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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. 15.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOVEMBER, 1882.

No. 11.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Veranda.

IN NOVEMBER.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

The flowers are dead, the fragrant, regal flowers,
And fled the blithesome robins, whose sweet song
From early morn made glad the fleeting hours,
When sunlit days were long.

The sable crow wings slowly o'er the hill,
His harsh call sounding through the frosty air;
The meadow sweeps are brown clad now and chill,
The trees are gaunt and bare.

The barn fowls cluster where the low hung sun,
Makes warm the earth beneath the slanting eaves;
The road-way paths are russet-robed and dun,
Thick strewn with fallen leaves.

The sky is gray, the sunlight falls across
The distant mountains, white, and thin, and cold;
Not radiant beams that forest-ways emboss
With shifting flecks of gold.

Amid the orchards harsh winds come and go,
And wild and high the songs they roughly sing;
And smitten with the chill of coming snow,
The trees stand shivering.

Sharp ring the ax-blows from the mountain side,
And thunder falls the tall and sturdy oak;
Soon will its form flame on the hearthstone wide,
And fade away in smoke.

No more the buckwheat blooms bend in the breeze;
No more the clover blossoms lowly sway;
No more we hear the honey-laden bees
Boom on their homeward way.

No lowing kine in upland pastures stand,
When evening's gold shows the faint gleam of stars,
Patiently waiting for some friendly hand
To open wide the bars.

The storm-wind flings its banners up the sky,
And rushing from the Northland's realm of snow,
Its tempest-notes, where forests tower high,
To louder murmurs grow.

Where late we met October's sunny smiles,
By yonder flowing river's silver gleam,
Along the hill, and through the woodland aisles,
November's garments stream.

—Good Company.

WHY THEY LEAVE THE FARM.

WHY farmers' boys are so restless to get away from the farm, and try their fortunes anywhere else, is a puzzling question to fathers, and one that gives them a great deal of trouble. All their scoldings over the subject, and their pointed remarks about the laziness of this degenerate age, seem to make matters no better. There are other things besides hard work that are steadily undermining all home love, and making them dissatisfied with its quiet duties. And one of the most prominent is the little dime novel hid about in the hay mow and under the pillow, to be read by stealth, and then loaned to another boy, in exchange for his latest.

And not less potent as a mischief-maker is the illustrated story paper of the high-peppered sort, which the glib agent be-

guiled you into taking, by reason of "the twelve chromos" he threw in. If you had invested with the lightning rod man instead, it would have been money in your pocket, no matter how he may have "raised" your note after he left you.

Tornadoes, and lightning strokes, and similar visitations are great calamities, but they are mild in comparison with the evil often wrought by this poisonous literature. No destruction of property is equal to the destruction of your boy or your girl. Every day's police record adds to the list of those who have gone hopelessly astray from this cause. If you have bought such a paper for the year it is a bad waste of money. If you suffer it to be read it will be a far greater waste. The only safe place is to drop it unopened under the boiling dinner kettle. I never knew a young person steeped in such reading who did not scorn his quiet country home and its simple, unexciting pursuits.

I feel sure that more science and less brigand reading would make the farm life delightful and full of interest. It would greatly widen the horizon, and show the young people what possibilities of self-culture lie close at their hand. How little, as a general rule, farmers' young people know, about the wonders of natural science, of botany, or of the science of birds and insects, that too with every facility for learning by observation, and every motive of self-interest to incite to the study. There are delights in such pursuits, if begun before the mind is debased by sensational reading, that are as far above the pleasures of such fiction as the stars are above the Dismal Swamp. The deeper you drink of this fount of knowledge the sweeter to your taste will be its waters.

If your father is wise, he will take another pretty sure method of interesting you in the farm work, and that is some share in the profits. Something will be yours to turn into money that by industry you can improve and increase. Hardly any plan has been found to work better than this, provided strict justice is always done to the child, and promises made to him are considered just as binding as a bond given to a man. If you wish him to grow up dishonest and untruthful, you have only to set him the example in your dealings with him about matters of property. J. E. McC.

THE AUTUMN SEASON.

We do not wonder at the delight and surprise expressed by strangers who see for the first time the carnival colors of our autumnal season as gayly donned by the foliage. It is a local gift of beauty which is not enjoyed in any such degree of vividness out of New England. The frosts, in regions more distant from the tempering airs of the seashore, commence their silent work by quietly touching with dainty colors the trees, yet fresh and green, in the middle of September, and later on in October come down to

the seaboard, lavishing a wealth of vividness among the green leaves dazzling to behold. It is a process of nature which all lovers of artistic beauty watch with never-tiring pleasure, and which is annually renewed with increasing delight. A herald goes before to announce the coming frost king, who is to bring about such remarkable change; it is the sensitive sumach, which, casting aside its dress of "Lincoln green," dons one of vivid scarlet even before a chill is felt in the soft autumnal air. Then the lawless climbing woodbine begins to blush scarlet, as if in anticipation of the rude embraces of the frost yet to come, and a realizing sense of the eager and nipping air which already encircles its matin hours.

As the nights grow colder and the footsteps of the frost are discernible in the early morning, the maple trees first put on their gaudy attire, and flame forth like huge torches set in the woodland. The beeches and birches follow suit, and one after another the forest trees become variegated and brilliant, like a host of revellers in carnival dress. Then what a blaze of splendor meets the eye! Acres of most brilliant red, yellow, russet and scarlet mix in matchless beauty; nature works with a lavish hand; she sets her palette with many colors and in abundant quantities. When the tree blossoms it is not with a single bud, but with bushels of them, and such a wardrobe of leaves that they can be thrown away on the wind all summer long, and yet her rules are the maxims of frugality. This is the season when the distant hills are veiled in that golden mist that Doughty used to paint so well, and which Brown imparts to his Venetian scenes. If the parterres of the gardens no longer send forth an aromatic odor, still they are bright with a floral glory unknown to summer. The many-hued dahlias flame along the graveled walks, the asters display their fluted leaves in many entrancing colors. The grapes hang in purple clusters, and opened husks of maize turn their golden ears to the sunlight.

Apples, gilded as those of the Hesperides, glisten in the interstices of the foliage, the little brown beechnuts patter down like rain from their opening burs upon the dry leaves, and the acorns drop heavily from the tall oaks, while every breeze that shakes the tree tops deepens the carpeting of the forest floor. No observant person fails to mark the thousand and one significant tokens of the season—the swallows gathering in flocks for their annual migration, the solemn chirp of the cricket, the chill of the twilight hour, the earlier falling of the dew, the later rising of the sun. Let us stroll into the Common, and seated in the shade, be as sad as the melancholy Jacques. It will not do. These fallen leaves, decayed though they be, gleam like scales of gold in the sunshine, and flutter in the eddying breeze, dancing a most innocent waltz at our feet. Melancholy? Not a bit of it! We are all aglow with life and gladness. —American Cultivator.

The Drawing Room.

NOOK AND CORNER.

Number Three.

BY CLARA E. SAMUELS.

THAT one does not always write of one's own home, in regard to the bits that help to brighten the household, may be seen from the letters, that from time to time fill the columns of this magazine, from the many places and palaces throughout the country. Whether it be but a "place," it can always be home, and a very pretty home too; or whether it be a palace—and there are very many that justly deserve the title—there can always be the grace and courtesy that is a part of every true home, which, combined with inexpensive but artistic furnishings, may render it both a home of beauty and "a joy forever." That one does not always write of one's own home, but of the many daintily appointed homes of one's friends may also serve to benefit one's own. And while one may deplore the lack of elegant and costly furnishings in one's own home, yet one may admire the soft, rich tints in the homes of others, and bring their colorings to brighten and harmonize in the simple belongings of one's own, not less attractive, home.

The chairs that one may see in a lifetime are worthy of contemplation. There are the handsomely upholstered chairs in plush, and satin, and brocade; there are the camp-chairs which adjust themselves nicely in the corners, and give themselves an air of being very much at home in a graceful, easy fashion, that is very commendable; there are the pretty rattan, and light willow rockers with garnet or blue ribbon woven in and out across the back; there are the cane-seated, cane-backed chairs in so many fanciful shapes and sizes, on which one can display the scarlet and white tidy to so good an advantage; and last, but not least, the straight backed chair of ye olden time, stained or painted black, and the cushion made of gay colored cretonne that is a flower garden all abloom in itself.

Dark paper on the wall brings into relief the deep colorings of garnet plush upholstery, and pieces of statuary that occupy a place in the corner on a heavy bracket, or on a pedestal, or a slender upright stand that is not a flower stand, nor yet a bible stand, but bears so direct a resemblance that it may be used for either, and placed before the window, between the parted curtains of lace, catches the softest light that falls between the meshes. The pictures on the wall are also in relief against the dark back-ground. If the carpet is in shades of golden brown and a bit of red, it will be in harmony with the other belongings. And if there be a mantel lambrquin of garnet plush with the applique work done in old gold, there will be color enough, and with all this a center-table

State Fashion Monthly

may have its marble top of the darkest gray instead of white marble.

In a room bright with the sunshine the corner bracket may be heavy enough to hold an English ivy that trails its dark green leaves over a wall of gray. This belongs to the room of simple surroundings. The curtains or lambrequin at the windows may be of maroon canton flannel. The table may also have a covering of the same, which is only large enough to cover the top, very tightly put on, and then a lambrequin cut in vandykes, or in any pretty pattern, and tacked closely on with brass-headed tacks. The maroon vandykes may be pinked around the edges and the applique figure may be a Japanese fan of robin's-egg blue done with gold-colored floss or zephyr, and whether this diminutive fan be of silk, or satin, or cambric, on each of the vandykes, the effect of the coloring will remain the same. One of the old time stands could be made into a pretty modern table by having an oval top out of any wood—pine as well as any—fastened on over the original square top and then covering it as described above. One would have a carpet surely. Perhaps one might have the floor stained, and the carpet, of golden brown with a border of maroon, only a large rug which would leave a space of two and one-half feet of the stained floor visible. It should, if tacked, have brass-headed tacks. Then there should be the camp-rocker; and the slender flower stand if possible, which only holds one plant, but if placed before the window with that plant one of the luxurious begonias, or the graceful feathery ferns, will very justly receive the praise also due the statuary. With the photographs and other small belongings on the draped shelf; the hanging basket and flowers, one may quote Goethe, "He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home"—and quote it with considerable satisfaction.

I once saw on a white Holland shade of a window, several clusters of pansies which had been pressed between sheets of cotton-batting, and in this way retained their color. It was December, but they held something of the sweetness of that lost summer, which had gone before.

Some one has asked for information about inexpensive photograph frames. If you would purchase one of the fifteen-cent easels, which are slender and pretty, you will find it will compare very favorably with the card-board frame. They will hold the photograph or the dainty Christmas or Easter card, and are quite ornamental.

Another small belonging that is very effective is a medium sized conch-shell—hung by a scarlet cord which is fastened at each end of the shell, through the holes that have been drilled therein—and filled with water. This makes a hanging basket that is pretty in itself, but with the plant familiarly called "wandering Jew," that thrives and throws out long branches, it can only be prettier by having a bunch of graceful ferns to fill it. The "Jew" will outlast the ferns however, and if a piece of charcoal be placed in the bottom of the shell the water will be kept pure for a season. Then, too, it can be hung in the darkest corner of your room, and whether the wall be dark or light, its influence will be felt.

I once saw an old fashioned chest of drawers put away out of sight of the visitor. If the brass handles had been polished until they had fairly shone; the wood been rubbed with turpentine; and a cover made of brown linen with a border on each end worked in garnet and old-gold and a few threads of peacock-blue, and finished with a fringe of the same colors, it would have been a stately ornament to the family sitting-room, or

to the large hall on the second floor. The cover should have been only as wide as the chest itself, and not more than twenty inches longer.

Then there was a quaint old mirror with a gilded frame, and a bunch of peacock feathers placed at the back, in another house, which also held a great Dutch clock reaching from floor to ceiling, in one corner, and in the opposite corner a corner-cupboard which held many pieces of old china that were visible through the glass doors. These were in the "best room," and if there could have been a grate added, set about with Dutch tiles, there would have been nothing to have been regretted. It was simple and true. Modern furniture will have never taken to itself the air of having passed through a century and having seen the great events of so long a time.

Recently at an auction at a private up-town residence, in a western city, a friend bought an engraving of the poet Robert Burns for the sum of—fifty cents! The glass over the picture cost more than the price the whole was sold at, and the buying was counted a piece of good luck. This is mentioned only as a bit of information, which may lead to similar purchases, and as these auctions are generally but the forerunner of a trip abroad, or the legal closing of some "last will and testament," there can be nothing undesirable concerning it.

One may have too many books for the table, and yet not enough for a book case or library. If a mantel shelf, either of marble or walnut, or perhaps of pine, stained, and a lambrequin added, or a band of red russet leather pinked at the edges, if this shelf might have a piece of carved wood, which may be purchased of almost any furniture dealer at small expense, placed at each end of the upper side of it as a "stay," and then filled with your books—especially if they were of uniform size and the poets, would not only be within reach, but would also be pretty to look at.

If a cabinet sized photograph of Longfellow, Whittier or Charles Dickens, (or your favorite author whoever he may be,) be placed back of a gray mat, and framed in a deep frame, and hung above the shelf of books, which if possible should occupy a place between two windows with their hanging baskets; and the table, with its lamp and last number of your magazine and a vase of flowers, set underneath the shelf, you will at least have one side of your room in tune.

Now is the time for preparing your window garden for the winter. Have the box the length of your window sill, six or eight inches deep, and a foot wide. Let it rest on a shelf, or have legs that have casters for it to be moved easily from the window if the cold penetrates. This may be painted red or brown, and any handy plant will beautify it through the long winter. The bronze or iron brackets, with movable arms for holding plants, are the most desirable of all, but are quite expensive. One of these however, placed on either side the bay window—a hanging basket filled with German ivy, and a bird cage between—would gladden the winter room, and cheer the heart of every guest more than anything else could do, unless perhaps it might be an open fire-place.

CHARITY.—The best charity is not that which giveth alms, whether secretly or with ostentation. The best charity—that which "worketh no evil"—is the charity that prompts us to think and speak well of our neighbors.

VIRTUOUS SOCIETY.—Much of the comfort of this life consists in acquaintance, friendship and correspondence with those that are pious, prudent, and virtuous.

INTEREST AND FRIENDSHIP.—As frosts to the bud and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship; and confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate.

—It is much better to decide a difference between enemies than friends; for one of our friends will certainly become an enemy, and one of our enemies a friend.

—Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good.

The Conservatory.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Summer is fading; the broad leaves that grew
So freshly green when June was young are falling;
And all the whisper-haunted forest through
The restless birds in saddened tones are calling
From rustling hazel copse and dangled 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 their glad 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, purling voice is saying,
Sadder and sweeter than my song can tell:
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Warm and dreamy summer,
Sweet farewell!"

The fitful 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 the loss complaining;
I, too, must join them as I walk alone
Among the sights and sounds of summer's waning;
I, too, have loved the season passing well—
"So, farewell, summer,
Fair but faded summer,
Sweet farewell!"

GREY MOSS.

BY LINDA WALTON.

WORDS insignificant in themselves, are sometimes fraught with moment to those who place a different construction upon them. They may be styled *double entente* because they suggest different ideas to different minds. When I casually mentioned packing eggs in grey moss to preclude the possibility of breakage, I attached no more importance to the word moss than to saw dust or to any other common-place, articulate sound, used to express a practical idea. Little thought I that my simple statement would elicit so voluminous a list of requests and queries. It did not occur to me that any one would ask me to write all about the moss, and to forward some of it to decorate brackets, picture frames, etc., in northern homes. Having complied with the latter request, I open my writing desk, with the intention of complying with the former.

Gray moss, like mistletoe, several species of lichens, and a genus of ferns, is a parasite indigenous to regions which have a semi-tropical climate, and appears to the best advantage when the tree to which it adheres is destitute of foliage. A colossal tree, standing isolated from other monarchs of the forest, its leafless branches draped in festoons of moss, greyer than the wintry sky above it, forms a picture worthy of a place among the

master-pieces of renowned artists. "As night's candles burn out, and jocund day peeps over the misty hill-tops," the stillness of winter is broken only by the cawing of crows, or the warbling of migratory birds. The branches of the tree, and their ornamental decorations remain in picturesque placidity until Boreas comes forth in his aerial car. He whistles to his zephyrs, and they fleet like restive steeds, over meadows, hills, and vales, and cause the leafless branches with their pendant drapery to sway like undulating waves. As he sports amid the somber meshes, the symphony of his song is "so sad by fits—by starts so wild" that I trow a Mozart or a Hayden could improvise no more pleasing fantasia or oratorio.

The moss under discussion has a tiny, tri-petalous flower of a light green color. Reliable vouchers testify that the flower is fragrant, but to my olfactory organ it is inodorous. After the flowers disappear, delicate new fibers appear, and gradually supplant the old ones. In course of time the old ones assume a black hue, and in texture and color resemble black horse hair. The simile is by no means terse, but it is so apropos that I cannot cancel it for a euphonious substitute.

If the moss is utilized in any way except as a filling for mattresses, pillows, etc., I am ignorant of the fact. Before being placed in mattresses, pillows or cushions, it is allowed to remain in tanks of water, until the outer integument decays. The remainder when thoroughly dried is ready for use.

I have been informed that some farmers use moss as provender for oxen, but I do not corroborate any such statement. I am confident father's oxen and his other bovines do not forage upon anything so innutritious unless they do so while grazing in the pasture or woods.

A Kentuckian was visiting friends in our neighborhood in January, and during her sojourn, she collected souvenirs to transport to her far-off home. Among other things she had several leafless boughs, with their parasitic garniture of grey moss encased in a box, ready for shipment. Her intention was to suspend the boughs and their ornamental appendages from a wooden cross in her conservatory. Another of her projects was to take one of the dwarf trees of her state, remove a portion of leaves from the branches, decorate them with pendants of moss, and implant the tree in her conservatory. Her wish was to counterfeited the handiwork of nature, or to suggest the idea that her handiwork had been duplicated.

Crystallized moss resembles beautiful stalactites. Hang the crystallized festoons in a grotto, and illuminate it, if you wish to behold a subterranean design which rivals Aladdin's enchanted palace. Unless moss has been crystallized, I have no penchant for it after it has been removed from the trees. It soon loses its vitality, and cannot be resuscitated by the Japanese method of restoring cut flowers. Nor am I now partial to pressed flowers, although I used to be fond of my herbarium, and possessed a mania for making botanical researches.

The college at which I graduated was under the supervision of northern teachers. We southern girls used to think it queer when they went into ecstasies over moss, pine cones, chinapins, cotton, magnolias, etc. Things to which we had always been accustomed, possessed not an iota of intrinsic value in our estimation, and I remember my feelings of astonishment when my instructress had magnolia and cotton blossoms, baskets of cotton just as it looked when ready to be taken to the gin house, and stalks with the fleecy staple ready to be gath-

ered daguerreotypes to send to northern friends.

If moss could tell its tale, methinks it would be a doleful one, for its somber hue, and weird-like appearance are, to a mind predisposed to sadness, emblematic of melancholy.

MAKING HOME PLEASANT.

Now that the frosts have made an early visit, a lady correspondent thinks it is best to be looking after ferns and flowers for in-doors. She thus describes her fernery:

It is placed on a small stand in the corner of the room, which, in our little cottage, does triple duty as parlor, sitting-room and nursery.

The base of our fernery is no expensive trifle of terra cotta, majolica or ormolu. Not at all. It is simply a zinc pan, twelve by eighteen inches, and four inches deep, obtained at a trifling expense of a tinman, and finished by two coats of very dark green paint, put on by the good man. The glass shade, which keeps for the vegetable world within a moist atmosphere, free from dust, cost scarcely more. We obtained from the glazier's five sheets of ordinary window glass, getting it as clear as possible, three of which measure twelve inches by eighteen, and the other two, (the ends of the shade) twelve by twelve.

Each pane I bound with white tape five-eighths of an inch in width, sewing it securely at the corners, and pasting it all along the sides. When the paste was thoroughly dry, with a little assistance from the good man, who held the plates in proper position while I sewed through the tape, the shade soon assumed its proper form and proportions. A sheet of gilt paper, cut in narrow strips and pasted smoothly along the edges, concealing both tape and stitches, made a pretty finish for the shade.

As long ago as last June we began to make our collection. Returning from a long walk we sat down on a mossy rock to rest. We noticed growing close beside us a curious, heart-shaped leaf, with tapering point, which seemed itself fast rooted to the ground. A close examination revealed brown fruit dots on the back of the leaf, for it was the rare and curious walking fern. This was too precious a treasure to be left for future gathering, and so it was carefully dug up with a quantity of earth about the roots and taken up and placed in a shady spot in our little garden, where it had got to be quite at home, having taken no less than two leaps during the summer. Now transplanted to the fernery, it attracts much attention, and is a daily topic of conversation with us. For, not only have we one fine, healthy, fruited frond attached at each end, but a second fresh young frond has curved over since it was placed under the glass, and the tip rests suggestively on a little hillock of green moss. Will it take another stride this winter, we daily ask. We have, too, a tiny clump of lovely, native maiden-hair, whose slowly unrolling fronds we watch with great interest, to say nothing of several graceful varieties of commoner, but equally beautiful ferns.

But time would fail to tell of all the lovely wild things we have persuaded to grow in this little winter garden, beneath our lowly cottage roof. If you were here in the sitting-room with me it would take a long time for you to discover all its attractions. Here is a bit of rattlesnake plantain, over whose dark green leaves is flung a charming lace-like tracery of white. In this corner are a few of the tiny purple-veined pitchers of the curious *sarracenia*, which thrive apace, although the earth is hardly as moist as the boggy soil they delight in out of doors.

The trailing mitchella vine, gay with

scarlet berries swollen almost to bursting in the moist atmosphere, cannot be counted as least among the attractions, and the tiny pale-gray vases of the charming cup-moss are admirably set off by the green foliage all about. Note, too, this brilliant coral-moss, the branching reindeer-moss, the pale wood-moss, and the tufted light green swamp-moss.

A tiny maple tree bearing some half-dozen gorgeously tinted leaves rising from the center of a pretty patch of gold-thread, just as it grew in the forest, is no inconspicuous feature of this little landscape. To be sure, the leaves must fall by and by, before the winter is over, but where the slightest breeze cannot reach, or the least motion jar them, they will be much longer in falling than might be imagined. And fancy if you can the bliss of possessing arbutus and hepatica, violet and pyrola, all in bud just as the first snow of winter comes to make our cherished forest haunts forbidden paths to us for so many dreary months. Think of hepaticas in bloom at Christmas, and arbutus at New Year's and a bit of midsummer woods glowing in the heart of snowy January.—Ex.

AMONG MY LILIES.

This morning as I was admiring my lilies, I thought I would write a word in their praise, hoping thereby to stir up some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to plant bulbs this autumn. Could I, with my present experience, go back a decade of years, I would every year add at least one lily bulb to my collection. For twenty-five years I have had what I call lemon lily, because I know not its true name. I do not remember ever seeing it written about, and if it is included in any catalogue, I fail to find it from description. It is the earliest flowering of all the lilies. The flowers are not so large as most lilies. They bloom in clusters, and are of a lemon yellow.

These come in June, then in July my *candidum* lilies, so white and sweet, sometimes called the Easter lily because by being forced they can be brought into bloom at that time, and the *longiflorum*, or trumpet lily. Mr. Allen is the only florist, to my knowledge, who offers bulbs of these beautiful lilies at the low price of fifteen cents each. Who cannot afford to have them? About the same time *L. umbellatum* blossomed. This has a large, cup-shaped flower which varies somewhat in color from yellow flaked with red without spots, to red flaked with yellow and covered with dots.

In August the golden banded lily of Japan added its charming blossoms, red-olent with fragrance, to my garden. I called it the queen of all my lilies, till this morning when a giant bud expanded and revealed the loveliest lily I ever beheld. It is precisely like the other, only it has another row of petals, almost as large as the outer ones, which measure five and one-half inches in length. The bloom is not quite fully expanded, but it measures eight inches across from tip to tip. I am puzzled to know if this be indeed a novelty *auratum*. I did not know that they were ever semi-double. I sent to Mr. Allen last autumn for an *auratum rubrum*, *album* and *umbellatum*, one of each. It cannot be the *rubrum* nor *album*, they are still in bud, and then it is golden banded. The stalk is only twelve inches in height, but this may be owing to the extreme drought, yet the other *auratum* is tall. Perhaps Mr. Allen can explain. It is just magnificent. What would it have been under favorable circumstances? We have not had a rain storm since July 5th, and only two showers that did not wet an inch below the surface.

I have had a Japan lily for ten years

which has a carmine band and the white petals are thickly spotted with rose and yellow dots. This is very lovely. It blossoms mostly in August, but at this date, August 30th, it looks as though it would not bloom for ten days.

These are all the varieties I now have, but I purpose to add a few more to my collection, for covering a period of four months, one can have these lovely flowers to shed their perfume on the air.

A word for the tulips. By all means plant at least a dozen of the single and double varieties, more, if possible, including all the varieties. They will form a bright spot in the garden in May, when few flowers are in bloom. Look over the list and select your bulbs in season to plant the last of October, if possible, but November will do. I take up my tulips after the leaves have turned yellow, dry the bulbs and pack in a paper bag till October, utilizing the plot for bedding out house plants. Now, I am sure that every one of you who invests in lilies and tulips to plant this autumn, will be exceedingly glad next year. The Duc Van Thols are admirable for the window garden in winter. MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

VINES.

One of the prettiest vines I have seen lately, and one which seems as yet to be a novelty, is a pretty little thing that was brought from Texas a year or two ago, and which has made only a few acquaintances. It has a thin, delicately cut leaf, somewhat resembling the Kenilworth ivy leaf in shape, and a light, cream-colored blossom. Its beauty does not lie in either of these but in its fruit. This grows to be about the size of a hickory nut, and looks, when green, like a tiny cucumber, but as soon as it begins to ripen, the outside turns a bright scarlet, and then the vine looks very pretty indeed, hung all over with its tiny, blazing balls.

Out in my garden is an arch covered with this—the balsam vine, and every one who comes in admires the graceful vine and its curious fruit. When fully ripe the little scarlet ball bursts, and reveals, clinging close to the white lining, the little oblong seeds, covered with a bright scarlet pulp. The balsam vine is very hardy, will grow in almost any kind of soil, loves the sunshine and plenty of water, and will climb with its little clinging tendrils, any kind of trellis you may wish.

My favorite among all vines is the Madeira. Nothing can be prettier than its large, waxy green leaf, and its sprays of delicate, fragrant, white flowers, and here in the south it is grown with very little trouble. We simply plant the roots in a rich, sunny place, and that is all. We do not take them up in winter, and pay very little attention to them besides the training, and how they do grow! How gracefully they will drape sharp angles or sunny windows, and how pleasant in autumn is the perfume of the dainty white sprays.

The English ivy is also a favorite south, and winter and summer the walls of almost every brick house you see, are covered with it.

We have hardly any need to order vines from a florist, so many beautiful ones grow wild over our fields and woods. The purple passion flower, and the wandering Jew, wander wild all over our fields, and one of the prettiest vines I know of, is considered a perfect pest by our farmers, because it spreads so. It is called, because of the shape of its bloom, the trumpet vine. Its leaf somewhat resembles that of the clematis, and its blossom is large and trumpet shaped, and its color bright scarlet. The flowers will sometimes measure four or five inches and have a thick, waxy appearance.

Any of the vines named above, I have or can procure, and will send them to any one who cares to exchange with me other vines or plants. KATE ELLICOTT.

Greenlee, N. C.

—Keep begonias moist, or at least where the temperature is not too dry, and they will not drop their leaves.

—Growing plants are fast taking the place of cuttings for hall and parlor decoration on public and party occasions.

—The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on every side by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and comparatively feeble; cut away its protectors, and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field, where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—How can I prevent the tips of a calla turning brown and dry before it is grown? Can amaryllis bulbs be hung in the cellar through the winter? M. MOREY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to treat tea roses? I have a choice variety called "Niphetos." I followed the directions for potting as nearly as possible, and it has had a few beautiful blossoms, but has not seemed at all healthy, and I am fearful of losing it. E. W. R.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Elsie, of the July number, will give me her address, I will send her "Job's tears" buds. MISS AMANDA E. JOHNSON. Boyertown, Berks Co., Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I saw an inquiry in your September number from S. C., requesting information on growing tuberose. As that is my business, I can give the required information. They will not bloom but once. After blooming they multiply very fast. The small bulbs should be separated and set four inches deep and six inches apart. Plant from the 25th of May to the 15th of June, in rich soil. They should be stored in a dry place, away from frost, as the bulbs are very tender. Allow them to grow until the tops are killed by frost. EDWIN W. AMES. Brockton, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the fifty-four thousand subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to arrange a tulip bed. Mine was, in its season, "a thing of beauty," but not "a joy forever," occupying as it did a prominent place in the garden, the leaves, and flower stalks did not die down so as to be removed till the middle of July, then it was too late to transplant anything to it. The bulbs were of the large double red variety, set in rows six inches apart, and about the same distance in the rows. If they were set farther apart, what could be set or sowed in the spaces, so as to make an attractive bed as the tulips fade? Could the tulips be cut down while green without injury to the bulbs?

What are abidum lilies? Are they a species of amaryllis? Should the bulbs be partially or wholly covered with earth? How should they be treated both summer and winter in New Hampshire?

Can the prickly pear cactus be kept in the cellar during the winter without injury? If so should the earth be kept quite dry, or watered occasionally? ANNA E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Blanche wants to grow a sweet potato for a house ornament. I have always been successful, so will tell her my way. Take a good hard potato, one larger in the middle than at the ends is best, take a pint glass jar, put in water, then put in the potato, letting the bulge fit in the mouth of the jar. The water should surround all the potato in the jar. Keep the jar always filled with water. They grow best in an east window. This is all I have ever done for mine, and they have grown nicely. The delicate white roots look very pretty in the glass jar, while the bright green of the leaves form a pretty frame work for your window. KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, if a fig tree will bear without being grafted, also tell your readers that if any of them are troubled with ants, black or red, to sprinkle ground coffee on the shelves or place where they go. S. F.

The Nursery.

WHERE?

Oh where has my blue-eyed baby gone,
Whom I held with such tender care,
And crooned to sleep when the night came on,
My baby so sweet and so fair?
For the days go by with a step not slow,
And the nights have no cradle song so low.

My baby's eyes were a bit of blue skies,
And its breath the touch of a rose,
Silk rings of gold crowned a forehead high,
And its smiles like a song that flows;
But the days go by with a step not slow,
And the nights have no cradle song so low.

We did not cover our baby's face
Under the winter's sod,
For the curls grew long, the form gained grace,
While heart-thanks went forth to God,
Still the days pass by with a step not slow;
And the nights have no cradle song so low.

I can see in the blue of young eyes to-day,
The baby I nursed so long,
Old time hath been busy with locks astray,
With him hath my baby gone;
So the days will pass with a step not slow,
And the nights bring no cradle song so low.

New Haven, Conn.

M. L. B. EWELL.

MARGIE'S TRADE.

MARGIE DUNBAR was standing by the window looking the very picture of despair. Indeed, she was thoroughly convinced in her own mind that no one ever had felt or ever would feel so "perfectly drefful" as she did at this present moment, and all because mamma had just told her that she did not see how she could possibly afford to get her a flaxen-haired doll with blue eyes that would open and shut, like Grace Sherman's and Annie Parker's.

Grace had had hers Christmas, and this morning at school Annie had whispered the glad news to her that she had one just like Grace's, only prettier, for her birthday present.

And Margie had been consumed with envy ever since. The first thing she did after she got home at noon, was to carry her rag doll Bessie that had been her pet and pride, up into the garret where she set her down in the darkest corner, and left her staring placidly up at the rafters. She had offered to help mamma set the table, she voluntarily wiped the dishes after dinner, and mamma knew something was coming, for I am sorry to say that Margie very much preferred to play rather than help her mother.

"Mamma," she said, by way of opening the subject, "don't you like to make me happy?"

Mamma assured her that she did, whenever it was possible.

"Then" said Margie, "you must get me a nice, new dolly like Grace's and Annie's. There isn't anything in the world that'll make me happier, and I shall be miserable until I have it."

Mamma's face grew very sober.

"Margie dear," she said, putting her arms around her lovingly, "mamma would be very glad to give you just the prettiest dolly in the world, but you must remember how hard papa has to work to get money enough to buy us food and clothes. Cannot our little girl be brave and help us by cheerfully giving up her dolly, and be contented with dear, little baby? I do not believe Grace and Annie would care so much for their dolls if they had such a sweet little sister as you have."

But Margie, instead of looking up cheerfully, only hung her head and pouted. "I don't ever have nothing," she said in an aggrieved tone.

"Oh yes, you do," said mamma, "you forget that you have a pleasant home, enough to eat, and clothes to keep you warm. Think how hard it would be if you had to go cold or hungry! Then there are a great many little girls that haven't any dolls at all, but you have your dear Bessie."

But Margie refused to be comforted, and went pouting over to the window.

Presently she came back. "Don't you 'member, mamma, you said last year that I might have a nice, new dolly this year?"

"But we hadn't any little sister to care for then, Margie."

"I know, but you ought to give it to me 'cause it's wrong to break promises you say yourself."

"Did I say surely?" asked mamma.

Margie twisted the corner of her apron, and looked directly away from her mother. "I most think so."

Mamma's face grew very grave. "Margie," she said tenderly, but very sadly, "mamma would like to grant your wish and would if she possibly could, but she is sorry her little girl does not love her enough to be willing to bear a little disappointment cheerfully."

And then mamma went on with her work, and Margie stood by the window pouting, making herself and her mother very uncomfortable.

By and by, there was a lady came to see Mrs. Dunbar about some sewing she wanted done. Baby was lying in her cradle, cooing as happily as could be. The richly dressed lady stooped down and kissed the sweet baby face over and over again. There were tears in her eyes when she lifted her face, and turning to Mrs. Dunbar, she said wistfully, "I would willingly give all I possess if she were mine."

Then she went away, and Margie remembered that last summer there had been a funeral in the big house on the hill, and that mamma had said Mrs. Raymond's little girl was dead. Then there was such a naughty, selfish thought came into Margie's mind, it almost took her breath away at first, but she kept thinking and thinking about it, until it did not seem half so dreadful.

"If Mrs. Raymond wanted the baby so badly, why couldn't she sell it to her?"

Was not that a dreadful thought?

"Mamma wouldn't have to work so hard, and get so tired, and I most know she would be glad of that," she reasoned, but after all she knew it was not so.

"And Mrs. Raymond would be so glad. Mamma likes to make folks happy, she says we ought to do all in our power to have them."

But Margie knew perfectly well all the time that mamma would never give up her baby for that purpose.

"Then, besides, she's got me," was her self-satisfied conclusion. She forgot that there were times without number when she was a poor source of comfort.

The clock struck five. Mamma rose from her sewing.

"I haven't quite enough silk to finish this. I must go to the store for some. You look after baby, Margie."

Margie's heart gave a quick bound. "Yes'm," she said, but she looked steadfastly away from mother.

Mrs. Dunbar put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out. Margie watched her go down the street, she watched until she turned the corner, then she put on her own hat and sack, took up the baby who looked laughingly up into her face all the while she was hastily wrapping a shawl around her. And then Margie went out, up towards the big house on the hill.

People on the street looked in amazement to see Margie trudging as fast as her two little fat legs could carry her, and baby, taking it all as a matter of course and fine frolic, crowing at the top of her voice.

Mrs. Raymond came to the door herself.

"Mamma—I—thought you'd like the baby—and I want a nice dolly like Grace's and Annie's—and mamma wants to have me have one—and she won't have to work so hard—and don't you want her?"

"What do you mean, child?" asked Mrs. Raymond, wondering if the child had lost her senses.

"I want a dolly so much, and you said you'd give lots if baby was only yours, so I brought her. I thought you would give me a dolly for her."

There was a queer look in Mrs. Raymond's eyes.

"Come in and sit down a moment," she said. Then she went up stairs, coming back presently with a beautiful large doll.

"O—h!" gasped Margie, stretching out her hands.

"But," said Mrs. Raymond, "this is nothing but a doll. It will never love you, nor smile at you, nor kiss you. Are you willing to exchange it for baby with her sweet ways?"

Margie hesitated. Baby looked sweeter than ever as she cooed her delight at the strange sights.

"I—shouldn't have to rock her, 'nless I wanted to, and—I guess I will."

So Margie took the doll, and gave up the baby to Mrs. Raymond, but, somehow, she did not feel one-half as happy as she expected to—indeed, there were tears in her eyes, notwithstanding her successful trade.

She went slowly out of the house, and down the street, growing more conscious every step of a decided dread of meeting her mother, and then—yes, surely, there she was at the gate. Oh dear! Well, there was nothing to do but go on now, so Margie tried to look as unconcerned as possible, though she was far from feeling so.

"Margie," said mamma, with white lips, "where is baby?"

Margie wished that the ground would open and let her through, but it held firm. She held up her doll.

"I—wanted it so bad, and Mrs. Raymond wanted baby, and you've got me," she sobbed, wishing the doll was back where it came from, and wondering what mamma would say.

But she said not a word, she only turned and went swiftly up the street. Margie went into the house and tried to amuse herself with her new treasure, but it had lost its charms. She kept wondering where mamma had gone, what she would do, if she would take the doll away, and if she would punish her very hard. It was nearly an hour before mamma returned, and to Margie's surprise she was alone. She wished she dared to ask where baby was, but she could not quite make up her mind to do so, and mamma said never a word.

By and by, papa came, and they sat down to supper, but they said nothing to her. Margie watched them in dismayed astonishment. Finally, she crept into her place, yet no one waited on her, or noticed her in any way, and there was such a lump in her throat that she could not swallow.

Mamma did up the work, and then, as there was no baby to sing to sleep, she sat down to her sewing, while papa read his paper.

Margie stood it just as long as she could, then she crept into the sitting room, and lay down upon the lounge, and cried as though her heart would break. The door was open into mamma's room, and there stood baby's empty crib. Oh, how still it was! It seemed to Margie she must cry out herself. Over in the chair was her doll, dressed in its beautiful silk dress, with her blue eyes wide open, staring right at Margie, and I know she felt just like throwing her just as far as she could throw her.

"Robert," said mamma, at length—the door was open, and Margie could hear every word—"Robert, Mr. Strauss wants a little girl to help his wife about the house, and to run errands. I suppose we

might let them have Margie, they would pay us well, and we should not have to work so hard."

Margie sat bolt upright, her eyes almost starting from their sockets, her breath coming thick and hard. Mr. Strauss who lived out in the country and came in with vegetables! He have her! Mamma let him have her to take away! How could mamma be so cruel?

Then it came to her like a flash, why should not mamma sell her as well as she baby?

She sprang up, and rushed out into her mother's arms. "Oh mamma, don't, don't!" she sobbed. "I haven't hurt it, and I'll take it back this very minute, I will. And I'll be so good! Oh, don't sell me! I'll learn to work—and, oh, do let me stay home!"

So papa put on his coat and hat, and Margie hers, and it seemed to her they could not go half fast enough.

"I've changed my mind," she said, "I don't want the dolly one bit now, but I want our baby."

Perhaps Mrs. Raymond was expecting to see them, at any rate she did not appear at all surprised.

Such a time as they had that night! It seemed as though baby had been gone a year, at least. They played with and petted her until an entirely unprecedented hour.

And Margie was entirely cured of her fondness for dolls. Sometime after, Mrs. Raymond made her a present of the identical doll she had sold the baby for, but Margie gave it directly to her mother to keep for baby.

"I don't want it," she said, "it makes me feel uncomfortable. I feel as though Mr. Strauss were coming right after me."

COUSIN FRED'S NEW GAME.

BY U. U.

Half a dozen young people together the other evening, fell to wishing there was some new game for a little diversion, and what would be a change from those they had frequently joined in.

"I'll tell you one that I think will be new to all here," said cousin Fred, who is a commercial traveler, and who happens around to spend a night with us occasionally. "A company of us played it when snow-bound on the cars last winter, and really it proved quite a diversion to all, old and young, who were in our car. And to make the game easy for the younger ones here, we will use only common, familiar words which may be readily guessed."

"Well, what are we to guess?" asked Lucy, one of the group.

"I'm coming to it directly" said Fred, "so all have your wits about you."

At this Tommy scratched his head, put his hand under his chin, and opening his mouth said, "I am ready, go on with it."

"Well," replied Fred laughing at Tommy's ludicrous aspect, "I'll think to myself some word, and then mention to you a word rhyming with it, and you must each one guess what the word is that I have in my mind. But you are not to mention the real word, only something it stands for. As, for instance, if I told you to guess some word rhyming with 'pink,' and you thought of 'ink' you would say 'something to write with,' instead of speaking the word, for any one who mentions the real word is to be fined for it."

"I don't see through it yet," said Tommy, scratching his head more vigorously than before.

"Well the best way is to begin a game and your wits will come as it progresses," said Fred, in a conciliating way. "Now all of you think up some word that rhymes with bat and have it ready when

your turn comes, but not speak the rhyming word, "remember."

"Yes'm," said Tommy gravely.

"There, Annie, you are at the head, what is it," asks Fred, "that I have in my mind?"

"Is it a member of the feline race?" asks Annie after a little hesitation, and who is fond of using far-fetched words.

"No it is not a pussy-cat," said Fred. "Next."

"Is it something that cats delight to catch and eat?" queries Frank who sits next to Annie.

"No, it is not a rat, sir."

"Is it something belonging to the window blinds?" asks Lucy, who happens to be looking towards the window as her turn comes.

"No, Miss Lucy, it is not a slat. Your turn now Tommy, have your wits come to you?" asks Fred.

"Is it something that nice boys remember to wipe their shoes on?" queries Tommy hesitatingly, at the same time giving a mischievous glance at his mother, who well knows his sins of omission in this respect.

"No, you rogue, it is not a mat. Now Auntie it is your turn," said Fred.

"Why, I didn't know I was to be in the play. Is it chat?" said she, after a moment's pause.

"A fine, a fine, Mrs. Mother," shouted Harry.

"Sure enough, what a blunder!" said the mother, handing her thimble over as a fine.

"Now Harry, for you," said Fred.

"Is it something to wear on the head?"

"Yes, it is a hat."

"I see through it now," said Annie, "let's try it over again and see how it will come out next time."

"All right," said Fred. "There, Harry, as you guessed right you are to put the questions next time."

"O, dear, what shall I think up?" said Harry covering his eyes as if in a brown study.

"Run over in your mind some word rhyming with several others," said Fred, "so we shall have a variety to select from."

Harry set his wits to work, and in a few moments announced that he was ready, but before beginning, took his pencil and wrote down the word he was to ask them to rhyme with, to make it sure and honest, as he said. Then he said, "Give us some word rhyming with grand."

"Is it a useful member of the body," asks Lucy, toying with the rings on her shapely fingers.

"No, it is not a hand. Next."

"Is it a field?"

"No, it is not land. Your turn now Tommy, what is it?"

"Is it a company of Fourth o' July musicians?"

"No, sir, it is not a band."

"Is it where the band sit when they play?" asks Annie next in turn.

"No it is not a band-stand, or any other stand, that I had in my mind."

"Is it the sea-shore?" asks Ray.

"No, it is not the strand. Your turn now, mother, so look out for another fine," said Harry.

"You don't catch me again so soon," said the mother. "Is it what is found on the sea-shore?"

"Yes, it is sand. You were thinking of some to scour with I dare say, I'd rather go barefoot in the sand after a rain than use it in any practical way."

"Quite a game," said the school-master, who happened in just as the company were beginning the second play, and who sat as a learner till it was through. "It is a good one to exercise the ingenuity in recalling rhyming words, also to drill

these young people in the different meaning of words and their synonyms."

"What is that last big word?" asked Tommy, opening his eyes as if in wonder.

"Why, a synonym is a word having the same meaning as another, and as it is often convenient to use different words to avoid repetition, and especially for poetical effect and better euphony, it is well for all to learn the use of them readily, and this game, as we see, combines pleasure with profit as well."

"As for instance," says Fred, coming to the help of the school-master, "you sometimes call your horse a nag; a joker may be a wag; you may say sack instead of bag, and so on to the end of the English language. And while foreign and far-fetched words and expressions are to be generally used sparingly, yet they are sometimes more expressive than a plain, common word, and in case where repetition of the same sentiment is necessary, the ready use of synonyms gives a pleasant effect to speaking or writing."

"I'll remember that more in writing my compositions," said Lucy, "for I do dislike the constant repetition of the same words."

"And you must have your dictionary at hand to help you," added the teacher, "and I will show you my book of synonyms, which to me is almost as indispensable as the dictionary when engaged with my pen."

"As for this game," said Fred, "we got up some pretty tough words to rhyme from when snow-bound on the cars, and as we had a share of well-educated people among us, we had quite a chance to exercise our skill, and at the same time the game helped the hours to be less heavy on our hands."

"I'll try it with the boys when we are camping out," said Harry, "and for rainy days it will be a capital pastime."

"Good for little parties of young people anywhere," said Annie, "if they get dull otherwise, and simple enough for even children to join in."

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I feel flattered. Clarissa Potter wants to hear from me, and I've always read her contributions to "The Mothers' Chair," with so much pleasure and profit, and I felt glad for that little rogue of a boy when I saw the mother love in her heart, love of the best kind, that sought her darling's highest good in every thing.

And now she wants to hear from that boy of mine. I hasten to reply to her request, for I know my letter will scarcely reach the far east in time to be published before November, and I want her to know how I am getting along.

Had your letter been in the July instead of the August HOUSEHOLD, I should have told you that my boy had accomplished his teething so far "without a wail," but August brought me a new experience. But I feel, after all, more inclined to lay the blame to hot weather and poor water than to teeth. We have had an intensely hot summer, the thermometer over 100° for days at a time, and only two very slight showers, (compared with New England showers,) since last May, three whole months, and no sign of another yet. So with it all combined, and eye teeth too, the little fellow succumbed and was very sick for twelve days. He is better now, but is only a ghost of his former self.

But I suppose you want to know of the months when baby was well, and how he has lived up to his mamma's theories from four months to twenty. I think I shall still be obliged to stick to the theories. I can't say how they would work with other babies, but they work like a charm with mine.

Of course, he is more trouble this summer than he was last, for before he was sick, he was running around everywhere in the house and yard, and I can assure you it took plenty of time, plenty of talking, and not a few whippings to teach the dear child what his hands might touch, and what they must not, and still the task is very incomplete. The little memory is so short when it chooses, but he goes to bed, gets up in the morning, takes his noonday nap of two or three hours, and eats, just as regularly as ever, and without the least trouble.

I don't know why, but he has never offered to get out of his crib more than twice. Those nights were hot, and he crept from his bed over to mine, and I found him cuddled up among my pillows when I went to bed. When I put him to bed for the night, I push my bed up against his on the front, so he cannot fall out.

But "the trouble begins" as soon as he is washed and dressed. He wants to pull the ashes out of the kitchen stove, he wants to play in the water pail, he wants to wash the floor, he wants to see pictures—but, there, I need not enumerate his wants, every mother knows all about that part of it.

We have had him sit at the table with us at dinner and supper for the last four months. He never came to the table before, not even once. I thought graham bread would be good for him, so I crumbed it on his plate ready to eat, gave him a little silver fork, and taught him to eat with it from the beginning.

Unless you have tried it, you have no idea how easily a child can be taught to eat properly. Baby makes no more trouble at the table than a grown person and hasn't since the first week. O, the little creatures know so much, and learn so easily!

He sits next to papa at the table, and papa says, "Please tell THE HOUSEHOLD that I helped train that boy."

At first, when the little hands reached for things on the table, papa snapped his fingers, and he soon learned that he didn't come to the table to play. Now, when he is done eating, he passes his plate to his papa, and says, "done papa," uses his napkin to wipe his mouth and fingers, pulls it through the ring, folds his hands, and quietly waits for the rest of us. He watches intently for mamma to fold her napkin, then he says, "All done, all done!" and reaches up his hands to papa to be taken down. Then I take him into the bedroom, darken the room, put him to bed, and he sleeps until three, sometimes four. This summer I have not put him to bed until seven, but shall begin at six again, by and by.

About some things, I have not the least trouble, and never have had, but, oh, the hours I spend teaching baby to obey in other things! One little thing I wished to teach him last winter, and he kept me on my knees on the floor over two hours by the clock, and it was temper, too, all after the first five minutes, and I had to whip him again and again, until I was almost ashamed, but one can't punish so small a child any other way, so I had to do it. The next day it was only ten minutes, and no whipping, and from that day until now, I've had no trouble whatever. I find it takes much time and patience at first, but I feel well repaid when I see the result.

I put drawers on my baby when he was fifteen months old, and until he was sick, he caused me no trouble.

We have always made it a rule, and never once departed from it, when we tell baby to do any thing, to see that he does it, at once, if possible, but do it, if it takes all day. Sometimes I drop my thimble or thread, and ask him to bring it to me. Sometimes he runs at once

and does it, again, he will look at me defiantly, and run the other way. Sometimes, he runs the other way out of pure fun. When it is fun, I bring him back, have him pick it up, and then have a romp with him; when it is defiance, I do the same, excepting in place of the romp I tell him soberly that "Mamma's little boy must obey."

Of course, to do this takes more time, and is much more trouble than it would be to pick up the thread myself, but it teaches him to be helpful, and, by and by, I expect he will pick it up without asking. Very little things these, but they make the little ones useful, helpful, and agreeable.

Mothers of more than one child tell me they cannot spend so much time training their little ones, but it seems to me it saves time, and I know that I have twice the leisure hours that some of my neighbors have, who hire all their housework done, or take their meals out. And in what better way can we spend our time than in the mental, moral, and physical training of the little ones? Surely not in adorning their little bodies with endless ruffles, pleatings, embroideries, laces, etc.

If Clarissa Potter has time and inclination, I would like a personal correspondence with her. I am much interested in the matter of proper punishments for children. I do not believe in whipping, after a child is old enough to correct in any other way; is there any other way before they are two years old?

Before baby was sick, I had to leave him alone, a few minutes, in the dining room; while I was out, he pulled the table cloth off, and spilled the salt. As soon as I came in, he said, "Pill er salt. 'Pank the baby." Now he was only eighteen months old, and is not an uncommonly smart child, but he evidently knew he had been in mischief. I did not "pank" him, but I sat him up in his high chair, and told him he must sit there an hour, because he "spilt the salt." When he said "Down mamma," I pointed to the salt on the floor and told him no. He has never pulled at the table cloth since, though he has had plenty of opportunities, and he has not forgotten that he spilled the salt either, for he often speaks of it when he sees any salt.

Some of my friends say to me, "you expect too much of that child, he is only a baby." But baby seems to understand pretty well what is expected of him. I want my baby to enjoy his baby days. I let him play in the dirt all he wants to; I give him every reasonable thing in the house to play with, (papa will lift his eyebrows if he happens to see that, for he sometimes significantly remarks, "looking-glass and hammer?") only stipulating that he shall pick them up when he is done with them.

I find it very hard to amuse him these convalescent days. He is too weak to walk, or even stand alone yet, and cannot sit alone but a little while each day, so I have to hold him in my arms nearly all the time. He gets lonesome in that way so often and wants to "go by by."

But I think you will have heard enough by this time, but will you let me venture to hint that I think the ten months' old baby old enough to be "made to stay in bed" when mamma knows the bed is the best place for her.

And if I might have the audacity, so to speak, I would suggest to Rosamond E. that it isn't at all necessary to hold the baby to feed it with the old-fashioned rubber. I never used any other, and never once in my life held the baby while he took his milk or gruel. I propped it in position for him and left it.

I am much interested in the Mothers' Chair, and, mothers, please keep it full.

DEBORAH DARE.

The Library.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our outward road.
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway erst,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, their Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts. O we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn,
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor when the wreck is done,
Who, with his treasure, strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain,
Them pitying spake, "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel, he too must share?"
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach;
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

HALCYON DAYS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

FREQUENT allusions are made by the old poets and writers to halcyon days. Says the English poet Drayton:

"There came the halcyon, whom the sea obeys,
When she her nest upon the waters lays."

Dryden sings,

"Amidst our arms as quiet you shall be
As halcyon brooding on a wintry sea."

Milton in his "Hymn to the Nativity," makes mention of them:

"The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave."

And Keats, in his "Endymion" refers to them in the following beautiful lines:

"O magic sleep! O comfortable bird
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind,
Till it is hushed and smooth."

The ancients gave the name of *dies Halcyonii* to the seven days which precede and the seven which follow the winter solstice, because the halcyon, or kingfisher, laid her eggs at this time of the year. And as the weather, during the period of her incubation was said to be always calm and serene, the term halcyon days came frequently to be used in a figurative sense to express any season of transient peace or happiness. So we are indebted to the heathen Greeks and Romans for this beautiful name, as we are also for many things else. One of their most charming stories relates the origin of the expression, and though the age of fable is a past, and these symbolical fabrications are no longer believed as truth, still the legend is pretty enough to read over again.

Halcyone was the daughter of Eolus, the god of the winds, and queen of Thesaly. Her husband's name was Ceyx.

They had lived together happily through a long and prosperous reign, but now in their old age dire prodigies seemed to threaten their house and kingdom. Perplexed and alarmed Ceyx determined to visit Delphi, and consult the oracle of Apollo, hoping thereby to learn in what manner he could mitigate the wrath of the gods. This insured a long and dangerous voyage by sea, as access to the temple by land was precluded by the fierce bands of robbers which haunted the neighborhood.

Queen Halcyone was overwhelmed with affliction at the resolution of her husband, and used every argument in her power to prevent him from going. She represented to him the many dangers that would attend his voyage; reminded him of the numerous shipwrecks of which they had been eye-witnesses; besought him to reflect on the wandering state of the unhappy manes whose bodies remained unblest by the rites of sepulture, and recalled to his memory the cenotaphs over which they had sighed together in their frequent walks along the beach that bounded the Trachinian sea. At length, finding all her entreaties unavailing, Halcyone besought her husband to allow her to accompany him. But the king gently refused the request, and at the same time strove to assuage her fears, assuring her that there was but little real danger, and that he should certainly return before two months should roll around.

Cruel was the moment of separation. Ceyx left his beloved Halcyone in a state of insensibility. When she recovered consciousness, the vessel was already at a distance, but she could perceive her husband standing on the poop, waving his hand with affectionate adieu. She followed him with her eyes till the horizon shut him from her sight, and then with a leaden heart she returned to the palace.

Poor, hapless Halcyone! Her gloomy presages were but too soon realized. A tempest arose, the horrors of which not only surpass the powers of description, but defeat even those of the imagination. The vessel of the ill-starred monarch was broken by the waves, and Ceyx perished, uttering with his last breath a prayer for his beloved Halcyone.

Meanwhile, sad and fearful, but ignorant of her husband's fate, Halcyone counted with impatience the days that were yet to pass before the date of his promised return. Nor was she uselessly idle, but employed herself in working a superb garment, which she intended as a present to him on his arrival. Like a faithful worshiper of the gods, she repaired daily to the temples, where she implored them to protect her lord, and offered costly gifts and incense on all their altars. The pitying deities sympathized with the faith and fidelity of Halcyone, and, unwilling that she should longer offer unavailing prayer for one who was already numbered with the dead, Juno, the great goddess, despatched Iris, her messenger, to the cave of the god of sleep, commanding him to announce by a dream that Ceyx was no more.

The fair messenger, arrayed in her most brilliant robes, descended in glowing curves to the lower world, and entered the cavern of the drowsy Somnus. The gloomy retreat of the god was one perpetual midnight. No sunbeams ever penetrated its recesses. No noise ever disturbed its stillness. Silent, tranquil, and peaceful, the home of the sleepy deity invited repose. Large quantities of poppies and other narcotic plants grew near the entrance, and over the rough floor of the cavern the river of oblivion gently rolled its rippling waves in gurgling murmurs. Here on a bed of ebony, heavy with black curtains, the drowsy genius of

the grotto reposed, while shadowy forms stood around his couch, ready to attend his slightest wish.

As Iris entered the cavern, the brightness of her vesture drove back the dreams that fluttered about her path, and threw a soft light into the dreary retreat, which awoke the god himself from his slumbers. She announced her errand without delay, and Somnus prepared to obey the desire of Juno. Morpheus, his prime minister, was ordered to visit Halcyone, and by a dream make known to her the fate of her husband.

Taking the form of Ceyx, pale, cold, and death-like, with his hair wet and the water dripping from his beard, he seemed to the sleeping Halcyone to lean on her bed, and, weeping bitterly, thus to address her.

"Dear Halcyone, thy prayers for me have been unavailing. Unhappy widow, hope no more to see thy husband Ceyx. Prepare thy robe of mourning, for the waters of the sea cover thy husband's form. Console my wandering spirit by funeral ceremonies; and let not Ceyx descend to the realm of Pluto unwept by the dear object of his faithful attachment."

Halcyone awoke in the most fearful agitation. She bemoaned her loss with tears and exclamations. When morning came, she went to the beach with her attendants, and sought the spot where she had last seen him. A corpse appeared floating on the waters. The waves brought it to the shore, and Halcyone saw that it was Ceyx, the husband for whose return she had so fondly sighed.

Frantic with grief and despair, the wretched woman cast herself into the water. In her fall she was changed into a bird. In this new form, she perched on the dead body, pecked at it with her bill, fanned it with her wings, and by a hundred gestures and motions expressed her attachment. To the astonishment of all the spectators of this extraordinary scene, the corpse was seen to move. The gods, approving the faithful attachment of the affectionate couple, restored Ceyx to life, under a form similar to the one they had given to Halcyone. They mated, and for seven placid days in winter time, Halcyone broods over her nest, which floats upon the waves among the sea-girt isles.

SCIENCE AND THE POETIC IMAGINATION.

Our litterateurs, who generally know little of science, are fond of charging that it is a cold, remorseless destroyer of all that is ideal and refining, the foe of beauty, and the enemy of art. Nothing can be more false. Science is the interpreter of the order of the universe, and it has revealed more depths of beauty, more spheres of harmony, more ranges of sublimity, than poetic fancy had ever dreamed of before. But, as the beauty of nature springs from its inner order, and is the efflorescence of fact and law, the highest appreciation of beauty is only possible through a comprehension of that truth of things in which beauty has its roots, and from which it draws its life. Better than any other, the student of science understands that there can be no antagonism between the graceful and the true. The poet describes to us, in impassioned language, the loveliness of flowers, but would he not touch a still deeper chord of feeling by opening to us a glimpse of the subtle alchemy of their origin? Are we not thrilled, also, by the disclosure of science, that the flower bursts into beauty through the reaction of a distant star upon the ethereal airs which shroud our revolving planet?—that its brilliant tints are born of prismatic splendors and its exquisite symmetry carved by the enginery of the solar sys-

tem? The poet pleases us with his picture of the beauty of the glistening dew-drop, but is not the revelation of science also poetic imagination which science breathes into a higher exaltation? Nothing is so prosaic and commonplace, so obscure and unvalued, that science cannot give it a glory by opening the secrets of its laws, and affiliating it with the mighty whole. For the eye and ear of science, indeed, all is beautiful and melodious. From astronomical masses to microscopic molecules, from the sweep of stellar systems to the movements of the tiny world in a drop of fluid, the march of change is timed to the rhythm of eternal harmony, and the very universe is bedded in music.—*Exchange.*

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.

Let Christian families put a high value upon the exercise of praise, daily, in their worship. It improves the taste, and promotes the love of one another, and the love of music, of the most elevating kind which tends to Christian enjoyment. The commingling of sweet voices hallows the feelings and causes emotions of peace and joy, when appreciated. Singing in families, prepares us to participate in the exercises of social meetings, and in the house of God. All God's gifts are good, and to shut out music in the family, is to take something from our lives and souls that God intended for our use. Words would fail to tell the amount of good which might be realized, in this respect, and which would continue through life. A home has no more right to be without music than without books. EMILY J.

—These long winter evenings are capital for literary improvement, and our young men should not neglect it. Business is not so pressing as in the summer season, the weather is more inclement and consequently does not entice so powerfully to the outer air, and home is much more attractive. These are the kind of nights in which our historic self-made men manufactured the greater part of their powerful minds, by adding layer after layer of thought, and disciplining their faculties for future work. If our young men and women knew how much they will need all that well-applied study can now give them, they would waste but few of these splendid evenings. Of course, they must give some time to society, and attend to the current duties, but there is still many an idle moment which might be made profitable by devoting it to solid reading or study.

The fascination of books is so great that it is a wonder that any resist their spell. By simply opening the leaves the reader is transported to a new world, and either gathering the lessons of successive ages, or traveling with magic boots which skim the earth without effort, or gaining the secret of success from the biographies of successful men, or learning the passions and motives influencing men, and women at the hands of the great masters of romance, or plucking the fruits of science. Surely this is much better than the idle conversation, the vapid wit, the stale and feeble jokes, and the thin life of many of our youth. The world will need, as it always has needed, men and women who have read and studied books and humanity.

UNKNOWN TITLE.—Jean Paul Richter was once entering a village, when the police guard with a slate in his hand, said, "Your name, sir?"
"My name is Richter."
"Your profession, sir?"
"I am an author."
"Author! author!" said the confused guard, "what does that mean?"
"That means that I make books," replied Richter.

"Ah, indeed!" said the man snappishly, "at the present day men give themselves all sorts of strange titles. In our country, we call a man who makes books, a bookbinder, and not an author! You can pass."

—When I see a man with a serene countenance, it looks like a great leisure that he enjoys, but in reality he sails on no summer's sea. This steady sailing comes of a heavy hand on the tiller.—*Thoreau.*

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask if any one can send me a little piece beginning,
"Oftimes I'm tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only its round of trifles
Filling each busy day."

Palma Sola, Fla. MRS. E. S. WARNER.

Can any one tell me where I can obtain the music to the song commencing as follows:

"Tis long ago, 'tis many years
Since last we met to part in tears,
'Tis long ago, and we have known
Our weary lives apart, alone."

and what is the title of the song?
ABBE M. MILLARD.
West Edmeston, Otsego Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers furnish me with "The Old Sexton," "The Three Horsemen," and "The Warrior Bold," three bass songs? I will return the favor with new music.
MRS. O. D. HILL.
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one inform me where I can obtain a genealogy of the Chapin family, and at what expense? Also, if not too late, I would like to exchange Millard's "Under the Daisies" for "Gathering Shells on the Seashore," with Bessie, of July number.
E. A. CHAPIN.
New Lisbon, Otsego Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send me the words of a song which begins,
"Oh! fly to the prairie, sweet maiden with me,
'Tis green, and as wide and as wild as the sea?"
I will willingly pay her for the trouble.
MRS. T. J. LOCKWOOD.
Brownville, Yuba Co., Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the September number of THE HOUSEHOLD there is a story told of Longfellow and his first poem with an extract of the poem given, entitled "Mr. Finney's Turnip." In the Literary News, for October, 1881, a correction of this story appeared. (It had been published in a previous number.) The statement is too long to copy, but perhaps the following letter from Longfellow himself may satisfy the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD of the authority for the correction:

"PORTLAND, July 11, 1881.

DEAR UNCLE JOHN:—I am happy to say that I never wrote the lines you sent me; that I never had a schoolmaster by the name of Finney; that I never went to a school that had a barn near it. These lines are the work of some wag who wishes to amuse himself at my expense. Yours truly,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
New York. MINNIE A. FLETCHER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to send me Poe's poem, "The Bells," also the poem entitled, "The Graves of a Household."
Does any one know the name of a piece of which these lines are a part:

"A primrose on the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more."

and who is the author?
LILLIAN F. GRIMES.
Box 69, Springfield, Vt.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am like S. M. Parsons. I would like ever so much the words or words and music to the song, "Good by."
Ottumwa, Iowa. MRS. L. A. BEAMAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the song entitled, "I would Like to Change my Name," also the words to "My Grandmother's Old Arm-chair?"
EVA MAY.
Box 970, Janesville, Rock Co., Wis.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister send me the poem entitled "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," also the author's name, as I have forgotten it?
MRS. FRANK PEASE.
Pipestone City, Pipestone Co., Minn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send me the words and music of the songs entitled, "Pack-age of Old Letters," and "Bessie, the Maid of

Dundee?" I will send the songs, "Frogtown Spellers," and "Back to the Old Home," in exchange.
ADDIE M. SPENCER.
South Thompson, Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some member of the Band send me the words of the song entitled "The Frozen Girl?" I do not know how it begins, but one stanza reads,

"He loved to see his daughter dressed
As neat as a city belle,
For she was the only child he had,
And he loved his daughter well."

also "The Raven," written by Edgar Poe? I will send sheet music in exchange.
M. A. E.
Box 108, Dexter, Dallas Co., Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the words of the song, "Love not?" The first line is,

"Love not! Ah, warning vainly said!"

I would also like the words of the song entitled "The Yellow-haired Laddie." FANNY ELLIS.
Helena, Montana.

THE REVIEWER.

In DR. BEN, the latest of the Round Robin series, we have a strikingly original as well as a very readable book. There is a charming love story woven through it, but the interest of the reader centers in the fortunes and misfortunes of the hero, who, on the day preceding that appointed for his marriage, meets with an accident, which deprives him of his reason. Of the distress of his family and friends, the treachery which occasioned his mysterious disappearance, and his subsequent life in an insane asylum, of which the author gives an interesting sketch, treating skillfully and sympathetically on the vexed question of "ministering to a mind diseased," we can give no detailed account, leaving it for the reader to enjoy the untangling of the twisted threads of the story, which, of course, ends, as it should end, happily.
Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

TIMOTHY: HIS NEIGHBORS AND HIS FRIENDS, by Mrs. Mary E. Ireland, is a book which will interest hosts of readers, who will follow the career of the young hero, from his early life as a newsboy to a prosperous and happy manhood with pleasure. There are pleasant pictures of home life in city and country, of dear old Grandfather Carleton and his daughter; of the mystery of the beautiful lives of Madame Angela and Ursula, and the homey boarding house of Mrs. Garrigue; and all will feel delight at the happy termination, or rather terminations of the story, for Mrs. Ireland has given us a host of heroes and heroines, among which the little four-footed Grace Darling well deserves her place. Altogether the book is well calculated to add to the reputation the author has already won as an acceptable story writer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.50.

When we take up a book like THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN, by Mr. Horace Scudder, the strongest consolation offered us that we are children no longer, is, that by the gift of such a book as this we can make the children whom we know happy. The author has a happy faculty of so blending study and story, that no child can read his books without learning many useful things, and by such a pleasing method that they are not easily forgotten. The account of the journey of the Bodleys to Holland is charmingly rendered. Many interesting points in early American history are touched upon, and the illustrations are beautiful. Altogether the book is delightful, and with its pretty binding, will make a most acceptable Christmas gift to the little people. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

J. R. Osgood & Co. have issued in their Lazy Hour series, a little book for alphabet learners, entitled BILLY BLEW-AWAY'S ALPHABETICAL, ORTHOGRAPHICAL, AND PHILOLOGICAL PICTURE BOOK. In spite of its long title, it is a little book espe-

cially arranged for very small children, and the illustrations, some of which are very funny, are in white silhouette on a dark blue ground.

THE CHORAL CHOIR and THE PEERLESS, two new singing books compiled by W. O. Perkins, have been received. Like all previous collections of this popular composer of music, they furnish an excellent variety of secular and sacred songs. Boston: O. Ditson & Co. Brattleboro: W. R. Geddis.

THE BOOK OF FABLES, chosen and phrased by Horace E. Scudder, is an excellent arrangement of the best fables, chiefly from Æsop, which will be appreciated by all the children into whose hands it falls. Well selected, they are also put into simple form, losing nothing of interest, however, by the arrangement. The illustrations, by H. W. Herrick, are extremely pretty, and will add much to the interest which a fable always awakens in its child readers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, fifty cents.

Turning from the pretty frontispiece of the October HARPER'S, we find on the opposite page the second of Mrs. Lillie's charming papers on "Surrey." It is, like the preceding paper, exquisitely illustrated, and is one of the prominent features of the number. Following, is an article of great interest entitled "Medical Education in New York," giving sketches and portraits of the more noted members of the profession. "Certain New York Houses" is particularly interesting, because of its charming glimpses of beautiful things. W. A. Bishop gives a readable sketch of curious towns and interesting districts of southern California, and T. W. Higginson tells of the early Spanish discoverers. Mr. Black's charming serial, "Shandon Bells," is full of the author's graceful touches, and quaint, delicate humor, promising to be one of his best works. Margaret Floyd gives an interesting short story, and Rose Terry Cooke contributes one of her characteristic sketches entitled, "Odd Miss Todd." Samuel Adams Drake also has a readable short story, besides which there are many acceptable papers and several fine poems. The editorial departments are full of timely and interesting matter, by no means the least interesting pages of the number. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The October ATLANTIC opens with a long installment of Mr. Hardy's "Two on a Tower," in which the reader, who might reasonably have fancied that the hero and heroine were nearing the end of their difficulties, are led back after the manner of the players of the old game who on throwing an unlucky number are sent back to the beginning. Harriet M. Preston contributes a pleasant sketch of the Roman Campagna and its environs, entitled "Among the Sabine Hills." In an "English Interpreter," Mr. Horace Scudder describes the work of Frederick Shields in mosaic and glass, in the Eaton Hall chapel, at Bedford, England. "Studies in the South" is continued, and Mr. Cushing gives another of his interesting papers about the Zuni Indians. Agnes Paton contributes a bit of fiction entitled, "And Mrs. Somersham." W. S. Hewitt discusses "University Administration," and Mr. Bishop gives the twentieth chapter of his serial, "A Merchant Prince." The poems are by Whittier, Lucy Larcom, Arlo Bates, and John McCarty Pleasants. There are extended notices of late works, and the Contributors' Club and the other departments are well filled. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There is seldom cause for such hearty congratulation as we can offer to THE CENTURY, which, with the October number, completes its first year. The number contains several finely illustrated articles, prominent among which are "The Corcoran Gallery of Art at Washington," a very interesting sketch of Quebec, entitled "The Gibraltar of America," and Mr. Leland's paper on "Hand-work in the Public Schools." E. E. Farman contributes a highly interesting account of "The Negotiations for the Obelisk," the numerous illustrations assisting the description of the difficult transportation of Cleopatra's Needle to this country. There is a generous installment of Mrs. Burnett's serial, and several readable short stories. The interest of the number, however, centers in the conclusion of Mr. Howell's story, which during the past year has puzzled and pleased the reader, baffled the critics, and been the subject of much discussion. The ending is a powerful stroke at the present divorce laws. The poems of the number are particularly good, and the editorial departments are full of excellent matter. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

The October number of LIPPINCOTT is rich in good things. In "Norfolk, Old and New," Charles Burr Todd reviews the past and discusses the probabilities of the future of this old seaport, and the interest of the text is added to by the il-

lustrations. "My Escape from the Floods," by Annie Porter, gives a vivid description of the overflow of the Mississippi river last spring, and a narrative of the pathetic and amusing incidents which befell the writer and her companions, or which came under their observation, during their flight across the country covered by the deluge. "Bark-Canoeing in Canada," an illustrated paper, by "Kanuck," and "Camping on the Lower Wabash," by M. H. Catherwood, are sufficiently described by their titles. "My College Chums," by Henry A. Beers, is written with quiet humor, and gives some capital anecdotes and suggestive glimpses of student life at Yale. In the way of fiction there is a further installment of the lively and well-constructed serial "Fairy Gold," and the full complement of short stories. We hardly know whether "The Shocking Example," by F. C. Baylor, is to be classed with these, as it has the air of being substantially a literal transcript from actual life. There are some very good things in the "Monthly Gossip," and the whole number is eminently readable.

The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for October opens with an article on "The Coming Revolution in England," by H. M. Hyndman, the English radical leader, giving an instructive account of the agitation now going on among the English working classes for a reconstruction of the whole politico-social fabric of that country. O. B. Frothingham writes of "The Objectionable in Literature," and endeavors to point out the distinction between literature which is *per se* corrupting, and that which is simply coarse. Dr. Henry Schliemann tells the interesting story of one year's "Discoveries at Troy." Senator John I. Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, treats of the rise and progress of the rule of "Political Bosses." Prof. Geo. L. Vose, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, contributes an article of exceptional value on "Safety in Railway Travel," and Prof. Charles S. Sargent, of the Harvard College Arboretum, contributes an instructive essay on "The Protection of Forests." The Review is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

The two numbers of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for September offer a treat to the reader who may be deprived of the opportunities for seeing the current English periodicals. This useful semi-monthly contains the best of the articles published by the leading magazines, and in comparatively cheap form. The last number contains a paper on Charles "Darwin and Evolution," from the Church Quarterly, "No New Thing," a serial from the Cornhill Magazine, sketches of Caroline Fox, John Stuart Mill, and John Sterling from the Westminster Review, a generous installment of Mrs. Parr's "Robin," from Temple Bar, and many other papers of interest and entertainment. \$8.00 a year. Published fortnightly by Littell & Co., Boston, Mass.

Each successive number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART seems to be better than the last, the October being an especially beautiful number, the frontispiece which was intended for the September number, adding to its contents. The opening article by Austin Dobson is entitled "The Norman-town Hogarth," and has an illustration from his works. "Some Original Ceramists," by Cosmo Monkhouse, has six engravings which are charming. "Art in the Garden" is the first of a series of articles by Barclay Day. The second paper of "After the Herring" is beautifully illustrated. The chapter on "Current Art" is especially interesting, and has six fine illustrations. "An Open Air Painter," by W. W. Fenn, gives a pleasant sketch with portrait of Richard Amsdell, and two engravings from his works. There is an exquisite full-page engraving from Lobrichon's charming painting, "Un Passage Palpitant," while the Art Notes both foreign and American are unusually full and instructive. \$3.50 a year. New York, Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

Prominent among the monthlies is BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for September, which opens with an interesting sketch of the great tragedienne, Rachel. A little paper on a Scottish Highland town follows, full of the charm which surrounds such localities. "The Coming of the Mahdy" gives a striking account of some eastern superstitions. There is an interesting paper entitled "A Career of the American Revolution," giving a sketch of the life of Lieut. Col. Patrick Ferguson. A long chapter of the excellent serial "The Ladies Lindores," is given, and the third paper of "The Lights of Maga" tells us of the Scotch poet Hogg, giving several extracts from his beautiful poems. "Curiosities of English Politics," is an interesting paper, and there is a timely political article on "Affairs at Constantinople," which concludes the number. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.

THE A. B. C. PATHFINDER AND RAILWAY GUIDE for October gives the usual amount of reliable information regarding railway and steam-boat travel. Official time-tables, distances, fares, and information concerning railway connections, together with postal, telegraph, and express regulations, render this one of the most valuable railway guides published. \$2.50 a year, 25 cents a number. N. E. Railway Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

HUNTING SONG.

A. SCHLUTZ, Op. 5, No. 1.

Vivo.

THE PAPER WORLD for September is full of valuable matter for those interested in the manufacture and sale of paper. The opening article is a brief but interesting sketch of J. W. French, the president of the American paper maker's association. Following it are many pages of interesting reading, and reliable and needed information as to all foreign and domestic goods, improved machinery, late inventions, etc. A full list of the prominent paper manufactories and their productions is given, making it altogether the most valuable and able journal published in the interest of paper makers. \$2.00 a year. H. Lycke, Mass.: Clark W. Bryan & Co.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH for October is an unusually acceptable number, opening with a biographical sketch of the life and labors of Miss Clara Barton, the American apostle of the Red Cross. The paper on "Comparative Phrenology" is continued, and there is a descriptive sketch of Alexandria, illustrated, which has an unusual interest at the present time. There are several readable sketches and much interesting and instructive matter. The Health Notes and chapter on cookery contain many valuable hints, and the other editorial departments are well filled. \$2.50 a year. Fowler & Wells, New York.

THE MUSICAL WORLD for September comes to us with its pages filled with excellent musical and other well selected matter. The opening article is a sketch of Wagner and his works just now of special interest. Mr. James M. Tracy contributes a pleasant reminiscence of the great peace jubilee, and there are sketches of the new

conservatories of music in Boston and Worcester, the former one of the most important in the world. An excellent selection of vocal and instrumental music, the "question and answer" department, and the usual musical intelligence, reviews of concerts, etc., complete the number. \$1.50 a year. S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE FOLIO for October has for its frontispiece a full-page lithographic portrait of W. H. Stanley the well-known tenor. A lively sketch of the trials of an organist in a church choir, is the most prominent article. The number contains the usual amount of pleasant notes of musical people and the stage, and a pleasing collection of vocal and instrumental music. \$1.50 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for October is a number which will delight the wee ones to whose homes it comes. It is a real necessity in a family of children, and the carefully selected, and simply written little stories, and the charming illustrations which fill its pages, are well calculated to sustain the popularity it has deservedly attained. \$1.50 a year. The Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

THE CENTURY for October contains two hitherto unpublished portraits of Lincoln. One, engraved by Cole, and the frontispiece of the number, is a copy of an ambrotype taken in Springfield, Illinois, in 1860, two days after Lincoln's nomination. The original was made in the presence of Ex-governor Marcus L. Ward, of New Jersey, who kindly lent it to the magazine, and

gives its history in an accompanying letter. It is said to be a very remarkable picture, showing better than any other some of Mr. Lincoln's noblest qualities. The second portrait (probably the last ever made of him) is in remarkable contrast, showing the features of President Lincoln as they appeared a few weeks before his death.

Nearly two thousand original illustrations by American artists have already been made for more than one hundred new books, by popular American authors, included in D. Lothrop & Co.'s holiday announcements. So liberal an expenditure has probably never before been made by one firm in a single year for holiday books.

WHAT TO READ.

Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Thomson, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott and Wordsworth.

Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside, Burke, and Shakespeare.

Are you deficient in power of reason? Read Chillingworth, Bacon and Locke.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the Federalist, Webster, and Calhoun.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes, and the Life of Washington.

Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edward's works.

Are you deficient in piety? Read the bible.

—The influence of men is not to be confined to the circle of their acquaintances. It spreads on every side of them, like the undulations of the smitten water, and will reach those whom they never saw.

—The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct, the right forms the rule of his behavior, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

—As old Roger Ascham hath it, "to omitt studye some tyme of the daye, and some tyme of the yeare, maketh as much for the encrease of learninge as to let the land lye sometyme fallow, maketh for the better encrease of corne."

The Dispensary.

THE MAGICAL CURE.

IN SPITE of their golden eggs and silver apples, the rich have to suffer many pains and aches which the poor know nothing about; for there are many diseases which never fly in the air, but which have their birth in rich dishes, overflowing glasses, soft cushions, and silken beds.

To the truth of this, Mynheer Schillemebeck, a wealthy burgher in Amsterdam, can amply testify, as he knows by experience, which, after all, is the only true manner of knowing anything properly. The entire morning he would sit in his velvet cushioned rocking-chair and smoke his pipe—that is, if he were not too lazy—or lean out of the window, gazing idly at the passers-by. At dinner time, he would eat like a man who had been threshing wheat all day, puffing and panting so that the neighbors often said: "It is windy out to-day, or is it only Mynheer Schillemebeck puffing and sneezing?"

He sat at table the whole afternoon, eating and drinking; now trying something warm, or tempting his sated appetite with some little cold dainty, which he kept up during the evening, with only a little intermission by way of variety. It was a standing jest among the neighbors that the wisest man in all Amsterdam could not tell when Mynheer Schillemebeck's dinner ended or his supper commenced. After supper he went to bed, and was as tired as if he had been breaking stones or splitting wood the whole day long. As a natural consequence, he grew immensely stout, and after a while he became as helpless as a sack of malt. Food never had any relish for him, sleep never seemed to refresh him; he had—if one believed himself—three hundred and sixty-five diseases, a new one for every day in the year. Every physician in Amsterdam was called to advise or consult. He swallowed bucketfuls of mixtures, whole bagfuls of powders, and pills as large as a duck's egg, until at last the neighbors christened him the two-legged apothecary shop.

But in spite of all the medicines and physicians, he grew no better, for he would not follow their advice regarding his diet. "The rascals!" he would say, "What is the use of my being a rich man if I must live like a dog? I am willing to pay them well if they cure me, and I am sure that ought to be enough!" At last, he heard of one physician, who lived a hundred miles from Amsterdam, and who was so clever and skillful that sick people became immediately well if he only once looked at them. Death himself was so afraid of him that he ran away on the wings of the wind if the doctor passed on the road, or even came in sight. As soon as Mynheer Schillemebeck heard of this doctor, he placed entire confidence in him, and wrote him a letter minutely describing his condition.

The physician soon discovered what he needed—not medical treatment, but occupation, exercise and temperance; and said to himself: "I'll warrant to cure you soon enough, Mynheer Schillemebeck." So he straightway answered his letter, and sent him the following instructions:

"My good friend, you are in a terrible situation, but I can help you if you will follow my directions. You have a horrible animal in your stomach—a dragon with seven mouths. I must talk with the dragon myself, face to face, so you must come to me. But, in the first place, you must on no account either drive in a carriage or ride on horseback—you must travel on the shoemaker's nags; otherwise, you will disturb the dragon, and he

will devour your intestines in his anger. In the second place, you dare not eat anything but the simplest food; in the morning, a little soup with vegetables sliced in it; at midday, a sausage and one plate of vegetables; the same at evening, only an egg in place of the sausage. Whatever else you may eat will only feed the dragon, who will grow larger, and your tailor will very soon be obliged to yield his place to the undertaker. I have given my advice, and if you do not follow it, the cuckoo will cry next spring for one fool less. But do just as you please!"

When Mynheer Schillemebeck read this letter, he made up his mind to obey the doctor's directions to the letter. So the next morning he had his boots waxed, and set out on his journey. The first day he went so slowly that a snail might easily have been his outrider, and if any one saluted him on the way, or bade him good morning or good afternoon, he never noticed him, but crawled on the road for all the world like a little earth worm.

But it happened, on the second and third day, that he thought he had never in his life before heard the little birds sing so sweetly, or seen the dew glisten so brightly, or the wild roses look so red or smell so fragrant and every person he met seemed to greet him so kindly, and appear so glad and happy, that it made him feel happy too. Every morning when he left the inn and continued his journey, he thought the day brighter and more beautiful than the former one, and he felt more joyous and in better spirits than he had been for years.

He arrived at his destination in the evening, and when he arose the next morning, he felt so well and strong that he said to himself: "I could not have been cured at a more unfortunate time than this; here I must go to the doctor, and what will he think of me? Oh! if I only had some complaint, were it but a little tingling in the ears, or a slight palpitating of the heart!"

When he came to the doctor, he took him by the hand and said: "Now tell me very minutely what is the matter with you, how you feel, and describe every symptom to me very carefully."

Mynheer Schillemebeck burst into a hearty laugh as he answered: "Mynheer Doctor, there is not a single thing the matter with me; and it will rejoice me greatly if you are only one-half as well as I am."

"That was a good spirit," said the doctor, "which prompted you to follow my advice. The dragon is now destroyed; but there are still some eggs left, and so you must return home on foot, and, when there, employ a portion of every day in some useful enterprise. Take regular exercise, and never eat anything more than satisfies your hunger. By this means you can destroy all the eggs, and may live to be a very old man."

During this speech, the doctor looked so roguishly at Mynheer Schillemebeck, that when he had concluded he burst into another hearty laugh. "Mynheer Doctor," said he, "you have a wise head on your shoulders. I understand you perfectly. Shake hands; you and I will be friends."

He followed the doctor's direction ever afterward, and lived to be nearly ninety years old, as happy and contented as a fish in water. And every new year he sent the doctor twenty dollars as a token of friendship and esteem.—*Ex.*

SLEEP.

What is sleep? We do not know. We can only say that it is a condition belonging to almost every animal organism, which seems naturally brought about by the activities of that organism, and which in some unexplained manner, helps

to reinstate the exhausted energy of brain and muscle. As to the sleep of plants, the true phenomena of sleep are restricted to the brain and the higher senses; there can be no sleep where these are absent.

Certain phenomena concerning sleep have been well observed; but the organic condition or sum of conditions, on which these depend, remains so entire a mystery that we cannot venture on a tolerable definition of sleep. Let us be content with defining some of its leading characteristics. Look at that child; wearied with play, he has thrown himself upon the ground, and, resting a flushed cheek on one arm, he lies there breathing equably, with motionless limbs, eyes closed, brain shut out from lights and noises round him. If you touch his hand he withdraws it; if you tickle his cheek he will impatiently turn his head aside; but, even should he turn his whole body round, he will not, perhaps, open his eyes—will not know who it is, or what it is, that molests him; he will not wake. His mind, engaged in dreams, is disengaged from external things; they may make impressions on him, excite sensations in him, but these sensations are not wrought up into knowledge. His senses are dormant, or but feebly active, and his brain is busy with dreams; his limbs motionless, his fingers relax their grasp and the muscles of his neck support his head. But the heart beats vigorously, and pumps the blood incessantly all over the body, the chest expands and contracts, the stomach and intestines digest, and all these secretions are going on.

We thus perceive how superficial is the analogy of sleep and death, supposed by the ancients to be brothers, and even by moderns supposed to resemble each other so closely that death is called an eternal sleep. But, strictly speaking, there is not only no true antagonism between sleep and life, there is not even an antagonism between sleep and waking. In death all the activities peculiar to the vital organism cease; in sleep, they all continue. * * * Sleep is a form of life, not a cessation of life.—*Leaves' Physiology.*

SOMETHING WORTH REMEMBERING.

A short time since I called in to see a sick neighbor, and found her in truly a suffering condition. For the alleviation of severe pain the doctor had ordered a strong fly-plaster, to be used of course only a certain number of minutes, and then removed. No sooner, however, was it securely adjusted than the poor woman dropped off into a profound sleep from exhaustion, and the careless attendant taking this opportunity for a little gossip utterly forgot patient, plaster and all, till at the end of two hours, the former awoke in such suffering as can be better imagined than described. The application of live coals could scarcely have left the tender flesh in a more terrible condition, nor could the pain occasioned have been more agonizingly intense. When I went in a half-dozen or more sympathizing nurses were around vainly endeavoring to ease or soothe the almost convulsed woman, and after adding my efforts and suggestions with no better success, a sudden thought came to me like an inspiration. Rushing home, I quickly made a thin Swiss-muslin bag, and filled it with powdered elm; dipping this in water I had at once a poultice cool, soft, and healing. No sooner was it applied than almost perfect ease was experienced, and the sufferer became instantly quiet and composed. As fast as the elm became dry or heated, it was again laid in water for a moment and replaced, each time affording the same ease. Since that time I have frequently applied it to blisters of

various kinds, and always with such success as enables me, I think, to recommend it as a simple and safe remedy.

L. L. R.

—The more a man bundles up to keep from colds the more he may. Some people do nothing but watch against exposure, and keep themselves very busy. The best safeguards are daily exercise in the open air, and free use of cold water, taking care not to begin the use of mufflers.

—The smoke from burning sugar inhaled through the nose will cure cold in the head.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

E. B., Foxboro, Mass. The "New Era coffee" of which you speak, I have used to some extent, and pronounce it far superior, in the matter of health, to which you have regard—as I infer, more than the mere gratification of the taste—to the common coffee, which deranges digestion and enfeebles the liver, inducing "biliousness," while the use of tea, particularly the strong green, unfavorably affects the nerves, producing much if not most of the fearful prevalence of neuralgia among delicate ladies. My own decided preference is for the "cereal coffee" made by the Health Food Co. This is also made from the grain, and is nourishing, which cannot be said of tea and coffee, as they are ordinarily made, the simple infusion not yielding the small per cent. of nitrogenous matter contained. I have used this, as I have "breakfast cocoa," as an experiment, at night, as a substitute for a plain supper. Without milk, they require no digestion, of course allowing the weak stomach to rest all night, a matter of great importance, in some cases. I was sufficiently nourished, slept well, had no "horrid dreams," but had a fine appetite in the morning. It is well for dyspeptics to remember that the liquids—not milk—obtained from solids, as the fruit juices, beef tea, an infusion of any of the grains, etc., afford nourishment, while they do not tax the stomach like the solids from which they are taken. In some cases the tea made from a half pound of beef, absorbed like water, will nourish the feeble more than twice the amount of beef, since that would exhaust the system in the effort to digest it, it may be, in some extreme cases, more than the nourishment would increase the strength. Still, it is the duty of the stomach to work a part of the time, but, as it usually toils, it is safe to allow it rest more frequently than it obtains it.

A., Salem, Mass. I very cheerfully give my opinion in the case of one "who bled a quart from the lungs." The circumstances and symptoms give some hope. I knew a lady—whose husband afterward practiced medicine in your city—to bleed more, and still recover. Such bleeding is not necessarily a hopeless symptom. I regard consumption, in its early stages, as curable, more so than some diseases, and sometimes in more advanced stages, if the patient has a firm, natural constitution, if he or she can be convinced of the existence of the disease. The fact that scars have been found on the lungs, after death, is the best of evidence that they were once diseased, partly decayed, but afterward healed. If permitted to refer to my own case, I will say that I was once a consumptive—was told by my good friend Dr. W. A. Alcott, the distinguished author, that I might possibly escape, if I would adopt a certain course, give up teaching, etc., and specially care for my health. I did so, was much in the air and sun, lived very abstemiously, ate no meat or fish, or eggs, or butter, for a long time, bathed and wore a wet compress around my chest, and gradually improved, though I was an invalid, or had weak lungs, for years. But now am "hale and hearty" at sixty-three years of age, not having lost a day from sickness for the last thirty years. I let nature do her best work, and she paid me for all of my self-denial. I never have been so ungrateful as to return to my old habits of living, only in part.

E. A. ALDERMAN. That is a large number of warts for one pair of little hands. Warts differ somewhat from corns, the former being enlargements of albuminous matter, in the true skin, while the latter are thickenings of the outer or scarf-skin, of the same nature. As albumen, both are dissolvable in almost any alkaline substance, as soda, potash, and the like. Potash carefully applied to the top of these will soon destroy them, but, as it may also destroy the surrounding skin, it is best to have a little vinegar at hand to apply when it is needed, neutralizing the alkali. If at all stubborn, or if in haste, muriatic acid, applied with a pointed stick, will soon kill them, the same being true of the other strong acids, as nitric, sulphuric, etc. As these are very strong and active acids, it is well to have, not vinegar, but soda, strong, to neutralize the acid. Or, if it eats in too far, causing pain, the soda may be applied. Remember that an acid counteracts an alkali, and vice versa.

The Dressing Room.

CHIT-CHATS ON FASHION.

Number Six.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

IN MANY homes where our HOUSEHOLD is especially welcomed, there are children. As children are not unimportant members of the family, neither should their wants be overlooked by THE HOUSEHOLD which is designed to meet the needs that are felt in every home. So in response to the many calls I have had from mothers all through the sunny south and also from the far west, I will devote a chapter to the present style of making children's clothes, and endeavor to point out in a few simple remarks how economy and taste can be combined, and the mother enjoy the pleasure of seeing her children tastefully and becomingly attired.

A pleasing feature of the present style of dress is that it gives full play to every organ, does not impede circulation, and furthers the free development of the child.

We will begin at first with the autocrat of the family, the tiny, helpless baby, the sovereign that holds the scepter, and rules not only his fond mother but papa, aunts, and loving grandma. So many preparations must be made for the advent of the little king that it may not be amiss to show how much help can be given the weary workers in the way of ready made clothing.

Flannel embroidered with white silk on the selvedge of the goods, ranges in price from ninety cents to \$1.10 per yard. The width of the flannel makes the length of the skirt, so one and one-half yards will be a sufficient quantity. A plain muslin slip with Hamburg edge at neck and sleeves, with wide hem at bottom, costs forty-five cents, but made of cambric and trimmed the same way, it will cost sixty-five cents. A very desirable long slip made of cambric tucked, and edged with Hamburg embroidery, tucked ruffle, may be bought for \$1.25. So from forty-five cents to \$2.72 the prices vary according to the quality of the material used, and the amount of work on them. Of course, much handsomer slips can be had at higher prices, but comparatively few mothers care for such elaborate dresses for babies in long clothes, on account of the difficulty of laundering.

A pair of cradle blankets costs \$1.50, crib blankets, which are larger, are \$2.25 to \$3.00. It is much better to get blankets which are partly cotton, for, like Shaker flannel, they wash well without much shrinkage.

Instead of the old-fashioned cradle, those of wicker are used now, and are so arranged that a curtain may be draped at the top, to protect the child from a draught of air, or, in summer, the fly net. These are lined to correspond with the baby basket, either with pink or blue silesia, with curtains and trimmings of Swiss muslin.

Baby coaches, also of wicker, with parasol tops of silesia, are as low as \$7.00. Some people buy a coach instead of a cradle, and use it for both purposes. Baby naps in his coach in the morning as sweetly as if it were a cradle, then is ready to take his airing in the daintily trimmed and finished carriage of wicker work. In the same way there are combination chairs of walnut or ash. These are high chairs at meal time, but after they have served this purpose at the table, may be unhooked and let down, to form a low chair and table, where baby can sit supremely happy, and strew his playthings on the little board before him,

and so rest the tired arms of his mother. The price of such chairs ranges from \$3.50 to \$5.00. This would be a useful present from a god-father, although the usual presents on such occasions are silver rattles, mugs, or sets of knife, fork, and spoon.

Cloaks are very pretty made of merino, of white, drab, or blue, neatly finished with satin facings. They sell for \$3.75 and \$4.50; but prettier ones made of basket cloth, in cream, light blue, and drab, cost from \$4.75 to \$5.00.

The Swiss shirred caps are much worn by stylish babies, and are newer and prettier than the lace caps which have been seen so long, and can be had from fifty-five cents to \$2.25. Shetland caps for winter wear are from sixty-five cents to \$1.00, and may be lined with silk or flannel. Little shawls with hood attached for drawing around baby in carrying him from one room into another, or through the hall, are \$2.00.

In children's short dresses of white pique, the kilts are deep in the back, and a dress for a child of two years of age costs \$1.25, and, in fact, from two to six years the price is the same, also the style of the pique suits; the Hamburg embroidery down the front, wide collar, and cuffs edged with Hamburg.

For little girls under ten years of age, a dress that combines simplicity and elegance is the Greenaway design. The yoke and sleeves are of white. The yoke is generally shirred or plaited as most becoming to the child's figure. The plain, straight slip of some other color and material can be made separately or attached to the yoke. For fall and winter wear, flannel or other all wool goods could be made in the same style, omitting the white. The slip is shirred on the yoke, and a narrow band crosses the shoulder to support the sleeves, and three medium sized tucks run around the bottom of the skirt.

Another pretty style for a little girl is the Gertrude dress, made with blouse, shirred below the waist, and gathered full upon a circular yoke, the skirt is plaited on, and a sash of the material or of ribbon may be worn over the shirred part, and tied in a bow behind, but a sash is not necessary to this pretty suit.

Another style, pretty for children, is the long gored waist, reaching half-way to the knees; a ruffle is kilted on and a sash of the material is brought across, and knotted into loops at the side or back.

There is a style about ready made suits, for boys especially, that home-made clothes never acquire, for no clothing for boys made at home ever has the same appearance as that bought ready made. A very ordinary cloth looks better than the finest of cloth made at home, for it is impossible to press and finish them and give them the style that a tailor does.

Blue, brown, and grey flannel are the favorites for little boys' suits; grey is a becoming color to blonde children. Some suits are made with three plaits on the waist, front and back; the skirt is kilted around the bottom, collars and cuffs of the same, and trimmed with pearl buttons. These may be bought for \$2.75 for boys of two years, and for every additional year, twenty-five cents is added to the price, until the six-year-old boy finds his suit costing \$3.75.

Little boys from three to eleven years old wear suits consisting of a sack, jacket or blouse, and pants. The jackets are made both single and double breasted, the former being generally preferred. Suits consisting of blouse and short pants are popular in this range of sizes. In fancy cassimere, single and double breasted, they cost from \$2.50 to \$4.00. Fancy cassimere, all wool, \$5.50 to \$8.00.

Polo caps for winter wear are especially nice for little boys, because they can

wear a scarf tied over the ears much better than with the ordinary stiff felt hats; they are also becoming to most children.

Collars and stockings are very important items in a child's wardrobe. Many mothers make very pretty collars of feather edged braid or rick rack. Good, substantial, regularly made, ribbed stockings, in red, brown, and gray, are bought for twenty-four cents a pair, of a size to fit six-year-old children. Finer ones can be bought to correspond with dress suits at any price one would be willing to pay.

For misses from twelve to sixteen, the styles are much the same as those worn by their mammas. For these will be offered speckled cloths of bottle green and strawberry red, made up plainly with princess redingote. The economical fashion of wearing different colored waists of flannel or cloth with skirts of other material, still remains the style, which will solve the problem of many mothers' perplexities, whose daughters have outgrown the waists of last year's dresses.

School girls and boys have a great many wants which are hard to fill in a small country place. Slate pencils, for instance, cost much pocket money when bought at retail, but by the box containing a hundred, cost from fifteen to forty cents. Teachers might find it to their advantage to furnish such items to their pupils when parents desire it. Pens by the gross cost fifty cents to \$1.00. Lead pencils cost from eighteen to fifty cents a dozen. Silicate slates are a great innovation, and are sold for thirty cents, from that up to sixty cents, according to size. Foreign correspondence paper can be bought for ten cents a quire, which is ream price, also envelopes to match for fifteen cents. Foolscap paper costs thirteen cents a quire.

There have been so many inquiries made concerning books that I am glad to say that I can buy them for less than the publisher's prices. Sometimes I can find good bindings in half-worn books at the second-hand stores, but it would be useless to send prices of such books, for by the time an order would reach me, the book would, in all probability, be sold. So the only way to secure such bargains would be when sending for books at the regular price, to state that if they could be found in good condition, second-hand, no objection would be made.

Mothers are apt to be self-sacrificing, and deny themselves the pleasure of a book for the sake of some trifle for their child; but it should not be so, for a tired and overworked mother needs the refreshing which a good book brings, and no mother should feel her duty is done if she neglects herself either bodily or mentally.

BABY SACK.

Afghan stitch. Double your worsted, make a chain of seventy-five stitches, very tight.

1st and 2d rows plain.

3. Crochet eighteen plain, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain eighteen, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain eighteen, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain eighteen.

4th and 5th rows plain.

6. Crochet nineteen plain, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain twenty, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain twenty, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain nineteen.

7th and 8th rows plain. This completes the neck, and the 9th row is where it begins to widen for the sleeves.

9. Crochet twenty plain, this is the front; widen one, plain one, widen one, this is the beginning of sleeve; plain twenty-two, widen one, plain one, widen one, this is the center of the back; plain twenty-two, widen one, plain one, widen

one, this is the beginning of the other sleeve; plain twenty, this is the front.

10. Crochet twenty plain, widen one, plain three, widen one, plain twenty-three, plain one, plain twenty-three, widen one, plain three, widen one, plain twenty.

11. Crochet twenty plain, widen one, plain five, widen one, plain twenty-three, plain one, plain twenty-three, widen one, plain five, widen one, plain twenty.

12. Crochet twenty plain, widen one, plain seven, widen one, plain twenty-three, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain twenty-three, widen one, plain seven, widen one, plain twenty.

13. Crochet twenty plain, widen one, plain nine, widen one, plain twenty-four, plain one, plain twenty-four, widen one, plain nine, widen one, plain twenty.

14. Crochet twenty plain, widen one, plain eleven, widen one, plain twenty-four, plain one, plain twenty-four, widen one, plain eleven, widen one, plain twenty.

15. Crochet twenty plain, widen one, plain thirteen, widen one, plain twenty-four, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain twenty-four, widen one, plain thirteen, widen one, plain twenty.

16. Crochet twenty plain, widen one, plain fifteen, widen one, plain twenty-five, plain one, plain twenty-five, widen one, plain fifteen, widen one, plain twenty.

Continue this through the 26th row, that is by widening one every row each side of the sleeve, and widen one every third row each side of the center stitch, in the middle of the back. The fronts are always twenty plain, beginning at the 9th row, through the 26th row. The plain stitches on the sleeves increase by two, and the plain stitches each side of the center stitch in the back increase by one, after widening every third row. When you have crocheted the 26th row you will have on your needle the following:

26. Crochet twenty plain, (widen one, plain thirty-five, widen one—this is the sleeve,) plain twenty-eight, plain one, plain twenty-eight, (widen one, plain thirty-five, widen one—this is the sleeve,) plain twenty.

For the sleeves take up the thirty-seven stitches, crochet twelve rows plain.

13. Crochet sixteen plain, narrow one, plain one, narrow one, plain sixteen.

14. Plain.

15. Crochet fifteen plain, narrow one, plain one, narrow one, fifteen plain.

16. Plain.

17. Crochet fourteen plain, narrow one, plain one, narrow one, fourteen plain.

18. Plain.

Join sleeve together on the outside with plain crochet stitch. Join your worsted to the front.

1. Crochet twenty plain, widen one under arm, plain twenty-eight, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain twenty-eight, widen one under arm, plain twenty.

2d and 3d rows plain.

4. Widen one each side of center stitch in the back, the rest plain.

5th and 6th rows plain.

7. Crochet twenty plain, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain thirty, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain thirty, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain twenty.

8th and 9th rows plain.

10. Widen one each side of the center stitch in the back, the rest plain.

11th and 12th rows plain.

13. Crochet twenty-one plain, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain thirty-two, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain thirty-two, widen one, plain one, widen one, plain twenty-one.

Continue on through the 24th row, that is by widening every third row in the back, and sixth row under arm, keeping the center stitch in the center of the back as before, and the stitch you widen under

S. G. S.

Knit every alternate row in both patterns. Cast on fifteen stitches.

- NELLIE MAY.

THE WISCONSIN

I made a handsome necktie by this pattern, by knitting two pieces nearly a yard in length and sewing the straight sides together, then knit two short pieces and sewed these on the ends. For convenience in writing, I say nothing about slipping the first stitch, but in knitting I always put my right hand needle under the thread, slip the first stitch, then throw the thread back. This makes a handsome straight edge. Every stitch is even and very easy to sew on to anything or together.

1. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, knit three.
2. Knit ten, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.
3. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit fourteen, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, knit three.
4. Knit twelve, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.
5. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit fifteen, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, knit three.
6. Knit fourteen, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.
7. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit sixteen, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, knit three.
8. Knit sixteen, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.
9. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit twenty-three.

CLARA J. BEBRY.
Strafford Corner, N. H.

From the

To make the front piece, cut a piece of stiff paper and one of wadding the size of the perforated board, and a piece of silk one-fourth inch larger, lay the wadding on the paper, then lay on the silk and proceed as with the back piece. When this is done, fasten the toe in place by sewing it over and over, make a large cord of zephyr and sew around the top to hide the stitches, and cover the outside edge with beads. Put a bow and loop of narrow ribbon at the top to hang by, and your watch case is done.

I have a very pretty new pattern for a charm quilt. It is in the shape of a shell, and is very handsome when set together. I will send it to any one sending me a stamp for postage. IDYL WYLN
Box 54, Birmingham, Ohio.

1: they take the

1. Three plain, over, three plain, over, narrow, one plain, over, narrow, one plain, narrow, over, one plain, narrow, over, three plain, over, narrow, four plain, narrow, over, three plain.

3. Three plain, over, five plain, over, narrow, one plain, over, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over the narrowed one, over, one plain, narrow, over, five plain, over, narrow, three plain, narrow, over, three plain.

23. Cast off six stitches, two plain, over, one plain, over, narrow twice, over four plain, narrow, over, one plain, narrow, over, one plain, over, narrow, five plain, narrow, over, three plain. There should now be thirty-one stitches.

—

Begin with the dark, with ten chain
Turn.

chain to turn.

- As this forms the side of the slipper repeat until it is long enough to go all the way around the sole, and join it to the opposite side of the front. It is very simple.

For the border around the top, take the dark wool, make five chain, skip two stitches, one treble in the third, two chain, skip one, one treble in next. Repeat.

2. Two trebles, one chain, two trebles, in same space.

3. Three trebles, one chain, three trebles, under the one chain of last row. Take one and three-fourths yards of dark blue ribbon, and pass through the spaces made by the first row of the border.

Take a cork sole, bind it with braid and sew the shoe on the braid.

I have been careful to write these directions correctly, and you will find it makes a very handsome, and easily worked slipper.

FELICIA.

COVER FOR MUSIC STOOL IN CROCHET.

The cotton, whether it is knit or crochet, should be coarse. Dexter's number six cotton, four threads, is the right kind.

Cast six stitches, and unite the chain, and into each stitch crochet two. You have now twelve stitches. Into each crochet two all round again. You have now a circle of twenty-four stitches, worked in double crochet. You now begin the pattern, which is worked all through in long crochet, and only one stitch is worked into each loop, except when directed. Work two stitches, make two chains, work two more stitches, then two chains, and repeat all round.

2d round. Two long stitches into the first of the two in last round, and one in the other stitch, two chains, then two stitches into the first of the next two, one into the remaining stitch, two chains, and thus all round.

3d round. Work two long stitches into the first stitch, and one into each of the others, two chains, then two long into first stitch, and one into each of the others, two chains, and repeat all round.

You see now that you have a circle in twelve gores, and these gores increase in width each time round. The two chain stitches which separate the gores, must always be directly over each other. The mat may be made as large as you please. If you find that two stitches made in the first stitch of each gore does not keep the work flat, then make two in the last stitch of each gore also. Much depends on the workers.

HANS DORCOMB.

TOILET COVERS.

Some one asks for ideas for pretty and durable toilet covers. Crash or momie cloth is very pretty. Have a design stamped on it; the Kate Greenaway figures are very pretty, also, fans, vases, etc. Work the outlines in stem stitch with red embroidery cotton, put a row of button-hole stitch one and one-half inches from the sides, and ravel for a fringe. These do not soil easily and wash well.

CONSTANCE GREGORY.

KNITTED RUG.

Coarsest steel knitting needles and number eight crochet cotton.

Take any small pieces of tapestry carpet and ravel them out, the ravelings must be about two inches long, put them neatly in a box, so that you can pick them up easily.

Cast on about forty stitches and knit once across plain, then pick up a raveling and knit it into a stitch. Repeat this process throughout the row.

3. Knit back plain.

4. Like second row.

In knitting this raveling in, put your needle into stitch, pick up raveling, place it over needle, bring your cotton over needle also, and draw the stitch, both raveling and cotton, together. This may

be knit any length you wish. This number of stitches will make a strip one-fourth of a yard wide. You will need two strips to make a rug wide enough. These rugs are very pretty and quite useful to place before a bureau, or in an entry at foot of stairs. They look like Persian rugs when the colors are rich and well assorted. When finished trim them off even.

H. A. B.

SAND BARS.

These are extremely useful in stopping the draught from the bottom of doors, closets, windows, etc.

To make them, cut from bed-ticking, or other firm material, pieces of any desired length and width, make into bags, fill with clean, dry sand, and sew up. Crochet covers of green or scarlet zephyr, or Germantown yarn, make the covers long enough to project two inches at each end, run cords of twisted zephyr through the cover two inches from each end, put a tassel or little ball on each end of the cord, draw up and tie.

For windows these bags should be made the width of the sill, and the cover should be made to fit the inside bag closely, and sewed up at the ends instead of being tied on the outer edge, trim with fringe to match the cover, or if preferred the cover may be made of embroidered burlaps or Java canvas. They make pretty window cushions, and are ornamental as well as useful, which is saying a great deal for them.

AUNT IRENE.

PRETTY WALL-POCKET.

I want to tell you of a wall-pocket I made some time ago, and how to make it. Take pasteboard and cut twenty-six round pieces two and one-half inches in diameter, and exactly in the center of each make a perforation about one-fourth of an inch in diameter; thread a darning needle with shaded Germantown yarn, (from pink to brown is very pretty,) and proceed to wrap the pieces of pasteboard. Insert the needle through the perforation and fasten the yarn at the edge of the pasteboard with a button-hole stitch; continue so until it is entirely covered. After you have them all covered, take sixteen of them and join in form of a diamond; then take the remaining ten and join in a half diamond; take this and place on the whole diamond, point to point, and sew the edges together; that forms a pocket. It is now completed. Hang in a corner, and I think you will be pleased with it. Mine is admired by nearly every one who sees it.

TEMPERANCE

CASE FOR LACES.

Take two pieces of pasteboard eleven by nine inches, and cover one side of each piece with blue or red satin, (cambric is pretty for common use,) slightly wadded, and quilted in gold silk, just lapping the satin on the wrong side of pasteboard and fastening to place. In the center of one piece of pasteboard (the uncovered side) fasten a piece of plain satin four and one-half by six and one-half inches, with a bouquet of flowers painted or embroidered on, or an embossed picture may be pasted on. Then make a puffing of the satin about three inches in width when done, and sew around the center piece, doubling under at the corners, and fastening on the outer edge of the pasteboard all around. Cover the wrong side of the other piece of pasteboard with plain satin (this is the bottom of the cover). Box plaited satin ribbon is then placed all around both pieces, and the two hinged together with bows, the quilted sides inside and tied with ribbon like a book. The ties and laces are folded and laid in smoothly.

DAISY.

KNIT EDGING.

Cast on fifteen stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit nine.

2. This and every alternate row plain.

3. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit nine.

5. Slip one, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit nine.

7. Slip one, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit nine.

9. Slip one, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit nine.

11. Slip one, knit six, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit nine.

13. Slip one, knit seven, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit nine.

15. Slip one, knit eight, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit nine.

17. Slip one, knit twenty-two.

18. Bind off eight, knit fourteen.

Repeat from beginning. M. E. S.

WHEAT EAR EDGING.

Cast on five stitches.

1. Two plain stitches, thread over, one plain, thread over twice and purl two together.

2. Thread over twice, purl two together, four plain.

3. Knit three plain, thread over, one plain, thread over twice, purl two together.

4. Over twice, purl two together, five plain.

5. Knit four plain, over, one plain, over twice, purl two together.

6. Over twice, purl two together, six plain.

7. Knit six plain, thread over twice, purl two together.

8. Over twice, purl five together, three plain; then commence again at first row.

I would like to know how to knit oak leaf tidy. A. N. BISHOP.

CROCHET WHEEL FOR TIDIES.

Chain three, join, work round in double crochet stitch three rows until you have twenty-four stitches.

4. Five chain, crochet back on chain, one single, one double, two treble, one single in the third stitch of the preceding row. Repeat five times.

5. Ten chain, one single in the end stitch of point.

6. One chain, one treble in every second stitch.

7. Like fourth row, only this contains sixteen points.

8. Seven chain, one single.

9. Three chain, two treble, passing over two stitches of preceding row.

10. * Four chain, one double in the middle of the three chain of preceding row, four chain, one treble, three picot of five chain, one single on treble; repeat from *.

H. A. BRIGGS.

Hooper, Nebraska.

THE WORK TABLE.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, complaining of incorrect directions for knitting insertings and lace, and, hereafter, can publish only such as are accompanied by a sample, knitted from the directions after they are written. It can give but little trouble to the experienced knitters who kindly send us such patterns, and will be a great favor to us.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of your readers give directions for knitting ladies' necktie, with number of thread and size of needles? Weston, Vt. MRS. M. M. HAYNES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me how much zephyr it takes to knit an afghan? MRS. H. W. WILLIAMS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Having received many requests for a border for my quilt that was given several months ago, I will here say to those who

did not inclose a stamp, that I do intend one in the far future—far, because in the midst of household cares and duties, it often seems as if anything beyond mending was out of the question,—but, truly, my quilt is begun, although from what many have written me, I should judge you might call it a small beginning as only a few squares are done. By the way, to those who do not dare undertake such a task as making a spread, I will say you can make beautiful tidies by knitting these squares of shoe thread and alternating them with squares of satin, blue, cardinal, pink, or whatever you please, and ornament the satin with hand painted designs, or figures of decalcomanie. Now for the border. Cast on fourteen stitches. This is a good width, but you can add or diminish by twos. Throw thread over twice and seam two together; repeat. This is all there is to it. Very easily done, you see. Drop part of the stitches at one end of the needle and ravel, if you like a fringe. I shall not fringe out mine. This should be done after you have knit a piece long enough to go around the quilt.

SUNNYSIDE.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to make a covering for a bundle or parcel of any kind that it is often necessary for one to take in the hand? I have seen them advertised. I think they might be very useful articles. E. F. H.

I wish some one would give directions for crocheting a scarf for a gentleman. How much yarn, and what kind? L. A. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be kind enough to send me directions for making fringe for worsted rug? R. A. DAVIS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell Lou that I have tried my pattern of shell work edging given in the March number, and find it correct.

Can any one give me directions for knitting a pretty lamp mat?

Also, will some one suggest a pretty way to dispose of cat-tail flags, and thistle blossom balls? MRS. C. E. A.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one give directions for knitting a hood? How much yarn does it take to make one of large size, and what size of needles? I don't want a crochet pattern as it would be of no use to me whatever.

Also, will some one give directions for knitting the border of a bed spread, diamond and chain pattern, as I am knitting the spread and want the border. E. L. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I will send samples of feather or herringbone, cross and double cross stitches, or bobinet patterns to A Farmer's Wife, or any one who will send address and stamp to Denison, Iowa. LINA BOND.

Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please inform me how to make a pretty penwiper? MAYBELL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be kind enough to tell me how to knit silk mitts? I should like something different from the shell patterns that so many mittens are knit from. M. L. F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—A sister asks how to make shells adhere to wood. We have a box and a picture frame covered with shells, which are very pretty. Our shells were stuck on with putty. A good way to prepare the wood, is to paint with white lead mixed with spirits, but containing no oil. This makes the surface rough and the putty sticks better. Be sure to use linseed oil putty. MRS. G. W. HOLMES.

Metrose Highlands, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Mrs. J. W. Phipps, Hawthorne, Nevada, will send me a stamp for postage, I will send her a sample of crazy stitch in crochet. MRS. W. D. BAKER.

Munroeville, Ind.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send directions for making the star stitch and crazy stitch in crochet, and also for making a rigolette in both stitches? C. N. W.

Will some one please send directions for knitting or crocheting a Tam o' Shanter? I will return postage if the address is sent. M. E. G.

15 South St., Lynn, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—If Mrs. N. Perry will send me her address, I will send her patterns for an air castle made of mica. M. O. NASH.

Abington, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am very anxious to learn hair work, or some way of making up short hair for pins, rings, etc. Can some of the sisters send me directions? If they will do so, I will repay them some way. MARY.

Box 10, Kirkman, Shelby Co., Iowa.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Twenty-six.

THERE were the usual signs of a disturbance in Mrs. Hart's dining room that chilly, gloomy November morning. It was nothing new. It had grown to be a constant presence at their uncomfortable breakfast, where Mrs. Hart and her daughter shivered in aggravating silence, and her husband and the boys in loud rebellion.

"If I pay for the coal without grumbling, I don't see how it can give you any trouble. Will always attends to the fires, you have nothing to do with them," spoke the head of the family in no very pleasant tones, it being, I think, contrary to masculine humanity to be peacefully inclined when either cold or hungry.

"Don't I?" answered his wife. "Will dusts the room forty times a day, and brushes up the ashes, and you pay for spoiling the looks of the room, I suppose."

"Looks! That's just like a woman. I'd rather see a good fire in a room any day than that fancy arrangement you've got in the fire-place. A kitchen stove won't warm the whole house, and I can't see the sense in having a grate in the room too nice to build a fire in, and shiver and shake till one feels like a—"

"Quivering aspen leaf?" suggested Will. "That shakes pretty well, but when I have a house, I'll have a warm dining room, if there isn't another fire in the house."

"Perhaps you will," said his mother, with an aggravating emphasis on the "perhaps," "but I will not have my nice grate all dulled and spoiled by smoke and dust."

And so it went on, day after day; the mistaken woman having continual colds and neuralgia, from going from the hot kitchen fire to the chilly, cheerless dining room, which should have been one of the pleasantest rooms in the house. But no amount of coaxing or scolding could shake her resolution to "keep things nice."

I should like to give more time to this subject, but the number of inquiries received which I must answer in part this month, warns me to leave it till another time.

So many have asked me to remember my promise to give them the recipe for the fruit cake which I once mentioned, that as it nears the time when people are expected to be thankful for the chance to make themselves ill with all sorts of improper eatables, perhaps it is my best opportunity to assist them. To make it more convenient for those who may not number the useful little scales among their household helps, I have carefully measured as well as weighed the materials used.

Two pounds (four teacupfuls) of butter, two pounds (four and one-half teacupfuls) of sugar, one pint of molasses, one pint of coffee, fifteen eggs, three pounds (twelve teacupfuls) of flour, one tablespoonful each of clove and cinnamon, a teaspoonful of mace, two nutmegs, four pounds of currants, two and one-half pounds of raisins, and one and one-half pounds of citron. The fruit should be prepared the day before using, the currants thoroughly washed, dried, and looked over, the raisins washed and seeded, and the citron sliced, cutting each piece of citron, if large, two or three times lengthwise before slicing. Shake a tablespoonful of flour over the sliced citron, and two tablespoonfuls of flour over the raisins; when well dusted with

it, put the raisins with the citron in a dish and cover with a cloth. Leave the currants spread on a platter or a thick towel till morning, when they should be floured also,—it will require about three tablespoonfuls of flour—mix well, shake in a colander to get rid of the superfluous flour, and mix the currants with the other fruit, stirring well together.

Now for the cake. I always have all the materials weighed and measured ready for use before commencing to mix, making the pint of coffee so that it may cool before it is needed, and I use two tablespoonfuls of coffee to the pint of water. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the yolks of the eggs and beat well; add the spices, and when well mixed stir in the molasses and coffee, and next the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Now if you have a Stanyan mixer—and those who have will appreciate it as they never did before—pour this mixture into the pan and mix in the flour. When thoroughly mixed add the fruit, if you use the Stanyan it will take from five to ten minutes to stir the fruit well in, if not it will take longer, and you will want to borrow a pair of strong arms for it.

Line your cake pans—one large one is best, a milk pan will do if you have not a deep sheet iron pan, which is always best for cake which has to bake a long time—with smooth brown paper, three thicknesses at the sides of the pan, and four or five at the bottom. Butter the last paper a little, and fill the pans about two-thirds full. Bake slowly four hours, covering the cake with a thick brown paper, if it begins to brown too much. The molasses answers all the purposes of brandy which I never use in cake, and it will keep as well without it. The cake which I made a year ago, is nicer now than when first cut. It should be made at least a month before cutting it, and if wanted for a party or a wedding cake—for which it is very nice—it should be handsomely frosted two or three days before it is cut. Otherwise it is best not to frost it.

Poor Rena Ross! you and several others, Co in a late number especially, have my sincere sympathy. Try a reliable recipe, and the always reliable Cleveland's baking powder, and you will have no more "cake cradles" and heavy biscuits. Don't "guess" at any thing, and do not use a recipe which tells you to use a "good sized piece of butter," or to "stir in flour to make a thick—or thin—batter." Peoples' ideas as to "thick" and "thin" and "good sized pieces of butter," vary considerably, the "pieces" of butter being anywhere from the size of a walnut to a teacupful, according to the disposition of the user.

Cake should not stand before being baked, and one should be careful that the fire is steady, and the oven not too hot. Layer cakes for jelly or cream cakes, and plain, light cakes, like "feather" cakes, alone need a very quick oven. The richer the cake the more slowly and the longer it must bake.

Do not use sour milk for cake. It is not to be compared to sweet milk with baking powder or good cream of tartar and soda which I always used until, by Mrs. Crowell's advice, I tried the Cleveland, which is now a household necessity. Sour milk makes cake or any thing else more porous and coarse grained than sweet, and cake will not keep so well, or be so fine in flavor when mixed with it, unless, of course, one makes molasses cake. In that case sour milk is preferable to sweet, as most people use too much soda to neutralize the acidity of the molasses, and when sweet milk is used with it, the flavor of soda is too apparent for most tastes. In my "Notes" on cake making in the April number, I said, so

much that there is no need to pursue the subject further.

I have been glad to see the numerous inquiries lately for recipes for using corn meal. We do not use half enough of these coarse, wholesome, and delicious foods. Few of us would eat a French roll in preference to a golden square of johnnycake or light corn muffin, if we had the benefit of a choice. When eggs are scarce, as is often the case in winter, a corn custard pie or pudding is not to be slighted. For a pie scald half a pint of milk, mix two even tablespoonfuls of corn meal with a little milk and stir in. Do not use a kitchen mixing spoon. I mean a real "table" spoon. If you do not like to use those in the kitchen, buy a cheap spoon just the size, for such needs. Cook fifteen minutes, or a little longer if the meal settles. Cool, add two-thirds of a cup of cold milk, one egg well beaten, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Stir well, and pour into a good sized pie plate, lined with a nice crust. Grate a little nutmeg over it, and bake like a custard pie. The oven should be rather quick, and the pie should bake in half an hour or a little less.

For a corn custard pudding, allow four tablespoonfuls of meal, two eggs, six even tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a scant teaspoonful of salt to a quart of milk. Scald the meal in a pint of the milk in the same manner as for the pie. Grate nutmeg over it or use a little cinnamon as preferred, and bake thirty or forty minutes.

For corn muffins we have several recipes, all of which we like very much. For number one, we use one cup of corn meal, one-half cup of flour, a tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cups of sweet milk. Bake in roll or gem pans, which should be well heated before pouring in the batter, or bake in a biscuit pan, or, better still, a short-handled iron "spider," or frying pan.

Another favorite method is as follows: Two cups of corn meal, two cups of milk, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix the baking powder with the meal, beat the eggs and add to the milk; stir in the meal and salt quickly, and bake as in the preceding recipe. Both of these require baking about twenty minutes.

A richer cake is made with a tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sugar, three eggs, two cups of milk, two cups of corn meal, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the butter and sugar together, add the eggs well-beaten, the milk and salt, and then stir in the meal, having the powder thoroughly mixed with it. Bake in gem pans twenty minutes, or in buttered cups half an hour. These are real corn cup cakes. For all these recipes the meal should be sifted before measuring, the pans heated, and the oven very hot.

We have a recipe for tomato catsup which is different from any we have ever seen published, and as there have been several inquiries for one, I will send it on trial. Wash and cut the tomatoes, which should not be over ripe, put them in a granite or porcelain kettle,—never in iron or tin—and boil slowly for an hour. Then sift (cooled sufficiently to make it comfortable) through a sieve which will not let the seeds pass through, measure the pulp and return to the kettle. Boil or simmer gently for half an hour; to each four quarts of pulp allow a teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, a tablespoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, (black will do,) cook ten minutes, stirring well, and bottle it hot. Seal when

cold, and keep in a cool, dry, dark place. It keeps well and we think it good. Do not think I have forgotten to mention vinegar, there is none used in this recipe, and it seems to me as needless with tomatoes as it would be with lemons. Of course, one can vary the seasoning at pleasure, many people liking it very highly seasoned, which we do not.

EMILY HAYES.

—A writer in the Food Journal says that out of twenty samples of baker's bread analyzed and examined by him, only three were positively genuine, while sixteen were contaminated with an actual poison. The quantity, he says, is not so great as to show immediate effects, but thousands are unconsciously consuming a half-grain of sulphate of copper every day, a habit that cannot be long practiced with impunity. As he suggests, however, the fault may not rest entirely with the bakers, since there are inferior brands of flour in the market, warranted to make white bread without the use of alum.

THE DESSERT.

—A corn dodger—A man who avoids wearing tight boots.

—There are more loafers among bread and cake-bakers than in any of the other trades.

—About the most uncomfortable seat a man can have, in the long run, is self-conceit.

—It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Hartford has a cow that is afraid of women.

—In County Down a countryman whose old horse had suddenly died took the skin to a tanner. The tanner said, in the Scotch dialect peculiar to the district: "I canna give you full price for this skin; it's ower sma'." The reply was: "That's quare. The old horse wore it twenty years and more, and niver made any complaint about it's being ower sma'."

—The jury had decided that the man who had broken into Spilkin's house, and was caught in the act, was not guilty, the evidence being insufficient to convict, and the prisoner was acquitted. "I would like to have the address of the innocent man," said Spilkin. "What for?" "Well, since he was paying me a friendly visit, I want to know where he lives so I can return the call."

—A landscape painter is making a sketch of a peasant's house—usual bit of tree and old roof sunk in a little. The peasant comes to look over the artist's shoulder. "You are getting along very well," he says, "that's my house to the life. There's the big stone chimney—I'd know it any where." Artist continues his labor. Peasant—"Oh, I say, if I were you I wouldn't put in the other chimney. It isn't worth the trouble. It smokes abominably."

—A gentleman living a short distance out in the country, who had a telephone in the same circuit with several other instruments, has come to the conclusion that the system embraces many objectionable features. He learned that loud conversation near the transmitter could be heard by all other parties along the line. The other evening he had a quarrel with his better half near the "plaguey little talking machine." At the conclusion of the discussion, Mr. —, remembering the distinctness with which the conversation must have been heard by the others in the circuit, explained through the telephone, as follows: "If any of you have been listening, let me explain that my dear wife and myself are practicing our parts in an amateur play."

The Kitchen.

A VOICE FROM KENTUCKY.

Number Two.

IF THE pathetic account of domestic difficulties related in my last, has enlisted the sympathy or interest of my companions of THE HOUSEHOLD, perhaps they will not find it wearisome to hear more of the experiences and the practical deductions of the Kentucky housekeeper.

The candid admission regarding the total unfitness, both by condition and education, of women of the south successfully to cope with the domestic problem abruptly confronting them at the close of the war must not be forgotten; but I further confess that it was with as much astonishment as humiliation that I discovered my own deplorable ignorance, as unmistakably evinced in the signal failures by which my best efforts were continually met.

It had always been a theory of mine—and how fully did I now realize that it had been only a theory—that every true woman was but imperfectly equipped for her whole mission, who could not comfortably provide at any time for those dependent on her housewifely care; and having frequently glanced conscientiously through the cookery book, reading its laws to my cook, and perused with complacent attention many an able article on the science of model housekeeping, I really fancied myself thoroughly furnished with all needful knowledge, should the improbable emergency arise, requiring the use of the broom or the management of the kitchen. My dear friends, if you could but have read the inward sense of defeat that arose constantly within me, with the growing conviction of having been all my life a domestic fraud as morning after morning during those trying days, I sank down exhausted, broom in hand, and the house but half cleaned, or ruefully placed on my table unpalatable dishes, really pitying those who looked to me for bodily sustenance, I am sure you would have commiserated me as only women can commiserate each other.

Nor is it strange that I now regarded with positive disgust the delicate fancy work, and even the literary pursuits, which had engrossed my days all these years to the culpable neglect of what, if a woman must choose between the two, should have claimed my first consideration.

And I advise you now, whoever you may be, quietly cheating yourself with the fond delusion that knowledge and ability will arise spontaneously with the emergency, to pause and test that belief by practically taking possession of the kitchen for a day, and candidly examine the result, carefully weighing comfort, promptness, and economy, three considerations never to be disregarded in the efficiency of a thorough housewife.

It is such an easy thing to acquire the merely theoretical knowledge advertised as all complete within the pages of the "practical" recipe books of the age; but I appeal to the experience of every practical reader of THE HOUSEHOLD in maintaining that there is a certain indescribable sleight of hand connected with culinary skill, as unattainable to the uninitiated, almost, as the art of Heller; a sleight of hand that has puzzled and baffled the boastful or kindly efforts of every Darby ever yet invading the province of his Joan. I speak earnestly, knowing whereof I speak, having attained unto the knowledge through hard-earned experience.

But amid many retrospective regrets,

I have one cause for self-gratulation, of the wisdom of which I am so fully convinced as to lead to its hearty commendation to other beginners—the wise determination modestly to confine one's attention to first principles, or in other words, to the simplest essentials of table comfort, before attempting a great variety, or fanciful order of dishes. It is a most inexplicable but well-known fact that nine out of ten young girls, in families employing cooks, if asked concerning their knowledge of cookery, will answer, "I can make cake and nice desserts, but don't know much about bread," while it must be known to all that should these same girls be thrown upon their own resources to provide for a table, the cake and desserts would be of the smallest practical use, while the neglected knowledge will be found of first importance. The woman, therefore, who has learned and can put into practice the best method of making bread, and the wholesome preparation of meats and vegetables with the collateral knowledge sure to follow, has best fitted herself for woman's highest usefulness in this department of her work, and can rarely fail to place before those dependent on her, a sufficient and comfortable meal.

But there is a general and wide-spread tendency now, I think, among American housewives to pursue the more elaborate study of table eating to an unwise and ill-judged extent; an ambition founded on pride and emulation, prompting an expenditure of time on complicated dishes, and an endlessly varied menu, with which I fail to feel much sympathy. And nowhere is this feature of housekeeping more to be remarked, so far as my knowledge extends, than in the south, and when the amount of personal labor devolving necessarily now upon the good housewife, is remembered, few will deny that it is an outlay of physical energy and fatigue worthy of a better cause.

Accustomed for long years to a luxurious style of living, demanding little care or trouble on her own part, she is now impelled by custom and habit to supply, to a certain extent at least, the comforts that have become nominal necessities. Even in every-day life, the southern table, in its variety of dishes, its hot breads morning and evening, and supplement of relishes, presents a strong contrast to the more frugal and simple meals of the north, and when an occasion of even limited entertainment arises, the thought and care expended on the preparations far exceeds, in my humble judgment, the dictates of common sense or wisdom. Most particularly is this to be observed in localities where no expert confectioner is near to supply the more difficult or showy dishes usual on such occasions when attainable; but the absence of such assistance seems to be no valid excuse to the mistress of ceremonies for the non-appearance of these dainties, and, of course, they are supplied only at the cost of much effort and care on her part; the consequence is, and I believe it is a candid assertion that few southern housewives will contradict, that a dinner or supper given to a few favored guests, not infrequently leaves the generous, unselfish hostess in a state of physical fatigue sad to behold, most sad to experience.

Now, do not understand me to be advocating a scornful disregard of the good things of life, surely not of a due consideration of those enjoyments intended to be received through man's most appreciative organ, the palate. Where circumstances enable one reasonably to do so, why, accept gratefully the refined luxuries of the table, as we do other blessings of wealth, nor forget to have others less fortunate share our abundance; but what I wish to ask my sister women is this: does it really pay, either in the common

or moral sense of the term, to devote the amount of time and labor so often expended in imitating the delicacies, or emulating the variety, that only a skillful confectioner should provide? Does it not seem that a woman's time, mind, and strength, are worthy of better employment than the laborious preparation of four or five varieties of cake, with every thing else in proportion, for a few people to mince daintily from each, and go away extolling, it may be, her culinary skill, but neither she nor they one whit the better or happier? Do you not really think, were the custom once fully established, that a simpler, less elaborate style of entertainment would result in quite as much social pleasure, and, at the same time, rendering the cheery rites of hospitality doubly easy of exercise, really increase sociability and the interchange of such friendly civilities? I must confess it has sometimes been with a degree of irritation overruling the admiration that unselfishness, and devotion to the pleasure of others should command, that I have watched women wholly unequal to any such physical exertion, laboring till late in the night, and at the earliest hour of morning, over the preparation of dishes, that a really hungry man would scarcely have noticed, and of which her guests would partake with, perhaps, scarcely a thought of all the time and care bestowed upon them.

Now, I firmly believe that there exists for each mortal, in the great somewhere, a savings bank, wherein is being laid up to the credit of each, the returns for the mental and physical strength expended through life, to be opened some day for our eternal enjoyment and possession, and I, for one, am not willing to find frequently recorded on this bank account of mine, "So many hours, and so much vital energy to the manufacture of Charlotte polonaise," "So much to the concoction of Rochester jelly cake," or "So much to the careful bleaching and minute chopping of almonds."

No, I am not willing for this, but I am more than willing to find recorded on any or every page, as a most safe investment, "So much to the solid comfort of my family, and a limited amount to the reasonable pleasure and entertainment of my friends."

L. L. R.

TRIALS OF A SOUTHERN HOUSE-KEEPER.

BY LINDA WALTON.

CHAPTER II.

When the Winters trio arose from the dinner table, Nita volunteered to wash the dishes, and tidy the dining room. As soon as her task was accomplished she retired to her boudoir, and donned a comfortable negligee preparatory to enjoying her accustomed siesta. As she relapsed into a delightful comatose condition, the factotum of her new home entered, and aroused her by saying, "I've cum for to tell you farwell. I've gwine ter lef dese here folkses."

"Why do you leave us?" queried Nita, feeling it was incumbent upon her to say something in reply to the unexpected intelligence just received.

"Kase I has riz on my wejes, and Misses Winters she say how she can't pay no such wejes as I axes. She say how she can git anodder cullard lady to consume my sponisible work, so I've gwine to my brudder's dis here arternoon, ef de bressed Lord spars me," was the emphatic answer, and considering that her reasons for leaving the premises were uncontrollable, the dusky solecist clasped Nita's delicate hand between both of her own rough palms, and murmuring, "God bress you, chile," went upon her way.

Thoroughly awakened, Nita found it impossible to reproduce a repetition of

Somnus' last prospective enthrallment, so she arose, donned a becoming gingham, and sallying forth reconnoitered the culinary domain. A cursory glance sufficed to furnish ocular demonstration of the fact that the new servant was already invested with the insignia of her rank—a sieve which she held in her flour-bedaubed hands. She acknowledged Nita's presence by a rapid inflection of her stalwart body, and the ejaculatory words, "I've a sperienced cook, I is. I knows my bizness. I needs nobody a overseein' uv me. I've jes gwine to make biskits for supper, I is."

Nita vouchsafed no reply to the uncalled-for, and discourteous assertion, but interviewed her mother-in-law, upon the subject of the new-comer.

Mrs. Winters, senior, was one of those enviable beings whose equanimity is rarely disturbed, and she did not speak above her usual tone, as she remarked, "To be candid, I am not prepossessed with our new factotum, Huldah. She pronounces herself eligible to the position she now fills, but I view her alleged proficiency skeptically. After a prolix tirade upon her culinary attainments, she coolly insinuated that it would be advisable for me 'to go long in the house, and not meddle with her consarns,' so I infer that her conceit is surpassed only by her effrontery. I wish we could have retained the woman who has just left us, but we cannot afford to pay more than eight dollars a month. The husband of the woman who cooked for me in ante bellum times has rented land near here, and is accumulating stock so rapidly that he will soon be able to rent an entire plantation! His wife—accommodating, humble servant that she is, and always was—will come and work for us by the day whenever we feel able to pay her a dollar daily in addition to board. She is a superior laundress, but I have not the least idea our finances will allow us to employ her, even temporarily, this year. Huldah has no husband, and I am glad she has not, for my cooks always try to feed their husbands with food which is adroitly slipped from our pots. In spite of my presence and espionage, our food is often pilfered. I wonder what Huldah is doing! I'll not molest her. Her desire for undisputed possession of the kitchen shall be gratified *pro tem.*, as I wish to test her abilities. She petitioned to prepare early tea, but if she does not hurry, it will be too late for her to milk the cows. O well, I'll not worry. Wor-rying makes people prematurely old. Heed my orthodox doctrine, dear, and learn to make the best of things."

When supper was announced, Nita could scarcely repress her risibles as she looked first at the collapsed biscuit, and then at the woe-be-gone expression which predominated over her mother-in-law's habitual vivacity. The biscuits were tough, heavy, and unpalatable, the coffee as inodorous as unadulterated water, and the potatoes charred so badly that a connoisseur would have been baffled, and unable to decide to what genus of vegetables they belonged.

When Huldah placed a second plate of biscuits upon the table, Mrs. Winters, senior, inadvertently remarked, "You have spoiled the biscuits, coffee, and potatoes."

Huldah instantly waxed irate, and insolently replied, "I've not spiled nothin'. I jes didn't put nuf sody in them ar biskits. That ar coffee never biled long nuf. Them ar taters is burned a leetle, but they is all good nuf."

Mrs. Winters, senior, was noted for perfect self-control, and her son was absent, hence, no resentment was manifested, and Huldah considered herself mistress of the position which she occupied. She cleaned the kitchen with alacrity, and hurried to the cow pen.

She seemed to ignore the propensity bovines manifest for exercising their heels at inopportune seasons, and was speechless with astonishment, when the cow kicked the bucket and its contents into the dirt. As she placed the empty bucket upon the table, beside which Nita was waiting to strain the milk, she recounted the recent casualty in the laconic words, "De cow dun it."

Nita was sorry to add, "Supper distasteful—Milk wasted," to her list of household trials ere she sought her pillow, and revelled in dreams.

The ensuing morning she was busy darning socks, when Huldah entered the room, and handed her a card, saying, as she did so, "Specs dat ar lady has sum-then tickelar to tell you, kase she dun writ on dis here, and axed me to han' it to yer."

Smiling at the naive remark, but not expending time in enlightening the ignorance of the negress upon the use of visiting cards, Nita made necessary changes in her toilet, and repaired to the parlor. It was consuetudinal in O., and the surrounding country, for cake and wine to be served as refreshments, when a bride was receiving congratulatory calls. Nita was anxious to deviate from the local custom, and intimated her wish several times by a seasonable innuendo, but her timely hints availed naught. As she was engaged in animated conversation with her guests, the ominous creak of brogans apprised her of portending ill, and the presentiment was verified speedily when Huldah entered with a tray of cake and wine, and overturned a decanter upon the new carpet. Considerably abashed, she rushed from the theater of the accident, and soon returned with an uncomely mop, which she plied ambidextrously.

Nita's cheeks crimsoned with mortification, and as a pretext for her to leave the room, asked her to refill the decanter. When she returned with some excellent domestic cordial, Nita dreaded a repetition of the accident, and, regardless of the opinion of her fashionable callers, acted as waitress. She felt so chagrined at the recent mishap that, strive as she would, she could not effectually conceal her discomfiture. Her sincere gratitude went forth to the adherents of Chesterfield when they relieved her embarrassment by uttering appropriate compliments. Among the quintette of visitors were a sexagenarian and an octogenarian, who, in spite of their advanced ages, never failed to pay their respects in person to each lady who went to reside in the neighborhood. The two old ladies were such paragons of cheerfulness and sprightliness that Nita could not refrain from thinking their daily elixir was quaffed from some fountain similar to the one for which Ponce de Leon searched. Nita's love was spontaneously bestowed upon the venerable dames in whom she hoped and expected to find staunch allies.

As soon as the quintette departed, she exclaimed, "Another trial to swell my list!" and, after exchanging the poplin dress, which was worn upon state occasions, for a neat calico, she applied herself assiduously to removing the stain from the carpet, and upon her work being completed, sought her mother-in-law, and plead with her to "discharge that clumsy Huldah."

Mrs. Winters, senior, could only reply that, for the present, they would be forced to bear with the imperfections of their maid-of-all-work, and remember only her redeeming traits, cleanliness and alacrity.

Nita then entreated that they should, henceforth, deviate from the established custom of serving refreshments to guests whose transient visits did not exceed an hour in length, and, to her delight, her request was answered affirmatively.

Mrs. Winters, senior, always starched

and ironed her son's best clothes. She manifested a justifiable pride in his beautifully laundered apparel, especially in his immaculate, polished shirt bosoms, collars, and cuffs. Something hitherto foreign to her robust constitution—an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism—incapacitated her for the performance of her wonted laundry duty, and the clothes were necessarily consigned to Huldah's inexperienced hands. She asserted that it had been her prerogative "to do up cloze menny ur time for quality folkses," but Nita was convinced of the fallacy of so preposterous an assertion, when she beheld the cerulean-hued garments fresh from the tub of indigo water, and the misnomer for starch—paste diluted with water. By dint of diplomacy, Huldah was induced to believe that the garments needed to be thoroughly rinsed in clear water. She rinsed them so hastily that they were as streaked as a zebra is striped, and proceeded to starch them. Nita proffered to relieve her of that portion of the job, and, *mirabile dictu*, was respectfully solicited to commence that portion of laundry operations immediately. She worked indefatigably until her delicate palms were almost blistered; then she made toast and coffee, and fried ham and eggs for dinner, while Huldah washed sheets, counterpanes, and other heavy articles. After dinner Nita sprinkled the shirts, etc., which she had just removed from the clothes line, and essayed to iron them, but in spite of her most strenuous efforts, the iron adhered to the garment, and when forcibly separated from it, was heavily coated with brown, while the shirt was flecked with specks of brown starch. She was in a quandary, and in search of a clue which would extricate her from her dilemma, she appealed to her mother-in-law, who told her to tie a small piece of wax in a cloth, and rub it over the hot iron, after removing every particle of starch or smut from its surface. Nita tried to "obey instructions, and succeeded admirably as far as cleaning the iron was concerned, but the starch continued to stick. She again appealed to her ally and instructress, and was informed that the starch had not boiled a sufficient length of time, and was advised to finish ironing.

The partial mother did not dream that her son would object to submitting to unsatisfactory results, when apprised of the difficulties under which Nita labored. Never dreaming that she was paving the road to the crater of a seething volcano, the "bonny wee wife" placed the six shirts, six collars, six pairs of cuffs, two white Marseilles vests, etc., which she had just ironed, in her husband's bureau drawer, and complacently awaited coming events.

MRS. ALLEN'S MONDAY.

The kitchen was small, but very convenient. A large pantry opened close by the cellar door, and a sink, with its shining water faucet, was placed near the closet, and lighted by a pleasant window. The stove, a neat range, stood just beyond, making the least possible steps for the busy housekeeper. To-day a shining boiler covered the front part of the stove, and two wash tubs stood on a bench. Mrs. Allen stood scrubbing as hard as ever she could, unmindful of the child clinging to her dress in its first endeavors to stand alone. Another, about three years of age, sat on the floor screaming viciously, and demanding more candy.

In this state of affairs the door opened, and a bright young face looked in. It was one of Mrs. Allen's old schoolmates who often came to visit her.

"Why, Ada," she said to the weeping child, "Come here, my dear, and tell auntie all about it."

The little girl sprang up gladly, and nestled confidently in her friend's arms. Baby Bennie left his mother, and crept to Edith who lifted him up, and laughed at his dirty little fingers.

"I cannot keep them clean, Edith," said his mother. "It is ten o'clock now, and dinner to be prepared before twelve, and all this washing to be put out of the way."

"It is too bad, Jennie, and I am going to take these children off your hands for the rest of the day, so that you will have a chance to work," Edith answered.

"I shall be grateful if you will," said Mrs. Allen. "You don't know how discouraged I often get. I am not very strong, and if there is a bugbear in housework, it is washing day. I have often sat down by my tubs and cried because I had hardly strength to do the hard scrubbing. I often wonder that Mary rather than Martha was held up to the women of our Saviour's time as an example of virtue! Mary, while sitting at the Master's feet, and drinking in the precious truths he uttered, forgot that she had left her sister to care for her guests alone, and to perform all the household drudgery."

Edith looked shocked at her friend's logic, but Mrs. Allen continued, "Mary was a little selfish through her love, and Martha was, indeed, 'cumbered with much serving,' if an ancient feast was anything like a modern one. If she had had Mary's assistance, perhaps she would have been spared Christ's condemnation of her fretting, and have had time to sit with her sister and listen to His wonderful sayings."

We are told that Mary anointed the feet of Christ, and wiped them with the hair of her head, and, at the same feast, Martha quietly served. Now while others admire Mary's touching act, my sympathies go out towards her sister. I wonder if Martha did not wipe away vexatious tears in the thought that she had no time for such outward show, and that too much depended upon her for the comfort and cheer of the guests, to give way to feelings of love and adoration which Mary had betrayed. I fancy she brought in the food and olive oil and wine with a patient sigh, and no one knew what thoughts filled her tired brain."

"You are partly right, I do believe, Jennie," said her listener. "A life of toil goes often unrewarded and unnoticed. In these days, life without manual labor is considered the right way to be gentlemanly or ladylike, while half the people of wealth have less brains and good common sense than an industrious day laborer. I say let no one despise the Marthas!"

Mrs. Allen laughed. "I have made one convert to my theory, and now I will black my stove."

"Why, how can you when it is so nearly red hot?" asked Edith.

"By a simple device that I found in THE HOUSEHOLD, for which I am very thankful, as it is quite valuable when I am in a hurry. A little alum dissolved with the blacking in the water."

Edith made a quick movement and screamed with pain. "I have burned me on the steam of that kettle," she said, and sure enough, a red flush darkened the back of the dimpled hand and wrist.

Mrs. Allen brought a bottle labeled "glycerine," which she made Edith apply until every part of the burn was covered and shining with the oily liquid.

"Glycerine," she explained, "such as is used for chapped hands, is the best thing I can find for burns and scalds of all descriptions."

"It is, indeed, a good remedy," answered Edith. "It has taken away nearly all the smarting already," and in five minutes more she declared her hand quite well again.

"I have known numberless cases where glycerine has been used even after other remedies had failed, and proved a success."

"How beautifully white your clothes look," said Edith as her friend wrung out the last piece, "and you have not scrubbed so hard as mother does."

"I use James Pyle's pearline. I put them to soak the night before in warm water, adding a tablespoonful of pearline to two pails of water. The pearline should be first dissolved in a little hot water. If I cannot soak them over night, I find that half an hour in the morning will considerably loosen the dirt. Then I cut thin slices of hard soap into the boiler, and let it dissolve while I rub out my clothes, using common washing soap to rub the stains. Boiling them in pearline is apt to make them dingy. I put them into the boiler all together, and make sure the water is not hot enough to scald them as they go in, and let them remain until they have boiled twenty minutes, and then pass them through a clean and a blued water, and hang them out. Some use three waters after boiling which rinses them more thoroughly of soap and pearline. I do not think this powder eats the clothes, though if it did, they may as well be eaten up as rubbed threadbare, for I must spare my back to make others to take their place."

Edith now found the children's outdoor garments, and soon had them in her own pleasant home, from which they returned at nightfall.

Mrs. Allen had brightened the house, and actually ironed every article she had washed in the forenoon, owing to the fine weather for drying clothes.

But as the tired mother tucked up her darlings in their crib that night, she realized how much she had rather work hard for them than to have an empty, childless home.

Give me my baby. I cannot part
With him for ease or wealth or gold,
There's no heart loves like the mother's heart,
And love like hers cannot be told.

EDITH.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.

The pickles or small cucumbers should be carefully assorted as they come from the field, and large ones salted by themselves or thrown away. The large ones need more salt, are harder to keep and prepare for sale, and sell for much less. A cucumber that begins to grow yellow, or is too large to count one hundred to the bushel, should not be salted at all. The medium-sized ones, counting about three hundred to the bushel, and fine ones, counting about seven hundred to the bushel, are the sizes most wanted. As soon as assorted, they should be placed in empty beef barrels or molasses hogsheads and covered with brine; the brine is made strong enough to float a potato, and the pickles are kept under by a head fitting the barrel loosely, and loaded with one or two stones of about twenty pounds weight each for a hogshead. The brine soon becomes weak by absorbing the fresh juice of the pickles, and will need to be drawn off and poured on again in order to thoroughly mix the stronger brine at the bottom of the package with the portion at the top, which is weaker. This should be repeated two or three times at intervals of two or three days, and if the brine is on large pickles, a few handfuls of salt added each time. If carefully kept under the brine and the surface of the brine kept equally mixed with what is below, there will be no trouble in keeping them.

They are taken out of the brine several days before wanted for sale, and placed in fresh, cold water, which must be changed as often as convenient—say two or three times a day—and after four or

five days they will be fresh enough to receive the vinegar. The strongest of white wine (whiskey) vinegar is used, and allspice and pepper added to taste. There is no need of scalding either the pickles or vinegar; if the latter is strong enough, they will keep. Cider vinegar is of uncertain strength, and is often too weak to keep pickles after warm weather begins. If the vinegar is not strong enough, scalding will do no good. Pickles thus prepared are known as English pickles, and have a dull yellowish-brown color imparted by the brine. The bright green color often seen in the pickles in market is imparted by scalding them when taken out of the brine in a copper kettle; they absorb enough verdigris from the kettle to give them the desired color, and it is one of the signs of increasing knowledge of what is done in preparing our food, and of care in rejecting anything suspicious, that the green pickle, so universally used a few years since, is fast becoming unpopular, and giving place to the English pickle, prepared without copper. Peppers, beans, cauliflower, unripe melons and martynias are prepared in the same way as cucumbers.—*Country Gentleman*.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Number Seven.

BY THERESA.

If any one can afford screens to doors and windows, I suppose the house can be cleared of those "intolerable pests," as Sister Lib has truly named flies, but every one cannot, and of course she doesn't have them, or she would not have flies to be rid of. Did she ever try a "fly-trap" made in this way? Over a tumbler of strong soap-suds, place a round of paste-board, some larger than the glass, with a circular piece cut out of the center, the size of a penny. Spread the under side with honey, molasses, or any sweet sauce, with just enough around the edge of the center to draw the unsuspecting victims. We usually save the skimmings to "preserves" for "bait." We now have two such traps, which are baited with raw, scraped apple, mixed with sugar, and by attending closely to them, such as keeping well baited, and often giving the paste-board friendly (?) taps with the flat of the hand over the whole top, we get rid of several glasses full a day. This is work, but it is hard work to fight flies at the best, and one may as well leave reading, writing, or sewing, and fight with a will, especially just before a rain. Among the scraps of old iron, we found round pieces of iron, which when placed over the top, keeps the paste-board in place in case of a strong wind. It has been said that the flies will "come to life" if put out in a hot sun, but of this I do not know. I usually make sure, and put them where there will be no danger of that. A lady lately said, that her sister mixes cobalt with apple butter, and spreads on plates, and soon is obliged to sweep up great quantities of flies. The greatest objection to this would be the flies lying all over the house just where they happen to fall, and into food perhaps. The old saying is, that "nothing was made in vain;" but of what use are flies? Some claim they are scavengers, and carry off disease; but if that is the case, will they not bring it as well? Who can tell?

Does Marjorie March, in the September number, wish us to understand that desert should not be accented on the last syllable? If so, she has made a mistake I think, for my dictionary (Webster's) accents it on the last, and desert, (a wilderness, etc.), on the first. Indeed, I never heard it otherwise.

Sisters, do not use the Diamond dyes to color cotton for your rag carpets, for they will fade. Very bright and beautiful red, green, and orange, colored with them in a new carpet, recently made and put down, are fast fading out, as I have seen. The owner is extremely annoyed when she thinks of the hard labor and pains it cost to have a nice carpet, and which is, every way, except for these colors, but is somewhat appeased to think that if this is read, she can perhaps in a measure save others a like disappointment.

After trying HOUSEHOLD recipes, I invariably mark them with a lead pencil, with notes, as to whether they are "good, bad, or indifferent," and leave the paper turned recipe side out, then they are more readily found next time. I think it is a good plan for the sisters to mention in THE HOUSEHOLD their success with recipes, which will bring them to mind to others who may have overlooked them among so many, and in this way, valuable ones will not be lost, that perhaps otherwise would not be tried. I have had good success with sponge cakes by Carrie McC., in October number, 1879, also with sponge cake by Keziah Butterworth, in March number, 1882, though did not the first time. I think the fault was mine however, as I used the kind of sugar we happened to have. Next time, I used granulated, the kind given, and the cake was very nice. When a recipe calls for a cup, or half a cup of butter, I find it is as well to guess at it, as cups differ in size, then it saves the waste that adheres to the cup after measuring. Soften, or melt butter, if called for, in the tin you bake your cake in, and enough will be left to grease it with.

Can any one tell how the sweet cream crackers are made, that we buy? They are thirty cents a pound with us, smooth as satin, and scalloped around the edge, being about the shape of Rena Ross' cake, that she describes in September number. I think, as her mother did, that she left the baking powder out of her first, and should judge the last one was too short, though the same results might possibly follow from not being short enough.

Some one asked what to do with stocking legs, when the feet were worn out. If they are long, they can be cut over, and made to do service nearly as long as at first, if not too much worn. If the legs are short, take one pair and make feet for another pair. What does it matter if they are not alike, so long as the seam comes below the high shoes, around the ankle? If too much worn for making over, they would be nice for knitting into rugs, as the lady did bits of carpet rags, as I spoke of in a late number, and much more pliable to knit. I have also seen them cut lengthwise the leg, and sewed with "hit or miss" for carpets. When making new garments, or cutting over old ones, we save all bits that will do for carpet rags, cutting them as we go along, and put them in the "hit or miss bag," that is kept on purpose, and when there is a "lull in business" we sew them. In this way one will not feel the work, and will be astonished at the number of balls collected. If one is not making a carpet, the balls can be sold, and that will be one way of earning an "honest penny," which will be "honest" in every sense of the word.

I never saw a nicer lot of fuchsias (five kinds) all in bud and blossom, with thrifty green leaves, than mine were, but owing to other cares more urgent, I neglected to shower them as often as needed, or to set them out of the sunny window awhile at mid-day, as the days became hot; consequently, the leaves became burned and dry, and fell off, and tiny red spiders were found on the under side.

The ones most troubled, were set out doors, regardless of sun, wind, or rain, and are leaving out and budding anew. I say this for the benefit of the lady who complains of hers growing tall, not blossoming, and leaves falling off. Yours may need re-potting into richer soil; or, dig down to the bottom of the pot all around, then water generously with barnyard tea once a week, which I did.

My red rose (monthly, I think,) must be six years old, or more, and last year I re-potted it for the first time. It is not brought out of the cellar until spring, then I cut it all down, and it soon branches out, leaves, and buds. After blossoming, it is cut back well, and soon loaded again. The soil used last was taken from a yard where a hog was kept two years before. It blossoms several times during the summer, and will soon be a beauty, for there are now (September 14) twenty-five large and small buds. It is on the plant stand out doors day and night, except when flowering, when in is brought in to admire. All slugs and flies are picked off, as I dislike to spoil the foliage by washing with anything but clear water.

A CHAPTER ON SILK CULTURE.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

Thinking that the merits of silk culture may not have been presented for the special attention of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, I desire to state for their consideration the following propositions in regard to this new industry.

It cannot be proposed as a means of making a fortune, or even of entire support for any one, or as a business to be carried on by paid labor, but only as an occupation by which farmers' wives and daughters can add yearly a small sum to their incomes, as they now often do, in our neighborhood, at least, by shirt-making or raising poultry. If a woman makes fifty dollars in a year, (and this I find to be a large average,) by using her extra time all the year round in sewing on shirts, (undoubtedly to the detriment of health, both of mind and body,) is she not better off if she gains no more than that by twelve weeks' work in caring for the silk worms. I have been so much interested in this new industry, in which I have been experimenting for two summers, that I long to have other women try it—particularly as the labor is lighter and quite as clean as sewing, and there is less exposure about it than there is in the care of poultry.

The twelve weeks named above allow for raising two crops of twenty thousand worms each, and the cocoons bring about one dollar per thousand.

One thousand worms can be cared for upon a rack or table four feet by two, so that a woman who has one or two spare rooms in her house or a shop or barn chamber where a fire can be had, and also a husband, son or brother, handy and willing enough to put up some rough upright posts, and nail cleats upon them to hold long bars, need not be at much expense for fixtures, and if her husband or father is sufficiently good-natured to allow her land enough around his fences to put out a hundred trees, which, being kept low by the manner of picking the leaves, do not prevent other crops from growing on the same field, she need be at no more expense in starting her new occupation than she would be in purchasing a machine if she intended to go into the shirt business. The elderly members of a household and the children can do much of the labor, even an invalid will find a pleasant occupation in stripping off the leaves, and watching the wonderful transformations of the curious little creatures as they pass from stage to stage of their interesting existence.

The labor is quite light much of the time, although it requires patience and attention. For two or three weeks on each crop, however, the worms eat just about as fast as the food can be supplied to them so that then the labor is pretty constant.

There are a few directions absolutely necessary to be observed. They are not difficult certainly, but entirely essential to success.

The worms must not be allowed to remain hungry.

They must be kept dry, and well supplied with air and light.

They must be protected from direct sunlight.

They must be placed where it is possible to have a fire in case of a cold storm.

The racks must be so arranged as to prevent the possibility of ants getting upon them.

The windows of the room where the worms are, must be screened with netting to keep out flies, spiders and moths.

A farmer's wife never expects to support herself entirely by her poultry, but she does not therefore refuse to raise any fowls, or consider the time wasted that she employs in attending to them, but in arguing this matter with a man it seems to be difficult to make him understand how much more limited a woman's ambition is, in such a matter, than his own, and how entirely she may be satisfied by an industry which is not capable of being expanded into a regular business of large dimensions and profits, but which must continue from year to year to furnish only a small addition to an income. We who are interested in the matter, do not ask the farmers to take up silk culture, we only ask that they shall put the matter in their wives' power by allowing them the land upon which they may grow the necessary trees.

One hundred trees planted around the fences four feet apart will soon feed as many worms as one family could easily attend to. These trees can be grown from slips, if there are trees of the white mulberry in the neighborhood, or they can be bought from one to four years old, from either the Woman's Silk Culture Association, of Philadelphia, or from a newly established silk exchange in New York. They charge thirty dollars a hundred for trees four years old, and they tell me if one hundred of these are planted this fall, they will bear leaves enough next spring to feed twenty thousand worms, but I know nothing about this from experience.

I bought my trees in Philadelphia, and the leaves upon them are very large and fine, though the trees are still young. But even if one has to wait two or three years for the trees to grow, the sooner the trees are planted the sooner one can begin to experiment with the worms, and who ever heard of a farmer who would not plant corn, because he could not harvest it at once, or would not plant fruit trees because he could not pick the fruit the same season?

There is one argument always brought up by skeptical listeners against the advocates of silk culture, and that is that the matter was tried in 1832 and failed. To that charge I reply that at least three of the strongest arguments against silk culture in 1832 do not apply in 1882, because there are now hundreds of silk manufactories in this country against six in 1832; because the raising of the worms has been simplified from moving each worm with a feather to moving a thousand at a time on a rack; because the establishment of the Woman's Silk Culture Association, in Philadelphia, opens a market for cocoons in small quantities now, while in 1832 the only sales were made to the manufacturers, and they would only buy by the bale.

While we remember the great mulber-

ry and tulip speculations of the past and their disastrous terminations, it is wise to consider that the failure of the latter, in 1889, has not prevented florists, in 1892, from raising, importing, and selling tulips as a part of their business, though they no longer expect to make large fortunes by those bulbs alone. Why should the losses of the mulberry speculators, of 1832, prevent the farmers of 1882 from raising a few mulberry trees, in order that their wives and daughters may leave their back-breaking sewing machines for a few weeks without having to give up the small luxuries that the result of the machine labor brings to them.

—Jennie June rightly insists that the woman of the house should be the caterer for the family, doing the marketing. Women never think of committing the purchase of their dry goods, dresses, cloaks, bonnets, or even the material for children's clothes, to Bridget; they would not even trust the judgment of the merchant; they insist upon seeing colors, selecting patterns, and judging of texture for themselves. Why are they not equally interested in the proper selection and purchase of food?

—No young woman can afford to grow up in ignorance of household management. The comfort of some home in the future is endangered whenever instruction is withheld which would enable a woman to plan wisely all arrangements necessary for the well ordering of the spot which is to be her home, whether that home be one of wealth or the reverse—and the reverse may come even after prospective wealth makes such knowledge seem unnecessary.

—Nearly all the peanuts sold in the United States are raised in the little state of Delaware.

—Rub your griddle with fine salt before you grease it, and your cake will not stick.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—When one wishes to enter the Band, must one send up one's card and wait to be admitted, or is the "latch string always out?" Well, I shall imagine the ceremony over, whatever it may be, and greet all the sisters, and brothers too. I have liked THE HOUSEHOLD very much ever since I saw it. I first saw it while visiting a friend, and was so pleased with it I subscribed for it and sent it to a married sister, and when I married I received it through your generous offer to brides. I think it grows better and better. I enjoy very much the letters, and articles on various subjects by the different members of the Band, and after having read some of the numbers I feel very much like a reverend friend of mine who, when called upon for an after dinner speech, said he was too full for utterance.

I want to give a hearty amen to what Emily Hayes says in the February number on the instruction of girls. The article by Afra in the same will bear referring to again by the young who may have forgotten its teachings, for how important it is to form right habits in youth, as they mostly cling through life. I find in "Unseen Influences," by Anna Holyoke Howard, much that corresponds with my own experience. Rosamond E. has never been so much of a wonder to me as she has to some, and I scarcely know whether I have been more interested in her account of her own doings, or in the various opinions expressed by the other sisters in regard to her. I remember a very pleasant day spent with her at a temperance meeting some years ago. I have only seen her a few times since her marriage, and have never had the pleasure of seeing her children.

Allow me to congratulate Hans Dorcomb and Riverside on the success that has crowned their undertaking, and as I form one of that difference in Riverside's example in subtraction, I will profit by her suggestion and send some specimens.

I wish to ask Dr. Hanaford if asparagus is wholesome for all persons.

Have any of the sisters ever fried cucumbers? I tried them and found them quite palatable. Cut in slices about one-fourth inch thick, prepare and fry as you do egg-plant.

A word about washing, that is, about not doing it. I hardly agree with Rosamond E. about the fathers and sons all wearing paper, for I confess I like to see nice linen, but I hope the day is not very distant when we shall have wash houses in every neighborhood, where all may send their clothes to be washed, if not ironed. It might be on the co-operative plan. LU.

MR. CROWELL:—Thanks for my wedding present. I read it with great interest and receive a great deal of benefit.

Those sisters who have from six to ten rooms (and then fuss till they get a shed summer-kitchen) would really think our sod houses in Nebraska very queer and inconvenient. The new sod is cut in brick shape, but much larger, and the walls are laid up three or four feet thick. There being but one room, it is necessary to put up curtains. Some make a board partition. The walls are plastered, and some have board roofs; but many of the oldest houses have willow, hay, and sod with clay on it to turn the water. The whole rests on heavy rafters, and the ridge pole is supported by an upright post in the center of the room. We stretched muslin on the inside of the rafters to keep dust from falling. Soon after harvest we intend to build a frame house. Though we have to put up with some inconveniences we like this country very much, and never grow homesick for the east. Nice dwelling houses, barns, and wind-mills are rapidly being built, and beautiful groves already adorn the once "Great American Desert." The climate is healthful, and society is good. All who work may prosper here, and the poor renter of the east can soon buy a good farm and make a pleasant home of his own.

If any one wishes a nice hard soap, here is a recipe: Six pounds of sal-soda, six pounds of clean grease, and three pounds of quick lime. Pulverize the sal-soda and put four gallons of warm water on the sal-soda and lime, stir occasionally for several hours, and let it stand over night. In the morning pour off the water on to the grease and boil till hard enough. A little vermilion stirred in a small dish of the hot soap may be streaked through the whole amount before it hardens. Pour into a flat vessel, and when cold cut in squares. Perfume while soft with oil of sassafras. This soap costs three or four cents per pound and is much nicer than cheap toilet soaps. It is nicest made with mutton or beef tallow.

To wash light kid gloves and ribbons, get five cents' worth of gasoline, and rub the articles quickly in it with the hands. Keep away from the fire as it is explosive. Dry in the open air. Articles thus washed look bright and new.

I lately saw a very pretty comb-case made of green wire screen worked like card-board, and much more substantial. Mine is made of paste-board with pine cones sewed on. I frame pictures in the same way, binding the edge of the paste-board with gilt paper which shows just a little under the cones.

I rid my safe of small red ants by binding a narrow strip of flannel wet in kerosene around each leg.

HATTIE E. NEWBERRY.

DEAR SISTERS:—After looking in vain through thirteen years' subscription of THE HOUSEHOLD for a sensible recipe for pickling cucumbers, this question most forcibly presents itself to my mind: Why does not some experienced sister, who has a weakness for pickles and preserves, give us each year, at the season for such things, the benefit of her experience? To me it would be much more useful than the numberless recipes for cake, etc. Two years ago I wanted to pickle some small, tender string beans, and searched in vain two days for a recipe; finally a friend hearing of the pickle I was in, sent me her recipe, but it was not good. Will some kind sister give us one that we may have it in readiness for next year?

My home being situated in the Sierras, a mile from neighbors, THE HOUSEHOLD takes the place of mother, sisters and neighbors, and I often think that owing to these circumstances the paper is more welcome to me than to the most of our Band. I laugh with some, cry with others, agree with many of you, and quarrel with a few, but as none of you are any wiser for it, there is no harm done; but could I wield the pen of sister Jessie, Rosella Rice, and some others of our shining lights, you should hear from me often.

I have a recipe for pickling cucumbers which seems good, as it looks old-fashioned and sensible. I shall try it and send it, thinking it might help some sister whose "trials and tribulations" have been as great as mine.

Pick the cucumbers each morning, stand in weak brine three or four days, putting in mustard pods and horseradish leaves to keep them green, then take out and drain, covering with cold vinegar for a week, at which time take out and drain again, putting in new vinegar, adding mustard seed, ginger root, cloves, pepper and red pepper pods, of each about one or two ounces, or to suit different tastes. The pickles will be nice and brittle, and pass muster at any man's table. The vinegar must be changed once, as the large amount of water in the cucumbers reduces the vinegar so much that this change is absolutely necessary.

YANKEE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to have a small place in some HOUSEHOLD corner. It gives me much pleasure to read letters from those living in different sections of our great country. I think it does one good to learn about the homes of those living far apart.

I was particularly interested in the letter from Linda Walton, describing her southern home. But I would like to say to Linda, if she had four boys, the youngest only little more than a baby, two hired men, and a teacher in her family, and no one to help her but her husband, excepting on washing and ironing days, she would not do her churning every time early in the morning. I must confess that my butter during the months of July and August, and I might add June, too, is not my pride, and I take all the pains I can with it, but I do not have any cool place to keep milk or butter. Our well is a drive well and we have no cistern. My home is a comfortable one, but it is in far-away Kansas, and I do not have all the conveniences that eastern women have. One thing that Linda speaks of I have always thought I should like, especially for summer, a kitchen separate from the house.

Last summer for help, I had a colored woman from Mississippi, and although she had never been a house servant, she was willing to learn, and would do as I wanted her to, and she made efficient help. I should like to have her now, but she has moved away.

Here in Kansas, corn, instead of cotton is king, so instead of fields white with cotton, we have great fields of tall, waving corn. My home is so completely surrounded with tall corn that I cannot see a neighbor's house in any direction.

I wish Linda would write and tell her experience with kitchens separate from the house. It is my ambition to have one.

In conclusion, I will say, if Rosamond E. wants to know anything about Kansas, I will give her all the information I can.

Lawrence, Kan.

UNA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—Some of you may like to know Aunt Rachel's way of making clam chowder. We purchase our clams in the shell, and prefer the hard shell. Get four quarts, wash them clean in several waters, using a brush for the purpose. Put them in a kettle with a pint or so of water, and let them boil till the shells open, and the clams can be removed readily with a fork. While they are boiling, fry some nice slices of pork, about half a pound, cut in very small pieces, skim out, and fry two large onions sliced fine in the fat, peel and slice thin a dozen common sized potatoes.

Your clams are boiled by this time. Remove the shells, skim the clams out, and chop or cut them. Pour off the liquor, so that there will not be any sand in the bottom, and put the clams, potatoes, pork, onions, liquor, and a teaspoonful each of pepper and salt in a kettle with three quarts of water, and boil till the potatoes are soft, then thicken with a little flour. I take about four heaping tablespoonfuls of flour. Two minutes before serving, break in a dozen crackers, put on the lid for a minute, then dish up, and if you do not have a delicious chowder it will not be my fault.

I noticed in the June number an article on coffee making, now, most people cannot afford several eggs, or even one to settle coffee with each morning, to such I will tell my mother's way, which is to beat an egg with a little molasses or sugar, just enough to keep it from spoiling, put in a wide-mouthed bottle, cork tightly, and keep in a cool place. Each morning, pour about one-third of this in with your dry coffee, stir well, then pour boiling water on, let it boil for a minute or two, and set it on the back of the stove. I do not presume to say that your coffee will be quite as rich, as if you used a whole egg, but if rightly made it will pour off as clear as nectar. No muddy coffee for me. Do not make it so long before you want it as to let the goodness go all over the house. Fifteen minutes before a meal will be ample time to commence it.

AUNT RACHEL.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have long wished to belong to the Band, and shall venture, at length, to present my papers, and ask for admittance. I shall promise to be very quiet and good, if you will let me in. I am, comparatively, a young housekeeper; twenty-two years old, with a model "John," and a dear little three-year-old girl that is a great comfort as well as a great care.

Mrs. Winslow, I want to sit down by you, and tell you how to fix that kitchen floor. I hope you have not painted it yet, for oiled floors are so much more preferable. I think if you would apply the oil boiling hot, it would strike in deep enough to suit, for all housekeepers can testify, how well nigh impossible it is to get out a grease spot where hot grease has been spilled.

I also want to tell the sister who inquired how to remove scratches from furniture, that the best thing I have found, is a preparation of equal parts of boiled linseed oil, spirits of turpentine, and best

cider vinegar. It is equally good for varnished or oiled furniture; making old things look "as good as new." It dries almost immediately, and leaves none of that disagreeable stickiness common to most compounds for the purpose. Try it and see for yourselves what a treasure it is.

Well, I must not trespass too long, but I would like sometime to tell you of our new home in the beautiful "far west." I heard a lady, (from Boston, too,) say that she thought, "Coloradoans were the most conceited people in the world." Of course, that was merely her opinion, but I don't blame any one for feeling proud of our glorious mountains, pure, bracing air, and the energy, pluck, and nerve displayed by our people. I hope that many of you will visit the great mining exposition to be opened this week, and see for yourselves that Colorado people are justified in their "conceit."

I want to ask just one question before closing this my first attempt for literary fame. I want some one to tell me what to do for my headaches. I can't go down street, out driving, anywhere, in fact, without getting a terrible headache, and I often have it at home without any apparent cause. Perhaps, Dr. Hanaford will kindly tell me what to do, and thus benefit other suffering sisters as well as myself.

Denver, Col.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to give one or two recipes to the sisters in return for the many they have given me through THE HOUSEHOLD. I have been taking it only a few months, and I think all young housekeepers ought to have it. After reading mine thoroughly I send it "out west," where I think it will get subscribers for itself.

In a late number I saw a recipe for cooking different kinds of fish. I will give one for baking fresh mackerel which I think the sisters will like. Lay one or two fresh mackerel in a bake-pan and pour around them a pint of sweet milk, add a teaspoonful of butter, and sprinkle over with salt and pepper. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven. When nearly done mix a teaspoonful of flour and milk or water into a paste, stir it into the milk around the fish, and bake a few minutes longer. Serve hot. My husband thinks they are delicious cooked in this way; much nicer than fried.

I want to say, if any sister is troubled with her boiler leaking, and cannot send it right off to be mended, she can do it nicely herself by taking a little plaster of Paris and mixing it with enough water to make it into a paste, then place it over the hole, taking care to let it dry thoroughly before using it. This takes but a few minutes, and answers nicely. I have been very successful with it.

Keene, N. H.

CARMEN.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL:—I send you a marriage notice, as you give a bridal present of THE HOUSEHOLD, and I value it so much that I think it ought to be in every family. Each department interests me. I am a great lover of flowers, and have my front gallery full of plants, quite a selection. I have seventy pots besides a large flower garden.

I think I can testify from my own experience of the reality of Rosamond E. She has my heartfelt sympathy. I am almost an invalid. Much of the time I am scarcely able to sit up, but I feel the necessity of keeping up, so that I never go to bed until compelled. A large family and limited means compels economy, and that fires my brain to such an extent that I sometimes fear it will give way. If I could give an account of the past two weeks in Rosamond E.'s style, it would compare with her experience, and you would see that she is not a myth. I have eight children, and a cow, and am interested in milk and butter. I have chickens which are another subject of interest. I am connected with several benevolent associations, and am secretary for an orphan asylum which I frequently visit. I cannot

do much visiting, but I am always at church, and teach in the Sabbath school. I have had a bible class of young ladies for years, but gave them up and took some children. The Sabbath school has been a great help and a blessing to me, and I pray my usefulness may never cease as long as life lasts.

I have been taking our HOUSEHOLD nearly a year, and love it much already. Every part claims my attention, the art department as well as any other. I have a daughter that paints well, and I understand music myself. I try every pattern in knitting and crochet, so you see I take it all in.

A handsome table cover can be made by taking a piece of fine waterproof cloth, or felt, the size of the table. Buy one-half yard of cretonne calico, cut the flowers out, and arrange them tastefully on the felt, basting them down to keep them in order. Then with shaded silk button-hole stitch all around the flowers. Taste must be exercised in the use of the silk. In some places a contrasting color may be used, and in others a different shade of the color of the flower worked, is best. My daughter and I made one of this style, and covered a small table with it, putting worsted fringe, fancy colored, around it, tacking the fringe on with brass head tacks. They are quite the style here. A neighbor of mine made two, and got an upholsterer to fix her tables, and they cost her twelve dollars, tables included.

Mobile, Ala.

M. L. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD from its beginning, I believe. Many times I have seen questions I have thought to answer, but never have until to-day. I think I will try one or two.

I think Mrs. A. M. E. will find the directions for the fringe she asks for, in the May number, 1882, as given by Lisette. I have not tried it yet, but I think it is the same as one lately given me.

I notice an inquiry in regard to preserving milkweed pods. I saw some in a friend's house, where each seed and fringe was taken, the tip of the down twisted with damp fingers, and a number of them fastened to a hair wire, making a wonderfully light, cobwebby ball. Another way, easier, was to take the pod while green, and treat it like thistle balls, i. e., cut carefully away all the outer pod, leaving a long stem, place in a vase to dry, and they all puff out most exquisitely. Last autumn, I simply cut off long stems with the pods, and arranged them in my vases of bitersweet berries, and now they are in my sitting room, very lovely, although they have lost much of their down. They dry and feather out gradually. Will they fly? Certainly; but to far less extent than you might suppose. A careful and light hand in dusting, and now and then taking out of doors, not to the door, and blowing off the loose feathers, will keep them very comfortably neat, and there is beauty enough to pay for the occasional trouble. I mean to try trimming the pod off another fall, although my easy way has its own beauty, for the feathers drooping down out of the dry husks are very attractive. So say many who see my vase, and among bitersweet it is charming.

I shall try the mitten bags, I am sure, as hunting mittens is a serious matter. "If" I can make my pair of boys put their pairs of mittens into the bags!

I have tried most of the knitted lace patterns with much enjoyment. To have them convenient for choosing and reference, I knit samples, sew them into a blank book, and copy the directions under the sample, with month and year of HOUSEHOLD, or other paper, from whence I have found them.

HARRIET E. B. SCOVILLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Many thanks to those who thought that Sunnyside was sister to Riverside, for I feel much honored. Pity poor me who never had a sister or a brother, therefore, must make sisters of their friends! I think I express a general feeling when I say, we are glad Mr. Crowell likes his present. Remember the cabinet, unless it is well filled, is not much more than a piece of furniture. Massachusetts is not a very satisfactory place to find minerals in, but Sunnyside shall be represented in some way before long.

THE HOUSEHOLD is a favorite everywhere it is known. I spent a week this summer in my native town, and the night before I left my home, I took perhaps a dozen of your dear faces from my album and carried with me. I found several of the subscribers and many readers of our paper, and I asked if they would like to see Riverside, Nellie May, Ernestine Irving, Bessie Victor, Dr. Hanaford, (excuse a back seat, doctor,) and wife, and many others. You ought to have seen the pleasure with which they looked at the photographs. One said, "I shall go straight and read her pieces all over." I am not going to tell which that one was, but Mr. Crowell may feel well satisfied with his efforts in the editorial chair. I have often wondered if Mrs. Crowell ought not to have some of the credit of the good selection of reading matter, how is it?

I was asked the question, now don't laugh, if Rosamond E. was a "living reality." As I knew she really and truly was a live little (?) woman, I could certify to that effect, but doubts were expressed as to her ability to "turn off work," as

swiftly as her letters told of doing. O Rosamond E., what a "tempest in a teapot" you have raised. My experience is not so extensive as yours, but I know in the first of my housekeeping life, when cares and other affairs were thick, it was wonderful, and I often look back to those times now, how much one pair of hands could do in a day, if one's heart were in her work. Now, your children can help and amuse each other, and will grow up better disposed to giving to give up to each other, (I was an only child, and know how that is!)

I have been in your state, and know that the people live differently from our New England people. There is a great advantage in being able to purchase cotton cloth in a large quantity, and make up a supply of underclothes and bedding at one time, but I am sorry to say, I know that few women in New England have the means to buy but a few yards at a time, unless possessors of ample funds, probably theirs before marriage. I would not call our men close, but I often wish it was the style here, as in France, to dower the bride with a sum of money as her own; if the parents are not able, the husband to be, puts a sum of money at her disposal, the income to be for the wife's pin money. It is a very good feeling to have a V or an X in one's pocket book, without being obliged to give an account of where every cent goes to.

My letter is too long already, but I want to ask Rosamond if she really and truly did buy Ichabod's hat. It may be the custom for ladies to purchase their husband's head coverings in her state, but it strikes me as a bit comical in New England. No offense intended, only I must laugh a little at that. I can believe all the feats of work, etc., but the buying of the hat is "too utterly too much."

SUNNYSIDE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Many of the writers ask me to tell them something about California. It has occurred to me that such a letter may be acceptable to all. Of course, one general letter can't tell a great deal, but I can say something about our climate. Its main peculiarity is that you can have any temperature you wish by going where it is. California extends from north to south about a thousand miles, from east to west, I think it is nowhere more than two hundred and fifty miles. It is traversed its length by two ranges of mountains, which, with their branches and spurs, make its entire surface a broken one.

The Coast range, not following all the irregularities of the coast, in some places rises right out of the Pacific ocean, in others, it tends far inland, leaving large valleys, benches, and a great stretch of foot hills between it and the sea. Places lying west of the Coast range have a very humid atmosphere, with neither extreme of heat nor cold, and are swept by the trade winds, and experience more or less fog. Heavy clothes and flannels can be worn the year round.

The northern part of the state is subject to a great amount of rain in winter, the southern gets but little. The northern part of the state is heavily timbered, the southern, but lightly.

The trade winds blow with great regularity from March or April till the latter part of September, so that on the coast the winter is really the pleasantest time of the year.

The valleys in the interior are mostly of rich, sedimentary soil, rendered very fruitful by irrigation. There the winters are mild, spring opens early, and the summers are intensely hot. Hay is over in June, harvest, in July, or by the middle of August. But with all the heat we have no sultry days, no sunstrokes, and no thunderstorms. The atmosphere is clear, and the air cooler in the shade and at night than in extreme hot weather at the east. The low lands, or river bottoms, are miasmatic as in other countries, and the valleys are sometimes swept by a hot wind, a fact I never see mentioned by parties who write up the country.

The foot hills of the Sierra Nevada are noted for their fine fruits, thrifty farms, and cozy homes. Lifted above the heat of the valleys, but not high enough up for hard frost in winter, by selecting judiciously a person can find a very Eden in some nook or hollow near the base of this grand range. If disposed to roam one can find habitable land from a region almost tropic to the place where they have frost every night in the year. There are many places with a climate of their own; for instance, I have in mind a town whose gardens are never touched by frost, yet a mile away, frosty nights are in order every winter. My own home is a nook in the mountains where we get little if any snow in winter. Six or eight miles above us they get as many feet, while as many miles below the orange grows and ripens. In this mountain region the summer days are hot, the nights cool, and the fall brings the most delightful weather you can imagine. Except a shower or two to lay the dust, the winter rains seldom set in till most Christmas. I think I hear some neat housekeeper say it must be a dusty country. Yes, it is very dusty, indeed. Nevertheless, few people who have lived here any length of time, are willing to live anywhere else.

Mrs. L. H. BICKFORD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For several years I have enjoyed the rare pleasure of perusing your inter-

esting pages, and have thus gained much valuable information and encouragement. Your family circle, so numerous, have become familiar friends, sisters indeed, and I read with ever increasing eagerness the letters over the well-known signatures.

I receive so much instruction and so many sensible ideas from Rosamond E., that I much desire to grasp her hand and personally thank her for the help she is to me. When I had but one baby I wondered how mothers took care of a large family. Now I have three, and my cares are not a third so great as then, and if the decrease is as great in proportion in her case, with all her children, she may well find time to write long letters. Till I pursued this course of reasoning, it was a riddle to me how she was equal to all these things. But seriously, I see the secret in the system which is apparent in all her communications.

We mothers do a deal of unnecessary work, and I fear are like Martha of old, "cumbered with much serving." Baby number one is often a petty tyrant, taking unfair advantage of the weakness and inexperience of untried motherhood. The slightest hint from the wee one that she may cry sometime, is sufficient to alarm the young mother, and forthwith everything is dropped and she is taken up and comforted. The child, however young, soon learns "the ropes," as the sailors say, and increasing demands encroach more and more upon the weary mother's time and patience, while baby is no better off, and often worse for the unwise indulgence. I've seen babies in my travels who could and would furnish constant employment for a family of six willing and obedient slaves. Fathers and mothers are weak enough in this respect, but alas! for the blindness of the well-meaning grandmothers and aunts. They always find some plausible excuse for taking the "poor baby" up and tossing and shaking her, or carrying her about from room to room. I am heterodox enough to maintain with another correspondent that "Babies have rights, and one of those inalienable rights is, to be let alone." Then, too, they have a right to be untrammelled by tucks and ruffles, unencumbered by daintily embroidered white robes which so hinder their locomotion and put so sure an embargo on their movements. Not merely this, but a plain and simple wardrobe for the child would save so many hours of overwork and nervousness to solicitous mothers, and in the end be so much more satisfactory. The poor child fettered by rich and elaborate clothing is constantly harassed by the "Mustn't do this, you will soil your dress," or "You mustn't go there, you will take the polish off your boots," till he or she comes to think that dress makes the man or woman, or if proof against an appeal to vanity, becomes soured and irritated by unreasonable curtailments to full liberty of action.

There is another way in which mothers, and matrons generally, overdo, viz: table appointments and endless varieties of food, in rich and complicated dishes, and in numberless courses. When shall we learn the simpler way? the way which regard for health and comfort and consistency dictate? Said a friend to me once, in view of the needless time spent at the toilet and the table: "If it wasn't for our stomachs and our backs how much good we might do in the world."

There is a class of women all around us who are wearing their lives away and belittling their minds by continual scrubbing. Their world is bounded by the kitchen walls and their constant companions are the mop and scrubbing brush, while soap and sand, in their energetic hands, are slowly wearing away their floors little by little, till I fear one day not only floors but lives will succumb. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and can be attained in a fair degree without all this wear and tear of muscle, weariness of body and vexation of mind. Not perfect order, for that cannot be expected, nor should it be insisted upon where children are. They must have their place to play, and if the house is too small to admit of a play-room dedicated to the little folks, then we must be content to have their blocks and balls under foot, and to sometimes find dusty and even muddy footprints on the floor. All too soon the busy darlings will outgrow their childish frolics, will cease to litter our rooms with their numberless "gimcracks," the whips and balls, the dolls with their dainty toilets, will be laid away in the draw, and the roguish urchins will be men and women out in the world, battling with stern realities, exposed to fierce temptations, far away from home and mother. Then we shall long for a little of the confusion we now deplore, and be glad that we made their home the brightest place on earth to them by sharing their joys and sympathizing in their sorrows, and patiently allowing them the freedom which home in its largest, truest sense, implies.

GERTRUDE E. B. SIMMONS.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

STUFFED PEPPERS.—In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Mary W. asks for a rule for stuffed peppers. I will give her my way. Stuff with cabbage and white mustard seed. Take good tender cabbage, chop it fine; after mixing the mustard seed thoroughly with the

cabbage, season with black pepper and salt; stuff the peppers, tie with a string, and drop them in cold vinegar. They will keep any length of time if the vinegar is good. Any kind of pickles chopped and mixed with the cabbage is an improvement.

CARRIE P. WALTON.

UNFERMENTED WINE.—Pick the grapes from the stem, weigh and put in a porcelain kettle, cook slowly until the seeds and pulp separate, then press and strain through a cloth; return the juice to the kettle, place over the fire, add the sugar and stir until the sugar dissolves, then skim until clear. Allow three pounds of white sugar to every ten pounds of grapes. Your bottles should be perfectly clean, with a new cork fitted to each bottle. Place the bottle to be filled on a wet folded towel, fill with the boiling hot juice, press in the cork tightly, cut it off even with the top of the bottle, then add a cloth covered with cement, and tie down firmly. Or use cans as in canning fruit. Put in a cool, dark place. If too rich when used add a little water. This is especially good for the sick or feeble.

CANDACE D.

CIDER APPLE SAUCE.—Boil the cider down to one-half, or better still, one-third its original quantity, when add apples, pared and cored, same quantity as if putting them simply in water, so that there will be a little syrup. No absolute rule can well be given, as apples vary so much in quality, some swelling more than others. If sweet cider, use sour apples. If sour cider, use sweet apples. Boil slowly, or simmer, till done enough, when they will be red. The cider can be well boiled and kept all winter, so as to make a little sauce at a time if preferred. It is nicer freshly made.

ROLY POLY PUDDING.—Make a crust as you would for pies, of say one pound of flour to half a pound of butter, roll it out thin, spread preserved fruit on it, (berries are the nicest,) leave about an inch each side, and moisten with water, roll it up, pressing the sides well, so the fruit will not escape. Wring your pudding cloth out of hot water, sprinkle it well with flour, roll the pudding up in it, tying it up well, and boil for an hour or so, according to size. Serve with any kind of sauce preferred. COUSIN MABEL.

CORN CAKE.—One cup of butter, one small cup of sugar, two large cups of flour, two large cups of meal, three eggs, one-half pint of milk, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

N. S. C.

CREAM CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and three cups of flour. Bake in jelly tins.

For cream to put between the layers, beat one pint of thick sweet cream with an egg beater (the Dover is best) until thick, and sweeten and flavor to taste.

LEMON CAKE.—Grate the rind of a lemon, squeeze out all the juice, add two eggs, well beaten, one tablespoonful of flour, one cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of water, boil until thick, being careful not to let it burn, and when cool spread between the layers. Use the same recipe for the layers as for cream cake.

EVALINE.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Ed. Household:—I notice that one of the sisters wished for a recipe for graham bread. We have one that I pronounced excellent by those who have tried it, and which I send: Four teacups of bread sponge from white flour, one pint of warm water, one-half teacup of sugar, one-half teacup of New Orleans molasses, one dessert-spoonful of salt, stir in with a heavy iron spoon as much graham flour as you can conveniently, let it rise, when light pour or dip into pans well greased, let it rise a little, and bake. If any of the sisters try this I hope they will report.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, sliced thin, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of boiling water, and one egg added when cool. Bake in one crust. Frosting improves it.

GINGERSNAPS.—Two cups of New Orleans molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of lard, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of saleratus, roll in round balls the size of a hickory-nut, and bake on well greased tins. MRS. L. B. C.

BROWN BREAD.—One cup of sweet milk, two cups of sour milk, two cups of flour, three cups of corn meal, one-third cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Steam three hours.

CUSTARD CAKE.—Three eggs, well beaten, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two tablespoonfuls of milk, and one teaspoonful of soda. Be sure and take two even teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Bake in a quick oven.

Custard Between.—One cup of sweet milk,

boiled, when it boils stir in one tablespoonful of flour, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one egg beaten together. After it cools add one teaspoonful of lemon extract.

LIDA S.

SPONGE CAKE.—Weigh four eggs before breaking, the weight of the eggs in sugar, half the weight in flour, and a little salt. Beat the sugar and yolks together, add the flour, then the beaten whites. Bake in a medium sized tin. Cut in squares. Any number of eggs can be used.

CHEAP ANGEL CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, beaten to a cream, dissolve one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda in one-half cupful of sweet milk, stir into the butter and sugar. To one cupful of flour add one-half cup of corn-starch, and beat thoroughly together, then add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth.

Frosting.—Beat the yolks of three eggs with seven tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, spread over the cake while it is hot in the pan, and dry in the oven.

SEED CAKES.—Eight cupfuls of sifted flour, three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one egg, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and seeds to taste. Roll thin, and bake quick. Use one egg in making half of the recipe.

COMMON SENSE CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, one egg, three-fourths of a cupful of milk, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and two cupfuls of flour.

In cooking ham or corned beef, it should be put into boiling water when put on to cook, and when it is done it should remain in the pot until cold. This is the whole secret of having ham or corned beef juicy and full-flavored.

COUSIN ABBIE.

PLUM CHARLOTTE.—Stone one quart of ripe plums, stew them in one pound of brown sugar; cut slices of bread and butter them, lay them at the bottom and around the sides of a deep dish or bowl, pour in the plums boiling hot, and set it away to cool gradually. To be eaten with cream.

MACARONI FOR DESSERT.—Boil two ounces of macaroni in a pint of milk, with a bit of lemon peel and a good bit of cinnamon, till the pipes are swelled to their utmost size without breaking. Lay them on a custard dish, and pour a custard over them hot. Serve cold.

POTATO SOUP.—To one gallon of water add six large white potatoes chopped fine, one teacup of rice, a good sized lump of butter, and one tablespoonful of flour. Work butter and flour together, and add one teacup of sweet cream (milk will do) before taking from the fire. Boil one hour.

PUDDING WITHOUT MILK OR EGGS.—Soak dry bread in as little water as possible, and squeeze out all the water, add sufficient sugar to sweeten, and for a small pudding half a teacupful of chopped suet or butter, and dried fruit which has been soaked over night, or canned or fresh fruit. Mix well together, adding a little allspice. The pudding is put into a greased tin pan, a cloth placed over it, and the cover put on. The pan is set in a kettle containing sufficient water to come half way up the pan. Boil for two hours or more for a large pudding. To be eaten with sauce.

BERTHA MAY.

PATENT BEEFSTEAK.—Take any kind of lean, coarse beef, and chop fine in a chopping tray, or run through a sausage cutter, form into flat cakes and broil as any beefsteak. This is very nice, equal to the choicest cuts. It does no harm to chop in a little of the fat if one likes it.

E. A. W.

SPONGE CAKE.—Seven eggs, three-fourths pound of sugar, and one-half pound of flour. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together, very light, and the whites to a stiff froth, mix together and stir in the flour lightly. Bake quickly. I have never known of a failure when this recipe is used.

MILLICENT.

ICE CREAM.—Ed. Household:—Emily Hayes' recipe for ice cream has inspired me to send directions for making Philadelphia ice cream, which my husband says is the best he has ever eaten and he has lived in various sections of the United States, and is not a Philadelphian. A patent freezer is the best thing in which to make it. If it is to be flavored with strawberries or raspberries, they should be perfectly ripe and sugared over night. In the morning press them through a colander. Peaches should not stand over night. Proportions—Two quarts of cream, one quart of strawberries, raspberries or peaches, and one pound of sugar, half the latter being put in the cream and the balance on the fruit, which should not be added to the cream until it (the cream) is about half frozen, otherwise it will curdle. Of course if the cream is made in the afternoon the berries should be sugared in the

morning instead of evening. If the cream is properly made, the quantities which I have given will measure over four quarts when done. If vanilla is used for flavoring, less sugar is required. Emily, please try this recipe and report. I have never eaten any made with corn-starch and eggs which would compare with it.

A PHILADELPHIAN.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Two cups of molasses, (I use the best New Orleans,) one cup of sugar, a heaping teaspoonful of butter, and a scant teaspoonful of soda. Rab the kettle with the butter, pour in the molasses and sugar, and boil till it is brittle when a little is dropped into cold water; remove from the fire, sift the soda into it and stir till well mixed, pour into buttered tins and cool just enough to enable you to handle it, and pull until very light and white. This is very nice and brittle.

KITTY BROWNE.

CREAM CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Bake in round tins and split, or bake thin, as you like. For filling, take a large cup of sweet cream, and with your Dover egg beater whip until thick, sweeten, flavor with vanilla or lemon, and spread between cakes. If the cream is warm, set into a pan of cold water for half an hour before it is beaten.

LILY CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two cups of flour, one cup of corn-starch sifted in with the flour, the whites of six eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. A chocolate icing is nice, or an icing made of the yolks of eggs with sugar stirred in, but not beaten, and flavored with lemon.

MRS. J. W.

CLAM CAKES.—Make a batter of two eggs, a pint of sweet milk, and a little salt. Chop your clams and drop into the batter, mix about as stiff as griddlecake dough, and fry on a hot griddle. Use no soda or powders.

COM.

BUTTERLESS COOKIES.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one tablespoonful each of soda, vinegar, and ginger, roll thin, and bake quickly.

PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of suet, chopped fine, or half a cup of melted butter, one cup of raisins, one-half cup of currants, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and salt and spice to taste. Mix well. Steam two hours.

FEATHER CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one tablespoonful of butter. Flavor if desired.

COM.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some of the Band please tell me some ways to prepare pears aside from preserving and canning, so as to have them to use in the winter, also how to prepare sweet apples for winter use?

LORANA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to say to Mrs. D. M. Warner that she can cleanse her pampas plumes and make them look as good as new. I had a very nice one that got badly discolored. I took a large tub, filled it two-thirds full of lukewarm water, added a few drops of ammonia, and a very little soap. I then put in my plume, and shook it back and forth, squeezing a little with my hand. I did this until the plume was clean, and then rinsed it in clear water. I tied a string around the stem, and fastened it to the clothes line, and when dry, you could not see any difference between that and a new one. It wants a clear, bright, breezy day.

Will Emily Hayes please give some recipes for using dessicated cocoanut? I would like one for cocoanut cake.

LYDIA LYLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In a late HOUSEHOLD I noticed an inquiry made for dried hop yeast. The following I find very good: Boil two handfuls of hops fifteen minutes, in one-half gallon of water. Into this scalding water stir corn meal until you have a stiff batter. When cool, add one teacupful of good yeast, and let rise. When very light, add more corn meal, until it can be spread thin to dry. If cakes are preferred, add a little wheat flour and cut into cakes. Yeast made from this recipe, if dried quickly and put into tin cans, will keep for months.

EVA W. B.

MR. CROWELL:—A sister asks for a recipe for preserving butter. I have tried various rules, none of which proved entirely satisfactory but the following: To five quarts of water, add one quart of salt, two ounces of sugar, and one ounce of saltpeter. Boil and skim. Roll each ball of butter in a cloth, pack in a jar, and when the brine is entirely cold, pour over the butter. The butter must be kept thoroughly covered with

brine. Any season of the year will answer for packing, if the butter is recently made and free from buttermilk.

MRS. J. L. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me a good recipe for crystallizing grasses and pressing ferns?

BEATRICE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—We have not had good luck in soft soap making, and I write to see if any of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD will tell me just how to have good lye soap in every particular.

Will some of the Band tell if starch can be used after it gets cold? Ours is always lumpy.

FOREST HOME.

In reply to the sister who asks how to keep stoves from rusting, I will tell her how I do mine. In the spring when they are put away, I rub them all over with coal oil, and wrap a piece of old carpet around them, and they are all right and polish nicely in the fall. MRS. R. L. PIRKINS.

Can any sister of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to fix a looking glass which has lost some of its quicksilver?

T. T. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Before wetting in water, cherry stains can be easily taken out by washing in spirits of camphor.

The following recipe makes good soap: To one gallon of soft soap, add one gallon of water, one and one-half ounces of sal soda, three tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine, and one tablespoonful of ammonia. Boil five minutes, and it is ready for use.

LOU M. EATON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please inform me what will fully eradicate worms on a hop vine? Mine was very nearly destroyed by them last year.

MRS. M. E. DUNKLEE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell the housekeepers that often when wall paper looks soiled and smoky, it is only dusty. Take a broom, wrap a soft cloth around it and fasten closely, then wipe the paper carefully with it, and you will be surprised at the result. By doing this, you will often avoid the necessity of re-papering.

When I pot my house plants, I put rusty nails in the pots before filling, and I am never troubled with worms or insects of any kind.

Will some one tell me why my house plants which look so thrifty do not bloom well in winter, but now when we have flowers out of doors, they are all full of buds and blossoms? Will some one who has used paint kegs for plants tell me if it is necessary to remove all the paint that adheres to the inside?

LAURAETTA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—One of THE HOUSEHOLD asked for a recipe for scrap book paste that would always be ready for use. I take five cents' worth of gum arabic and put it in a pint bottle, pour in lukewarm water, and let it set until the gum is all dissolved. This is always ready for use.

ELSIE JONES.

Will some one please give a recipe for making ripe tomato catsup? and oblige,

NETTIE HECK.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell us what to do with our plum trees to keep the fruit from dropping before ripe? and oblige an

OHIO SUBSCRIBER.

Will some good housekeeper tell me what makes bread get sticky? I make it as I always have done, and keep it in a tin bread box which is frequently scalded, but since the hot weather came, on about the third day the middle of the loaf will be sticky. My room is rather warm.

CONSTANCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell Mrs. C. W. Plymton how to remove ink stains from books. Procure a pennyworth of oxalic acid and dissolve it in a small quantity of warm water. Slightly wet the stain with it, when it will disappear, leaving the leaf uninjured.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD give directions for transferring pictures on satin?

ADDIE C. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Tell Sweet Alyssum the small red wild cherries make good jelly. Put any quantity of cherries, free from stems and leaves, into a porcelain kettle, add water to within a half-inch of the top of the cherries, and boil fifteen minutes. Squeeze when cool, but not too dry, and strain the juice. Allow a pint of sugar to a pint of juice, and boil same as currant jelly.

C. L. R.

Will Tom's wife please tell us, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to make pie crust with son milk?

COUSIN ABBIE.

Can any one tell me how to make tomato figs?

MRS. J. W.

The Parlar.

NOT LOST.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

Wooded by the sun's caressing beam
The dew-drop melts in air,
Yet not forever is it lost;
The cloud of ether rare
Descends once more in vernal shower
To nourish all the plain,
The brightening fields and woods attest
It has not lived in vain;
The thirsty rootlets drink new life,
And perfume fills the air,
And graceful, radiant forms of light
Smile on us everywhere.

Cold blows the chill November wind,
Dead leaves sail slowly by,
And tiny seeds fall bare and cold
Beneath the wintry sky.
But spring will come. What seems so dead
Will burst through earth's dark mould;
Sweet flowers fair in garb of light
Once more we shall behold.

Ah! no. They are not blighted buds,
The loved ones God has given,
Transplanted to a better soil
They'll bloom for us in heaven.

TOM KINKLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

A Story of Backwoods Life.

BY M. L. LEACH, (MOSES FAGUS.)

SEVERAL years ago, the writer was for a short time teacher of a small private school. To encourage his pupils in writing compositions, he proposed to join them in the exercises. More from caprice than for any definite reason, he put his productions into the form of a continued story, portions of which were successively read before the school on composition days. After the close of the school the work was continued from time to time, as the writer found leisure to attend to it, often at long intervals. The only plan at first as to the character of the story, was to make it fairly illustrative of life in border settlements, as it has existed during the last fifty years, and does still exist, in the forests of Michigan. What little there is of plot gradually developed itself as the story progressed. The pupils of that little school are widely scattered, and some have passed away from earth. To them, the living and the dead, this unpretending tale is affectionately inscribed.

CHAPTER I.

It was at the close of a pleasant autumn day. The sun, seen through the smoky haze, dull and red, was sinking behind the many-hued forest, darting beams of colored light across little lake Morn, and tipping with refulgent gold the maples on the eastern shore. The trees were dressed in their autumn garb of mingled gay and sober colors. On the low land around the margin of the lake, overhanging the water, the silver maple and the cedar formed a variegated fringe of red and green, while on the higher ground the oak, the sugar maple, the beech, the basswood, and various other upland trees, presented innumerable shades of yellow, russet, and brown. Along the course of a little stream, which had its rise among some low, round hills in the north, and murmuringly wound its way through tangled thickets towards the lake, a few scattered hemlocks lifted up their heads, presenting in their evergreen foliage a pleasing contrast with their gay but changeable neighbors.

Just where this stream entered the lake, appeared a clearing and a cabin, evidently the home of a new settler. On three sides the clearing was protected by a brush fence, made by piling in a continuous heap, or windrow, a part of the timber and brush that had grown upon the land. Along the fourth side, next the lake, ran a low, zigzag rail fence, over which a rude stile made it easy to pass

into the inclosure. A path led up to the cabin through cultivated ground, where potatoes, beans, pumpkins, and other garden vegetables had grown luxuriantly during the summer, the refuse tops and vines of which, still remaining, spoke well for the natural productiveness of the soil. Scattered about among the decaying vegetation, were seen the blackened remains of half-burned logs, the clearing of the land having been incomplete when the crop was planted.

The cabin was of the rudest construction. It consisted of a single room, built of logs, and covered with shakes, (long, rough shingles,) held in place by heavy poles laid across the roof. The door was constructed partly of boards, the only boards about the place, which had evidently found their way thither as the material of a packing box. The floor was made of hewn planks, not very smoothly hewn, nor very nicely fitted together. Similar planks, but lighter and rougher, laid upon beams over head, formed at once the ceiling of the room below and the floor of the garret above. The fire-place was large and open, without jambs, having a hearth of cobble-stones, and a capacious chimney, consisting of a back wall of heavy stones below and a flue with walls of sticks and clay above. A six-paned window near the door admitted a little light, but now the door itself stood open, as it always did on pleasant days in warm weather, revealing the scantily furnished, moderately neat, and somewhat tastefully arranged interior. On one side of the wide fire-place was a ladder leading to the garret. On the other were shelves for crockery, a water pail on a rough bench, a wooden churn with a napkin neatly pinned around the top, and a few other common articles of kitchen furniture. Farther back were a table, from which the varnish had long since disappeared, a broken mirror in a tarnished frame, and a wooden clock with a long pendulum, vibrating seconds with as much regularity perhaps as it had done forty years before. An ancient bureau, on the top of which were a few old books representing the family library, a comfortable looking bed, covered with a clean but faded patchwork counterpane, and a few splint bottomed chairs completed the list of furniture.

Mrs. Kinkle, the mistress of the cabin, was busying herself about preparations for supper. Mrs. Kinkle did not present a striking appearance. She was not a woman likely to be taken by a writer of romance as a model for the heroine of his story, nor by an artist for his picture. She was not handsome nor sprightly, nor yet ill-looking nor dull. The prevailing expression of her face and figure, confirmed by her movements, was that of quietude. Not positively pale, nor much care worn, her appearance would have suggested to a careful observer the deleterious effects of excessive labor. In the intervals between necessary examinations of the contents of an iron bake-kettle on the hearth, she seated herself on the nearest chair with an air that said plainly that resting a few moments was a luxury.

Mrs. Kinkle was not alone. A chubby little specimen of humanity in miniature, scarcely a year and a half old, that seemed as if he could not keep still a moment nor allow others to do so, required constant supervision. Bent on exploring every accessible nook and corner of the little world within his knowledge, no piece of furniture towered so high that he would not dare to scale it at the risk of a crushing fall, and no tastefully arranged ornament was safe from the destroying grasp of his busy little hand. If an article were purposely placed beyond his reach, to obtain it became at once the object of his concentrated energies; if a locality were made forbidden

ground, to that locality of all places he must go without delay. Just now his attention was turned to the investigation of the mysteries of a figure-four squirrel trap, which Teddy, his eight year old brother, was industriously manufacturing from some pine splinters. Two older boys, not particularly employed, unless watching the progress of the cooking with a hungry schoolboy's interest, called employment, completed the group.

"Will," said Mrs. Kinkle, addressing the oldest of the boys, "are you sure the schoolma'am is coming here to-night?"

Before the question could be answered the schoolma'am herself stood in the doorway, looking in upon the group with a pair of eyes that seemed brimful of good feeling, friendliness, and mirth. She was a little woman, plain, dark-complexioned, lithe and active, combining the appearance of maturity with a look of extreme youthfulness.

"I think I may answer for myself, Mrs. Kinkle," said the new-comer. "I am here, as you see, and here I intend to remain, if you will let me. Perhaps you will, out of pure charity, if I promise to behave well."

"If you confess your faults, and tell us why you loitered by the way like a bad girl," said Mrs. Kinkle.

"O, I can't do that," said the little woman. "I am not going to open the secret chambers of my inner life for the inspection of my friends. My faults are not confessable."

"And how about your merits?" queried Mrs. Kinkle.

"O, they shine out naturally and brilliantly. I couldn't hide them, if I would. My only trouble with them is the luxuriance of the crop."

So saying the speaker threw aside her sun-bonnet, and catching up the youngest of the group, half smothered him with kisses. Then seating him on the floor, she knelt beside him, and filled his lap with a profusion of small fresh-water shells which she drew from her pocket.

"Those shells account for your loitering," said Mrs. Kinkle.

"Yes. I picked them up on the beach as I came along. I wish somebody would tell me all about them. I never saw such wretched work as our scientific men make when they undertake to write books. Here I have been puzzling my head all summer over a work on conchology, and yet I can't tell the name of a single one of these shells. The book is full of beautiful engravings of sea shells, and learned dissertations on classification, and theories of families, genera, and species, but what good does it do me, if it does not enable me to name these familiar acquaintances that I meet with every day in my walks? All I know is that this is a *limnata*, but whether it is a *limnata fontinalis*, or a *limnata* something else, I can't begin to guess."

As Ruth spoke, (I had forgotten to tell her name,) she held up a beautifully twisted, translucent, horn-colored shell, which could not long have been without a tenant, for there were no marks upon it of the bleaching produced on dead shells by exposure to the elements.

"And this is a *physa*," she continued, taking up a specimen more delicate in structure than the first, "but which it is of the many *physas* in the world my book doesn't tell me. And this is a *planorbis*, but there are several species of *planorbis* even in our own little lake, and I can't find out the name of one of them. It is very vexing."

"We called them all periwinkles when I used to gather shells," said Mrs. Kinkle.

"When you 'used to gather shells'! Do you never indulge in such childish amusements now?" asked Ruth.

"I don't think such amusements childish, or beneath the dignity of any one,"

replied Mrs. Kinkle, "but I have no time for amusement. When I can be released from work I need to rest. I don't think you will find the same enjoyment in such things after you shall have devoted the better part of your life to the care of a family."

"I devote the better part of my life to the care of a family!" exclaimed Ruth. "Whose family, I should like to know, are to be the recipients of my invaluable services? No ma'am; I am not to be caught in that trap—not if I can help it. Now let me help you get supper."

Mrs. Kinkle said there was nothing to do but to set the table, and told Ruth she might attend to that, if she liked to do so. She seemed to know that in receiving the favor of assistance from Ruth she was doing her a kindness, so she quietly resigned to her the position of housekeeper for the time being, while Ruth bustled about, arranging the table and inspecting the bake-kettle with as much naturalness and ease as if she had already been the mistress of a family during the better part of a lifetime.

In the backwoods every meal is a substantial one, if the materials for a substantial meal are at hand. The laborer who toils all day with his ax does not appreciate the philosophy of light suppers and an abstemious diet. Vegetarianism may do for idlers, but, if you recommend it to him, he will laugh in your face, and tell you that there is nothing equal to pork to "stick to the ribs." The supper in the cabin was a representative supper; it might have stood for all the suppers in the settlement that night. But as representative men are, or are supposed to be, above the average of their constituents in merit, so this supper was better than the average of backwoods meals. There was a huge johnnycake, smoking hot from the bake-kettle, a plate of fried pork, a dish of boiled potatoes, white and mealy, a respectable piece of butter, a liberal supply of stewed pumpkin, and a pumpkin pie. Mrs. Kinkle was a pattern backwoods cook, which is equivalent to saying that she excelled in the art of making a johnnycake. On this occasion she had evidently spared no pains, and the result was not a failure. Wheaten bread was a luxury only seldom indulged in, and skill in converting corn meal into a tempting substitute was an accomplishment of which a pioneer woman might well be proud. It is no wonder then that Mrs. Kinkle betrayed a sense of quiet satisfaction as Ruth cut the cake, light, and tender, and nicely browned, and declared that it was good enough for the president. I have called this a representative supper, but probably pork and butter were found on only a few tables in the settlement that night. Mrs. Kinkle's supper was such as the thrifty matrons of the best families, (for there are grades and classes of society in the backwoods, as well as elsewhere,) thought sufficient on extra occasions, like that of the visit of a friend. Not unfrequently, even on such occasions, circumstances compelled acquiescence in scantier fare.

As the finishing touches were given to the table arrangements, a new arrival arrested the attention of the company. Mr. Kinkle, better known among his associates as Tom Kinkle, was seen striding up the path.

Tom was a study. A large head, well developed in the frontal region, and adorned with just the right quantity of soft, light brown hair slightly inclined to curl; a pair of liquid eyes, as to the color of which no jury of twelve men, or twelve women either, would ever agree—they may have been brown or hazel; a wide mouth and heavy jaws, not made more attractive by a beard of a fortnight's growth and of an indescribable color; a sallow complexion; and a gait

which conveyed the impression that the different parts of the body were loosely hung together, were the chief external characters that marked the individuality of Tom Kinkle. His dress was such as became the backwoodsman when engaged in his ordinary pursuits. It consisted of a felt hat, battered and torn; an old, patched, gray coat, with sleeves a trifle too short; butternut colored pantaloons, hanging in shreds at the bottom and just bursting through at the knees; and a pair of boots half worn out, and sadly needing an application of the blacking brush. The rifle that he carried was not one of those fancy guns which amateur sportsmen of later years display in their railroad journeys towards the land of game, but a plain, old-fashioned, western piece, worth only a few dollars, but which Tom declared would "drive a nail or snuff a candle with any shooting iron in creation."

Though Tom's appearance was somewhat slouching, his face, as he approached, was pleasant. Setting down his rifle in a corner, he cast a kind look upon his wife, glanced quickly at the table, as a hungry man might, and greeted the schoolmistress with the off-hand salutation, "Good evening, Gingersnap."

"Good evening, Cipher," was the prompt response on the part of the little woman so addressed.

"Why do you call me Cipher?" asked Tom.

"Why do you call me Gingersnap?" queried Ruth.

"Well you remind me," said Tom, "of the little cakes of that name that wife here used to make when we had the stuff to make them of."

"It takes a sharp man to discern a resemblance between a cake and a woman, I should say," observed Mrs. Kinkle, a slight degree of vivacity lighting up her countenance for a moment.

"Well, I presume I am tolerably sharp, at least as far as cakes or anything eatable is concerned," replied Tom, glancing again at the table, "but I should like to know where Ruth picked up that queer name for me."

"I thought it appropriate," said Ruth. "In arithmetic the cipher is a character having no value."

"Now you think you've got me," said Tom, laughing, "but I guess you haven't. I heard you tell Teddy, the other day, that a cipher placed at the right hand of a significant figure increased the value of that figure ten times. Now wife here is my significant figure, and I reckon that she is of considerable value when I'm at her right hand."

"But I'm only a fraction, sir," broke in Mrs. Kinkle, a flush of interest now overspreading her face. "I never was anything but a fraction, and a decimal fraction at that. Now perhaps you can tell the effect of a cipher at the left of a decimal."

"Diminishes its value ten fold," exclaimed Ruth, clapping her hands in great glee.

"Don't know anything about decimals, but I s'pose I'm beat. Might have known I would be, with two women combined against me. Come, let's have supper, if it is ready," said Tom, and, in the best of humor the family drew around the table.

"Did you meet with no game to-day?" Mrs. Kinkle inquired of her husband, after she had poured the tea.

"No," Tom answered. "I went only down as far as Smith's. There's game enough in the woods, but one isn't likely to see it along the road, unless a deer happens to cross on the runway."

"I don't care for venison particularly," said Mrs. Kinkle, "but I do want something fresh. Partridges or ducks will do."

"May be I can bring you something to-

morrow," said Tom. "There's a fellow down at Smith's who wants me to go into the woods with him, and I s'pose I'll have to go."

"A settler?" asked Ruth.

"Well," answered Tom, "he says he's going to settle, if he finds land to suit him. But you can't tell, there are so many speculators about. Besides, he has no family, and a single man isn't to be depended on. He'll get sick of it by the time he's done his own cooking, and washing, and patching for a few months. And then he looks green—isn't used to the woods. I'll warrant, if he locates, he'll sell out for a song, or abandon his place, and go back to the old folks, before his first crop of corn is ripe."

"Is he young?" asked Mrs. Kinkle.

"Yes," replied Tom, "but he's big enough. His hands look too soft—never's been used to hard work."

"I suppose," said Ruth inquiringly, "that some men who have never been accustomed to manual labor succeed in a new country."

"Well, yes," resumed Tom, "but not many of them as farmers. You see we have about three sorts of folks here. First there is the real pioneer, who would feel as much out of place in a thickly inhabited region as a fish in a chicken coop. You never find him anywhere except on the extreme border of the settlement. He builds a shanty, clears a few acres, makes himself acquainted with the country, hunts, traps, fishes, and acts as guide and land looker to new-comers. When neighbors become too plenty and game too scarce, he sells his claim, and pushes on into the wilderness. A queer thing about him is that every time he locates a new tract of land he thinks he is going to make a permanent home on it. He has no more thought of being a rambler than an oyster has, but he was born with the rambling disposition in him, and he can't help moving. Then there is the steady, hard working settler, who comes from the old country to the new for the purpose of making a home for himself and his boys. He has all his life been accustomed to labor, and it don't hurt him. He may have a little money left after paying for his land, or he may not; probably not. But it don't make any difference, except for the first two three years. After a little while he is able to raise his own bread and meat. He was born without the rambling disposition, and he doesn't ramble. By the time the last real pioneer has pulled up stakes and gone forward into the wilderness, he has become forehanded. If he is not rich, he is at least an independent farmer. Then there is the business man, who comes last. He works more with the brain than with the hand. He seems to know just where the villages are to grow up, finds all the good mill sites, establishes trade, and seizes upon the natural advantages of the country generally."

"Which are we?" asked Teddy, who, as well as his brother, had been an attentive listener.

"Well, my son," replied Tom, "I s'pose we shall have to plead guilty to the charge of being good-for-nothing real pioneers."

"I'm going to be a business man," said Teddy.

"And I'm going to be a farmer," said John, the next boy. Will, the oldest, said nothing.

"I think you do the pioneer injustice when you call him good for nothing," remarked Ruth. "It seems to me that each of the characters you have described acts an important part in the great work of converting the wilderness into the dwelling-place of civilization."

"I s'pose that is so," resumed Tom, "but pioneers in everything seldom receive the credit due them. It is so in

religion, in politics, and in all sorts of reforms. In fact many whom posterity regard as pioneers were not pioneers at all. It is the able men whose names live. The explorers, those who compose the skirmish line, as a soldier would say, are commonly men of less note. They are forgotten as soon as their work is done."

A shade of sadness overspread Tom's countenance as he ceased speaking. Perhaps he was mentally comparing his own life work with that of the able men referred to. Visions of what he might have been but for a lack of early culture, and a want of fixedness of purpose, may have obtruded themselves on his attention, clouding for a moment his usually serene mental sky. Like many men in his position, Tom had good natural endowments but no education. From material such as he, our so-called self-made men are developed, but in their case another quality is present, that of adhering steadily to a fixed purpose. Extraordinary talent is not necessary to success. The ability to apply one's talent perseveringly and according to a matured plan, is the chief requisite. The majority of men submit to be guided by circumstances, consequently the direction of their efforts varies as circumstances change, and no great thing is accomplished; whereas, if the personal history of the few who have written their names high up on the pillar of fame be inquired into, it will be found that generally their efforts have been determinedly put forth for the accomplishment of a particular object in the face of adverse circumstances. Fortuitous events sometimes, indeed, seem to lead on to fortune, but he who reaches the haven for which he originally started will be compelled to row some part of the way against wind and tide.

Supper being over, the table cleared away, and things put to rights by the joint labors of the two women, the company passed the time in pleasant chat till the sun had disappeared behind the western forest, the fire had burned low, and the full moon, climbing the eastern sky, shot her silvery beams through the chinks in the walls of the cabin, as if proffering her evening salutation to its inmates. Then Mrs. Kinkle lighted a tallow candle, and prepared for retiring. The boys climbed the ladder to the garret. Mrs. Kinkle converted a pair of sheets into temporary curtains, which she attached to nails in the beams above, partitioning off a corner of the room as a sleeping apartment for Ruth. In this a home-made husk bed, with its complement of clean but homely covering, was laid on the well swept floor, and a chair and a candle were placed for the convenience of the occupant. In a little while all were lost in unconsciousness, or had passed into the shadowy land of dreams.

SOME OF MY SEPTEMBER DAYS.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

Many an air-castle had we built, Carrie and I, in the days when we played on the huge rock which stood midway between our homes, or as we walked over the hills and through the woods to the little white school-house. Beautiful structures they were, with many a tower and turret which we added at our pleasure, all shining with rainbow colors. Were the lessons dry, the seats unusually hard, or the time so long, we hied away to our airy palaces, added a wing here, a bright bit there, or had delightful parties within those spacious domains. If our teachers sometimes wondered how we managed to evolve so much smiling enjoyment from the study of a parsing or arithmetic lesson, if they even suspected that we were miles and miles away from all school in-

terests, they were very patient and forbearing—blessings be upon them!

But, that some day we should find ourselves on the shore of this island never had place in our wildest imaginings. We could have told glibly enough where the island was, to what state it belonged, but beyond that knew no more of it than we did of the Fijis. Yet, here we were, our childhood's homes exchanged for others separated by many a mile, girlhood's years living only in memory now, to spend a week together in this delightful out-of-the-way place, among the kindest of people, with the purest of air to breathe and the broad Atlantic spread out before us.

"Shells of the Ocean" we had sung long ago together—now we sang it again mingling our notes with the deep-voiced ocean as we walked over the shining sands strewn with shells and sea-weed. Those sunny, restful days! We strolled on the beach watching the great waves as they came curling in at our feet, rolling on the shore in long lines of foam; we picked our way over the weedy boulders looking for curiosities, or we sat on the cliffs watching the changing colors of the sea or a sail on the horizon.

One day we were treated to a ride on the beach in a farm wagon with a board seat, to which we clung with some trepidation as the horse, not liking the dashing of the waves around his feet, frequently made startling little jumps toward dryer land. Presently we left the shore, driving into the pastures as far as the wagon could go toward the great sand cliffs which we wished to visit. Here were bold bluffs, bleak and bare, having a broad surface covered with rifts of sand and heaps of stones. A hundred feet they rose from a narrow strip of beach which was almost hidden at high tide, and in the fierce winter gales the spray often leaps to the top of these huge cliffs. But, "these too shall pass away," is written on the shifting sands. Slowly but surely, old ocean is taking them to himself and they are helpless. I have been told by elderly people who have spent their lives on the island, that within their memories these cliffs extended at least a quarter of a mile farther out to sea than they do now.

Sometimes with book in hand we climbed one of the high rounded hills near our temporary home and spent the bright morning hours talking a little, reading less and enjoying one of the fairest pictures I have ever seen. Below us were low hills gracefully curved, covered with short, crisp grass, or green with rowen and cornfields, between which lay the county road. Up and down the slopes it ran, through thickets of clethra and white azalia, down into the valley, up the rise beyond, then it climbs the long, steep hill which bounds our northern horizon, and we see no more of it. Away to the right, on this same ridge, like a beacon pointing heavenward, stands the old meeting-house against a background of blue sky. Scattered over these hills and in the sheltered valleys, lies the hamlet of a dozen or more houses, still retaining its Indian name. Very picturesque some of them are, especially do I recall one with sweet briar growing about the door, a neat, white dwelling with a cluster of small buildings about it, a little settlement by itself. They were brave and sturdy men who settled on this wild coast, and strong were the homes—I mean the homes as well as the houses—they builded for themselves. A hundred years has this house braved the winds of the stormy Atlantic, and its timbers are as staunch and sound as ever.

This part of the town is an island by itself, a narrow strait joining the broad open sea on our right with the ponds on the left, arms of the ocean on the other side. I think I've never elsewhere seen such lovely blue water as these ponds

with the queer Indian names. Far off to the south, over the hills which rise about us, we see the waters of the Sound on whose dimpled surface glide the white-winged ships. Over all bends the stainless blue of a September sky, so broad an expanse that even though you are on this little spot of land you feel as if you never knew before how wide the world was. Coming from my home in the valley—a beautiful valley too, but long and narrow, guarded by high hills—this boundless expanse of sky impresses me, and grows upon me more and more with every visit.

One charming morning my friend and I, accompanied by our good landlady Mrs. S., set out for a drive to the light-house and the famous cliffs on which it stands, five miles away. Mrs. S. had first said, when invited to share our trip, "Oh no! she couldn't go. There was so much to be done." But when we persisted with our invitation, disposing of all her objections, declaring that she could, should, and must go, she laughingly yielded and then I think no one looked forward to the day, or more eagerly watched the promise of the sunset the night before, than did this dear old lady.

One need not go to novels to find heroines. In the obscure places of earth are many of whom the world never hears, whose names are worthy to be placed with the long roll of heroes and heroines whose noble deeds have won for them immortality. To give up one's personal interests by some crowning act of self-sacrifice for the salvation of others, is a grand thing. But is it less noble or less sublime to give one's life day by day, breath by breath, in ministering to the sick, the needy, the aged, with no thought of praise or compensation? Such, through long years, had been the life of the heroine who was one of our party of three that day; and though she would humbly disclaim any right to the title of heroine, there are few to whom that word in its primary signification, "led by God," could be more fittingly applied.

Putting up the lunch for our trip, for we were to spend the day and picnic on the cliffs, was intrusted to me. About the quantity of that lunch I shall preserve a discreet silence. Those who have never felt the pangs of hunger produced by sea air would be amazed if I should go into details, while those who have had that experience would not be surprised at any revelation I might make. I will only say it was an ample lunch. As we were ready, a kind neighbor brought in a delicious watermelon, one half of which was added to the supply already packed.

About nine o'clock we set off in high spirits. We had a covered wagon and a horse called Major, a very dignified beast which could only at long intervals be persuaded into a trot, and that but for a few steps at a time. We did not care for this, however, the long bright day was before us, one of September's perfect days, and we drank in its loveliness as we rode leisurely along. Fastened to a gate-post by the roadside was a box about a foot long, and perhaps half as wide and high, the cover held on by a big stone. This was the letter-box belonging to the people who lived up the lane, in which the carrier, who twice a week took the mail to the little Indian town beyond, dropped whatever packets the postmaster from the office below, sent up, a very convenient arrangement too, as any one who has lived five or six miles away from the post-office will testify.

We drive down long hills, between thickets of shrub oak, azalia, clethra and wild grape vines, and leaving Major to himself for a few moments, we all plunge into the bushes for grapes. Our "heroine" trips off lightly, and climbs the hill with as sprightly a step as if she bore the

weight of twenty, instead of seventy years. The grapes were readily found; they were easily reached, yet—they were sour. In a week or two the whole community of the Indian town through which we pass, will be out gathering the grapes which abound in this vicinity. Here a grassy road turns to the right and we are told it leads to the great cranberry bogs soon to present a busy scene as the dusky people come with pails and baskets to harvest the bright berries. After certain days, I have forgotten the number, people from other towns have a right to pick cranberries here. Another road winds off to the right through the pastures. There is no guide board, you seldom see one here, but we learn that somewhere its puzzled windings end in a little fishing settlement on the coast, where, for two or three months in the summer, men leave their homes and devote themselves to catching lobsters. Hard work it is too, not only the lobster-catching, but the rough life they must lead, with few comforts.

Now we have reached the highest point on the island and the picture grows fairer still. Here is a school-house where the dark-faced children are taught, and over there a little church where, for love of souls, a home missionary labors among this people.

"Are these stores, the buildings with signs in large letters? We passed two or three and here is another sign, The Rescue, on a little barn."

Those staring signs which seem strangely out of place here, once sailed over the ocean on some proud ship. They were wrecked near here, doubtless, and the sign cast ashore on yonder broad beach. We shall see many of these as we go, and they tell the tale of the sea, of loss, wreck, and ruined hopes.

We climb the last hill—the light-house towering before us. The promontory narrows, the sea is before us, to our right, to our left, and we check Major but a few rods from the edge of the cliff. Tying him securely to the fence, we block the wheels and leave him to his meditations, while, taking our wraps we prepare to descend. But we first pause to enjoy the view from the top. Blue sea all about us except northward, boundless ocean flecked with wings of white. There lies a lonely island with but a few fishermen's huts upon it, with a dreary name, No Man's Land, desolate in appearance. And our landlady tells us about going over there to a quilling years ago. On our right is a group of islands, of which the name of one,

"On the Isle of Penikese
Ringed about with sapphire seas,"

recalls that great master, that reverent teacher, standing with bowed head seeking the blessing of Him whose works he and his young friends were about to study. Far below us, the waves are gently lapping the curved shore. We will go down there, but step cautiously along the narrow ridge which slopes sharply away on either side.

The wonder and beauty of the cliffs are more impressive from below. They rise obliquely from the shore one hundred and thirty feet, a tumbled, furrowed mass of bright colored clay extending a long way on the shore. In the furrows are flaps of turf dotted with flowers which have settled as the earth beneath gave way, and the top is fringed with bright green grass. Truly wonderful and grand are they! We ramble about gathering ribbons of shining kelp, letting the warm waves break over our bare feet, we sit on the rocks watching the tide, the ships, and all the fair scene. It is very still on that sheltered beach, but with that sea and sky one does not lack companionship. Reluctantly we gather up our possessions and begin the upward

march. This is the tug of war! If we needed presence of mind while going down, we long for absence of body now. Seated in the carriage, with a fresh breeze blowing and the sea dimpling before us, we ate our lunch with keen appetites. How delicious everything was, and how few were the fragments!

We stood in the light-house tower, looked through that wonderful lantern containing more than one thousand separate pieces of glass, prisms, which lighted up the inside with myriads of dancing rainbows. Not a speck, not a flaw marred the glass or any of the works about the lamp, a powerful revolving light which can be seen forty miles at sea. Besides its revolving power which serves to distinguish it from others on the coast, any mistake is still further prevented by every fourth flash being a deep red color. A curious history this beautiful lamp has had, it having been twice bought by our government, each time for a large sum of money. From sunset until sunrise, year in, year out, its cheerful light flashes over the dark waters, a warning and a guide, a welcome sight to many a homeward bound sailor.

The sun slowly dropped, not behind the hills, but into the sea. A long track of golden light spread over the waters, while the rosy tints of the eastern sky blushed from the depths below. Placid as a lake on a cloudless summer morning lay the sea, and so marvelously were tints and cloud shapes reproduced, that the horizon line melted away and sea and sky seemed one. The sunset glory faded away, twilight drew her purple curtains around sea and shore, and the stars came out one by one. We stood long by the window that night looking out into the starlit sky, listening to the only sound which broke the deep silence—the throbs of old ocean's heart beating on the sands below. But now another sound falls on the ear; from far away a strain of music floats up to us on the still evening air. It draws nearer—and we hear the voice of a young girl (it is our "heroine's" niece coming to spend the night with her) singing a sweet, mournful strain, and over and over she repeats the refrain,

"For the tide of life is ebbing,
And I long to be at rest."

And we say to each other how strange to hear that young thing singing those words—the longing of some aged and weary one—how little she can feel their meaning, and how solemn they seem in the hush of night. What can she know of the ebb? The tides are full and leaping in young life!

Two years passed away and again I was in the seaside hamlet for a little rest. Another dear friend was with me now, one with whom were associated memories of many a vanished August and September day in this place and in others. For several years she had looked out over the Atlantic from its eastern shores, but now we were to spend a few weeks together in the place so loved by both. Again there were rambles over cliff and down, many times on the rocks and beach; we stood on the fishing bridges watching the waves as they boiled and surged and swirled around the hidden rocks in wildest tumult, so fierce and strong they seemed like living things. And so it happened there was another drive to the cliffs, not this time with our steed of the military name, but drawn by a sober, matronly horse called Lucy, another picnic, another September day over which memory fondly lingers. A few words about the wild flowers we saw, and this article, already too long, shall close.

The clethra still lingered, though it was late in the month, cardinals flamed from the meadows, turtle-head and spiranthes grew by the path; there were

fringed gentians, soft and blue, and that purple mystery, the closed gentian. A thick hedge of wild roses bordered one part of the road, the branches crowded with scarlet fruit, looking as prettily at a little distance as if they were bright blossoms. I should like to see that thicket of roses in June! As we reached the level top of a hill, a little way from the road lay the tiniest oblong lakelet, scarcely more than a pool, surrounded by a fringe of pink blossoms, the water as blue as the sky above. Sure that I had found a flower new to me I eagerly went to gather some. I still maintain that the picture was a charming one and those pink blossoms were pretty, although the plant proved to be one of the commonest of weeds, generally known, I believe, as smartweed. I have never seen golden-rod in such luxuriance elsewhere. It is a later species than that which grows about here, is not so tall, or perhaps so graceful, but is full of blossoms, such wealth of golden heads. By the roadsides, among the thin beach grass on sand hills, in the rifts of the long furrows of clay at the bright cliffs, it blooms richly.

If I were an artist, there are two pictures I would paint and hang them side by side. One would be a large field of golden-rod we passed, a field which seemed to produce nothing else. I said I would like to own it, but I do in one way. I can call it up before me whenever I wish; I have all the pleasure and none of the care of it. It was a species of dwarf golden-rod, the small, feathery sprays only a few inches high and reclining, so that the effect was as if the field had been sprinkled with them. One could easily believe the fairies had passed that way strewing the ground with golden sprays. The other picture would be another field, a few miles away, over whose surface lay, as if just dropped, sprays of daintiest, loveliest asters, of a delicate lavender color. The sprays were crowded with flowers, but the stems were so short as to be unseen at a little distance, and as they lay apparently scattered by some lavish hand over the brown grass, it was a thing of beauty.

A SUMMER JAUNT.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Good morning! And how fair the morning, my friends. Come with me before breakfast and have a glimpse of the far off mountain ranges.

See the apples lying in this orchard. There are almost all kinds, and doubtless you will like to eat some of them in milk when baked, although our hostess will not keep you upon such fare exclusively. She believes in variety and generous diet well concocted. Here at the end of the orchard, we will let down the bars, and cross to the highest point of that further pasture lot, where you see the two Alderney cows grazing. Take good sniffs of the fine air, and you will have a keener relish for breakfast, as well as for some higher pleasures through the day. Here we are. Now look northward. That is the Green Mountain range. Does it not make you feel that you can almost shake hands with some Vermont friends, our editor, Hans Dorcomb, and others? To the west you see the Green Hills, a nice-looking range of mountains. And do you not admire this view circuitously spread before you? There is what is called the Sand Hill, the highest point of land in this town. By its sandy appearance you see it is rightly named. We will take some rides through the place, and see the pleasant streets and homes. But we will find no more desirable location than this, our temporary abode. The husband of our hostess came here from Connecticut to choose between several proffered residences. I think he showed good judg-

ment in selection, and he has never regretted his choice. It is well to consider leisurely, before settling upon a permanent location. The breakfast bell rings. We will respond.

Yes, dear friend, I have been showing your guests the excellent features of your home. I am as charmed myself as if it was my first visit. So you have planned for a tour of the town to-day. Very well. We agree. (And, to-morrow, a seven miles' drive to Saratoga Lake.) An hour from now? Well, we will chat upon the piazza until the start. How beautiful the flower gardens appear! What a fine succession of them, looking down through neighboring dooryards! Is it not a charming picture?

Here come the horses. We must be off. First, through the town, and then we will seek some glimpses of the farm lands of this section. Look at that clear, broad stream. It is the Kayaderosseras Creek. It has a good extent in either direction. Along here are some factories. You hear their noisy whirr mingling with the smoother rhythm of the rippling water of the creek. We will wander along these flowery banks, before we desert the town, and procure some nice specimens. We shall find old friends and meet new acquaintances as well, and you will be glad you brought your botanies. You will wish to gather a quantity of the *melilotus alba* (sweet clover) to lay in your trunks. Its perfume is subtle and lasting, though delicate. The plant grows in a rank manner here.

This is Milton avenue. And now we turn into the principal street. Here are the several hotels. The Sans Souci is the largest and pleasantest. It was here that celebrated names were registered many years ago, before Saratoga Springs was known.

"In the summer of 1808," says one of the biographers of Irving, "there were printed at Ballston Spa—then the resort of fashion, and the arena of flirtation—seven numbers of a duodecimo *bagatelle* in prose and verse, entitled 'The Literary Picture Gallery, and Admonitory Epistles to the Visitors of Ballston Spa, by Simeon Senex, Esquire.' This piece of summer nonsense is not referred to by any writer who has concerned himself about Irving's life, but there is reason to believe that he was a contributor to it, if not the editor. In these yellow pages, is a melancholy reflection of the gayety and gallantry of the Sans Souci hotel seventy years ago. In this 'Picture Gallery,' under the thin disguise of initials, are the portraits of well-known belles of New York, whose charms of person and graces of mind would make the present reader regret his tardy advent into this world, did not the 'Admonitory Epistles,' addressed to the same sex, remind him that the manners of seventy years ago left much to be desired. Respecting the habit of swearing, 'Simeon' advises 'Myra' that if ladies were to confine themselves to a single round oath, it would be sufficient; and he objects, when at the public table, to the conduct of his neighbor, who carelessly took up 'Simeon's' fork and used it as a toothpick. All this, no doubt, passed for wit in the beginning of the century. Punning, broad satire, exaggerated compliment, verse which has love for its theme, and the 'sweet bird of Venus' for its object, an affection of gallantry and of *ennui*, with anecdotes of distinguished visitors, out of which the screaming fun has quite evaporated, make up the staple of these faded mementoes of an ancient watering place. Yet how much superior is our comedy of to-day? The beauty and the charms of the women of two generations ago exist only in tradition; perhaps we should give to the wit of that time equal admiration, if none of it had been preserved."

The Ballston springs are much frequented now (Spa means spring,) and among them are the Artesian Lithia, and the Iron spring, which receive first favor. It is customary to drink copious draughts of these waters; but I think those who partake of them under the advice of an experienced physician, alone are benefited.

There is the post office at the right. And to the left, you see, at the end of the street, a church building. It is the Baptist. There are all denominations of church edifices here. The Episcopal church is up on the High street which we now ascend. Here you will observe beautiful residences, owned principally by the aristocrats of the town. You must admire the scenes from this elevation, also. Now, we strike off into Ballston (away from the Spa), and still further, past farms and farms, and over hills and through vales. Mountain peaks rise one above another in the distance, from whence these bracing breezes seem to blow. How softly they are enveloped in blue haze! How well-kept are these meadows and orchards! How perfect the fruit rows! And how abundant the fruit itself!

Do you notice any peculiarity about this region? It is that not a thriftless farm is visible. It is said that one man had so neglected his farm that he was finally compelled to set it in order, and have it productive like the others. These farmers have built quite elegant houses, you notice, besides, not like the proverbial homes of the land toilers. And their families, it is said, enjoy life, some of them spending the winter season in the cities, where the young daughters are educated finely. The York state people have a fine reputation for hospitality and sociality, as well as for thrift; and those of them whom I have met practically uphold it.

Now we are in Burnt Hills. This place was so named because the Indians once burnt all the hills, hereabout, which, you see, have, at present, a very verdant appearance. We will drive upon that further eminence. You can descry the range of mountains called Heideberg. Burnt Hills village is a small settlement, but the inhabitants are not correspondingly small in character, but of the true York state type.

We take another route in returning, and you will see more farms, more apples, more plums and pears, and flocks of flowers on the roadsides. Yes, that is a small schoolhouse. The scholars are just coming out to play, and that pleasant young lady in the doorway must be the teacher. We shall be back in time for dinner, for which our appetites will be in readiness.

This morning we will drive to Saratoga lake. We go out on Saratoga avenue to reach the springs, but in this opposite direction to the lake. We have mountain scenery either way. How delicious the air! Do you not realize how free is respiration? There is a fine field of buckwheat. Do you know what an exceedingly delicate blossom it bears, and how fragrant? I have some in a former herbarium, and I have found very few persons, even those who relish the breakfast cakes made of the grain, who could identify the species. The honey bees appreciate the sweetness of that white field. On and on; here are excellent orchards, too, and pleasant rural homes.

See the young pigs, gamboling about, almost as cunning as lambs, are they not? Their ears are like pink-lined sea shells. One not a pork-eater could almost banish fears of such cleanly creatures. I shall not soon forget the comical sight, when during a stage ride through here one summer, a herd of pigs were feeding, and we called out, "Piggie! piggie! piggie!" at which familiar sound, there was a

quick scampering down the hillside, into the corner of the lot, where the pretty creatures stood, expectant, disappointed! Our laughter was loud and long, much to the amusement of our prosaic stage driver.

Here we are, in sight of the lake. Up hill and down, up and down again, and here, at the James Riley hotel, we alight. Let us sit upon the piazza a few minutes, and behold the picturesque scenes. We will have a row over the lake, and I will show you the pretty cottage where I formerly spent a delightful season. Captain Riley will give us a sail in one of his catamaran boats. Perhaps you do not need to be told what sort of a boat it is. But it is a favorite with the ladies, because it cannot tip over as an ordinary sail boat may do. Moreover, you will find the one in which we sail well arranged for comfort, and we will sail to the White Sulphur springs, so says the captain, "as the winds are favorable."

The boat accommodates all who wish to sail. That is well. Now we are off. Yes, the wind takes us along easily. A little faster. Now we speed along gloriously. Do you not like the ride over the big waves? There comes one towards us. Here we go, up and over, and still over another. Throw care aside, and imagine life a summer dream. Yield to the inspiration of the hour. You will gain strength by so doing. We do not begin to see all of the lake from this part of it. It winds around at that far off corner, where you see another hotel, called the second Riley's, who is a brother of our captain.

Hear what the captain says: "A good many lives have been lost in the lake, but mostly in the winter, when the persons were crossing the lake, or skating."

That is the Sulphur Springs hotel that you see in the distance. We seem near, but are not yet. Opposite our boat, you now behold Snake Hill and Bemis Heights and to the left, Stillwater, of historic renown. The sunsets here are beautiful. One evening, as we were rowing up and down, the heavens were unusually roseate, and the lake appeared like a sea of gold through which we were passing. It was a magnificent picture. But here we are at the springs. The oarsman will have to come out and take us to the shore in small numbers, as our boat is too large to go in such shallow water.

Now come and have a draught of the water. The waiting boy is holding the glasses for us. Look into the spring and see how variously colored the sulphur has made everything in contact. This is the trunk of a large tree hollowed out to admit the upward passage of the water. Yes, the smell is disagreeable, but do you not like the sweet taste of the water? and see how very clear it is. Come up on the hill. See the numerous cottages, built for the convenience of pleasure-seekers. And what an elegant prospect of the lake! This is all natural beauty well preserved. You can take some flowers as a memento of the visit. Wander where you will, you find romantic haunts and secluded nooks, fantastic bridges over clear streams, and beauty everywhere. Come down on this side, and let us go and rest upon the piazza. Was there ever a better one? You see it encircles the hotel, and is very broad, and well filled with all kinds of chairs. The hotel itself is a pleasant one, and well arranged for the convenience of guests. We return. Another sail. Another ride. We are in Ballston Spa once more. The remainder of the day is devoted to rest.

This evening we will take the cars to Saratoga, and enjoy the music of the band in the Congress Spring park. The distance is short. We will go directly to the park and find nice seats. It is lighted by the full moon as well as by electric

lights. The walks are all charming, you see. Here are eligible seats where we can hear the music plainly. See the throngs of people. And how brilliant the hotel appears beyond. The Saratoga hotels are almost unsurpassed in size and magnificence. Ah, the music! I knew you would enjoy it. There are some familiar airs, some before unheard. By daylight, you would admire the profusion of flowers. The hotel life is wearying, and makes too many demands to be sought by real pleasure-seekers, those who desire simple recreation. You will like to see them all, however, and the crowds of fashionable people that patronize them. Saratoga life is worth seeing once in a life-time, at least. To-morrow, we can drive over here, and see the pleasant streets and private residences. Dr. Strong's Remedial Institute is an important feature, also the Temple Grove Seminary for young ladies. And there are other springs in the outskirts, High Rock, the Spouting Geyser, Kissengen, Vichy, etc., which we will take pains to see. The Geyser spring is a favorite retreat, and the grounds around it are very attractive and romantic. We must take that train and return.

We have seen the grandeur of Saratoga. We will spend a quiet to-morrow with our friend at her home, and then we must bid her farewell, take the connecting train to the steamer Albany and sail down the river.

The ride over the rails is pleasurable this fine October morning. You can see the Round Lake grounds plainly. And Cohoes Falls—look quickly! The scenery is all engaging. There is the steamer. How immense she appears! And there are many people already seated upon deck. We will hasten to procure a place. But first take a good look at the interior of this steamer. The furniture is in Queen Anne style, and mahogany, upholstered with red plush, you observe, and the carpets rich and dark, perhaps not so gorgeous as the Vibbard's, but in effect as pleasing. Those two large paintings, in the gilt frames, are by celebrated artists, and one is the Yosemite valley, and the other, the White mountains. See all these private parlors. They are very convenient for parties disposed to quiet and seclusion, or for invalids. Now to the deck. There is a two-wheeled rudder to this steamer, and the two pilots work it together. Now we are leaving the city of Albany. How beautiful in the gleaming sunlight of this October morning it appears! What quantities of the golden cone flowers on the river banks. How inexpressibly fine the sensation at once again moving upon the surface of the fair Hudson! And now the music begins, the great waves flash, white and drifting is the foam, the spray kisses our faces as we speed, speed along.

We have enjoyed the beauty of the river again. Now to the Annex steamer, for we are again Brooklyn bound for a few days. How grand the ferry ride! How handsomely illuminated the deep, noisy waters, with the brilliant hues of the ferry-house lights! How noisy the city, too. And here is our destination. A night's rest. A good breakfast. A tour of the principal parts of the city.

Your call was delightful, you say, (upon the heights,) and you were pleased with my friend. That fills me with deepest gratification, for I like to have my friends appreciate one another, and I think it were impossible not to appreciate the one just left. This evening we will spend with a mutual friend, Anna Holyoke Howard. Her home is not far away, and upon one of the avenues facing a nice park.

She greets us without delay. But there is a beautiful light missing in this home, the dear aunt, (Idamore,) is not here.

Yes, Mrs. Howard will sing for you some exquisite songs. You will be entertained with both her own and her son's display of curiosities, of which they have gathered an abundance. The tiny boys have been put in bed, and we shall not see them, nor the daughter who is at boarding school. You do not find many city homes as thoroughly attractive as is Mrs. Howard's. The tastes and character of the family are manifested.

Lake Mahopac to-day. Another ferry sail. An early morning ride through New York city. A ride on the Harlem road, and Westchester county is reached. Dinner at relatives of my own. Is it not a lovely home, their summer residence? This is a rolling country. Observe that steep hill at the rear of the house. There is a fine view of the Croton river from its summit, which is worth the climbing to see. And we will find some more botanical specimens to add to our already large collection, in the woods beyond. Now the long ride to the lake, through many rural streets, and over many hills, we speed. I was positive you would exclaim over the charming valleys all encased in verdant hills! They are beautiful to see. How peaceful the grazing cattle look! Yet you would not be contented thus surrounded by the "everlasting hills." Like Miss Warner's Desire, you would long for freedom, a vision of the beyond, with a sense of oppression here.

Oh, the blue fringed gentians! See them down there in the grassy roadsides. We will have our driver get them for us on our return. Their blue eyes are widely open now to the sun, but they will close ere our return. Still we will place them all in the sun again before attempting to press them.

Lake Mahopac! Is it not beautiful? Admire the scenery surrounding it. The season is past, so that most of the hotel boarders are gone. There are some sailing parties and a row boat. We will ride around and get the view from all sides. It is, indeed, a lovely resort, yet I feel more attached to Saratoga lake, having tarried by its side so long.

The return ride. The dear gentians! A draught of sweetest cider at this mill. Handfuls of rosy apples from these wayside trees. Supper, and another night's repose. To the city again. An elevated railway ride. An hour or more of sight-seeing, and now to the boat bound for New Haven shores.

New Haven! dear home, I welcome you! But here I must part with my much loved companions, and it mingles sadness with the sweetness of my return. Come with me, all of you, until the morning. I am loth to let you go, although you say you must. Good by, dear friends, good by!

UNSEEN INFLUENCES.

Number Six.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

There is nothing in the whole subject of unseen influences more practical than the fact that we may place ourselves voluntarily or involuntarily in the sphere of good or evil influences, which may affect our whole being for time and eternity.

Every time we draw near to a good soul, we are influenced for good; whenever we think of that which is good or noble or beautiful or holy, we are elevated and made better, and whenever we think of or approach the base, the vulgar, or the vicious, we are to some degree contaminated. Hence St. Paul says, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

And if the mere thought of good or evil has such an effect, how much more are we influenced by actual association with those around us! To be with the gentle makes us calm, to be with the quarrelsome makes us irritable, to be with the sensual is debasing, and to be with the spiritual, elevating. Hence the choice of companions is all important, and this is especially true of the young, upon whose plastic minds impressions are strongest. In mature years when the character is formed, there is less danger, but even then it is astonishing how a man or woman may be changed by external impressions.

This is especially true of affectionate, sympathetic natures, who are more susceptible, and ready to receive impressions from associates. A young lady of sensitive and delicate organization, who has been carefully trained at home, goes, perhaps at sixteen or seventeen years of age, to some second-class boarding-school, or to teach in a district school. She is thrown into the society and companionship of those who have not her refined tastes, courteous manners, nor her code of morals. She is at first shocked and disgusted, but insensibly becomes accustomed to the prevailing tone and manners, and gradually sinks to their level. True she may have force of character and attractiveness enough to bring them up to her standard, but such experiments are extremely hazardous. On the contrary, the awkward, ignorant youth who goes to do business among citizens, soon acquires polish and ease. Happy will it be for him, if he does not also acquire bad habits from vicious companions. Truly does Pope say,

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It is often remarked that husbands and wives resemble each other. This is easily understood when we reflect that they have been gradually and insensibly receiving and adopting each other's thoughts, feelings, opinions, and habits for months and years. But a man who marries a woman who is his inferior, seldom succeeds in bringing her up to his own standard, and the same is true of a woman who marries an inferior man. The danger and tendency is for the higher to sink to the lower, or else, failing to assimilate, for both to be very unhappy. If there are exceptions to this rule, it is when there is strong love on both sides, and much force of character exerted on the part of the higher nature.

It is never safe for a woman to marry a man in hopes of reforming him, nor should she place much reliance upon promises and protestations made during courtship. He will be likely to treat his wife very much as he treats his own mother and sister. A dutiful son and affectionate brother makes a good husband, and an ungrateful son and rough, teasing brother makes an unkind husband and father.

There are some natures like a delicate flower which must be planted in congenial soil and watered by sympathy and kindness, or they will wither and die. Coarser natures, like weeds, may thrive under almost any circumstances.

Parents cannot be too careful in choosing suitable companions and friends for their children. It will not do to shut them up. They desire and need companions to keep them from growing selfish, conceited and exacting, and it is better to find good playmates for them than to let them find bad ones. Above all the child should always find sympathy and companionship at home.

But not only human beings but every object that we see, every sound that we hear, every thing that comes under the

cognizance of our senses, exerts upon us an influence by giving rise to thoughts and impressions that become a part of ourselves, lifting us nearer to heaven, or binding us down to earth. Our books, pictures, furniture, dress, arrangement of rooms, household habits, food, studies and recreations, should all be chosen with reference to this idea. Will they tend to draw us higher or lower? nearer to the Great Pattern, or farther from Him?

Every thought influences not only ourselves but others, who shall influence others, and they others, and so on forever.

"Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things."

A QUESTION.

There are always a few days which come to us just before the winter as if to show us something of the grand possibilities of nature, which make us sometimes wonder if there may not be in ourselves also some latent power to make our lives beautiful after the crude though winning beauty of youth has gone from us. We have grown into a sort of sickly sentimentality over the idea that nothing can be beautiful unless it is young.

We go into society sometimes, and sitting in some quiet corner, look on, sometimes a little indignant, if, perchance, some charming, cultivated woman be receiving the attention her attractions deserve, while neglected young girls, with discontented faces, look on with ill-concealed displeasure.

Unformed, uncultivated, thoughtless, selfish—all this is excused, admired even, because one is young.

How many women would go back from their higher level of maturer life, and be "young" again, unless they could build up their lives differently? If they had to live them all again just the same, no improving them from their enlarged experience, and richer wisdom, there would be few indeed who would be willing.

We look back and regret our narrow, selfish round of existence—not life—when our fathers and mothers, our elder sisters and teachers, were only alive to do us honor; when the shower or slight indisposition that kept us from a picnic or a drive, were troubles which we felt should move the world. When our faith was strong in the fame to which we should attain sometime, but we were content to let it rest in that shadowy sometime, until it was too enamored of its resting-place to leave it.

We look back to all this, and sigh, and tell young girls that they are living their happiest days! Our days should grow riper, fairer, more perfect. We may carry all that is beautiful of youth in our hearts and lives to the end. A woman should be far more attractive and charming at fifty than at eighteen, and if she is not, it is in most cases her own fault.

A writer in Harper's Bazar told us once of a lady who at seventy years of age was taking lessons in flower painting, and of another who had commenced to study German, and why should not these happy women bring the patience, intelligence and the desire of years into fruition at last. Life can be, as it ought to be, growing grander, fuller, more complete, every day. And when women awake to the necessity as well as the happiness of keeping themselves from being "laid on the shelf," a great step forward will have been taken.

A man is always learning, that is, if he be worth anything. How many times we meet a man who has fought his way up until he stands on the level upland of success, catching time some way in the rush of life to add the graces of courtesy and correct speech, until one forgets, or remembers only to praise, that he was

not "born to the purple," that his youth knew little of books or culture.

We go to his home and meet his wife. Sometimes a noble woman who has climbed step by step with him, sometimes one who, when the grace of her youthful prettiness passed, sat with folded hands during their growing prosperity, grieving sometimes, no doubt, over her lack of education and the host of attractions it brings, sometimes ignorantly content with the added comforts of life. Binding herself to her household cares, or to the lower desire to make up all defects by showiness and extravagance until we wonder how her husband ever cared for her, when he himself finds a pleasure in conversing with cultivated women which he vainly attempts to understand, when he remembers that when they married, his wife was his superior in education and position.

But some wives have the habit of sitting through the race, letting their husbands pass them by in their ambitious strivings, and here is where the first great mistake comes.

We can climb too, as many a woman has proved, and it is our duty as well as theirs. How can a woman be a help and guide to husband or children, or to other women, or a comfort to herself, if her path is strewn with wasted opportunities, if she has let all things pass, wickedly, weakly, because—she is no longer young? Is life with all its grand possibilities but the heritage of children in their teens? May not our later days have the fullness and beauty of the maturer summer, of the crisp, fresh October, of the still later perfect beauty of the Indian summer?

EMILY HAYES.

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

How often do we hear people advanced in life say, "If I had only had the advantage of an education when young, I might have been learned and influential." These regrets from the aged show us that an early education is important, in order to enable us in season to know our own strength, in regard to our future. Many who might have acted a brilliant part in the pursuits for which they were adapted, are often doomed through life to a fruitless employment, because they did not possess sufficient education when young to direct their energies into the right course.

It is said that as we advance from youth the mind becomes less inclined and able to expand, and as we pass to more mature years, with our minds narrowed by ignorance, they will probably always revolve in the same small circle. We are born with certain faculties, which education tends to develop and improve, and it is our duty to bring out the mind to its full capacity, in order that we may be better fitted to perform with honor and usefulness the duties of life devolving upon us.

It gives us another advantage. It introduces us into the society of the great and learned; we hear them converse, and we mark the steps by which they rose to honor and influence. While conversing with an educated mind, we feel an influence raising us above whatever is base, and it inspires in us the love of whatever is good and noble.

"May we ever strive
Deeper, deeper, in the mines of knowledge,
Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems,
Than the stars of diadems."

B. D. B.

—The thoughtless man, even if he can recite a large portion of the law, but is not a doer of it, has no share in the priesthood, but is like a cowherd counting the cows of others.—Buddhist Book.

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.

Let every subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD send full name and address to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and get one of their cook books free of charge.

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

—OF—

FIRST-CLASS SHEET MUSIC FREE.

Buy fifteen bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer; cut from each wrapper the picture of Mrs. Foggy and Mrs. Enterprise, and mail the fifteen pictures to us, with your full name and address, and we will mail you, free of all expense, your own selection, from the following list of Sheet Music, to the value of One Dollar.

We absolutely guarantee that the music is unabridged, and is sold by all first-class music houses, at the following prices:

INSTRUMENTAL.

Artists' Life, (Kunster Leben,) waltzes, Price	
op. 316, Strauss, 75	
Ever or Never, (Toujours ou Jamais,) Waltzes, 75	
Chasse Infernale, Grand Galop, Brilliant, 75	
op. 23, Kolling, 75	
Turkish Patrol Reveille, 35	
Pirates of Penzance, (Lancers,) D'Albert, 50	
Siren's Waltzes, 75	
Fatinitza, Suppe, Potpourri, 1 00	
Mascotte, Audran, Potpourri, 1 00	
Il Trovatore, Verdi, Potpourri, 75	
Night on the Water, Idyl, op. 93, Wilson, 80	
Rustling Leaves, op. 68, Lange, 60	

VOCAL.

Patience, (The Magnet and the Churn,) Price	
Sullivan, 35	
Olivette, (Torpedo and the Whale,) Audran, 40	
When I am Near Thee, English and German words, 40	
Who's at my Window, 35	
Osborne, 35	
Lost Chord, 40	
Sullivan, 40	
My Dearest Heart, 40	
Sullivan, 40	
Life's Best Hopes, 40	
Meininger, 40	
Requited Love, (4 part Song,) Archer, 35	
Sleep while the Soft Evening Breezes, (4 part Song,) Bishop, 35	
In the Gloaming, 30	
Harrison, 30	
Only be True, 35	
Vickers, 35	
Under the Eaves, 35	
Winner, 35	
Free Lunch Cadets, 35	
Sousa, 35	

If the music selected amounts to just \$1.00, nothing need be sent us but the fifteen pictures, your name, address, and selection of music. If the music selected comes to over \$1.00, the excess can be enclosed in postage stamps.

We make this liberal offer because we desire to give a present sufficiently large to induce every one to give Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial long enough to know just how good it is. If, after such trial, they continue to use the Soap for years, we shall be repaid. If they only use the fifteen bars, getting the dollar's worth of music gratis, we shall lose money. This shows our confidence. The Soap can be bought of all grocers. The music can only be got of us. See that our name is on each wrapper.

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foggy, can select music to the amount of \$4.50. This soap improves with age, and you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one you can use every week. I. L. CRAGIN & CO., 116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

This is one of the most generous offers ever made by any reliable firm for the introduction of their goods, when one considers that in addition to the above choice selection of music, Messrs. Cragin & Co. send the full money's worth of their Electric Soap, which thousands of the best housekeepers in the land insist is the best soap manufactured, the combined offer appears truly wonderful. Nevertheless, they will do as they agree.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

PERSONALITIES.

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

V. A. Brown, Athens, Me., has some hair to be made into a wreath. For any lady who will make it, she will, in exchange, make a large worsted wreath, and will furnish worsted. Write first.

Will some one please exchange Harper's Magazine of the year 1876, containing "The Romance of the Hudson Papers," for the Atlantic Monthly of 1869, containing "Malbone, an Oldport Romance," with M. W. Godfrey, 270 North Main St., Concord, N. H.? Write first.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to get some shark's teeth, alligator's eggs and teeth, and brain coral, or other curiosities. I would send minerals, pressed ferns, or autumn leaves and slips of almost any desirable flower, in exchange. MISS A. MILLER.

307 17th St. Portland, Or.

Will THE HOUSEHOLD sisters, all who feel so inclined, send me a postal with their name, etc., the same as Reba L. Raymond wishes? I would like an autograph album composed entirely of HOUSEHOLD names. FRANK E.

Box 207, Hyde Park, Mass.

I will send Mrs. F. E. Allen, Fort Atkinson, Wis., a handsome photograph frame in cardboard and zephyr, for reading matter or music. Will she communicate with MRS. EVA AMES? So. Wallingford, Vt.

Will M. A. R. Dixon, Butler Co. Kansas, please send full address to Alice, box 131, Andover, Ashtabula Co., Ohio?

If Mrs. E. J. Langley will send me in exchange, some pretty trifle of fancy work, I will send her as many roots of the trailing arbutus as she may wish.

I should like in exchange for a rooted slip of the fuchsia Elm City, a slip of white fuchsia. I will also exchange pink and scarlet geranium slips, for white or salmon ones.

Greenlee, N. C.

LENNIE GREENLEE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Reba L. Raymond will send me a copy of the poem, "Daisy's Faith," she will be repaid. MAGGIE L. DAVIDSON.

Brooklyn, Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can you spare me just a little room to tell the Band that I have quite a collection of postal cards for my new album? I have received them from Canada to Florida, and still I hope to receive many more. I hope to be honored with the autographs of Dr. Hanaford, Hans Dorcomb, Rosamond E., Riverside, Marjorie March, Emily Hayes, and lots of others of the familiar names in THE HOUSEHOLD. I have returned my autograph to all who have requested it, I think, and if there are any who did not receive it, they may know it was because I did not get their cards. I thank you all very much for so kindly sending me your autographs. From one sister in Colorado, I received a large roll of sheet music, and in that way found a very agreeable correspondent. ROSE BUDD.

W. Andover, N. H.

WITHOUT A PARALLEL IN MEDICAL HISTORY.

The remarkable results which have attended the administration of Compound Oxygen, the new remedy for chronic and so-called "incurable diseases," are without a parallel in medical history.

As dispensers of this new remedy, we have, after over twelve years of earnest, untiring and costly effort to introduce it to those who need its vitalizing and health-restoring influences, succeeded in resting its claims on the basis of facts and results of so wide and universal a character—facts and results on record, and open to the closest investigations—that no room for a question remains as to its marvelous action in restoring the diseased to health.

The rapidly-increasing number of those who have obtained relief from pain, or been restored to health, by Compound Oxygen, reaching now to many thousands, scattered throughout the whole country, is having a wide influence on public sentiment. There are no arguments so convincing as well-known facts. If a man or a woman who has been suffering for years from an exhausting disease, which no physician had been able to cure, tries a newly-discovered remedy, and is brought

back to health, the fact stands as an unanswerable argument in favor of that remedy, so far, at least, as this particular case is concerned. A resort to the same remedy in another case, regarded as "incurable," and with a like result, adds a new and stronger argument in its favor. Accumulate similar results to the number of hundreds and thousands, and in the widest range of chronic and "desperate" diseases and abandoned cases, and you have a weight of evidence that is irresistible. On this weight of indisputable evidence we rest the claims of Compound Oxygen.

It is frequently urged against this Treatment by persons who have not made themselves acquainted with the natural laws governing its action, that the same agent is administered for all diseases—for neuralgia or catarrh; for rheumatism or consumption; for heart disease or bronchitis; that we offer it as a universal specific. In our *Treatise on Compound Oxygen*, which will be mailed free to any one who will write to us for it, we have fully explained the nature and action of this remedy, and shown that it is not specific to any disease or class of diseases, but that it acts directly upon the nervous system and vital organs, and thence universally in the whole body. It gives new force and a more vigorous action to all the life-centers, thus restoring to nature the dominant power and healthy action which had been lost. This being the case, no matter what the disease, or where located, it must be gradually ameliorated, and, if the central healthy action can be maintained, finally cured. Every intelligent and unprejudiced person will at once see that if the law of action which we claim for Compound Oxygen be the true one, its operation must be universal, and not local or specific; and that all forms of disease may be reached by this agent.

The living witnesses to its remarkable efficacy, and the warm advocates of its dispensation are, as we have said, rapidly increasing. By personal influence and correspondence, those who have been relieved from distressing complaints, or cured of diseases which were steadily growing worse for years, are sending the good news of their recovery to friends and neighbors, near and remote. Many of these order the Treatment, and if helped or cured, as rarely fails to be the case, become in turn the friends and advocates of this new method of cure. So the knowledge is spreading, and the use of Compound Oxygen growing, with a rapidity of which few outside of our establishment have any comprehension.

To those who wish to inform themselves in regard to this new Treatment, we will send, free of cost, our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," and our pamphlet, containing over fifty "Unsolicited Testimonials;" also "Health and Life," our Quarterly Record of Cases and Cures, under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves, and open for verification, more remarkable results in a single period of three months than all the medical journals in the United States can show in a year! Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

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

A. L. H., Box 19, Rockford, Ill., has Youth's Companions to exchange for other good reading matter either papers or books. Please write first.

Mrs. Augustus Robbins, Plymouth, Mass., will exchange fancy advertising cards for worsted cross-stitch patterns suitable for crazy cushion. Colored ones preferred.

Mrs. Wm. Daggett, Ottumwa, Iowa, wishes to exchange "seasides" for Harper's Bazar for 1880 and 1881.

Mrs. J. C. Burns, Leon, Decatur Co., Iowa, has petrified bee combs and curiosities from Montana and Colorado to exchange for pieces of silk or worsted goods.

Mrs. H. R. Bacon, Toledo, Ohio, will exchange vocal and instrumental music for pretty oriental silk squares for crazy quilt. Write first.

Mrs. M. A. Towne, 34 Knight St., Providence, R. I., will send pressed ferns and specimens in exchange for Florida grass and moss, or fancy round table cover. Write first.

Mrs. J. C. Robinson, West Granville, Washington Co., N. Y., has a volume of Bryant's poems to exchange for Will Carleton's or Tennyson's poems. Write first.

Mrs. W. Brewster, Goodison, Mich., has peacock feathers, music, sprays of fish-scale work, etc., to exchange for story books, cabinet specimens, fancy or fret-saw work.

Mrs. Lorenzo Jenne, North Pinnacle, Quebec, Canada, wishes to exchange samples of copper and iron ore or asbestos, for other minerals or birds' eggs.

Mrs. Joe Hardwick, Cleveland, Tenn., has fine specimens of Tenn. copper to exchange for any thing suitable for a cabinet.

Mrs. W. R. Lotz, Baird, Texas, has a few books to exchange for minerals, shells, or other cabinet curiosities, also music to exchange.

Mrs. E. B. McPherson, De Land, Fla., will exchange Fla. moss, shells, sea beans, (polished or rough,) alligator teeth, native flower seeds, bulbs, etc., for minerals, curiosities, bulbs, Cal. shells, pampas plumes, or fancy advertising cards.

Mrs. Horatio N. Collins, East Killingly, Windham Co., Conn., has flower seeds, gladiolus bulbs, and tuberoses bulbs, to exchange for stereoscopic views, and pieces of silk two inches square.

Miss L. P. Garbutt, Garbutt, Monroe Co., N. Y., has fancy advertising cards to exchange for the same. No duplicates.

Mrs. M. F. Stipes, Norbonne, Mo., will exchange vocal music, standard and modern, for other music, fancy advertising cards, and geological specimens. Write first.

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

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

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

[ESTABLISHED 1817.]

CARPETS.

J. H. PRAY, SONS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

WILTONS,

BRUSSELS,

MOQUETTES,

AXMINSTERS,

ORIENTAL RUGS,

And every grade and variety of Foreign and Domestic Carpeting, Oil Cloth and Matting.

558 and 560 Washington St.,

BOSTON.

—A young man proposed to a lady several years his senior, and for an answer she said: "I guess I don't want to take a boy to raise!" The young man is now raising a moustache.

Sparkling Eyes.

Rosy cheeks and clear complexion only accompany good health. Parker's Ginger Tonic better than anything; makes pure, rich blood and brings health, joyous spirits, strength and beauty. Ladies, try it.—Bazaar.



ROLLED GOLD SOLID JEWELRY makes a beautiful and Valuable Gift for a lady or gentleman, and in order to introduce our goods and to secure new customers for our Company we will forward **POST-PAID** to any address in the U. S. or Canada, any article of our **HEAVY 18K, "ROLLED" GOLD** jewelry as shown in the accompanying illustrations, on receipt of **THIS ADVERTISEMENT** on or before **MARCH 1st, 1888, and ONE DOLLAR.** On the inside of any ring we send you we will **HAND-SOMELY ENGRAVE** without Extra Charge any **NAME, INITIAL, MOTTO** or **SENTIMENT** desired. Descriptions:—No. 1, **FRENCH DIAMOND**, Foll Back Ear-Drops. No. 2, **LADIES' LOCKET**, opens place for two pictures, **REAL CAMO** in centre. No. 3, **GENTS' FRENCH DIAMOND**, Foll Back Stud. No. 4, **LADIES' or GENTS' FRENCH DIAMOND** Foll Back Ring. No. 5, **Ladies' FRENCH DIAMOND** Foll Back Pin. No. 6, **Ladies' or GENTS' CHASED BUCKLE BAND** Ring, the very latest design. No. 7, **Ladies' or GENTS' CAMO RING**. Our **FRENCH DIAMONDS** are justly celebrated, being the best imitation of the real stone ever produced, and we defy any one but the cleverest experts to detect that they are not. In the manufacture of all the above described goods we use **HEAVY ROLLED GOLD**, and in offering a **LIMITED SUPPLY** of these goods to the readers of this paper at the nominal price named, we hope to make **Regular Customers** of them. At the same time we send article or articles selected, we will mail you a bundle of our **CATALOGUES** and feel sure that they will be so highly pleased with goods sent and that they will give such satisfaction that you will oblige us by distributing our Catalogues among your friends, at the same time showing them the **BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY** you have received from us. You can in this way assist us in selling other goods of **STANDARD QUALITY** which are manufactured from **New and Original Designs** and which are guaranteed to give satisfaction or **REFUND MONEY**. We depend on our **FUTURE SALES FOR OUR PROFIT**. Remember the jewelry we send you is **Heavy Rolled Gold** and that this unprecedented offer is only made to introduce our goods and to the readers of this paper at the nominal price named, and we will insert this advertisement but **ONE TIME** in this paper, hence require you to **CUT IT OUT** and **SEND TO US** with your order, that we may know you are entitled to the **BENEFITS** of this offer. Under no circumstances will we send more than **ONE Article** of each kind at price named, but after you receive goods ordered and others are desired we will furnish them in **18K SOLID GOLD**, from \$6.00 and upwards. If you wish **ONE** article send this advertisement and \$1.00; if you desire **TWO** articles send this advertisement and \$2.00, or if **ALL** (one of each) are desired send this advertisement and \$7.00. If more than one of each are desired you must pay full price as given in our Catalogue. To ascertain the size ring you wear, cut a piece of paper so as to fit around the finger you wish to wear the ring on and send the slip to us. If you order a ring state what you wish engraved on the inside. **ORDER BY NUMBERS.** Remember under **NO CIRCUMSTANCES** will we sell more than **ONE OF EACH** at price named. You can order one or more, but **NOT MORE** than one of **EACH KIND**, and you must **CUT OUT** this advertisement and **SEND TO US** on or before **MARCH 1st, 1888**, with your order. Small sums can be sent through regular mail or sent by Registered Letter, Money Order or Draft. Address **C. W. PETTIBONE & CO., Man'g Jewelers, 25 Maiden Lane, New York.**

\$6.25 for 39 cts.

Any one sending me 39 cents and the addresses of 10 acquaintances will receive by return mail goods (not receipts) that net \$6.25. This is an honest offer to introduce staple goods. If you want a fortune, act now.
J. D. HENRY, P. O. Box 127, BUFFALO, N. Y.

LOOK! WE SELL A CARD & CIRCULAR Printing press size 5x7 inches, and outfit for \$12.00. Thirteen other sizes. Type, Cuts, Cases, &c. Send two 3-cent stamps for catalogue.
B. O. WOODS & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

The sick, who give a careful description of condition, symptoms, temperament, employments, etc., will receive medicine for six weeks, with carefully prepared directions. Fee \$3, sent with the order.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Indicated for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving the treatment of prospective mothers, and of the infant, treating of food, clothing, bathing, air and sunlight—all needed by both—will be sent by mail, free, for \$1.25.

OUR HOME GIRLS, a pamphlet treating of the management of the girl, her recreations, dress, education, proper food, etc. Sent by mail for 25 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, a small treatise treating of the means of restoring both the fat and lean to their normal condition, the former without medicine, or mainly by food, and the latter by food and medicine. Price 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPYPTIC'S FRIEND.—This is intended to meet the wants of a large class of the victims of Dyspepsia, Liver and Bowel Complaints, Indigestion, etc. The principles are clearly and plainly given in the language of the people. A pamphlet of 60 pages, 20 cents.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT.—This pamphlet of 26 pages contains the principles of bread making, with much other important matter for the housekeeper. Price 12 cents.

HEALTH RULES sent with "Good Bread," "Anti-Fat," etc., and medicine. All sent free by mail.
DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

100 Choice and witty selections for Autograph Albums for 6c. E. B. Jones, North Hartland, Vt.

50 New & Elegant Hand, Bouquet, Pond Lily, Horse Shoe, Lily of the Valley, &c. Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book free with \$1 order. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Ct.

40 Large New Chromo Cards (1883 series) Gold & Silver, Assorted, name on, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

IN CASE 50 Latest Chromo Cards, Beauties, name on 10c Sample Book 25c. F. W. AUSTIN, New Haven, Ct.

50 Elegant Chromos, name on, in fancy case, 10c. 3 packs & Handsome Present 30c. Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Ct.

50 Large Chromo, Motto, Roses, &c., new style cards, name on 10c. G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Conn.

50 All Chromos, elegant designs, Bouquet, Good Luck &c. name on, in case, 10c. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct., Branch P. O.

Select your Visiting Cards from our Beautiful Sample Package, only 10c, and see the quality and price before purchasing elsewhere. TODD & CO., Clintonville, Conn.

60 Chromo Cards with name and premium, 10c. C. H. RISLEY & CO., Meriden, Ct.

YOUR NAME on 50 artistic Chromo Cards, and a Pocket Memorandum Book, all sent for 10c. Agents' new Sample Book only 12c. Assorted Package of Embossed Pictures 10c. Give us a trial order.
CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Conn.

50 Beautiful Chromo Cards with name 10c. Send 3 names and 30c. and we will send a 4th pack free.
ROYAL CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

100 Bristol, name on 10 cts. Other cards cheap. UNION CARD CO., Chepachet, R. I.



A PRINCIPAL OFFER!
We will send the **Illustrated Boston Gazette**, a mammoth 6-page illustrated, Literary and Family Paper, the size of Harper's Weekly, filled with charming Stories, Sketches, Poems, in fact, everything to amuse and instruct the whole family circle, on trial for **three months** to all who will send us **42c.** in postage stamps, and to each person we will send free 1 Beautiful Silver-Plated Butter-Knife, 1 Beautiful Silver-Plated Sugar-Spoon, 1 set (6) elegant Silver-Steel Teaspoons, if you will agree upon honor to show the paper and premiums to at least 10 persons. Remember, the above goods are not the cheap goods, plated on brass, but are heavily plated on steel. All the above premiums are sent as absolute free gifts, to induce all to try the Gazette for three months. Write to-day. Address, **INGRAHAM & CO., 17 Battery-march St., Boston, Mass.**

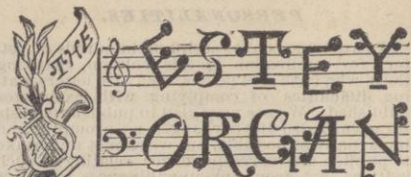
FUN and MYSTERY.
Endless amusement for only 30 cts. Our New Book contains 500 Face Pictures; 100 Choice Selections in Prose and Verse for Autograph Albums; 10 pieces of popular Music; 1 pack "Hold to Light" Cards; 1 pack Humorous Cards; 1 pack Comic Escort and Acquaintance Cards; 1 pack Flirtation Cards; Language of Jewels and Flowers; 20 Page Memorandum Book. Puzzles, change color right before your eyes; 10 Interesting Games; 12 New Tricks in Magic; 23 New and Pretty Fancy Work Patterns; 1 pack Heller's Wonderful Delusion Cards; 1 set Chromo Cards; The Great \$5.00 Prize Puzzle; The Mystic Oracle of Fortune; 20-Page Memorandum Book, with Complete Calendar; and 1 pleasing picture of "Puss in Boots"—all postpaid. 30c.; two packages, 50c. Stamps taken. Address plainly **M. F. JONES & CO., P. O. Box 3630, Boston, Mass.**

LADIES' Gossamer Waterproof Sleeve
Protector Supplies a long-felt want. A lady may now wear a silk dress at the wash-tub without danger of soiling it. The Sleeve Protector is tight-fitting and self-adjusting, can be put on or off in an instant, is cheap, durable, and the fastest selling article an agent can carry. Sells at eight everywhere. Every lady who dresses in the afternoon is obliged to either remove her dress to wash dishes or to perform any of the various household duties, or run the risk of soiling or injuring it. The Waterproof Sleeve Protector is made of gossamer rubber, reaches nearly to the shoulder, is light, durable and will last a lifetime. A pair of Protectors costing 25 cts. will save a dress costing as many dollars. Every lady will buy at sight. **AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.** Sample pair by mail, 25c.; 3 pairs, 60c.; 1 doz. pairs, \$1.65, postpaid. Address **A. D. PORTER & CO., 79 Milk St., Boston, Mass.**

DO YOU OWN A HORSE?

HORSE BOOK Send 25 cts. in stamps or currency, for the REVISED EDITION of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 60 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, better than can be taught in any other way, a table showing the doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when to poison, a large collection of valuable RECEIPTS, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing the teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing \$5.00 and \$10.00. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is much more interesting. Address,
THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfits free. Address **H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.**

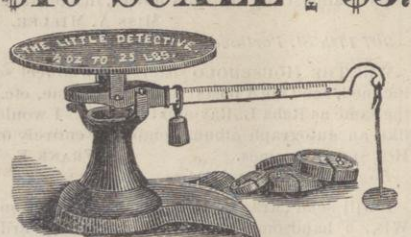


Everywhere known and prized for Skill and fidelity in manufacture, Tasteful and excellent improvements, Elegant variety of designs, Yielding unrivaled tones.
Illustrated Catalogues sent Free.
J. ESTEY & CO.,
Brattleboro, Vt.

THE "LITTLE DETECTIVE."

No More Short Weights.

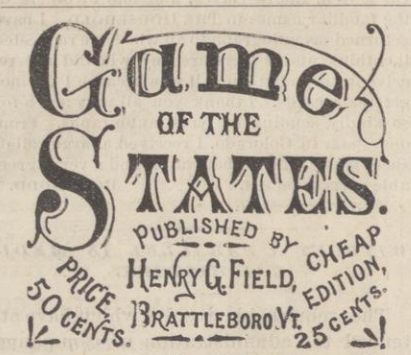
\$10 SCALE FOR \$3.



WEIGHS FROM 1-4 OZ. TO 25 LBS.
This little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than from \$8 to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's life time. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any Store.
We will send one of the above Scales, on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50.
Address, **THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.**

LABOR SAVING ARTICLES

Indispensible in Every Family.
BREAD MIXER AND KNEADER,
Dutcher Temple Co., Hopedale, Mass.
DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP,
I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
DOVER EGG BEATER,
Dover Stamping Co., Boston, Mass.
PEA AND BEAN SHELLER,
E. H. Whitney, Providence, R. I.



The Game of the "STATES" is pronounced by competent judges, the most Popular, Instructive and Entertaining Game ever published. It is a favorite wherever it may be found; can be played by every member of a company; no one is left out—ALL can take part. It is a thorough method of learning the location of the Cities and Towns in the United States. It has received the highest commendation from thousands of School Teachers, Clergymen and others, all over the country. It is not a silly, senseless game, but very instructive and amusing. It should be in every family where there are children. Buy it and see how your children will improve in the study of Geography. It will more than repay you.
Cheap Edition, 25 Cents.
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The Easiest Running

Double Thread

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In addition to its many good qualities as a really SUPERIOR SEWING MACHINE, the price at which it will be sold will bring it within the means of thousands who have long needed a good machine but have been unable to

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FOR THE

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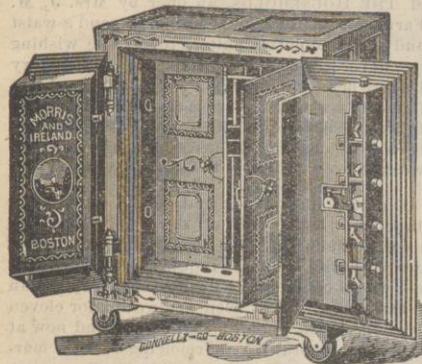
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CHAMPION RECORD IN THE
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THE ONLY EIGHT FLANGE SAFE MADE IN THE WORLD,
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Patent Inside Bolt Work,
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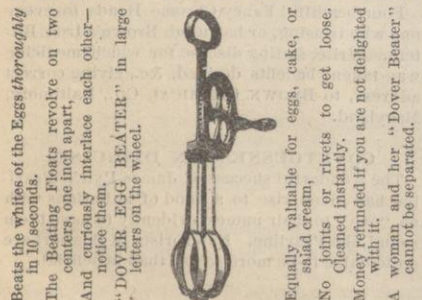
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Length 15 inches. Width, spread, 14 inches.
Stands in the sink. Receives and drains the dishes.
Does not break them. Does not rust. Takes no available
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Beats the whites of the Eggs thoroughly
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The Beating Flows revolve on two
centers, one inch apart,
And curiously interlace each other—
notice them.
"DOVER EGG BEATER" in large
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Equally valuable for eggs, cake, or
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No joints or rivets to get loose.
Cleaned instantly.
Money refunded if you are not delighted
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A woman and her "Dover Beater"
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The "DOVER EGG BEATER" is the only article in
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Paper Letters, forming the words
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AGENTS ARE making \$10 a day selling our goods.
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2-Ton Wagon Scales (Platform 6x12) - - - \$40
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All other sizes in proportion. All Scales perfect.
Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Beam, Beam-Box
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Sold by dealers everywhere. Send for price-list.



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In-doors and out. Comfort, durability,
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AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE TREASURY OF SONG

For the HOME CIRCLE. A rich volume of 300
best loved Gems chosen from the whole realm of lit-
erature. Usual cost, \$97! Here, only \$2.50. No book
like it. No Competition! Sale is immense! Eminent
citizens say: "A treasury of pleasure for every home."
O. H. Tiffany, D.D. "A perfect marvel of excellence and
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it is a grand chance to coin money.
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issued. Full instructions for
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FANCY WORK A BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS
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Work, Kensington Embroidery, directions for making,
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for Hand Bag, Scrap Basket, Tidy, Mat, Oak Leaf
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WORSTED CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS.
A BOOK of 100 Patterns for Worsted Work, etc.
Borders, Corners, Flowers, Birds, Animals, Pan-
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Three-Cent Stamps
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Toilet Box, containing 200 ne plus Pins, 6 white
Toilet Pins, 6 black Toilet Pins, 25 satin finished Hair
Pins, and 12 shoe buttons; price 10 cents.

Pocket Nail Cutter and Cleaner, the best
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where neat, well kept nails are desired; 20 cents.

**Combined Pocket Tape Measure, Mirror
and Pin Cushion**, nickel plated; 25 cents.

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Vest Pocket Scale, weighing half ounce to eight
pounds, suitable for fishermen, and adapted to other
purposes; handsomely nickel plated; 35 cents.

Elegant Birthday Cards; 5, 10, 15 and 25c. each.
Do not fail to give complete postoffice address, includ-
ing state. Address
CHENEY & CLAPP Booksellers and Stationers,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

THE

Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our
subscribers for the past two years on such favorable
terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfac-
tion to those who have received them, that we are an-
xious that all who are in need of anything of the kind
should avail themselves of the present opportunity of
getting a really nice article at a very low price. We
have sent

HUNDREDS

OF THESE

SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first
instance where they have failed to meet the expectations
of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited

Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show
the estimation in which these scales are held by those
who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective
scales from you all right. I find them to be in every re-
spect what they are advertised to be, and like them very
much. As I make and sell better, I find them very use-
ful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales
of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they
are perfectly correct. Mrs. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir:—The Little Detective has
arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives per-
fect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I
have kept house twenty years without it.
Yours very respectfully, Mrs. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—I received the Little Detective scales
last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them.
They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better
than some spring scales that I have examined that were
nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD sis-
ters who have no scales would buy them if they knew
how handy and nice they are. Mrs. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir:—In May I received from you
a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago
Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees
exactly with "Fairbanks." It is very nicely adjusted, and
is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I
have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.
Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFT.

REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

The Household

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England or-
ders are filled directly from this office, while those from
more distant points are supplied from the manufactory
at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the
lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each,
and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Ad-
dress all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

SPLENDID POT PLANTS, specially pre-
pared for House Culture and Winter Bloom.
Delivered safely by mail, postpaid, at all postoffices.
5 splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for \$1;
12 for \$2; 19 for \$3; 26 for \$4; 35 for \$5; 75 for
\$10; \$100 for \$13. We GIVE a Handsome
Present of Choice and Valuable ROSES Free
with every order. Our NEW GUIDE, a complete
Treatise on the Rose, 70 pp. elegantly illustrated—free to all.
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

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Club together and send 15 names
for 15 packs of 50 New Imported
Chrome Cards, (10c. a pack) for \$1.
on Extra Board, Swiss Scenes, Ocean Views, Bird Mot-
toes, Moss Rose & Landscape Series, name thereon, in
latest style, (all new type). Get our Album of choicest Samples
to take orders with, only 25c. Send 5c. for our reduced price list
and catalogue of Elegant Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware,
Novelties &c. given as premiums or largest cash commissions paid
Agents. STAR PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.



HEAR YE DEAF.

Garmore's Artificial
Ear Drum.
As invented and worn by him
perfectly restoring the hearing. En-
tirely deaf for thirty years, he hears with
them even whispers, distinctly. Are
not observable, and remain in posi-
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Free. CAUTION: Do not be deceived
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successful artificial Ear Drum manu-
factured.
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A Leading London Physi-
cian establishes an
Office in New York
for the Cure of
EPILEPTIC FITS.
From Am. Journal of Medicine.
Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty
of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases
than any other living physician. His success has simply been
astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' stand-
ing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on
this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his won-
derful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express
and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to ad-
dress Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 66 John St., New York.

KNIVES, \$15 25c. REVOLVERS \$1.00. RIFLES, \$9.00. ZULU, \$4.00. SAXON, \$4.00. BREECH LOADERS, RIFLES, KNIVES, REVOLVERS, WATCHES.

Lowest prices ever known. See them before
you buy. Illustrated Catalogue, 1882-83, now
ready. Send stamp for it.
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the best Family Knitting
Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of
stockings with LEELE and TOE complete, in 20
minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy
work for which there is always a ready market. Send
for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting
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This really valuable Ointment is now for the first time
offered to the public. For many years its extraordinary
curative virtues have been handed down from generation
to generation in one family, who, with their friends, have
been the only ones benefited thereby. The recipe for
making it was obtained in the last century from the In-
dians by one of Vermont's early and distinguished physi-
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success. It will perform what is promised for it, and we
now offer it as standing without a rival for relieving and
curing

Piles, Burns, Bruises, Bites and
Stings, Chilblains, Chapped
Hands, Sore Nipples, Etc.

For the Piles its truly wonderful effects can only be fully
appreciated in its use by the afflicted one. It is equal-
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up in tin boxes, and will be sent post-paid to any part of
the United States or Canada on receipt of 25 cents.
Liberal discount to the trade.

THOMPSON & CO.,
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We take pleasure in speaking a word in praise of this
Ointment. It has been used in our family for several
years and always with the most satisfactory results.
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KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

A Sure
relief for Asthma.
Price 35 cts. by mail.
STOWELL & CO.
Charlestown, Mass.

50 Chromos, Latest Designs, no two alike, 10c. 13 packs
\$1. Elegant premiums given. Illustrated list with each
order. Album of Samples 25c. E. B. Gilbert, Higginum, Ct

30 Fine White Gold Edge Cards, name on, 10c. Sam-
ple Book 25c. F. M. Shaw & Co., Jersey City, N. J.

40 NEW no 2 alike Chromo Visiting Cards name on
10 cents. Warranted best pack sold. Agents
Wanted. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOVEMBER, 1882.

DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

WE CAN no longer supply January numbers to our subscribers. Agents and others forwarding subscriptions will please bear this in mind.

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

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS 1's and 3's—will be received in payment for THE HOUSEHOLD from those who are unable to send subscriptions in any other form. Do NOT send any larger ones.

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

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

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OUR FRIENDS are desired upon any and all subjects within the province of THE HOUSEHOLD. We particularly desire short, practical articles and suggestions from experienced housekeepers, everywhere, who have passed through the trials and perplexities which to a greater or less degree, are the lot of every new pupil in the school of domestic life. Ladies, write for your paper.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, every one, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 3's, and put them into the letters loosely. Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which may fail to do—and also give post-office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTATEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have

given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1882. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to any body—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

E. R. KELSEY of Everett, is sole agent for THE HOUSEHOLD for Suffolk County, Mass., to whom all persons wishing agencies in that county should apply.

Enclose a silver 25-cent piece in an envelope and the thing is done.

The Golden Rule.

Best \$2.00 Religious Weekly ever published. Sent to readers of THE HOUSEHOLD from now to Jan. 1, 1883, for

ONLY 25 CENTS.

Endorsed by the publisher of this paper.
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NO HUMOR OF THE SKIN

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN, SUCH AS TETTERS, PIMPLES, SORES, BLOTCHES, RASH, ERYSIPELAS, RINGWORM, BARBERS' ITCH, REDNESS OF NOSE AND FACE, BURNS, CUTS AND SCALDS.

ON ACCOUNT OF LAYING THE INTENSE ITCHING AND INSURING SWEET REPOSE, IT IS KNOWN BY MANY AS "THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILLS."

DR. SWAYNE & SON, PHILA.

—“Sleeping out loud,” is the latest child definition of snoring.

How can a single dose of Ayer's Pills cure headache? By removing obstructions from the system—relieving the stomach, and giving healthy action to the digestive apparatus.

—A New York paper speaks of a man who was “beaten in three suits,” which reminds one of the old time schoolboy who used to pad his trousers in anticipation of a thrashing.

The purity and elegant perfume of Parker's Hair Balsam explain the popularity of this reliable restorative.

[From the New Haven Register.]

CELERY

AS A REMEDY FOR NERVOUS DISEASES.

WHAT THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SAY ABOUT IT, AND THE GOOD RESULTS ATTENDING ITS USE.

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS AND DYSPEPSIA.

“DR. BENSON'S preparation of Celery and Chamomile for nervous diseases is the most important addition made to the *materia medica* in the last quarter of a century.”—Dr. J. W. J. Englar, of Baltimore.

“Dr. Benson's Pills are worth their weight in gold in nervous and sick headache.”—Dr. A. H. Schlichter, of Baltimore.

“These Pills are invaluable in nervous diseases.”—Dr. Hammond, of New York.

“Dr. Benson's Pills for the cure of Neuralgia are a success.”—Dr. G. P. Holman, Christianburg, Va.

These Pills are a special preparation, only for the cure of special diseases, as named, and for these diseases they are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to and will cure sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, paralysis, sleeplessness and dyspepsia.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for \$1, or six boxes for \$2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price \$1. per package.

C. N. Crittenton, Sole Wholesale Agent, for Dr. C. W. Benson's Remedies, 115 Fulton St., New York.

HEART TROUBLES:

ONE IN THREE HAVE THEM And think the Kidneys or Liver are at Fault.

HYPERTROPHY, or enlargement of the Ventricles. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator has good record. **PERICARDITIS**, or inflammation of the heart case. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator meets the demand. **WATER in the heart case.** (Accompanies Dropsy). Use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator—it acts promptly. **SOFTENING of the Heart.** (very common) **PALPITATION.** Dr. Graves' Regulator is a sure remedy. **ANGINA PECTORIS, or Neuralgia of the Heart.** Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator shows immediate results. **A STARTLING FACT!** Heart troubles in the aggregate are inferior only to consumption in fatality. **Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator** is a specific. Price \$1. per bottle, six bottles for \$5. by express. Send stamp for eminent physicians' treatise on these diseases. In Nervous Prostration and Sleeplessness. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator has no equal. F. E. INGALLS, Sole Agent in America, Concord, N. H. Sold by all Leading Druggists. (2)

HEART DISEASE:

—An elderly lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and this was his only fault: “Fault, madam,” said one, “how can you call this a fault?” “Why, because there are different ways of eating them, sir. My husband takes them in the form of brandy.”

A full feeling after meals, dyspepsia, heartburn, and general ill health relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Old parson who had once been a curate in the parish—“How do you manage to get on in these hard times, Mr. Johnson?” Farmer—“Well, sir, about as bad as can be. Last year we lived on faith, this year we are living on hope, and next year I am afraid we shall have to depend on charity.”

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a really remarkable and time-honored medicine. It is the best known remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs.

OUR LOOKING GLASS.

IN WHICH OUR ADVERTISERS CAN SEE THEMSELVES AS OUR READERS SEE THEM.

We endeavor to exclude from our advertising columns everything that savors of fraud or deception in any form, and the fact that an advertisement appears in THE HOUSEHOLD may be taken as evidence that the editor regards it as an honest statement of facts by a responsible party. Nevertheless the world is full of plausible rascals, and occasionally one may gain access to our pages. We set apart this column in which our friends may give their experience in answering the advertisements found in this magazine whether satisfactory or otherwise. State facts as briefly as possible, and real name and address every time. And we earnestly request our readers when answering any advertisement found in these columns to be particular and state that it was seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, and we think they will be pretty sure of a prompt and satisfactory response.

If you will allow me a little space in the Looking Glass, I should like to say to your lady readers that noticing in The Exchange Column of one of THE HOUSEHOLDS, an offer by Mrs. J. M. Farnham, of Rockland, Maine, to send a waist and skirt supporter pattern to any one wishing it. Never having had any thing very satisfactory I wrote her for it, and I am so much pleased that I wish to recommend it to ladies and young girls. It is a preserver of health, causing the shoulders to carry the burden of the clothing, and relieving weakness.

MRS. L. W. CLARK.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed the question by Inquirer whether any of the sisters had ever used, or knew anything about Compound Oxygen. I wish I could see Inquirer, and all who are not well, I could talk to them so much better than I can write. I had been an invalid for eleven years in April, when I began its use, and now at this date, (Sept.) we are rejoicing over the marvelous results. I have worked hard all summer since June, and gained all the time. If I could have had more favorable circumstances in which to test it, I am not prepared to say what it would not have accomplished. I have used two of the home treatments and have sent for a third. Please don't feel it too expensive and refrain from getting it. You will find it cheap. I think I shall never be so foolish as to return to the drug system for any sickness in the future.

MAMIE W.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

is a preparation of the phosphates of lime, magnesia, potash and iron in such form as to be readily assimilated by the system. Descriptive pamphlet sent free. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

—A girl heard her father criticised severely across a dinner table. The careless critic paused a moment to say, “I hope he is no relation of yours, Miss L.” And, as quick as thought, she replied, with the utmost nonchalance, “Only a connection of my mother's by marriage.”

Habit, if not necessity, makes a Hair Dressing such as Dr. Ayer's laboratory issues, indispensable to many. Ayer's Hair Vigor is one of the most delightful we have ever used. It restores not only the color, but gloss and luxuriance, to faded and gray hair.

—A gentleman whose solvency is not so irreplaceable as his attire, has a dozen tailors at least, although the number of his garments is not large. Some one asked him why he had so many. “You see, I don't like, my dear friend,” he said, “to have the loss all fall on one!”

WILL BE SENT FREE.

Four beautiful Fancy Chromo Heads to every one who is using, or has used, Brown's Iron Bitters. Write, stating disease for which medicine was taken, benefits derived, &c., giving correct address, to BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Maryland.

COVETOUSNESS IN DISGUISE.

The wonderful success of James Pyle's Pearl-line has given rise to a flood of imitations with an “ine” to their names, evidently to have them sound like Pearl-line. Enterprises of this sort are quite liable to be more selfish than beneficial.

—“I wish I was a star,” he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. “I would rather you were a comet,” she said dreamily. His heart beat tumultuously. “And why?” he said tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own. “And why?” he repeated imperiously. “Oh,” she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell freezingly upon his soul, “because then you would come around only once every fifteen hundred years.”

The beautiful display of Tulips, Hyacinths and Crocus which adorned the Public Garden of the city of Boston, Forest Hills, Mt. Auburn and Cedar Grove last spring, and were so commented on by the press and admiring thousands, was furnished by B. T. Wells, now the largest importer in New England. See advertisement headed “Heralds of Spring.”

All authorities agree that the milk of a healthy mother is the best food for an infant. Next to this, and containing all the elements for perfect nutrition, is Mellin's Food, which after a long test, is highly indorsed by prominent medical men. Sold by leading druggists and grocers. Price 75 cents. T. Metcalf & Co., Boston, Mass.

—A man's character is like a fence. It cannot be strengthened by whitewash.

See "Bird" adv't; get Holden's Bird Book; food, care, diseases, breeding. He has extra singers.

—When is a man like a looking-glass? When he reflects.

Mt. Cardigan Silver Polish.
Read advertisement in September number.

—Have the courage to tell a man why you do not lend him your money.

A Delicious Appetizer.
That ensures digestion and enjoyment of food; a tonic that brings strength to the weak and rest to the nervous; a harmless diarrhoea cure that doesn't constipate—just what every family needs—Parker's Ginger Tonic.

—Never judge of appearances. A seedy coat may cover a heart in full bloom.

Gray hair may be made to take on its youthful color and beauty by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best preparation for the hair known to the science of medicine and chemistry.

—'Tis unfair to take advantage of a man without front teeth by calling him a back-biter.

The thunders of the Vatican are, *ex cathedra*, usually said to be infallible. This term applies, in its broadest acceptance, to the effects of that world-renowned preparation, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Heart disease, no matter how aggravated or long standing, is always cured by this wonderful medical preparation. The druggists all keep it. \$1. At druggists.

—Tears are rain-drops from the sky of the soul.

Lydia E. Pinkham's great Laboratory Lynn, Mass., is turning out millions of packages of her celebrated Compound, which are being sent to the four winds, and actually find their way to all lands under the sun and to the remotest confines of modern civilization.

—The fool goeth out in a small boat when he doesn't know a boom from a breaker, but the wise man picks up pebbles on the shore and flirts with the girl in a pink dress.

JEWELRY—DIAMONDS.

18 Karat Rolled Gold Solid Jewelry, only \$1. Unparalleled Bargains offered by the well known reliable firm of G. W. Pettibone & Co., whose advertisement appears in this paper. Read their advertisement carefully, the goods are unrivaled and all that is claimed for them.

QUEER QUERIES.—The following queries have been propounded by the Concord School of Philosophy: "Why do not cows sit down to rest the same as dogs? Why does a dog turn around a few times before he lies down? Why does a cow get up from the ground hind-end first, and a horse fore-end first? Why does a squirrel come down head first, and a cat tail first?"

Ayer's Pills promote digestion, improve the appetite, restore healthy action and regulate the secretive functions of the body, thus producing a condition of perfect health.

—"I assure you gentlemen," said a convict upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demand all my time and attention, and I truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests, I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted.

—Recently a clergyman was rescued from a watery grave by a boatman. After hauling him ashore his rescuer severely reproached him for not making some effort to save himself.

"I put my trust in the Lord," piously exclaimed the humbled evangelist.

"Well, I didn't," returned the boatman, "for the Lord evidently intended to drown you."

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.25. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

There are fierce brain storms that shatter a man's organization, his nerves shriek for relief, and neuralgia banishes rest. At such a time, if the miserable sufferer would use Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, he would find perfect relief.

—Drawing from nature—Pulling a tooth.

The GOLDEN RULE is still at the front and is making illustrated articles a very taking feature. It is offered to January 1, for only 25 cents, and the publishers are making a "corner" in silver quarters. See advertisement.

—A clergyman who had just performed a wedding ceremony, and was filling out a blank descriptive of the parties, asked the husband what his business was. "I am a wine merchant and a shoemaker," was the reply. "Yes," exclaimed the bride, "so you can just set him down as a sherry cobbler."

Should you be a sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, malaria, or weakness, you can be cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

—A farmer on being asked to write a testimonial for a patent clothes wringer, produced the following: "I bought your clothes wringer, and am hugely pleased with it. I bought a jag of wood which proved too green, and unfit to burn; I ran the whole load through your wringer, and have used the wood for kindling ever since."

ON THE FARMERS' SIDE.

Speaking of the statement made by Hiram Sibley & Co., the great Rochester and Chicago seedsmen, and the largest seed growers in the world, to the Tariff Commission, the Detroit Free Press says, editorially: "It was one of those clear, compact, comprehensible utterances which are worth reams of elaborate discussion. When they declared against taxing 7,000,000 seed users for the benefit of 100 seed growers, they turned a perfect flood of electric light upon the iniquity of the tariff. We commend this pithy presentation of the case to the farmers who belong to the hundred thousands whom the tariff taxes for the benefit of the hundreds. The Free Press is in a position to sympathize with the farmers in this matter, having been taxed at the rate of \$15,000 a year for the sole benefit of four wood-pulp monopolists, upon whom a Protectionist Congress conferred the right to levy that tax."

See Dr. Hanford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

A COTTAGE ORGAN

worth \$200 will be sent to any person who will send us Two Hundred yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD, and at the same rate for a cheaper or more costly instrument. These organs will be new, sent from the well known manufactory of J. Estey & Co., and fully warranted to give the most perfect satisfaction, both as regards beauty of workmanship and clearness of tone.

This offer places one of the most desirable organs for the family or society room within reach of thousands of our readers. Many have already availed themselves of our previous similar offers and many others will we trust do so this season.

THE HOUSEHOLD LINIMENT.

Let the 54,000 families, readers of "The Household," step into their nearest medicine store and get a bottle of THE HOUSEHOLD LINIMENT, and see if they do not pronounce it the very best pain-killing medicine they ever tried.

THE HOUSEHOLD LINIMENT

is an internal and external remedy, for any and all local pains on man or beast, and is really a genuine article of great merit, which ought at once to take its rightful place among the standard class of remedies. It has been used by a few persons, for various complaints, and always gave perfect satisfaction in every case. Neighbors buy it by the pint. An old gentleman said it kept himself and aged wife alive. He buys it, a pint at a time. One person strained his back, at heavy lifting, couldn't stand up straight; one application relieved him, and two or three more entirely cured him. Ought to be always on hand, in every household, ready for use day or night. A lady severely burned was relieved at once. A teamster buys it by the gallon, in case of sudden attacks of Wind Colic, either on his 20 horses or their drivers. Can more be said of this really truly wonderful remedy? It is, also, good for Sprains, Strains and Swellings, Lameness, Neuralgia and Lumbago, Back, Head, Tooth and Ear-ache, Sciatic Rheumatism, Gout, Sore Throat, Burns and Scalds, Wounded Feet and Ears. Excellent for Chills, Coughs, Wounds and Pains too numerous to mention.

Price—Large 4 oz. bottles, only 50 cents.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Mass.,
General Agents, to whom all orders should be addressed.

N. B.—We very much desire to have every lady that uses this medicine in her family, write Mr. Crowell, proprietor of "The Household," the results of her experiment.



Nature's Sparkling Specific for indigestion and Biliousness, the water of the famous Seltzer Spa, is duplicated in a moment with a spoonful of TARRANT'S SELTZER WATER, which contains every valuable element of the German spring. The greatest physicians of Europe pronounce that free gift of Providence the most potent of all known alternatives, and its *fac simile*, fresh and foaming, is now placed within the reach of every invalid in the western world.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LACES In the finest manner. Price List Free.
CLEANSER Lewando's French Dye House, 17 Temple Pl., Boston.

D. LOTHROP & CO'S Popular Magazines.

BABYLAND.

The only Magazine in the World expressly for Babies. Only 50 cents a year.

No home where a baby laughs and coos can be complete without this dainty monthly. During the next year it will be more delightful than ever. It will have its musical jingles, and its sweet, amusing stories of tiny men and women, and its large, beautiful pictures, as heretofore, and will be printed in the same large type, and on the same heavy, cream-tinted paper. In addition, Mr. Barnes is preparing a novel series of twelve full-page pictures illustrating "What Black Eyes and Blue Eyes Saw in Foreign Lands." A beautiful picture alphabet will run as a wee serial through the year. Send the address of your baby and your baby friends, and specimens will be sent them.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS,

At Home and at School. Only 75 cents a year.

This refined and charmingly illustrated monthly was originally designed as a SERIAL READER for the Primary schools of America, but so delightful is it that in less than one year it found its way into homes, kindergartens, and private schools all over the country. Clear type, and finely printed on heavy paper, WITH A TRANSFERABLE STIFF COVER. Large Reduction to Schools. Send for specimen, and after examining, pass it along to your friends.

THE PANSY.

A Pictorial Weekly Paper for Boys and Girls. Only 75 cents a year.

While entertaining for every day in the week, this periodical is especially suited for Sunday reading—indeed it is widely taken in Sunday-schools all over the country. It is edited by Mrs. G. R. Alden, author of the Pansy books. Special terms to Sunday-schools.

Orders for subscriptions and specimen numbers, applications for agencies, special terms, and circulars, may be sent to

D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers,
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THE BOOK OF THE YEAR.

A FAMILY FLIGHT OVER EGYPT AND SYRIA, by Rev. Edward Everett Hale and Miss Susan Hale. Uniform with "A Family Flight through France, Germany, Norway, and Switzerland." 1 vol. quarto, 400 pages, over 200 illustrations, cloth, plain, \$2.50; extra cloth, tinted edges, \$3.00. For sale by all booksellers.

NOW READY.

WEIGHED AND WANTING. A new novel by George MacDonald. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

Also, new editions of MacDonald's novels, put up in a neat box. 18 vols. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, \$27.00.

More than one hundred new books by popular American authors, and nearly two thousand original illustrations by American artists, are included in D. Lothrop & Co.'s holiday announcements. So liberal an expenditure has never before been made by one firm in a single year for holiday books.—*The American Bookseller.*

Catalogues sent free on application.

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NEW MUSIC

40 CHOICE PIECES, only 21 cts. In order to introduce our Publications everywhere, we will send 40 Pieces of our latest and best Music, consisting of Songs, Ballads, Duets, Waltzes, Folk-songs, &c., by the best composers, including all the gems from the operas of *Olivera, The Masque, and Billee Taylor*, now playing in all the large cities, for only 21 cts. These 40 choice pieces, if purchased separately, at 35 cts. each, would cost \$14.00. Elegantly printed, full size, each piece a gem, and the best collection that has yet appeared. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **Order Now!**

Address all orders to TRACY & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

SAVE MONEY, YOUNG & OLD!!

GET UP CLUBS of 15 names for 15 packs (10c. a pack) of 50 lovely imported All Chromo Cards for \$1.00. Landscapes, Swiss & French Florals, Birds, Wreaths &c., with name in the finest style of new type. Sample Book for agents 25c., unequalled for all the new styles of Cards, also imported Christmas and Birthday Cards. Send 5c. for entire new Catalogue and Premium List of useful and fancy articles given as premiums or largest cash commissions paid. Register Letters to E. F. EATON, Northford, Conn.

WIDE AWAKE.

The Great Pictorial Magazine for Young Folks. Only \$2.50 a year.

During the past year this popular magazine has been made up monthly with an enterprise and a lavish expenditure that is little less than regal. Indeed a prominent reviewer calls it "the prince of magazines."

The rare editorial instinct of the conductors of *Wide Awake* is universally recognized. And withal the magazine is notably healthful and sensible and practical, and at the same time wonderfully entertaining.

The foremost authors in America contribute their brightest work to this monthly: John G. Whittier, Edward Everett Hale, Arthur Gilman, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. Susan Dunning Power, Shirley Dare, Susan Coolidge, Helen Hunt, Margaret Sydney, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Sophie May, Sarah Orne Jewett, Nora Perry, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, and hosts of others.

DURING THE COMING YEAR the work of these popular authors will be supplemented by the finest poems and prose contributions from brilliant English authors, among them Dinah Maria Mulock (Mrs. Craik), Christina Rossetti, Rose Kingsley, Philip Bourke Marston, Mary A. F. Robinson, and others.

A PARTIAL ANNOUNCEMENT is here given of leading features for 1883. For Full Prospectus see November *Wide Awake*.

THE SILVER CITY, by Fred A. Ober, late explorer for the Smithsonian Institution. The interest centering about the exciting search for and discovery by the boy hero of the famous lost city in Yucatan, of which tradition has whispered mysteriously ever since the conquest of Mexico. Many of the seventy-five illustrations by W. P. Bodfish will have as backgrounds to the dramatic actions the marvelous sculptured ruins from photographs taken by Mr. Ober himself.

OLD CARAVAN DAYS, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is a story of the frontier States in the days when from Ohio westward the great "pikes" were trailed over by the slow lengths of white-tented wagons, in one of which lived the hero and heroine of the story, Bob-a-day and little "aunt" Corinne. This exquisite story of child-life will have thirty-six drawings by Mr. H. P. Share.

A DECIDED NOVELTY will make the third serial, in that it will have no text; but instead it will consist of three to five pages each month of By-the-way Sketches, Studies, and Drawings by one of *Wide Awake's* favorite artists who has just gone to Europe with his sketch book for this purpose.

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE TROPICS, by Dr. Felix Oswald, will give the boys a capital combination of natural history and adventure, fully illustrated by Faber.

MY WINTER GARDEN, by Amanda B. Harris, is a series of curiously interesting and profusely illustrated studies of the change of buds to leaves and blossoms on twigs gathered in winter and kept in jars of water in a sunny window.

TWELVE DECORATIVE PLACQUES, each full-page size, by George F. Barnes, will be of notable interest to amateur artists.

INDIAN FOLK-LORE STORIES, by Bright Eyes.

INDIAN LIFE OF TO-DAY, by Miss Fletcher.

AZTEC INDIAN LEGENDS, by A Recent Explorer, will form three fascinating and remarkable groups of articles, by authors in whom the American public has a present and great interest.

COOKERY FOR BEGINNERS, by Marian Harland, will be a new department, conducted for the *Wide Awake* Cooking Club, by the ablest American woman who has written upon practical cookery.

C. Y. F. R. U.—The second annual reading course of the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union (a feature to include which *Wide Awake* enlarged itself one-fourth last year) is begun in the October number, 1882, and includes the following series:

"Ballads of American History" (*Illustrated*), authors to be announced. "Remarkable Trials," by Benjamin Vaughan Abbott. "Through a Microscope" (*Illustrated*), by Samuel Wells. "Literature" (*Illustrated*), by Amanda B. Harris. "Anna Maria's House-keeping," by The Next Neighbor. "A Boy's Workshop" (*Illustrated*), by A Boy Carpenter. "Health and Strength Papers for Boys" (*Illustrated*), by Prof. Sargent (Harvard College Gymnasium). "What to do about it," by The Wise Blackbird.

In the line of travel, adventure, research, and many other specialties, the magazine will be admirably fitted to entertain the entire household. The pictures will perhaps take a higher rank even than during the past year, and will be notable for originality, variety and beauty.

Orders for subscriptions and specimen numbers, applications for agencies, special terms and circulars, may be sent to

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30 & 32 Franklin St., Boston.

ONLY
\$8.

OUR NEW AMERICAN LEVER WATCH!

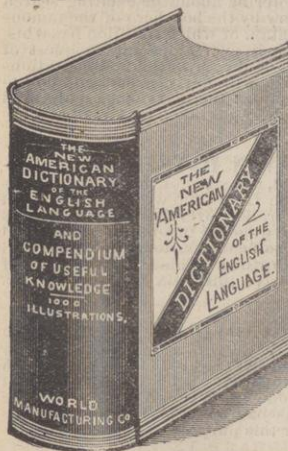
After months of labor and experiment, we have at last brought to perfection a new watch. It is a Key Winding Watch with the celebrated Anchor Lever Movement, Expansion Balance, Fully Jeweled. They are made of the best material, and in the very best manner, so as to insure good time-keeping qualities. The Cases are made of our Celebrated Composition metal known as Aluminum Gold. This metal has sufficient amount of gold in the composition to give the watch a genuine gold appearance. Indeed it cannot be told from a genuine Gold Watch except by the best judges as the metal stands the acid test as well as pure gold. The cases are finely engraved or engine turned and are massive and strong and very handsome making it just the watch for Railroad men, Mechanics and all laboring men who require a good strong watch and an accurate time-keeper. For trading and speculative purposes, it is superior to any watch ever before offered. They can be sold readily for \$15 in \$100 each, and traded so as to realize double those amounts. Farmers as well as Agents can handle these watches to advantage, as they can be readily exchanged for stock or goods. We send the watch free by registered mail, on receipt of \$3.00. Or we will send it C. O. D. on receipt of \$1.00 on a balance, the balance can be paid at the express office. We also have very fine Aluminum Gold Chains at \$1.00 each. Beautiful Medallion Charms 50 cents. We have hundreds of testimonials, but have room for only two.

Hot Springs, Ark. June 3d, 1882.
WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Gents:—The New American Aluminum Gold Watch I ordered of you some time ago was duly received, and I am so well pleased with it that I enclose Seven Dollars, P. O. order, on account, for which please forward by express C. O. D. for balance, three more of the same style with chains to match. Respectfully, Carleton Taylor.

Leavenworth, Kan. Aug. 7th, 1882.
WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Gents:—The American Gold American Lever Watch purchased from your firm has proved a good time-keeper, and gives perfect satisfaction. Enclosed find cash for two more, same style. Yours, G. P. ECKERT.
Send all orders to WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

It is seldom that we meet with an article that so fully corresponds with its advertised good qualities as does the New American Lever Watch. It has the advantage of being made of that precious metal Aluminum Gold; its works are of the best make, and the general style of the case rank it with the best Watches made anywhere. We recommend it to our readers as a Watch that will give entire satisfaction.

CHEAPEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.



The New American Dictionary Price only \$1.00. Contains 1,000 Engravings and 100 pages more than any other book of the kind ever published. This useful and elegant volume is a Library and Encyclopedia of general knowledge, as well as the best Dictionary in the world. Superbly bound in cloth and gilt. No pocket affair, but a large volume. Contains every word in the English language, with its true meaning, spelling and pronunciation, and a vast amount of necessary information upon Science, Mythology, Biography, American History, Insolvency and Interest laws, etc., being a perfect Library of Reference. Webster's Dictionary costs \$9.00 the New American costs only \$1.00.

Read What the Press Says. "We have never seen its equal."—THE ADVOCATE. "Worth ten times the money."—TRIBUNE AND FARMER. "A perfect dictionary and library of reference."—LESLIE ILLUS. NEWS. We have frequent occasion to use the New American Dictionary in our office and regard it well worth the price. CHRISTIAN UNION. With the New American Dictionary in the library for reference, many other much more expensive works can be dispensed with, and ignorance of his country, history, business, law, etc. is inexcusable in any man."—SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. "There's more real worth than in most books at ten times the cost."—N. Y. WORLD. Price, \$1, postpaid; 2 for \$1.75.

Extraordinary Offer. If any person will get up a Club of Ten at \$1.00 each we will send FREE as a premium the American Waterbury Stem Winding Watch. For a Club of 15 we will send free a Solid Silver Hunting Case Watch. For a Club of 30 we will send free, a Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch. For a Club of 50 we will send free, Gents' Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch. Send a Dollar at once for a sample copy. You can easily secure one of these watches in a day or two or during your leisure time evenings.

As to our reliability we can refer to the publisher of this paper, the commercial agencies or any express Co., in this city. Address: WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

The New American Dictionary, is an Encyclopedia of useful knowledge, worth its weight in gold to all classes. It is the most complete, the most useful and entertaining book ever issued. If we could induce every one of our readers to buy one we should feel that we had conferred a benefit on them. When you order the Dictionary, kindly mention that you saw the advertisement in our paper.

PATTERSON'S \$65 ORGAN TAKES THE LEAD!



PATTERSON'S ORGAN, Style 401 contains 4 sets REEDS, 11 useful Stops, including Sub Bass, Octave Coupler, Pat. Tremolo and 2 Knee Swells (no dummy or superfluous stops in this Organ). Attractive Walnut Case handsomely decorated with Gold Bronze, 72 in. high, 44 in. wide, 24 in. deep. Price, with Stool and Book, \$65 only. This being a Special Offer, no possible reduction can be made—one price to all. This Organ has splendid volume and variety of tone, combined with sweetness, and is suitable for Church, Hall, or Parlor use. When desired, we leave off the top and finish the back in Chapel style, without extra charge, which makes a neat and desirable Chapel Organ. Some manufacturers and dealers advertise from 15 to 25 stops on an Organ containing the same number of reeds, the majority being dummies, or what are equally unimportant, REPETITION STOPS, which add nothing to the beauty, value, or cost of the Organ. Do not be deceived by the number of stops an Organ is said to contain. Order one of the above on 15 days' test trial, and if it is not found as represented, return it at our expense for freight both ways. Order direct from this advertisement. Remit by draft, money-order or express (money refunded if organ is not satisfactory), or if you do not wish to send cash with order, send a letter of endorsement from some bank or respectable merchant, to the effect that you are responsible, and will pay for the Organ if found as represented, and we will promptly ship you one for 15 days' trial, fully warranted 6 years. Do not send money in advance for other Organs. The Patterson Organs may be fully tested at your own home before payment is made, an unquestionable assurance of their merits. Pianos, \$250 and upwards. Organs, \$50, \$60, \$75, \$85, \$95, \$100, \$110, \$120, with Stool and Book. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE mailed free. Be sure and send for one. It gives information about BOGUS STOPS and false description of sets of reeds, which protects the purchaser and makes it impossible for any one to be deceived. Address the manufacturer, JAMES T. PATTERSON, Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

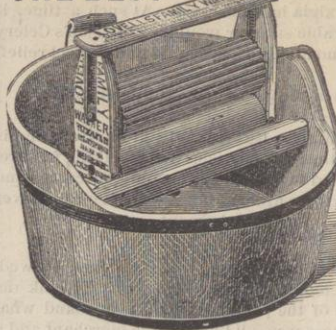
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Pocklington, Duchess, Lady Washington Jefferson, Vergennes, Early Victor, Moore's Early, Brighton, Noah, Lady, Wards, etc., etc. Prices reduced. Warranted true to name. All the older varieties in large Illustrated Catalogue free. T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N.Y.

IRELAND of TO-DAY \$75 to \$150 Per Month. New Edition Now Ready. Gives Repression Bill, Events of 1882, etc. Agents Wanted. J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated stand-works of character; great variety; low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Bradley, Garrettson & Co., 66 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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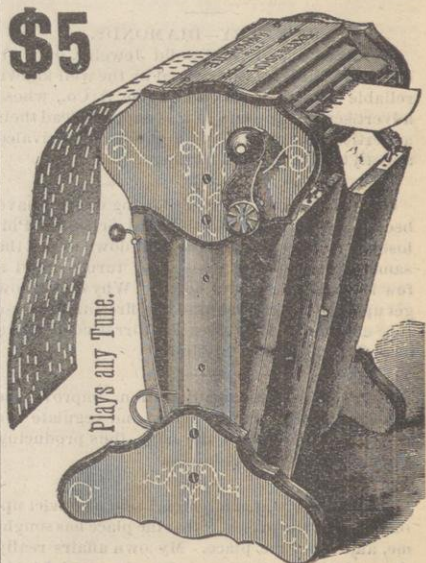
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YOUR NAME on 50 Large Handsome Chromo Cards, 10c. They are entirely new, made expressly for our 1883 trade, 13 packs for \$1.00. Agent's Book of Samples 25c. **Franklin Printing Co.**, New Haven, Ct.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 54,000 Copies.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$8.75	\$11.50	\$16.50	\$30.00	\$30.00
One "	6.00	11.50	16.50	21.50	30.00	50.00	50.00
Two "	11.50	21.50	30.00	37.50	50.00	90.00	90.00
Three "	16.50	30.00	41.00	50.00	71.50	130.00	130.00
Four "	21.50	37.50	50.00	64.50	90.00	170.00	170.00
Six "	30.00	50.00	71.50	90.00	130.00	235.00	235.00
Eight "	37.50	64.50	90.00	118.00	170.00	300.00	300.00
One column,	50.00	90.00	130.00	170.00	235.00	400.00	400.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1882, by Geo. E. Crockett, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder" and "Royal Baking Powder," purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder,"
Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per ounce of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.

The above shows conclusively that "Cleveland's Superior" is a strictly pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It has also been analyzed by Professor Johnson of Yale College; Dr. Genth of the University of Pennsylvania; President Morton of the Stevens Institute; Wm. M. Habirshaw, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, and other eminent chemists, all of whom pronounce it absolutely pure and healthful.—*Hall's Journal of Health for April, 1882.*

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.
CLEVELAND BROTHERS, Albany, N. Y.

DIAMOND DYES.

ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR. The Best Dyes Ever Made.

DRESSES, COATS, SCARFS, HOODS, YARN, STOCKINGS, CARPET RAGS, RIBBONS, FEATHERS, or any fabric or fancy article, easily and perfectly colored to any shade. Black, Brown, Green, Blue, Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Olive Green, and 20 other best colors, warranted Fast and Durable. Each package will color one to four lbs. of goods. If you have never used Dyes try these once. You will be delighted. Sold by druggists, or send us 10 cents and any color wanted sent post paid. 24 colored samples and a set of fancy cards sent for 3c. stamp.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

LADIES We have an article necessary for your health and comfort, with which you can make money among your lady friends. Full particulars and terms free. Address
PARSONS & CO., MILK ST., BOSTON, MASS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in Cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR WASHING AND BLEACHING IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

BARRETT'S DYE HOUSE.

Goods by Mail or Express. Send for Price List.

3 WEST STREET, BOSTON.

WOOD'S
PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS and brands of Genuine Selected SPICES
by superior strength & flavor are preferable to all others.
THOS. WOOD & CO., Boston.

100 CHOICE SELECTIONS for the Autograph Album and 6 Our Darlings for One 3c. stamp. THE CALL, Mattapan, Mass.

THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD IN THE WORLD FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN
RIDGE'S FOOD
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS
THE BEST DIET FOR INVALIDS AND OLD PEOPLE
FOUR SIZES .35 .65 1.25 1.75
Woolrich & Co. ONE EVERY LABEL.

The World Famed 'Ole Bull' Violin
Outfit Only \$3.00
All have heard of Ole Bull, the greatest of modern Violinists. The Ole Bull Violin is noted for their BRILLIANT TONE, FINISH, DURABILITY and BEAUTY of OUT-LINE, and so rare are their acoustic properties that the minutest gradation of tone can be produced. For only THREE DOLLARS we will send one of these superior Violins. WARRANTED AN OLE BULL. Although the Violin alone is DIRT CHEAP at \$3.00, we will throw in a fine long Bow, Strings and Rosin, and for only 50 cents additional will include a self-instructor for the Violin, with several hundred pieces of CHOICE SELECTED MUSIC. We will send three of these splendid Violins for \$8 or six for \$15. Of these Violins have been retailed at \$5.00 to \$12.00 each and as a speculation is worthy of special attention. Among the hundreds of testimonials received we print a few.
The Ole Bull Violin is indeed a bargain. Cash enclosed for three more. L. B. WALKER, Union, Maine.
Violin received. It is all you claim for it and more too. Shall want another soon. P. B. HILL, St. Joseph, Mo.
Please send at once another Ole Bull Violin. Sold the one I had for \$3.00. J. D. SCOTT, Atlanta Ga.
Send money by Registered Letter or Post Office money order. Catalogue of Musical Instruments Free.
Send all orders to WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

501 N. Fremont St., Baltimore

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.
G. DECKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is a complete and sure remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

NEW YORK SHOPPING.

Aunt Addie (Mrs. A. B. Ackerman) begs leave to inform her friends, and the public generally, that she is prepared to make purchases of every description, for ladies and gentlemen, in New York city. Orders by mail from all parts of the country promptly executed. For references and information send for circular. Address, Mrs. A. B. ACKERMAN, care of C. G. H. Crane, Tribune Office, New York city.



The successful use of an artificial food for infants must depend upon one property, its close resemblance to mother's milk.

MELLIN'S FOOD

Possesses this qualification in the highest degree, and is in fact

The Only Perfect Substitute for Mother's Milk.

It requires neither boiling nor straining. For sale by all druggists. Price 75 cents. A valuable pamphlet sent free to any one who mentions "The Household."

THEODORE METCALF & CO.,
41 Central Wharf, Boston.

Birds!

BUY OF THE IMPORTER—German Song Canaries, \$2.50 and \$3; St. Andreasberg and \$4, \$5; Campanini Canaries, trained whistlers, long trill and water bubble notes, \$8 and \$10. A great variety of talking Parrots, Cardinals, Goldfinches, Bullfinches, Linnets, &c. Birds safe by express. Price list free. Holden's New Book on Birds, 128 pp., 80 illustrations, all about food, care, diseases, 25c., stamps.
G. L. HOLDEN,
9 Bowdoin Square, Boston, Mass.

5000 CHINA TEA SETS

To be given away to ladies who will sell tea for us. Send for particulars.

ATLANTIC TEA COMPANY,
Fitchburg, Mass.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (1/2-lb. and 1-lb.), labeled

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists
LONDON ENGLAND

PRESSED FERNS,

Including the Hartford Trailing Fern, at 35 cts. per doz. fronds, or 10 doz., postpaid, \$2.50. Also Brazilian, New Zealand, East India, and other exotic varieties at 50 cts. per doz. fronds; 8 doz. fronds, postpaid, \$3.
Address DEXTER SNOW, Chicopee, Mass.

MRS. FARNHAM'S Reform Waist and Skirt Supporter cures female weakness. Pattern will be sent for 25 cents. Address Mrs. J. M. Farnham, Rockland, Maine.

LADIES make \$5 per day in their own town selling our Self Shining Starch Polish. Sample box 15 cts. Circulars free. Address,
RAYMOND & CO., Waltham, Mass.

30 Skeins Zephyr worsted, assorted colors, postpaid, for only 20c. silver. Gem Novelty Co., Lynn, Mass.

DO YOU WISH TO PURCHASE any article in Boston? Then send stamp for Circulars of
N. E. PURCHASING AGENCY,
Boston, Mass.

HISTORY

OF
RUTLAND COUNTY.

8vo, 840 pp. Cloth. \$3.25; Half Turkey, \$4.00.

Now Ready. Agents wanted to canvass every town in the County. Liberal terms to the right men. Address
WHITE RIVER PAPER CO.,
White River Junction, Vt.

DIAMOND LUSTER.

An entirely new preparation for cleansing and polishing Gold, Silver, Plated Ware, Nickel and Glass. The finest and only polish ever perfected that will almost instantly restore to Gold and Silver its original luster without labor or the least injury to the most delicate surface. Warranted entirely free from grit or any deleterious substance. *Isn't it splendid!* exclaims every lady who tries it. Price 25 cts. per box. We wish to introduce it into every household and will send trial box to any one sending us two 3-ct. postage stamps, or full-size box for 25c. Agents wanted everywhere. Address
DIAMOND LUSTER CO., 186 Washington St., Boston.

Send two 3-ct. stamps to C. TOLLNER, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., for a new set elegant Chromo Cards and Catalogue of Latest Designs for Fall and Winter.

CARDS YOUR NAME on 25 Snowflake Cards, 10c; 50 New Chromo, 10c; 25 Gold Edge, 15c; 12 Beveled Gold Edge, 15c; 12 Slipper Cards, 15c; 25 Acquaintance Cards, 10c; 25 Mixed Cards, 10c; 40 Transparent, 10c; 20 Horseshoe Chromos, 10c. Agents Outfit, 15c. We have the largest variety of any Card House in America. Blank Cards for sale. Address
HUB CARD CO., 149 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.