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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 15.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY, 1882.

No. 5.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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The Veranda.

SPRING FLOWERS.

As breaks the moon-rise o'er the sea,
As steals the morning on the night,
So the slow dawning of the spring
Is flooding all the earth with light.
O'er uplands brown, and dusky hills,
Its "cloth of gold" the sunshine flings,
Where fragrant south winds, hurrying by,
Drop blossoms from their balmy wings.

On sunny banks, whose grassy slopes
Are pied with violets blue and white,
The primrose, with its golden eyes,
Climbs upward to the mellow light;
And, nodding by the meadow brook,
The knots of yellow cowslips blow,
And tufts of grass and tender leaves
Sway in the sleepy water's flow.

Beneath the dark and restless pines,
That whisper through the balmy night,
The arbutus, mid its shining leaves,
Its trailing blossoms pink and white;
And purple wood-anemones,
In sheltered nooks and valleys grow,
And daisies, mid the tawny rocks,
Gleam out like flakes of winter's snow.

But when the false and fickle winds
Shall whisper to the listening trees
Of summer's bright and beauteous things—
Her gorgeous bloom and scented breeze;
When earth beneath the changing skies
Hath blushed in May-bloom, wept in showers,
The spring shall fold her weary wings,
And vanish with the early flowers.

POPULAR NEW GRAPES.

BY R. H. HAINES.

DESCRIPTIONS OF RED, WHITE, AND BLACK VARIETIES.

LOVERS of fruit are rejoicing over the introduction of an unusually large number of desirable new grapes. We previously had so many excellent varieties that it appeared as if they could not well be surpassed, and that even if new sorts should be produced, they could not differ very much from those on hand. However, some of these new grapes show us plainly that there are vacancies which we, perhaps, had not before imagined to exist, and that they will fill up spaces that will add greatly to the enjoyment of the grower of fruit.

These new comers are of different colors, sizes, shapes and flavors, and differ from each other in their season of ripening. Some of the white varieties promise to excel in productiveness, size and flavor of fruit any of the older hardy white grapes; some of the red sorts, in beauty and size of bunch and berry, and in flavor and keeping qualities; and the black varieties, in earliness of ripening, richness of flavor, and showiness of bunches. We will describe some of the

newest that are attracting attention at present.

Lady Charlotte will be desirable principally for its lateness as most of the new white grapes ripen earlier. Its handsome large bunches and fine quality will also be in its favor. The berries are of medium size, white, turning into a yellow or golden color when ripe, and with a reddish tinge, if grown in the sun. They ripen about with the Iona. The vines are vigorous growers and productive.

Jefferson is one of the most promising of the new red grapes. It is especially noticeable for its large and showy bunches and berries, and for its fine keeping qualities. There is a certain crispness and delicacy of flavor in the fruit which many persons will greatly appreciate. The vines, thus far, prove to be healthy, hardy and productive. The fruit ripens about with the Concord.

Purity has been very appropriately named, if delicacy of flavor and transparency of fruit, or freedom from color, are a fitting gauge. The fruit is white, and the bunch and berry small. In flavor it is thought to surpass the Delaware, which variety it precedes about one week in ripening.

Golden Drop is a very early golden yellow grape, tinged with red. The berries and bunches resemble the Delaware very much in size, being small to medium, but the fruit ripens earlier. This variety originated at the far north, and may prove quite valuable on account of its earliness, hardness, and productiveness.

Early Victor is a promising new, extra early black grape. It originated in Kansas, and has now been tested sufficiently in a number of states to show that it is possessed of qualities of decided merit. Bunch and berry are of medium size. The fruit is of good quality, and ripens a week or two before the Concord.

Amber Queen and Naomi are green and yellow grapes that are destined to create considerable excitement among the fruit growers. They are both very showy, and may prove very popular among amateurs. The Naomi ripens with the Concord, and is remarkable for its delicious quality and beauty.

Eldorado, Prentiss, Duchess, and Lady Washington, are popular, new white grapes of fine quality, that have been previously described. Pocklington, a golden yellow grape, is valued by some on account of its showy appearance.

Brighton, Lady, Moore's Early, Concord, Delaware, and Wilder, are among some of the best older varieties on my grounds.

The grape is one of the few fruits that can be grown to advantage in city or village gardens where the space is limited. Indeed, they can be said to occupy scarcely any room at all, as they can be planted within a half or quarter of a foot from a fence or building, and the vines allowed to climb up the sides of fences, or to give shade to windows or piazzas. Requiring but little care, it is a fruit that

the ladies of the household can take under their special protection. When the delicious, golden, red, and purple clusters shall ripen, then the owner will feel, well repaid for any little care that may have been bestowed upon the vines.

RENOVATE LAWNS.

However well the lawn may be cared for during the season of growth, it will often show signs of deterioration through the gradual exhaustion of the soil. A thick, matted sod over the soil is not favorable to a free circulation of air, freighted with ammonia through it, and it becomes gradually deprived of that very important pabulum of grass. To restore the wasted ammonia as well as phosphates and potash with the least disturbance of the turf and annoyance to the family, is the question now under discussion.

One way would be to cover the ground with rich stable manure. But this course is very objectionable. To cover the soil with a thick coat of fine barn yard manure to lie through the winter and be raked off in the spring, is the method generally pursued, but it has its demerits. First, it is very disgusting to the sight and smell of the family and passers-by all through the winter, especially if it be an open one. Secondly, it may deposit seeds of noxious weeds in the soil, rendering it more foul. If there is no better way of renovating the lawn than this, we must tolerate it, but we submit that there is.

A good commercial fertilizer, bone meal, a rich, ammoniated phosphate, prepared with special reference to the wants of a lawn, would secure the desired fertilization with much less annoyance than stable manure. Have the fertilizer to cover the ground at the rate of five hundred pounds per acre.

We would say further in this connection, that it is almost impossible to preserve a uniform growth of lawn grass where trees and shrubs are growing. The shade of the tops and the competition of the roots impoverish the soil, and the effects are visible on the lawn. On large grounds, shade trees are indispensable, but then a small patch of clean lawn can be preserved directly in front of the dwelling, and in small town lots the better way is, to devote the entire front exclusively to grass.—*American Rural Home.*

LAWNS.

Mow lawns sufficiently often to preserve a neat appearance, as when the grass is allowed to get too long without cutting, instead of saving it entails more labor. In the summer months, mowing machines should be set so as to leave the grass half an inch longer than earlier in the season, and late in the autumn. This is especially needful when the land is dry, and the roots of the grass are liable to be burned up.

The Drawing Room.

SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

I WISH to speak in this article of certain polite dissipation, and I introduce them as Social Amusements, because a harsher term, in the present laxity of public sentiment, might prejudice my readers against the remarks which I have to offer, and so render them comparatively useless. I prefer, in the present instance, rather to err on the side of accuracy than offend on the side of plain speaking, and if some of the practices introduced as amusements may seem deserving of another name, I leave each reader free to supply, in his own judgment, such appellation as he may deem fit.

I will speak first of the round dance. With regard to this dance, public opinion for the past few years, has been greatly at variance. Many have been deceived by the inordinate devotion of pleasure lovers to their favorite amusement, into thinking that, instead of shrinking from, people were beginning more than ever to indulge in the excitement of the dance. This, I trust, is only an optical illusion like a mirage in the desert. It shows, in fact, simply the power of healthy public sentiment in frightening the votaries of dissipation into a sort of anxious solicitude as regards the future propriety of the dance.

Carefully examining the evidences, we cannot fail, I think, to perceive that the general sympathy now lies with the advocates of reform. The community at large is just beginning to recognize the fact that our young men and young women have lost and are losing purity and modesty in the crowded ball room. And what argument or fact can be brought against this conviction? As a current periodical says, "A young lady will allow a young gentleman privileges in the round dance, which, if taken elsewhere, would be considered improper."

Mr. Talmage, whose eloquence possesses the happy faculty of being at the same time earnest and entertaining, thus sermonizes on the parlor:

Speaking of the evening party, he describes it as "the coming together of people who are invited because it is best, under all the circumstances, that they be invited, and who go because it is best, under all the circumstances, that they go, leaving their shawls on the second floor, and their hats on the third, marching in to greet the gentleman and lady of the household with formal salutation, and then spending the evening in discussion of the weather, and apologies for treading on long trails, and perpetual effort to keep the corners of the mouth up to the appearance of pleasure, and go about with an idiotic hee hee about nothing, until the late collation is served, and then return to the parlor to resume the weather, then, with the assurance that

Rate higher than

they have really enjoyed the hour, starting home with a sense of relief that is the chief satisfaction of the evening."

True, one can endure a reasonable amount of this "idiotic hee hee," and be neither wearied nor debilitated by it, but observe, the reverend satirist seems to inveigh, not so much against the character of this social amusement, as against its degree. A great many amusements become evil only when indulged in to excess. The parlor is detrimental to morals in so far as it is abused, and not because its influences are essentially bad. For the very reason that its enjoyments are, in a sense, unspiced, and somewhat heavy with decorum, people seem to think that indulgence in them may be unlimited, with no fear of satiety. Accordingly the parlor or reception room of our city mansion is almost constantly occupied by groups of simpering, listless folks, come to while away an evening, or return their thanks to Mrs. So-and-so for the pleasure of such and such an occasion.

Now, courtesy and social intercourse are, *per se*, virtues of the highest order, but when carried to excess, they become vices, and especially is this so in the case of young men and women, who, in the very growth-time of life, expend themselves in such frippery, to the permanent injury not only of intellectual but also of moral character. Nor do we forget that youth is the season of life when recreation is most necessary. This we allow, but claim superior consideration for the fact that youth is the time when pleasure of any kind is most dangerously fascinating, and, if not judiciously regulated, most disastrous to person and character. Above all, it is the season of active preparation for life. Hours and energies squandered then can never be retrieved.

It might, perhaps, be well in this connection, to speak of modern epicureanism, by which, I mean, of course, what is commonly called gluttony. I believe that there is a vast deal of this in modern life. We see its effects growing more and more patent every day. It causes not only a physical, but also an intellectual and moral torpor, of which the immediate and personal fruits are ills of body and vacuity of mind. By gluttony, of course, I do not mean what is commonly called "heartly eating," which smacks of good, sweet air, labor, and a digestion which needs no corrosive acids to help it assimilate the fuel of the human machine. On the contrary, gluttony represents a process of culture. It means tickling the stomach with rich things to make it hungry for more. It is the unnatural stimulation, too, of the sense of taste, in order that one may get keener and more prolonged enjoyment out of the act of eating or drinking than is normal or proper. Youth is just the time to acquire the vice of gluttony, because then the zest of nature is unspent, and when to this are added the refinements of art, the enjoyment of gratifying appetite becomes all the greater.

From gluttony to what is popularly called intemperance is but a short step, in fact, when the former has become a fixed habit, the latter is almost insured. Just as a gentle irritation of the skin produces the sensation of itching, so gluttony produces the desire for intoxicating liquors. By and by, this pleasant attrition becomes an exquisite agony, which can be alleviated only by an extension of the means which produced it, and so the glutton seeks to allay his cravings with liquor.

Love of indolence is another unhealthy way in which society "amuses" itself. How cunningly it is fostered by the very necessities of polite life! When young men and young women, worn out with

feverish excitement and dissipation, retire at two A. M., is it to be wondered at that they do not rise until the same hour P. M.? Now consider the harmful results of this. There is the lost time, and lost time means lost life. The heavy, unnatural slumber of the morning leaves them depressed in body, mind, and spirit, so that when they wake, the bright, busy world around them seems garish and unreal. Then, too, their dispositions suffer. Ennui produces snappishness and ill-will. Finally, they fall into a chronic gloom of mind, from which their only relief is the magic drug or the transporting cup. Thus are vices evolved from bad habits, and crimes from vices. Thus the great law of cause and effect goes on "pushing up the crises" of new developments, and reading us a new lesson of temperance and morality with each failure in human life.

CROTCHETS.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

I wonder how many people there are who have no crotchet, no hobby, which they ride if they can, or would ride if they could. Not many, I venture to say. But, fortunately, the majority of these crotchets are harmless and do little more than annoy those who are obliged to give way to them by reason of a superior authority. Yet, there are a few which need vigorous attention. Ventilation is the crotchet of a great many persons, and sometimes it proves a very dangerous one. Now, every person of any common sense whatever, knows that ventilation of our houses is absolutely necessary if we would be healthy and strong. A person cannot remain in sound health long if he is in the habit of breathing impure air. As sound health depends upon pure blood, and there can be no pure blood in one's veins if it is not re-purified continually by the action of fresh air upon it through the agency of the lungs, it follows that if people live in badly ventilated rooms, they must become pale and sallow in complexion, and lose much of their natural vigor and elasticity.

But ventilation can be carried to excess, as it is by my neighbor, Mrs. C. The first thing in the morning, winter and summer, every window in the house is thrown open that the rooms may be freely aired. The family, muffled in shawls, sit at breakfast in a room where the temperature is frequently below zero. At night, one window in every bed room must be down half-way, no matter what the weather. A few weeks ago, Mrs. C. lost her little boy by pneumonia. She could not imagine how the child had taken cold, or why she was so terribly afflicted, but laid his death to "a mysterious decree of Providence." But the doctor who had charge of the case, said very plainly that the child's death was due to his having been too freely exposed to the night air, and to sleeping upon a bed which had been daily so thoroughly ventilated that it was nightly of the temperature of a refrigerator. Mrs. C.'s crotchet rules her still, however, but she has no more children to lose.

Mrs. L. is firmly imbued with the idea that children should be brought up like young animals, and, consequently, she lets hers eat whenever they like, and whatever they like, and turns them out of doors in all kinds of weather. It is no unusual sight to see the nurse wheeling the baby up and down the pavement in a drizzling rain or a snow storm.

"I believe in hardening children, so that they will grow up tough, and able to stand anything," Mrs. L. says frankly, and in a tone of voice which gives evidence of her sublime satisfaction in her theory. "Mine go out, rain or shine."

In consequence of this hardening process, little Jimmie L. has a perpetual cold in his head, which will probably result in catarrh, and the two little girls are seldom without a cough or influenza.

Mr. R. is a man who has great executive ability, and a large proportion of good common sense, but he is the slave of a crotchet which is a constant irritation and annoyance to every member of his household. He regulates the temperature of every room in his house by a thermometer. His wife and daughters, meekly bowing to his imperious commands, sit in rooms uncomfortably cold, with shawls about them. Frequently they run into the houses of their neighbors, that they may enjoy for a few moments, the comfort of a warm room. One of Mr. R.'s daughters contracted a cold which ultimately resulted in hay fever, and now, every year, she has to spend the summer months far from home and friends, that she may, in a measure, escape her troublesome complaint. And Mr. R. mourns her absence, blind to the fact that his crotchet was the cause of her affliction.

It is safer to be moderate in all things, and to make no particular hobby a god to which all else must bow. Only by due restraint of our own theories can we show proper respect to the theories and rights of others. A crotchet should never be allowed to take such full possession of us that we cannot throw off the yoke when we find that the wearing of it interferes with the happiness, health, and comfort of others.

The Conservatory.

ANEMONE.

BY ELAINE GOODALE.

A wind-flower by the mountain stream,
Where April's wayward breezes blow,
And still in sheltered hollows gleam
The lingering drifts of snow,—

Whence art thou, fairest flower of spring?
Did winds of heaven give thee birth?
Too free, too airy-light a thing
For any child of earth!

O palest of pale blossoms borne
On timid April's virgin breast,
Hast thou no flush of passion worn,
No mortal bond confessed?

Thou mystic spirit of the wood
Why that ethereal grace that seems
A vision of our actual good
Linked with the land of dreams?

Thou didst not start from common ground,
So tremulous on thy slender stem;
Thy sisters may not clasp thee round,
Who are not one with them.

Thy subtle charm is strangely given,
My fancy will not let thee be,—
Then poise not thus 'twixt earth and heaven,
O, white anemone!

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Fourteen.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

HOW pleasant it seems to feel again the warm breath of spring after one has been kept in close confinement all winter! Only those who belong to the Shut-in society, can fully appreciate the pleasure of getting out into the sunshine, for somehow it seems to awaken one into newness of life, and makes people feel like trying their wings just as it does the insect tribe.

But don't let the capricious smiles of April cheat you into putting your plants into the ground too early, for I know by experience, she is not to be trusted. Three years ago, the weather was so warm that I thought summer had come in advance, and ventured to plant out a goodly number of geraniums. In May we had a very cold storm of rain and sleet, and I lost nearly all of them in consequence. We cannot put our plants

into the ground with safety, in this latitude, before the last of May or first of June, for sometimes after the days get to be warm and pleasant, we have cold, frosty nights, and it isn't a very agreeable sensation, after you have nursed your plants tenderly all winter, to go out some morning and find them frost-bitten, and drooping to the earth limp and nearly lifeless.

Among the plants that are usually recommended for garden culture, I seldom find mention made of the heliotrope and *Achania malvaviscus*, and yet, I can confidently say, there are but few plants that will give one more satisfaction, if continuous flowering is the object, than the two I have named.

Perhaps some of you think in regard to the heliotrope as did a friend of mine who was the happy possessor of a forlorn-looking plant. I asked her why she didn't put it in the ground. "Oh," says she, "it would never do. A heliotrope isn't a suitable plant to grow out in the ground."

Please try it, somebody, and tell me what you think about it in the fall. Give it a good, rich soil and partial shade, and I can safely promise a pleasant surprise awaits you.

The *Achania* is not a new plant, if it was, perhaps it would be cultivated more universally, but it is one I rarely meet with, I know not why. It should be given a sunny position, and it will bloom continuously in a hot, dry season, where many plants would droop. It is a shrubby plant, with pretty, scarlet flowers, which have a peculiar appearance. The petals do not fully expand, but remain convolute around the column. This plant is also a fine winter bloomer, and is easily grown from seed. If planted in April or May they will, with ordinary culture, make good flowering plants the following winter.

One of the prettiest things I have yet found in the geranium line, is a single variety of recent introduction, Mrs. Moore, by name. The color is pure white, with a distinct ring of very bright salmon, almost scarlet, round a small white eye. It is free flowering, truss of good size and substance, very beautiful, and desirable every way.

On the list of first-class varieties, I would place the geraniums, Jewell and Christine Neilson. Although not on the list of latest arrivals, they have merits sufficient to give them a prominent place. Jewell is a double variety peculiar to itself, for, unlike other double geraniums, its habit is very dwarf, and foliage fine. The flowers, in color, are very dark scarlet, each floret looking like a miniature rose. It cannot fail to please all who are interested in geraniums.

Christine Neilson is a single variety of very pleasing habit. The flowers which are borne in large trusses, are a beautiful shade of pink, and of great substance, in this one point excelling any single variety of my acquaintance. I have also found it a fine bedder. Said the friend who sent it to me, "If I could not have but one geranium, my selection would be Christine Neilson."

But one may have a variety of shrubs and plants in the yard, and it will not look quite perfect without climbers. These give to any place a finishing touch. For real home vines there is nothing like the honeysuckles. They grow rapidly, and the flowers are deliciously fragrant. The golden-leaved is very beautiful for a trellis, or for training about the door. The flowers are yellow and sweet-scented, but its peculiar charm lies in the foliage. The leaves are prettily veined and netted with yellow. It is as hardy as the more common varieties. Mine winters nicely with a covering of leaves and boughs.

The *Dioscorea batata*, or Chinese yam, sometimes called cinnamon vine, is a very ornamental climber. It has opposite leaves, which are not strictly heart-shaped nor halberd-shaped, but between the two. They are of a bronze hue, and very glossy and beautiful. It has a tuberous root, and will keep over winter in the ground if there is good drainage.

But the most beautiful, the most graceful vine that I have found yet for all seasons and all places, is the *Pilogyne sawis*. It is a rapid climber, and a dense grower, with glossy green leaves, and small yellowish white flowers, sweet scented if handled roughly. The foliage emits a musk-like odor. I do not consider this a point in its favor, nor yet a very serious objection. I have tried this vine in the ground and for window culture, both summer and winter, in a hot room, and in a cool one, and have found it one of those very good-natured plants that readily adapts itself to any situation, and for brackets, or hanging pots at the window, the *Pilogyne sawis* would be my choice.

PANSIES.

I want to tell the sisters how I have pansies all the year, for I am sure that this is a favorite flower with many of them, as it is with myself. Who can help loving the bright little faces as they look up so cheerily from the cold ground long after all other flowers which have made our garden so gay during the summer months have gone? The sweet-scented pinks, the lovely asters, and the gorgeous poppies, wither at the first breath of the frost, but the brave little pansy keeps on smiling, and goes on

"Blossoming alone
When earth's grief is sorest
For her treasures gone."

Indeed, their beauty is much more brilliant during the autumn months than when under the heat of the summer sun, and as I gaze upon them these chill November days, robed in their dress of many hues, varying from the purest white to the deepest black, through all the shades of lavender and violet to the richest purple, the bright yellows, the delicate blues, and the rich maroons, that verse relating to pansies, in Josephine Pollard's quaint little poem on "The Fashions of Flowers," comes to mind.

"The pansy family must have found
Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe under ground,
For in velvets and satins of every shade
Throughout the season they're all arrayed."

To have good pansies, fresh seed should be sown every spring, and the first thing necessary is to procure first-class seed. It will answer with some flowers to buy five-cent packages, but not with pansies, if we wish to meet with anything like success. Last spring I procured a twenty-five cent package of imported German seed containing all the choice varieties, such as King of the Blacks, Emperor William, Odier, Quadricolor, and many others. The package was warranted to contain four hundred seeds, twenty of each variety, and now, at the close of the season, I can say that they have fully realized my expectations, and have proved to be all that they were recommended. I started them in a hot bed, (a box in the house will answer the same purpose) and when an inch high transplanted them to a partially shaded position in the garden, where the ground had been made very rich, gave them plenty of water to start with, and they commenced growing and began blossoming almost immediately. In a recent number of THE HOUSEHOLD, I see that it is recommended to pluck off the first flowers from the young plants. No doubt, this would be a good idea, as it would increase the size and quantity of the blossoms later in the season.

When winter has fairly set in, I cover my bed with leaves and light brush, be-

ing careful not to exclude all the air, for if covered too closely they are apt to decay. In spring, when the weather becomes warm enough to give a little greenness to the grass, uncover the bed, rake off the mulch, and you soon will have pansies among the first flowers of spring.

I promised to tell how we could have them all the year, and that includes winter. Now, I don't consider the pansy as very desirable for house culture, although H. T. Williams says in his book on "Window Gardening," "That no plant is better adapted for house culture than the pansy, as it can bear changes of atmosphere, and a good deal of water, while their bright faces are very attractive in the gloomy, wintry days," but my experience with them has always been a failure, and now to have pansies in winter, I gather the finest blossoms from the garden in September, and place them between sheets of wadding or folds of cotton batting, then in old books or newspapers under a heavy weight. After two weeks or more of pressure, remove them, and they will be as fresh and beautiful as when plucked from the garden. Then take Bristol board, white for the dark pansies, and black for the light ones, and arrange them in groups or wreaths ready for framing, and such pictures are far more precious to me than the costliest painting, for they are the flowers themselves, and they will keep perfect for a long time if not exposed to dampness. I hope some of the sisters will try this, and I assure them they will not meet with disappointment, for the pansies will retain all that velvety richness which is particularly their own. NATALIE.

SOME DESIRABLE HOUSE PLANTS.

BY A FLOWER LOVER.

I don't know how it is in other places, but in our city almost every one keeps plants. When I visit friends they have plants. When I pass along the streets I see plants at almost every window. They are about the same thing, with few exceptions, over and over again. Geraniums, (especially scarlet), petunias, heliotrope, fuchsias, oxalis and the inevitable calla lily make up the list. I don't wish to say a word against any of these plants, for they are all good. I want to mention some others that are as easily grown, and are not seen so often. *Achania malva-viscus* is a hard-wooded plant that looks a little like an abutilon, has a softer leaf, and a brilliant scarlet flower that stands up, instead of hanging down like an abutilon. It blooms right along, and does not need petting. All the abutilons are good. *Roseum superbum* (rose color), *John Hopkins* (yellow), and *houle de neige* are especially desirable. *Bouvardias* bloom nicely at a south window. Flowering begonias are beautiful. They like a south window, but want to be shaded from the sun by other plants set in front of them. The new begonia, umbra has handsome leaves, and lovely scarlet, waxy-looking flowers that hang on day after day. The rex begonias are a little more difficult to grow, but are worth all the trouble, the leaves are so handsome. They want heat, moisture, no sun, but plenty of light, no water or dust on their leaves. In fact, they are very genteel, and remind me of some beings of the gentler sex who are very ornamental in the parlor, but do not seem to take kindly to the homely, rough work of every-day life.

If you have a fern case or glass shade you can have them (the plants, I mean) in perfection, if you open the glass every day for a few moments to let out the extra moisture. The newer varieties of coleus make beautiful window plants, with plenty of sun and heat. The cycla-

men is one of the best window plants; it blooms all winter, and each flower remains in perfection a long time. The new fuchsia, Earl of Beaconsfield, is a handsome winter bloomer, with carmine scarlet flowers three inches or more in length. The Chinese hibiscus are very showy window plants; have handsome evergreen leaves. *H. fulgidus* has large flowers shaped like a single hollyhock, carmine scarlet, with a crimson blotch at the base of each petal. *H. splendens flore pleno* has very showy, double scarlet flowers. They like a south window. *Jasminum grandiflorum* is a hard-wooded climber, with white, star-shaped, sweet-scented flowers that are freely produced. *Laurustinus* is a hard-wooded shrub with glossy leaves and large clusters of pure white flowers like elder blossoms, blooms all winter, and does not want much heat. This has been cultivated many years, but it is not often seen. Another old plant that deserves a place in the window garden, is the daphne, a lovely evergreen plant, with clusters of waxy pink flowers, very fragrant, blooming from December to May. *Rivinia nummifolia* is a pretty pot plant, with racemes of small white flowers, followed by scarlet berries, making it ornamental all the time. *Stevias* and *eupatoriums* are good for the house, and have a profusion of small white flowers that last a long time. The new heliotrope, Snow Wreath, is almost white, very fragrant, and grows large. I have one in the greenhouse, a cutting put in last fall, that measures this spring, five feet across. It was planted in a solid bed, and had plenty of rich earth for its roots to run in. Give plenty of water, rich earth, and the sunniest spot you have. The gold and silver tricolor geraniums are handsome. I should not let them bloom. Give rich earth, and set as near the glass as you can. Some people never turn them, but let them grow flat like a fan. They make a nice show from the street, but, of course, do not look as well inside. Mountain of Snow is a good, white-edged geranium; Mrs. Pollock and Sunset are handsome tricolors; Marshal MacMahon is one of the best bronzes; Cloth of Gold is clear yellow.

Ivy geraniums are excellent for pots or baskets. *L'eglante* is one of the best both in foliage and flowers. Some of the new double varieties are good, but not as free blooming. The new double sweet alyssum with variegated foliage makes a pretty plant; the green and white foliage and pure white flowers are both pleasing, and it has the fragrance of new-mown hay. The new ageratum, John Douglas, grows about eight inches high, and has lavender blue flowers that last a long time in perfection. It can be grown from seed or cuttings. If you want a real "true blue" flower, plant some browallia seed in August, or start some cuttings, and you will have nice plants all winter. The white variety is very pretty. You will want a pot of mignonette for fragrance. Plant the seed in August in a box of sandy soil; when they have made three pairs of leaves, transplant into five-inch pots, three in a pot; handle carefully, as they are tap-rooted and wilt easily; pick off the first buds, and let the plants grow stocky before blooming. They like to be kept cool. *Hoya carnosa* (called sometimes wax plant,) although a hot-house climber, will grow in a warm room; trained on a flat trellis, its thick, glossy leaves show off handsomely, and when it blooms, (which it does twice a year, spring and fall,) it is beautiful. The flowers are in clusters, star-shaped, center a deep maroon, and look as if stamped from velvet; each flower secretes a drop of pure honey; the same flower stem remains year after year, the old flower dropping off, and new buds forming in

the same place. So you are sure, after your plant once begins to bloom, it will continue for an indefinite time, provided you do not cut off the flower stem. If you do it will not bloom in that place again. The flower stems often appear a year before they bloom, and remain to all appearance dormant. When the time comes for blooming they suddenly enlarge, and are in bloom before you are aware of it. It is a long-lived plant. I have had one ten years, and I know of others who have had them longer. I have read of a lady who has had one thirty years. It must seem quite like one of the family.—*Christian Union*.

—If old fuchsias are cut down they will send out quantities of fresh shoots; but if you desire to keep them in good form, cut off the old branches and pinch in the new ones, and a fresh growth will soon push out.

—If bushy plants of chrysanthemums are required, pinch the shoots back to the fourth joint, potting off recently struck cuttings, giving a shift to those already singly in pots when they are pushing afresh. Untrained standards give the finest blossoms, and this plan admits of a greater number of plants being grown on a given space. For these select and pot on the sturdiest plants, and do not pinch back.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I see one of your correspondents complains that lime water does not kill the worms in plant pots. I have tried it often and it never failed me, but as I see the correct way of using is not always given when its use is recommended, I give mine. One pound of unslaked lime to six gallons of water, one-half of the water poured over the lime hot, the rest added when cold, after draining off the clear lime water. I find phosphorus paste, such as is prepared and used as vermin exterminator, the quickest, easiest and neatest. Mix it into the soil. More than one application is sometimes necessary, but it is effectual. FLOWER LOVER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—A New Subscriber wants information concerning the climbing hydrangea, (*schizophragma hydrangeoides*.) I have had it in my garden for five years, and find it perfectly hardy. It is a good grower, and resembles in some of its characteristics *hedera helix*. (English ivy.) It has never bloomed, but I hope it will conclude to do so this spring. If New Subscriber is trying to cultivate it as a house plant, I suspect she will have even less success with it than I am having.

Walter Pike of North Carmel, Me., says of *apios tuberosa*, "I see no reason why this cannot be successfully transplanted and perhaps improved with cultivation." It can be transplanted without the least difficulty. I have had it growing for years in my garden, having dug the tubers from a field where it was growing wild. I do not see that my plants are any finer than their wild relatives, but I consider it a good thing for the garden, provided the garden is a large one, for it spreads rapidly. Its chocolate colored flowers are very fragrant. The tubers are very palatable after being boiled, as I can testify, the taste resembling a boiled chestnut.

Lynn, Mass.

MRS. M. P. GUILD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the sisters how to cultivate smilax. Mine has grown for nearly a year, doing nicely, but is now turning yellow. Does it need cutting down? Its vines are nearly a yard long. It has a sunny window, and water when dry.

MRS. A. J. SCOTT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I do not understand about water bouquets, in the February number. Does the lady fill the tumbler with water? And when she raises the plate does the tumbler stand inverted thereon? Do the tumbler and plate remain in the same position as long as the bouquet lasts? and how long will it last? EULALIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be so kind as to tell me how to treat the ivy geraniums to make them grow nicely? I have lost three, and my fourth I think will give up in despair. I have had it a long time, but it has not grown three inches since I have had it.

What cultivation is necessary for a cactus? I have a large crab cactus which grows finely, but at least one-half of the buds will drop off before opening. I have still another cactus, but it grows very slowly. Will some one please answer?

ZILPHA.

The Nursery.

UNDERGRADUATE ORIOLES.

Four little mouths agape forever,
Four little throats which are never full;
Four little nestlings who disserve
One big worm by a mighty pull.

Up on a limb—the lazy fellow!—
Perches the father, bold and gay,
Proud of his coat of black and yellow,
Always singing throughout the day.

Close at their side the watchful mother,
Quietly sober in dress and song,
Chooses her place and asks no other,
Flying and gleaming all day long.

Four little mouths in time grow smaller,
Four little throats in time are filled;
Four little nestlings quite appal her,
Spreading their wings for the sun to gild.

Lazy no longer sits the father;
His is the care of the singing school;
He must teach them to fly and gather
Splendid worms by the nearest pool.

Swinging away on the shaken branches,
Under the light of the happy sun;
Dropping through branches like avalanches,
Father oriole's work is done.

Four little beaks their mouths embolden,
Four little throats are round and strong;
Four little nestlings, fledged and golden,
Graduate in the world of song.

—Round Table.

A MOON STORY.

BY WILLIS B. ALLEN.

HOW the wind did blow! Peter curled up his toes, and cuddled down under the blankets until only his blue eyes and his brown, tousled hair, were left outside. It had been snowing hard all day, and now the last few flakes of the storm were fluttering about, on tiny white wings, and peeping in through one small, clear space on the frosty window. The clear space had been made by Peter's warm little nose, when he had tried to look out just before saying his prayers and jumping into bed.

Perhaps I ought to have said in the first place that in the country where he lived the winters were always very long and dark—for the sun only shone four or five hours each day—and the snow very deep. If you will look on the map of Europe, and find a big piece on the right hand side, (it is painted yellow on my map,) reaching away up to the polar bear country, you will see these letters mixed in with the mountains and rivers: RUS-SIA. That is where Peter lived. His father's house was on the border of a broad, desolate plain, where trees had once grown, but had long since been cut down and burned. So the wind had great fun when it came to this plain, and for once had plenty of room to dance and roar in, without disturbing any one except the hungry wolves, who objected very much to having their hair stroked the wrong way, and their tails blown over their backs almost to the tips of their noses. But when the wind reached the edge of the plain where Peter lived, it would only give the house a few little pats, and laugh down the chimney, and puff the ashes out into the room, until they came down on Peter's shoulders like a small snow storm with warm flakes.

To-night the wind was tumbling about over the plain, piling up the drifts into forts and giants and all sorts of queer shapes, like a boy at play. Peter could hear him laughing, and, in spite of his warm bed began to wish he were outside too.

"I could put on my furs," he thought, "and jump right into that snow drift under the window, and then perhaps the wind would show me strange things."

But just then he forgot all about the wind, for something was certainly looking in at the round hole in the window pane. What a bright, bright eye it had! Peter couldn't help running up to the window and looking out, and then! it

was like a fairy story. On the edge of the sky lay the forest, dark and gloomy; in front, and as far as Peter could see, the white, glistening snow stretched away, mile after mile. The sky was full of stars, and the snow seemed full of stars, too, sparkling and twinkling until they made Peter wink his eyes hard, for their very brightness. But far out on the plain, just at the top of a little hill-lock, was the most wonderful, beautiful thing of all. A great, gleaming ball of gold rested upon the snow so lightly that it never sank into it by a hair's breadth, filling the air and covering the plain with a flood of light so fair that Peter's little heart beat faster and faster.

If he could only reach the top of the hill before that ball rolled out of sight! If he could just put his hands on its smooth, radiant sides, and lay his cheek against their shining gold! If he could roll it towards the house, so that his father would find it in the morning, and they would all be rich forever!

Peter remembered perfectly well that his mother had often taken him upon her knee, and told him to have nothing to do with gold. "It is a bad, bad thing for most people," she said, "and only those who are very good and wise can touch it safely." Then she had told him how the wise men had brought gold to the Babe at Bethlehem, but that was because he was so very good; "And even then," she added, "I don't know what He ever did with it. He was poor enough, Peter, to work with wood and tools until he was a grown-up man, and then he had nowhere to lay his head."

Peter had not forgotten all this, by any means, but the ball of gold seemed so grand and large and near that he resolved this once to disobey his mother, and try to bring it home. "I'll give it all to her but a little, tiny piece," he thought.

So he was soon covered up to his ears in furs, mittens and boots, and in another minute had put on the small pair of snow shoes his father had made for him, and was plunging along through the snow toward the hill. The wind had gone off somewhere for a while, and, at first, the air did not seem very cold. The ball seemed to have sunk into the snow a little, and to have rolled along on the top of the ridge. Sometimes Peter went down into the snow as far as his waist, but that was not often, for he had learned to walk bravely upon his snow shoes. This kind of walking is very hard, however, and before long the little fellow began to breathe heavily. Presently he stopped to rest. The gold ball had sunk so deep into the snow that only its bright rim was to be seen above the hill. Peter pressed on faster than ever. But now the snow shoes began to knock against each other, and trip him up. Once or twice he fell flat, and then it was hard work to get up again, for he sank deeper at every struggle.

Suddenly it seemed to grow dark about him. Peter glanced up; the gold ball had sunk quite out of sight! The sky looked black and cross, with all its fiery little eyes snapping at him. The wind, too, seemed to notice him for the first time, and began to pinch his ears and throw bits of stinging ice and snow into his eyes. Oh, how tired he was, and sleepy and cold! The driving snow that whirled from the edges of the huge drifts formed a veil over his eyes, and he could no longer see where he was going.

Peter was too brave, although he was only a mite of a boy, to cry, so he just kept whispering, "Mother! mother!" very easy. At last he couldn't do that, because he knew he should cry if he moved his lips. Then he kept thinking, "Mother! mother!" under his brown hair, and in behind the blue eyes, until

it began to drive the tears right out. So he couldn't do that any more.

Now he grew too sleepy to walk. He looked dimly about him, and saw a flock of woolly white sheep and lambs lying on the snow here and there. He wasn't much surprised at this, for it all began to seem pretty much like a dream, and choosing one of the wooliest of the lambs, he lay down beside it, cuddled up into its fleecy neck, and, wearily dropping his head upon his arm, shut his eyes, and went to sleep.

By this time the wind began to repent of his roughness, and set about doing something to help little Peter, whom he knew very well.

"If that pack of wolves will stay in the woods where I drove them half an hour ago," he muttered, "I can risk leaving him. Well, there's no time to talk. Here goes." So he hurried off to the little hut on the edge of the plain, and knocked hard at the window of the room where Peter's mother was sleeping. In a minute she was wide awake.

"How the wind roars to-night," she thought. "I must see if my little Peter has plenty of warm clothes upon his bed." Just then a biting cold draft touched her cheek, and made her shiver. "Why, the wind must have blown the window open, and"—there was the empty bed!

"Henri, Henri, up quick! the boy has been carried off, or walks in his sleep!"

How they peered down into the drift beneath his window, and followed the little prints of the snow shoes, one by one, the lantern swinging to and fro, and the stars looking down as if each one wanted to lead them to where the young child was.

At last, they came to a little tract of land where the trees had been cut away hastily, many years before, and a small portion of the stumps had been left in the ground. These were now covered with snow and rose in little white mounds on every side.

"Be careful not to trip thyself upon the tree stumps, Gretchen," cried Peter's father. "I no longer see the tracks of—Ah! what is here?" And the father's trembling hands unclasped Peter's little fur mittens from a projecting root, and raised him from the ground where he had been lying, closely nestled up to the rough bark.

Got well? Why, of course he did! I shouldn't have told you the story if he hadn't. I don't believe in having stories that don't end nicely, do you? There are enough real things in the world to feel badly about, without any make-believe ones at all.

It took a long while though for Peter to get well, and for a good many days the doctor couldn't have told you what the end of this story would be. But I happen to know that when the fever was gone, and the bright summer days came again, Peter was as strong and well as ever. And he doesn't want any gold—at any rate, not until he is a good deal older. Besides, he says he was half asleep anyway, or he would have known it was the moon.

BITS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

TADPOLES AND FROGS.

April suns have melted the snow drifts, hillsides are bare and brown, brightened in sunny places near the rocks with patches of green. Bluebirds are singing in the orchard, maple buds are swelling, and to-night comes a faint peep—peep, from the swamps. Johnny hears it and tells his father, "Spring is really coming, for the frogs are peeping over in Swampy Hollow." A few more days of pleasant weather bring out the tardy ones, and at

nightfall, all the frogs are tuning their pipes for a series of open air concerts.

What have they been doing all winter? If you could take off a layer of mud from swampy places, and the bottoms of ponds, you would find frogs, plenty of them, in a kind of sleep which is called the torpid state. They do not feel the cold, and there they lie until the ground thaws, and the warmth of spring wakes them from their long winter nap.

Frogs are curious creatures. The same might be said of boys. And one of the strange things about the latter is that they, (some of them) like to pelt frogs with stones. There is a story that when some frogs asked a troop of boys why they tormented them with stones, the boys answered, "Oh, for fun."

But the frogs said, "What is fun for you, is death to us."

This is, of course, a fable, but it shows pretty clearly that whatever causes pain to any creature cannot be innocent fun. Suppose now any boy who may happen to read this, should, when he feels tempted to throw stones at the frogs, drop his ammunition, and, watching for a while, see how much he can learn about them and their habits. I think when summer was over, he would find he had had more satisfactory fun than if he had tormented the poor creatures.

Frogs belong to that class of animals called amphibious, that is, they can live both on land and in water. But while full-grown ones can do this, the babies, the tadpoles, would quickly die if taken from the water. Let us see why this is. And first, get, if you can, some frog's spawn or eggs, and learn with your own eyes an interesting lesson in natural history.

You will be likely to find the spawn in pools, swamps, or uncovered wells in pastures. It is in such a well, really a deep cask sunk by a spring in the meadow, where I often find it in May. It floats on the top in masses as large as the hand, looking like a clear, transparent jelly. It is not, however, one solid mass, but can be separated into many little globules or eggs, as large as peas. In the center of each is a dark brown dot. Put the jelly in a cup or glass, letting it stand on a sunny window sill. The water will evaporate, so every day or two fill the cup. You will see a change in the jelly soon. It becomes yellowish around the brown speck, and that grows larger and longer. Presently this seems to open, as if when the tips of your thumb and forefinger touched each other, you should, little by little, draw them apart until the finger was straight.

The jelly grows a deeper yellow, and pretty soon out of each egg will drop a dark-skinned fellow, with a tail fringed with something very like fins, having other delicate fringes about the neck, and such bright specks of eyes. He breathes by means of gills as fishes do, and that is why he cannot live out of water. Frogs breathe through their nostrils, and it is believed they also draw in air through their thin, smooth skins.

Little tadpole now looks much more like a fish than a frog. But if no mis-haps befall him, if the water isn't poisoned so he cannot breathe, if no duck gobbles up the "little froggie," the horny beak will by and by drop off, hind legs will sprout and grow, and grow. They are very long you know, and have much growing to do. Then the fore legs appear with their curious, hand-like claws, and some fine day, he finds himself like little Bo-peep's sheep—he has lost his tail! Babyhood is now over, and he is a youthful frog.

Tadpoles generally feed upon leaves and other vegetable substances, but one naturalist tells of their liking for animal food, even nibbling at the toes of little

boys wading in the pond. Though frogs can live a long time without going into the water, they prefer moist places, and in a drouth bury themselves under leaves and shrubs. A shower quickly brings them out of their hiding places.

We cannot say the frog has a musical voice, but he makes curious sounds with it. In Brazil is a species called the blacksmith frog, because the sound of his voice is like that of a hammer on an anvil, while in Peru, another, with a grating sound resembling a sugar mill, is called the sugar miller. The male frogs have deeper and more powerful voices than the females.

I remember a story told me when a child, of a certain Major Bowman, not a strictly honest man, who sometimes took things without leave. One dark night as he was carrying to his home some stolen meat, he stopped on a bridge, when a company of frogs began croaking. First, the deep, bass voices of the male frogs, began, and to his guilty conscience they seemed to say, "Maj. Bowman! Maj. Bowman! Maj. Bowman!" Then the weaker shriller ones piped out, "Steals meat! Steals meat! Steals meat!" He threw his stolen meat into the pond, and sped homeward as fast as his feet could carry him.

Many years ago, my father was driving some fatted cattle to the market at Worcester. It was in midsummer, and the journey, about twenty miles, was made in the night that the cattle might not be overheated. Somewhere on the way, the road lay for a distance between swamps stretching away for miles, which seemed to be alive with frogs. The sky was thickly overcast, not a glimmer of starlight to be seen. Suddenly, from both sides of the road, came a deafening chorus of "Br-a-a-eketty-eketty-keketty-whirr-r-r, knax! knax!" as nearly as it can be translated into English, lasting for a half minute or more, and ending with a short, sharp note. Perfect silence followed, when, with one accord, the whole troop began again, ending as before, every hoarse bass, every shrill treble, at the same instant. How they knew when to commence and to end with such exactness is a mystery, but in all the repetitions of this midnight chorus, and they were several, the performers began and ended with as much precision as if they were watching the hand of a leader beating the time.

HOW THE STORY GREW.

As Kitty Coleman and Maggie Weir were going to school one morning, Kitty said, "I was over at uncle Fred's last Saturday, and came near staying too late. We had such fun that I did not notice how near the sun was to setting, and I was very much afraid I might meet a tramp."

"Did you meet any one?" inquired Maggie.

"No one but Johnny Gates; he was coming down the hill whistling, and with a great big watermelon under his arm. I was scared at first, but when I saw who it was, I got over it."

At recess Maggie said to Mary Ford, "Kitty told me that she saw Johnny Gates carrying a great big watermelon home Saturday evening. Wonder where he got it, and what he is going to do with it."

Before school Mary whispered to Sallie Bates, "Johnnie Gates was seen carrying a great big watermelon Saturday evening. I wonder if he got it honestly."

"Mr. Hart's melon patch was robbed about that time, may be that's where it came from," answered Sallie.

At noon Sallie told Susan and Jennie, "I know something, and I'll tell you if you won't breathe it to a soul."

"Oh, no, we won't," cried both girls in one breath. "What is it?"

"Why, Johnny Gates robbed Mr. Hart's melon patch one night last week."

"Oh dear! isn't that awful?" exclaimed Susie.

"I always thought that Johnnie was not so much better than the rest of us, for all he made believe he was so honest," said Jennie.

"He couldn't have done it alone," Sallie said.

Whereupon Jennie hastened to a group of school children, who were in the house, and told them Johnny Gates and a lot of other boys had robbed Mr. Hart's melon patch, and destroyed all they could not carry away.

Just at that moment Johnny himself came in whistling and looking like anything but a thief.

"O girls! get together quick, I've got something for you, and it's most school time."

The girls looked at each other, and with little movements of disgust turned away.

"Why, what's the matter with you all? Hurry up, as the bell will ring," cried Johnny.

"We know what you've got, Johnny Gates," spoke up Sallie, "and we don't want any of your old stolen melon, and I think you should be ashamed of yourself."

"Who says I stole a melon?" cried Johnny, in an excited tone. "I guess he'd better not tell me so. I was over at uncle Henry's Saturday night, and he gave me a splendid one, and I saved it on purpose to give you all some, but if this is the way you are talking about me you may do without."

"Well," said one of the girls, "that is what I heard, any way."

"Who told you, I'd like to know."

Then all began to talk at once, and became so excited that they did not notice that their teacher was in the room until she spoke to Johnny, asking him to explain the cause of the confusion. Then she carefully examined into the matter until she found that it all came from Kitty Coleman saying that she had met Johnny with a melon.

The children that had taken part in the story felt somewhat ashamed of themselves, when they saw how much the story had grown in their hands.

The teacher said, "I hope every one of you will learn a lesson from this incident, and just now, before the habit becomes fixed, resolve that you will tell nothing but what you know to be true, and that what you do tell, you will tell exactly as you heard it, and not tell anything to injure another, even if it is true. I hope Johnny will forgive you, and that you will never forget the lesson you have learned to-day."

I am glad to say that Johnny did forgive them, and give them a piece of the melon all around, and I hope that neither they nor any of my little readers will grow up to be tattling, gossiping men or women.—Exchange.

CARELESS TOMMY.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Tommy Lee was a very careless little boy. His mother often told him that he must not leave his playthings about the room, but must put them away in the closet when he had finished playing with them. But Tommy did not mind. He would run off to play in the yard, leaving his toys on the floor or the table for his mother or sister to pick up and put away. Thus he caused his busy mother and sister to waste much time.

"We must cure Tommy of this fault," said his mother, "but I do not know how

to do it. He doesn't seem to mind being punished in the least."

On his birthday Tommy's father gave him a box of lead soldiers, with a little cannon, and a handful of small peas for cannon balls. His mother gave him a pretty silk ball, and his sister gave him a china mug with a wreath of flowers painted on it. Tommy was very happy. He had a fine time shooting down the soldiers and bounding the ball, and he liked to drink out of his pretty mug. He kept it by his plate at every meal, and said that his milk tasted sweeter than when he drank from a tin cup.

At first he was very careful to put his new toys away as soon as he grew tired of playing with them. But one day, when he had all his soldiers out of the box, and was shooting them down, a little boy came to ask him to help make a snow man in the yard, and off ran Tommy, leaving his soldiers on the table, his ball on the floor, and his pretty mug on a chair.

When he came back an hour later it was almost dark, and the table was set for supper. Under the table lay Towser, the big dog, gnawing something that had once been bright and pretty, but was now all in pieces and very wet.

"What have you there, Towser?" asked Tommy, and he crawled under the table to see. He began to cry when he saw that it was the silk ball which Towser had.

"Why didn't somebody put my ball away?" he asked.

"That is something you must always do for yourself," said his mother, who was busy cutting the bread for supper. "I have no time to spend in picking up your toys."

As Tommy came out from under the table he stepped on something hard. It was a red-coated soldier. All the rest of the soldiers were on the floor too, and all were broken except a general on horse-back.

"You have all been treading on my soldiers," said Tommy, crying harder. "I can't ever play with them again."

"It is your own fault, Tommy," said his sister. "We have often told you to put your toys away. You are a big boy now, and must not expect us to take care of your things as if you were a baby."

Just then Tommy's little sister crawled over to the chair on which lay the mug. She grasped it with her baby hands, and before Tommy could spring to take it from her it fell to the floor, and with a loud crash broke into twenty pieces.

Poor Tommy! He cried until he had no tears left to shed, and he felt too badly to eat his supper. But he had learned a good lesson, for he never again left his toys about the room. He was so careful to put them away, that on his next birthday he was given another box of soldiers, another ball, and another mug. And these he kept for a good many years.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I wonder if any of you would like to hear a true story of a pet I had when I was a girl. There was a large family of us, and not having a home in the east, our father determined to go west where land was cheap, so we came to Nebraska and settled on a beautiful creek. How we loved our new home, and although we lived in a log house, and a long way from neighbors, we had a very happy time. We felt free as the birds as we roamed the prairie which was covered with flowers, or searched the woods for the berries which were very plentiful. One day as I and my three little sisters were in the woods, we came close to a large, hollow tree. There, as we looked, we saw a large cat and little kittens. We did not stop to see how many there was, for although I had never

seen one, I knew it was a wild cat, and telling my sisters to run, I took the youngest by the hand, and we never stopped until we were well out of the woods. More frightened children you never saw. We hurried home and told mother, of course. Father was gone from home, so when he came home he took his gun, and as I was the oldest I had to go and show him where the tree was. I walked very bravely along, keeping close to father's side, but when we got to the tree, there was nothing there. We looked around, and presently we heard a faint mew from a log close by, and there we found one little kitten. Father gave it to me, and covering it with my apron, I hurried home, fearing all the time the old cat would hear it and come after it. We never found the rest.

But what a nice pet we had! We fed it milk from a spoon, and it grew very fat and nice. We could play with it just like a tame kitten. But what a thief it was, and so sly! It would steal anything to eat, it could get at. It was very fond of thick sour milk. When it grew larger, it caught our chickens, and grew so troublesome, we had to tie it up. This made it very wild and cross, and one morning when we got up our pet was gone. We never saw him again. I suppose he went off to live with his brothers and sisters.

AUNT STELLA.

UNDER THE EARTH.

How many of you little ones have been under the earth? All of you have seen many wonderful things on the surface, and every day, no doubt, you learn something new and strange. Now I will tell you of my visit to a coal mine.

It was many years ago, I was at school in Pennsylvania, and with some friends visited the mining regions, for which that state is famous. The shaft we entered was not what is called a pit, as it ran horizontally into the mountain instead of being sunk from the surface like a well.

We seated ourselves in the coal cars, long trains of which are drawn in and out of the mines by mules. One mule can draw a long train, as they run on tracks like surface cars, and the mine slopes downward toward the mouth of the shaft. Each man wears a small lamp on his cap, and after you are far enough from the entrance to lose all the light of day, they look very odd, as you see nothing but the lamps dodging about.

There are many different passages leading off from the main one, and one might easily be lost among them. In certain places were large doors which were attended by small boys, whose only business was to open and close the doors for the passing trains.

After we had gone what seemed a long way in the darkness, we left the cars and walked about where the men were at work. In some places there were huge columns of the glistening coal left standing to support the roof, and in others there were wooden posts for the same purpose.

After we had looked well about the mine we returned to the cars, and almost flew toward the entrance. There were men and boys to give warning of coming trains to prevent accidents. After riding a short time a faint gleam of light appeared, which grew larger and larger, until we passed through the opening into the fresh air. Some of the boys were very little fellows, and it seemed sad to think so much of their lives must be spent in the darkness, but they seemed very bright and happy, and their smutty faces troubled them very little.

Our guide told us we had been about three-quarters of a mile from the mouth of the shaft. We felt that all the curious sights well repaid us for going.

CONSTANCE.

The Library.

LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

The sweetest notes among the human heartstrings
Are dull with rust;

The sweetest chords, adjusted by the angels,
Are clogged with dust;

We pipe and pipe again our dreary music
Upon the self same strains,

While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,
Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, an army marching
With listening ears,

Each longing, sighing for the heavenly music
He never hears;

Each longing, sighing for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,

A word of love, to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, bitter days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices
For reason's share.

Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care?

Why should they pause? but still our hearts are aching
With all the gnawing pain

Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,
With fingers numb,

Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.

We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,

And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence
Its fate fulfills,

Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the hills.

The only difference of the love in heaven,
From love on earth below

Is: Here we love and know not how to tell it,
And there we all shall know.

GERMAN WITHOUT A MASTER.

BY MARY E. IRELAND.

FROM my earliest recollection it has been a desire of my heart to understand the German language. The only reason that I am aware of for my preference for that over all others is that the only foreigners whom I had seen at that time were Germans; one, an educated, intelligent gentleman, music teacher by profession, and horticulturist for pleasure, who frequently came to our house in the country to get cuttings of roses, grapevines, etc., and the other a gardener, a pious old man, who in my childhood came every spring to fix up the borders. Occasionally these two would meet, and my delight was unbounded at hearing them converse in a tongue unknown to me. In my eyes, persons who could speak two languages were beings worthy of profound admiration.

Not supposing it possible to acquire the knowledge without a teacher, all thoughts of learning it were put aside until I should go to boarding school, and when the time came, and I was sent to one of the best of that day, I found, to my disappointment, that although several languages were taught, German was not among them, except in the catalogue.

I do not think at that time that German pronouncing readers were in existence, and there would be, I think, very little satisfaction in learning any language unless one could pronounce it.

Books professing to teach German without a master were occasionally announced, and twice I obtained copies, compiled by different authors, but they were in a manner worthless. And so time passed on, other duties and interests crowding the wish aside, but never obliterating it. One afternoon about two years ago, happening to look at a list of books published by the Appleton's, I noticed Oehlschlager's pronouncing German reader. How it had escaped my notice until that late day I cannot say, for it was published in 1863, but so it was, and no time was lost in sending for it, also a German dictionary.

My ambition was to read fluently in the German, translate, and pronounce cor-

rectly, and to accomplish this without the aid of a teacher, and I think I may say, that so far as I have gone I have succeeded. Now that I was living in the city, where teachers could have been readily obtained, it would, of course, have been an easy matter to have taken lessons, had I so desired, but I did not wish to make it a business, only a recreation, or rather a test of capability in that line, therefore did not care to devote any time to it which could have been more profitably or usefully employed, and up to the present time do not think I ever spent sixty consecutive minutes upon it, but just little odds and ends of time which nearly every one can secure.

I am relating my experience exactly as it was, for the benefit of any one who may be disposed to try it for themselves, believing they will be more encouraged to hear of my difficulties than to hear of the successes of such intellects as that of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, of whom it is said in her memoir, that she learned, without a teacher, to read German fluently, and in three months from the time she began it she was reading the most difficult of German literature, something which I have not as yet accomplished in my two years.

Now that I had secured my prize, a German pronouncing reader, I opened the book and proceeded forthwith to read the preface, of which the following is the first sentence: "That the learning of a language is a task, a tedious and difficult task, will be admitted by all those who have learned, and by those who have taught languages." This remark did not daunt me in the least, and if it had, ample balm would have been found in a paragraph further on, which for the encouragement of others, I will also quote. "Too much stress has always been laid upon what is called the grammar of a language," and again, "I have always been of the opinion, and twenty years of professional practice has confirmed this opinion, that to read and understand a language requires but a very slender knowledge of special grammar."

Now that remark suited me to a dot, for it had been a pet theory of mine that if one understood the grammar of their own language pretty well, they could make it available in translating another, without drudging with a grammar. Fortified by any amount of self-complacency I set confidently to work at the first fable, which proved to be *Das Rothkehlchen*. Upon turning to the glossary at the back of the reader I found that the name of my antagonist was The Little Redbreast. "Well," thought I, "it were a pity if such a small affair as a robin should conquer a woman, a small one to be sure, but still a woman," so I rather scornfully waited developments.

If my mind had been a veritable sieve the sounds of the words of that first line could not have slipped through more easily, and left less impression, except that of blank dismay at my dullness, of which I never before had been conscious. For three days, at odd times, I picked up the reader, and conned over my three lines, the limit which I had set for myself, and at the end of that time I may safely say, that although, thanks to the dictionary, I knew the meaning of the words, my tongue hung fire, and my memory proved faithless when I attempted to put sound and meaning together.

A few evenings afterwards we had a call from the pastor to meet at the parsonage for the purpose of organizing a woman's missionary society. In discussing ways and means, the pastor happened to remark to a lady present, "*Alle anfangs sind schwer*," to which she responded, "*Ja, das ist wahr!*"

"What did he say?" I asked of her the

first opportunity. He said "All beginnings are difficult," she replied. "And what was the answer you made?" was my next move in the pursuit of knowledge. "I said, Yes, that is true." "Well," thought I, "that remark will apply to a few other things beside organizing missionary meetings, and if I am not very much mistaken, 'German without a master' will head the list, but somehow I felt encouraged to proceed.

It was nearly six weeks by the clock before I would trust myself to read my first German fable to a live German. "*Das Rothkehlchen*," and I had been through legions of skirmishes, in which he sometimes came off victorious, and sometimes I had what I called an advantage, but as I said before, about six weeks from the time I commenced, I took my reader and went in to spend the evening with an intelligent German family, near neighbors of mine. I think now I see that cheery little parlor, where the family of three persons spent their evenings when no visitors were with them; the kind, gray-haired father in dressing gown and slippers, his Goethe and Schiller close at hand, the smiling "*Haus Mutter*," knitting in hand, by the center table, where also sat the sweet daughter of the house, the light of that happy home circle; the canary asleep in its cage, the parrot arousing itself sufficiently to bid me "Take a seat," in its most friendly tones, while the two little dogs, Nellchen and Happy, frolicked around in exuberant spirits at the sight of a visitor, and welcomed me with shrill little barks. Happy was a born German, and could not understand a word of English, but could perform any number of little tricks in Dutch.

After we had chatted awhile I drew my reader shyly forth, and told them I was going to read something in a strange language, and wished them to tell me if they understood it. My satisfaction was complete when I found that they understood every word, and enjoyed my "broken German" amazingly. They kindly corrected some mistakes in my accent, and now one of the pleasures of my pleasant life is to read to my good German neighbors, when I happen in to spend an evening.

After I had mastered my first fable, my good readers who have patiently followed me thus far, must not suppose that all that followed was plain sailing. No, indeed! Every fable was a battle ground, because every fable made it an aim to use words that were in no other fable, but I will say that each fable appeared a fraction of a hair's breadth easier, and finally I had read my reader from preface to finis. After that I considered it the pleasure which I wished it to be, to undertake to read the bible through in German, so purchased one in that language.

I laid down a rule which I have so far adhered to, to write the words which I did not understand in each chapter, upon a slip of paper, with the number of the chapter and verse at the head, and when it suited me, search out the words in the German dictionary, write the meaning of each word opposite it, and place the paper where I could look at it frequently, and by the next bible reading I generally knew the words. In this way, and by comparing my translation with the English bible, I have read it more than half through, some chapters not having to refer to the dictionary at all; and so, copying after the renowned tortoise, I will, I think in time, have occasion to call upon the German dictionary no oftener than the English.

One thing I have noticed throughout my experiences, and that is, that no matter how treacherous my memory proved when trying to press a crooked word upon its acceptance, it never forgot the most trifling hint my good neighbors

gave it, by which I infer that one could learn much more quickly with the aid of a teacher.

Of course, knowing most German words in ordinary use, I can carry on an understandable though necessarily jerky conversation, and if I sometimes get the "cart before the horse," I give myself a mental shake and say to myself, "Serves you right for not studying the grammar."

COLLEGE SONGS.

For the introduction of the college song proper in this country, we are, more than to any other one man, indebted to Mr. R. Storrs Willis. After graduating in the Yale class of '41, he spent six years in Germany, and on his return took up his abode for a while in New Haven, and taught the students there the Latin song of "*Gaudeamus*," which he had learned among the German universities. "*Gaudeamus*" soon came to be regarded by the Yale boys with about the same feeling as Englishmen have for "God Save the King," or the French republicans for the "*Marseillaise*." It is sung on all occasions of festivity and of sorrow, and it has served more than once as a veritable war song when battles have been impending with the "townies."

Harvard was not slow to catch the singing spirit, and in the course of a few years, the students of all the larger eastern colleges had extensive repertoires of song, which they gave in society halls, in all accidental gatherings on the college grounds, and most of all, perhaps, while indulging in the classical pastime of sitting on the fence. One of the most beautiful of all was another imported Latin song, "*Lauriger Horatius*," which made its appearance at Yale about the year 1850. A dozen years later some students from the south gave the air to the words, "*My Maryland*," which became the most popular of the songs of the rebellion. The original "*Lauriger*," as well as "*Gaudeamus*," "*Integer Vitæ*," and several others of the best college songs, were arranged and published in sheet form by Mr. Willis, and of late years, they have been frequently republished in collections of college songs, sometimes with, and sometimes without permission and acknowledgement.

"Fair Harvard" is given a place of honor at Cambridge, and "*The Lone Fish Ball*," "*It's a Way We Have at Old Harvard*," "*Upidee*," and "*Ba-be-bi-bobu*," appeared among the less solemn songs, and George F. Root's "*There's Music in the Air*," among the sentimental ones. Of the early "nonsense songs," that came into vogue were "*Shool*," "*Cocha-che-lunk*," and the "*The Sheepskin*" to the tune of "*A Little More Cider*." These have been supplemented by others.

Operatic airs are made to do service, as in the case of the "*Trumpet Song*" from "*I Puritani*," which is frequently joined to the words of secret society songs, and sometimes to the Latin words of "*Lauriger*," and such odd conjunctions as "*Mary had a Little Lamb Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom*," are not uncommon. The wearisome old tune of "*Greenville*" is divorced from "*Far from mortal cares retreating*," and made almost tolerable with the words "*Saw my leg off, short*," the final two notes of each strain of the tune being omitted. The "*Menagerie*" has done good service with the well-known chorus,

"The elephant now goes round, the band begins to play,
The boys around the monkey's cage had better keep away."

The "*Derby Ram*" and "*Bingo*" are adaptations of old English school songs, familiar to young Britons generations ago. The song of "*Peter Gray*," which was rendered by the Yale Club here, with some variation from the music as

first written, ought to possess a local interest, for in its original shape it was a serious song called "Pleasant Michigan," of which the last word in the refrain was lengthened to "Michigan-i-a-a-a." The burlesque, "Vilkins and Dinah," borrowed by some of the colleges from the old Bowery Theatre, was in like manner a rustic, sentimental song of the old school, called "Sir William and Diana." "Springfield Mountain" was familiar in Western Massachusetts, before the college boys took it up. The air to which Kirke White's hymn "When marshalled on the nightly plain" is usually sung, has a singular effect when the words of the "Three Crows," are deaconed off to it, after the fashion of "Bohunkus."—*Exchange.*

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like the words of the song the chorus of which is,
"Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveler on his way,
While the nightingale's song is in tune
For I never, never more, with my true love will stray
By the sweet, silver light of the moon."
Also, the words of a piece of which one stanza is as follows:

"I seem like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, and garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

Also, who is the author of the following lines?
"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."
Trucksville, Pa. MRS. CHAS. HAZELTINE.

MR. CROWELL:—Can some one of the sisters tell me where I can find this poem, and who is the author:

An hour before, she spoke of things
That memory to the dying brings?"

Box 120, Brownsville, Pa. MRS. C. E. GOE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please inform S. F. Pearson of a late number that she can find a set of outline maps with key for teaching geography by singing it, by addressing

MISS CORDELIA BARNES.

Bedford, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one of the Band tell me the author of, and where I can procure the poem in which these lines are found:

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly,
For invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me?"

Leominster, Mass. MRS. GEO. WOODS.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask THE HOUSEHOLD sisters if one of them can send me the words of the song entitled "Take Me back to Home and Mother." I will try to return the favor.

MRS. ALLIE KRUEGER.

Felton, Clay Co., Minn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send the poem containing the following lines to my address:

"How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on?"

M. L. C.

Box 99, Liberty, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask for the words of "Jenny the Flower of Kildare." I should be much pleased to get them.

ADA WITHROW.

Villisca, Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask for the words to the song of which the chorus is,

"O make me a grave in the wildwood,
Where the golden waters flow,
Let me sleep in the home of my childhood," etc.

JULIA EMMONS.

Cutts, Lane Co., Kan.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In a late number of our paper, a lady inquires for a book of instruction in calisthenics. The best I know of is, "How to Get Strong," by Blakie.

MRS. A. M. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I think Hillside will find her wants met in "A Primer of Botany," one of the science primers published by the Appletons, or better still, by "How Plants Grow," by Prof. Gray of Harvard college.

LESLIE RAYNOR.

MR. CROWELL:—I saw in a late HOUSEHOLD a request for the name of the poem with these lines:

"Better to weave in the web of life,
A bright and golden filling."

The name of the poem is "The Golden Side."
Central Falls, R. I. IDA J. ELDRIDGE.

If M. G. F. will send me her address, I will gladly write and tell her what I know about oil painting.

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS.

Box 776, Oil City, Pa.

If the lady wanting the names of the presidents in rhyme will send her address to me, I will copy from mine and send to her.

MRS. SUE THOMASON.

Corvinton, Hill Co., Tex.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one person send me the words of "Bonnie Doon," I have the music, also, a piece entitled "The Vermont Snow Storm," containing the lines,

"The cold winds swept the mountain heights,
And pathless was the dreary wild."

I will try to return the favor.

Boylston, Mass. MRS. ELMER SHAW.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of you give me the title, and tell me where I can find the poem containing the following lines:

"Oh! sages may preach of the world and its duty,
And prosers may prate of their purse-giving trades
And poets may rave of the magic of beauty,
But I'll say a word for poor, slandered old maids."

Waterford, Wis. LUELLA THOMAS.

THE REVIEWER.

One of the most readable little stories of the season is "A TALLAHASSEE GIRL," the latest of the Round Robin series, published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. Its healthy tone, and purity and simplicity of style, will be refreshing to the reader, surfeited with the straining after effect, and morbid sentiment of the popular novel of the present day. The touch of real energetic life which is brought into the story by the advent of the northern newspaper correspondent, and who is really the hero of the story, is free from exaggeration, and the young and lovable heroine, though somewhat burdened with an excess of admirers, will be followed with real interest through the book, which will be read with genuine pleasure as a fresh, charmingly told story of southern life.

IN GREEN'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, we have a work which will fill a long-felt want among the readers of history whose time is too limited for a thorough course of reading. Commencing in the fifth century, the writer gives a clear and concise outline of events, in a forcible and interesting style, which commends itself at once to the reader. Each paragraph is numbered, securing convenience of consultation with the "World's Index of Knowledge," which refers to paragraphs instead of pages, which has hitherto been the custom. To the publishers who thus place before the public reading of this class at the remarkably low price at which they offer these valuable editions, the public should show a hearty appreciation of their attempt to provide good reading for those of limited means who are desirous of extending their knowledge of books. These volumes are printed in clear type, on good paper, and well bound, at prices ranging from fifteen to forty cents a volume. Circulars sent on application to The Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., 162 William St., New York.

THE MONOGRAPH, a serial collection of indexed essays, of which thirty numbers have now been issued, is a valuable and convenient arrangement of historical facts, and information concerning historical personages. For many readers whose time is limited, these little books are of great value, giving in small pamphlets of twenty-four pages, the main incidents of interest in the subject treated, condensed and adapted to the wants of the general reader. The enterprise is worthy of success, and will, no doubt, be widely known and appreciated. Published fortnightly at ten cents a number, Bangor, Me.: Q. P. Index, publisher.

The first volume of AMERICAN STATESMEN, giving an account of the life of John Quincy Adams from childhood through

the political honors and cares of his later years, will be read with interest by the student of American history. This series of biographies of men conspicuous in the political history of the United States, is edited by John T. Morse, Jr., and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and will give in compact form the result of extensive study of the many influences which have combined to shape the political history of the country. Each biography will be complete in one volume, and the series will embrace the lives of the most prominent men in political life comprising but two or three lives anterior to the Revolution, the greater number being devoted to the period from the war of the Revolution to the late war.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE gives the reader a treat which will be appreciated at its best, filled as it is with the best of magazine literature. Among the contents of the March number, the opening article on "The Newest American Railroad" stands prominent in interest. "Pentock," a powerful story, and the serial, "A Fixed Period," a well-written satire, are both concluded. The short sketches are of unusual merit, and the sketches of Shakespeare's female characters, the latest being that of Juliet, are finely written and of much interest; and there is a delightful review of recent novels which will prove of assistance in the selection of books. \$3.00 a year. 41 Barclay St., New York: Leonard Scott Publishing Co.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April opens with the first of a series of papers entitled "Spanish Vistas," by George P. Lathrop, with sixteen beautiful illustrations by Reinhart. Mr. H. W. Lucy's paper, "Mr. Gladstone at Haverden," with seven illustrations besides the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, is a familiar sketch of the English premier and his home surroundings, and will be read with eager interest on both sides of the Atlantic. In "Silver San Juan," Ernest Ingersoll describes an interesting corner of Colorado, and one of the richest mineral fields in that state. The article is illustrated from twelve superb drawings by Thomas Moran. Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve contributes an interesting paper on Phidias' masterpiece, the Athena Parthenos, with an illustration of the statuette recently discovered at Athens. The first of two papers on wood engraving, by G. E. Woodbury, is devoted to the early history of the art. The article is illustrated from fac-similes of old engravings. David P. Lloyd contributes an exceedingly humorous sketch, entitled "Peor Ogle Moga," a satire upon the treatment of the Indian question by the ultra-sentimentalists, with six characteristic illustrations by Frost. The recent developments in decorative art form the subject of a paper by A. F. Oakley, illustrated from specimens of work by Colman, La Farge, Tiffany, Shirlaw, and others. An interesting romance in real life during the last century is presented by Mrs. Elizabeth Read, with portraits of the hero and heroine from old miniatures. N. H. Eggleston contributes an important paper, entitled "What We owe to the Trees." Miss Woolson's "Anne," which has awakened great interest, is approaching its conclusion. Mrs. Lillies' "Prudence—A Story of Aesthetic London," is concluded. An interesting short story, entitled "A Hereditary Witness," is contributed by N. A. Prentiss. This number contains an unusual quantity of excellent poetry, contributed by Frances L. Mace, Louise Chandler Moulton, Julia C. R. Dor, Nora Perry, and J. W. De Forest. As usual, some of the most interesting matter in the number is to be found in Mr. Curtis's department, the Easy Chair, and the other editorial departments are well sustained. \$4.00 a year. Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for April gives its readers a real treat, being filled to overflowing with good reading and fine illustrations. An interesting sketch of "Artists' Homes" gives a fine idea of that one of the greatest of living artists, Alma Tadema. "Alnwick Castle," by M. Creighton is beautifully illustrated. "The Towers of Sir Christopher Wren" with its profuse illustrations is one of the noticeable features of the book. The "Art Notes," both foreign and American, are of unusual interest. \$3.50 a year. New York, Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

The April ATLANTIC maintains well the high standard of varied excellence and interest which recent numbers have reached. Besides two additional chapters of Mr. Bishop's serial, "The House of a Merchant Prince," and the conclusion of Mr. Lathrop's serial, "An Echo of Passion," Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps begins in this number a new serial story entitled "Dr. Zay," which cannot fail to attract very general attention. The author of "The Gates Ajar" and "The Story of Avis" is sure of a host of readers for whatever she writes. John Fiske contributes a popular scientific article of great interest entitled "Europe before the Arrival of Man." Mr. Charles Wood writes an excellent appreciative article,

"A Hindu Reformer," giving an account of the life and religious views of Chunder Sen. Readers of short stories will be strongly attracted by Miss Woolson's "In Venice," and Mr. Deming's account of "Jacob's Insurance." "Shakespearean Operas" are discussed by A. E. Barr; Eugene W. Hilgard has an interesting paper on "Progress in Agriculture by Education and Government Aid;" Edward Farrar contributes a very engaging article on the "Folk Lore of Lower Canada." There are several poems, reviews of many of the more important recent books, and a diversified Contributors' Club, completing a very interesting number of this sterling magazine. \$4.00 a year. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for April, Gov. Eli H. Murray, of Utah, treats of the existing crisis in the political fortunes of that territory. An article entitled "Why They Come," by Edward Self, is devoted to the consideration of the many important questions connected with European immigration to this country. Dr. Henry A. Martin, replying to a recent article by Henry Bergh, defends the practice of vaccination, citing official statistics to prove the efficacy of bovine virus as a prophylactic against the scourge of small pox. E. L. Godkin has an article on "The Civil Service Reform Controversy;" Senator Riddleberger on, "Bourbonism in Virginia;" and General Albert Ordway on "A National Militia." Finally, there is a paper of extraordinary interest on the exploration of the ruined cities of Central America. The author, Mr. Charnay, has discovered certain monuments which conclusively prove the comparative recentness of those vast remains of a lost civilization. THE REVIEW is published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

THE CENTURY for April opens with a remarkable paper on "Russian Jews and Gentiles," by Mme. Ragozin, which will doubtless provoke much discussion. A fine sketch of the writings of Matthew Arnold, accompanied by a portrait of the author, is contributed by Mr. Andrew Lang. Mrs. Burnett's and Mr. Howell's serials increase in interest, and Mrs. Mitchell's third paper on sculpture is of great interest and finely illustrated. Frank D. Millet contributes an article on "Some American Tiles." Mr. Richard Grant White gives the second of his readable articles on "The Opera in New York." There are several short articles of merit, and poems by H. H., Ellen M. Hutchinson, Roger Riordan, Henry A. Beers, Henry Eckford, and Alice Wellington Rollins. "Topics of the Times" and the following pages are full of short and readable sketches.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for April opens with an interesting and finely illustrated paper on "In and About a Normandy Market-Place," by Margaret Bertha Wright. A long installment of the serial "Stephen Guthrie," brings the story to an interesting crisis, and Dr. Felix Oswald contributes a fine article entitled "Four-footed Prize Fighters." Charles Dunning contributes a charming sketch "In a Florida Cracker's Cabin." There are several readable sketches of local life and manners, one by Wirt Sikes of a "Welsh Holiday" being especially good. There are poems by John B. Tabb, Mary Ainge De Vere and Geo. Newell Lovejoy, and the editorial departments contain many short papers and reviews which will repay perusal. \$3.00 a year. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

ST. NICHOLAS for April opens with a charming frontispiece picture by Rosina Emmet, illustrating a timely little poem by Mary Mapes Dodge, entitled "An April Girl." "Brigham, the Cave-dog," is an account of a clever animal that was lost in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, but came out after wandering for thirty-six hours in a maze of pitfalls and dark windings. Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz contributes "The Story of Wangse Pah and the White Elephant," an illustrated sketch of Siamese Life. "Lord Malapert of Moonshine Castle" is a bright comedy for children, by E. S. Brooks. It is easy to learn, not difficult to get up, does not require many speaking characters, and bids fair to be popular with our younger Thespians. The veracious legend of "Mr. Weathercock," is given by "Aunt Fanny" Barrow. Walter Satterlee has drawn four page illustrations for some æsthetic stanzas called "Lament of the Cat-tail." Dr. Eggleston's serial, "The Hoosier School-boy," and "The Recollections of a Drummer-boy," by Harry M. Kieffer, are brought, all too soon, to their conclusion, in stirring and spirited installments; and "Donald and Dorothy," have a grand good time in their "House Picnic." The illustrated "Northern Myth" stories are continued with the legend of "The Hoard of the Swarthy Elves." Of interest to many readers will be Deacon Green's report on the "Historical Pl." with the names of one hundred prize-winners, and the long roll of honor. Mary N. Prescott, Margaret Johnson, and Margaret Vandegrift, are among those who contribute poems and sketches, and there are drawings by J. Wells Champney, Walter Shirlaw, Addie Ledyard, J. G. Francis, and Jessie McDermott. New York: The Century Co.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S WORKS.—The publication of the authorized edition of the Works of

FLOWERS OF SPRING.

F. A. REISSIGER.

Lento. Con molto espressione e sempre legato.

[illegible]

President Garfield has been entrusted to Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston. It will be carefully prepared and edited by President B. A. Hinsdale of Hiram College, Ohio, the life-long friend of Gen. Garfield, who was thoroughly familiar with the late President's habits and method of thought. The work will be in two octavo volumes, from new and clear type, printed in the best style of the University Press of Cambridge, and handsomely and substantially bound. It will contain new portraits of President Garfield. The work is expected to be ready for publication in November next.

Green's justly celebrated "Larger History of the English People," ought certainly now to find a place in every home. The Elzevir edition, in five handy and tasteful volumes, cloth binding, all for \$1.50, (by mail \$1.80) is certainly a specimen of book-making that will delight the eye of those who rejoice in beautiful books, and is hardly less than a marvel in economy of cost. But the Model Octavo edition, in one volume, utility binding, caps the climax for cheapness—only 50 cents, or by mail 65 cents! These editions are being published by The Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., 162 William Street, New York, and are examples of the quality and prices of numerous standard works which they are publishing. At these prices they sell only to buyers direct, discounts to dealers and agents being impossible, and the editions published are limited to the or-

ders which reach them promptly. Catalogues and specimen pages are sent free on request.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for March 31st and April 8th contains many fine numbers from the first foreign periodicals. There are generous installments of the serials, by Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Parr, and the usual amount of fine poems. There can be no better magazine reading than can be found in its pages, which gives the reader the most convenient and available means of possessing himself of the best results of current criticism, philosophy, science and literature. The best writers of the time are well represented, the best only of English magazine publications being reproduced in its pages. Published weekly. \$8.00 a year. Littell & Co., 17 Bromfield St., Boston.

We have received from Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York, a copy of a "ILLUSTRATED ART NOTES" upon the fifty-seventh annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York, with reproductions of one hundred and thirty-five of the principal pictures; together with brief personal notices of the artists whose works are reproduced. Those who are debarred the pleasure of attending art exhibitions personally may obtain much information and pleasure from the perusal of this little book, which will be sent on receipt of thirty-five cents by the publishers.

THE PAPER WORLD is the title of a new monthly, published by Clark W. Bryan & Co., Holyoke.

Mass., devoted to the interests of the paper manufacturers and buyers. It contains much entertaining and valuable information in regard to the various methods of production, and many varieties of paper now manufactured. The new and improved machinery is described and all subjects of interest accurately treated. \$2.00 a year.

Sheep farmers and wool dealers generally, will be interested in a pamphlet on NEW METHODS OF WOOL WASHING, FLEECE SCOURING, etc., by W. J. Menzies, which gives the new and improved methods now being introduced; also directions by which the finest potash wool scouring and sheep dipping soap can be made by the consumers themselves; to which is added simple directions for making ordinary hard soap without boiling, alone worth the price of the book. Price 10 cents. Published by Benson & Holme, 10 Castle St., Liverpool, England.

IN HORTICULTURAL ESSAYS, by Peter Henderson, the florists and market gardeners will find much to repay their perusal, and not only these but the amateur gardener as well. The contents embrace many important subjects, among which strawberry culture, celery growing and rose growing are especially adapted to the wants of many who are interested in the work. The chapter on Humbugs in Horticulture is—besides being especially good reading—calculated to prevent many from being swindled by this class of generally successful canvassers. Price 75 cents.

Peter Henderson & Co., 25 Cortlandt St., New York.

THE LITERARY NEWS for April will be particularly welcome for its many interesting sketches of the late poet Longfellow. The magazine contains the usual amount of book notices and readable criticisms, and the Prize Question department maintains its well deserved popularity. 60 cents a year. F. Leyppoldt, 13 Park Row, New York.

We have received a copy of the **CHRISTIAN MONITOR**, a monthly magazine devoted to home and religious interests. Special attention is given to mission work, and the contents also embrace short and serial stories, sketches and poems. \$1.50 a year. Christian Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

We have received from Bridgman & Childs, Northampton, Mass., who are the agents for W. Raymond, a circular describing an extended excursion through the west and southwest. In the course of a tour of nearly nine thousand miles, the members of the party will have ample opportunities for visiting many interesting localities, free from the care and fatigue consequent upon traveling by themselves.

—In 1854 the Bible was printed in fifty different languages. It is now printed in upwards of two hundred.

The Dispensary.

WARMTH IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

BY EDWIN TEMPLE.

A GREAT many invalids suffer in winter without thinking it due to the weather. They enter the winter in fair health, with a prospect of recovery, but the spring finds them unconsciously drifted into the same condition they were in the year before, and the knowledge they acquire as to the cause of their suffering, is only gained at the expense of a long illness.

The temperature of the human body in health is 98°. When the air is colder than 60° to 70°, it has a tendency to chill the surface of the body, and drive the blood to the interior vessels, sometimes causing congestion of the vital organs, and also causing the pores of the skin to act less freely. The pores carry off a large amount of waste matter, and their partial stoppage will cause illness, and the cessation of their action, death. It is of but little use to try to keep them open by bathing without warmth. A fever is sometimes broken up by giving a "sweat." Were this not given in time the result would be a long and distressing illness.

Warmth is procured in several ways, as by fires, houses, clothes, exercise, and the sun. To sit by the fire and breathe hot stove air, is not healthful, especially in lung difficulties. Brick and stone houses are warmer than wooden buildings, as they retain the heat and keep out the cold more effectually. Fur clothing is also warmer on the same principle. Exercise is also another way to procure warmth, but this is not always possible or advisable. The heat of the sun can only be procured in the winter by going south. With our increased facilities for traveling, multitudes annually go to warmer climates for health or pleasure. The cost of going and living there is trifling, everything costing less than at the north. I have seen well people very much improved in looks, by a winter's stay in a warmer climate. The out-door life, the change of scene, the beautiful flowers constantly blooming, and the singing of the birds, all give enjoyment. The tropics were the birthplace of the human race, and there men lived in tents. What freedom from care those old patriarchs enjoyed! No wonder that they lived to be so aged.

A comfortable, even temperature is also favorable to longevity. In 1851, Lieut. Gibbon and Lieut. Herndon were commissioned by the United States government to explore the valley of the Amazon, with a view to commercial relations with those parts. Their reports of the soil, climate, and productions of those regions are very interesting. Lieut. Gibbon writes of the healthfulness of Juaja, Peru:

"Men live to a good old age in this climate. Seventy, eighty, and ninety years are common; some have arrived at one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty. I am under the impression that the Indians live longest."

Lieut. Herndon says of a place a few miles further on:

"Tarma, a town of some seven thousand inhabitants, is a resort of sickly people from Lima, and the cold and inclement mining districts, who find comfort and restoration in its pure atmosphere, and mild and equable temperature. I was told, although the district contains nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, and its villages are close together and easily accessible, that it could not of itself support a physician, and that the govern-

ment had to appropriate the tax on spirits, and the surplus revenue of the bridge at Oroya to this purpose."

These places are within a few degrees of the equator, but being on elevated ground, some nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, makes them cool and healthful. Then the Indians have, through several generations, been thoroughly acclimated.

The longevity of the inhabitants of any place is a proof of its healthfulness, but it cannot be expected that people from another section will live as long. Such places are valuable as health resorts in winter, as much as other places in the north can be recommended for health in the summer.

SUPPORT FOR WEAK BACK.

For any one who is obliged to lie much in the bed, or indeed for any invalid, or semi-invalid, or one having a weak back, a support of some kind is of much benefit and comfort. We, most of us, I presume, when lying down, have done such a thing as to put the book we might chance to be reading at the small of the back, or take our slippers from our feet for such a purpose, and have found that we could get rest thereby. In my own case, a spinal affection commencing in early girlhood, and becoming at times very severe, has ever since been more or less troublesome, and when lying down I find it a relief to have something hard and firm at the small of the back, the most sensitive place to pain and weariness. And to many I think this will recommend itself.

I first accustomed myself to this during a fit of illness, when I could not leave my bed for many weeks, and the back, though then not particularly troublesome, became very much heated and painful. A friend suggested straw cushions, say a foot square, having two, so as to change when one became heated. And what a relief! The bed itself could not be made to touch the spot, but the cushions did, and also kept the weakest place as well as the whole back from contact with the feather bed when that was used. A mattress, of course, is to be recommended, but when one must keep the bed, a soft feather bed often becomes a necessity as a change. If one lies on the back, of course this cushion would not always be comfortable, but that I never do, and thus like it as a side support.

And from that day to this, I have never wholly given up the use of these simple comforts. I am not particular now about a regular straw cushion, but roll almost anything up, so as to make it hard, and in convenient form, and have it handy by my bed or lounge. I seldom go to sleep at night with my back unsupported in some way. Some may call it all a notion and fussy. It may be, but why so more than a pillow under the head? For my own part, I could spare my pillow better than my back cushion. I mention this for any one who may be on the sick bed as well as for others who feel the need of some such appliance. U. U.

CONSUMPTIONS.

Consumption usually begins with a slight, dry cough in the morning, then, on going to bed, getting more and more frequent, with more and more phlegm, increasing debility, thinness of flesh, shortness of breath and quickening pulse. In fatal cases its average course is about two years, hence the importance of arresting the disease at as early a stage as possible, and the sooner rational means are employed for this purpose, the greater the chances of success.

The disease is owing to an irritation commencing in the throat and extending

to the lungs, so that their action is interfered with, and the blood does not receive sufficient oxygen to purify it. The first thing to be done, is to remove the obstruction which is the irritation or congestion of the lungs. Four ounces of glycerine, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of water and one grain of morphine make an excellent mixture for relieving the cough. It should be taken in doses of two teaspoonfuls every two hours until the cough is relieved. The chest, just below the neck, should be rubbed with tartar-emetic ointment every morning over a space as large as the hand, until a thick crop of sores is brought out; then rub the ointment between the sores to bring out a new crop. Meantime the patient should take regular and vigorous exercise in the open air. There is nothing that equals horseback riding as a remedy for this disease.

If a consumptive were "to live in the saddle" and sleep out of doors, taking care to keep the feet dry and warm, and to live upon good, nourishing food, in short, to "rough it," he would recover his health in a few months, even if the disease had made considerable progress. The trouble is that it requires a strong will to carry out so severe a course, in spite of the languor and debility which disposes an invalid to quiet despondency. The most marked sign of lung disease is emaciation, and the most positive indication of returning health is increase in weight.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

TREATMENT OF SPRAINS AND BRUISES.

The best treatment of sprains and bruises is the application of water, of such temperature as is most agreeable. The degree of temperature varies with the temperature of the weather and the vigor of the circulation. In a hot day use cool or cold water. If the circulation is low, use warm water. The bruised or sprained parts may be immersed in a pail of water, and gently pressed or manipulated with the hand or soft cloth, for ten or fifteen minutes, or even longer in severe cases, after which, wrap up the parts in cloths wet in cold water, and keep quiet. This treatment keeps down the inflammation, and in nine cases out of ten proves a speedy cure. The liniments and filthy ointments so much used for sprains, do not compare with this simple treatment in efficacy.—*Herald of Health.*

PERSPIRATION.

The unpleasant odor produced by perspiration is frequently the source of vexation to persons who are subject to it. Nothing is simpler than to remove this odor much more effectually than by the application of such costly unguents and perfumes as are in use. It is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia, and place about two tablespoonfuls in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands and arms with this, leaves the skin as clean, sweet and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of an experienced physician.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MRS. A. WILCOX. No, I do not suppose that "dyspepsia comes from the brain," or, I do not regard it as originating in the brain, necessarily, though the brain may exert a powerful influence in its production. It is possible for the activity of that organ to so far divert the blood from the stomach to itself as to sensibly retard digestion. Dyspepsia is but another name for indigestion or no digestion. It is mainly caused by taking too much food, that difficult of digestion, or taking it at improper times. The stomach, like any organ of the body, becomes exhausted from overwork (the most

abused of all organs) and it then refuses to labor, punishing its oppressor, most fearfully. To avoid dyspepsia, therefore, it is necessary to eat slowly, chewing the food so finely that the saliva and all the digestive solvents can be thoroughly combined with it, to use plain and wholesome food, to eat only enough—not simply to satisfy, if possible, a morbid appetite—but to meet the wants of the system wasted by exercise, and to eat at the regular times, the last meal being particularly light. This subject is treated at length in my pamphlet, "Good Digestion."

EXCELSIOR. Among the more prominent causes of "chapped hands" are the use of poor, cheap and acrid soaps, imperfect wiping and drying before going out in the cold, having the hands too much in water and that too cold, and the too free use of salted foods. The frequent use of glycerine or sweet oil, softening the skin, will be of service.

MRS. G. B. I think that your "corns and chilblains" will soon disappear if you wear larger boots—longer and wider—with cotton hose, save when you go out in very cold weather, and be sure to have them comfortable. If you have a large joint, the seat of the corn, you can, if a Yankee, devise some plan of protecting it by the use of a pad, allowing the boot to press on the pad instead of the joint. This pressure on any part, chafing, irritates, thickens the cuticle, and that is the corn, a mass of albumen, easily dissolved by almost any alkali, as potash, ammonia, soda, etc. If any strong alkali, as the potash, is used, it is well to have a little vinegar at hand to apply to neutralize it, in the event of too great action of the potash, or if it is on any part not intended. A cloth, wet in arnica and water—a teaspoonful to a half-pint—four thicknesses and worn at night, will help the chilblains.

R. SPEIRS. The "cramps" of which you speak, result from over-labor, probably, or from a chill following perspiration. The remedy, in part, will be to wet a cloth in salt and vinegar and water, three or four thicknesses, and bind around the affected part at night, well covered by dry flannels. Soaking the feet in warm water at night, followed by a dash of cold water and a thorough rubbing, will be of service. Also the use of a flesh brush will so improve the circulation as to remedy this, in part.

F. D. BENHAM. I well know that the articles of which you speak, will produce dyspepsia, with many others. The wisest course, therefore, is to let them alone. There are enough articles which are wholesome and palatable, not to use food that we learn from experience will harm us. I think, allow me to say, that my "Stomach Regulator," etc., with a careful observance of my "Health Rules," sent with it, would be of service in such cases. Proper care of the diet, with proper exercise, and an abundance of pure air and sunlight will do much in this matter. Indigestion never comes without a definite cause.

MRS. E. WEAVER. I am not able to see any material advantage in the "oil baths," to which you refer. In some cases of wasting disease, it may be of use to employ some of the carbons to add to the fatty deposits, and yet it may be that the nature of the disease forbids an increase of fat, or that such food cannot be tolerated. Simple fatness is no evidence of health, or its absence, an unmistakable evidence of disease. I am able to see no other use of the oil than that of increasing the fat. I also believe that the most natural and sensible way to take all foods is, as the Creator intended, through the stomach. But all these, especially the animal oils, are very difficult of digestion, and cannot be safely taken by the sick. The sweets—sugar as good as any of them—and the starches, are better, so far as digestion is concerned, and far less taxing to the stomach. It may be true, also, that it is more important to remove the disease, as the most efficient means of producing the desired fatness.

C. L. No, I do not consider oysters wholesome, advisable food. In the first place, they do not contain as much nourishment as other animal foods—much less than the grains. Then, they are not easy of digestion, especially when cooked. Lastly, to be wholesome, they should be dressed like other fish, instead of being eaten as heathen eat fowls, feathers, entrails, and all. The oyster's entrails, at least, may be removed, if eaten by the neat and fastidious.

MRS. S. D. No, never take any food at bed time, not even an apple. Night is the time for rest—of the stomach as well as of the body as a whole. If the stomach is at work all night "horrid dreams" will result. And, since it is in the night, when we are asleep, that the blood is consolidated into the solids of the body, giving strength, the better the rest and sleep, the more perfectly this important process goes on, and the more strength we gain, feeling refreshed in the morning. And more, the lighter the supper the better. It is safe to take only one-tenth of the food for the day for the supper, and then a good appetite in the morning is natural. And that lunch may be the simplest food of the day—a single kind.

The Dressing Room.

CHIT-CHATS ON FASHION.

Number Four.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

A FRIEND came to me the other day, and all the time she was talking of woman's work, her aims and capabilities, I was looking at her handsome face, and taking account of her stock.

"My dear," I said, "let me button your gloves—now allow me to tie the strings of your bonnet," and so I went over each accessory of her toilet, and while altering here, and putting in a pin there, I looked into her intellectual face, and said coaxingly, "You must, you really must take more notice and greater care of these little things. Remember that beauty is a Divine gift, and we ought to make the most of it. A handsome face, with a neat pretty toilet, is like a lovely picture suitably framed, but how many people grow careless of their looks, just because they are no longer young, and forget that often the ripe beauty of middle age, combined with a matured mind, and soft feminine traits of character, is far more attractive than the cruder beauty of a young girl in her teens. And because a woman has left her youth behind her, and she feels that there are more earnest things in life than mere dress, she forgets the duty she owes to herself, her husband and children, of making herself attractive in their eyes, and so grows careless in her dress."

"That is all true," answered my friend, "but I really do not get time to attend to it. Just now all my thoughts are turned to the culture of silk by women."

"Don't you think," I ventured timidly, "that regard to one's personal appearance is of more importance than even silk culture? Take a little child, for instance, whose memory pictures are being indelibly drawn, the pictures that will go with him through life from youth to old age, the picture of his mother, and instead of the sweet woman dressed in the style of the present day, with all the little accessories of the toilet that give charm and variety to the dress, if she eschew ribbons and laces and flowers, and appears collarless in a calico wrapper, and unkempt hair, let her slave and work never so hard for her child's benefit, the greatest part of her influence is cancelled. Hard as it may appear, her child will unconsciously begin to look upon her merely as a household drudge, and an undercurrent of contempt for the overworked mother will creep in and mingle with his affection for her. All this is wrong, for it is in her power to make a picture of herself upon the mind of her child that neither time nor distance can erase, a picture that will outlive many another, and become the sweetest memory of his whole future life. Then is it not of vast importance for woman, whether she be maiden, wife, or mother, to make a great effort to be a pleasing object to all about her, a delight, in so far as it is possible, for other eyes to rest upon, especially the eyes of those who love her, and this is possible in neatness and carefulness in her toilet, at least."

I looked up. My friend had vanished to the "Woman's Silk Culture," and I was left alone with my thoughts.

A great amount of carelessness is often seen in the arrangement of the hair. So little care is taken of the crowning glory of woman that it often falls out and becomes thin from sheer neglect. The head should be washed with tepid water and borax, and then thoroughly dried. The scalp should be kept clean, and frequent

brushing is much better than the use of the comb. Harriet Martineau speaks with amusement in her Memoirs, of the three griefs she was a prey to, at the age of fifteen; her poor penmanship, her deafness, and the state of her hair. The first was cured in time, the second grew from bad to worse, but the last was remedied, after consulting one who had beautiful hair, by discovering that brushing alone was what was needed.

Just here, in connection with brushing, I would mention Hill's electro-magnetic brush. I have used it with almost instant relief in nervous headaches, and it is grateful and soothing to the most sensitive and painful head, for it must be remembered that electricity is a curative agent that has proved its wonders on our race, and the bristles of this brush are set in contact with strong magnets, so that the electric force is brought to the glands of the hair, and if the roots are not already dead, the hair will grow thick and glossy.

A lady of fashion has decreed a hundred strokes of the brush every night is not too much for preserving the beauty of the hair. It is a mistaken idea that the growth of hair weakens children, and therefore it should be cut. The scissors, according to good authority, should never touch a child's head after five years of age, except to clip the ends once a month, which practice should be kept up through life, or as long a time as the hair is growing. The Breton women who are noted for their luxuriant locks never have their hair cut from childhood. Pomades of all kinds are vulgar, and, therefore, should be avoided. The back hair should be brushed upwards to prevent the growth of loose hairs on the neck, for they are disfiguring.

A clever scientific man suggests that the growth of the hair might be hastened by frequently applying electric currents to it, and this suggestion has been carried out in the electro-magnetic brush of Hill. The same experiments have been tried on vital tissues with wonderful success.

It is now time to begin with our summer wardrobe, for the winter will be upon us before we decide what to get or how to have it made. Seersucker is very pretty and serviceable for summer wear. The finest quality is silky in texture, and sells for nineteen cents, heavier quality for thirteen and fifteen cents. The underskirt is cut to escape the ground, and trimmed with two narrow gathered ruffles cut straight across the goods, or one broad one, and edged with lace. The overskirt is made full and round, and caught up high on the hips, and once in the back, finished with a trimming of lace. The basque is either made plain and round, or with a double box pleat down the middle of the back, and two single pleats down the front. The basque is made single breasted with one row of buttons. The belt is made of the same material. There is a Byron collar, and the sleeves are finished with two gathered ruffles turned towards the wrist.

Gingham dresses, which come in pretty plaids, sell for fifteen cents per yard. They are made up stylishly in the same way, only substituting Hamburg edging which is sewed on the overskirt without fullness in the place of lace.

White mull dresses and sheer linen cambrics will be much worn this coming season. These dresses made simply and stylishly, are always new every time they are laundered, and yet with care may be worn a whole season before they are soiled, and they possess the advantage over lawns which are apt to get stringy.

Satinette is a cotton fabric that can scarcely be told from foulard silk. It comes in a plain ground and a flowered design on the same colored ground. The

plain is used for the underskirt, and the polonaise or basque and overskirt is made of the figured. The solid color brings out the artistic designs, for instance, a cream ground strewn with Marechal Niel rose buds, or pale pink with deeper pink roses, or blue ground with yellow roses. These goods sell for fifty cents per yard. These dresses may be made with short skirts, *bouffante* puffs about the hips, and antique waist, to which the puff drapery may be attached. The waist is surplice, and a dog collar of black velvet is worn around the throat. The sleeves extend either to the wrist or elbow.

Long wristed gloves are worn to the elbow, with sleeves that are only half-long. Some of the gloves button smoothly, and others are worn in wrinkles, and the only jewelry seen is the slender bracelet worn over the gloves. It is a good plan to use the tops of old gloves, which seldom wear out as soon as the hands do, by sewing them on to three-buttoned gloves. If this is done neatly, it will not be readily noticed where they are joined, especially if bracelets are worn, and six or eight-buttoned gloves can be had without the usual expense.

Some wear pretty shirred plastrons or chemisettes made of white mull, inserted in the front of the antique basque. They are made broad and high at the throat, and taper to a point at the waist line.

The poke bonnet will appear again, and also the wide brimmed hats, worn either flat on the head, peasant fashion, with straight brim all around, or wired into pokes, or dented so as to be becoming to the face of the wearer. A stroke of economy is letting the feathers fall over a roll of twisted mull, which can be placed around the hat, so that if the feathers are at all thin, they will appear full and heavy.

FOR COLD FEET.

How many new things one can learn! We were spending a week at the home of a dear friend lately. The nights were very cold, and every morning grandmother came out of her room shivering with the cold, and hurrying to get her feet near the fire. They had tried a warm soap-stone without success, then a thick piece of two-inch plank that had been about the stove all day, and then a warm folded blanket, and yet grandmother lay awake in the midnight hours, uncomfortable, and not able to sleep.

But last fall the presiding elder and his wife stopped with the family during the three days of quarterly meeting, and the elder's wife, one of those nice little bodies who do good to every one they meet, suggested a remedy, something new, and that was a sand bag. She had been brought up under the same roof with two grandmothers, and one grandfather, and she knew all about making old people comfortable and happy.

She directed them to get some clean, fine sand, and dry it perfectly on the stove, in a kettle or pan, and when dry put it into a flannel sack about ten inches square. Sew up the opening well, and then make another sack of strong drilling, or heavy unbleached muslin, to put on the outside to keep the sand from sifting through. The bag can be easily heated by laying it on the back part of the stove, or in the oven when the fire is low.

For a sick person this sand bag is above all price, so much better than a jug of water or a hot brick. It is safer, and surer, and cleaner, and far more easily managed. If one is troubled with chills creeping over the back in bed, and with a pain under the shoulder blade, the bag of sand is an assurance of comfort and relief when placed against the back. The elder's wife said they always had

three or four on hand at one time. Sometimes her father, who was a preacher, laid one under his feet while he sat at his desk writing.

Very frequently a warm application over the seat of a pain brings relief. Little children suffering from colic, would find this a kinder and more humane treatment than oil, or salts, or any kindred medicines.

ROSELLA RICE.

KNITTED PITCHER.

Use four needles, and cast on ten stitches, four on one needle, and three on two. Join, and knit around plain, then knit around, and widen once in two stitches, by taking up the top of the stitches knit last, and knit twice around plain. Next round, widen until there are twenty-eight in all, which will be about every other stitch, and knit five times around plain. Slip and bind, and thread over, all around, (not forgetting "thread over," last,) then knit around plain. Continue these two rounds, until there are thirteen rows of eyelets.

Now, seam two, and knit two, sixteen times, around, which makes the neck of the pitcher. Set the nose, by widening two as before, in the center of a "knit two" row. Widen sixteen stitches, two every time around, which are knit plain, but continue the rows of "seam two," and "knit two," each side of nose, and when reaching the "seam two," opposite the point of nose, seam all around once, including the "seam two," and bind off all, except the one that is left on the needle, and the "seam two." Widen one, then knit these four stitches for the handle, exactly like the heel of a stocking, (so it will be right side out,) until about three and one-half inches long; then bind off, and sew up. Roll the end over once or twice on upper side, and fasten at the top of the openwork, and sew up the bottom.

These little pitchers are very pretty, and useful as money purses. Slip a steel purse ring over the nose, before the handle is fastened. They can be of cotton, silk, or worsted. Mine is latter, red and green shaded; but one can use her own taste as to color. More stitches might be required, for very fine material. I have only knit the size given. I have tried to give the directions as explicit as possible, and could do no better should any one write; but a sample to look at would assist, and I will knit them of cotton if wished, but cannot for less than six three-cent stamps, as one is several hours work. They are not at all difficult, and I do not think any one will experience any trouble whatever. Mine has been much admired. Please say in HOUSEHOLD if they are liked.

NILLIE MAY.

CROCHETED LACE SHELL PATTERN.

Make a chain of seven stitches, turn and make treble crochet in the third, fourth and fifth stitches from the needle, three chain, single crochet in the last stitch of chain, two chain, turn and make seven trebles in the hole formed by the three chain stitches in the preceding row, two chain, three trebles between the shell of the preceding row and the chain stitches at the end, three chain, turn and make three trebles in the hole of the preceding row, trebles in each of the seven trebles of the preceding row and an extra treble at the end, two chain, turn and make treble between the last two of the third row, one chain, and treble between next two; continue thus until you have made eight trebles, which will bring you to the shell in the third row, two chain and three trebles in the hole at the end of third row, three chain, turn, three trebles into the first hole of the fourth row, * one chain treble in next hole, repeat from * to the end of the row, making eight trebles,

turn * and make one double, three trebles, one double in the first hole of fifth row, repeat from * until you have eight shells, omitting the last double crochet in the last shell, (double crochet is made by putting the needle through the hole, drawing the thread through, thread over, through two,) two chain, three trebles in the last hole in the fifth row. This completes one shell of the pattern.

For the next shell make three chain, turn and make three trebles in the hole of the sixth row, three chain, single crochet into the third treble in the first shell of the sixth row, proceed as in the first shell, joining the end of the third row to the third treble in the second shell of the sixth row, and the end of the fifth row in the same way to the third shell.

E. J. FROST.

CROCHETED SHAWL.

Material: six ounces of Shetland wool. Make a chain the length of the longest edge of the shawl, which is three-cornered. The chain should be a multiple of six. After making the chain * throw the thread over the needle and catch into the third stitch from the needle, draw the thread through, thread over, draw through two, thread over, through two. This is the treble crochet stitch. Make eight more of these stitches in the same chain stitch. Put the needle through the third stitch from the shell and draw the thread through this stitch and the one on the needle. This is single crochet stitch. Repeat from * to the end of the chain and break the thread.

2. Catch the thread in the middle stitch of the first shell of the preceding row. * Make three chain stitches, thread over the needle, put the needle through the next stitch to the one in which the thread is fastened, draw thread through, thread over, through two; keeping this loop and the former one on the needle, put thread over and make the same kind of stitch in the next stitch of the shell. * Continue in this manner until there are ten stitches on the needle, then throw the thread over and draw through all the stitches, four chain and single crochet into the middle stitch of the next shell. Repeat from *.

3. Catch the thread in the same stitch as the preceding row and * make nine trebles in the middle of the first shell of the second row, single crochet into the single crochet at the end of the first shell in second row. Repeat from *.

4. Like second row.

5. Like third row. E. J. FROST.

SHELL OR BLONDE LACE.

Cast on nine stitches.

1. Knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit one.

2. Thread over needle, which makes a loop on edge, narrow, knit one, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two.

3. Plain.

4. Thread over needle, narrow, the rest plain.

5. Knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, rest plain.

6. Thread over needle, narrow, six plain, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two.

7. Plain.

8. Thread over needle, narrow, rest plain.

9. Knit two, thread over twice, narrow, knit rest plain.

10. Thread over needle, narrow, ten plain, purl one, knit two.

11. Plain.

12. Thread over needle, narrow, knit all but eight stitches, slip all on right hand needle over the last one knit, which leaves nine stitches to begin next shell. Repeat.

Some one, I think Nellie May, asked for blonde lace, so I will send these directions. It was called blonde when I was a child; modern name, shell lace.

M. W. MORE.

FEATHER EDGED BRAID TRIMMING.

Begin with the third or fourth loop in the braid, bring your thread through and make a stitch, then a chain of three stitches; with the last stitch on your needle bring the thread through the second loop of the braid and the stitches on the needle, counting from the loop you have already taken up, do this three times, then take up every other loop, without making a chain between, five times, then make a chain of three which you join into the center stitch of the last chain you made, make a chain of two and join that to the braid. Repeat this until you have taken up the middle stitch of each of the three chains and joined them to the braid. You find now that you have a scallop filled with crochet, and must join your braid so as to be able to begin another. With one stitch on your needle, double your braid down on the side of your scallop with a loop of the braid in the crease; now take up two loops (one of each piece) and draw your thread through and keep the stitch thus made on your needle, and continue till you have seven stitches. Now draw the thread through two at a time till you have only one on your needle; now press open this seam and begin another scallop just as you did the first. This may not be very plain to those not initiated, but it seems very plain to me.

SOUTHERN LADY.

POINT-LACE PATTERN.

Cast on fifteen stitches.

1. Knit three, over, slip one, knit two together, pull the slipped stitch over, over, knit three, over, knit two together, over twice, knit two together, over twice, knit two together.

2. Over, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl six, knit one, over, knit two together, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, knit two together, over, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, over, knit eight.

4. Cast off three, knit four, purl six, knit one, over, knit two together, knit one.

5. Knit three, over, knit two together, knit one, over, slip one, knit two together, pull the slipped stitch over, over, knit two, over twice, knit two together, over twice, knit two together.

6. Over, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl six, knit one, over, knit two together, knit one.

7. Knit three, over, knit two together, knit two together, over, knit one, over, knit two together, knit eight.

8. Cast off three, knit four, purl six, knit one, over, knit two together, knit one.

Begin again at the first row.

This is a handsome pattern, and I never have seen it in THE HOUSEHOLD.

NELLIE MAY.

LEAF INSERTION.

For one who asks for an insertion to go with oak leaf edge. Here is one I use with pretty effect. Cast on twenty-four stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, throw thread over twice, seam two together, throw thread over once, seam two together, knit six plain, then with left hand needle bind four stitches off over the sixth, throw thread over before the needle, knit six plain, throw thread over twice, seam two together, throw thread over once, seam two together, knit two plain.

2. Slip one, knit one, throw thread

over twice, seam two together, throw thread over once, seam two together, knit plain to the loop, in this make four stitches by seaming one, knit one, seam one, knit one, then plain to fagoting, throw thread over twice, seam two together, throw thread over once, seam two together, knit two plain.

3. Slip one, knit one, throw thread over twice, seam two together, throw thread over once, seam two together, knit plain to fagoting, throw thread over twice, seam two together, throw thread over once, seam two together, two plain. Repeat from first row.

This is very pretty with oak leaf edge, or alone.

E. E. W.

HANDSOME LACE.

Cast on nineteen stitches.

1. Knit four, thread over and narrow, knit three and narrow, thread over, knit three and narrow, thread over, knit three.

2. Plain to last stitch, make two of that by knitting it, and then seam it before taking off.

3. Knit six, thread over and narrow, knit one and narrow, thread over, knit three and narrow, thread over, knit four.

4. Same as second row.

5. Knit eight, thread over and narrow, three together, thread over, knit three and narrow, thread over, knit five.

6. Same as second row.

7. Knit seven, narrow, thread over, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit three.

8. Plain to last three stitches, then narrow and knit one.

9. Knit five, narrow, over, knit five, over and narrow, knit three, over and narrow, knit two.

10. Same as eighth row.

11. Knit three, narrow, over, knit seven, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

12. Same as eighth row.

This completes one scallop. Commence with first row again. I know this is correct.

HILLSIDE.

PRETTY EDGING.

1. Cast on fourteen stitches.

2. Knit four plain, put over thread twice and seam two together, over once, seam two together, over, seam two together, over once, seam one, knit the last stitch plain.

3. Knit plain.

4. Knit five plain, then knit same as second row.

5. Knit plain.

6. Knit six plain stitches, rest same as second row.

7. Knit plain.

8. Knit plain.

9. Knit plain.

10. Knit plain.

11. Knit plain.

12. Knit plain.

13. Bind off three stitches and knit rest plain.

Return to second row.

MRS. H. W. WILLIAMS.

CLOVER LEAF EDGING.

Make twelve chain, pass over three chain, join in the fourth with a slip stitch, three chain put in the same place with a slip stitch, three chain put in the same place with a slip stitch, (this makes three loops for the lobes of the leaf,) turn seven treble in the loop made by last chain of three and a slip stitch, slip stitch in the next loop of three chain, and eight treble and a slip stitch, slip stitch in the last loop of three chain and seven treble and slip stitch, slip stitch around the chain to bring the leaf together. This makes one leaf. The rest are all made in the same way only to join the leaves together,

after you have made one the next must be done in this way: Where you turn, instead of seven treble make three treble and catch into the third treble in the last leaf, then four treble in the same loop with the three and a slip stitch. The rest of the leaf is made just like the first one.

Hope that I have made it plain. It is very easy to make and very pretty for aprons, etc.

WHITE CLOVER.

KNITTED FRINGE.

This is pretty for trimming lambrequins, curtains, table scarfs, etc., and can be knit of wool or cotton. Cast on seventeen stitches. After having cut a piece of pasteboard the length you want your fringe, wind the thread around this, then cut it open at one end.

1. Knit two, knit eight, putting the thread over three times to each stitch, knit two, put in two pieces of thread so that half the length will be on the right side and half on the wrong, knit one, bring the ends on the wrong side over, knit two, put all the ends back on the wrong side, knit one, bring all the ends over to the right side, knit one.

2. Knit seven, slip off eight, with the left needle slip the first four over the last four, slip off the four on the right needle and hold them between thumb and finger of left hand, knit them, knit the other four and two stitches.

Commence again at first row. The bottom half should be knit very loose.

LISETTE.

ODD INSERTION.

Cast on fourteen stitches.

1. Knit across plain.

2. Slip one, knit two, thread over and narrow, knit two, thread over and narrow, knit five.

3. Knit across plain.

4. Slip one, knit three, thread over and narrow, knit two, thread over and narrow, knit four.

5. Knit across plain.

6. Slip one, knit four, thread over and narrow, knit two, thread over and narrow, knit three.

7. Knit across plain.

8. Slip one, knit five, thread over and narrow, knit two, thread over and narrow, knit two.

9. Knit across plain.

10. Knit across plain.

Commence at second row, knit as long as desired.

KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

TORCHON LACE.

This is very pretty and delicate knit of fine thread. Cast on fifteen stitches.

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

2. Knit six, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit six.

4. Bind off four, leaving one on right needle and fourteen on left, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

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

6. Knit three, over, knit one, over, slip two, knit one, throw the two slipped stitches over, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit one. Repeat from first row.

LISETTE.

KNITTED AFGHAN.

Cast on three hundred and three stitches. Large wooden needles, using either Germantown wool, or worsted.

Knit six rows of black, two rows of red, three rows of yellow, four rows of white, five rows of green, three rows of

yellow, two rows of red, eleven rows of black, two rows of red, three rows of yellow, four rows of white, five rows of green, two rows of yellow, two rows of red, eleven rows of blue, two rows of yellow, two rows of red, two rows of white, two rows of green, two rows of yellow, two rows of black, eleven rows of red, two rows of black, two rows of yellow, two rows of red, two rows of white, two rows of green, two rows of yellow, one hundred and twenty rows of black.

This makes a pretty and serviceable afghan, and one can use remnants of worsted to advantage. JENNINGS.

KNITTED MITTENS.

With common sized yarn cast on sixty stitches, twenty on each of three needles, and knit with the fourth.

1. Knit around plain,
2. Knit six, purl one, then knit seven in this way, viz.: knit one, thread over and knit one, thread over and knit one, until seven are knitted, purl one. Continue this from the beginning with the three needles, and the work will come out even, and end by purling one.

3. Knit six, purl one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit plain to last loop and stitch, which narrow, purl one, and so on with this round, ending with purl one.

4. Knit this and succeeding rounds same as the third, until the open-work stripe is narrowed down to seven, then commence again with second round, and knit through the whole until the open-work stripe is narrowed down to seven the second time.

Now, instead of knitting the six plain, slip off the first three on to a fifth needle, knit last three, then knit the three on the fifth needle, knitting the third stitch last. As will be seen, this twists the first half of the stripe over the last; in every other way this round is same as second, twisting every plain six stitches, and work the whole down to the original seven the second time as before, then twist again, for which use the fifth needle must be kept handy.

Knit in this way until the wrist is two or three inches long, ending with a twist round, and of course there will be seven in the open-work stripe. Carry one purl, twist row, one purl, the over and knit one row, the one purl, twist row, and one purl, up the back, until long enough to narrow off; knitting remainder of mitten and thumb plain, and the very same way our mothers and grandmothers always did. The mitten fits nicely by narrowing occasionally inside of the hand, commencing one and one-half inches perhaps beyond the thumb gore.

If an extra sized mitten is needed, or fine Saxony yarn is used, cast on sixty-eight stitches, and purl two every time instead of one.

Be careful and not make both mittens for one hand. A small bow and ends of narrow ribbon, same shade or some darker than the mittens, placed at the back, where the wrists and hands join, improve the looks.

I have seen wristers knit this way that were very pretty.

One can twist at every third seven, instead of the second, as given, especially with fine yarn. I have tried to make these directions plain; but if they are not understood, I will send samples of the wrist, to all who send four three-cent stamps, to pay for cotton, paper and postage. NELLIE MAY.

KNITTING LACE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I send a rule for knitting lace which I learned last summer. It is quite easy, and I think the

pattern is the prettiest I ever saw. I knit it of red yarn, and use it for trimming red flannel skirts.

Take up fourteen stitches, knit across once plain, slip off the first stitch without knitting, knit four, narrow the rest of the stitches, putting thread over twice each time. There will be one stitch left, knit that, putting thread over twice. Knit back plain, and you will have five holes caused by the loops formed by putting thread over twice. Then slip off one, knit five, narrow and knit back plain as before. Next time knit six plain, and so on until you have made five holes six times, that is until you have six rows of five holes. Then knit across twice plain, a slip and bind once, narrow five times, putting thread over twice, knit the rest of the stitches plain. Repeat from a to b till only fourteen stitches are left on the needle. This finishes one scallop. AUGUST.

KNITTING PATTERN FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES.

This pattern is suitable for making many useful little articles. It is pretty for babies' berceauette blankets or cot covers lined with silk, or knitted in very coarse wool for traveling rugs. Different kinds of wool must, of course, be selected, according to the purpose for which the knitting is intended.

Cast on any number of stitches that will divide by four, and allow besides one for each end.

1. Slip one, * make one, slip one, knit three, draw the slipped stitch over the three knitted ones, repeat from *, knit one.

2. Knit one, purl all but last stitch, which knit plain.

2. Same as first row.

4. Same as second row.

Repeat the first and second rows alternately, till of the desired length.

To make a stitch, simply bring the wool forward as for seaming. FRYE.

NARROW EDGING.

Cast on twelve stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, (these two stitches are to be seamed in this way every time across,) knit three, thread over twice, knit one, knit one, thread over twice, knit one, knit one.

2. Knit across plain except the two seam stitches, and drop the loops in the made stitches instead of seaming them, (that is, knit the first and drop the second.)

3. Same as second row.

4. Bind off two stitches, knit across as before. Then commence another scallop.

This is very pretty knit with seventy linen or fine cotton. HILLSIDE.

NARROW CROCHET EDGING.

Make a chain of seven; turn.

1. Into the fourth chain make four trebles, three chain, pass over two chains into the third, make one treble, two chain into same chain, one treble, three chain; turn.

2. Under the two chains make four trebles, three chain, under next chains make one treble, three chain, pass over four trebles, make one treble between fourth treble and the following chain, three chain; turn.

3. Under the first three chains make four trebles, three chain, under the next chains one treble, two chain, one treble into same loop, three chain; turn.

4. Same as second row.

5. Same as third row, etc.

KATIE LEE

MITTEN POCKETS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell you of a very useful article in a large family. It is a set of pockets for the children's mittens. Mine is made almost square, pointed a little at the top, of black cloth, ornamented with red stars, and bound with green braid, a pocket for each child, or each one in the family, also bound with braid, and sewed securely to the square of cloth. Then this is hung near the door so they can put their mittens in as soon as they take them off, and there will be no trouble to find them when wanted. I was troubled a great deal before I made mine about hunting each child's mittens each time they went out, but now I am not troubled any more, for even little two-year-old knows her pocket as well as any one, and thinks it very nice to put away her own mittens. A. E. C.

KNITTED INSERTION.

Cast on fourteen stitches and knit across plain.

1. Thread around needle, seam two stitches together, knit five plain, slip four stitches (the ones you have just knit) over the fifth stitch, knit five plain, thread over twice, seam two together.

2. Thread around needle, seam two stitches together, knit five plain, thread over twice, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together.

3. Thread around needle, seam two stitches together, knit one, knit one, seam one, first loop, knit one, seam one, next loop, (making four stitches from your loops,) knit five plain, thread over twice, seam two together.

Repeat from first row. RIVERSIDE.

KNITTED SKIRT.

The color can be red, drab, white or blue. Five skeins of Germantown wool is required, and large needles, (same as for afghan.) Cast on one hundred and nine stitches.

1. Seam across.

2. Knit plain.

Scallop now begins. Slip first stitch, put worsted over, knit four plain, slip one, narrow one and bind, knit four plain, put worsted over, knit one, put worsted over, knit four, slip one, narrow one and bind, knit four plain, etc. At the end of needle seam back, when you have made five slips and binds in one scallop, knit plain one row, seam next row, then plain one row, then begin scallop as before. JENNINGS.

OPEN WORK PATTERNS FOR TIDY.

Cast on any number of stitches divisible by five with three extra for edge.

1. Knit four, * slip the third stitch over the last, knit one, slip stitch, knit one, slip stitch, thread over three times, knit three, repeat from *. At the end there are only two stitches to knit after putting thread over.

2. Knit three, seam loop, knit loop, knit three; repeat.

3. Knit plain.

4. Knit plain.

5. Like the first.

MOLLIE.

BROOM CASE.

Cut two pieces of card-board, such as box makers use, eight inches long, six inches at the top and four at the bottom. Round off the top and cover the front piece with canvas, upon which some pretty design has been worked in bright colors. Cover the back with cambric, sew together at the sides, finish around with plaited scarlet braid, and hang by a cord. M. S.

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:—Please say to M. E. F. that I have tried her directions for infant's shirt in the December number, and I am very much pleased with them. I had no trouble in following them. A. A. R.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If K. S., in the September number, will send address and stamp to me I will send her one round of the tidy called horn of plenty, and she can easily make it out if she understands crocheting. MRS. MARY PALMER. South Hampton, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one give me directions for preserving milk-weed pods? I am very anxious to know how. LONG ISLAND.

Will some one please give directions for knitting a skirt for a child one year old? M. S. E.

MR. CROWELL:—In the January number of your paper, torchon insertion, second row, M. E. M. will probably notice her mistake. Instead of tread over twice, seam two together, (after the slipping and binding,) it should be thread over three times, narrow, knit one, etc., and in the third row it should be to make four stitches out of the three loops, etc., else you will not have twelve stitches between the headings. I have knit this pattern for years. A. E. NORTH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell Alida C., that I tried her directions for making infant's sacque and was delighted with the result. I used pale blue zephyr and inserted narrow satin ribbon. The only trouble is that it is almost too pretty for this smoky town. MRS. C. B. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me how to make the new style of stand cover called the sash stand cover? A READER.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one give directions for making a canoe knitting basket, comb case with pin cushion back, and puzzle pin cushion?

If some kind sister will give me the meaning of twist stitch in knitting, and explain how to knit two stitches together crossed, she will receive my thanks. MRS. H. W. G. Hawleyville, Ct.

Would some of the sisters please send through THE HOUSEHOLD directions for knitted lace called feathered pattern? CARRIE WALTON.

Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD give directions for making a lamp mat? pretty but not expensive. L. F. T.

If Jessie M., of the October number, would make or rather work her a toilet set on net, it would be easily washed and always look nice. Have a square of blue silesia to line them with and they would cost but very little, much less than the canvas worked with zephyr. BEDELL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I saw directions in the March number for knitting crossed stitch and have tried them, and find the result is like the heading of some fringe that was given me. Now if Constance, or any other of the sisters, will please give directions how to knit the fringe part I shall be greatly obliged, for it makes a beautiful fringe, and I have been very anxious to learn how to knit it ever since it was given me. MRS. A. M. F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have a pretty pattern for crocheted sack for a child three months old, and Ella could make it larger by adding more stitches. If she will send me her address I will give her the directions as well as patterns of feather-edged braid trimming. MRS. A. E. C. Lock box 10, Wakefield, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will Etta Lee explain more fully about the "Pretty edge for feather braid" in the March number? I don't understand about "put the hook in the next loop and draw it through, then through two, then through two, this makes a double bar." I have tried it, and don't have a stitch left by the time I have done this the way I understand it to be done. MINNIE WILLIETTA.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band send directions for knitting rose leaf edging to go with the insertion? S. J. D.

The Dining Room.

THE KNIFE AND FORK QUESTION.

THE writer of a brief note on the Knife and Fork Question, takes issue, in THE HOUSEHOLD for May, 1881, with my former article, as I thought quite likely some might do, but the tone of that note seems to me to show the very reverse of the signature appended to it. That, however, does not affect one's right of opinion. We can conform to what is established as proper custom or not, as we choose, and others can think as they choose upon our non-conformity to common usages of society.

In the quotations which I made from Marian Harland, I qualified some of her rather strong words of condemnation of the use of the knife, saying that elderly people, or such as were brought up accustomed to its use, were not to be critically commented upon for what had become a fixed habit and convenience to them. But it was not for these I wrote, neither for those "set in their ways," who ignore the customs of good society, and call it "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel" to conform to its reasonable and better usages.

THE HOUSEHOLD, going as it does into over fifty thousand homes, and into all parts of the civilized world, is not confined to a narrow class of readers, or to such as have no desire to advance upon the ways of former times, though it is evident it embraces a share of these among its readers. But it goes into villages, cities, hamlets, and large towns, as well as into country places in our own New England, and in the vast regions of the far west. And in this multitude of homes, I think there are not a few where the tenor of my former article may be acceptable, while by some mothers of young children, and by many an aspiring youth, the hints may not be unkindly taken, but serve as a reminder of what will be expected of these young people when they come to mingle more with the world at large, and also show the necessity of forming the habit while in the home circle.

On the other hand, those who care nothing for social usages, and consider the use of table napkins, silver forks, individual butter plates, and the various little things which go to make out a well-appointed table, as all affectation and nonsense, especially, for every-day use, will not care for the hints given, and can leave them to the more progressive part of our large and constantly growing HOUSEHOLD of readers. We may not go into any elaborate table customs, and yet, at the same time, see that we have good sensible forks, so that children will not have the want of them to plead as an excuse, by and by, for not learning properly to use them when young.

My critic asks for any good reason for taking the fork in preference to the knife, for conveying the food to the mouth, at the same time assuming that the knife is more convenient than the fork. On this point opinions differ. To one accustomed to eating with the fork, the putting the knife in the mouth is unpleasant and awkward, while a good four-tined silver fork, curved as such are, if held spoon fashion in the right hand, is far more agreeable, and also easier to convey food to the mouth, even "custard pie," than is a sharp, stiff, straight, smooth blade of a knife, be the knife silver or otherwise, as it may happen to be.

It is habit which makes the one or the other most convenient to use, and for this reason it is better to have children learn to eat with the fork in the begin-

ning, and also to have young people who may have used the knife, become habituated to the fork before their ways become too fixed to be changed readily. There are very many families of comfortable means, to say nothing of people of wealth, who stick to the knife, and perhaps have only steel forks on the table for every-day use, and thus the handling of the fork on extra occasions is awkward, and shows at once the person not accustomed to its use, should the attempt to do so, be made when out in company.

Custom now, as a usual thing, furnishes no knife when dessert is carried on to the table. Either forks or spoons are provided as occasion may require, and thus one must, per force, eat pie with the fork, or leave it on the plate. And this is practiced, not alone in cities and villages, as some may suppose, but in very many of our country homes, and among families who, without affectation or undue fuss, conform in a measure to the demands of good society. I recall such a country home where I recently visited, where three generations sat at the household board, and all, to the small child, used the fork with perfect ease and readiness. There was culture, and refinement, and conversation on all the live issues of the day. While the mother and daughter, shared the household labors, but for that did not ignore the customs and little things which take from country life somewhat of its roughness, and often crude ways. And this is not an isolated case, but one among others I chanced to recall, as equaling, and even surpassing in manners, many a wealthy home circle in the more pretentious towns and cities.

As for "schoolma'ams," please not sneer at them for asserting their right to good manners among their pupils, for this is quite as important a recommendation with some parents as are the more learned qualifications expected of the teachers. U. U.

DELICACIES FOR THE CONVALESCENT.

When my physician says, with a smile, "Oh, you'll do now, but do not sit up too long, and have something nourishing to eat, something light, anything, in fact, that the appetite relishes," etc., and straightway takes his leave of me, as if he had accomplished a good thing, which, of course, he has, in getting me along thus far, I respond with a weak smile, and gaze in a helpless sort of way after his retreating figure. I sigh for the strength and vitality that once were mine, that would lift me out of this state of helpless feebleness, when my revery is broken by my attendant's pleasant voice, saying, "Well, what shall it be, broiled chicken, lamb chop, or custard?"

"No, no, none of these things, but a piece of broiled red herring," at which, she laughs and asks, "Anything else?"

"Yes, a slice of lemon."

This is most appetizing, and will relish when I turn in disgust from other food. Picked-up codfish is another delicacy, properly prepared on sippets of toast, and a small slice of salmon is also very good. A fricassee of cut dried beef, shredded and heated in cream, with a dash of pepper, together with a milk cracker toasted in the oven to a nice brown and crispness. Oysters, when they are not objectionable, and when attainable, if cut up into small pieces and steamed, not boiled, in their own liquor for an hour, will be found delicious, with a piece of toast daintily and evenly browned. Take a very tart apple, pare it and slice it exceedingly thin in a bowl, pour over it boiling water sufficient to just cover it, and turn a small saucer over it; set it where it will get quite cold,

then strain, and it will be a very refreshing and cooling beverage. Barley tea is also to be recommended where there is a cough. Take a teacupful of barley, add to it a quart of water, and let it boil slowly until the water is milky and thick in appearance, then strain it through a small sieve, adding the juice of a lemon, and sugar to taste.

When you begin to fancy something more hearty, snow pudding is very light and delicate. Tomato custard is also considered good for consumptive patients. Stew some ripe tomatoes; strain through a coarse sieve. To half a pint of the tomatoes, add one pint of milk, two eggs and one teaspoonful of sugar. Bake in small custard cups, and sprinkle table sugar over the top of them; let them get quite cold before eating them.

There are almost innumerable other things I might mention, if time and space allowed, but these will suffice, I trust. Only one more thought would I venture to suggest, and that is—in taking anything into the invalid's room, let it be as daintily prepared and served as possible. No matter how pretty your tray may be, have a napkin to cover the middle of it, as white as white can be; have the finest china, the brightest silver, and the clearest glass, to set it out with, and as a precautionary measure against everything getting cold upon it, throw a large napkin over it all in carrying it through the halls. Arrange things symmetrically upon it, so that there will be no unnecessary fussing when the tray is once set down. And last, but not least to me, have some flower upon it; a half-opened bud, a full-blown rose, a sweet-scented pink or a geranium blossom, a bunch of pansies, anything that shall speak to you from nature, and thus serve to turn your thoughts from yourself, your weakness and pains, to the world outside of your sick chamber, to other weary ones more helpless than yourself, more desolate; who have not the comforts you possess, no kind, loving hands to tend, or gentle hearts, as you have, to watch and anticipate your every want, and glad eyes to sparkle at your return to health.—*Aunt Addie in Country Gentleman.*

TO BE SURE OF NICE COFFEE.

Buy it in the berry and brown and grind it yourself. To brown coffee nicely, it should be put in a hot oven, stirred often that it may be of an even color, and it will be done as soon as the kernels will crack readily; try them by biting one. Grind the coffee just before it is needed for use, put in a tablespoonful for each cup of water, and if eggs are plenty, mix the ground coffee with an egg, put it in a coffee pot, pour boiling water on it, and set it on the back part of the stove; after it has stood about ten minutes, move it to the front of the stove and let it just boil not more than a minute or two, then set it on the hearth of the stove, and pour in a little cold water, let it stand a minute or two longer, and if it does not pour out as clear as amber, and with a delicious aroma and flavor, I am mistaken.

If you use a common tin coffee pot, be sure and put some soft paper into the spout to keep in the steam and fragrance. When eggs are scarce and dear, I have made very good coffee by putting it after it was ground into a white flannel bag. Leave room for the coffee to swell, tie up the bag, and then proceed as before. In pouring coffee into the cup at the table, always put the cream and sugar into the cup first and pour the coffee in last. If cream is not to be had, scald the milk, beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, and pour the hot milk on it, stirring as you pour it in. This makes a very good substitute for cream.—*Homestead.*

THE DESSERT.

ATISHOO!

WITH A LIGHT CATARRH ACCOMPANIMENT.

Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to write?
I'm coughing all day, and I'm sneezing all night;
My eyes are so tearful I scarcely can see,
And pens, ink and paper are poison to me.
Atishoo! Atishoo! My nose is quite red—
Pray how can I write with a cold in my head?

Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to laugh,
When hot-water gruel I grew so weary of;
E'en warm mustard-plaster can scarcely inspire
This dismal old rhymist who groans by the fire.
Atishoo! Atishoo! Your feelings are dead
To think I can laugh with a cold in my head.

Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to joke,
When any exertion compels me to choke?
My chilly brain reels at the thought of a pun,
And frozen is all my perennial fun.
Atishoo! Atishoo! My brain is like lead
For pray who can joke with a cold in his head?

Atishoo! Atishoo! You ask me to sing,
And think I can carol like lark on the wing?
My harp is unstrung, and I can't sing a note,
But ruefully groan with a horrid sore throat
Atishoo! Atishoo! I should be in bed
For how can I sing with a cold in my head?

—*London Punch.*

"Ma, am I all made now?" said a little miss of three and one-half years at the breakfast table yesterday morning. "Why, dear?" said the fond mother. "Because I have had my ears pierced, and was vaccinated yesterday," said little Tot.

—Classical—Instructor in Latin: "Miss B., of what was Ceres the goddess?" Miss B.: "She was the goddess of marriage." Instructor: "Oh, no; of agriculture." Miss B., (looking perplexed): "Why, I'm sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry."

—It's funny, but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot pie plate to her nearest neighbor at the table with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back, will drop it to the floor, and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp dance.

—Here's the worst yet: "A man in Berk's county has worn a pair of stockings constantly for thirteen years." Pretty durable stockings, but we should think they would soon need washing. Health journals say that stockings should be changed at least once a year, on sanitary grounds alone.

—He was wealthy but penurious, and this is what he said to the suitor for his daughter's hand: "Yes, you can have her. But you must elope with her. I can't afford the expense of a swell wedding, and the romance of the elopement will make up for the lack of show and we'll save \$500 on expenses. Go it."

—"Drinkwater is dead at last," remarked Jonesbury as he entered the house the other evening. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. J., "but his widow is left comfortable. He is well off isn't he?" "He is now," remarked Jonesbury with an emphasis on the "now" that Mrs. Jonesbury didn't more than half like.

—Once, when somewhat under the influence of drink, a certain citizen of Windham, Conn., wandered off into the fields and went to sleep. On rising he forgot to put on his old cocked hat. Some boys found it and took it to him, thinking to cover him with confusion. "In which lot did you find it?" he inquired, blandly. "In Mr. White's pasture, near the barn." "Well, boys, go take it right back; that is my place to keep it."

—This is said to be a fresh one from England: Lady, anxious to reach the station—"Cahn't you drive a little faster? We'll miss the train if you don't hurry." Cabman whips up his horse, but doesn't seem to get on much "faster." Lady, again—"Cahn't you hurry the horse a bit? 'It 'im in some wital part, vy don't ye?" Cabman—"It 'im in some wital part? Vy, mum, Hi've habready 'it 'im in all uv his wital parts hexcept one, and Hi'm reserving that for 'Olborn 'ill!"

The Kitchen.

THE NOTE BOOK OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

Number Twenty.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

THE winter days are fast lengthening, and though it is not very long since we woke up one morning to find ourselves "snow-bound," (liable any day to happen again,) our thoughts reach out toward the joyous spring-time and we begin to feel the glow of its nearness. Naturally, at such a time, our thoughts revert to spring clothing, spring food, spring occupations, pleasures, dangers, etc.

Perhaps no season is fraught with greater danger to health and life. Among these dangers is the liability to remove winter clothing too soon. With the advent of the first warm days we grow uncomfortable, and unless we would court disease and death, we must resist the impulse to throw off the flannels. Many a life has been lost for lack of this very self-control. Men, women and children alike fall victims to injudicious exposure. The early spring days may seem warm, but it is delusive warmth. The earth is damp and cold, and the air, though sun-kissed, is but the breath of the snow. Let us, then, beware how we expose ourselves to danger.

Flannels should not be resigned until settled weather. It is far better to wear them till June than to run the risk of incurring sickness. Indeed, it is thought by many that in our changeable climate, (especially with us among the mountains,) it is better to wear them the year round, adapting additional clothing to each day's requirements. I suppose it is not so material whether the flannel be worn next the body or not. The recent custom of wearing dresses made of flannel seems an excellent one, as the under garments may be as few and as light as is necessary for comfort. Also the navy blue flannel shirts for men. One certainly does not so easily become chilled with such clothing.

Another danger is in going out with insufficient wraps, not only in spring but at other times. Especially is the housekeeper liable to transgress in this respect while passing in and out about her household duties. We believe in plenty of outdoor exercise and in thorough ventilation of rooms, but precautions should be taken to properly protect ourselves from the too penetrating air. The children, also, should be guarded well in this respect, and the feet should not be allowed to remain damp.

Another thing to be avoided is too early house cleaning. Once mother and I made a general house cleaning in March. Each took a heavy cold and paid dearly for our over-industry. We now think it wise to defer house cleaning until there is no danger of taking cold from remaining for the necessary length of time in such rooms as are without fire, also to not remove the windows for washing on any except still, sunny days, indeed, the better way seems to be, to wash the windows in their places wherever practicable.

If these rules are observed, only one room cleaned at a time, then put in perfect order, taking a day of rest each time before proceeding with another room, house cleaning will be robbed of much of its terrors, and most of its dangers, too.

In regard to food. I think that most persons are in greater danger of over-eating than of eating too little. It does not seem wise in spring to surfeit the system with the fats and the general rich and heavy diet that in winter (and too often

during the greater part of the year) almost entirely make up the bill of fare in many families. Dried fruits stewed and not over-sweetened, canned fruit, with fish, eggs and milk, in addition to the bread and vegetables, (butter used sparingly,) make, in their varied modes of preparation, a sufficient variety, and seem admirably adapted to our needs.

With us dried apples are much liked. This is a nice way to prepare them. After carefully looking over and washing sour dried apples, soak them over night in earthen or porcelain. In the morning put them over to stew in the water in which they were soaked, and cook slowly without stirring, adding more water if necessary. When very tender, and not much juice remains, sprinkle on some sugar, cover closely and set them away to cool. If preferred they may cook a few minutes after adding the sugar. Sometimes, for a change, I stir them up fine, simmering the juice nearly all away, thus securing a peculiar richness. If to be eaten hot with bread and butter, they are nice without any sweetening. I let it remain in the porcelain kettle until it is used up, unless the kettle is needed for other use.

Eggs may be cooked in various ways, with milk almost an endless variety of dishes may be prepared from them.

Judging from the ascribed relative value as to nutritive qualities of dried cod-fish and medium fresh beef, (it being stated in a reliable journal of recent date, that one hundred pounds of the fish equals three hundred and forty-one pounds of beef,) we might do well to give cod-fish a more prominent place in our cooking.

Among the various ways of cooking dried cod-fish, the following are preferred in our family:

Pick the fish into small bits, carefully rejecting all pieces of bone, wash and put it in the spider with a cup of cold water to freshen; when nearly boiling pour this off but do not throw it away, as a part may be needed to make the gravy salt enough. Add to the fish a little water and a bowl of milk, with a dust of pepper if desired. As soon as it boils thicken with a spoonful or so of wheat flour, stirred smooth in a little milk or water. If milk is scarce, more water in proportion may be used. When it has boiled a minute or so add a small piece of butter and serve. A nice breakfast dish, excellent with potatoes or bread. Cooked this way, one pound of fish makes three meals for a family of four persons who are extremely fond of this dish.

Another way is to slightly freshen the fish, then add some water and plenty of rich milk. Season with a dust of pepper and a piece of butter. Serve hot with crackers or biscuit. Some prefer it without the milk.

Another way is to "cook it raw," as our Irish friend would say. Pick the fish very fine, pour on hot water, drain it off and add pepper and some sweet cream, or omit the pepper.

I think the thick part of dried cod-fish very nice eaten raw with bread and butter, in place of dried beef.

If any one is annoyed by the milch cows eating leeks in spring-time, I would like to tell them how we manage to use the milk and cream and butter. Fish effectually destroys the leeky flavor, even trout, most delicate of fish, may be fried in leeky butter and it is not perceptible. Codfish, dry or pickled, may be cooked in any way, using the cream, milk and butter with perfect satisfaction. Also, cooked with turnips or in mashed turnip the cream and butter may be used and no leeky flavor be observable. Those who eat shalots or raw onions with their meals are not, of course, annoyed by leeky butter. To those who do not it is simply horrid. It ought to be some con-

solation to be told that they are good for the cows! But oh! the lovely wild flowers; they more than compensate for every annoyance.

ROSAMOND E.'S DIARY.

APRIL 13. Once more at my usual state of health. I have caught up the neglected odds and ends of duties awaiting my attention, and given the house an inspection and renovating which it sadly needed. Why is it help are so careless, even what may be considered good help? One would suppose they could see dust and cobwebs if not disorder, but such is not the case, and, while I believe they thought they were doing just right, I had a full day's work for myself and both the girls, at setting in order and cleaning up. I have heard people gossip about the condition of houses to which they were called in case of sickness or death, and have thought what a fine dish of discourse my three or four weeks inability to superintend my house would have afforded if I had found it necessary to have assistance from my neighbors.

Ichabod and I were called to the death bed of a neighbor last night, and will go to sit with the family again to-morrow night, as life is still present, though he is unconscious and may lie so for several days. I always feel so helpless at such a time, as if one cannot even pray, except that the afflicted one may be spared suffering and the sorrowing friends sustained and strengthened for the bereavement. Customs differ so much that it is not easy to go into the house of a near neighbor even and do her work to her satisfaction. I like to meet some one at such places who has had experience enough to take the lead and tell me what to do, and now my nerves are not quite so strong as usual, so I find it a little more effort than usual to retain self possession and be ready for any emergency.

APRIL 25. We have had our spring trip to the city for clothing. Ichabod was to be fitted, so he went too, and we took three little folks to see city sights. In a Chestnut street window, advertising an incubator, we saw a pretty, fancy chicken coop and pen, also some ducks, with a pretty pond and house, and tiny fences around each division, and the little folks say it was the prettiest sight they saw. So much for tastes. Even the fine toy stores and pretty pictures and statuettes that I took great pains to show and explain to them, fade into nothing beside the living, downy little balls in their strange surroundings and cheery unconsciousness. Ichabod brought the children home with him, and I stayed for a visit over night with some cousins, and sat up half the night, too, discussing various matters, in which THE HOUSEHOLD family came in for their turn. Marjorie and I had a run around, and did the rest of the buying next day, and she saw me safely off with my parcels.

I bought straw bonnets and hats for the family and will trim them myself, or inflict the trimming of them upon a stylish cousin who is to visit me soon. Ten hats, etc., will cost me about fifteen dollars in this way, one of them, Ichabod's, at two dollars. I consider that a finely managed economy, and will find all good enough for the use to be made of them, though Midget says her share is scarcely as pretty as her cousin's new leghorn with plume, costing nine dollars. It requires some explanation and time for children to learn that they cannot afford certain luxuries, and 'tis a lesson that may as well be learned first as last.

We have been trying to use up a lot of middlings flour, every farmer's wife knows what that is, the ordinary millers make a quality of flour between the white flour and bran, that makes bread as dark

as rye bread. We like it very well the day it is baked and the day after. After that it is good toasted, but dry and husky otherwise. We have used some half and half with buckwheat flour for griddle cakes, and now, tired of those, have been making biscuit. I mix four quarts at a time, which is enough for supper and a few left, for those who like them cold, for breakfast. To each quart of middlings I add a tablespoon even full of salt and three even teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder, sifted together, rub in one-half teacup of lard, wet very soft with cold water and roll with wheat flour, cut out and bake in a quick oven.

In summer middlings bread, raised like other bread with yeast, is the very best feed for turkeys, I am told, with plenty of sour milk.

Speaking of biscuit making, I never was sure of success till I made it a rule to sift my flour and soda and cream of tartar together. I find three pints of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two-thirds of a cup of lard and two teaspoonfuls of salt, wet with one pint of sweet milk, sure to turn out good.

I gave a good recipe for potato biscuit a while ago, but Etta has failed to report her success or otherwise in following it.

JOTTINGS.

Number Two.

BY LEONORE GLENN.

"How much easier it is to make clothes of new cloth, and how much sooner done, than to rip, turn, sponge, re-cut, piece, contrive and worry how to make over an old garment into something respectable, when half the time it scarcely pays for the thread and patience exhausted!" and Mrs. Wright tossed the dress she had been looking over, first on one side and then the other, into a chair beside her, and dropping her hands listlessly into her lap, wearily sighed as she thought of the task before her. "There was not a very full pattern of the dress, at first, so I had to make it as plainly as possible, and I always felt scrimped and awkward when I wore it. If I could afford a new one I would just put it on as it is, and wear it out, but as I can't, it must be made over in some way to do service a while longer. The cloth is alike on both sides, and will turn to look like new, if I could only contrive some way of making it up, so that it would be a little different from the old dress."

Mrs. Wright's sister, who was visiting her for a few days, and who had been eyeing the dress between each needleful of stitches set in the net pillow shams she was darning, quietly said,

"Suppose you rip the whole dress apart to begin with. The material is nice and handsome, and has a luster almost like silk. I will help you, and we will see if by turning we cannot get something really nice from it. It is the fashion with us to wear a skirt of plain material like this, trimmed with two or three deep kilted flounces, and a very short polonaise of plaid goods, and as your dress is of scant pattern, suppose you put it all into such a skirt, it will make a beautiful one, then get enough new for a polonaise. It will be a neat and very respectable suit if you can get a plaid of the different shades of a rich brown, and one can purchase a very good quality for twenty-five cents. Five yards, I should think, will be sufficient, for they are made entirely plain, with just a hem at the bottom. What do you think? Can you afford to throw the basque away?"

"You dear woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Wright with an animated face, "I thought I was good at inventing, but you have excelled me this time. Nothing is

ever thrown away about this house, but I can wash and starch the linings of the basque for the body of the polonaise, and use the same buttons, so that the only outlay will be for the plaid. For the sake of such a new suit I'll contrive somehow to afford the new goods necessary, and can go to work with some heart, now that I see such a pleasing result before me."

Rap, rap, rap! sounded on the sitting room door.

"This is a good beginning, isn't it?" queried Mrs. Wright, with annoyance, as she put down the dress and arose to go to the door. "I do wonder how many times between now and noon I will be compelled to throw my work aside?"

The visitor was a neighbor, wife of the Hon. Horace Nettleby, and she came to borrow a dripping pan in which to bake a chicken for dinner. She sat and chatted for half an hour about the fashions, the styles, the last church sociable, the party of next week, etc., and then, noting the ripping Mrs. Wright was engaged in, she offered the suggestion that "It did not pay to make dresses over, she never did; she put a dress on and wore it till it was done for, then she threw it away and got a new one," after which thrust at her neighbor's economy she picked up the pan and flitted home to prepare her chicken.

Mrs. Wright's face flushed, and she worked vigorously for a few minutes in silence, and the keen eyes of her sister saw that she was greatly disturbed. "I'm going to free my mind, Ellen, just once," Mrs. Wright finally said, laughing, "and I know of no better or safer person on whom to inflict the penalty of listening to me than yourself. You must have noticed my neighbor, Mrs. Nettleby, how well dressed she is, even about her work, not that I do not favor neatness in dress for the kitchen, for I do, but the dress she wore is of better material than this one I am making over for the street. She got a rich new silk dress this summer, and a heavy silk dolman, and her hat cost twelve dollars. Her parlor is furnished handsomely, and she can make quite a display of silver ware on her table. Of course if she can afford it, it is none of my business. I suppose it isn't any way, whether she can afford it or not, but in her kitchen she has literally nothing to work with, no kettles or utensils whatever, unless I except perhaps a dish pan and a few tin cups. Now, that she chooses to do without any conveniences, whatever, to work with, that she may have the more to put in dress, is also none of my business or that of any one else, but here is where the rub comes in, she is an inveterate borrower, and there is never a day and very seldom a half a day, but she is here to borrow something from among my kitchen utensils. She stands and talks and gossips, and takes up time that is valuable to me, but not to her, for, as you have seen, she would spurn the thought of repairing a garment like this to make it last the longer, while I must do so, and otherwise economize, that I may be able to have in my kitchen whatever there is invented that is labor-saving, to assist me in doing my work. I think it economy to procure everything that will save my strength and make my work lighter. I do not object to lending to neighbors who are not able to supply themselves with what is needful, or even to any one who will take care of the article they borrow, and return it, when they are done with it, in as good order as they got it, but that is not the case in this instance. That pan will come back in a few days half washed, and I must take the time to clean it before hanging it up. Flat irons are left where they will rust, or are returned with the face half covered with burnt starch. Tubs never have the dirty suds rinsed from them, and I must

do it myself. Often, if I wish to use one, I must go after it, and that takes time and is quite a temptation to indulge in a little temper. There is nothing, scarcely, about my kitchen but has been made to do duty over there, pans, kettles, wringer, egg beater, clothes pins, boiler, steamer, bowl and chopper; every week tubs and flat irons, and once she asked for my oil stove. I told her she might take the cooking stove for a couple of hours, but I wanted to use the oil stove, but she never seemed to see anything out of the way in the reply. They are just as near the groceries as we are, but she is constantly borrowing tea and coffee, butter, sugar, potatoes, flour, yeast, and even bread. I'd starve or do without such articles one meal before I'd become such a nuisance to any one. It is of no use to try "being out" of any thing; she always knows when groceries are brought here, and living so near she sees me at my baking, and of all things I do the most dread to lend bread. It is very convenient sometimes to have a good neighbor to whom we can go in cases of emergency, as, for instance, in sickness, or if company comes unexpectedly and there is not time to send to the grocery, and I am very willing to oblige such, but neighbors who depend on those living near for all such things as I have mentioned, and who often forget to pay back the article borrowed, or when they do, it is of poorer quality and scanty measure, are a great deal worse than no neighbors at all; they are an unmitigated nuisance!

Just as sure as I go up stairs I am called down before I am ready to come, to get her a pint of flour, or a cup of lard, or an egg or two, or the tack hammer, or something else; then she will stand and chat for five or ten minutes, probably when I am in the greatest hurry, and after she finally goes I must climb the stairs again to finish the work I was doing when she came in. Often it has happened that a few days after she has taken all the eggs or lard I have, that I want to use the article myself. She has not returned it and has failed to supply herself, so I am again put to great inconvenience. She has nothing to cook fruit in during the canning season but her dish pan, and depends entirely on my porcelain kettle, and she has scorched it more than once. In fact I am tried sometimes, almost beyond endurance. When Mrs. Nettleby and I chance to meet sometimes at church, or sociables, the richness of her dress often makes mine look quite shabby, and I've sometimes fancied that people treated her better than they did my humble self, solely, I knew, on account of her fine appearance. Then I'd remember her empty kitchen, and how my kettles had to help her out, and I'd get almost angry, but I have always tried to console myself with the thought that in the next world we will not be judged or valued by our fine clothes, and it don't matter much here. There, Ellen, I feel ever so much better for having unburdened my mind, and if it should ever be your misfortune to live by a troublesome neighbor you will at least possess one thing, and that will be my heart-felt, sincere sympathy. Sometimes I wish I lived in the midst of a forest, where neighbors are unknown."

"It must indeed be very annoying to one with your retiring disposition," replied the sister, "but there are a great many people who would be lonesome and think their neighbors unsociable if they were not just so familiar, but for my part I do not relish such extreme intimacy."

"And forever deliver me from the tea-cup back door borrower," fervently responded Mrs. Wright, as she shook out the dress pieces. A few days later, when the overskirt had been turned and converted into a deep kilted flounce, the old

ruffles turned and kilted above it, the skirt looked entirely new, and a very handsome one at that. The polonaise was of rich, plain colors, and fitted nicely, so that even Mrs. Nettleby, as she saw Mrs. Wright start down town one morning, thought "How neat and well that woman always looks, and dresses on almost nothing, too. She went to a sight of trouble with that dress, and I should not have thought it worth it, but I must admit no one could now tell it from a new one. Still, who wants to be always fussing with old dresses! I don't and I won't. I'll do without something in the house first and then buy new ones," which is just precisely what she did do.

IN THE SUDS.

In all these years in which I have had a place in THE HOUSEHOLD have I ever mentioned Dobbins' soap? Verily I believe not. Did I never use it to know its worth? Of course we use it, and have for years, and if we do not know its worth it is our own fault.

What has set me to writing now is, that in the February number one of the letter writers thinks it will answer nicely for doing washing in families where the clothes are only moderately soiled, but not in farmer's families. That there is a vast difference in family washings, I well know, but the more soiled the clothes the more you need Dobbins' soap. So I think, at least. But for very dirty articles you cannot depend upon it to do everything; there must be some rubbing, and perhaps boiling, too. But don't do without it. I will tell you why. The soaking for an hour in a strong suds of this soap, with a little ammonia or washing soda added if you please, loosens the dirt more than any preparation we can name, and if the clothes will not wholly wash themselves, they wash far easier for being thus treated.

Let A. B. select her cleanest clothes, such as bedding, table linen, and nicer articles of wearing apparel and put them in a pretty warm, strong suds of this soap, (which must be thoroughly dissolved in boiling water,) and let them stand for a half hour or more, as is convenient. In another tub the coarser clothes can also be soaking, and for a longer time. The water on the first will need heating, then by slightly rubbing or putting through a washer, will be ready to scald, then to rinse and hang out. This saves all the waiting to boil bedding, saves the steam, and saves the hot fire which makes common washing such a trial. You need not, however, stop to rinse the first before the later ones are washed. And in any family there are articles which do need rubbing with Dobbins', or not Dobbins', to help. But the soap has loosened the dirt, and if it seems needful, let the more soiled clothes be soaked with soft soap and come to a boil. This requires but a short time, and is far different than keeping the boiler full of clothes boiling all the morning.

Then for flannels, why! soak them a short time in a nice white Dobbins' suds, and how the dirt does leave the clothes! You have only to look at the water to see this. My washer-woman rubs them out on a board, but very little soap is required to be rubbed on, and they do not shrink as when washed with soft soap and rubbed a long time. Farmers' clothes, of course, require more than some families, but we in town frequently find it better to use our judgment, and if articles require boiling to do so.

Some soak the clothes in the eclectic soap over night. We like it much better to have them in the suds as early as convenient in the morning, not only because we like that way better, but because we do not wish to get our washing about

Sunday. Even if we let washing wait till other days, we seldom put the clothes in the suds till morning. We like Monday better for wash-day as it seems more appropriate. We are more rested, and are far less liable to have company come upon us to dinner than on other days, for, whether we have our washer-woman, or whether we do a small wash out ourselves, wash-day is a busy one, and we do not enjoy being caught in the suds, even the white suds of Dobbins' soap.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

A CHAPTER ON BREAD.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, one of the most important items which falls to the lot of the housewife is the preparation of good and wholesome food, and right in the forefront of this is the making of good bread, the "staff of life," the food of all classes. To be sure we may not all have it to do, but if not, we must have some one do it for us, and it is by knowing how things should be done that we succeed in getting them properly done.

It would be unnecessary to give here a detailed account of the process, but merely a few items which must not be overlooked. The first essentials are good flour, good lively yeast, good fuel, and an oven that does good baking; and although we may possess all these and fail, lacking any of them, perfect success would be impossible.

The basis of good yeast, whether liquid or cake, is good hops. When the yeast is added the batter should be at a temperature not above ninety-eight degrees, nor should it be allowed, during the process of rising, to fall below seventy degrees. The temperature is easily ascertained by the use of a dairyman's thermometer, but practice soon enables one to become quite accurate by the sense of touch. The flour for mixing should be as nearly as possible the same temperature as the sponge. For fine flour mix stiff and knead thoroughly, that the particles of leaven may be effectually and equally distributed among the particles of dough; but for graham or mush bread mix soft, but thoroughly, and mould into loaves immediately. When the bread is set to rise, see that it does not get so warm as to render it sticky and necessitate the use of flour when moulding, and for this reason it is preferable to place it in a wooden or some thick vessel instead of tin.

The oven, for baking, should be at a proper heat, said to be three hundred and fifty degrees. Of this, however, I cannot affirm, never having the means of testing, but do know that it should be sufficient to begin the baking process immediately and continue without additional fuel. And lastly, a certain amount of practice in this as in other things is necessary to insure absolute success.

Although some may look scornful at the idea of hints upon such a commonplace theme, what is there which adds more to the palatableness of a meal than light, sweet and wholesome bread, and it is the experience of those whose lot it is to "board around," that in no other department does there exist a greater deficiency. Then, too, very many of us are within easy reach of the baker, but who would not prefer the good, home-made article to the puffed up, tasteless, too often sour, and ill nourishing bread of bakers' make. Think not that in this I would underrate the many other branches of cookery, but merely make this prominent and give it a place among the rudiments of the culinary department.

M. A. BROWN.

—The wife's inability to make good bread is a ground for divorce among the Arabs.

MILK AND BUTTER.

The care of milk and butter making, being one of the industries that can be so successfully and profitably carried on in this state, we shall from time to time, be glad to advance the interests of the same, by giving all the practical experience as advanced by those who make it a study, and as well by those who are daily investigating, experimenting, and improving in our own climate. From all such we shall be glad to hear, giving in a brief form their conclusions.

The following we can commend for the careful study and strict compliance, so far as conditions, location and means will permit. We think, however, one all important point is not touched upon in this article, which is the fact that the milk should be kept entirely by itself, in a cellar that must be cool, or spring house, that nothing of a vegetable nature or anything that gives out any odor, family stores or supplies should be placed near it. The fact is, there should be a place exclusively for milk. Noxious odors in the atmosphere will injure the flavor of the butter, if it even comes in contact with the cream while rising. One other point we suggest, is the leaving out the use of ice. In the country to a very large extent, it is out of the question to get it, and we incline to the opinion that it rather injures than does good to the butter:

"No one should attempt the care of milk and butter who does not distinctly understand that the most scrupulous cleanliness is an absolute necessity, and any deviation from it unpardonable. This is one of many household duties that cannot be left to the entire care of our servants. The mistress should know herself just how all the work belonging to butter making must be done, from the time the milk is brought in, till the butter, made from it, is nicely packed for use.

Pails, pans, skimmers, butter-prints and churns, must be thoroughly scrubbed in clean, hot suds immediately after using, so that the milk may not dry on. Keep a small, white scrub brush with which to scrub the seams, corners and handles of all utensils that are used about milk, particularly the strainers of the milk pails.

As fast as each article is washed in this way, beginning with the pans, dip them into cold water to rinse off the suds, and then set them into a tub or large, deep pan kept exclusively for that purpose, putting the skimmers, ladles and prints last. Then pour over all a large kettle of boiling water, and let them remain in this while the milk pails and churn are being washed. Rinse these last, also, in cold water, and pour over them another kettle of boiling water; then, while they are being scalded, wipe the pans with clean, dry towels, and turn down on a shelf or bench out of doors, where the sun can sweeten them perfectly. Then proceed in the same way with pails and churns.

A tub or large pan for washing, and another for rinsing and scalding should be kept expressly for these things, and brush, washcloth and drying towels should be marked, and never, under any circumstances, be used for anything else. Here, also, must the mistress' watchfulness be constant. If the watch is relaxed there is not one girl in a thousand but will use them 'just this once' for other purposes totally inconsistent with that perfect cleanliness so very important in this department.

'Too much trouble to be so particular,' say you? It is not half the trouble, nor does it take so much time, as it seems when reading. But even if it does consume time, and is a little troublesome

bear in mind that nothing is ever well done without time and trouble. The satisfaction in enjoying the result ought to be ample compensation.

In very hot weather, if one has not a good cool cellar, it may be necessary to scald the milk when first brought in. Have a kettle of boiling water over the fire; strain the milk into a tin pail kept for that purpose, and set it into the boiling water till scalding hot; but be very careful that it does not crinkle or scum over the top, else the butter will be full of mealy grains and have an unpleasant taste. We do not think the butter is as good when the milk is scalded, but the cream rises more rapidly and the milk does not sour so soon. An important consideration when without a cool cellar or spring house.

In cool weather milk should never be over thirty-six hours old. It is possible that more butter may be obtained if kept forty-eight, though I do not think so; but what may be gained in quantity will be lost in quality if kept so long. In hot weather, unless blessed with a large, cool cellar or spring house, milk can seldom stand over twenty-four hours. Every minute the cream remains on after the milk changes injures the butter.

The cream is not 'ripe enough' is a common remark among dairywomen. We think they misjudge often. In cool weather we churn while the cream is sweet, but thick, and the flavor of the butter justifies the method. In very warm weather the cream will sour, although we churn every day, and the effect of this change in the cream on the flavor of the butter is the chief difference we find between June butter and that made in the hot and sultry months of July and August, but a little extra care makes the difference scarcely noticeable.

After drawing off the butter-milk, I throw in a handful of salt, as I fancy it causes the butter-milk to run off more freely and with less working, which if too long continued or done roughly, injures the grain of the butter. Mix this salt gently through the butter, and pour over it some ice water, work over gently till the water runs almost free of the butter-milk. Then add what salt is needed; press it till no more water will run; bring it into a compact ball, cover with a clean cloth, and set in a very cool place.

The next morning break up the butter and work it over till all butter-milk is removed. Then stamp what will be needed for the table till the next churning, place in a jar and cover with a cold, clean brine, strong enough to bear up an egg, and cover closely. Pack the remainder into the butter-jar, pound it down closely, fill up with brine and cover closely.

I have found this method, carefully followed, will secure the best of butter the year round. Most of the butter sold is ruined by the amount of butter-milk left in, making it full of streaks and of poor flavor. No brine or care can keep such butter a week even tolerably good."—*Ex.*

SICK-ROOM COOKERY.

BY SUNNYSIDE.

Among the large number of good things served up to us in the columns of our HOUSEHOLD, I see few relating to drinks and light food for sick persons and convalescents. Whether it is from indifference or supposing all know how to prepare gruels and broths, it is needless to remark upon. We are all liable to be called upon to do something in that line, and how much pleasanter it is to be able to do for the suffering ones with our own hands, than to call upon strangers and hired help.

One of the best, as well as soonest prepared, is oatmeal gruel. Take a tumbler, fill it two-thirds full with coarse oatmeal, and fill it with cold water, mix well and pour off the water into a saucepan; fill the tumbler again with cold water, and, after shaking well, pour the water off into the saucepan; do this again, making three times in all. Boil this liquor for twenty minutes, then add milk and a little salt, and serve hot.

When you give a patient drinks, have them in pretty glasses or dishes. A bit of old-fashioned china is much more attractive than common earthen ware, and don't give a large quantity at a time. It is much more tempting to a sick person's capricious appetite to see dainty affairs, both in serving and quantity.

Corn meal gruel is made by wetting two tablespoonfuls of corn meal and one of flour in a little cold water, stir into a quart of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt and boil slowly for an hour. This is a gruel which is apt to be hurried and not made properly. It should cook at least an hour, and is much better to boil longer. If the patient can bear it, cream is a great improvement, but in fevers it must be omitted. A handful of raisins boiled with the gruel is liked by many, also grated nutmeg and a bit of butter; sugar also, but sick people do not usually crave sweets. An egg well beaten, and hot gruel poured upon it, stirring thoroughly, makes a more nutritious drink.

Barley gruel is another variety, and a sick person needs more of a change than well ones do. Boil an ounce of barley in water for five minutes, pour off the water, then add a quart of clear, cold water and half a teaspoonful of salt, and simmer for an hour, or till reduced one-half, then strain and serve.

Eggs taken raw are very strengthening. Break a fresh one in a glass, add a little sugar and beat to a stiff froth, then add a little ice water if liked. Egg-nog is always welcome. Beat the yolk of an egg, fill the glass with milk, cream, whipped cream or wine. If you use milk or cream add two tablespoonfuls of wine, one of sugar and mix well. Then beat the white to a stiff froth and heap on top of the tumbler. Milk punch can be taken by people in very weak stages. It is simply a tumbler of milk well sweetened, with a couple of tablespoonfuls of the best brandy well stirred in.

Dry, toasted bread, very brown and very dry, makes a refreshing drink for an invalid, by pouring boiling water on it, and letting it stand until quite cool. Jellies can be utilized by taking a spoonful and pouring on boiling water to dissolve it, then adding cold water till of the proper strength.

Sherbets are easily made if you have access to a freezer. For lemon sherbets, soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in a little cold water, then add nearly a cupful of boiling water, and thoroughly dissolve the gelatine. Mix together a pint of sugar, a quart of water, gelatine, and juice of six lemons. Turn into the can and freeze. Sherbets and ice creams are better to stand an hour or two in the freezer before serving. Orange sherbet is made in the same manner only take double the number of oranges, as they are not as sour as lemons, and the juice of one lemon may be added. If currants, raspberries or such fruit is used, a pint of juice will be needed.

I have written mostly of drinks, which I consider a very important item.

SOME THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HOUSE CLEANING.

As the annual, national, spring festival, house cleaning, approaches, articles on that important subject are apropos, so I will tell some things I know about house

cleaning, for the benefit of my suffering sisterhood.

To make cleaning windows and paint more easy, get a large sponge, such as is used to wash carriages, and a chamois skin, and go to work. Use lukewarm soft water. Wash off the windows, glass and frames, thoroughly with the sponge, then with the skin wipe them off, and no rubbing up will be required. Proceed the same with the painted work about the house, and you who try it, will say your paint and windows never looked so well before, and you will exclaim, "How easy it was to clean this year!" Wring the chamois skin as dry as you can, each time you use it. One advantage of this method over the old way of cleaning, is that no lint is left on paint or windows. A handy thing to have for windows and casings is a half-worn tooth brush to take dust or dirt out of corners.

If you have white paint that has turned yellow, take a little saleratus on your sponge and rub over it, washing off with clean water, and you will be surprised to see how much improvement you have made. Saleratus is also good for taking grease from shelves, tables, floors, etc. Spread it thickly over the spots, just dampen a little, and leave it for a few minutes, then scrub with soap and water.

When putting down carpets in rooms that are much used, after the floors are clean and dry, spread clean newspapers, or any kind of paper, over the floor, then take nice, clean straw, and spread it thickly over the paper, then put your carpet down. The straw will not make any disagreeable sound after a few days. It will let the dust through on to the paper, and clouds of dust will not follow the broom, on sweeping day. The carpet will last longer with this lining than with any other, and when you take it up again, you will "bless your stars" that you put down the newspapers, for on them will be found the dust, and all you will need to do, will be to take them up carefully, and put them on the pile of rubbish for the spring bonfire, and thus avoid filling your lungs with dust from sweeping, for very little will be upon the floor.

I need not say, "Clean one room at a time, beginning at the top of the house," for that, I presume, is what all our HOUSEHOLD do. If there are places in the paper that are loose, make starch a little thicker than you would use for starching, and use it for pasting the paper. It is quickly made, and better than any other paste that can be used. It is also the best paste that can be used for scrap books. Try it. To fill up small holes in plastering, mix plaster of Paris in small quantities with water so it will spread easily with a wide-bladed knife, and fill the holes. It will harden very rapidly. Put eight or ten thicknesses of paper on each stair under your stair carpets, it will save them greatly.

IRENE MAY.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am fearful in my interest in reading your letters, that I neglect to write any myself. My days are very busy ones, and I hope in being busy and having my mind occupied, that I shall wear out rather than rust out. This won't interest you, so I will change the topic. Many of you already know that I with my family went to mother's to live for the winter. Whether I shall ever have another home only time, the great revealer, will tell. We are very pleasantly situated, and a few weeks ago yours and my dear friend, Riverside, visited me. She came ostensibly to attend missionary meetings, but if you could have seen her anxiously eyeing certain articles of house-furnishing goods, you would have been amused, at least.

Don't be offended, dear Riverside, its only a bit of a joke, you know.

Some time ago some one wrote for a piece, "The Brakeman at Church," and if she has not found it yet I can lend her mine.

I wish I could write you a host of valuable ideas, etc., but can only give you a very few. One useful thing to know is this: Living in a city, when I need groceries, all I have to do to get them, (after I get them comes the paying,) is to send the order down town, and in a little while they are brought into my kitchen. I put on the order two gallons kerosene, supposing they would do as heretofore, i. e., put it in a can of their's and turn into my can with a tunnel attached to their can. But when it came no tunnel did the fellow bring, and I decidedly declined to find a tunnel for kerosene to be poured into. I told him if he put kerosene in it, it would take a long while for the odor to pass away. "Well," says Jothan, (as well that as anything,) "let me take it, and if I leave any smell of the oil in it, I'll give you a new tunnel." So finally I consented, and my can was filled. Then he asked for a little vinegar, and if you will believe it, and I will if you won't, by pouring the vinegar over the tunnel it took away every bit of the kerosene. This is a convenient thing to know and remember.

I learned one item about double boilers lately, and that is, when you add water to the upper dish be scant of the quantity, for it does not boil away as fast as in a common kettle or dish. Also, about frying cakes, if fatty, lay them on clean, coarse brown paper, and it will absorb much of the fat.

I have heard the desire expressed that when Rosamond E.'s crazy cushion has finished its travels, that its owner would let us know how many designs were worked in it.

As I write this, Christmas is gone. Thanks to those who so kindly remembered Sunnyside with lovely cards, and she will try and return the compliment soon. The good saint remembered me with what I wished for, i. e., a gossamer and shopping bag, besides numerous other articles. Yours, SUNNYSIDE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the October number Minnie Codgerton wished to know how to keep raisins from going to the bottom of a cake. If she will flour them well and make her dough very stiff, she will have no trouble.

To Lott, in the same number, I give the following directions for renewing and stiffening a black silk lace shawl. Make a strong lather of white soap and warm soft water. Mix with the suds a large tablespoonful of ox gall. Having stirred the gall well into the suds, put in the shawl, and squeeze it up and down through the lather for five minutes or more, taking care not to rub it. Then squeeze it out well, open it loose, and shake it a little. Next, put it into a second suds of clean, warm water and white soap, adding a teaspoonful of gall. Into this second lather infuse a large quantity of bluing. Having worked the lace up and down for about ten minutes, but be careful not to rub it in the least, squeeze it as dry as you can, and after shaking it out loosely put it into the following stiffening. On a piece of glue the size of a silver ten-cent piece pour a half pint of boiling water and let it dissolve. Then add one quart of cold water, and put in bluing enough to make it very blue. Now put in the lace and squeeze it up and down through the stiffening. Having done this sufficiently, squeeze it out as dry as you can. Carefully loosen it out and stretch it, then fold it up evenly, roll up in a dry towel and let it rest for an hour or more. Spread a sheet over

your clothes line and hang the shawl (well spread out) upon it. When nearly dry take it down and carefully stretch it into place. Have warm irons ready, lay a clean cloth over your ironing table and press the shawl carefully on the wrong side, being careful not to have the irons too hot. By observing the above directions silk lace can be made to look as fresh and bright as new. MONTANA MAY.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Please accept my sincere thanks for your wedding present of THE HOUSEHOLD. It is a very valuable paper, and always most welcome.

I would like to have Sarah C. Vaughan try my recipe for graham bread. I never use soda for raising it because of its being so injurious to the stomach. One cup of white flour, two cups of graham, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, three tablespoonfuls of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of warm water. Stir all together thoroughly and pour into the greased pans in which you wish to bake it. Let it stand till light and then bake in a moderately hot oven half an hour. Mine always rises in from four to six hours, according to the yeast.

To Work and Win I would like to say, if she will boil her fruit juice very hard fifteen minutes before adding the sugar, and then fifteen minutes with the sugar, having equal measures of juice and sugar before the first boiling, I am sure she will find her jelly always very firm. It must boil very hard, not simmer, or the jelly will probably be syrup.

If the lady who is troubled by her bird eating the paper in his cage will feed him hard boiled egg four days at a time as often as once in two months, she will not be annoyed. The bird needs something of the nature of meat, which he easily obtains out of captivity, in bugs, flies and worms. Prepare the egg by mixing with one powdered cracker. Make it very fine with a fork and feed about two tablespoonfuls a day.

If the Beginner in Housekeeping will try to season by her eye instead of taste, I think, with a little practice, she will have no trouble in seasoning everything correctly. I rarely taste while cooking, yet seldom make a mistake in the seasoning. For instance, you can see that a teaspoonful of salt will be sufficient for a pint of flour in almost everything. In soups, a dessertspoonful to a quart. Spices and extracts are soon at your command in the same way.

I send two excellent recipes for the benefit of those who are as fond of Indian meal as we are.

Have your gem pan on the top of the stove while you stir together one teaspoonful of shortening, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cup of lukewarm milk or water, one teaspoonful of salt, six rounded tablespoonfuls of corn meal, three rounded tablespoonfuls of white flour, one very heaping teaspoonful of baking powder dry in the flour. Dip by the spoonful into your smoking gem pans and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. If you have no gem pan bake in a shallow tin.

Steamed Indian bread is very nice made as follows: Two cups of Indian meal, two cups of flour, two cups of sour milk or water, one cup of syrup, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda. Steam two hours and bake one in a slow oven. It must be very soft when mixed.

I think Bonnie would be glad to sit down with her husband evenings if he would take as much pains to talk to her about it as he does to THE HOUSEHOLD, and is willing to do his part toward making her like to do what he wishes. Let him tell her earnestly and tenderly how much he wants her society, and then make his society so agreeable she will be anxious for

it. Let him try reading to her instead of to himself, or talk to her about what interests him and I think she will be glad to listen. Let him attend to the henry himself so there will be no need for her to go, but if she goes let him go with her, showing he wants to be with her every minute possible. A little less love of selfish ease, Mr. De H., and I am sure Bonnie will change.

Hoping I have given some recompense for the many valuable suggestions obtained from THE HOUSEHOLD, and with best wishes to all the sisters, I am yours truly, WOLVERINE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—While making pies this morning it occurred to me that perhaps some of the young housekeepers who read THE HOUSEHOLD might like to know how to make their canned, or dried apple pies more palatable, that are so apt to be tasteless in the early summer.

After filling with apple, (I am now using canned fruit, but shall have to use dried soon,) for four pies pare a large sized lemon, slice it and lay the slices on the apple, dividing the lemon as equally as possible between the four. Chop the rind and sprinkle it on, then add sugar or molasses, whichever you use. The rind can be omitted if one does not think it healthy. When chopped the pieces should not be larger than a pin head.

I will give an inexpensive rule for lemon pie, to be made with two crusts. One large lemon, two-thirds of a cup of brown or one of white sugar, sprinkle half of the sugar on the crust, pare the lemon, slice it and lay the slices on the sugar, add the rest of the sugar, chop the rind and sprinkle part of it on, and lastly three tablespoonfuls of cream, or the top of your milk. Some bits of butter between the crusts and on the outside of the top one makes it nicer. This makes one medium sized pie. All my pie crust is made of sour milk.

I wish to give our good editor a great many thanks and good wishes for his future welfare and prosperity for sending me THE HOUSEHOLD this first year of my married life. No other present could have been half so acceptable to us, for Tom reads it, generally first, I study it, and my good mother thinks there is not another paper equal to it published.

TOM'S WIFE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. F. J. Barnett asks about creameries and Rosamond E. asks about western farmers' lives. I certainly ought to know something about both, for I was raised on one farm and when married moved to another, and there are nearly a dozen creameries in our vicinity, I think all of a dozen within a radius of ten miles. I will inclose a report of the creameries of Linn county, which our kind editor can publish if he sees fit, and I will endeavor to give an idea of how a creamery is conducted, as it is intimately connected with the farmer's life and forms a large proportion of the farmer's work.

A great proportion of the farmers keep from ten to fifty cows and some keep more if their pasturage will admit, and also other facilities necessary for keeping cows, such as cow barns, plenty of feed, etc. All hands usually turn out and milk, or enough to get the milking done in an hour or little more in hot weather. It is emptied into large cans from the milk pails, usually through a strainer of some kind, then hauled to the creamery where it is bought by the hundred pounds, the prices ranging from fifty cents to a \$1.25 per hundred weight, as the seasons change. In hot weather it is harder to handle the milk and keep from spoiling some, so they will not pay near so much for the milk. The milk is weighed, then strained into deep, round coolers, and the coolers

placed in large vats of water kept at a certain temperature, either by ice or steam, until the cream rises, when it is skimmed, the cream setting some hours, when it is placed in a large box churn revolved by steam, which soon churns the butter, which is washed, salted, and after a while it is worked over, packed and shipped. Such is briefly the outline of creamery work which has assumed stupendous proportions within a few years, and which lightens the labor of the women who used to have the care of large dairies.

The farmer's life, it will be seen, is the dairyman's life in this Iowa country. Get up early, milk, eat breakfast, do housework just the same as any place, and tend garden for the women. The men wear coarse clothes, plow, sow, reap, mow, and all else we read about, and men and women all have to do some things we don't read about.

I see a great many asking for pampas grass, and such things. Why don't they send to some seedsman and get a seed catalogue, find out what they want and get it at a trifling cost, not much more than the stamps they use inquiring about them? MRS. W.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—A few months ago we sent in our twelfth subscription for your charming paper. Introduced to us by a schoolmate, it came first to our home in 1871, and has made its regular visits every year since, so you see it has now become a part of our home, and is numbered among the "must haves," which always include a goodly number of papers and magazines each year. Along with our own name we sent nearly twenty others, a number of these, new subscribers, who had never seen the paper before.

It has so many points of interest that it commended itself in different ways to each one. Our aesthetic friend was attracted by the "Letters on China Painting;" another friend, who does beautiful fancy work, by the variety of handsome patterns in knitting and crochet work, saying this was just what she needed; another, by the exchanges in the way of a cabinet collection; friend Fannie who excels in cooking, by the excellent recipes in which it abounds; cousin Alice, because of its general information and low price. The old subscribers all renewed, and were enthusiastic in their praises of the paper, telling us of some sister, cousin or aunt, they knew would want it.

Occasionally we are amused by the criticisms of the "Johns." They tell us there is too much sameness and repetition. My dear sirs, we fear you are not capable of judging in this matter. Do you not have some things repeated in your daily meals, bread, steak, etc., or do you always dine on variations? Here, some subjects are necessarily repeated because of its constantly increasing circulation, and for the benefit of the young housekeepers. So long as it is the custom to erect new homes much must be repeated. The paper keeps apace with the progress of the times. The leading questions or topics of the day are discussed quite as clearly, but much more concisely than in your beloved "Times," which you will soon see if you read it carefully.

Turning over the leaves of our first volume, which we have neatly bound as we bind all the volumes at the close of the year, by sewing together with cord, and pasting a strip of muslin or cambric over the stitching, subjects of interest meet our eye on every page. The familiar names of the old contributors greet us, and though some of them have dropped out of the list, a number of them still remain. Our good Dr. Hanaford, Anna Holyoke, Hans Dorcomb, Olive Oldstyle, and many others. We are glad that The Martyr of the Period still survives amid the many tribulations the shackles of fashion have cast about her. Her complaints have amused and interested us, through the dozen years we have listened to them. She has our kindly sympathy, for are not we too a sufferer, because of the demands fashion makes upon us?

Later on, new names are added. Rosamond E., wonderful woman! who calls forth so much comment and admiration, too, among the mothers. We have never doubted her personality or regarded her as a myth. From her very first letter, six or seven years ago, we have fully believed in her, and have come to consider her a noble, intelligent woman, practical and far-seeing, in the needs of her interesting family, practicing all she preaches. The world has need of just such mothers.

Hazel Wyld, Nellie May, Charity Snow, and Gladys Wayne, are also familiar names in our home. Rosella Rice, practical, self-made woman, glad were we to see her name among the contrib-

utors! She was no stranger, for had we not read her articles for many years in the Home Magazine under her own name, and also different pseudonyms. We are glad the paper is such a favorite in her home. Neither was Eben E. Rexford a stranger. His charming "Talks about Flowers," were well appreciated. Among our favorite poems is his "Loom of Life," so beautifully expressive.

Leslie Raynor's chats on wild flowers, botany, and a herbarium have awakened anew our interest in that delightful study. Another M. D. has been added to the list, in our philosophical friend, Moses Fagus, who, in his articles, "Letters from Pickle Corners," satirizes to his heart's content, the existing evils in the state of society. They are sharp and spicy. Is the reason of this because they are sent from said Pickle Corners? In "Dining Room Notes," Emily Hayes caters to the palate in many appetizing dishes, and the husbands and brothers rise up and call her blessed!

Our friend Cora Robbins contributes liberally of her gifts in music adding to the general entertaining of the Band in the monthly gathering in the Library, while she and Eula Lee give us so many thoughts for beautifying our homes that we place them on the list as home artists. They weave together leaves, grasses, twigs, bits of bark, and mosses, until the home nests, of which we have caught glimpses, are bowers of beauty and a joy forever to the birdlings, and a cozy resting-place for their friends. Last, but by no means least, on the list, comes our charming friend, Marjorie March, who talks on all subjects, and flits from one part of THE HOUSEHOLD to another. If her picture tells the truth, she is wide-awake and full of merriment, having much fun at the expense of the boarders.

We have gleaned much good from the paper in all these years, in the many departments, not only in the artistic adorning of home, but in the practical, commonplace duties of the kitchen, for haven't the dishes prepared by us from the recipes given in these pages, been relished by the standard cooks of the neighborhood, who have little confidence in our ability to get a meal of victuals? Even mother seems to doubt our skill in this particular, and on leaving home for a few days, says, "Now, Rebecca, try and get your father and the boys something they can eat."

Thanks to you, dear HOUSEHOLD, we came out victor as you will see, when father pronounces the amber coffee the best he has drunk for a month. The soup is just such as his mother made when he was a boy. The gingerbread tastes very like what he used to get at musters. While the boys make way with the doughnuts almost as fast as poor Philbrick we read of a few months back, call for more, suffer from the effects, and vent their spleen on the paper.

The paper has enlarged and improved with the increasing years, having added a Contributors' Column, which keeps us turning through old scrap books for the poems called for by different ones. The column contains some verses of rare melody.

There is also an annex known as The Exchange Column, which is a great help in collecting curiosities and enlarging our cabinets, and, occasionally, a vexation of spirit, when sometimes persons whose requests have been filled to overflowing, forget to send a return or even a word of thanks. In making exchanges it is always best to write first to the parties wishing to exchange, and then do just what one has promised in the way of exchange. If this is not possible, return to the sender what has been sent us. We do not like to name folks out in "meetings," although we have waited months on some parties, we still trust them, thinking they mean to do right by us yet.

As the years rolled along, our kind editor's heart expanded, and he grew still more generous, sending the paper to all newly married couples, the first year for one dime. This enabled us to make our friends an appropriate and valuable present, and one that is sure to be appreciated, and we lose no opportunity of bestowing it. We have sent it to friends in half a dozen different states, as well as those near us. They all unite in saying, it is just what they need to help guide the domestic ship, by the warnings given of the results of untidiness, carelessness, sour bread, etc.

Aunt Miriam from her far-away home on the Pacific coast, writes us that it is second best only to a letter from the dear ones at home. She thinks it is social and homelike. We confess that it was the social character of the paper that won our hearts at once. The cheery, chatty letters brimful of hope, help, and love, have afforded us much pleasure, and brought us information on many subjects, with the many pleasant exchanges that adorn our home.

Through them we obtained from a florist in Massachusetts, sprays of the beautiful climbing fern, some of them more than a yard in length. Our curtains are trimmed with them. They are lovely, nature's own exquisite embroidery. Our pictures are draped and festooned with the long, gray Spanish moss, sent us with other curiosities by Mrs. Leslie. A cousin tells us that during the war, he often gathered it in such quantities that it served him for a couch. There are so

many ways in which it can be used, in adding to the attractiveness of home that we mean to send for another package soon.

One day in early spring, there came to us from Massachusetts, a box, in which, half-hidden by the damp moss, were the delicate, fragrant blossoms of the trailing arbutus. They were so sweet! We had long known it in song and story as the Mayflower, so called by the Pilgrims in honor of their departing ship, and cherished because it had proclaimed to them that their long and dreary winter was over. The blossoms were not sweeter than the loving-kindness of the friend who gave us such pleasure.

While we are still enjoying good fires here in our home among the hills of the Keystone State, another friend sends us from her home on the Pacific coast, where they are blooming in great profusion, a bouquet of beautiful roses. The roses are now faded and withered, but the fragrance clings about them still, and we keep them as a souvenir of our friend.

Among our curiosities, is a cord of neatly mounted moss, from the big trees of California. There are mosses and mosses, rare specimens from the Pacific and Atlantic coasts received in exchange.

Dear Maude Meredith, we noticed your request in regard to that floral album, and meant to send you a pressed flower for it long ago, but as you specially desired wild flowers, we hesitated. Here in our beautiful valley there are few varieties. To be sure we have wild violets, purple, white, yellow and blue, the dandelions, and the dainty little spring beauties, or blueets, a meadow dotted with their delicate azure blossoms, favorites with us from childhood, then there is the cunning Jack-in-the-pulpit. As these flowers are common to so many localities we supposed you had many duplicates of them. We are told that the wild flowers of the west are much more interesting than those of the east, because of the greater variety and diversity of colors. We have some beautiful ferns of fine varieties and different kinds, gathered in a lovely glen, where they grow in the wildest profusion. We shall be glad to send you some, if they are suitable for your album.

We hope to arrange an album of this kind, too, sometime in the future. If any of the flowers spoken of, are desired by those in other parts of this great HOUSEHOLD realm, let us hear, dear sisters, from you.

Just now we are making up an autograph album of postal cards from members of the Band. It is a unique affair, and is very interesting to us. The cards are mailed us without cover, and each contains some favorite quotation or selection, a bit of verse or prose, a master thought of some of the gifted authors of yesterday and to-day. They have the date, home, and name, real or assumed, as may be, of the sender. They reach us neat and clean after coming hundreds of miles. They are arranged in order as we have known them. Commander-in-chief (editor) and staff-officers (regular contributors) at the beginning of the book. We hope to add the names of many others, whose names do not now appear in the paper, who, though lost to sight, are still to memory dear, because of the precious lessons of the past. We hope to hear from all who may feel interested. We could only hope to return the favor in the same way, should any of you care to have us do so. Our album for inserting the cards, is a London-made book, Marcus Ward & Co., which allows for the expansion made by inserting the cards. The leaves are heavy, tinted paper and each page holds a number of cards.

Our pen has rambled over these pages at such length, that we hasten to send pleasant thoughts and kind wishes for one and all of the 54,000.

Box 47, Beallsville, Pa. REBA L. RAYMOND.

DEAR SISTERS, DOUBTERS, INQUIRERS, SUSPECTERS, CONDEMNERS, AND BROTHERS:—My explanatory letter in the January HOUSEHOLD has failed to satisfy you, though I tried to be plain and disabuse the minds of each and every one, of any misunderstanding my false pretenses may have created. If I were not better informed than Topsy I might "fess," but I cannot under my present state of morals.

I am not Marjorie March, nor in any respect like her. Probably no two persons more dissimilar could be found. For example, Marjorie dotes on cats, dogs, ducks, pets—in fact, she has even yearned towards a monkey, in her youth—yet she never tells us of her Ichabod. Marjorie is poetical, Marjorie is superior to many small sensibilities to which Rosamond is a prey. Rosamond never is anything but prosy and practical, and scarcely endures even Ichabod's pet dogs and cats, and Marjorie's cats and ducks with equanimity. Can't "fess" to being anybody but myself, or to any other truth than that already told, so please make the best of me you can, or ignore me altogether, if you fail to have sympathy, interest or confidence in my notions.

The friend who wishes to hear "more of Ichabod," will pardon the failure of a wife to testify, as if she was to tell of his superiority to other Ichabods, his gentleness, thoughtfulness, generosity, and all the rest of his perfections, he would be pronounced a fraud, while if she meekly insinuated any room for improvement in any

direction, the outcry would swell to a yell of sympathy for "poor Ichabod." Thanks to each and all who have offered sympathy to the poor soul who is never heard of except when called upon "to shake a carpet or lift a stove." He fully appreciates it, and is entirely able to take care of himself, and is in no immediate danger of suffering to any serious extent from any exercises laid upon him in his aforesaid labors. Ichabod fails to see the presumed superiority of his Rosamond. "Distance lends enchantment" you know. He knows of women who do more work, and do without (a cardinal virtue in wives) many more things than she does, and who are in every respect as "good."

M. DeHurst, you must be a patient soul. Commend to me a man who is superior to good eating and plenty of it at all cost. I trust Bonnie will gratify you, and try to enjoy your society as you deserve. Tell her, by all means to make the most of this desire that she do not weary herself by "much serving."

Dr. Hanaford! "Et tu, Brute!" Haven't I repeatedly told that I do not think women ought to shake carpets and do heavy lifting? Haven't I brought odium upon myself in farmers' circles by objecting to woman finding her "sphere" in the kitchen garden, and cow stable? Haven't I roused the sympathies of every reader of THE HOUSEHOLD lest Ichabod be "henpecked" by having to help with heavy in-doors work? Yet you too assail me on the carpet question! I like your views so much on all subjects, I have read so enthusiastically your books, and I wait so patiently the coming of the one I have asked you to prepare, that I must believe you were a bit absorbed when you allowed yourself to go with the tide against an innocent sister.

Pearl Van Horn, if you had sent your real address with your letter to the paper, you would probably have had the coveted invitation long ere this. You have it now. Come, my friend, and see my babies. (The two little mounds in the churchyard count two to our hearts.) Midget and Nan and Betsy and Jimmie, (our pet names for our girls,) are not as yet interested in the brothers of their mamma's friends, and long may it—vice versa—be delayed!

How I wish I could write letters in reply to every one I receive. Dear friends, forgive any appearance of neglect. I am doing all I possibly can, and writing takes its place in the evenings, when often I am too tired or too sleepy, or have some good reason for cutting the time short.

I have just finished, with my usual assistance from Miss S., making up eighty-five pieces of spring clothing for my family, and have all the buttonholes to work and buttons to sew on. In the mean while, the mending basket was filled to overflowing, so to-day I have finished patching shirts, pants, overalls, etc., for the boys, Ichabod, and the hired man. ROSAMOND E.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been a subscriber for THE HOUSEHOLD four years, and think it improves every year. That part of the paper printed in small type, I used to pass by as hardly worth reading, but my attention got attracted to it in some way, and now the letters, personalities, and exchange columns are the most interesting of all. The familiarity and friendship with which the sisters write to and about each other, and the love and kindness which they show, cannot fail to draw forth respect and esteem from every heart. May it ever continue to be so, may no discord and contention arise among us, and may this paper ever be one in which its writers can allow difference of opinions without being excited by jealousy, or feelings of envy. If we think we see a fault in any one of them, let us pass it kindly by, remembering that there are none perfect, and that fault finding never reclaims the erring.

Don't be too hard on Rosamond E. We want something to laugh about sometimes. Our paper might be too monotonous if there was nothing wonderful or ludicrous in it sometimes. I am glad she writes. I have no doubt but what there would be more Rosamonds if all the women who have raised large families would write out their daily work. It doesn't take much of a day's work to sound pretty large, written out item by item, on paper.

Do hurry and send in those three-cent stamps to Riverside. I want to know what she and Hans Dorcomb are going to do.

EDITH ALILA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In reading over the many letters addressed to THE HOUSEHOLD Band, I am not satisfied to let Rosamond E.'s reality be questioned, so if the good editor will allow, I will take the liberty to tell the sisters who doubt her existence and call her a myth, etc., that they are mistaken. She is a near neighbor of mine, and a good one too. All the articles I have seen in THE HOUSEHOLD signed Rosamond E., are so much like the real woman she is that I guessed it was she who wrote them long before I knew it. Although she is a near neighbor and a friend, I hope, she would not acknowledge in any way, to me, that she was the writer of those articles. But from the facts she has written, and my knowing them to agree with her family, and the management of the same, I know it.

True, as Pearl Van Horn says, it is discouraging to see a sister accomplish so much more than we, at the same time it is from these same sisters we can perhaps learn a little to change our ways of thinking and working so as to have more time to indulge in the luxuries of reading, writing, or in any direction our taste inclines. That is where I see I can learn from her. She can leave undone many things I deem as necessary, and be off on a trip, while I am tugging on, and at the end of the week be none the better for it, while she, no doubt, has gained some information in some direction, is rested from the change and is the better able "to train those little ones in the way they should go."

And even if some few things do suffer at home, is it not more needful that mothers of so large a family as hers, or even half as large, should take that rest, so as to be certain to be able to retain their health and freshness? We sisters all know, who have large families and not good help, that it is impossible to keep house all the time in the order we would like without becoming drudges. Hard work does not hurt us, it is even good for us, and will add both to our health and happiness, but worry and improper care of our health is where much of the trouble is. Now, to overcome that we can either slip off from home or take the time to write, or read, or study at home, and forget housework for a time. If the house is unswept, children untidy, meals gotten up a little rough, what is that compared to an overtaxed, discouraged mother. If a husband had any love at all for a wife, he would infinitely rather have her bright and happy than wear herself out to have things kept up like some richer neighbor. Very much of the trouble can be avoided if we would but be willing to make it so. ANN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—During the twelve years since I began to write for our paper many of your names have become to me literally household words. Among your number I have found friends, none the less true or helpful because we have not met face to face.

On my occasional visits I have curled up in the nursery with the children, and dropped into the kitchen with most earnest sympathy for the enthusiastic or the tired workers there. I have tarried, too, in the library's cozy corner, enjoying "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Sometimes I have reclined as a lady of leisure in the luxurious parlor, engaging most heartily in the various discussions that serve to make our homes more cheerful and happy. Sometimes I have come in my own name, often in no name, and occasionally have dropped in attired in my masqueraders costume, but always and everywhere I have felt at home and among friends. Many are the useful things I have learned thus from THE HOUSEHOLD sisters, and I shall be a better woman, I trust, all my life long, for the brave, truthful words so kindly said, and the wise counsel given so tenderly.

By the way, having no knitting machine, I have been occupied during the long winter evenings in recruiting our store of socks and mittens, and as only hands were occupied most of the time, I have found ample opportunity for reading of various kinds. In sorting over old papers for the ragman I came across my old HOUSEHOLDS of '72, '73 and '74. Knowing how much I had enjoyed them when they first came, I could not resist the temptation to look them over again. So with my knitting needles flying, I have spent many evenings finding out once more how very good our paper has always been. Some few who wrote for it then, still come like dear childhood friends, to make us happy, but year by year new names appear, and new friends fill the places of old, familiar acquaintances. I suppose it must be so; some we have dearly loved have gone to "where beyond these voices there is peace;" some find the burdens and the cares of life too many to keep up the old work of sending contributions to THE HOUSEHOLD; and some, perhaps, have gone to fields of wider usefulness in the great world beyond; but for all we have most earnest wishes for present and future good.

I think it was Riverside who spoke of spending her summer with many others of our HOUSEHOLD Band, among the White mountains in different localities. As I live next neighbor to a large summer boarding house, with many others near by, where hundreds of visitors come during the warm season, who knows that some of these have not unwittingly called at my door and received at least a cup of cold water? I like to think it may be so, and that some of the strangers I have learned to know and love may be doubly friends, from our common interest in THE HOUSEHOLD, even though we are still ignorant of it.

I hope many of you have accepted the kindly offer to the contributors of THE HOUSEHOLD, of Wells, Richardson & Co., and have tried a package of their diamond dyes, and are as much pleased with them as I am. I sent for cardinal, and my better half agrees with me in thinking it is the handsomest color ever seen. If all succeed as well, I think the company will find many new customers among our Band, and the bright ribbons, nestled in dark or sunny hair, or at the throat of many a wife and mother, will cause

multitudes of husbands to wonder what Sarah and Hannah have been doing to make themselves look so uncommonly nice. If some of them betray a disposition to go a courting over again, we will try and not be displeased at the compliment, but will be as glad to see them as when they used to drop in a dozen years ago, with their hearts and ours all in a flutter of happiness.

ELIZABETH.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

GERMAN PIE CRUST.—To four cups of flour add one cup of lard; for the top crust divide the above, after it is moistened roll out and spread with bits of butter and lard, to cover your pie roll out quite thin, then evenly and thinly spread good lard or butter, just the size of the pie to be covered, lightly sift flour over that, then pat it with the hand (not roll), cover the pie, and immediately before putting in the oven, pour cold water over.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of cream, one cup of sugar, two eggs, a little salt, one teaspoonful of soda, and two cups of flour.

PARIS PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of lard, one cup of milk or cream, one teaspoonful of cloves and cinnamon, a pinch of salt, one thimbleful of soda, scalded, enough flour to make a stiff batter, well grease a tin, allow two inches to swell, set in a steamer, and steam two hours. Serve with sauce or a rich cream.

SUMMER MINCE PIE.—Four crackers rolled fine, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of vinegar, one cup of water, two-thirds cup of butter, one cup of chopped raisins, two eggs, beaten and stirred in last thing, and spice to taste. Put some whole raisins on top of pie before putting on the crust.

VINEGAR COOKIES.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one egg, and a pinch of salt. Bring the molasses to a boil, add soda and pour on the egg and sugar, beating together while foaming, add vinegar and ginger, then flour to roll thin.

JUANITA.

MARBLE CAKE.—*Light Part.*—One and one-half cups of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the whites of four eggs, and two and one-half cups of flour.

Dark Part.—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the yolks of four eggs, two and one-half cups of flour, and one-half teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg. Beat each mixture until smooth, and then with a tablespoon drop the light and dark in small quantities alternately into the cake tin. This recipe will make two loaves.

E. O. P.

TO MEND GLASS OR CHINA.—Take a small quantity of white glue, dissolve it in milk, by soaking awhile, and then putting your dish into some hot water, stir often, and when dissolved, put on your broken dishes, while hot. I have just tried it, and think it a nice way, as it shows but little. If the glue gets cold, set it in warm water again.

HOW TO COOK WILD GAME.—For either squirrel or woodchuck take one teaspoonful of saleratus, have a large quantity of water, and when it boils, the saleratus will make the scum rise to the top, skim it till no more scum rises, and then let it boil one-half hour longer in the same water, then pour off and put on a fresh water, salt, let it boil till tender, then put a little butter in a spider and fry it slightly.

RENIE.

AN EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR SPONGE CAKE.—Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and the yolks of the same till they are very thick. Add to the yolks one and one-half teaspoonfuls of white sugar and three tablespoonfuls of cold water. After they are thoroughly mixed add the whites and stir well. Add to two cups of sifted flour two heaping teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, stir well, and sift again. Stir this flour into the mixture, and when well stirred put immediately into a well heated oven.

COM.

PUDDING.—To one cup of coarse granulated wheat (from Health Food Co.), well cooked, (needs to cook about three hours to be nice), add one pint of milk, one egg, a little salt, sugar to suit the taste, and flavor with lemon. Raisins may be added.

GLUTEN PUDDING.—One well beaten egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one cup of sweet milk, four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, (I use Webb's and think very highly of it,) one pint of gluten, (of Health Food Co.) prepared by stirring into it a measure each of soda and acid of Horsford's bread preparation,

afterwards sift, stir thoroughly, and bake thirty minutes. To be eaten with a nice sugar sauce (liquid) flavored with vanilla. Dr. H. thinks this very nutritious, palatable and wholesome.

CRUDE GLUTEN GEMS.—To one quart of sifted crude gluten, loosely measured, add two measures each of acid and soda of Horsford's bread preparation, a little salt, and then sift, mix with two cups of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar or molasses, stir quickly and drop with a spoon into a hot gem pan that has been well buttered. Some think a well beaten egg an improvement. Bake in a quick oven.

MRS. HANAFORD.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Take two teacupfuls of Indian meal, scald it with a pint of boiling milk, add to it a cup of flour, cool off with more milk, one cup of suet, chopped fine, one cup of molasses, two cups of raisins, and a little salt. Mix all together, tie the cloth so as to allow the pudding to swell one-third, and boil four hours or steam five hours.

S. A. BEAMAN.

FRENCH TEA ROLLS.—Two quarts of sifted flour; take one pint of boiled milk and when cooled add one scant half cup of yeast, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of lard or butter, a little salt, stir all together, and set to rise over night. Knead over in the morning and rise again until three or four o'clock in the afternoon, then make into rolls, placing a little butter between the folds, and bake about twenty minutes.

U. A. G.

BOILED CIDER PIE.—One cup of boiled cider, one cup of molasses, one cup of water, boil together, then mix one-half cup of flour with a little water, and stir in.

M. J. C.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Grate the rind and slice fine two or three oranges, sprinkle a little sugar over them; now set a basin containing a pint of milk on the stove, over boiling water; stir together the yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and a little cold milk; when the milk is boiling hot, stir the mixture in, let it thicken, and pour over the orange; beat the whites of two eggs, add a little sugar, spread over the pudding, and brown in the oven.

COM.

AUNT MARY'S COOKIES.—Three cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour to roll.

MRS. S. E.

TO COOK SWEET POTATOES.—Boil them about twenty minutes, then take from the water and bake until done. Cooked in this manner they will not be watery.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. I think this will be liked.

LUCIE.

NICE CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, five eggs, leaving out the whites of two, one scant cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and three and one-half cups of flour. While hot, frost with the whites of two eggs and one and one-half cups of white sugar, two teaspoonfuls of lemon or vanilla, and six tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate.

M. C. K.

RAISED GRAHAM BREAD.—To one and one-half pints of tepid water add one heaping teaspoonful of salt and one-half cup of sugar or molasses, (you can make it sweeter if desired,) stir in one-half cup of distilled yeast, (or about the quantity of any kind of yeast as is used for two loaves of wheat bread.) Add graham flour until it is almost too stiff to stir. Put in the baking pan and let it rise well, which will take about two hours. Bake in a moderate oven.

ZAIDA.

FAVORITE PUDDING.—Five cups of flour, rub in one-half cup of shortening, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus stirred into the molasses, one cup of sour or sweet milk, a little cinnamon and clove. Butter a pudding dish or tin mould, and steam three hours. This is equally as nice steamed half an hour the next day.

Sauce.—One and one-half cups of sugar, a small piece of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix this dry with the sugar, stir butter, sugar and flour together until creamy, and flavor to taste. Just before serving add three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, stir rapidly and you will have a delicious, foaming sauce.

FROZEN BANANAS.—Take six good bananas and put them aside, being careful not to handle them too much, and not remove the skins until the very last moment, otherwise the fruit will blacken; one quart of cream and one-third

pound of powdered sugar, sweeten the cream, then peel the bananas, cut them and mash very quickly with a potato masher, put the cream on them and freeze at once as you would ice cream.

CELERY SOUP.—Take one pint of milk, six stalks of celery, one tablespoonful of flour, salt, one tablespoonful of butter, pepper to taste, a small piece of mace, and a bit of onion. Cook the celery in one pint of water half an hour, and mash it in the water it is boiled in. Let the milk come to a boil and add flour which has been mixed with cold milk, onion and mace, then add celery and boil ten minutes, add the butter and seasoning, strain and serve.

JENNINGS.

MUSH.—Success is in having it well cooked and free from lumps. For one gallon of water use a tablespoonful of salt and two and one-half or three pints of sifted corn meal; into the boiling water stir a small handful of the meal, letting it sift gently through the fingers to avoid lumps, and letting it boil after putting in each handful. Let it boil briskly for at least ten minutes, stirring almost constantly; or, set it where it will cook more slowly, cover closely, and cook for one, two, or three hours, as you please, stirring occasionally. Eat warm with milk, with butter, or butter and sugar. Fry slices of cold mush to a nice brown in good pork gravy for breakfast. For supper in winter, boil some sweet milk, into which put cold mush cut into bits two inches square, more or less, and leave it over the fire just long enough to heat it through. Add some pepper.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—Place a tin pan or bucket of bonny-clabber, or milk just sour enough to thicken, over a pot of hot water till it is milk warm, (if too warm the cheese will be tough,) spread a poke or square, made of thin muslin, after wetting it in water, into and about the rim of another clean vessel, into which pour the clabber, tie up, and hang out of doors to drain over night or for half a day. When well drained, crush, season with pepper and salt, and to one dishful, add three or four tablespoonfuls of sweet or sour cream. The whey is good for washing milk crocks, buckets, etc., rinsing afterwards with clear water.

THICKENED MILK.—Make a thickening by stirring two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and a pinch of salt into a half cup of cold or milk-warm sweet milk till it is quite smooth; stir this into a pint of sweet milk while boiling; stir and boil for three or four minutes. Add a lump of butter the size of a hickory-nut, or more. Eat with sweet cream, sugar and nutmeg.

MULLED BUTTERMILK.—Same as above only boil one pint buttermilk, using sweet milk for thickening. To be eaten same as the other, with more sugar.

REBECCA.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A Subscriber wishes to know if the lady who gave the recipe for "moonshine," baked the mixture. It is not cooked at all. The whites of the eggs are beaten to a very stiff froth, and when placed in the saucer with the sweetened cream, it floats like a snow ball upon the surface. Preserved pear or even apple can be cut in tiny bits, and beaten into the whites of the eggs, but I think peach preferable. This is next to ice cream served with cake, and cannot harm an invalid taken alone.

E. W. R.

Will some of the ladies describe how to make butter up in pine-apple form? I saw it once at a country wedding when I was a child, but have never seen it since, nor any one who knows anything about it.

MRS. W.

Some time ago, one of the sisters asked, if any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band had ever been cured of dyspepsia. I hope she has herself been cured long ere this. But I would like to say to any who may be suffering from indigestion that raw eggs can be taken without discomfort when other food causes distress. The egg can be beat up smoothly, and then swallowed, but the best way is to drop it carefully from the shell without breaking, and take it down altogether. A little practice makes this less difficult every time, and you think no more about it, you taste nothing, you feel no discomfort whatever, but are nourished and strengthened, and two or three eggs so taken during the day will soon make this so evident that you will feel quite attached to the egg diet.

HANS DORCOMB.

MR. CROWELL.—Ruth Pinch wishes to know how to make graham bread. Make a sponge the same as for light bread out of white flour. To one quart of sponge add one pint of warm water, then add the graham flour and work into a stiff dough. Knead for twenty minutes, let it rise, then make into loaves, and raise and bake. Take the dough and add a little butter and sugar to make very nice buns.

MRS. E. E. HOSKINS.

If Emily Hayes has given the Stanyan Mixer a thorough trial, will she please tell the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD just what she thinks of it? There are so many humbugs nowadays that we

western people do not feel like investing in an article of no merit.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one kindly give me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, a formula for the old-fashioned root beer of our grandmothers' day?

AMABEL C. ANDREWS.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—A sister asks what to do for a sink that rusts. I never found anything so good as a good coat of asphaltum, or black varnish as some call it. Put it on at night after the sink has been thoroughly cleaned, and it will be hard in the morning, and it will be very handsome as long as it stays on, which will depend upon how good care you take of it. The asphaltum can be purchased at any drug store all prepared, and is very cheap as well as convenient for many uses, for painting old chairs and tables. It answers for a paint as well as a varnish. I always keep it in the house and do all my painting on common furniture. It will dry almost as fast as you can put it on.

MRS. CHARLES NOYES.

For destroying bed bugs, take the juice from full grown cucumbers, and wash the bedstead, or any place infested with them two or three weeks in succession, and you will be free from the pests.

For washing a white nubia, take lukewarm water in which throw a handful of salt, let it soak for an hour, then wash and rinse in clear water to which a little bluing has been added.

P. B. K.

For raised doughnuts, take one cup of new milk, one cup of sugar, two eggs, five tablespoonfuls of yeast, (I use hop yeast,) a few caraway seeds, one tablespoonful of butter, mix up hard, raise over night, and roll thin, and fry in squares for breakfast.

SIS.

Will some one give me a recipe for curing beef in warm weather? I want one that is sure as I lost some last season for want of knowledge. Please give the amount for fifty pounds.

MRS. E. S.

Will some one please tell me how to make soft frosting that will remain soft?

Will some one give me a recipe for making sweet cucumber pickle that will not shrivel?

M. C. K.

MR. CROWELL:—I was reading in THE HOUSEHOLD of a lady who wished to know how to renew feathers that had become heavy and packed down like old ones. As I have had some experience to my satisfaction, I will write it, not only for her benefit but for all, who may wish to try my way of making old feathers light and clean. Have a tub of warm suds, not too much soap, and put in the feathers, not all at a time, and wash them up and down with the hands, and then wring dry through the wringer into another tub of warm water, no soap, and pass through the wringer again. Put them in a dry place, spread out, and beat them with a stick, and stir up every day until they dry, and they will be light and sweet and good as new. It does not hurt them to freeze dry. I hope whoever tries my way may be pleased and satisfied with the result of their labor.

M. WHITAKER.

Hardwick, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In a late HOUSEHOLD, there were methods for peeling onions without getting the juice in one's eyes. A needle is rather dangerous, and holding an onion under water is some trouble. Cut a potato in two pieces, place one on the end of the knife you are peeling the onion with, and you will have no trouble.

To remove blood stains from clothing, saturate the stains with kerosene oil, and let them stand a few minutes before washing in warm water. If you try this, I think you will like it.

LEOLINE.

What do the sisters mean by "whipped cream?" I want to try some.

JENNIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Is there anything that will take oil out of a woolen carpet that is mostly green, without injury to the color?

R. M. HERRICK.

Some one asks in THE HOUSEHOLD, for a recipe for graham bread. We make ours by saving part of the rising of the wheat bread and kneading it up with graham flour.

H. F. P.

If Com. will lay her white cotton garments away without ironing, I think they will not turn yellow.

MAE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one give me a recipe for making calves' foot jelly? I want it to be clear like amber.

JUANITA.

Will some one please tell me how to wash cardinal red calico without fading it?

MRS. R. H.

The Parlor.

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

BY NORA PERRY.

Out of the window she leaned and laughed,
A girl's laugh, idle, and foolish, and sweet,
Foolish and idle, it dropped like a call
Into the crowded, noisy street.
Up he glanced at the glancing face
Who had caught the laugh as it fluttered and fell,
And eye to eye for a moment there
They held each other, as by a spell.
All in a moment, passing there,—
And into her idle, empty day,
All in that moment something new
Suddenly seemed to have found its way.
And through and through the clamorous hours
That made his clamorous busy day,
A girl's laugh, idle, and foolish, and sweet,
Into every bargain found its way.
And through and through the crowd of the streets
At every window in passing by,
He looked for a moment and seemed to see
A pair of eyes like the morning sky.

MARGUERITA'S SUCCESS.

BY MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN.

"A NEW oil painting! Why, May, is not that rather extravagant for a preacher's wife?"

"Look closer, David," said Mrs. Lester, as she laughingly took his arm and led him through the folding doors, where between two windows of the north parlor the landscape hung. An outstretching ivy, placed upon a bracket below, had reached upward with its clinging tendrils and the picture was framed in living green, far more beautiful to the eye than carving of oak or gleam of gilding.

As David Anderson paused before the picture he gave a prolonged stare, and an exclamation of surprise, more expressive than polite, escaped him. His sister enjoyed his mingled look of astonishment and admiration. David was an artist and had an intense scorn for daubs, as he was apt to stigmatize the rudimentary efforts of the boarding-school misses, who, after taking a dozen lessons in oil or pastel, thought themselves equal, if not superior, to the old masters, especially in coloring.

But here was an artistic idea wrought out in the most common materials. The picture was a scene in Germany, an old castle half way up a rocky ridge, with a curved, briar-grown path leading to the broken drawbridge, and the unpruned trees of the park were standing like sentinels over its departed grandeur. You could almost see the ghosts of the lords and ladies, who had once looked out from the high barred windows. You could almost here the sigh of the wind among the trees, half dismantled by the frosts of the autumn-time. The golden-rod and scarlet lobelia hid the oozy slime in the pool, which lay dank and dark, by the broken bridge. Afar, between the black, sharp-topped trees, a lake lay clear and pure in the sunshine which fell upon its waters, through a rift in the clouds that darkened the sky. The dismantled and time-eaten turrets were overgrown with trailing ivy, and briars grew in the tangled, neglected garden walks, leading beyond the wooded slopes to the moss-embossed craggs overhanging the ocean, where the light upon the ever surging waves turned them to purple, amethyst, and gold. A wild, weird scene, brought out with artistic skill, not with the pencil or the brush, for only the sky and water had been touched by the painter's brush, and all the remaining portions of the picture was wrought and fashioned with grey lichens, birch and elm barks, and moss and evergreens from the forest, and sand, pebbles and shells from the river's bank.

"Only a born artist could have produced such effects from such crude mate-

rials," said David, then he added, "the effect of the lights and shadows are perfect, and the idea is unique, both in conception and execution."

"I am glad to hear you say that, David. Come back to the fire, the evenings are getting chill, and let me tell you about the artist, who is almost as much of a curiosity as the pictures she makes. There is a winter scene in the dining room made of cork, gray moss, bark and pulverized alum, which is more natural, and has been more admired than the castle, and I will show it to you at tea time. You remember Claudia Thorn?" Mrs. Lester did not notice that David gave a start at the name of Claudia, and she went on. "Well, Claudia was a mere puppet in her mother's hands, and finally married Stacy Annerly, a young man without business habits but with expensive tastes. The marriage proved to be one of those mistakes so common, and the usual result followed. The husband soon tired of his beautiful but inefficient wife, and spent his time away from home, not always in the best of company. His father was very angry about the marriage, and Mrs. Thorn, finding her scheme for securing the Elms as a home for herself and daughter a failure, finally married a farmer, and made him wretched until she died. Old Mr. Annerly relented sufficiently to give the ill-assorted pair a cottage and a few acres of land three miles from here, and left them to shift for themselves. The farm is not very large and not half tilled, and the once petted child of fashion has found her path anything but flowery. The husband and wife drifted apart, year by year, until finally, when Stacy Annerly was brought home from the forest, where he was found lying with sightless eyes upturned to the skies, quite dead from an accidental shot from his own gun, Mrs. Annerly was scarcely worse off than she had been before. Her six children had never known the love and care of a father, for he had, as years went by, become morose and impatient, and they kept out of his sight when he was at home as much as possible. Through all these years Claudia has seen neither peace nor rest, and, though poor in health and an inefficient housekeeper, she has been a gentle, loving mother, and when there was not bread enough for all she was the one to go hungry. You can't quite see what all this has to do with the picture.

Well, my little artist is Claudia Thorn's daughter, the eldest of six, and a girl of noble impulses, and rare gifts that have never had an opportunity for development. Marguerita has occasionally helped me with the sewing, for she is an expert seamstress, an artist with her needle, and though scarcely more than a child, she shows such rare powers of perception, adaptation and efficiency, that I have not only learned to love her but also to feel a great responsibility about her future. Her manners are quiet and ladylike, her tastes are pure, but as yet she has not fully awakened to her responsibilities. When she once comprehends the power of the gift of genius, with which God has endowed her, I can see no limits to the possibilities of her future life. She will ever remain a womanly woman, even though she win the world's admiration as an artist. Let her once grasp success, and she will lift those whom she loves to the higher planes of life. You are smiling at my enthusiasm, David. Smile as much as you like, but promise to help me. I never wish to be other than a poor preacher's wife except when I see how much I might do for those who would become, by a little assistance, not only self-helpful, but helpful to others. Left here Marguerita is doomed to fritter away her years in work that is uncongenial and poorly remunerated. True, she can, by

constant toil, keep the wolf from the door, but more than this is not possible with an invalid mother and five younger children to be clothed and fed, to say nothing of the wrong done to her own nature by stifling every throb of ambition, every longing for the beautiful, and burying her talents in the grave of necessity."

"Why, May, one would think you were reading a leaf from the book of your own life—from the 'might have been' of your own aspirations."

"No, David, in taking upon myself the duties of a pastor's wife I have found the true orbit of my capabilities, and I am happy therein, and this very fact makes me the more desirous that others should likewise find, not merely the paths that are smooth and hedged with flowers, but those in which they will be most useful to humanity."

"But May, half the world would tell you that an artist's life is utterly useless; that the worker in the kitchen, and the breaker of stone upon the highway are more usefully employed than the man or woman who wields the pen or plies the brush. Do you not remember the trials that beset my path in youth? Those terrible days when father doubled and trebled my tasks in the harvest-field and potato-patch, because he found me painting a picture of Rocky river bridge on the barn door, with paints left by the men who had been hired to paint the inside and outside of our new house on the hill? With a few splashes of yellow ochre he spoiled my trees and sky, and then laughed at my tears, and afterwards, when he found I had stolen mother's moulding board, and was painting a landscape, he made a holocaust of it and a very angry boy of me. The path of an artist is not strewn with flowers save those that their own hands fashion, sister mine."

"Well, father repented long ago, and his pride in your success atones for all his past harshness. He values the picture you painted, since then, of Rocky river bridge more than any treasure he possesses."

"Yes, May, that is true, and I do not often let the shadows of the past dim the joys of success. But we have wandered a long way from your little artist friend's future interests, which was the subject under consideration," said David, laughingly.

"True, and what I wanted to ask of you was this: What will remain with me for two or three months. Can you not give Marguerita lessons in drawing and elementary lessons in the use of the brush, and the science of coloring—such lessons, in fact, in the different departments as would fit her to enter the art school as an advanced pupil? The academy at Talbot wants an art teacher, and if Marguerita was qualified for the position it would enable her to place her mother in comfort and give her means to educate the other children, and each member of the little flock might, in future years, prove a blessing to the world. I know, David, that you give away so much more than the lawful tithe of your income that an additional tax upon your time, and especially the time you had set apart for rest, may seem formidable, but the Lord loves a cheerful giver, and I do believe if there was more of the right kind of helpfulness bestowed upon those who would profit by it, that the world would grow rapidly better, and consequently happier. Only think, David, that by a few hours of extra toil and the giving of a small amount of artists' materials, you may confer a benefit, not only upon an entire family, but upon all who shall come after them."

"You have missed your calling, May. You would have made so successful a special pleader that you ought to have

made the law your study!" said David with a laugh.

"A married woman must understand special pleading, you know, and a little law is not out of place in the home, but will you consent, dear brother, to give Marguerita a chance to escape from the low valley of poverty and climb the mountain heights of fame, where the sun of prosperity ever shines?"

"But, May, think of the weary toil and more weary waiting before she may be able to grasp success. Art is a jealous mistress, not all who woo her, win her kisses." Then, seeing the look of disappointment gathering in his sister's face, he said more cordially, "perhaps the child has perseverance as well as talent, and if so, the way will be less wearisome and the reward more sure. At least I will give your protegee a trial and see how she succeeds, and if she is as artistic in soul as these rustic pictures indicate, there will be only pleasure in teaching her."

The next day Marguerita was informed of her good fortune, and the glad light that sprang to her eyes was pleasant to see. Day after day she worked unwearily, and David was first astonished and then enthusiastic over her rapid progress. She seemed to grasp ideas intuitively, and wrought with skill and vigor. Evidently she would never settle down into a mere copyist. A vein of originality was perceptible from the first, her aim was perfection, and there could no longer be any doubt of her ability to succeed.

The summer passed like a dream, and then Marguerita prepared to enter the art school. It was hard to leave the mother and the little ones, who had so long been her care and were so dear, and, but for the hopes of the greater good she could do, and the more efficient help she should be able to give them in the future, she would have abandoned her designs, but her common sense went hand in hand with her artistic abilities, and so she bade good-by to the brothers and sisters who clung to her garments, weeping at parting from her, and not much comforted by any of her bright promises. Marguerita was conscientious, and duty often seems to hide herself behind the complications of our life; so, while it seemed almost wrong to leave her mother to bear her burdens alone, she felt that in the end the result would justify her act. Her outfit was plain and meagre, and her boarding place in the great city was very unostentatious, and, had she permitted the rather supercilious looks cast upon her plain garments to have affected her spirits, she would have been unhappy, but her aims and hopes were far above the accidental surroundings of the present, and she had come, determined to brave every trial that she might meet for the sake of her glorious art; and though her class-mates passed her by with little notice, so faithfully did she apply herself to her studies, and so ladylike and unobtrusive were her manners, that she soon overcame all the prejudice of caste, and won commendation from the teachers and the respect of the entire school. Unnumbered acts of kindness were showered upon her, and life became, at last, very pleasant among those who were so distant at the first.

Christmas time came, and, expecting no gifts, what was her surprise to find a package of artists' materials placed beside her easel. "From your friends" was the only message accompanying the gift, but this attention was cheering to the heart of the lonely girl.

At last the year was ended, and she was to return to those from whom she had been so long separated. Her success had been wonderful, and she was now competent to instruct others in the art she loved so well. She had painted sev-

eral pictures which found ready sale. Her studies of wild-flowers were admired exceedingly, and she had orders for more than she could complete for several months, so that her way was prepared and her course made plain.

Upon reaching home she accepted the position in Talbot academy, and entered upon her work with loving enthusiasm. Her home was beautified, and a strong girl in the kitchen gave her mother time for rest. The brothers and sisters are being educated for usefulness, and Marguerita, so young, yet so strong in all that makes a beautiful, womanly life, looks with joy upon the work of her hands. Her brothers are growing up brave and manly, and entering upon paths which lead to pure and happy lives. Her sisters are graceful, fair, womanly, and becoming accomplished in the true sense of that word, and the love they bestow upon their sister is unmeasured.

Marguerita's gratitude to Mrs. Lester and her brother is a part of her life, and, whatever the future may hold, the present is full of blessings from her one year in the art school.

Do you want a story of love and marriage? There are lives whose perfectness would be marred by selfish love—lives so filled with good works that the word "old maid" has no terrors for them. Whether the future years will bring a hero worthy of our Marguerita we know not, but we do know that the soul that fulfills the perfect will of God shall lack no good thing.

CHARMS FOR SLEEPING.

BY HOPE HARVEY.

If blessings are invoked by the sound slumberer upon "the man who invented sleep," many a nervous sufferer, tossing upon a wakeful couch, would pronounce a heart-felt and thrice told benediction upon the inventor if he had been particular in stating the exact means to the blessed end.

How to get to sleep is the grand question of the day, or night, to many a weary wretch, and in his researches towards the solving of this problem, many others, such as whether the Chinese must go, or if there is an open polar sea, or what will be the prominent characteristics of the coming man, sink into what he considers their proper insignificance. After a restless night, or a series of them, as is apt to be the case if one is allowed, the victim, with every nerve strained and muscles sore, and the brain wasted and unrested, feels very fit for "treasons, stratagems and spoils;" or, if not so desperate as that, he, or more probably she, is left for the coming day's labors weakened, spent, wholly unequal to toil, conquest, or barely endurance.

Insomnia, besides being a distressing habit, becomes a dangerous disease. It should, like contention, be left off before it is meddled with, according to Solomon's recipe. The sleepless patient, often impatient, should take a day for candid investigation of the bodily state, assisted, perhaps, by the physician, or at least taking counsel with that good doctor, common sense. There may be found some disturbance in the system, slight or serious, but which may yield readily to treatment, and tired nature's sweet restorer will come again. But when returned she must not be abused. Too much food in the stomach or very late meals are apt to banish her again. Irregular hours for retiring or overwork of the mind or body she disapproves, and will not bless with her presence. She wants people to be busy and tired enough, however, to be ready for her when she is ready for them.

The physical conditions looked after, still there is no good rest with a worried

mind, a heavy heart or a troubled conscience. Peace with God and man is the truest, safest and best remedy for sleeplessness. No charm is like this, and it is a panacea. No day, however sad or bad, need close without it. God's great, merciful love, brooding, waiting, restful, is for each repentant heart to take, and it enwraps the soul with the sleep which "He giveth his beloved." "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," while a divine command, is also a most excellent hygienic precept as are all His laws. They are not arbitrary, but adjusted to meet man's need in his whole being. "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow," is another rule. "Casting all your anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you" is a third, and these sentences, with many others from the same source, are admirable sleeping charms. Even if the eyes remain waking, there is not that wear and tear of body if the spiritual nature is at rest.

Yet when all these higher and lower requisites are secured as far as may be towards obtaining natural, refreshing sleep, there is often, caused by yet uncontrolled disease, a strange perversity of the will power, a natural depravity, it might be called, of the brain, which hinders one from availing himself of his rightful privilege of sleep. The nerves set themselves all agog. They are afraid something will be done or said somewhere, sometime through the night which they'll not know of, and it would be such a pity. They exaggerate, discomfort, and magnify pain. The works, worries and sorrows of life look tenfold more appalling in the darkness and silence. "The cares that infest the day" come and pitch their tents in the room like a horde of Bedouin, instead of meekly "folding" them and "stealing away," as the poet thought they would. They waken with their clamor the shy bird, sleep, from her light drowse, and she flies to some more fortunate person, to "light on lids unsullied by a tear."

In such cases how one longs for some spell to lay upon the fickle goddess; some abracadabra that shall be potent in immediate and continued effect for a good, long, comfortable night. Let me, a sister in such manner of affliction, tell you of THE HOUSEHOLD, a few little methods I adopt to woo and win unwilling slumber.

There is what might be called the religious charm, already hinted at. Try prayer. But it must be calm, confiding prayer, like quiet communion. A resting down upon the Redeemer, as one would under "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," or as a child in the arms of its mother. Hymns are soothing, repeated slowly, or sung, both processes being mental, of course. Passages of scripture are admirable if you have, as every one ought, a large stock in your memory for reference. Recall all you can with a certain word in them; peace, rest, slumber, for instance, or love, hope, strength. Or see how many titles of Christ you can think of, of which there are several dozens. Or say the books of the bible in order, and the names of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the twelve apostles; or recite the ten commandments and the beatitudes, or some of the Psalms, or the first chapter of John, or the eighth of Romans, or the love chapter in Corinthians, according to the new version. Count the people you saw at church last Sabbath, or if you think that scarcely falls under the religious head, it will come pretty near it if you wish there had been more there. Yet it would really class better under the counting process.

"Count five thousand," said good Dr. Waterman to me, when he was called in to look after the nervous girl at the Y. L. seminary. That was quite too bewil-

dering and tiresome, almost as bad as logarithms and Q. E. D.'s, as we called our propositions from Legendre. But five hundred was more nearly in my compass, and proved quite like a sop to Cerberus. Count backwards, mentally, as all these charms must be used, with the mouth and eyes shut, ready to drop off. Count deliberately, slowly, four hundred ninety-nine, four hundred ninety-eight, four hundred ninety-seven, etc. By the time you have counted twenty or thirty in that dimly monotonous way, you will be glad in self-defense to accept the easier task of going to sleep. I have heard the advice to count a flock of sheep leaping one by one over a low wall, but that confuses me, and I lose my reckoning too soon. But if you can see them distinctly enough, that may be good. Count your neighbors' children, if they are fortunate enough to have large families; count your friends; count the people you would like to see; count your mercies.

But don't count, or try any device that proves more tiresome than doing nothing. What you want, is an entire diversion from the day's work, care or trouble; something so pleasant, amusing or interesting as to turn the thoughts into a new channel, yet not so very diverting as to defeat its own end. If there is danger of that try something just opposite, dull, dreamy, full of repetition perhaps; at any rate something that shall bring sleep, sleep, sleep. "Night is the time for sleep" and for nothing else, should be the rule, and the exceptions be made few as possible.

The alphabetical charm is a good one. It is a favorite one of mine, it is capable of such variety. Think of the name of a town or city for every letter of the alphabet, in your own state or in the country. Think of a name of some distinguished person of the past or present, for each letter; or proper names, male or female, as Alice, Bertha, Carrie, or Albert, Bertrand, Cecil, etc., thus going through the alphabet; or odd, long names, as Ariadne, Boadicea, Cleopatra, etc.; or make a list of animals or birds in alphabetical order, as ape, bear, cat, and albatross, bluebird, crow, etc. A list of trees or plants is pretty, as ash, birch, cedar, etc.

When Charity Snow and I went to see our floral Mrs. Flanders, of THE HOUSEHOLD, it was a gusty day, and the ride was too wearisome to promise sleep after returning. And one could never have gone to sleep over those wonderful plants, which, in absence of his wife, her good man kindly showed us. But when my head touched the pillow I began to see the beauties over and over till it was tiresome. There was a satiety of sweetness, and the nerves rebelled. So after vain tossing, I tried the alphabet on them, drawing and emphasizing, a-bu-tilon, bego-nia, car-na-tion, then going back to gaze and soliloquize. O, those begonias! How elegant! What great, glossy, variegated leaves! What—but this isn't getting ahead much upon the list, or toward my coveted sleep. I'll begin again, and stop to look no more of them over. Now persevere. A-bu-ti-lon, be-go-o-nia, car-na-a—that was all. After three hours of solid napping, I awoke to laugh at the stupid way I went to sleep in the middle of a word. But it was a good way. The one who gets to sleep first is the best fellow, as the children say, even if he or she has had to descend to the alphabetical nursery prattle about the apple pie. Don't be too lofty to try it, my reader. 'Tis a capital sedative, and has more than once saved me a sorry next morning of headache. It begins, "A, apple pie, B begged for it, C coveted it," and so on to "X, Y, Z, & who wished they had one in their hands." And it is quite jolly to make a picture of each longing, or des-

perate, or pugilistic initial approaching the luscious confection, only to be disappointed. But K was comparatively happy, for he kept it. Let us hope for some future partaking. Then, if you are really wise, you will pursue their fortunes no further, but take sleep and keep it, as K the pie.

There is the miscellaneous method, which has no method at all. It consists in letting the thoughts roam widely, only controlling them to the extent of avoiding wearying or vexing subjects, and not allowing them to dwell but a moment or two anywhere. The mind, thus vaguely wandering, takes refuge in sleep.

Performing mathematical work, composing poetry and prose, or planning the next day's or week's work, are too great a tax upon the brain, as a general thing, though such practices may be safe and even best in a very few exceptional cases.

These few hints will serve to suggest other and quite likely better plans to the victims of wakefulness for securing relief. All this may sound very trivial, but sleep is no trifle, and in pursuit of it, all right means may lawfully be used, indeed, should be used as a matter of duty in a matter which involves, as does this, daily health, happiness and usefulness, and these simple means are better far than drugs if they accomplish the same purpose.

There is coming a sleep to the weary worker that will need none of these charms. Let me finish with an extract from Mrs. Browning:

"Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
He giveth His beloved sleep."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

The duties of men and women are diverse to a great extent, though I see no good reason why both should not do that for which they are best fitted, irrespective of sex.

The duties of the wife and mother who does her own work, are more continuous and varied than those of her husband. To her work there is really no end, and when the sun sinks to rest wrapped in his flame-colored mantle, she sees no less which ought to be done at once than when he rolled up fresh and smiling in the east. But even a woman must sleep, and she drops everything and snatches a few hours' repose, which is, in all probability, broken by the wants of fretful or sick children.

The father, when chores are done for the night, can rest in peace. A day's work well done has brought its promised reward, and a time for rest and relaxation. But mother is on the same endless wheel on which she entered when she took the marriage vows, and from which only death will release her. Of course, there are exceptions, but on farms and where there are children, this is true.

Not long ago, in that excellent paper, THE HOUSEHOLD, I saw something which set me to thinking on this subject more than I had ever done before. The writer spoke, among other things, of the many helps which the farmer had in the shape of labor-saving machines, and of the many days' work hired during the busy season, and which he was so much better able to do without than was his wife to struggle with her work, single-handed and unaided. Though she might need help far more, yet she was beholden to the higher power for every hour's work employed, even for every cent spent for soap to wash the dirt from "his" clothes, while he, free as air, did what seemed to him pleasant and good. When he felt

the need of help he procured it, and no man or woman said, "Why do ye so?"

There was also another suggestion of which I hope the readers of this article will avail themselves. I quote the paragraph: "I have also noticed in these same families," referring to those wherein are mothers overtasked, till nerve and brain are strung to the highest tension, "that when the house mother is laid low by sickness, they can afford to have a doctor, or by death, they are not too poor to bury her. Some way is found to keep the domestic machinery running, generally, too, at an expense, which would have kept that same person a well, happy woman, could it have been expended at the right time." Is not here food for reflection?

Look around among your acquaintances. Take note of those whom you know are unwarrantably shortening their lives, and short-sightedly condemning their children to the perils of half-orphanhood, by, year after year, running that highly organized and tempered machine, the body, to its fullest extent and without the least relaxation, till lunacy or invalidism must, as a consequence, ensue.

Some women are themselves responsible for this state of affairs. But in a majority of instances, it is owing to a lack of confidence between husband and wife, or a desire for gain on the husband's part so short-sighted that it defeats the ends it covets. If the above class of men will not look at this subject in the light of duty and affection, I beg of them to take a money view of it. No one will be so devoted to your interests, work for you so patiently, care for you without money and without price, except a few kind words, as the wife you took to your bosom when love was young, and the world was yours for the winning. There is no slave so devoted, so self-sacrificing, so watchful as the loving wife when she knows that her services are appreciated. And there are some who persevere unshrinkingly in their duties, smilingly taking upon their shoulders burdens which are far too heavy for their slender strength when even this slight recompense is withheld, and indifference has taken the place of kind words and caresses.

It is useless to tell me that a man who lets his wife overwork till death or equally fell disease claims her for its victim, had true love for her in his heart. If he can pay a doctor in case of sickness, or bury her in case of death, he can, if he will, procure help over the hard times, which must come to every wife and mother, and prolong her life in health and happiness. She will thus save and earn more for him than if her life goes out in its morning, quenched by his desire for gain, which was greater than the love he bore the woman he had sworn to cherish and protect, and who, from the fact of being his wife, was cut off from other love, and incapacitated from earning her living at some trade or profession.

His horse and ox have a money value. He paid gold and silver for them, and when they die or are disabled, he feels it in his pocket, generally the seat of his tenderest affections. He must be careful that they do not strain their limbs or over-exert themselves in any way. Though there are men who so ill treat the dumb animals under their charge that it would be a libel upon those creatures to call their masters brutes. Of those I have nothing to say now, only I hope where there are such that they may forever lack the tender ministrations of woman, and that if they are not requited in this life, they will be provided with suitable punishment hereafter.

When I was a child I used frequently to see an old man drive a very fine horse past my father's house. The horse was strong, spirited and handsome, and his

master was so careful of him that he would never allow three persons to ride after him, even though one was a child. So far, so good. But this man was the father of twelve children, for whom their mother, a slender, delicate woman, did all the work, had all the care, and toiled early and late. She had never an hour of unbroken rest, day nor night, never an hour in which to read, or in any way develop her intellectual faculties. When the children were large enough to be of the least service, they helped father out of doors, while many hired men (for the farm kept increasing in size) added another burden to the Atlas-like load already upheld by the patient wife. What wonder that at the age of fifty she filled a suicide's grave. Softening of the brain, the doctors called it. I called it a clear case of overwork, and was roundly berated by a pious relative for casting a reflection on the ways of Providence.

Women have a right to life, liberty and happiness as much as the other sex. They have the right, I say, but when they marry, they deprive themselves of this right, except to the extent graciously permitted by their husbands.

The hours of toil for men are limited. When her husband's eight or ten hours are out, he reads, smokes, drives, loafs, or indulges in any amusement to which his taste allures him, but his wife has never an hour of relaxation. He has help in his business whatever it may be. Extra work calls for extra help there but not at home. Wife must get through it somehow.

He meets his friends, sees new faces, drinks in the fresh air, going to and from or at his work, hears the news at the store and blacksmith's shop, and when he gets home at night, where his wife has spent the day doing the same things she has done nine hundred and ninety-nine days before, and seen nothing but what could be seen inside the kitchen walls, if she shows the least curiosity as to what he may have seen or heard outside, or hints that she is tired and would like a little change, he is as much astonished as though the brindle cow had asked to be allowed to take lessons on the piano, or the pigs had petitioned for a dancing master. Change! What in the world ails the woman? Don't she have her babies, her dish pan and sewing? What more can a woman want?

What kind of a time would there be if the mother should every now and then go off for a day's hunting or fishing? Try it, hollow-eyed, pale-cheeked sisters, and see if what is good for the gander, is not equally good for the goose.

But, seriously, we must look to the men for a reformation in this matter. And I again beg of you to take a money view of your wives' work and health. You will find, when too late, that there is no one like the wife of your youth. Others may marry you for the sake of a home, or the éclat of your position, but they will not serve you so willingly and faithfully as she who looked at you through the glamour of a love which softened or obliterated all your faults, and made you in her eyes, the best and noblest of men. Every woman who loves—and one who does not, has no right to be a wife—thus regards her husband at the time of marriage, and it is the easiest thing in the world to keep her of this opinion.

But let me tell you confidentially that you will not achieve this happy result by means of neglect or overwork, or by starving mind and heart, and making her feel that through your sufferance only, does she draw the breath of life, and that no effort on her part, however arduous, can compensate you for this magnanimity.

Take the money you will have to pay

some pompous M. D., if she does not get out of the ruts, and subscribe for her favorite papers and magazines, and see that she has time to read them, even if you do have to tend the baby meanwhile. Perhaps he is a "squalling child," but possibly he inherits his father's disposition—I've heard of such things. Take her to see her mother, go to the mountains or to a picnic, let her have a new article of dress now and then, and don't grumble about it either. Procure help for her in the house while she is raising her family, or there is extra work to be done, or else don't wonder why your children are so weak and ailing. Make love to her, show her that your affection for her reaches even to your pocket, and in all respects treat her as you would wish to be treated were your positions reversed. Until you love your wife as well as you do yourself, have as much care for her as for your horse, and will put your hand in your pocket to save her from unnecessary toil and anxiety, don't call such a connection marriage.

THE DRESS OF OUR GRAND-MOTHERS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

The study of the costume of our ancestors must ever be an interesting exercise. It was one of the most pleasing occupations of my childhood, I well recollect, to visit the old wardrobe in the garret, and inspect dress after dress, wondering in my boyish way, at the queer-ness of this and the oddity of that fashion. And when one of my sisters donned brocade or silk, and with mincing step assumed to be the belle of this or that decade, my childish joy was complete. The styles of that wardrobe went back only fifty years or little more, though I believe there were a few relics of grandmother's belledom, worn when Lady Washington presided so grandly over the social assemblies of Annapolis and Philadelphia. There were also the cocked hat and the knee buckles and a waistcoat and breeches of my grandfather, all of which were sources of wonderment and interest to me. For a time let us look at the dress of our grandmothers.

The eighteenth century was the golden age of fashion for women. Ladies' costume during that period underwent such rapid changes in style, and its transitions were so varied that its extravagances are serious things to contemplate. From the time of George I., fashion has been such a varying goddess that it is surprising to know that nearly all her mimic forms have been preserved either by history or painting. Addison tells us that there is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress, which rose and fell in his own memory above thirty degrees. The prevailing style of coiffure for nearly twenty years, subject, however, to variations, was the tower or commode, which were sometimes worn two feet high. Gowns and petticoats were flounced and furbelowed so that every part of the garment was "in curl," so to speak. Scarlet stockings were worn by fashionable belles, and the practice of snuff-taking is mentioned by Addison as one that fine ladies had fallen into. Black patches were also worn on various parts of the face, a fashion that is amusingly ridiculed in the Spectator.

But the crowning novelty and monstrosity of the century was that true heiress and successor of the farthingale, the enormous, inconvenient and ridiculous hoop. It made its appearance in England in 1711, and from that time till near the close of the century, the hoop maintained its post, though it frequently changed its fashion. In 1735 we perceive it projecting all round like the wheel farthingale, the petticoat short, and the

gown without a train. In 1745 the hoop has increased at the sides and diminished in front. Ten years later it is scarcely discernible in some figures, and in 1757 it reappears, expanding right and left into the shape which the court dress of George III.'s reign has rendered familiar to us.

Aprons became a part of the dress of a fashionable belle during the early part of the century, and in 1744 they reached to the ground. They were next shortened, and lengthened again before 1752, as a lady is made to observe in one of the plays of that year, that "short aprons are coming into fashion again."

From 1715 to 1750 the most fashionable wrap was a cloak with a hood called a cardinal. This was supplanted by the capuchin. In 1735 the hair is still worn low, and covered by small frilled caps or flat, gypsy-looking straw hats of moderate dimensions. During the next decade, the caps become still smaller, but the hats larger, and a little bonnet tied under the chin makes its appearance. With regard to ornaments, the watch and etui adorned the waist, the jeweled necklace sparkled upon the bosom, and bracelets were worn over the long gloves.

During the reign of George III., ladies began to wear their hair high again. Mountains of curls, powder, flowers and feathers rose "Alp above Alp," upon the foreheads of our stately grandmothers, and certainly were not exceeded in absurdity and ugliness by the horned and heart-shaped head-dresses of the fifteenth century. Varieties of this fashion were in vogue as late as 1783 when a change occurred. The hair was lowered atop, but bulged out at the side like a bishop's wig profusely powdered, while two or three immense curls fell upon the shoulders. Four years later the hair was worn full and flowing, but powder maintained its ground till it was discarded by Queen Charlotte and the ladies of her court in 1793. The same year saw the abolition of the court hoop, which had lingered until this date.

Ladies wore white stockings even in mourning as late as 1778. The first pair of black silk stockings in England were worn by Mrs. Damer, the celebrated and eccentric sculptor. The fashion was adopted by several other ladies, her friends, and the soubriquet, "blue stockings," bestowed upon those highly cultured women, has its significant usage to-day.

The French Revolution had a powerful influence upon the female as well as the male costume of Europe. Fashion ever in extreme, rushed from high-peaked stays and figured satins, yard-long waists and hooped petticoats, into the lightest and slightest products of the loom, which clung round the form, and were girdled absolutely under the armpits. The bodice was open and frilled as far as the girdle both before and behind. The styles of antiquity seemed to be revived again. A Greek girl dancing at the Panatheneia, or a Roman maid at the Luperalia, could not have been robed more simply than a young lady of the beginning of our century in her ball dress. The only addition to the modern dress, was the long mitts which remained in vogue a long time, being fashionable as late as 1840.

The street dress of the time was quite as simple as was the ball dress, and resembled it somewhat, though different in minor details. Low shoes were worn upon the feet, and a bonnet very much resembling the old log cabin or the more modern Shaker bonnet, covered the head. The dress fell loosely about the limbs. The skirt was cut voluminous, and a long trail was a requisite. The empress Josephine appeared in nearly such an attire on the occasion of her coronation, and the la-

dies of our national capital walked down Pennsylvania avenue in a similar costume when President Jefferson succeeded to his second term of office. But the fashion soon changed, and two years later low shoes and trails both went out of style.

In 1811, the fashion had changed again. France set the style then as now. All Europe was convulsed with war, and a martial spirit was aroused, which had its influence even upon capricious fashion. Everything was a *la militaire*, and lovely and graceful women wore bonnets shaped like helmets, and collars like those of cuirassiers. Waists were still as short as ever, however, and crinoline, which had gone out with the old *regime*, continued to be unfashionable. The dress of a belle in 1812, was altered but little from that of the preceding year. The military spirit was rampant, and taste seems to have become obsolete. Even after the war had closed, the fashions did not improve. Tartans became fashionable after the appearance of the Scotch Highlanders in Paris, and dresses were made after that pattern up to the knee. The skirts were short as well as the waist, and clung to the limbs of the wearer. The bonnets were grotesque things.

Passing over an interval of four years we come to 1820. Some parts of the dress had changed, but not all. The skirts were long and flounced, but the waist was still shaped like a cuirass. The bonnet worn was large and unshapely, shaped something like a chaise top, and was ornamented with a plume. Lace ruffles were worn at the neck, almost rivaling the famous ruffs of queen Bess' time.

The gentleman's costume was fully as ungraceful. Shoes and breeches had gone out of fashion long since, and pantaloons had come in vogue, which were worn tightly strapped to the boot. The coat had a short waist and voluminous tails. The vest was also short. A collar was worn high in the neck, seemingly kept in place by an enormous neckerchief. The hat had a high crown and a narrow rim much resembling a modern stove pipe.

A few more years and 1828 has arrived. Our grandmothers were becoming staid matrons, and our mothers were just entering upon their belledom. A quarter of a century had brought about an entire revolution in dress. The difference between the ball dress of 1828 and 1803 is very marked. Hoops were again in the fashion, and stately head-dresses like those worn in the eighteenth century. The portraits of Lady Cavendish and the Countess of Blessington have rendered nearly every one familiar with this ridiculous style.

Of the fashions since then we shall make no mention. Any one can still find in old wardrobes samples of the various fashions which have flourished during the interval.

SCIENCE AND THE SOUL.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Who that has ever been blessed or visited by the divine Presence but will acknowledge that science of itself is unavailing to invoke or to hold that Presence? There are those who, weakly, claim that science should be the guide to spiritual life, but scientific teachers, many of them, profess no religious faith, on the contrary, labor with mingled ardor and coolness (if the expression may be used) to put science against religion and Christianity, which they deem only the infatuation of the human imagination, as worked upon by stronger minds or by traditional doctrines.

The modern scientists are doing a powerful work in the world, and their disci-

ples are chiefly those, too, who are really in search of truth, but who dig further and further away from its precious mines each hour that they hew new rocks after the fashion of their leaders. In their eagerness for knowledge, the end of which is truth, they lose sight of the great fact, that, the spirit of truth, which is love, must be abiding, if any would hasten to knowledge and hold it. Their hearts are right, but their minds are in the wrong. The foregoing statement may, at first thought, be deemed paradoxical, but is a fact, for, if they could prove the authenticity of Christianity they would believe; while some of those who profess to believe, set steadily their hearts another way, and God acknowledges not the belief of any who walk contrary to profession.

Just consider the subject carefully, and you will, dear reader, observe that the former have tried to set their hearts aright, but their eager minds have run away with spiritual affections, while the latter are persuaded in their minds, but the evil propensities of their hearts are suffocating the acknowledgments of the mind.

It has been said by a popular Christian writer, that the mind unbeliever is safer than the heart unbeliever, and I accept the validity of the assertion, for, if the heart of the former would be more sure to act upon conviction; while in the case of the other, the heart is already inclined to ways of darkness, which continually affect the mind, keeping it from the healthful influences of spiritual truth. The danger of either class of unbelievers, however, is imminent, and the intercessions of true believers can be neither too frequent nor too fervent, for the turning from evil ways of the one and the speedy conviction of the other.

While there are two classes of unbelievers, there are several classes of believers, that is, believers in a creed real, or in a creed self-created; a creed divine, or a creed human. And, as there is only one creed given for the whole earth, how can any departure from it be life-giving?

To every soul alike it has been said: "There is a broad way to destruction, and a narrow way that leadeth unto life." And Christ has said to all: "I am the way, the truth and the life;" "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." So it is not as difficult as it may seem, in this age of conflicting beliefs, to find the true one, although it will be found difficult, even impossible, to practice it faithfully without the influences of the Spirit, these three, the Father, the Son and the Spirit, being necessary to salvation, not of any one sect but of every soul.

Science is not opposed to Christianity only as certain scientists appear to make it so. There are scientific men, who, in their careful research, prove the compatibility of the two, and that each will acknowledge the other. But while science may throw light upon the revealed word of God to the intense pleasure of men, it belongs only to the word to give life and comfort, happiness; so that while science without it is cold and lifeless, it of itself is all-powerful for good with never a need of science to aid it, as the simplicity of faith, in thousands of instances, has proven.

Prof. Dana, the foremost of living geologists, says: "The grand old book of God still stands, and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the sacred word."

Evolutionists, on the contrary, go through long processes of explanation to substantiate their singular theories, or supposed discoveries, and get lost in an intellectual sea, when by the keen sight of faith they might truly explore the

wonders of nature, and science hold for them a mine of interest, far exceeding that they now faintly apprehend through lack of spirituality. They do away with the idea of miracles and special providences as the fruits of superstition, and then launch into the dark ocean of nothingness, trying to make reason prove nothing but fluid force, but which teaching will not sway the world, in which also dwell hearts and souls filled with affection and faith, as well as minds endowed with understanding and reason.

Yet there are numerous ists and isms besides, which seek to destroy the germs of true faith, and of which the word bids us beware. Worshippers of nature, worshippers of spirits, of intellect or of mammon, are all far from life, although transitory breath be given them. Argument has never yet restored a soul to life, but the love of God, through the Redeemer, many. Still, knowledge gained by argument, or by any worthy means, is never to be put down, for, has it not been also given to the world for its benefit? There are well-meaning but unintelligent people who will tell you that learning is not necessary to Christianity. That is an error. All real learning is promotive, though not creative of truth, and we must indeed first learn that truth is, before we can believe. We may learn it and not believe, but we cannot be supposed to believe what we have never heard.

Some scientists tell those likely to believe: "Be very careful not to entertain fallacies or ignorant notions." But the Christian believer has always this authoritative answer: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." So we should not stop at the rudiments of knowledge, resting content, but seek first to know all that may be known of wisdom, and afterwards of things material, whatsoever profiteth. Souls can thrive by faith alone, because to the soul that has faith, good is increased. But faith without knowledge would never avail for promotion of Christianity, even in the smallest community. Some must have knowledge to be God's teachers to others, and knowledge rightly used, not abused, is well for all. It is not knowledge (as some ignorantly claim) that kills the soul, but perversion of it. To get knowledge is a divine command, and it is the light of it which has beautified the ages dating from the Christian era. As much knowledge as any individual can consistently obtain is well for him or for her, yet it is not to the same degree within acquisition of all.

Knowledge increases pleasure of a pure kind, and it is not wrongly named power. While the world lasts may God bless it, as heretofore, throughout the land, so that "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased, that by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost, the comfortable gospel of Christ may be truly preached, truly received, and truly followed in all places, to the breaking down of the kingdom of sin, Satan, and death."

Science may inform and brighten the intellect, but let all who would reach beyond mere earth-life, dig not up the earth to try to prove that all life again descends to it, but press forward, with the soul repeating such comforting words of faith as these:

"Tis calm assurance all is well
Though how or when I cannot tell;
'Tis hearkening when no voice I hear,
'Tis smiling, though I weep and fear,
'Tis living in Thy blessed sight,
Where'er I breathe, by day or night,
And drinking in Thy tender love,
From all below and all above;
'Tis putting on the garment white,
Preparing for the blessed sight
Of that rejoicing, glorious feast
Which saints will share from great to least;
'Tis cleansing in Thy blood each stain,
And knowing pardon, peace again,
'Tis deep remorse, yet grateful song,

'Tis utter weakness, yet so strong,
'Tis stepping right, though burdened sore,
And hating sin yet more and more,
'Tis fighting hard, and yet at rest,
'Tis broken-hearted, and yet blest,
'Tis loving with unuttered love,
Though hard the heart and slow to move;
'Tis telling Thee my every thought,
And finding all I've ever sought;
'Tis hurrying to a glorious end,
The pressing towards my bosom Friend,
And meeting Him—Christ Jesus, come!—
'Tis folding tent, and reaching home."

LAZY DAYS.

BY MARIAN GREY.

"Marian," exclaimed my friend, Mrs. Williams, as she dropped my *HOUSEHOLD* which she had been reading with great interest, "there is a little advice I would like to give these young housekeepers, and I would like to have you write it for me. I can tell it well enough, but if I were to attempt to write it I should do it in such an unnatural manner that the very ones I hoped to reach would consider it too tiresome to read. You see I haven't the knack you scribblers have. You may weave it into a story or tell it right out, whichever way you think will do the most good."

I whipped out my note-book, and she proceeded to tell her story with such a delightful air of *naivete* that I decided at once that it would need no embellishments whatever, if I could only manage to reproduce her charming manner by writing it just as she related it.

"When I was first married," began she, picking up the knitting which is the inevitable companion of a middle-aged lady's afternoon chat, "I was settled down in a cozy little cottage with nearly everything in the world I cared for, to make me happy. As my husband was only a country editor of course I had a superabundance of that time which is not money, and but very little of the latter. So I was my own cook and chambermaid, and great pride did I take in making my home pleasant and being called an excellent housekeeper. But one bad habit followed me constantly. At certain intervals I was in the habit of taking what I called lazy days. These usually came just after the new magazines came in, and I would pile up my dishes and curl up in an easy chair and enjoy myself thoroughly. They were to me what cleaning days are to disorderly housekeepers. My husband was always willing, at such times, to lurch on odds and ends, and was glad to have me enjoy myself. But they at last brought me to grief, and it is to keep others who may have like inclinations from stranding on these self-same rocks that I now tell my story."

Among my husband's college friends was one young man of whom I stood in constant dread. I had never met him, but from my husband's description, and from letters I had been allowed to read, I felt that when the time came for him to visit us, I should need, at least, a month for preparation. He was a bachelor, and gloried in his single blessedness. He was of an opinion that women were a very unnecessary part of creation, and that if he ever married it must be one who exactly filled the pattern of his ideal. I knew my husband wished me to appear well before him, and had often expressed a desire that he might come upon us unexpectedly and catch a glimpse of our beautiful home life.

One morning the three monthly periodicals which we liked best, were brought in, and I decided to give up baking and take it easy the whole day. I gave up the baking, but did not feel at all easy in doing so. A gloomy impression of something coming cast its shadow before it, but I did not heed it. Unexpected company was a rare thing, so I stirred the fire vigorously, unheeding the fact that the ashes rattled out on the hearth and even

on to the pretty oil-cloth around the stove, and read on.

As the clock on the mantel was chiming eleven a peal of the door bell rang through the house. I sprang up with none of my usual tranquillity, and hastily picking up a few scattering articles on the floor, with the galling knowledge that every step I took could be heard in the porch, I opened wide the door. To my great relief only the office boy stood there, for I don't know why, but my first thought on hearing the bell was of my husband's cynical friend. 'Here's a note,' said he, with ill-concealed surprise, for my figure was certainly an untidy one.

I opened the note and read:

'My old friend, Tom Stillman, is in town, and will be over to dinner with me. As he leaves on the 12.30 train be sure and have dinner ready when we come. do your prettiest.'

FRED.

If a gulf could have yawned open before me I could not have been more dismayed. But I flew to work, running this way and that, taking many unnecessary steps, and doing everything wrong. As this should have been baking day there was absolutely nothing in the house to eat. Just before I heard their steps in the hall I slipped into a more becoming dress and met them with as good a face as I could muster under the circumstances, and soon had them seated at the table, trying to eat the poorest dinner I had ever cooked. Boiled potatoes flavored by drying down; fried ham, burnt to a crisp on one side and utterly destitute of cooking on the other; biscuits half done, with yellow soda spots showing all through them, and a plate of specked oranges for dessert. The tears would come, but I managed to hide them, but nothing could hide the look of chagrin in Fred's eyes which deepened to an expression of real grief as they fell on the hand with which I was passing Tom his cup, and mine following them beheld a streak of unmistakable dirt. I nearly dropped the cup, and excusing myself, left the room just in time to prevent the tears from adding disgrace to the occasion.

Tom Stillman has visited us many times since, and we often laugh over his first visit, which he declares was what first awoke him to the pleasures of married life. He is married now, and often quotes Mrs. W.'s ways to his wife, but never, never again, did he or any one else catch me enjoying a lazy day.

MARITAL INFELICITY.

When a man and woman find they have made a mistake in their choice of a companion for life, living loses much of its attractiveness; they have risked and lost all; and domestic discord stares them in the face as long as the matrimonial tie shall last. No wonder that strong men break down under the strain, that ardent women fling all social honor, all personal self-respect and self-restraint to the winds, and go off into the wilderness to escape the torture of such a life. It would be writing a treatise on human nature in the gross, were we to speak of the reasons which make marriages unhappy, and shipwreck domestic life. For all that goes to make men, goes to the destruction of the home when the currents set that way.

Jealousy is one cause; but we are bound by truth to say that some women are incomparably more jealous than men, and that where one marriage is rendered unhappy by this insanity on the part of the husband, a dozen are destroyed by the jealous folly of the wife. And after jealousy come irritability, impatience with small troubles, a worrying and uneasy disposition, and the fatal habit of "nagging." Past faults and troubles are never forgotten, but dragged to the

light again and again; and the petty pin-pricks do their fatal work. Men learn sometimes to disregard these small annoyances, as they learn to sleep under the sound of a waterfall, or the hammering of a brazier; but sometimes they do not, and then the constant dropping wears away the granite, and their patience goes to pieces with their happiness and their love. Grave faults, such as extravagance, drinking, flirting, gambling or the like, are, of course, reason enough why marriage should come to the ground.

But there are hundreds of cases where no grave fault can be urged, but which are covered by the term, incompatibility of temper. It is no one's fault. Each miserable creature uncongenially yoked is excellent in his or her own way, only their ways do not suit, and their excellencies are rendered null and void in consequence. These are of the mysteries of life. No one knows how it comes to pass that two such nice, dear people as these are to every one else, should be such torments to each other. "I could live with him," say friendly women with hearts full of blame for the wife who cannot. "I should know how to manage her," say admiring men, thinking the husband who has missed his way, a miff, if not a brute, because of his ill-success. No one knows where the hitch lies; perhaps the two immediately concerned could scarcely explain it. Anyhow it is there. These two dear creatures to all the world, these two doves when outside their own house door, are transformed into kites and furies when within; and there we leave them. It is a mystery and a tragedy in one; but human life is full of such things, and we have to accept what we do not understand. There is but one cure for this miserable state of things—gentle and long-suffering forbearance on both sides.

EVERY-DAY THOUGHTS.

BY AN EVERY-DAY WOMAN.

Have you any nook or corner in your excellent paper, Mr. Editor, for an every-day woman? Perhaps the title is not a very high-sounding one, but in an every-day world like ours, every-day people have to come to the front sometimes. We have certainly had an every-day winter to pass through, and it hardly seems left behind yet at the south and west, though it is April, and the robins are singing merrily here in New England. There—the every-day woman has let the fact escape her that she lives in New England. Well, no matter! it is a very good place to live in, and all through this every-day winter New England has been favored. Some years ago some of us recollect that there was talk about leaving New England out in the cold, but during this last winter there was much more danger that the south and west would be left out in hyperborean regions. We here in New England have not been snowed up for weeks without any communication with the outside world. We have not had to burn corn or unthrashed wheat, or hay, or telegraph poles, or railroad ties, or houses. Yes, I have seen it soberly stated that resort has been had to all these different kinds of fuel, in parts of the suffering west. As regards the houses, several families would live together in one house and burn the vacated houses, and even the furniture sometimes.

Every-day people have their every-day experiences, and very thankful am I that my every-day experiences are not in that plague-spotted portion of our land where Mormonism has its seat. I wonder if any of the members of THE HOUSEHOLD Band saw a picture in the Daily Graphic a few weeks ago, illustrating the beauties of Mormonism. Let me briefly describe it. A low house with a piazza, under which

were a number of women and babies. Outside were women with flabby looking sun-bonnets on, pursuing various avocations. Some were tending babies, some were cultivating the ground, one was performing the duties of the wash-tub, one was white-washing the domicile, all seemed busy and forlorn. Yes, forlorn! Terribly so! And where was the master and owner of all these busy workers? Not far off. Near enough to keep his eye on them, and keep them at their tasks. He sat on the roof of the piazza, with a superlatively indifferent and independent look, as though he was kicking his heels at his wives generally, Uncle Sam, and all the rest of mankind. Why should not he look and feel independent with all those women to perform all sorts of menial labor, and be their sole lord and master? The picture was a very forcible one, and left a deep impression upon my mind. May that time speedily come when Mormonism shall no longer poison the air with its baleful odor, and cast out its vile influences into sister states.

TOO LATE.

BY CONSTANCE.

Only two short words, yet what a burden of anguish have they carried to many hearts! The opportunity slips by, it shall not pass again, is my thought, but it is too late, the golden now is gone.

A fair rose bud nods on the bush outside my window, I will pick it for my hair to-morrow, but the warm rain and sun of the morning have hastened its decay, and I find only the half-naked stem, with a few faded petals clinging to it, to make the look of ruin more complete. Again, too late!

A little child begs for a fairy tale. "I have no time to-day," I tell her, "when I come again you shall have it."

Alas! I hurry to her bedside at a hasty summons, eager to tell her the most charming of stories. But the fair face is flushed, the ears are deafened by fever, and tenderlove must wait the slow recovery, for the story I am now so anxious to repeat. Again, too late!

A youth leaves home full of ambitious strength to seek a fortune in some distant land. His efforts are successful, and thoughts of home crowd on his mind. He will return, and again enjoy for a time those pleasures, and make glad the heart of father and mother. But new cares engross his mind, new opportunities open before him, and still he lingers. At last the ties are broken, and after a weary journey home, is in sight. But how sadly changed! Strangers occupy the old house, old friends and companions are scattered, and in the churchyard lie father and mother, who prayed so earnestly for his return. Oh, the bitterness of that moment! Fall on your knees, poor wanderer, and weep over those low mounds, while above your head the leaves rustled by the winds seem to cry, Too late!

A bitter impatient word falls from the lips and sorely wounds the heart of a friend. But spurred by anger, you turn away from the pleading face. A little time for reflection shows you your folly, and you make all haste to return, knowing well that her gentle heart can never refuse you forgiveness, those sweet lips will surely give you the kiss of peace, a clasp of that hand will heal your self-inflicted wound. You are met by hushed footsteps, and softened voices. A kind hand leads you to a darkened room where lies all that is mortal of that dearly loved friend. Let the tears rain on the quiet face; kiss those cold lips, they will never speak again. Clasp the passive hand, there is no returning pressure. Cover the stilled heart with fairest blossoms, but ever through your sad life must go those weary words, too late! too late!

God grant that when the last call comes, you may meet the loved one in paradise, and that not upon you may that fearful doom be pronounced,

"Too late! ye cannot enter now."

THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST'S REPORT ON BAKING POWDERS.

To the Editor of The Household:

The recent publication of the report, giving the comparative merits of various Baking Powders, according to tests made by the Government Chemist, has induced some of the manufacturers of brands, whose inferiority was thus brought to light, to resort to various means and publications, in order to rid themselves of the results of that unfavorable exposition of their inferiority.

That the public may fully understand the matter, and to avoid any misconception arising out of the statements of our competitors, seeking to break the force of the report, I herewith subjoin the main part of the report, in which the comparative values are correctly given.

Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder.

It is proper to state that all the powders examined were from the open market, and that the original labels were in every case broken by Dr. Love himself.

Name of the Baking Powder.	Strength, Cubic Inches Gas per each Ounce of Powder.
"Royal" (cream tartar powder) ..	127.4
"Patapasco" (alum powder)	125.2*
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh ..	122.5*
"Rumford's" (phosphate) old	32.7*
"Hanford's None Such," fresh	121.6
"Hanford's None Such," old	84.35
"Redhead's"	117.0
"Charm" (alum powder)	116.9*
"Amazon" (alum powder)	111.9*
"Cleveland's" (short weight $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) ..	110.8
"Sea Foam"	107.9
"Czar"	106.8
"Dr. Price's"	102.6
"Snow Flake" (Groff's, St. Paul) ..	101.88
"Lewis's" Condensed	98.2
"Congress" yeast	97.5
"C. E. Andrews & Co.'s" (contains alum)	78.17
"Hecker's"	92.5
"Gillies"	84.2
"Bulk"	80.5

In his report the Government Chemist says:

"I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

Dr. H. A. Mott, the former Government Chemist, after a careful and elaborate examination of the various Baking Powders of commerce, reported to the Government in favor of the Royal brand.

An extract from the doctor's report is given below:

"It is not only my opinion, but a scientific fact, that the Baking Powder known as the ROYAL BAKING POWDER is, as is claimed, absolutely pure, being entirely free (as demonstrated by Chemical Analysis) from all those inferior substitutes, such as Alum, Terra Alba, etc., which are so extensively used and which are all more or less injurious."

I have only to add, that for 20 years the Royal Baking Powder has been before the public, and it is to-day the standard for purity and excellence, almost the world over. It has been examined by Boards of Health and reputable chemists throughout the land, and has their highest commendations—and to-day no reputable chemist will dare put himself on record as stating that any of the materials used in its manufacture are unwholesome.

J. C. HOAGLAND,

President Royal Baking Powder Co.
New York, March 20, 1882.

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.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I believe I mentioned in my other note that I was trying to get Dobbins' much lauded Soap. After some little trouble I succeeded, and sent for the cards, (of course I did, for—I will just whisper it in your private ear—I have had the card mania dreadfully for towards a year, and it doesn't begin to abate yet, sad to relate.) Well, they (the cards) came very promptly, together with a note from Mr. Cragin, kindly warning me against the use of a spurious article of soap which a grocer first sent me with the assurance that it was made by the same parties, and was, in fact, identical with "Dobbins' Electric." Since Mr. C.'s caution I haven't cared to try it, however. The Shakespeare cards are very unique, certainly, and rich and desirable, and for the soap—well, really, I must drop dull prose while I tell you what my laundress says about it. Mrs. H. D. TODD.

North Haven, Ct.

Miss Bridget McBride from sweet Erin—God bless her! (Both Bridget and Erin—each worthy we hope.) Had always declared, as a laundry professor, Her art unperfection sans Irish soap.

And said, when I spoke of the soft air of Erin, (Where the sweet shamrock breathes, blest by patron and pope.)

That her lasses and linens grow wondrously fair in, "Air can't be imported, give me Irish soap!"

But now, since by dint of a deal of persuading, Miss Bridget's been brought to give "Dobbins'" a test.

She never grows weary its virtues parading, But says, "Of all soaps in the east or the west There's never a question but Dobbins' is best."

MR. CROWELL:—I have received and tested the sample bar of Dobbins' Soap sent me by Messrs. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, and cannot find words to express my entire satisfaction with it. I did two large washings with the bar, with only a very little hand rubbing in the most soiled places, and my clothes actually looked cleaner than when I rubbed them through two suds, and boiled them. I am convinced that it is something which no housekeeper can afford to do without, as it saves so much time and strength, besides the wear of the clothes in rubbing, which as a matter of economy in both time and material, is no small item to consider, as I think all housekeepers will agree. I shall take pleasure in recommending it to all my neighbors and friends, and will not be long in ordering a box from the nearest agent.

Mrs. C. L. CORNELIUS.

Kendall, McKean Co., Pa.

MR. CROWELL:—I have just tried the soap Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co. sent me, and unhesitatingly pronounce it the most superior article I ever used. I tested it with goods stained by time, and they became perfectly white. I shall endeavor to have it kept in our town that I may always have it convenient. I do not think too high an estimate can be placed upon it. Mrs. F. W. CHATFIELD.

Waynesboro, Miss.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—After an experience of five years constant use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, I would say to the public that it excels all other soaps or washing compounds I ever used. I find I can do my washing for a large family with less work and less time by the use of this soap than any other.

Eyota, Minn. Mrs. G. G. BARTO.

A RARE OFFER

From the Publishers of The Golden Rule to the Readers of The Household.

The Golden Rule is a weekly non-sectarian, religious family paper, published in Boston at two dollars a year. It is an elegantly printed 8-page paper, and is rated one of the best of its class.

No paper in the country can excel the Golden Rule in attractiveness and intrinsic value. It is the favorite family paper wherever introduced. It has something for every member of the family, and is always pure, bright, helpful, entertaining and pre-eminently readable. Whenever a fair trial has been given to the Golden Rule it has almost always secured a permanent subscriber. It is on this ground that a new departure is made in the history of newspaper enterprise. Read the following offer:

To any reader of The Household, not now a subscriber to the Golden Rule, sending us fifty cents, we will send the Golden Rule from the time the subscription is received until January 1, 1883.

Although this sum does not nearly cover the actual expense of paper thus sent, we know that it will be a good investment in the end, as experience has shown that when the paper has once gained a foothold in a family, it is almost sure to become a constant guest. Newspapers are like people; it takes time to get acquainted with them, but when once an attachment is formed, it is hard to break.

The publisher of THE HOUSEHOLD cordially endorses all that is claimed above for the Golden Rule. We consider it a paper of rare merit, and our readers will do well to accept at once so generous an offer.

Write at once, and mention The Household, enclosing fifty cents in silver, and put two 3-cent stamps on your letter. You are sure of four times your money's worth, at least. Address "The Golden Rule, Boston, Mass."

"JUST ANOTHER PERSON; THAT IS ALL!"

These are the words with which a lady, in Bridgeport, Ind., closes her report at the end of six months' use of Compound Oxygen. When she began the treatment she had been confined to her room for three months. Was a great sufferer in many ways; and from neuralgia for some three years. Had no appetite; suffered from palpitation of the heart, backache, ulcerated sore-throat, and pain in the lungs.

After using the Oxygen for six months, she says:

"I am now able to help about the work, and how thankful I am to you, I am not able to tell—have a splendid appetite—neuralgia all gone, and I am just another person; that is all."

Below is told the story of this case in condensed extracts from the patient's letters. In the first extract her case before treatment is stated:

March 29, 1881 Age 22; "Catarrh for ten years. Throat in terrible condition. No appetite, and do not taste bread; but live on raw eggs and cream. For three years had neuralgia and congestion of lungs. Not been able to leave room since December. Have palpitation of the heart and backache. Constipation and cold hands; pain all through my lungs; smother a great deal. Have sores in my throat, size of half a pea."

Report after receiving Home Treatment:

April 27. "Once more free from congestion and neuralgia; also palpitation. Sleep better and can lie on left side, which I have not been able to do for years. Eyes brighter, and gaining strength. No appetite: constipation no better. Right side, back, and below my lungs, hurt me very much, and left side hurts me below lungs."

May 23. "For first four days after commencing treatment I gained very fast, especially as to lung and heart troubles."

June 13. "Suffering greatly at times. Appetite largely increased. Throat sore."

Did not hear again until more than three months had elapsed, when the following gratifying report was received:

"It is now almost three months since I reported; but, since I received my last

treatment, I have improved too fast to be believed, could I tell. I am now able to help about the work, and how thankful I am to you, I am not able to tell you. My lungs are better than for three years. Heart trouble almost gone. A splendid appetite, and constipation, oh! so much better. My head scarcely ever troubles me; but my throat about the same. Neuralgia all gone, and I am just another person; that is all."

A LIFE SAVED:—A lady, in Passaic, N. J., wrote to Drs. Starkey & Palen, in October last, saying:

"Please send me one bottle of Compound Oxygen without delay. You sent me two months' supply nearly two years ago, and I believe that it saved my life."

Their record of her case, which was submitted in March, 1880, is as follows:

"Age 34—married. Severe cold in 1877, and bronchial trouble. After unusual excitement, have sudden paroxysms of coughing and raising blood. In 1878, entered on musical studies. October of that year old cough returned, completely unfitting me for work. In May, 1879, confined to bed. July 5, prostrated with nervous exhaustion. July 27, had slight hemorrhage—between that date and Aug. 11, had them frequently. Sept. 1, attacked with chills and fever, cough never ceased. In three days chills left me, and cough loosened. Overtaxed myself again, and in Oct., had eleven hemorrhages. Dr. D—said upper middle lobe right lung seriously diseased—pain there frequently. Sleepless, nervous, and mentally depressed—sometimes desperate. Not strong for twelve years. Martyr to neuralgia, especially around heart. Sinking spells and oppressed for breath."

This is the record of a very distressing, complicated, and difficult case. A treatment was sent as ordered, and what is accomplished, is told in the brief extract, "I believe that it saved my life." She further adds:

"I find it a great preventative and regulator: and have helped to spread its fame."

Drs. Starkey & Palen, Nos. 1109 & 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, are the administrators of this new remedy, the use of which is rapidly extending to all parts of the United States. Their Treatise on Compound Oxygen containing a history of its discovery, and a record of remarkable cases and cures is sent free.

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.

Mrs. J. A. McFarland, Kerrville, Kerr Co., Texas, would like to exchange cabinet specimens, Spanish moss and cotton bolls for marine specimens, bulbs or fancy work.

Hattie A. Crum, Athens, Bradford Co., Pa., has a lambrequin twenty-six inches long, worked on canvass with scarlet, to exchange for silk, satin or velvet pieces, except black.

Mrs. Lida Mitchell, box 35, Salem, Iowa, will exchange roots of double white rose for bulbs or pampas plumes.

Elmie C. Ryan, Lohrville, Iowa, will exchange a new key to Robinson's arithmetic, costing ninety cents, for nice lamp mat or tidy.

Mrs. L. Curtis, West Peabody, Mass., has three years of Scribner's magazine, two years of Harper's magazine, one year of Atlantic, to exchange for one of those small melodians.

Mrs. J. Burroughs, Nunda, N. Y., has a new mowing machine, and a grain drill to exchange for a Shetland pony; also a banjo and four common-sense sewing machines for something useful. Write first.

O. E. Legg, Clintonville, Ohio, has print, silk, velvet and satin pieces to exchange for bulbs, shells, or cabinet curiosities.

Mrs. A. C. Lee, Grayling, Mich., would like to exchange a macramé shopping bag (good size) for a young male canary that is a good singer.

Mrs. Delia Newell, Correctionville, Woodbury Co., Iowa, will exchange "Robin Adair," with variations, and "Silver Lake Waltz," the two for the song "Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest."

Mrs. J. H. Wetzel, Chilcope, Mass., would like bulbs, except oxalis and gladiolus, rooted slips of house plants, and seeds, for lamp and toilet mats, card board fancy work, and feather edged braid edgings.

Mary S. Whaley, Compton, Los Angeles Co., Cal., will exchange pampas plumes, sea moss, shells, and bulbs of the Australian crocus, for sea moss, painting on wood, or patterns of new fancy work.

Mrs. J. C. C. Ellis, Sandwich, Mass., has one year of The Musical Monthly, to exchange for nice fancy cards or embossed pictures, and dried grasses. Write what is wanted in exchange for grasses.

Mrs. H. C. Read, 11 North Ave., Dorchester, Mass., would like to exchange pieces of silk, for pieces of cretonne five inches square. Please state size of silk you wish.

Miss Fannie Lovett, Brooklyn, Alameda Co., Cal., has gladiolus bulbs to exchange for autumn leaves. Please write first.

Mrs. L. C. Woodbury, Spencer, Mass., has Phrenological Journals, and Peterson's magazines to exchange for Will Carlet's poems, Arthur's magazines or Scribner's. Write first.

Mrs. Cassie A. Folsom, Dell Rapids, Dakota, will exchange geological specimens of Dakota and Iowa for shells, moss, minerals, or any curiosities or specimens.

M. Thomas, Box 304, Los Angeles, Cal., has sea shells of twenty kinds and polished abalone or ear shells to exchange for other shells. Please write first.

Mrs. Jane E. Wells, Monroe, Green Co., Wis., has patterns for fancy work to exchange for nice cabinet specimens, such as minerals, quartz, agate, petrified wood, etc. Please write first.

Mary E. Bixby, Royalton, Niagara Co., N. Y., would like to exchange a handsome knit tidy, or pieces of print for stereoscopic views, or curiosities for a cabinet.

Mrs. T. Donaldson, Greenville, S. C., will exchange six calla plants for fine gladiolus bulbs, foliage geraniums, or other plants that are profuse bloomers. Please write first.

Mrs. H. W. Champlin, N. Blenheim, Schoharie Co., N. Y., will exchange card of pressed moss from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, for Florida moss, house rose bushes, or fancy work.

Mrs. E. H. Lincoln, East Norton, Mass., will exchange pieces of print, patterns of crocheted braid edging, for red or yellow oxalis bulbs, rooted slips or advertising cards. Please write first.

Mrs. Col. Walcott, of Pawtucket, R. I., wishes to exchange Demorest's paper patterns, consisting of children's dresses and ladies' waists, and one design for table cloth for advertising cards.

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.

CARPETS.

J. H. PRAY, SONS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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Varieties.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
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12 Alternantheras,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Basket Plants,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Begonias,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Bouvardia,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Carnations,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Centaurea,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Chrysanthemum,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Cigar Plant,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
8 Cyclamen,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Daisy, double,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Feverfew,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Fuchsia,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Pelargoniums,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Geraniums, single,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 " double,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 " Golden Bronze,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 " Sweet Scented,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 " Ivy Leaf,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Gladiolus,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Heliotrope,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Lantana,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Lilies, English,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Smilax,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Oxalis,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
15 Pansy, choice strain,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
8 Primrose, single,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Petunia, double,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
20 " single,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Everblooming,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
10 Roses, Hardy Perpetual,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 " Climbing,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
5 " Moss,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Salvias,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
15 Tuberosa, double, common,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
15 " Pearl,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 Verbenas, Lemon,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

Purchasers can select 12 plants, 1 of a kind, from above list for \$1, except Moss Rose, Primrose, bronze Geranium, and Cyclamen; of those 8 plants may be selected for \$1, not including Moss Rose. 6 \$1 packages for \$5; 13 \$1 packages for \$10. 15 plants, (15 varieties,) my choice, from above list for \$1. 8 Golden Bronze Geraniums, including the new Happy Thought, J. Offin, Distinction, Crystal Gem, Exquisite, Goldfinch, Richard Thornton, and Model, for \$1.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Primrose, Tuberosa, Moss, Tea, Bourbon, Hardy, Climbing, and China Roses, fine, strong plants, (6 in all.)

For \$1 will send 1 each, Camellia, Azalia, Wax Plant, Bouvardia, and Calceol.

For \$1 will send 2 Dahlias, 2 Cannas, 1 Calladium, and one hardy Phlox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Japan Lilies, 1 Paleonia, and one hardy Phlox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Climbing Honeysuckle, and 3 varieties Hardy Flowering Shrubs.

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The roses are all wintered in cold houses, and are in condition to produce the very best results for summer blooming, with proper treatment.

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For convenience of those unable to select best bedding varieties, I offer below a list selected with my best judgment, only the most distinct and free blooming sorts among our best old and new varieties, and the purchaser is sure to be pleased with the result. Large, strong plants, ready for immediate bloom, by mail or express.

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Coleus,	.75	" Double,	1.00
Danlias,	1.00	" Golden Bronze,	1.00
Fuchsias,	1.00	" Silver and Golden	1.00
Gladioli,	.50	" Tri-color,	1.00
Heliotropes,	.75	" Ivy Leaf,	1.00
		" Sweet scented,	1.00
		Pansies,	\$0.40
		Petunia, Double,	1.00
		Pelargoniums,	1.00
		Roses, Everblooming,	1.00
		Summer Blooming Bulbs,	1.00
		Verbenas,	.40
		Lantanas,	1.00

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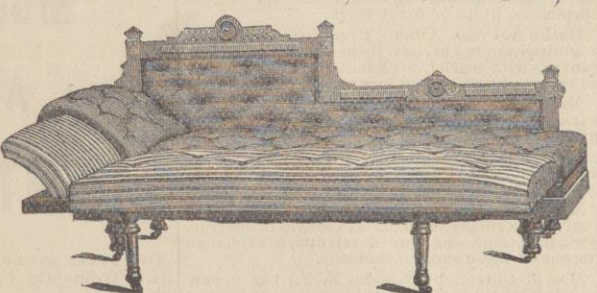
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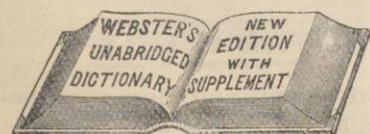
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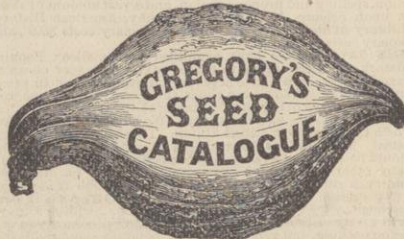
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WANTED AGENTS for the complete and authentic Life of **HENRY W. LONGFELLOW**, by F. H. Underwood. Illustrated. The people are ready for it. **B. B. RUSSELL, 57 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.**

Wait for the Best!

To our readers and their friends who are in want of sewing machines, we earnestly advise waiting a few weeks for a new and greatly improved machine, nearly ready to be put upon the market, combining all the best features of other sewing machines with several desirable additions peculiar to itself. This machine is first-class in every respect, handsome in appearance, in point of workmanship unexcelled by any now in the market, large, roomy, noiseless, and by all odds

THE HICBY

tures of other sewing machines with several desirable additions peculiar to itself. This machine is first-class in every respect, handsome in appearance, in point of workmanship unexcelled by any now in the market, large, roomy, noiseless, and by all odds

The Easiest Running Double Thread Machine Ever Built.

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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pay the exorbitant prices heretofore asked for a first-class article. In this machine we have simplicity, durability and efficiency combined with reasonable prices, making it most emphatically

THE MACHINE FOR THE Household!

Being thoroughly convinced of its merits, and desirous that our readers should have the chance of benefiting themselves by getting a superior article at a reasonable price, we make this announcement, and close as we began by earnestly advising one and all if you are in need of a good sewing machine, one that will be sure to give you perfect satisfaction, you will never regret it if you

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nouncement, and close as we began by earnestly advising one and all if you are in need of a good sewing machine, one that will be sure to give you perfect satisfaction, you will never regret it if you

Wait for the Best!

Have you read Butter Color Item under cut of Jersey cow?

—Bologna is the link that unites man with the brute.

An enricher of the blood and purifier of the system; cures lassitude and lack of energy; such is Brown's Iron Bitters.

—One touch of winter makes the whole female world sealskin.

As a Cure for Piles

Kidney-Wort acts first by overcoming in the mildest manner all tendency to constipation; then, by its great tonic and invigorating properties, it restores to health the debilitated and weakened parts. We have hundreds of certified cures, where all else had failed. Use it and suffer no longer.—*Exchange.*

—“Take your time,” as the jeweler said to the customer who had forgotten his chronometer.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. 233 West-ern Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Com-pound in all female complaints.

—In addition to other diseases barring a man from life insurance, should not chronic base ball be included? Scarcely a week passes without a fatal case of base ball.

Labor Saving.

The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney-Wort has induced the prop-rieters, the well-known wholesale druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form. It saves all the labor of preparing, and as it is equally efficient it is preferred by many persons. Kidney-Wort always and every-where proves itself a perfect remedy.—*Buffalo News.*

Reader, the Orange Butter Color is perfect! Time and trial alone will convince you.

—It is a well-known fact that a grindstone some-times explodes into fragments. Marble, we fear is hardly safe for sculptors to use, as we notice a placard in an art gallery the other day, notice-ly intended to warn visitors of danger, which read: “Parian Marble Busts.”

An invaluable strengthener for the nerves, muscles, and digestive organs, producing strength and appetite, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

—The latest marvel of science is instantaneous photography. By the aid of this process it is possible to obtain a picture of yourself and girl in the act of being thrown over a stone wall by a runaway horse. This picture can be placed on the mantelpiece in a maroon velvet frame as a warning to young men to never let go the reins with both hands.

Moving springs of action are deeply interfused with principles subject to certain laws. The nerv-ous man finds his life blasted, but he can be re-stored to vigorous health by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They are simple, harm-less, and efficacious.

A WORD OF ADVICE ABOUT THREAD.—Com-paratively few understand the extent to which consumers of thread are defrauded by short mea-sure in low priced SPOOL COTTON. Much that is labelled 200 yards does not contain more than 130 yds. Insist upon having the HOLYOKE THREAD, 3-CORD, FULL MEASURE, 200 YARDS.

A FINE OPPORTUNITY

for an intelligent, well-educated, ambitious, self-reliant girl of limited means, to obtain a knowledge of a first-class profession by her own efforts.

WANTED—A New England girl, not under twenty years of age, who is a model housekeeper, to do general housework for a family of four adults. The remuneration for such service to be instruction in Shorthand Writing and in the use of the *Caligraph*. Address for particulars. Mrs. SCOTT-BROWNE, Col-lege of Phonography, 23 Clinton Place, New York City.

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HAS BEEN PROVED
by thousands and tens of thousands all over the country to be the **SUREST CURE** ever discovered for all
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (every druggist will recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
Incontinence or retention of Urine, brick dust or rosy deposits, and dull dragging pains all speedily yield to its curative power.
PRICE \$1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
KIDNEY-WORT

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 per-fect satisfaction, both as regards beau-ty of workmanship and clearness of tone.

This offer places one of the most de-sirable organs for the family or society room within reach of thousands of our readers. Many have already availed themselves of our previous similar of-fers and many others will we trust do so this season.

—The new moon was pointed out one even-ing to Johnny, who was just learning to talk; being asked if he saw it he said: “Yes, I see the rind of it.”

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all informa-tion about his books, medical fee, etc.

We call the attention of our readers to the announcement of the Higby Sewing Machine Co. in another column. Believing the machine will be all its manufacturers claim for it, we cordially endorse their advice to all who want a sewing machine that will be sure to please, to wait until they can supply them with a genuine Higby. We believe this machine is destined to take the lead in this country at least, and hope our readers will not be slow in availing themselves of the advantages it offers.

See advertisement of “Woman at Work,” and send a dime for specimen copy. You will find it richly worth the investment.

THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSUR-ANCE COMPANY.—The thirty-eighth annual report of this long-established and reliable company contains several features of inter-est. Established in 1844, this company has made itself a place among the strongest cor-porations in the country, and gives to its members most desirable advantages. Thor-oughly mutual in its policy, it makes the most careful investments of its funds, has an excellent method of taking risks, and is very liberal in its treatment of retiring mem-bers. Its business is conducted with a strict regard to economy, the expense for 1879 hav-ing been only a half of one per cent. on the mean amount insured during the year. Since 1869 the expenses have at no time been more than .73 of one per cent., the ratio in that year. For the past twelve years the ra-tios have been .57, .53, .70, .51, .50, .51, .48, .53, .50, .50, .56, and .65 respectively. The com-pany has a surplus of \$2,635,894.93. The re-port is now ready for distribution, and will be sent free on application.—*Boston Journal.*

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.25. Send to the au thor at Reading, Mass. 2tf

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A Refreshing Drink.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate forms an excellent substitute for lemon juice, and as such will fur-nish a refreshing drink for the sick.
Fair Haven, N. Y. A. L. HALL, M. D.

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Mr. Geo. E. Crowell, proprietor of THE HOUSE-HOLD, informs us that he is in receipt of numer-ous inquiries for our address, induced by the cordial testimony borne by several of his regular contributors to the value of our Foods in sickness and health. We therefore append our address, and desire to say that pamphlets describing our Health Foods, and indicating how the strong can continue to be strong, and how the feeble may be strengthened, together with the opinion of Prof. Austin Flint and others, and giving full details as to prices, and recipes for healthful cooking, will be mailed to all addresses forwarded to us by postal card from readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.
HEALTH FOOD CO., 74 Fourth Ave., New York.
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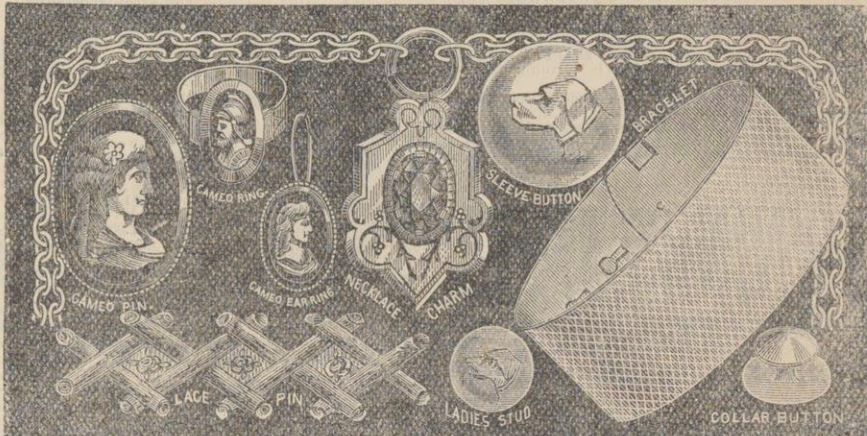
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These beautiful pictures are reproductions from Genuine Oil Paintings by the most re-nowned artists of the world, some of the originals having been sold as high as \$3,000, and we paid as high as \$600 for some of the oil paintings ourselves. Among this col-lection will be found “GOING TO THE PASTURE,” by Berger-Potter; “THE BURIAL OF THE PET BIRD,” “HAPPY CHILDHOOD,” “THE FAITHFUL COMPANION,” “FLYING THE KITE,” “THE LITTLE SAILOR,” “EARLY AWAKE” and “THE LITTLE ARTIST.” These OLEOGRAPHS are size 10x14, and are produced in sixteen oil colors equal to any oil painting in the market. They are something entirely new, and retail for \$1.00 each in New York City. They are worthy a place in any parlor and are sure to please. In addition to this we give

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This Casket contains the following articles of **ELEGANT JEWELRY FOR LADIES' WEAR.**—1 pair Bracelets, (very beautiful), 1 Lace Pin, 1 pair Cuff Buttons; 3 Studs, (the Buttons and Studs are handsomely engraved with various designs in Gold), 1 Cameo Pin; 1 pair Cameo Earrings, 1 Cameo Ring, 1 Collar Button; 1 Necklace and 1 Necktie Charm, set in either Amethyst, Topaz or Garnet and heavily plated with Gold. Upon receipt of **ONE DOLLAR**, on or before **AUGUST 1st, 1882**, we will forward all the above described 15 pieces of jewelry. **POST-PAID** to any address in the United States or Canada. We make this unparalleled offer, believing that by introducing samples of our goods in new homes we will secure permanent customers for our **ARTISTIC JEWELRY** which we manufacture from new and original designs. A large Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and other Jewelry will accompany each Casket. Under no circumstances will we sell more than one Casket of this **COMPLETE COLLECTION OF FASHIONABLE JEWELRY** to any **ONE** person, and you must order it **BEFORE THE 1st OF NEXT AUGUST**. **IF YOU DO NOT SEND IN AT ONCE, PRESERVE THIS NOTICE, AS IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.** Should you desire more than one Casket we will furnish them at \$5.00 each. Address.

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The above offer to our readers is made by an old and established firm, and no doubt will meet with the response so liberal an offer should

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Most Wonderful GHOST ever re-duced. **PERFECTLY VISIBLE IN THE DARK; STARTLING EFFECTS,** will scare Burglars, Thieves and Trespassers “out of their boots,” but a mint of fun for those “who know.” **AGENTS Wanted Everywhere.** Sample sent post-paid for 25 cents. (Silver or 1 ct. stamps). Address, **E. C. WILLIAMS & CO.,** Sole Proprietors, 195 and 197 Ful-ton Street, New York City.
Size of Skull 4 x 5 1/4 inches.

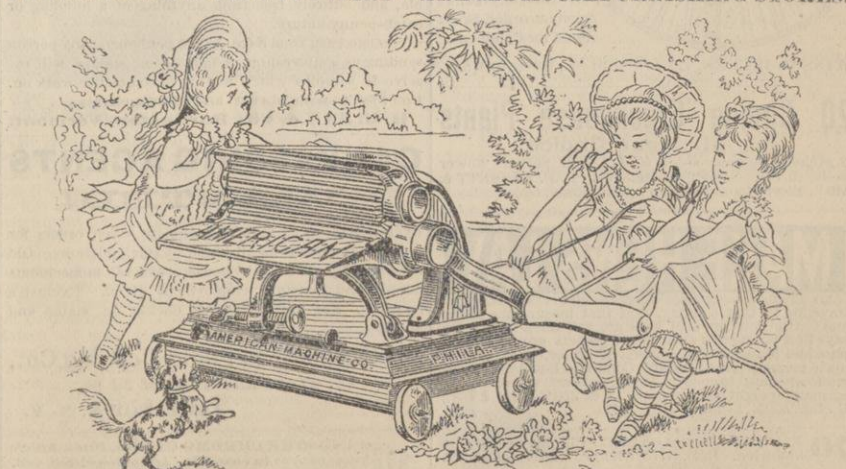
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For Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchial Catarrh, Hoarseness, and All Throat and Lung Troubles.

For the Throat and Lungs.

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"I think the trial box of Warren's Troches you sent is doing me much good. Having been troubled many years with bronchitis, I have tried various remedies; so far none have given such immediate relief."—[Rev. R. A. York, Yarmouth, Me., March 3.]

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Price 25c. a box. Sent by mail, on receipt of price. Address "American Medicine Company," Manchester, N. H. For sale by leading druggists. George C. Goodwin & Co., Boston, General Agents.

LADIES Are you aware that most of the low-priced **SPOOL COTTON** is either short in length, or only two-cord, and possibly both?
Much that is labelled 200 yards does not contain over 130 yards.
Dealers sell it because they can buy it cheap, and do not expect the cheat to be discovered.
You should insist upon having **HOLYOKE THREAD**, every Spool of which is warranted three-cord, and to contain 200 yards.
It is cheaper for you at three cents a spool than most makes are at two cents.
See that a poorer article, on most of which the manufacturers are, properly, ashamed to affix their names, is not imposed on you instead of it, from interested motives.

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It not only removes every blemish, but gives a glow and bloom to the complexion. It is absolutely harmless. Ladies of Fashion give to it the highest recommendation. Send for testimonials. Ask your druggist for it and take no other. Beware of imitations. **50c.** a bottle. **CHAMPLIN & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.**

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The "DOVER EGG BEATER" is the only article in the world that is **Warranted to DELIGHT the Purchaser**. There NEVER has been, and is not now, another article made that men dare to support with such a warrant. For 50 cts. one is sent by mail, postpaid.

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WORK. We are now prepared to start persons of either sex in a good business, legitimate and honorable, and entirely free from anything of a humbug or catch-penny nature.

You can earn from **50c. to \$2** per hour. Any person sending us a silver dime or four 3-cent stamps will receive 10 samples which will do to commence work on. Don't fail to write at once and address plainly,
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TRIBUNE & FARMER, Phila., Pa.
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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 doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of valuable receipts, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing 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.

HOW TO GET A WATCH FREE. We make a special offer to every reader of this paper to send a copy of our splendid engraving, "The Lord's Prayer," in tinted colors, size 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches, the BEST for the money ever published, for only 25c., if used to canvass with.
(Price has always been 50c.)

Special Club Rates.—If you will get up a club of ten subscribers and send us \$2.50 we will make you a present of ten copies free; that is, we will send you 20 copies, post-paid, for only \$2.50. This engraving has been endorsed by the leading religious papers as the BEST for the money ever offered. Every one sending us an order will receive a book telling how to get a GOOD WATCH FREE. As to our reliability, we refer to any leading mercantile house in this city. Address
E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau-st., New York.

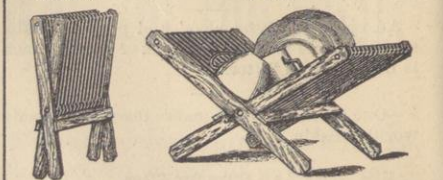
KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail. **STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.**

CHILDREN'S WARDROBE. I will send to any readers of THE HOUSEHOLD for one dollar and fifteen cents the following patterns, viz.: Infant's night slip, shirt, two dresses, one sack, one bib, barrow coat band, petticoat band; or for the same price patterns for first short clothes, three dresses, two aprons, under waist, day drawers, night drawers, sack, skirt, and sunbonnet, with full directions for making. State sex in writing. Address, **CHRISTIE IRVING, 120 Maple Ave., Springfield, Ohio.**

THE FLORAL INSTRUCTOR. 16 pages, monthly, 30 cents per year. Sample free. 6 window plants or ten papers flower seeds, 25 cents. **Stowell & Meehan, New York, N.Y.**

Wood Dish Drainers.

PAT. DEC. 9, 1879.
CLOSED. IN USE.



Length 15 inches. Width, spread, 14 inches.
Stands in the sink. Receives and drains the dishes. Does not break them. Takes no rust. Takes no available room in the sink. Costs less than wire drainers. Closes compactly to put away. Lasts a life-time. Fifty cents obtains one by mail, postage paid.

DOVER STAMPING CO., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Tuberous-rooted Plants. Many of the most beautiful flowering and ornamental-leaved plants are grown from these bulbs, the finest are each, dozen.
Achimenes, mixed, 30c. \$3.00
Begonia, (tub) named, 50c. 5.00
Caladium, fancy le'v'd etc. 2.50
Gesneria of sorts, 75c. 6.00
Gloxinia Crassifolia, 30c. 3.00
Mixed sorts as shown in engraving. One good bulb of each for \$1.50.
Six of each, \$7.50; free, by mail. Remit P. O. Order or Stamp. Dr. H. A. DREER, 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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50 Elegant Imported designs, all Chromo, (xxx board) in beautiful colors, Gold & Silver, German & French Florals, Scenery from the River Rhine, Arctic Scenes, Mossrose Series, Ocean Views, Bird Motives, &c. name in fancy script type, 10c. or 15c. Extra Large size Embossed Chromo, name in any style, 10c. Agt's make 40 per cent, 14 packs of either for \$1. Our beautiful Sound Book of 100 Styles, for 1882, 25c. Full particulars with every order, Blank Cards at wholesale. **CARD MILLS Northford Ct.**

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.

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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 DYSEPTIC'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, and 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.

HONEY BEES.

The New System of Bee-Keeping. Every one who has a Farm or Garden can keep Bees on my plan with good profit. I have invented a hive and New System of Bee Management, which completely changes the whole process of Bee-keeping, and renders the business pleasant and profitable. I have received One Hundred Dollars Profit, from sale of Box Honey from One Hive of Bees in one year. **Illustrated Circular of Full Particulars Free.** Address
MRS. LIZZIE E. COTTON, West Gorham, Maine.

SHOPPING BY MAIL! **MARJORIE MARCH, 231 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.,** will do your shopping. Send for circular.

Tilden Ladies' Seminary.

Have you daughters to educate? Send for our new tri-annual catalogue and report of the late 25th anniversary, to
HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M., Principal,
West Lebanon, N. H., July 15, 1880.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address **STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.**

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfits free. Address **H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.**

70 CARDS with name on, 10c. All entirely new styles. Beautiful designs, Horse Shoes, Hands Holding Flowers, Birds, Motives, Sea Views, etc. For an order for 12 packs (12 names) and 6c. extra to pay postage, we will send free 6 extra Silver Plate Tea Spoons. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents' samples 6c. **CARD WORKS Birmingham, Ct.**

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of

Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address
DR. H. G. ROOT, 123 Pearl St., New York

NOTICE.—I will pay good price for lists of fruit growers to send my fruit package circular to. Every grower sending for it saves money. Is free.
N. D. BATTERSON, Buffalo, N. Y.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. **G. I. KEND & CO., Nassau, N. Y.**

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can sympathize with Woman.



Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

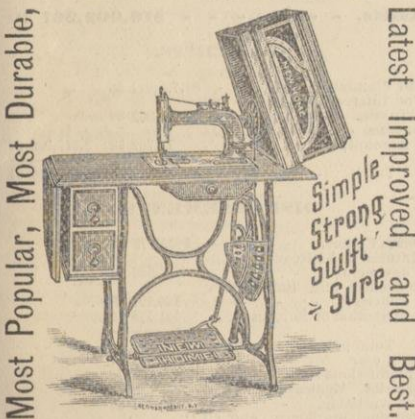
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists.

THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME.



All its wearing parts are made of steel, carefully tempered, and are adjustable. It has the automatic tension. It has the easiest threaded shuttle. It has a self-setting needle. It has a large space under the arm. It has a scale for regulating the stitch. It is warranted for five years. The bobbins are wound without running or unthreading the machine. It is almost noiseless and has MORE POINTS OF EXCELLENCE than all other machines combined. Woodwork made of solid black walnut in new and beautiful designs. Attachments adjustable and nickel-plated.

NEW HOME SEW'G MACH. CO., 30 Union Square, New York, & Orange, Ms.

CONVENIENT ARTICLES

Mailed for the prices given, and worth the money:
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 thing for the purpose ever invented, and indispensable where neat, well kept nails are desired; 20 cents.
Combined Pocket Tape Measure, Mirror and Pin Cushion, nickel plated; 25 cents.
Pocket Drinking Cup, of polished metal, telescoping together, and enclosed in a tin box; 30 cents.
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, including state. Address
CHENEY & CLAPP Booksellers and Stationers, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Interesting to Singers, PUBLIC SPEAKERS, AND THOSE TROUBLED WITH Catarrhal Affections.

ST. JOHN'S RECTORY, DOVER, N. J., March, 15, 1882.

American Medicine Co., Manchester, N. H.—While I never wrote a recommendation of any sort of prepared medicine and do not like the practice, still in the case of Dr. Warren's Wild Cherry and Sarsaparilla Troches I ought to tell you that they fully accomplish the purposes for which they are employed. As an elocutionist, and with considerable experience in the training of choirs, etc., I have some knowledge of voices and throats, my own and other people's. A troche that has a curative instead of a palliative effect, that releases the voice and restores the impaired elasticity of the vocal cords by relieving the swollen and over-charged glands instead of merely causing a temporary relaxation or stimulation of the membrane, is felt in every training school and musical conservatory to be a great desideratum. All preparations for that purpose should be tried by those tests and qualities. Your box of Wild Cherry and Sarsaparilla Troches came to me just at the worst season for those who have daily and exhausting vocal labors. It found me with the regular breaking-up-of-winter throat, hoarseness, and something of a cold on the lungs. I used them for one Sunday myself, getting through three services, including Sunday school with singing, so much easier than usual, that I was actually better the next day instead of the customary Monday throat and chest lameness. For the next choir rehearsal I distributed the troches to the members of the choir for the purpose of having them compared with such pastilles or confections as they had used. The verdict upon them is unanimous in their favor, and now we all want more of them. I sincerely believe them to be of the utmost value to those affected in any way by temporary difficulties with the vocal organs, or more seriously afflicted by that most provoking annoyance, the catarrhal engorgement of the mucous membrane. Faithfully yours,

D. D. Bishop, rector of St. John's church, Dover, N. J.
 A box of Dr. Warren's Wild Cherry and Sarsaparilla Troches sent by mail for 25 cents. Address AMERICAN MEDICINE CO., Manchester, N. H. For sale by leading druggists. Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston, General Agents.

Boston University Law School

OPENS OCT. 4. ADDRESS THE DEAN, EDMUND H. BENNETT, LL. D., BOSTON, MASS.

Agents wanted for Sullivan's IRELAND OF TO-DAY.

(Introduction by Thos. Power O'Connor, M. P.) It tells why the people are poor and uneducated, why rents are high and families occur. It shows how the land was confiscated, and the manufacturers ruined. It describes the Land League, the Land Act and the Coercion Bill. Contains 32 Engravings and Map in Colors. Price only \$2.00 per Copy. Sales immense. Send 50c. for full outfit and begin work at once. For full particulars, address
 J. C. McCURDY, & CO. Cincinnati, Ohio

BOWKER'S HILL AND DRILL PHOSPHATE

SEND FOR PAMPHLET.

This is a true bone superphosphate, and may be used on any crop, in the hill or drill or broadcast, either with or without manure, and will produce a much earlier and larger crop. In the Report of the Mass. Inspector of Fertilizers, its valuation is from \$3 to \$10 per ton higher than other phosphates which sell at the same price. The past year over 3000 tons were sold against 100 tons three years ago, showing that it is liked by the farmers. If there is no local agent near you, send to us.

Also for sale STOCKBRIDGE MANURES.

BOWKER FERTILIZER CO. BOSTON & NEW YORK

THE WHITE IS KING.

It has the finest finished wood-work and is the BEST MADE MACHINE in the market. Its shuttle is self-setting; its bobbins can be filled or attachment removed without running. It is simple in construction and light running, that a child can use it. It is WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

Agents can make more money handling the "White" than any other.

Address, for particulars, WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FANCY CARDS—2 sets (10 cards) and catalogue new styles, 50c.; 4 sets, 1.00. G. P. Brown, Beverly, Mass.

CLEOPATRA

OR THE

Queen of Sheba's Beauty WAS BUT SKIN DEEP.

The renowned Queen of Sheba, with all her royal pomp, magnificent apparel, and brilliant retinue, would never have appeared within the presence of the grandest of the monarchs of the past, had she not also possessed that which is the crowning glory of the female person—a skin unchallenged for its Oriental softness and its almost transcendental purity. Cleopatra, holding emperors at bay, and ruling empires by her word, had quickly lost her charm and power by one attack of blotches, or of pimples, or of horrid tan and freckles.

WOMAN RULES THE WORLD

by her beauty, not less than by her purity of character, loveliness of disposition and unselfish devotion. Indeed, in the estimation of perhaps too many men beauty in a body takes precedence over every other consideration. Beauty thus forms an important part of woman's "working capital," without which too many, (if not bankrupts in what relates to influence within the circle where they move,) are powerless for great good. Hence we see not only the propriety but the duty of every lady preserving with zealous care that which to her is essential to success, and influence, and usefulness in life. And, since "beauty is but skin deep," the utmost care and vigilance are required to guard it against the many ills that flesh is heir to. Among the great and annoying enemies of beauty,

OF EITHER SEX

as well as of comfort, happiness and health, are those pestiferous and horrid skin diseases—tetter, humors, eczema, (salt rheum,) rough and scaly eruptions, ulcers, pimples, and all diseases of the hair and scalp. For the cure of all these, Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, after years of patient study and investigation devoted to diseases of the skin, at last brought forth his celebrated SKIN CURE, which has already by its marvelous cures, established itself as the great remedy for all diseases of the skin, whatever be their names or character. Its success has been immense and unparalleled. All druggists have it. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package. Internal and external treatment. Price \$1.00.

EVERYONE PRAISES.

Sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, paralysis, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and brain diseases, positively cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They contain no opium, quinine, or other harmful drug. Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cts. per box, \$1 for two, \$2.50 for six, postage free.—Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for OUR WILD INDIANS

By Gen. Dodge. It gives his 35 Years Remarkable Experience among Indians, and reveals for the first time their "inner life." Daring Deeds, Customs, Exploits, &c. Published by Authority of, and full Introduction by Gen. Sherman.

With Steel Portraits, Chromo Plates, and Fine Engravings. Agents are making immense sales of this grand and fast-selling book by these distinguished Authors. It sells at sight.

500 MORE AGENTS WANTED. Send for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

Thatcher's ORANGE BUTTER COLOR.

Microscopical Discovery!

The manufacturer of the Orange Butter Color separated the color from NATURAL JUNE BUTTER, carefully examined it with one of Beck's Fine London Microscopes, discovered its class and order, and by the aid of the great magnifying power of this instrument found the exact substance in several native plants. He now offers a BUTTER COLOR prepared from them that is so perfect in shade that three experts, all butter dealers, and the best judges in the State, who were selected to test it, finally decided that Winter Butter containing this Color could not be told from that made on grass, by its shade. It does not color the buttermilk, and it will satisfy every consumer. It is now for sale in TWENTY-FIVE STATES and in CANADA. It is put up in 10c TRIAL and 25c and 50c Bottles, for Dairymen's use, and in 1 and 10 gal. Cans, for Creameries. Send your name and address for the highest testimony on earth. Testimony from prominent men known all over the United States and Canada. Every recommendation is warranted to be genuine. Prepared by

H. D. THATCHER,
 Manufacturing Chemist, Potsdam, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of subscribers for one year each, required to obtain it free:

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationery,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, or May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 25	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler),	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler),	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection),	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkins Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler),	7 00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6 00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7 00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7 00	16
59	Celery glass, silver stand,	7 50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8 00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7 50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
65	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8 00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
67	Caster,	8 00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8 50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10 00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10 00	20
72	Folding Chair,	8 00	24
73	Sewing Machine, (Beckwith),	12 00	24
74	Cash,	6 25	25
75	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
76	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	10 00	25
77	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
78	1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	14 00	30
79	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15 00	30
80	Photograph Album,	18 50	30
81	Silver Watch,	20 00	45
82	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
83	Child's Carriage,	25 00	60
84	Sewing Machine, (Weed),	60 00	60
85	Bickford Knitting Machine,	30 00	75
86	Silver Watch,	35 00	80
87	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50 00	100
88	Sewing Machine, (Weed),	100 00	100
89	Cash,	35 00	100
90	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75 00	150
91	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	150 00	150
92	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
93	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail express or freight.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of the list and name the premium selected. Premium clubs will be kept open ONE YEAR if desired.

All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express or freight are at the expense of the receiver.

New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever.

Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free those wishing to procure subscribers.

ROBBINS FAMILY WASHER

is self-operating, requires no rubbing or other labor, does not wear or yellow the clothes, and works in any boiler or wash pot. Sent prepaid to any Railroad Express Office east of Rocky mountains on receipt of \$3.50.

Good Agents wanted, male and female. Send for illustrated circular, testimonials, references, &c., to

BISSELL MFG CO.,
 50 Barclay St., New York, N. Y.

SHERMAN & JENNE, General Insurance and Real Estate Agents, Brattleboro, Vt.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 54,000 Copies.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobtainable 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
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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.

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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.

Cleveland's SUPERIOR

Baking Powder

IS MADE OF THE

Purest Grape Cream of Tartar,

AND DOES NOT CONTAIN

Any Alum, Acid Phosphates, Or Ammonia,

AND IT IS

Absolutely Free from Adulterations.

Unequalled for making delicious, light, white, sweet and wholesome Biscuits, Cakes, Pastry, Puddings, etc., which can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the distress caused by the use of heavy indigestible food.

Recommended for purity and healthfulness by the eminent chemists:
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Sold only in ½, ¼ and 1 pound cans, by all Grocers.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS, ALBANY, N. Y.

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

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"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*.

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Absolutely Pure.



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Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

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This is a readable little account of summer travel, given in a series of bright and charmingly written letters from the different stopping places of interest during a tour through the great northwestern "enchanted summer land." The writer describing graphically the places and people as she saw them, for the pleasure of an invalid friend.

These descriptions are not entirely confined to the beautiful scenery through which the tourist passes and set before the reader in such pen pictures that one may readily fancy oneself looking upon the scenes in person, but much reliable information is given as to the different hotels, etc., along the route, prices by the day or week, and many little items which are of value to the traveler, but are generally overlooked in a work of this kind, are minutely stated. The writer's references to the good management and comfortable equipments of this great northwestern railroad, and the uniform courtesy of the officials; we can heartily endorse, remembering our pleasant experience of the same during a late tour over the same route.

The illustrations are many and varied, and all necessary information, addresses, etc., given which would be of assistance to the tourist.

The book is published in pamphlet form and gotten up in an attractive style, and may be procured of W. H. Stennett, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Ill.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

BOSTON, MASS.

Statement of Business for 1881.

Assets, - - - - - \$16,002,261 30

RECEIPTS.

For Premiums, - - - - -	\$1,703,044 30
For Interest and Rents, less Taxes, - - - - -	800,962 39
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, - - - - -	13,702 53
Total, - - - - -	2,517,709 22
	\$18,519,970 61

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims, - - - - -	\$873,779 00
Matured and Discounted Endowments, - - - - -	373,946 00
Cancelled and Surrendered Policies, - - - - -	163,721 39
Distribution of Surplus, - - - - -	541,775 63
Total paid to Policy Holders, - - - - -	\$1,953,222 04
Commissions to Agents, - - - - -	121,678 78
Salaries, Medical Fees and Advertising, - - - - -	99,751 86
Printing, Stationery, and all other incidental expenses at Home Office and Agencies, - - - - -	122,893 31
Interest paid for Premium on Investments and accrued interest thereon, - - - - -	12,048 70
	2,309,504 69
	\$16,210,465 92

LIABILITIES.

Reserve at 4 per cent., Mass. standard, - - - - -	\$13,333,781 59
Balance Distributions unpaid Death and Endowment Claims unpaid, - - - - -	101,896 40
	138,893 00
Surplus, Mass. Standard, 4 per cent., - - - - -	13,574,570 99
	\$2,635,894 93

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