keenly and with what alacrity she enters upon her duties. With what dispatch the work is disposed of. How foolish in her once to dread housekeeping.

But there comes a time when all this is changed. No longer the bright surface of the tin and kitchen utensils reflect the rays of the morning sun. They are too dingy and dirty to reflect anything. As she opens the door of her cupboard, disorder and uncleanness stare at her from every corner. Spots of grease disfigure the kitchen floor, and the stove is, in appearance, far, very far from suggesting a fit place for the preparation of anything one would wish to eat.

She realizes then that vigilance is the price of cleanliness and order as well as liberty. Then the thought comes with bitterness, perhaps, that it is a daily hand to hand fight with dirt and disorder that must be maintained to secure surroundings in which work can be done cheerfully and successfully. Then as she brightens the tins, cleans the cupboard and scrubs the floor, she feels the drudgery of housework. It will be acknowledged that to go over the same round of duties every day, week in, week out, for months and years, become tiresome. To cook, wash dishes, sweep, dust, and perform all the multifarious tasks pertaining to housekeeping, savors very much of drudgery, indeed is drudgery.

But while you, my friend, wield the scrubbing-brush, flourish the broom or mop, and envy those in other departments of labor their immunity from household drudgery, know that there is drudgery pertaining to all employment, a drudgery more exhausting than yours. There is a thrill of exquisite joy in the soul of the poet when a new and beautiful idea comes to him, but the working out of that thought in expression, is labor of the severest kind.

"But then he has a poem," you say, exultingly, "and I only a clean floor." Only that and nothing more. You have much more. For I imagine your effort will not end with the cleaning of your floor, but the lesson you learn there will show itself in other departments until you possess what should be the highest aim of every woman, a well-ordered household, a neat attractive, delightful home.

A home! Is not that as good as a poem? People can live and thrive without poetry, but the lack of homes has been the ruin of many.

To make a home, all the little details of everyday life, that sometimes seem so small, so trifling, so far beneath the dignity of intelligent womanhood, duties that the veriest drudge can perform, are of importance.

Successful home-making is one of

the problems of the age. If you, oh! patient house-wife, in your quiet corner of the world, unobtrusively working, practically solve the question which taxes the intellects of the wise and gifted, solve it by entering heartily and cheerfully into all the details of your work, have you labored in vain? And if this be respected in the thousand homes of our land, will not the foundations of our Nation stand so strong and firm that all the opening flood-gates of evil will not be able to prevail against them?

Lift up your head, then; toiling on, magnify your office. Place yourself, as you have a right, among those who are doing the noble abiding work of the world. Exalt your lowly duties to the level of your high conception of what a home is and what it means. Then no work will seem mean, no duty trifling. Then we will hear no more of the drudgery of housework than of the drudgery of painting a picture, or writing a poem.—*Western Farm Journal.*

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.

We learn that Messrs. Cragin & Co. have been awarded the Diploma of Honor and Medal of Merit over all competitors at the Centennial Exposition. This award coincides with the judgment of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, as is shown by the letters we are receiving daily concerning the merit of this great soap, and is a well-deserved victory over the whole world. We are sure our readers will join us in hearty congratulations to the Cragins.

EDITOR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I am glad to say I know it does all that is claimed for it. I used the bar for two washings for a family of five, boiling only the coarse towels and a few other things. Those not boiled were as white and sweet as when washed, rubbed and boiled in the ordinary way. I intend to make our grocer keep it. MRS. ELLEN SIMKIN.

Ledyard, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap came to hand in due time. Notwithstanding I am greatly prejudiced against "patent washers," I concluded to give it a careful trial, according to directions, and report as follows: Washing done with half the usual work and in half the time, and clothes look better than by the old rubbing process. We are about applying to the agents at Chicago for a quantity of it.

MRS. J. M. MITCHELL.
Elida, Winnebago Co., Ill.

MR. CROWELL:—Most willingly will I add my mite of praise for Dobbins' Electric Soap. My "honest opinion" is that it far exceeds my most sanguine expectations. There are so many worthless articles of soap advertised now, that I feared this might be one

and hesitated about sending for a sample, but there is no humbug about it. It is the very best soap I have ever known. In the way of cleansing without rubbing it surprises us all. When my sample came I divided it with Mrs. Hull, my nearest neighbor, whose husband is one of our merchants. After the trial he immediately ordered some from Cleveland, so that by next wash-day others as well as ourselves were supplied, and in no case has it proved anything but a perfect success, and we are all delighted with it.

MRS. H. A. BUSS.
Oneida Mills, Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I had seen Dobbins' Electric Soap advertised everywhere for years, and knew I could get it in Pittsburg, but I supposed it was a complete humbug, like a great many articles, and neglected trying it until I saw your offer. After giving it a trial I can say, and say truthfully, that it is without exception the best soap I ever used.

ANNA HUTCHINSON.
Springdale, Pa.

A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION.—For half a century the Youth's Companion, of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.

ANY ONE CAN USE THEM! The most remarkable things about the celebrated LEAMON'S ANILINE DYES, are the ease with which they are used and the brilliancy and permanence of the colors obtained. At the same time any shade can be made by using more or less of the Dye, and by combining different Dyes, any color that can possibly be wanted. By their use Ladies can most easily practice economy, and have everything as nice as though bought new. Give them a trial. Sold by all Druggists.

A pure, safe, and strictly vegetable medicine of extraordinary curative properties is DR. BULLOCK'S. KIDNEY REMEDY NEPHRETICUM. Bright's Disease, Kidney, Bladder and Glandular complaints, Diabetes, Gravel Suppression and Incontinence of Urine, Affections peculiar to Females, Dropsey and care relieved at once by its use. It is prescribed daily by Physicians in their practice. Circulars containing undeniable proofs sent free. Address W. G. Hopkins, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. For sale by all druggists. 5 12d

Every visitor to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, both those who have been there and those who intend to go, will find THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE EXTRA NO. 35, called "Tribune Guide to the Exhibition," an exceedingly useful publication. It is cheap, convenient, and comprehensive, much better than an ordinary guide-book or catalogue, in this, that it treats of the really significant, instructive and important features of the Exhibition, and furnishes the visitor intelligent instruction how to employ his time most usefully and satisfactorily. The contributors to the Extra are all writers of special and recognized ability in the departments which they have discussed, and the names of Messrs. Taylor, Hassard, Smalley, Wyckoff, Cook, and Mrs. Davis, are sufficient guaranty that the work is competent and masterly. THE TRIBUNE's reports and sketches from the great World's Fair have long been recognized as on the whole the best published, and the opportunity to obtain the choicest of them in a convenient pamphlet at a nominal sum is certainly one to be promptly improved.

THE THWACK RASPBERRY.

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NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 10:40 a. m., Montreal at 3:45 p. m., St. Albans at 6:00 p. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 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 8:30 p. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 9:40 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 7:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m., 10:20 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave New London at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, and Ogdensburg.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave Bellows Falls and White River Junction 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 and Rutland.

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St. Albans, Vt., Nov. 22, 1875.

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