# The household. Vol. 7, No. 11 November 1874

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, November 1874

# THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 7. BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOVEMBER, 1874. No. 11.





**The Household.**

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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*BRATTLEBORO, VT.*

TERMS:—$1 00 per year in advance.
Postage 10 cents extra.



### *AUTUMN.*

BY MARY CUTTS.

Again, with radiant mantle round him cast,
Shading with roseate tints his pensive brow,
Sad autumn comes. Hail to thee, season fair!
For fair thou art and beautiful; although
Thy smiles are fleeting as the morning dew,
And o'er thy brow full many a passing cloud
Most ominously rests. Yet, autumn wild,
Still do I love thee, changeful as thou art.
And when thy blighted gems are falling fast,
Decking the faded earth with dazzling hues
Of beauty, lovelier far than art,
With her unwearied skill, did e'er create;
And when upon the ear thy rushing breeze
Comes chill and wild, whispering of coming gloom
And desolation,—then, then, apart,
With contemplation sweet, oh, let me stray!
Just such is all the beauty of this earth:
Its pride and grandeur all must pass away,
E'en as the summer flower or autumn tint.
Season of grace! how *softly* o'er the soul
Thy influence steals! and how thy deep,
Thy touching pensiveness, within the heart
Doth find an answering note, that vibrates
At thy will! Yes, much I love
Thy deep, soul-stirring beauties, autumn wild.
Thy moonlights and thy starlights are more fair,
More beautiful, than those of other times;
And thy soft sunny days come o'er the soul
Like the last beaming smiles of those we love.
Ah! wherefore, wherefore is it that decay
So mingles with thy beauty, radiant king?
Alas! it forms a *part;* it is the soul,
The spirit of thy power; that power which speaks
So touchingly to all.

### *HEDGES.*

A WRITER in the Oneida Circular discourses upon hedges in the following style:

It seems to be a doubtful question among some whether good hedge fences can be raised in this country. I see no reason why they cannot, if the best course is pursued at the beginning. I have never seen any very satisfactory hedges in the six States of the Union which I have visited, nor in Canada, though I did see a very promising young hedge in Toronto.

The European hawthorn is, I believe, the best shrub for hedges yet known in moderate climates. It flourishes remarkably well in the British Isles. The treatment of it is something like this: Dig a ditch about one foot six inches wide and one foot deep; laying the soil in a ridge on the edge of the ditch, set the plants about six inches apart. When they are one or two feet high, stir the soil with a forked hoe once a month, or oftener. If a good coating of manure is given every spring, the plants will soon obtain the size of one and one-half or two inches in thickness. At this stage, if in winter, the hedger goes out with mittens, thick leather sleeves and apron, and drives stakes along the center of the hedge, as often as eighteen inches. The stakes are saplings, an inch and [illegible] to two inches in thick[illegible] [illegible]t long.

His next op[illegible] [illegible] year [illegible]ke the sharp bill-hook, [illegible] [illegible] cott[illegible] [illegible]st and corner, and with the left hand take hold of the first plant about the middle, and carefully bend it toward the left. With the bill he cuts half way through the plant, about three inches from the ground, at right angle with the hedge—then weaves it in between the stakes like basket-work, only leaving it with the point elevated at an angle of 45°, which opens the cut just enough to cause strong suckers to sprout from the stump and intertwine through the slanting poles or rods (which though checked, will still grow), binding all together so thoroughly that the fiercest animal would not attempt to force a passage through.

But the hedge is not finished yet. This bundle of nice fish-poles or rods must not tempt one to the river, until work is done. These are woven along the stakes at the hight of the hedge, which holds all together in a fine, neat manner, until the plants grow and can hold themselves. A light blow at each side of the stake, just above these poles or binders (as they are called), and the top of the stake is taken off at a uniform hight. That is all the hedger can do till spring, when he may treat the plants with more manure and an occasional stirring of the soil. Then it will send forth vigorous shoots and fragrant blossoms in abundance.

The cheapest way of trimming the hedge, I think, is with a long-handled bill-hook, and in the hands of a skillful man it leaves a neat hedge. About ten times as much can be done with this tool as with the shears in the same time; but where merely ornament is desirable, the shears are the best tools yet invented. Much cheaper hedges are made by setting out any kind of woody plants, and at the right time cut and slant the saplings as described above, for the hawthorn. Bind in the same way. This will make a good and neat fence which will last until the brush has grown and formed a barrier to stop the more docile animals, but the turbulent beasts will force their way through, as no thorns dispute their passage. Besides, it will branch out if untrimmed, and take up a wide strip of land, while the hawthorn is kept within the limits of ten or twelve inches thick. If the ground is dry it will do well without the ditch.

The hedge has to be thinned out and made over as at first, every ten or twelve years. Though forming a good screen, it makes a poor hedge, needing constant repair and perpetual watching. I see no reason why our native hawthorn should not make a good hedge, if treated here as the best hedges are treated. I have no doubt that many other plants might be found which would not only be very ornamental, but quite as serviceable for fencing, as some we have for that purpose.

### *A HANDY GARDEN ROLLER.*

Take a joint of stove-pipe, six, seven or eight inches in diameter; set one end upon an inch board, and with a scratchawl or pencil mark around on the inside; reverse the pipe and mark the other end. Then, with a pair of compasses, find the center of these two wheels, and strike around their circumference, allowing for the iron. Saw or cut them true and round; bore a hole with a bit in their centers, to receive a shaft of half-inch round iron about three inches longer than the length of pipe. Now fit in one of these heads, and upset the sheet-iron pipe over it enough to hold it firmly in place. Put the shaft in and set the whole end on the ground, taking care that the shaft stands true; and lastly put in a quart or two of dry sand, and stamp it hard with a suitable rammer, repeating the operation till the pipe is full to within one inch of the top. Fit in the other head with the shaft in place; upset the iron over it as before, and you have a roller as serviceable as one of all iron, and at almost no cost. To fit it for use, make a box of inch stuff; fit a handle to it, sloping at an angle of twenty degrees from its bottom board; put a cross head to the end of it, and for a garden or walk roller this cannot be beaten. If wanted heavier, it can be loaded with brickbats or earth; and for wheeling stones or rubbish off garden or lawn or newly plowed or spaded grounds it will be pronounced by all who try it "tip-top." Any man or boy who can use a saw, plane and hammer can make one in a few hours, and with decent care it will last as many years.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*


### *OUR COMPANY.*

Congenial passions souls together bind,
And every calling mingles with its kind;
Soldier unites with soldier, swain with swain,
The mariner with him that roves the main.
*F. Lewis.*

THAT we may be known by the company we frequent, has become proverbial. For, when unrestrained, we are prone to choose and associate with those who manners and dispositions are agreeable and congenial to ours. Hence, when we find persons frequenting any company whatsoever, we are disposed to believe that such company is congenial with their feelings, not only in regard to their intellectual capacities and accomplishments, but also their moral disposition and their particular manner in life.

Good company not only improves our manners, but also our minds; for intelligent associates will become a source of enjoyment, as well as of edification. If they be pious they will improve our morals; if they be polite they will tend to improve our manners; if they be learned they will add to our knowledge and correct our errors. On the other hand, if they be immoral, ignorant, vulgar, their impress will most surely be left upon us. It therefore becomes a matter of no trivial concern to select and associate with proper company, while avoiding that which is certainly prejudicial.

We should always seek the company of those who are known to possess superior merit and natural endowments; for then, by being assimilated in manners and disposition, we rise. Whereas, by associating with those who are our inferiors in every respect, we become assimilated with them, and by that assimilation become degraded. Upon the whole much care and judgment are necessary in selecting properly that company which will be profitable. Yet this is not a point so great interest among females as men; because they are not necessarily thrown into such promiscuous associations of such diversity of character as the latter. Nevertheless, the greater care and prudence are requisite to them, should they happen in such circles, to avoid their pernicious influence, to which most are too prone to yield.

Good company is that which is composed of intelligent and well bred persons; whose language is chaste and good; whose sentiments are pure

and edifying; whose deportment is such as pure and well-regulated education and correct morals dictate; and whose conduct is directed and restrained by the pure precepts of religion.

When we have the advantage of such company, it should be the object of our zeal "to imitate their real perfections; copy their politeness, their carriage, their address, and the easy well bred turn of their conversation; but we should remember that, let them shine ever so bright, their vices (if they have any) are so many blemishes, which we should no more endeavor to imitate than we should make artificial warts on our faces because some very handsome lady happened to have one by nature. We should, on the contrary, think how much handsomer she would have been without it."

What can be more pleasing and more angelic, than a young lady, virtuous and adorned with the graces and elegances of finished politeness, based upon a sound intellect, and well improved mind!

"For her inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change."

The reflection is pleasing, that it is in the power of all to acquire an elegance of manner, although they may be deprived of the advantages to be derived from a liberal education. At least they may attain to that degree of elegance and manners, by judicious selection of company, that will render them pleasing in any social circle, whether at home or abroad. This will excite interest, which will grow into respect; from which always springs that pure, ardent, and affectionate attachment which alone forms the only generous and indissoluble connection between the sexes; that which the lapse of time serves only to confirm, and nought but death can destroy.

If so much importance be attached to the prudent selection of company and associates, and if this be of such vital interest to every young female, how careful should she be in taking to her bosom for life a companion of dissolute habits and morals. Such an act might destroy all the domestic felicity she might have hoped to enjoy, and be a source of constant sorrow to her through life.

"O shun my friend, avoid that dangerous coast
Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost."

For no connection or friendship can be fond and lasting, where a conformity of inclination and disposition does not exist; but where this exists, all passions and finer feelings of the soul gently harmonize, and form one common and lasting interest.

### *WHAT CONSTITUTES A HOME.*

It is a well known fact that many persons have, very fine and orderly houses, but have, after all, no home, for

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded."

A housekeeper is one who makes all the ways and conveniences of the house conduce to the comfort of the inmates. She will always allow the members of the household to build each a shrine, and will treat it as sacred, because it is a shrine to the one who has builded it. The daughter is not called an idle thing because she wishes to know her tune, and gazes wistfully toward the horizon; nor is the son reproved if he slam around and wish that he was—anywhere but idling at home. Gradually the housekeeper will quietly aid the first to search for beauty this side the horizon, and that boy will find a vent for his activity without seeing he was gently led to it by an overseeing love.

A house that is blessed with a housekeeper has an influence that even strangers feel. They receive that rest which comes from the "fitting of self to a sphere." The order of a house may be mechanical like that of a loom or a harp; but like these mechanical things it conducts to results, and justifies itself by tissues of more than silken fineness, and music sweeter than that of the spheres. If there is a homekeeper the work is not in utter confusion, if perchance, one rises an hour too late. People are not expected to perform miracles, and keep coffee and toast warm and fresh for an hour. A breakfast, such as late risers should expect, is eaten in peace, and not in a hurry of excuses for not having a meal that it was impossible to furnish without inconvenience and discord in the kitchen for the whole day.

It is foolish to attempt to keep a restaurant with only the arrangements suited to a small family. The peace of many a family is destroyed by attempting impossibilities. The breakfast of the late riser need not have an added tirade against women. Realizing that the guest regrets his tardiness, she lets the cold breakfast suffice, but does what she can by word, look and act to make the best of what cannot be helped, and really so calls out the gratitude of the late riser, that ever after that breakfast is a bright and pleasant memory; for he feared he was a nuisance, yet without direct word he felt that his act did not discommode the arrangements of the house. His best thought was called out, and the house will stand to him in after life as a home, a place "where the heart can bloom."

Housekeeping can be well done by an energetic woman. Homekeeping requires that the woman's heart and wisdom be greater than her house, and that she keeps the house, only that in it life can be lived with love and truthfulness.

### *THE LOVE OF BEAUTY.*

The love of beauty and refinement belongs to every true woman. She ought to desire, in moderation, pretty dresses, and delight in beautiful colors and graceful fabrics; she ought to take a certain, not too excessive, pride in herself, and be solicitous to have all belonging to her well-chosen and in good taste; to care for the perfect ordering of her house, and harmony and fitness of her furniture, the cleanliness of her surroundings, and good style of her arrangements; she ought not to like singularity, either of habit or appearance, or be able to stand out against a fashion when fashion has become custom; she ought to make herself conspicuous only by the perfection of her taste, by the grace and harmony of her dress, and unobtrusive good-breeding of her manners; she ought to set the seal of gentlewoman on every square inch of her life, and shed the radiance of her own beauty and refinement on every material object about her.


### *THE FADED FLOWER.*

The golden-rod gleams on the hill,
The aster by the gate;
The meadows mown are sere and still,
The summer waxes late.

The orchards glow with ripening fruit,
The reapers reap the rye;
The garden beauties close and droop,—
June saw the roses die.

We gather at the place of graves,
We bear the early dead,
The children, where the cypress waves,
Like birds and flowers fled.

Who knows the hopes for future years
The casket lid shuts in?
Who counts the mother's bitter tears
O'er that which "might have been?"

For the *N. Y. Herald.*

GIFT.—We know

Look up to Him, O hearts that mourn,
His tender heart of love,
Still tenderly your lambs have borne
To fairer fields above.

We never give our treasures up
In vain to God, to keep;
And He who drank that bitter cup,
Will comfort those that weep.

### *HARDY BULBS AND THEIR CULTIVATION.*

HARDY BULBS, so designated because they withstand and outlive our severest winters, merit a general and much more extended cultivation, which is yearly and deservedly increasing, not only from the ease of their culture, but from the fact of their blooming so soon after winter, at a time when few, if any, other flowers are to be met with. First of all to appear in its chaste beauty, is the Snowdrop, followed by the gay Crocus, the sweet Hyacinth, and the bold bright Early Tulips, etc., and so on through the list of queenly Lilies, producing in succession an array of gorgeous colors scarcely to be met with in other flowers.

The treatment and culture of the bulbs is as simple and easy as the variest tyro may desire, and they may be enjoyed by the humblest, as well as the most favored in the land. Most, if not all, bulbs succeed best in a light rich soil. If the soil where you propose to plant your bulbs be stiff and heavy, do not fail to procure a barrow-load or two of sand and well-rotted manure. This should be thoroughly mixed with the soil to a depth of fifteen inches, and the results will be most astonishing and satisfactory. The majority of the so-called Dutch bulbs are grown in and around Haarlem in Holland, and it is probably that in no other part of the earth is a soil and climate so suited to their wants to be met with, as regards growing the same and preparing them for the markets of the world; a fact which in itself explains their seemingly high price.

All bulbs that bloom early in the spring must, to give satisfaction, be planted in the fall of the year, during October and November, and should be planted in a dry, well-enriched soil, choosing a spot where water does not stand on the surface, as the bulbs would be apt to rot and cause loss and disappointment. After the beds are planted, if possible, cover the surface of the same with a dressing of coarse manure to the depth of six inches, which will help to keep out frost, and will, at the same time keep the bulbs so much drier—a point to be desired. This should be raked off in early spring as soon as hard frosts are over, and before the plants have grown too much, or else they will be injured by the process of so doing.

All bulbs may be planted in beds (where the finest effect is obtained,) in masses, groups, or as single plants. It is a general custom to plant Tulips, Hyacinths, etc., in beds which, as the same ripen and decay, are filled with summer-flowering plants, such as Verbenas, Petunias, Phlox, Drummondii, Geraniums, etc. A pretty effect may be obtained in a circular or oval bed, by first planting thickly around the outside a band of Snowdrops; next a heavy band of Crocus; the centre to be planted thickly with double and single Van Tholl Tulips. These, as they ripen, may be all removed to a cool, dry cellar, and the bed filled with the summer ornaments of the garden.

A person having never viewed in full flower large beds of spring bulbs, really has but little conception of the treat he has not been afforded, and it would be a difficult matter for us to convey to him even a very remote idea of the really beautiful sight. It is not to be expected that others than those engaged in the trade make exhibitions and devote very extensive tracts of ground to their culture, but there are many doubtless (judging from the amount of individual orders we received last fall) that grow them in comparatively large numbers, and therefore such persons will have an idea of how magnificent the appearance of beds by the acre of particular colors in full bloom must strike the eye of the beholder.—*Selected.*

### *CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.*

Perhaps every one is not aware that the coldest place in the room, on a cloudy day, or at night, is within a foot of the window where the plant stand is stationed. All dwellings cannot be new, and new ones are not always proof against the insiduous attacks of cold. In the old ones the windows become loose with the wear and tear of years; there are cracks and crevices where a small current of cold air penetrates, and the frost creeps in stealthily and lays a palsying hand on the green leaves while we are wrapped in slumbes, and dream not of mischief. To guard against this, I paste a narrow strip of paper (of a color to correspond with the paint in the room) over every aperture that admits a passage for the air from with-

out. The unsoiled margin of newspapers is very good for this purpose, as the texture is light and thin, and it adheres readily to the wood.

Our climate is subject to sudden and unlooked for changes from mild to extreme, and often one night will destroy a whole winter's care, and ruin hopeful prospects, even as late as March, when we deem our security good. It is well to be prepared for these emergencies or caprices of our latitude. Some complain of their plants growing spindling and weak, and giving no bloom. One fault is too high a temperature, with too much water, a portion of the time, during the day, and too low a one at night. When this is the case they grow sickly and diseased, and we hear the often repeated complaint, "I can't keep plants, they don't do well; what do you do to yours?"

You want strong yet growthy plants to secure bloom and beauty. Every day, when I water, I turn my plants, and thus keep them even and shapely, by allowing every side the advantage of the sun.

A slip will grow during the winter and become a large flowering plant in a four inch pot, if judiciously watered and cared for. When a plant takes up its allowance of moisture daily from the saucer, it is doing well and growing rapidly. Coarse earthen pots, without glazing, are the best for use as they are porous, and absorb any superfluous moisture which otherwise would render the earth sodden, and such will suck up their every day watering if the plant contained therein be healthy. Never pour water on the surface; it hardens the soil and makes it tight or bound about the stem, and it should be loose and light. Gentle sprinkling is beneficial. The dregs of the tea urn are good. Placed on the surface, spread thinly about they help to retain the moisture and enrich the soil at the same time by a slow decay. —*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

### THE CANARY.

For the three years I have subscribed for THE HOUSEHOLD it has been to me both entertaining and profitable. I have seen the care of canaries referred to several times, and have a few words I should like to say in regard to their care and treatment. I have had a canary for twelve years which is considered an extraordinary singer. He is not a pure canary being crossed by a linnet.

I think it important to have a good sized cage. I give my bird clean water in his fountain cup every morning and clean water in his bathing cup after taking the chill off during the cold weather, and when he has bathed to his own satisfaction I remove the cup, then I put paper in the bottom of the cage with clean beach sand thoroughly dried. Particular attention should be paid to perches, otherwise their feet will become sore.

Cuttle-fish in the cage is indispensable. I give seed once in two days. I prefer canary-seed, for I find hemp-seed will produce fat and give a shiny appearance to the plumage but the bird will grow stupid and lose his notes. I never give rape-seed nor put any ingredients in the water either to drink or bathe in, have never given boiled eggs, sugar, orange nor anything from the table, excepting a piece of cracker dipped in water occasionally. I give figs to my bird which proves a benefit as it aids in keeping his bowels free. During the winter I give fresh green cabbage leaves and sweet apples daily and in summer I give him one day plantain and the next chick-weed and sometimes clover-blossoms.

Canaries will eat almost everything that is put into their cages for they seem to have lost their native instinct. I never hang mine in the sun but always in the light, being careful not to put him in a draft of air; I take particular care during the moulting season for then they are sensitive to every change. My bird never has been ill excepting from accident. Twice I have rescued him from the paws of pet kittens, then he was silent for two or three days; but with those exceptions he has always cheered us with his songs the year round, only while moulting, and silent then but a few days. While I am writing he is pouring forth his notes in thankfulness to Him that made all things perfect. My canary has been a companion from childhood. Now I begin to look forward when his carol will cheer us no longer. O. J. K.

*Reading Mass.*

### DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A WAX [illegible] year.

MR. CROWELL: *Sir:* — Lou "wishes to know how to make a wax cross and put a vine of ivy around it." I would like to tell her how I made mine. A carpenter made me a wooden cross ten inches high, I covered it first with white unruled paper, fastening with mucilage, then one sheet of wax—by using both you will find the cross much whiter and requires less wax. Cut both the paper and wax a little larger than the cross, so as to lap at the back, being careful to cover neatly.

For the vine of ivy I graded the leaves, beginning the top with the large ones, and finishing the tip with a bud—covering the stems with wax. The base I covered with small flowers and leaves. The cross will look much better and not color with time, if you rub the wax with arrow root, being careful not to let it touch any of the wax you wish to stick together.

*Moline, Ill.* MRS. G. H. H.

Lou wishes to know how to make a wax cross, and put on a vine of ivy leaves. The cross is made of wood. First paste on white paper, then cover it with wax; the article can be bought at the stores where they sell wax work materials, the wax comes in sheets similar to note paper, all prepared for use, (and different colors.) For the vine you can pattern from nature. Cut a pattern of thin pasteboard from a natural leaf, place the sheet of wax on a piece of glass, lay on your pattern and mark around with a coarse needle, which will also cut it out, put two of those wax leaves together with a small wire between them for the stem. The wire should be two or three inches long. When you have prepared your leaves in this manner, twist the wires together one after another to form the vine, cut a narrow strip of green wax and cover the wire; form the leaves by pressing them with your fingers, and bend the wires to look like nature; fasten it on to the cross as suits your fancy. I have an oval glass to cover mine, which costs about two dollars. For directions for making wax flowers, I refer you to the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, 1873. A SUBSCRIBER.

### RUSTIC ADORNMENTS.

An old fig-drum or a salt box can be converted into a lovely hanging-basket by drilling holes in three places to pass wires through and then nailing upon the outside strips of bark, pine cones, or dry mosses; and you will possess a rustic basket which can be suspended from the trees, or porch, or piazza, and will grow in beauty daily. If you are so fortunate as to live in the vicinity of a sawmill or a tan-yard, you can easily procure mossy oak or hemlock bark, and these, mingled with the pliable stems of wild grape-vines, will afford you rustic work which will be the admiration of every one.

Take any old, shallow box of the dimensions you may desire, or make one that flares out at the sides, and cover it with strips of the bark joined neatly and tightly nailed on. Finish the top with a strip of bark around the edge and glue on moss here and there to give it a pretty effect. Then use the grape-vines for handles, twisting two or three of them together, and you will have a handle of nature's own handiwork, over which you can twine vines, while in the box can be planted all kinds of basket plants—such as ivy geraniums, veriegated sweet alyssum, tradescantia, money-wort, tropæolums, etc.

Window-boxes can be made to fit into any window in this manner, and when filled with charcoal at the bottom and a rich sandy loam and planted with bedding-out plants or annuals—like asters or balsams—they are a lovely ornament for months to come.

Beautiful hanging baskets can also be made out of the bark and grape-vines, taking a square bit of the bark for the bottom of the basket, and building up the sides, log-cabin fashion, out of the pieces of grape-vine, sawed into equal lengths and fastened strongly at the end with wire or shingle nails. A curved piece of the vine can be made to do duty for a handle.—*Independent.*

### SCARLET GERANIUMS.

Nothing is more showy in the flower garden or pleasure grounds during the whole summer and autumn months, than beds or masses of scarlet blooming geraniums, of which the old horse shoe geranium is the old original type. There are a great number of new and very beautiful sorts, and when they are properly grouped together on the lawn they make a glorious display. There are few plants more easily grown, or that better repay the care of the cultivator. All the kinds require a light, rich soil, composed of loam, leaf mould or rotten manure and sand. They will root readily without either glass or bottom heat.

Gardeners generally take cuttings in autumn months and put them into six inch pots, well drained and filled with sand, and place in a cold frame. They will be rooted in a month or five weeks and they should be carefully lifted and placed in three inch pots and taken to the greenhouse, or some sheltered place until they begin to grow. Water occasionally, until such time as the weather compels you to house them. During the winter, they require little water and cool temperature. In March, shift into five inch pots, and when the time comes for bedding, these plants will repay for all labor.

As there are many who would be glad to cultivate them who have no greenhouse in which to keep them, I will mention for the benefit of such, a very simple method which I practice occasionally with great success. As soon as the first frost nips the foliage, I take as many geranium plants as I want, and put them into as small pots as possible, and take them to a dry pit or cellar free from frost. Here they remain dry until spring. When my beds are ready, I cut them to four or five eyes of the collar, and, so far from injuring them, I firmly believe they flower much finer after a winter's rest than when kept in the greenhouse.

### SWEET MIGNONETTE.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to ask a question of some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD concerning the sweet mignonette. Last year I sent to Mr. Vick for flower seeds; everything was satisfactory except the mignonette; this I had never seen and I was very anxious to do so, and still more anxious to inhale its delicious odor. I was doomed to disappointment; for, though it grew and blossomed finely it was not fragrant at all. It was so devoid of fragrance I could not even imagine the slightest sweetness about it. Others have told me their experience was the same. The paper containing the seeds was marked sweet mignonette. I will be very glad if some one of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD will explain this for me, and if there is a sweet mignonette tell me whether it can be grown from seed, and what kind of seed to get.

If some one would mention a few of the flowers that can be raised from seed and made to bloom through the winter, and also what time the seed should be sown, they will greatly oblige a LOVER OF FLOWERS.

*Mount Zion, Ill.*

### NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS.

MR. CROWELL:—Through your columns last October, E. C. wished some information with regard to the treatment of the night blooming cereus.

I have one that is supposed to be nine years old, the treatment I give it is to have sandy soil, in the winter water it very little, say a pint once a month, give it as much sun and light as any other plant, and in the summer put it out doors, let it have sun all day and water every day. If you see that it is growing and budding give it considerable water. This summer mine has bloomed four times, last summer once, and summer before six times. They must of course be kept warm in the winter. They never grow any in the winter, but rapidly in the summer.

I hope E. C. has been successful with his. Most all cactuses require the same treatment as the night blooming cereus. Some people make a great mistake in watering them too much in the winter, they are so liable to rot.

*Des Moines, Iowa.* MRS. F. G.


### FASHION.

The following poem was written and published nearly one hundred years ago. Except in the use of a few terms, it would fit our day and date better than some of fashion's garments fit the human form:

Says Beauty to Fashion, as they sat at the toilette,
If I give a charm you surely will spoil it;
When you take it in hand there's such murdering and mangling,
'Tis so metamorphosed by your fiddling and fangling,
That I scarce know my own when I meet it again,
Such changelings you make both of women and men.
I don't know what I say look at Phryne or Phillis,
I'm sure that I gave them good roses and lilies;
Now what have you done—let the world be the judge;
Why you daub them all over with cold cream and rogue,
That, like Thisbe, in Ovid, one can not come at 'em
Unless through a mud-wall of paint and pomatum.
And as to your dress, one would think you quite mad,
From the head to the heels 'tis all masquerade;
With your flounces and furbelows, sacks, trollopes,
Now sweeping the ground, and now up to your knees;
Your pinking and crimping and *chevaux-de-frize;*
And all the fantastical cuts of the mode,
You look like a Bedlamite, ragged and proud!
Then of late you are so fickle than few people mind you:
For my part I never can tell where to find you;
Now drest in a cap, now naked in none;
Now loose in a mob, now close in a Joan;
Without handkerchief now, and now buried in ruff;
Now plain as a Quaker, now all of a puff.
Now a shape in neat stays, now a slattern in jumps;
Now high in French heels, now low in your pumps;
Now monstrous in hoops, now trapish, and walking
With your petticoats clung to your heels like a malkin;
Like a cock an the tower, that shows you the weather,
You are hardly the same for two days together.

### THE FASHIONS.

THE cold weather, with the necessary warm wraps, and dark warm materials, has now fully come, and among the new fabrics in an expensive silk called matelasse. It is as heavy and warm as velvet, and has somewhat the appearance of finely quilted silk. It is woven in all manner of fancy figures and is brought out in light colors as well as in black and white. It was originally intended for sleeveless jackets and is well adapted for them as it also is for street sacques.

Winter silks are very rich and handsome, some of the colors being strikingly elegant, in the dark shades of brown, blue, plum, garnet, grey and green; there is a new shade in garnet, also peculiar shades in wine color and a very rich one in mahogany brown. Novelties in colored silks are seen in tiny checks, black and some fancy color alternating also in stripes, rather wider than the hair stripes; these also alternate first black, then a color, and are very pretty.

In black silks the preference seems to be for the softer qualities over the heavy gros grains, though these are largely sold.

Black cashmeres, merinoes, alpacas, mohairs, etc., are as popular as ever and will continue so, these goods being standard. There is also a great variety of goods known by the name of camel's hair; these are seen in what are termed invisible checks, as well as in the diagonal twills, etc.

The basque and polonaise costumes in their various styles are still universally worn, and seem very thoroughly established.

For street wear the costume must be in plain dark colors and unobtrusive styles. There has been a very great improvement, in this respect, during the past two years. Now no lady wears gay dresses for the street. For indoor dress, visiting toilets there is chance for an elaborate display of taste in both color and ornament; but for the street, dresses must be very plain, certainly so as regards color. The skirt of these dresses are worn to just escape the ground and if they are made with a demi train, so as to be adapted to the parlor as well as the street, they are shortened, for out of door wear, by ingenious contrivances fastened underneath the skirt for that purpose. Street suits should as a rule, be kept for their special purpose. They are more elaborate in their construction, than home dresses, and when soiled and injured by rubbing or the natural results of home wear are more difficult to repair, besides the drapery will become crushed and misplaced by much sitting.

A novelty in the arrangement of the demi-trained skirt, is the box pleated back. This is a deeply folded triple plait, with the central box pleat an eighth of a yard wide. This pleating occupies the space formerly given to a plain back breadth, and is lapped on the belt, almost to the second side seam. The breadth which forms this pleating must be a yard wide, consequently, in narrow goods, more than one breadth is required. This yard wide black must be lined first with stiff foundation, then faced and bound. The pleat it then folded and must be kept in place by rows of tape sewed across underneath it, the lowest row being placed about half a yard from the edge. When arranged properly the pleat will be distinctly defined to the bottom of the skirt, and will of itself spread out like a fan below the lower tape. This new mode of arranging the back of the skirt does away with the necessity of flounces on the back breadths and is much prettier and more effective than the horizontal ruffles and folds, extending from the belt to the edge, lately worn.

The new hats are in jaunty shapes, most of them turning up either on one side, or on both, and still others are turned up in front as well as at one side; these last are most becoming for round faces, and are worn far back on the head, showing the waves of the front hair, which is now, worn in loose waves instead of being crimped and frizzed as formerly. For long slender faces a more becoming style has the front brim turned down low upon the forehead and the sides turned up flatly against the crown, though not veryhigh. Brown, gray and black felt, also black and white chip are the materials of which these hats are made. Manufacturers are also offering a new style of hat in felt and velvet called finished hats, these need only a little trimming and are offered at about half the price of the regularly made velvet hat or bonnet. For trimming there is, if possible, a greater variety, in flowers, feathers of all kinds, birds and jet and shell ornaments, than ever. A prevailing color, however, is the deep red, in a number of shades, carmine bows of velvet, deep red plumes, scarlet poppies, etc., are very stylish.

Sometimes two or three shades of the same color are blended in one hat, and black velvet hats are brightened by pipings and facings of some delicate and novel shade. Cashmere hats are seen trimmed with the same material as the dress, jet is conspicious in millinery as well as in all portions of the costume, and the new blue steel beads and ornaments, which are both novel and effective, are used in trimming, and also in the borders of black lace veils.

### NEW FALL GOODS.

Fashion magazines forewarned us some weeks ago, of the introduction of several new and elegant fabrics into the market this season. The same authority also forewarned us that these would be more stylish and expensive than anything known hitherto, but though, according to the old proverb, "forewarned is forearmed," we fear that few women have been able to fully steel themselves against the temptations that take the form of the exquisite silk and camels' hair fabrics that now lie upon the counters of the fashionable stores in our cities. Indeed, the increasing expense of a well-dressed woman's attire, is such as to strike horror to the heart of any woman of moderate means, and where a remedy for this very unnatural state of affairs is to be sought is more than the wisest man or woman can conjecture. But as our business is that of a recorder of prevalent customs, we will leave it to philosophers to moralize over the follies to be found therein, and to search for a recipe that will make all feminine humanity prudent and wise.

We have heretofore mentioned the *quadrille* silks. These are in large checks, black alternating with the fashionable tints and hues. They can hardly be counted among the more expensive materials, for they are imported in light silks only, a fair quality of Lyons goods, and selling at $1.50 a yard. Yet this is not an economical style of fabric to purchase, even at that price, for the fashion is likely to be a fleeting one, and, when it is past, here is a dress made up at much trouble, or expense perhaps, of no further avail except to cut down for a little girl, if you have one. Nevertheless, while the present fancy endures, your *quadrille* silk will wear such a "stylish" look that the wearing of it will give you almost satisfaction enough to pay for it.

Striped silks we have also spoken of; these present some new colors, but no new designs. There are also twilled silks, and basket-woven, flexible silks, which have the charm of comparative novelty. These also display the new colors—various shades of red and wine-color.

The *matelasse* silks deserve special mention among new fabrics. These are silks with satin face woven, in some peculiar way, to look like fanciful quilting in various designs, tiny diamonds, shells, arabesques, and flowers. This silk is imported especially for fall wraps, and the fashionable cuirasse jackets, and is sold at $4.50 to $6 per yard. When handsomely trimmed with velvet, feather borders, or fringe, it is very rich-looking indeed, But we will speak of the designs of its manufacture into fall sacques and wraps at some future time.

The new fabrics in wool goods are of various names but are all of much the same kind and texture, thick, soft flexible stuffs with rough camel's hair surface, Russian camel's hair goods, they are called, and truly they are heavy and warm enough for a Russian winter, and if through the introduction of these materials, which must, from their nature, be made up plainly, female attire could be shorn of some of its useless adornment and voluminous drapery, no one would regret their apparent costliness. For it is only apparent; the use of such durable materials, though expensive at first, would without question further the interests of true economy, could the unreasonable custom of over-loading garments with expensive trimming be done away with. No sensible and refined woman, we are sure, has any desire to adopt the so-called "reform dress," poor and hideous caricature of man's attire as it is, but thousands do long for a stability of custom resembling his, and something which shall have like convenience and simplicity, though it need not necessarily be akin to male garments in design. A man who finds himself in need of a new suit, goes to his tailor; selects his material, and gives his orders. In a few days the suit comes, well-made, fitting neatly; he pays a reasonable price for it, and is provided for through all times and places that may need his presence for six months to come. But his sister, to keep up with the fashions, must pay three times the money for a voluminous silk dress pattern, put it in a dress-maker's hands, call every day for two weeks more or less, to have it tried on, let out, taken in, pulled up, let down, etc., etc., and when it is complete, and is so loaded down with flounces, bows, lace, beads and other *et ceteras* that the framework is scarcely visible, the victim doomed by "style" to wear this irrational garment, is obliged to pay double its cost for its manufacture in this barbarous manner. And even then the unhappy sister is not provided, since the times when she can wear this elaborate garment, are limited by custom, and to be ready for all the emergencies and duties of life, she must have from ten to forty others finished with like trouble, with like elaborate adorning, and obtained at greater or less expense. Cannot we improve upon this state of things, my sisters? At least, let us canvass

the matter at some future time, and try to find a remedy that shall relieve ourselves, even if we cannot influence others. But to further notes upon our new goods.

These camel's hair fabrics are in very numerous designs, mottled shades of one color, stripes, blocks, and irregular plaids; the weaving is also various, some being in simple diagonals, some in fish-bone twills, and others in basket-twill patterns. The finest goods are all in natural gray on brown shades, and the plaids are principally in these colors, the many-hued plaids being confined to cheaper materials. One of these camel's hair fabrics is called *limousin*, another is *roulier*. Limousin is shown in striped goods only, irregular stripes of brown and black on an *ecru* ground. In making suits, this is only used in combination with camel's hair cloth of plain *ecru*, black or brown. Limousin is a yard and a half in width, and costs $5.50 per yard. Roulier is a lighter goods, but of rougher surface, is woven in regular blocks and broken plaids, always of different shades of gray or *ecru* brown. This material is over a yard and a quarter wide, costs $3 a yard, and will be worn in overdresses with plain goods mainly. *Gros carreau* is the name given to another style of camel's hair goods. This is of a solid color, but with raised threads woven in square designs. But handsomest of all is an Oriental fabric, called India cheviot, which is imported with the India shawls. It is as thick as broadcloth, but as soft and yielding as cashmere, comes in pieces eleven yards in length and a yard in width, costing $7 per yard. It will be used mainly as overdresses with velvet skirts.

For full costumes there are lower-priced goods in self colors, gray and brown of natural shades, also the stylish seal-skin browns, blue-grays, and slate color, and violet and plum-color. First among these are the favorite *vigognes*, which are like serges in large twills, but are almost as soft to the touch as cashmere. These goods are three-fourths of a yard wide, and their price ranges from 65 cents to $1.10 per yard. Cashmeres in all the new colors are found as low as $1.25, but the best quality costs a dollar more. Merinos range from 60 cents to $1.50. The serviceable empress cloths, now generally styled wool poplins, are found in good qualities at 60 to 75 cents. A newer and more admired style of goods are the loosely-woven basket serges, all wool, and light and soft; these range from 65 cents to $1 for single width goods.

For children and young girls, diagonal cloth is shown again in greater variety than ever, in all the quiet neutral tints, in gray, dark blue, wine-color, and in large basket plaids. The single width patterns sell at $1 per yard, those of double width from $1.75 to $2.

Mixed goods of silk and wool are not so much worn as formerly, but they are still imported in *grisaille* hues, with glossy silk face and woolen back, a design that cannot be commended, as the silk is apt to rub off and leave the dull woolen surface. Serges, Valencias, and basket-woven stuffs, are the prevalent styles. It is said that this kind of goods is better made now than ever before, and will wear better.

Black cashmere—a very good quality of which can now be obtained for $1, though the better goods range as high as $2.50,—has now become as important a part of the merchant's stock as black silk. It ranks next to black silk, also, in favor and serviceability, and no lady need ever fear to purchase a dress of it, through any dread of its passing out of style. Black silk itself is no more a fixture in feminine affection.—*Fireside Friend.*

### *PAISLEY SHAWLS.*

The union of Scotland with England in 1707, was the moving power which first developed the energies of Paisley, exhibited first in the manufacture of coarse chequered linen cloth; then imitations of striped muslins called "bengals;" and then chequered linen handkerchiefs. After a time a lighter style of fabrics was introduced, such as plain lawns, lawns striped with cotton, and others ornamented with figured devices.

Rather more than a century ago the making of sewing thread, known by the name of "ounce thread" and "nun's thread," was commenced and carried on for many years to a very large extent. When cotton made its astonishing advance in our manufacturing districts the Paisley linen thread gave way to cotton thread, which is still manufactured there.

About the commencement of George III's reign the Paisley weavers introduced a kind of silk gauze, which was so admirably wrought as to supersede for a time everything else of the kind. The trade prospered greatly; companies came down from London to establish new firms at Paisley, and these firms not only employed the weavers of Paisley, but those also of all the villages in its vicinity, as well as establishing warehouses and agencies in Dublin, London and Paris. But the article manufactured was one peculiarly dependent on fashion, and fluctuations took place so suddenly and completely as to bring it to ruin. Under these circumstances the men of Paisley, instead of desponding, betook themselves to the muslin trade, which they raised to great eminence, and opened a field for the employment of a great number of females in tambouring or embroidering muslins.

About thirty years ago the gauze trade again revived, and, together with the plaid or tartan trade is now carried on to some extent; but all of these yield at present to the shawl manufacture, which, introduced about forty years ago, now forms the staple product of Paisley.

The general character of the processes of shawl weaving bears much analogy to that of carpet weaving. In both cases the worsted yarns and the silk and cotton yarns for shawls are dyed before being used in the loom or the shuttle; in both cases draughtsmen are engaged to prepare patterns, which are divided in squares to facilitate the adjustment of the loom; in both cases the woven fabric passes through a shearing machine to cut and level the surface.

One of the most marked differences between them, however, is this—that the shawl has sometime a plain centre, with a figured border at two or four of its edges; and in such cases the border is woven as a broad web, containing several repetitions of the pattern, which are afterwards cut asunder, and each is sewn on to a shawl edge.

### *FELT HATS FOR LADIES.*

Soft felt hats, says a fashion journal, are more largely imported than at any previous season, and are of a finer quality. They are "slouch" hats, and when untrimmed look precisely like those worn by gentleman, and are often quite as large. They have low crowns or high ones, tapering crowns or square ones, and their wide soft brims are not bound or wired, but have a cut edge without facing, and this edge remains raw after the trimming is completed. The special fancy is for turning this brim straight up in front. The colors are ecru, dark brown, gray, blue and black, and will be chosen to match suits of camel's-hair, India cashmere, and Scotch woolen stuffs. They are trimmed very simply with bands and loops of velvet or gros grain of a darker shade, and have birds, wings, demi-plumes, or rose clusters for giving them a touch of color.

Ecru felt hats are trimmed with dark brown velvet, while dark brown felt hats have ecru velvet bands. Thus a model from Virot's is of ecru felt with a low crown and wide soft brim without wire, binding or facing. A bias band, an inch wide, of dark olive brown velvet, is placed smoothly around the crown, some erect loops are behind, and a natural gray ostrich plume is held by a filigree buckle of crescent shape. Directly in front and under the brim are four roses and buds—pink, salmon and crimson. These hats may be called either bonnets or round hats, as the terms are now interchangeable. They are, however, regular bonnets in the Mercutio shape already described, to which strings are added, and these have a comfortable warm look.

Other dark brown felts are trimmed with self-colored velvet and lemon-colored roses. Many wings of dark birds are used in such bonnets.

### *A GOOD SUMMER BED.*

I want to tell my sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, who cannot afford a hair mattress, how to make a very good substitute for hair. At the fall corn huskings, save a quantity of husks, wash them in a large tub of water, and spread on old sheets in the sun. When dry, cut off the hard parts, split them with a fork, or a hatchet, several times, into narrow strips. Cut a slit in one side of your bedtick, half a yard long, bind this slit, make three button holes on one side, and sew on buttons. Then fill in the husks, until you have a good bed. Every morning put your hand in and stir the husks thoroughly, and evenly. Wash them every spring, and you have an excellent bed, altogether better than straw, and nearly as good as hair. It has an advantage over hair, in the fact that the husks are so easily washed and dried, that they are kept sweet and clean, and they will last several years, and can be renewed without expense.

Every year Dr. Hall or Dr. Somebody tells us to wash hair mattresses "once a month or so." I want to say that in the country we cannot do it. But everybody can keep their mattress clean, by spreading a quilted bed-quilt over the mattress, and under the sheet. I do not mean a thick comfortable—this would be hot—I mean an old quilted bed-quilt. If you have none, then make two on purpose, and wash, and use them alternately. This keeps the bed fresh and clean, and saves the ticking more than the cost.

EXPERIENCE.

### *PAPER COLLARS.*

The following are the processes through which a piece of paper has to pass in order to become a fashionable article of wearing apparel, as a collar or cuff for a lady or gentleman.

First, the paper must be made expressly for the object designed, and prepared with direct reference to its weight, strength, color and flexibility; it has to be linen finish, by having applied to it a coating of whiting mixed with glue and passed over hot cylinders to give it the requisite polish; then it is covered with a linen cloth, or in some cases has the *fac simile* of cloth engraved upon it, and the impression of the linen is thus transferred to the paper. Next, the paper is divided into sheets or rolls of the required dimensions, and cut by machinery into the proper shape for collars and cuffs.

The machine also makes button-holes, and creases the collar where it is to be folded; a girl folds the end of the collar and passes it between rapidly revolving wheels, which either fold it or roll it into its curved form, as may be desired. If the collar is to have the button-holes patched, as it is called, it is necessary, before it is rolled, to have three small pieces of perforated cloth affixed, which covers the holes and gives them additional strength. The collar or cuff must also go through a machine for finishing the edge, whether that border is to represent ordinary stitching or is to imitate a raised cord or tuck.

### *DISTINGUISHING BLUE COLORS.*

To distinguish between Berlin blue and indigo or aniline blue, as dyes on cloth, it is only necessary to moisten a small portion of the colored cloth with a few drops of a solution of fluoride of potassium in water, and to direct upon it a current of steam. The Berlin blue by this process is removed, while indigo and aniline blues remain undisturbed.

The same method can be used in distinguishing nut-gall ink from that of indigo carmine, the former being destroyed in the process, while the latter assumes a red color.

—New York sewing women make Balmoral skirts for seven cents apiece, and thereby earn about fourteen cents a day.

—Among the premiums offered at a county fair in Kentucky is one of $10 for the neatest patch put on an old garment by an unmarried woman.


### *NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.*

"No baby in the house," Oh! no,
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No toys by careless fingers strewn
Upon the floors are seen;

No finger marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs,
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;

No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes,
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby clothes;

No childish troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold,
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;

No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house.

—*San Francisco Spectator.*

### *A PLEA FOR THE BOYS.*

BY WINNIE WILDWOOD.

"HE is the worst boy I ever saw!" says some proper person who supposes the maximum of boyhood graces to consist in clean face, clean hands, clean clothes and ability to walk very quietly and soberly, always ready to say, "yes mam, if you please." But real live boys, who are always tearing their clothes and getting dirty, who boil over with indignation when they believe their lawful rights are trampled upon, who show the courage and "pluck in 'em" by doubled up fists and a stern "I won't" or an imperative "you shall!" are always getting into scrapes when boys, but if wisely dealt with become the best, the noblest men of any generation. The boy who hasn't spunk enough to get mad upon sufficient provocation will not have the courage to defend his rights when a man, or to grapple with the sins and temptations of life. But what shall be done with such boys—so impatient of restraint, heeding little advice or admonition?

To begin with, then, love these boys and tell them so. Give them plenty of exercise, fun and frolic. Help along the good time in every innocent, harmless way. Lay aside that stiff dignity for state occasions and sympathize with these young hearts so over-brimming with life. Teach them to use their eyes and ears in this broad, beautiful world of ours; to analyze, to compare, to reason, to judge. Lead their young thoughts from contemplation of the grand and beautiful objects around to thoughts of the loving, bountiful Maker and Giver, and make the virtues lovable you would have them emulate by loving them yourself. Almost instinctively they will love and sympathize with the little singing birds and love to watch their nest building and young rearing.

Teach them of course to be gentle and kind and obliging and polite, because it is agreeable to their friends and manly to be so. But do not be surprised that they're sometimes rough and boistrous, that they do not always yield a ready assent to your wishes. The boy has a will of his own and his own way of looking at right and wrong and though in calmer moments he may acknowledge the superiority of your judgment yet in times of excitement he sees through a different medium. How widely does one's own life with all his wisdom and experience diverge from his idea of what it should be. How much more then ought we to expect of excitable boys with all the springs of action active, but feeling little of the controlling influences that come with maturer years? Still let us try to rouse in them the desire to strive for the attainment of the truly noble and excellent. But while we carefully avoid the errors on one side let us not fall into grievous faults on the other. While careful to give this young American all his inalienable rights, the love of which is preponderant and hereditary, let us take care that he shall fully understand and respect the rights of others. He will readily understand that countries are governed by laws and that all good citizens are bound to obey. But does it not often happen that parents assume they are entirely right and the children entirely wrong, when were disinterested persons called upon to decide the decision would be reversed? In the many perplexing and annoying circumstances of life we sometimes become nervous and irritable and exacting in little matters quite forgetting that childhood, too, has its weight of disappointments and troubles.

### *EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.*

*Number Fourteen.*

I have alluded to the importance of self-reliance, as a practical habit in life. It cannot be overestimated, nor will parents be likely to give this thought too much prominence in the training of their children.

Helplessness and dependence are conditions of infancy and childhood, but they cannot always lean upon paternal arms. They must be taught to rely upon themselves. The child at first has no confidence in his own abillty to walk. He totters to fall, because he dares not trust his own strength to sustain him. Hence, the mother holds his outstretched arm and leads him to his destined gaol; or he leans upon a chair, by which he has learned to measure his doubtful steps. Now, how does the mother teach her darling to walk? Not by giving him more strength, but by teaching him self-reliance. He must learn to walk by walking; and after a few trials, with proper assistance, he is left in the middle of the floor and encouraged to come to his mother's arms. No matter if he cries for help, he must not be assisted.

No matter if he tumbles; the effort will give him confidence, and this confidence will give him success. In a similar manner he must learn to take care of his own person, provide for his own wants and depend upon his own efforts for the accomplishment of every desirable object.

It is the special duty of parents to cultivate the habit of self-reliance in their children in everything relating to active life. If they fail in this, the child's education is necessarily defective, and his future success will be doubtful. Circumstances, however, sometimes do for children what parents have failed to accomplish. They are born in honest industry, and reared in the school of poverty. Their straightened circumstances have compelled them to form the very habits upon which success depends. Such parents often envy their more wealthy neighbors, and lament that they cannot furnish their own children the means of personal gratification and aid which many of their associates enjoy.

But what are the facts in the history of these families? In nine cases out every ten, the children of poverty succeed, while those reared under the influence of wealth fail. And why? Because the poor man's sons are compelled to form habits of industry, self-reliance and economy and early to shift for themselves; while the rich live in indolence and luxury, which often results in dissipation, and always in helplessness and dependence.

Our country is full of living illustrations of this truth. Every neighborhood, every public institution, and every profession can furnish examples. There are noble exceptions, when children reared in opulence become earnest and efficient men, but the exceptions only prove the rule. Poverty then is not a curse, but a blessing, if it is accompanied by integrity and virtue.

And still I believe that parents in competence and even in wealth, may so train their children as to secure the desired results if under proper family discipline.

Again, self-reliance is indispensable to self-culture, which is the only condition of intellectual and moral growth. All available instruction is drawn from the child's own resources. True education is not imparted, but self-produced. It results from the exercise of the powers to be developed.

And this work begins not in the school, but in the mother's arms, and success or failure depends much upon her training. To call forth and direct the energies of mind and soul, is her special work. Activity is the controlling agency, and growth and progress the sure results.

Coleridge once said: "There is no standing still with the mind; if it is not rising upward to become an angel, it is sinking downward, to become a devil." With what care, therefore, should this mental and moral activity be directed.

The elements of true manhood and womanhood, are inborn, but they can be developed only by culture; self-help and self-reliance are both the means and the conditions of success in life.

Knowledge does not spring from intuition. The mind is not merely a receptacle into which the love of the schools can be poured; but an activity to cull out and appropriate whatever is valuable in books, lectures, social intercourse, and the voice of the living teacher. These rouse the mental powers to action, and develope their latent energies.

Now, the thought to be insisted on in this connection is, that education is the process of self-development, which should be encouraged by parents to the greatest possible extent in dealing with their children. They should be led to do their own thinking, and to make their own inferences; they should be told but little, but induced to discover as much as possible. They should solve their own questions, and be instructed only as to how to apply themselves to the work. Outside help weakens, rather than strengthens the powers of self-instruction.

Thus the child is early taught the lesson of self-reliance and habituated to the work of successful self-culture.

EXPERIENCE.

### *"NOW I LAY ME."*

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

The sunlight is fading out of the western sky. Only a few slanting rays fall lingeringly from the golden sheaf of his dying glories and tint the windows of the humble cottage with hues as rare and gorgeous as the many stained lights of the wealth-environed castle with fretted niche and architrave.

Night with softly falling tread gathers her sable mantle about her, and creeping silently o'er the hushed earth, casts a welcome pall of darkness o'er all within her realm.

The whippoorwill sounds his shrill note in earnest haste from the neighboring orchard; drowsy insects hum noisily o'er our heads; the fowls have gone to their early rest, and nature sits dreamily dozing over the changes of constant recurrence in her boundless realm.

The outside world becomes dim to our eyes, but in countless homes there are holy-sweet visions which the inner eye sees for years. Visions, such as no eye can see without sending a telegram of appreciation to the heart, and letters of remembrance to the brain.

White robed figures with blue eyes and brown eyes, golden hair, heads of brown and curls of black, lisping tongue and baby voices kneel by countless cribs, trundle beds and loveing mother's knees, and that tender little prayer, "Now I lay me," floats upward like incense from God's altar. Every word has become hallowed by time and made doubly sweet by association.

I sometimes think as in imagination these dainty visions are photographed before me, how lowly God must bend to catch the childish accents that are ofttimes lost in the tired sleep of restless childhood.

"Now I lay me" knows no distinction. It goes up from canopied beds in tapestried chambers, and rough hewn cots in white washed attics. But oh, mothers, who watch over these Heaven-sent darlings, as you value your influence over their hearts in the years to come, do not tuck them away to slumber ere they put up this simple petition. Habits of childhood are part of us who are at the threshold of borrowed time. They will cling; therefore mothers be careful what habits you establish.

"Now I lay me" is even now wing-

ing its way up on angels' wings from countless lips of innocence; but with the third line, "If I should die before I wake," crowd there no thoughts?

What if the "one ewe lamb" now kneeling before you, upon whose very night dress hem you look almost reverently, what if it should "die before it wakes?" Would there come aught of regret to you? Would hasty words over scattered playthings, hurried steps from detaining hands, nervous exclamations at childish complaints, fretful repinings and angry thoughts rise like accusing ghosts, if He should take the little one "for Jesus' sake?"

Think of it, impatient mothers, brothers, fathers, sisters, and check the rising bursts of anger, and impatient exclamations brought on by weariness; for these wear on the soul's best side, and when the best side is worn out, or at least, shadowed with weariness of life, or distrust of its issues, where will the child go for rest and sunlight?

Think when you would treat the childish requests as frivolous, or haste by the detaining hand, that they are just nearing the mile stones scattered along life's journey, near which you stopped as inquiringly in the years long since gone by, as they do now.

When their repeated offences annoy and distress you, stop a moment and think. What if they should have that part of the petition granted? What if the Lord should take the soul ere it wakes? What if you should have to close the mischief dancing eyes, and compose the chubby limbs for death's cold embrace ere the dawn of morning?

Oh, think of it, mothers, and before you kneel again by the side of your wee darlings, so conduct yourselves that if the prayer should be answered ere the dawning, it may bring you no unconquerable remorse and unrelievable regrets, which prayers and repentance can never cover from memory.

### *KINDNESS.*

I think there cannot be a person living, who has not felt at some period of his or her life, the soothing effects, which acts of kindness invariably produce. Perhaps trifling in appearance, they are of the greatest value to those who receive them, because bestowed in an earnest and sincere manner.

An incident occurred to me which I will willingly here transcribe. I set out one morning, to visit a little sick friend, who resides one mile from my own home, and was proceeding quietly down a road, which led to this child's house, when I was attracted by a number of children, who were busily employed, making garlands of beautiful flowers.

As I approached the group thus employed, a feeling of gladness arose, when I considered the goodness of Him, who granted us so many earthly blessings, not even forgetting the lovely flowers which adorn the fields. Whether or not the children observed the looks of admiration, which I bestowed upon the flowers, I cannot say; at any rate one of them presented me, with the natural grace of childhood, some of their choicest flowers. I was much pleased, and thanked him so heartily, that his eyes dazzled with delight at finding his offering so well valued. I then passed on, musing on the incident which interrupted my walk, and trying to draw a lesson for improvement.

This child had offered the nicest flowers without hope of a reward, thinking they might add to my happiness. I then considered how many things might be done, without the least labor to ourselves, which would greatly add to the pleasure of others. I also think there is more consideration shown, in little sacrifices, than in great ones.

I said I was on my way to visit a little sick friend, but it is not of her, I wish to speak, but of this child's grandmother, who was well supplied with all the comforts, she could demand, but still, she was not satisfied. After I had paid several visits, I at last succeeded in discovering the reason. This old lady had many peculiarities, which annoyed her daughter-in-law, who daily humored her in great things, but could not bear the little whims of her aged relation. It annoyed me to see one so helpless, grieved by trifles, I therefore made it a point of watching her, as I made my daily visit. I managed to supply her little wants, and so well succeeded that her daughter-in-law wondered at the old lady's partiality for me. I told her the reason and persuaded her to try the same plan. I also made the remark, that it was useless to try to change habits, which had been formed for years. She acknowledged this and promised me not to feel annoyed again with her mother-in-law, but render cheerfully the small services she required. The old lady was now happy, and left off fretting, all because acts of kindness were done, which did not occupy more than a few moments daily.

I trust this short story is not without its moral. Never miss an opportunity of rendering a service, no matter how trifling it may appear to you. Be sure, it will be duly appreciated. This will not be the only reward; it will make for you many friends. Cultivate especially a spirit of kindness in the family circle. It is here where it is most required and will add to your happiness while on earth.

A. L. L.

### *HOW TO GIVE CHILDREN AN APPETITE.*

Give the children an abundance of out-door exercise, fun and frolic; make them regular in their habits, and feed them only upon plain, nourishing food, and they will seldom, if ever complain of a lack of appetite. But keep them overtasked in school, confined closely to the house the rest of the time, frowning down every attempt at play; feed them upon rich or high seasoned food, candies, nuts, etc., allow them to eat between meals and late in the evening, and you need not expect them to have good appetites. On the contrary, you may expect that they will be pale, weak and sickly.

Don't cram them with food when they don't want it, or have no appetite—for such a course is slow murder. If they have no appetites, encourage, and if need be, command them to take exercise in the open air. Don't allow them to study too much, and especially keep them from reading the exciting literature which so much abounds in our bookstores and circulating libraries. In addition to securing exercise for the children as above, change the diet somewhat; especially if they have been eating fine flour, change to coarse or Graham flour.

Sickness is the most expensive thing on the face of the globe. There may be instances where it makes people or children better, but generally it makes them selfish, sad, misanthropic, nervous, mean and miserable. The best way to make children happy and good is to keep them well.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

### *THE PUZZLER.*

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month. Answers should be sent with all contributions to this column.

ANSWERS:—1. Good Practical Recipes. 2. Pacific. 3. Mathematics. 4. EASY TO FIND.

5. We may not see the guiding of our Father;
We cannot know what work our love may do;
But hands of angels shall the harvest gather,
And works do follow where our souls shall go.

6. Car-away. 7. Cumin. 8. Rosemary. 9. Rue. 10. Sage. 11. Thyme. 12. Worm-wood.

13.
H
HOE
HOUSE
PASSION
HOUSEHOLD
MANHOOD
CLOTH
ELM
D

14. Stay, slay. 15. Mile, mite. 16. Seer, peer. 17. Drive, drove. 18. Hart, Hare.

19. All are but parts of one stupenduous whole;
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.

20. Sow, slow. 21. Ton, torn. 22. Shoe, shore. 23. Char, chair.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of twenty-four letters.

My 19, 5, 12, 7, 3, 8, 23, 20 is careless writing.

My 1, 5, 7, 4, 19, 22, 12, 4 is a small cutting instrument.

My 16, 17, 18, 4, 15 is a place of abode.

My 21, 22, 1, 7, 9, 6 is one who deals in stockings.

My 16, 17, 6, 13, 7, 5, 18, 23, 13, 2, 12, 20 is the culture of a garden.

My 10, 7, 8 is a falsehood.

My 14, 11, 23, 24 is to stop.

My 4, 5, 12, 18, 13, 11, 7, 6, 9 is a case of drawers for papers.

My whole will be something for your advantage to do.

2. I am composed of thirty-two letters.

My 7, 14, 21, 17, 8 is looked for as winter approaches.

My 23, 24, 12, 3, 28, 26, 10 is a medicine good for the ague.

My 20, 13, 30, 29, 19 is made from fruit.

My 18, 15, 16, 1, 5 is a metal.

My 4, 6, 2, 11, 31 is a fowl.

My 9, 22, 27, 27, 13, 32 is a carpenter's tool.

My 25, 8, is a pronoun.

My whole is a poem and its author.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My first is in many but not in few,
My second is in door but not in pew,
My third is in noun but not in verb,
My fourth is in bridle but not in curb,
My fifth is in canary but not in pet.
My whole is very hard to get.

ROSCOE F.

ANAGRAM.

4. Tey roguceæ ulos ron lodh hyt tregtshn ni inav,
Ni hatfi roce'meo het speste ogd tess orf eteh;
Rof sapt eht penila mutsims fo regta napi
Helhi teh tiayl.

LIZZIE.

ARITHMOREM.

5. AEO)TNBKS(LKT
SBS
BTKK
BKCE
LBKS
LBKS

CHARADES.

6. My *first* no matter if it be
In palace or in cot;
If wealth abounds, or where we see
The poor man's humble lot:
'Tis e'er the sweetest, dearest place
The whole wide world around,
And with its love and sacred joys
Seems almost holy ground.

'Twas years ago, I mind it now,
When mid the school room's din,
With fevered cheek and aching brow
I felt my sight grow dim;
The Doctor came and sagely said
'Twas measles as he reckoned;
And then with aching, wandering head
For weeks I was my *second*.

But now far from my childhood's home,
And that dear household band,
A stranger, I mid strangers roam,
Far from my native land;
Yet oft when evening shadows fall
Strange sadness fills my soul,
While memory doth past joys recall
And then I am my *whole*.

MARY W.

7. My *first* is never false,
As any one can prove;
My *second* is an insect small,
Who is ever on the move;
An idle boy, my *whole* reveals,
Who from his studies often steals.

CRYPTOGRAPH.

8. Mjwft pg hsfbu ino bmm sfnijoe vt,
Uibn xi upp nbz nblf pvs mjuft tvcmgof,
Boe efgbsujoh mfbnf cfifve vt,
Gppuqsfout po wif tboct pg ujnf.

SQUARE WORDS.

9. Name for a matron. A man's name. Eastern philosophers. To send out.

10. A part of the body. A Latin text book. Exact. In ancient times a beautiful garden. ROSCOE F.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

11. A measure of four inches; farewell; tidings; an abode; a part in music; a song of praise. The initials and finals form the name of a heroic woman.

*Proverb.*—12. Aaaaaaeeeeehkkmmnssssttttwww.


### *WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR BREAKFAST?*

BEING a farmer's daughter, acquainted both by observation and experience with many needs of farmers, I venture sending a few hints. I esteem no one thing more essential to the success of farmers than that of having breakfast well and promptly prepared, so that they may be able to avail themselves of the early, cool morning for their own work and that of their teams.

By proper forethought in making allowance for the next breakfast when cooking the dinner, the accompanying lists can be prepared by any active housekeeper in half an hour. Of course, if potatoes and meats are to be cooked, they must be made ready over night, coffee ground, etc., to spare the vexation of uncomfortable haste in arranging the breakfast. Coffee is supposed to be served at each meal, that being our usual breakfast beverage, although chocolate, tea, or water may be substituted if desired. The kinds of meat may be varied with the season, to include fowls, fresh fish, veal, mutton, or whatever is procurable or desirable; and similar variations may be made in the fruits. It is sometimes a grateful change in midsummer to leave out meats altogether, and add more fruit, either raw or cooked.

Potatoes are mentioned in the lists because it is taken for granted that every farmer has them; but those who relish other vegetables, and give them place in the garden (as every farmer should do,) will often exchange them for or supplement them with some of the many other healthful vegetables. No breadstuffs appear in the lists, as it is assumed that bread, buckwheat, graham, or Indian meal cakes will be served each morning according to season or preference.

It has always seemed to me that none have better opportunities for an abundance of food than farmers, providing their wives and daughters appreciate their position as they should, and will give to the preparation of the meals the amount of thought and care that good cooking requires. I fancy that I hear some hurried, overworked housekeeper saying: "Oh! do not speak of putting out any more work or thought on cooking than we now do."

Far be it from me to add to the burdens of the already over-tasked American farmer's household; but permit me to whisper a doubt of our work being always just as well systematized as it might be, and just as much pruned of extra duties. I do not purpose to carry this subject out, as it could easily be, to the extent of an entire volume or more; but I must say that it does not appear to me necessary for even independent, middle class farmers and their families to seek the adoption of furniture, equipage, and dress indulged in by people of more wealth though less independence than farmers; every mere luxury bringing with it added care.

Ah, tired house-mother! Leave the ruffles off the children's clothing, put aside the extra stitches and the extra rubs; prepare a simple, healthful, early breakfast (for starting right in the morning is a good foundation for going through the day right,) and let every member of the household have a pleasant memory of the dear old farm, its quiet reunions around the breakfast-table, and a thousand other possible reminiscences of peace and beauty to take with them not only through the toils of present days, but through other years, when they may too truly become only memories to its scattered flock.

BREAKFAST LISTS.—The articles in parentheses refer to different seasons:

SUNDAY. — Baked potatoes; roast beef from previous dinner, set in the oven until hot; stewed apples (pie-plant;) rice pudding.

MONDAY.—Potatoes, from previous dinner, cut in slices and heated or warmed over by dropping in hot fat, like crullers; roast pork, cold; cucumber pickles (cut cabbage;) raspberries, fresh or canned.

TUESDAY. — Boiled potatoes; salt mackerel; chopped tomato pickle (lettuce;) pie, apple (pie plant or cherry.)

WEDNESDAY. — Baked potatoes; broiled beef; tomatoes, canned or fresh; stewed apples (strawberries, cherries, etc.)

THURSDAY.—Codfish; boiled potatoes; cucumber pickles (martynias, etc.;) canned plums (baked pears.)

FRIDAY.—Broiled ham and poached eggs; apples, stewed or baked; rice pudding.

SATURDAY.—Potatoes, warmed over by slicing in just water enough to keep from burning, to which add butter and seasoning; broiled steak; chopped tomato pickle; cherries, canned or fresh (blackberries, grapes, etc.)—*Am. Agriculturist.*

### *CARE OF CHINA AND GLASS WARE.*

In the average household few things suffer more from ill usage than porcelain and glass, especially the finer kinds of such ware. A few practical suggestions on the best methods of cleansing and preserving these fragile materials may be welcome to the readers of the Journal.

One of the most important things is to "season" the glass and china to sudden change of temperature, so that they may remain sound after exposure to sudden heat and cold. This is best done by placing the articles in cold water, which must gradually be brought to the boiling point, and then allowed to cool very slowly, taking several hours to do it. The commoner the materials, the more care in this respect is required.

The very best glass and china is always well seasoned, or "annealed," as the manufacturers say, before it is sold. If the wares are properly seasoned in this way, they may be washed in boiling water without fear of fracture, except in frosty weather, when, even with the best annealed wares, care must be taken not to place them suddenly in too hot water.

All china that has any gilding upon it must on no account be rubbed with a cloth of any kind, but merely rinsed first in hot, and afterwards in cold water, and then left to drain till dry. If the gilding is very dull and requires polishing, it may now and then be rubbed with a soft wash-leather and a little dry whiting; but this operation must not be repeated more than once a year, otherwise the gold will most certainly be rubbed off and the china spoilt. When the plates, etc., are put away in the china closet, pieces of paper should be placed between them to prevent scratches on the glaze or painting, as the bottom of all ware has little particles of sand adhering to it, picked up from the oven wherein it was glazed. The china closet should be in a dry situation, as a damp closet will soon tarnish the gilding of the best crockery.

In a common dinner service it is a great evil to make the plates too hot, as it invariably cracks the glaze on the surface, if not the plate itself. We all know the result—it comes apart; "nobody broke it," "it was cracked before," or "cracked a long time ago." The fact is, that when the glaze is injured, every time the "things" are washed the sewage gets to the interior, swells the porous clay, and makes the whole fabric rotten. In this condition they will also absorb grease; and when exposed to further heat the grease makes the dishes brown and discolored. If an old, ill used dish be made very hot indeed, a teaspoonful of fat will be seen to exude from the minute fissures upon its surface. These latter remarks apply more particularly to common ware.

As a rule, warm water and a soft cloth are all that is required to keep glass in good condition; but water bottles and wine decanters, in order to keep them bright, must be rinsed out with a little muriatic acid, which is the best substance for removing the "fur" which collects in them. This acid is far better than ashes, sand, or shot; for the ashes and sand scratch the glass, and if shot is left in by accident the lead is poisonous.

Rich cut glass must be cleaned and polished with a soft brush, upon which a very little fine chalk or whiting is put; by this means the lustre and brilliancy are preserved. — *Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

### *WHEN NOT TO EAT.*

Never eat when very much fatigued. Wait until rested.

Never eat just before you expect to engage in any severe mental or physical exercise.

Never eat while in a passion, or while under any great mental excitement, whether of a depressing or elevating character.

Never eat when in a hurry, if you can prevent it. If obliged to eat hurriedly, eat lightly.

Never eat just before taking a bath of any kind.

Never eat just before retiring for the night.

Never eat between regular meals.—*Herald of Health.*

### *THE DESSERT.*

—Flipkins says there are three sexes—the male sex, the female sex, and the insects.

—Mrs. Partington says she gets up every morning at the shrill carrion of the chandelier.

—Model wives formerly took a stitch in time; now, with the aid of sewing machines, they take one in no time.

—A little boy, on being asked what trade he should pursue, answered that he wanted to be a trustee, as since his father had been one they had plum pudding every day.

—A Sabbath-school teacher, desirous of waking the dormant powers of a scholar, asked the question, "What are we taught by the historic incident of Jacob wrestling with the angel?" The cautious reply came, "Dunno, 'zactly, but I 'spose 'twas to tell us we mustn't rastle."

—A Scotchman went to a lawyer once for advice, and detailed the circumstances of the case. "Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred?" asked the lawyer. "Oh! aye, sir!" replied he; "I thought it best to tell ye the plain truth. Ye can put the lies into it yourself."

—There is such a thing as being "too smart." A Detroit thief went to the door of a house, rang the bell and asked the servant to call her mistress, as he had particular business with her. The lady came, when the stranger informed her that Mr.——, naming the name on the door plate, had sent him to the house to get twenty dollars which was due him. But for one thing he might have got the money. The lady's husband had been dead seven years.

—A Boston correspondent of the Rutland (Vt.) Herald thus expiains the "dark ways" of the lobbyists in Boston: "A friend of mine, who has been a member of the Legislature for a number of years, was talking to the principal 'lobbyist' at the State House a short time since. My friend said to him, 'Well, Mr.——, you never got around me when you wanted to carry through any of your schemes.' 'Oh, yes,' replied the other; 'I always got some honest farmer to take a seat next to yours, and tell you that his particular friends in the country wished it done, that it would be a great benefit to their towns, and you always voted just as I wanted you to.'"

### *SOLILOQUY IN A HAMLET.*

(Over a washtub.)

To toil or not to toil? That is the question.
Whether 'tis better in the future for me to suffer
The present slaying of outrageous washday,
Or take a stand against this day of troubles,
And by the use of "Dobbins'" aud them.
To rub, to scrub
No more; but by this soap to end
The backache, and the thousand natural shocks
That Monday's heir to. Yes, that's a change
Devoutly to be wished. 'Tis cheap,
Perchance at any price, since there's no rub,
For many washdays yet may come
Before I shuffle off this mortal coil.
This thought doth me decide. No more bad soap
For me. I'll even drop the piece I have,
And fly for "Dobbins'"—that I *know* is good.
Thus does "Dobbins'" make converts of us all.
(Exit to the corner grocery, for a pound of Dobbins' Electric Soap.)

SOAP'S PEER.


### *THE BEST MEDECINES.*

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

HOW strange it is that while we lavish money so freely upon nauseous nostrums, drugs and poisons, we almost ignore the best medecines in the world provided so freely and liberally by the Great Physician for all his children.

Few if any are the diseases which cannot be cured or prevented by a proper use of God's remedies, such as fresh air, exercise, rest, water, nay even the very earth has been found to possess great curative power in certain cases. It is true that like all other medicines these must be studied that we may know where, when, and how to administer them so as to produce the best results, as an indiscriminate use of even the best restoratives will kill as readily as cure.

Fresh air for example is the finest tonic in the world, and absolutely essential to health, but a stream of cold air blowing upon the back of the neck may prove fatal. A distinguished physician of Philadelphia has said that much of the dysentery that prevails among children in summer is caused by taking cold in the night. In their restleness they throw off the bed-clothing and towards morning the air grows very cool, and damp wind blows in from the open windows, giving a sudden chill checking the flow of perspiration and thus throwing extra duty upon the other eliminatory organs.

What then? Is this an argument against air or against admitting fresh air to our sleeping apartments? By no means, he simply says it is therefore important to provide children with long and warm night clothing that will effectually protect them from these changes of temperature and render them independent of bed-clothing. Young children who are most active and restless in sleep and apt to throw off the bed-clothing ought to wear night drawers sewed up six inches or more below the foot, and infants a long flannel skirt or night dress folded over the feet and also a loose flannel band over the bowels.

It is true that some people are so sensitive that they take cold or have neuralgia if they sleep with a window open even in summer, while others sleep even in the coldest winter weather with a window of their sleeping room wide open and feel the better for it. Of course it makes a difference whether the window is at the head or foot of the bed, near or at a distance. But the principal difference is in habit, and it is therefore exceedingly important to accustom children to breathe fresh air freely, for it is certain that where one person dies from fresh air a thousand die for the want of it. Where do we find the healthiest children? They are the children who are out of doors nearly all day, rain or shine; and we all know that the main reason why the country is healthier than the city is because being less densely populated the air is purer. And city people are generally healthy in proportion to the amount of pure air they breathe.

It is singular that consumptives and dyspeptics who more than any other class of people need fresh air, are the very ones least inclined to take it. Consumptive persons are always afraid to go out or to admit fresh air into their apartments lest they should take cold, and the less air they take the less they are able to take until they cease to breathe. Dr. Hall says "No medicine or drug or anything to be swallowed or inhaled has ever yet been found which can possibly have any direct, radical, efficient agency in permanently arresting even, the progress of consumption. Many such have been proposed with great confidence, while all have one by one gone out of notice, which could not have been the case had they been efficient. The only means are to secure a vigorous digestion, and to bring back the full breathing of the lungs; both of which are possible." First then to secure a vigorous digestion; one of the best aids is pleasurable recreation and exercise in the open air. What this exercise must be each must judge for himself, but it must be something that will employ both mind and muscle, and something that you will enjoy. No man or woman can be well who is not happy. And the happier you are the longer you will live and the more good you can do. Hence those who do or say anything to make others unhappy are in one sense their murderers, since they help to shorten their lives, while love, joy, peace, and cheerfulness are the best physicians and nurses, bringing back to life and usefulness many a poor patient who but for them would have died a miserable death. The reason for this is plain. When we are unhappy we breathe slowly and throw out long breaths and inhale very short ones. Hence we get very little fresh air. While on the contrary when we are happy we inhale long breaths and exhale shorter ones, thus getting the greatest amount of air and so expanding the lungs that they are less liable to disease, while the great amount of oxygen taken into the lungs purifies the blood, quickens the circulation, and gives strength, vigor and health, to the whole system. It is well known that the oxygen of the air produces, when inhaled, an exhilarating effect. The famous laughing gas is only air containing a little more than the ordinary proportion of oxygen. So we see the happier we are the more fresh air we inhale, and the more fresh air we inhale the happier we are, the healthier we are, and the better fitted for usefulness here and happiness hereafter. While the converse is equally true, other things being equal. Where do we find the greatest amount of misery and crime, but in the foul and filthy dens and byways of our large cities, where no breath of fresh air ever enters? The man who habitually breathes impure air is stupifying his intellect, deadening his conscience and inflicting a curse upon himself and his children, if he ever has any, which it is to be hoped he never will have, for it is sad to see the innocent suffer for the sins of the guilty. And he who neglects to take care of his health is certainly guilty in the sight of God.

Another excellent property of fresh air is that it inclines one to sleep, and we cannot be healthy without we take plenty of rest and sleep. The harder we work the more time we must take for rest, or we shall soon wear out. "After labor—rest," is a good old maxim too little followed in this country where all is rush, hurry, and never ending excitement. No wonder the people here, and especially the women, look prematurely old. They take too little rest, too little sleep, too little recreation, too little exercise in the open air. Poor, jaded housewives work seventeen hours out of the twenty-four, while your husbands complain and "strike" if called upon to work more than eight! Do stop and think whether some of your work might not be saved or left undone for the sake of your family and yourself. But I must not begin to speak now of overwork. One thing at a time. This time we are considering fresh air as a medicine, and as it is my aim to practice what I preach, I will stop here and take a little fresh air and recreation myself.

But let no one accuse me of saying that fresh air is the only thing necessary to health and happiness. Truth is many sided and we can see only one side at a time. Fresh air is not the only medicine needful, but as Dr. Hall says, it is "second to no other."

### *BOILED WHEAT FOR DYSPEPTICS.*

Soak about a pint of clean, white wheat in warm water for twelve hours or longer. Then boil it for three hours, or until the kernels are thoroughly cooked, in a farina kettle, or in a tin pail placed in another kettle containing water. Let a few large nails or small stones be put in the large kettle to keep the pail from resting directly on the bottom. By this means the wheat can be cooked for a long time without scorching it. If the vessel containing the wheat is not kept in hot water, it will scorch and burn, even if the mass is stirred while it is being cooked. After the kernels are quite soft, add salt to suit the taste. But wheat should never be salted before it is cooked, as salt will render the bran tough. Wheat thus prepared is excellent when eaten in milk, or dressed with cream and sugar. Procure the best quality of white wheat, as red wheat is liable to be tough. Only a small portion of the wheat received at city flouring-mills is sufficiently free from rat and mice litter and foul seed to be cooked in the foregoing manner. The practice of the writer has been, for a few years past, to procure a small bag of clean wheat from some good farmer, who cultivates clean, plump grain.

Aside from the surprising economy in providing such an article of diet, boiled wheat is one of the very best kinds of food that invalids, bilious and high-living dyspeptics can eat. No medicine is comparable to it for giving a healthful tone to one's system when it is somewhat run down. A friend who had been accustomed to subsist largely on beefsteak and oysters was laid on a sick-bed, last autumn, and his physician assured him he could prepare for an unwelcome case of typhoid fever. We sent to him a few pounds of wheat, with directions for cooking and eating, and, as we anticipated, he was at his business in four days, quite well. He abandoned the use of meat, except in small quantities two or three times per week, and says the wheat has made almost a new man of him. Such food will digest easily, it is sufficiently bulky to distend the stomach, and no other food will make better blood. Boiled wheat is far superior to wheaten grits and Graham bread.—*Christian Weekly.*

### *ON CATCHING COLD.*

Catching cold is a common phrase for an attack of catarrh, but it is a very incorrect one. One year I suffered so severely from a series of "colds," that my attention was drawn specially to them. I was then lecturing on medicine, and nearly every night from five o'clock to six during the winter months, had to turn out from a warm room to go through all weathers, lecture for an hour in a theatre heated by a stove and lighted by gas, and then return again to my snuggery at home. When I felt a fresh cold beginning, I tried in vain to account for it, until I accidentally saw in Copeland's dictionary that the most fertile cause of a cold was coming from a moist, cold air to a hot and dry room. This at once explained to me the reason of my frequent suffering, for I had invariably gone into my hot room straight from the cold. I of course soon changed my habit; I dawdled in the hall while taking off my great coat, perambulated the rooms which had no fire in them, went up and down stairs and the like, ere I went into my study, whose temperature was also reduced. Since then I agree with a friend, who says, "that a cold comes from catching hot;" and I am disposed to think that there is a strong analogy between a chilblain on a child's toes and a cold in a person's nose, throat and lungs.—*Dr. Thomas Inman.*

### *DANDRUFF OF THE SCALP.*

I will inform Nannie J. that this is frequently removed by washing the scalp in a solution of soda and water, not very strong. The white of an egg is also of some service. She must remember, however, that the cause is often deep seated, connected with "humor" which it may be necessary to treat. If the feet are cold and the head hot, the blood "rushes to the head," aggravating these humors, at least in the head, with the appearance of the dandruff. J. H. H.

### *CHILBLAINS.*

DEAR SIR.—In the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Sunshine wishes a sure cure for chilblains. Here it is. Pour boiling water over one pint of wood ashes, when cool enough immerse the feet, let them remain about half an hour, or while you read the contents of the last HOUSEHOLD.

A SUBSCRIBER.

### OLD BOOKS.

I must confess I love old books!
The dearest, too, perhaps most dearly;
Thick, clumpy tomes of antique looks,
In pigskin covers fashioned queerly;

Clasped, chained, or thronged, stamped quaintly too,
With figures wondrous strange, of holy
Men and women, and cherubs, few
Might well from owls distinguish duly.

I love black letter books, that saw
The light at least three hundred
Long years ago; and look with awe
On works that live, so often plundered.

I love the sacred dust, the more
It clings to ancient lore, enshrining
Thoughts of the dead, renowned of yore,
Embalmed in book: for age declining.

Fit solace, food, and friends most sure
To have around one always handy,
When sinking spirits find no cure
In news, election brawls, or brandy.

In these old books, more soothing far
The balm of Gilead or Nepenthe
I seek an antidote from care—
Of which, most men indeed have plenty.

"Five hundred times at least," I've said—
My wife assures me—"I would never
Buy more old books"—yet lists are made,
And shelves are lumbered more than ever.

Ah! that our wives could only see
How well the money is invested
In these old books, which seem to be
By them, alas! so much detested!

There's nothing hath enduring youth,
Eternal newness, strength unfailing,
Except old books, old friends, old truth,
That's ever battling, still prevailing.

'Tis better in the past to live,
Than grovel in the present vilely,
In clubs and cliques, where placemen hive,
And faction hums, and dolts rank highly.

To be enlightened, counselled, led,
By master-minds of former ages,
Come to old books—consult the dead—
Commune with silent saints and sages.

Leave me, ye gods! to my old books—
Polemic fields to sects that wrangle—
Vile "parish politics" to folks
Who love to squabble, scheme and jangle!

Dearly beloved old pigskin tomes!
Of dingy hues old bookish darlings!
Oh! cluster ever round my rooms,
And banish strife, disputes and snarlings!

—*American Publisher.*

### WRITING FOR A LIVING.

ACCORDING to the frequently expressed opinions of those best qualified to judge, nothing can be more foolish than for a person without ripe culture, a special aptitude or genius for the work, and such a thorough training for the same as to secure a salaried position as a journalist, to set out deliberately to earn his bread by his pen. The writer has written for the press for many years, and has had no reason to complain of the compensation he has received, though he wrote many years gratuitously. Yet, even if he were to devote his whole time and strength to authorship, there isn't a shoemaker or cobbler in town that wouldn't indefinitely distance and outrank him in his revenue. If one burns to write and print, by all means let him, let him do it from the love of it, for the sake of the culture of it, for the sheer joy of it, and then if he be so fortunate as to receive compensation for his production, so much the better; count it so much clear gain. But by no means depend upon so slender a staff as this, that is at the outset, for earning a livelihood. While all have written ably and well on this subject in these columns, it seems to me that Mrs. Dorr has specially "hit the nail on the head." By way of confirming the views by her expressed in her articles I append a paragraph just clipped from The Christian Union. R. H. H.

Since I was fourteen years old I have had a growing desire to obtain a livelihood by writing for the press, and have written some for country papers that calculate to get their articles for nothing if they can. This desire is increasing—I cannot get rid of it. Is it my duty to attempt to realize my ambition in this matter, and if so, what is my best course to take? What papers pay for accepted articles?

There are at least seventeen thousand people of no more ability and culture than yourself in whom the desire is increasing to make a livelihood by writing for the press, though we cannot see why this course should seem so attractive, since the livelihood made by writers in nineteen cases out of twenty is a precarious one. We cannot say that it is your duty to attempt to realize your ambition to write for those papers that do not "calculate" to get their articles for nothing if they can. But since you say you cannot get rid of this desire we advise you in the first place to learn to write a good legible handwriting. Some men of genius have written badly, but scribbling is not a *prima-facie* evidence of genius. Learn to put capital letters in the right place. Cultivate the habit of using correct English, instead of local phrases. Then give yourself some years of culture by a careful reading of the best English authors. The chances are that by this time you have gotten rid of your desire to write for the press, since that desire is evidently founded in an ignorance of what is required in such a vocation. But if after you have thus prepared yourself the desire still remains, send articles to leading journals. If you fail your culture will be worth all it cost, and you can comfort yourself with reflecting that writers for the press are not generally any more useful or any happier than other people.

### FAMILY READING.

A taste for reading in a family, works beneficially in two ways. It not only makes the children intelligent, but it prevents the formation of many injurious habits. Where there is a delight in the pure and rational pleasure afforded by reading, there will be less temptation to follow after forbidden diversions. Children that are fond of reading are always fond of home; while those who have no such taste, are tempted to stray out after other amusements, and thus fall into temptations, snares and ruin. A taste for reading becomes thus a kind of safeguard to the habits of children.

We have frequent opportunity of seeing this fact exemplified. As an illustration, we quote a few sentences from a letter from the father of a family. In sending his subscription money, he says: "For your encouragement, I let you know that the paper has not lost any of the interest it had when it first came into my family. It is looked for by my children, and read by them with greater interest than when it first came to us; and I believe that, under God's blessing, and in connection with the means of grace—such as the reading of the Word of God, and the attendance at the regular places of worship—I see a change. Things that appeared pleasant to my children at one time, they now despise."

It will always be found that when children once become fond of cultivating their minds and hearts, they learn to "despise" many of those pursuits in which young persons trifle away their precious years.

We heard lately of a farmer, the father of a large family, who was very diligent in encouraging his children in cultivating their minds. He spared no expense in procuring books and good periodicals for them. Some of his miserly and ignorant neighbors used to tell him that he was foolish to spend so much money for books. He answered them according to their folly, thus:

"Your family is about as large as mine; now how much does it cost you to keep your children in shoes for a year?"

"O, well about $30 a year. I tell you, my boys are hard on shoes and clothes."

"It costs me just about half that much."

"Well, that is strange. How can that be? How does it come?"

"I will tell you how it comes. Where were your boys last night?"

"O, well, they were over at Klam's; there was an 'apple-butter-bee' there, and they took a round of hunting on the way home."

"Very well. Where were they the night before?"

"O, well, there was a show at the tavern, you know; and boys, you know, must have a little amusement. What makes you ask such questions? Where were your boys?"

"My boys were at home, sitting around the table and reading, and talking with each other over their books; and I ask you those questions just to show you the difference between the habits of children that are furnished with reading matter and such as are not. It will be easy for you now also to guess why I pay just half as much for shoe leather as you do. I'll tell you what it is, neighbor, I would rather pay money for books to make my children wise, than pay for shoe leather to be worn out on fool's errands."

There hangeth a moral by this tale; and there is a good deal in it to be thought over. Many parents, in this respect, are penny wise and pound foolish.—*Adapted.*

### THE REVIEWER.

HOMES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM, or Hints on Locating and Building a House. By E. C. Gardner. 12mo. pp. 314. Price $2.00. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Such is the title of a very readable volume consisting of letters between an architect and his friends, composed of hints and suggestions relating to the building of homes. As the author says, their aim is to give practical information to those about to build, and to strengthen the growing demand for better and truer work, and they are evidently well adapted to fulfill their mission. The work is embellished with several designs including one of "Sister Jane's Kitchen," which by the way is well worthy the study of every man, or woman either, who is, or ever expects to be, preparing to build a home of their own. To such this work would be worth many times its cost. For sale in Brattleboro by Cheney & Clapp.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October is as magnificent a number for its illustrations, and as rich in the variety and interest of its reading matter, as was ever published. This number, containing eighty illustrations of unusual beauty, opens with "The Emigrant's Story," by J. T. Trowbridge — a poem of characteristic force and pathos, illustrated by Sol Eytinge. The first of an admirable series of illustrated papers on "Decorative Art and Architecture in England," is contributated by Moncure D. Conway. T. B. Aldrich contributes a graceful and exceedingly interesting paper, profusely and beautifully illustrated, on Portsmouth, entitled "An old Town by the Sea." Happily supplementing this article is one on "the Isles of Shoals," by John W. Chadwick, beautifully illustrated. Under the title of "The Humtsmen of the Sea," is given a curious and thrilling chapter of American whaling adventure, with graphic and effective illustrations. One of the most characteristic illustrated papers of the number is "Some Talks of an Astronomer," contributed by Prof. Simon Newcomb, of the United States Observatory at Washington. This paper, which will be concluded in the November number, meets a popular want, and is very timely in connection with the prominence of astronomical topics this year. The admirable serial story, "Rape of the Gamp," is continued, with two of Mr. Frederick's brilliant illustrations; and R. H. Stoddard contributes an excellent poem, which is illustrated, entitled "The Two Anchors." Especial interest will attach to the resumption in this number of Senor Castelar's series of papers on "The Republican Movement in Europe." The present installment is an eloquent review of the connection, in the world's history, between distinctive types of nationality and the various forms of religious faith. This subject is treated with an especial application to the religious movement in Germany during the last hundred years, which will be the subject of a few subsequent papers. Senor Castelar's estimate of Luther, Zwinglius, and Calvin indicates a predominant Protestant impulse acting upon a judgment of rare catholicity. Three stories of unusual power, poems by John G. Saxe and Margaret E. Sangster, and the five editorial departments make up, with the other articles which we have noticed, an ideally perfect number.

THE SANITARIAN, conducted by A. N. Bell, M. D., 234 Broadway, New York. The September number of this excellent magazine contains the following articles: School Diseases, by C. R. Agnew, M. D.; School Ventilation; Physiology of Intemperance, by A. H. Dana; Altitude at which Men can Live, Science in Life Insurance; A Crazy Young Man; Thermometrical Notes in the Study of Disease, by H. L. Bartlett, M. D.; Ventilation of Ships; Sanitary Notes; Relations Between Mortality and the Seasons of the Year; Unwholesome Meat and how to Prevent it, by G. T. Angell; Caution to Water Drinkers, Position of Women with Reference to Education, by Nathan Allen, M. D., LL. D.; Advice to Mothers; Editor's Table; The Public Health; Swill and Sugar Plums; Shadows from the Walls of Death; Unusual Epidemic; Morbid Impulse,—Professor Clymer; St. John's School for Boys; Columbia Springs; To the Subscribers of the Popular Journal of Hygiene; Bibliography.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of The Living Age, for August 29th and September 5th have the following noteworthy articles: King Victor Amadeus of Savoy and Sardinia, The Verdict of History Reversed, Quarterly Review; St. Thomas, by W. G. Palgrave, Cornhill Magazine; Dorothy Wordsworth's Scotch Journal, Spectator; The Count of Paris' History of the American War, Saturday Review; Family Jewels, Blackwood; The Countess of Nithsdale, Quarterly Review; The Convent of San Marco, II, Macmillan; Fritz Reuter, Pall Mall Gazette, etc.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST for September is out, with an interesting and instructive table of contents, viz: The Agricultural Ant,

# GOOD NIGHT.

## TRIO FOR LADIES' VOICES.

FR. SCHNEIDER.

*Slowly.* *dim.*

1. All good night, all good night! Now is la - bor end - ed quite;
2. Sweet re - pose, sweet re - pose! Now all wea - ry eye - lids close;
3. Peace - ful sleep, peace - ful sleep! Sleep till morn - ing's dawn doth peep;

*p* *dim.*

*p*

Now the day is soft - ly clos - ing, Bus - y hands from toil..... re-
Si - lence rests on field and mount - ain, Soft - ly mur - mur brook and
Sleep un - til an - oth - er mor - row Brings its care and joy..... and

*p*

-pos - ing, Till..... new morn - ing wakes in light,.... Till..... new
fount - ain; Peace..... o'er all..... things night - fall throws,.. Peace.... o'er
sor - row; Sleep,..... our Fa - ther watch will keep,.... Sleep,.... our

*mf*

morn - ing wakes in light, All..... good night,.... all..... good night.
all.... things night - fall throws; Sweet... re - pose,..... sweet re - pose.
Fa - ther watch will keep; Peace - ful sleep,..... peace - ful sleep.

*mf*

by Dr. G. Lincecum; Azelea Vicosa, a fly-catcher, by W. W. Bailey; On the Antennæ in the Lepidoptera, by A. R. Grote; The Social Life of the Lower Animals, by Prof. P. J. Van Beneden; On the Distribution and Primitive Number of Spiracles in Insects, by A. S. Packard, Jr.; Geographical Variation in North American Birds, by J. A. Allen; Reviews and Book Notices; Botany; Zoology; Anthropology; Microscopy; Notes. Terms—$4 a year in advance, single numbers 35 cents.

THE SHADOWY HAND. Rev. Henry Morgan's new book "Shadowy Hand," published September 1st, 450 pages, Illustrated, is a story of real life, abounding in incidents both pathetic and comic. It is predicted that its sale will exceed that of "Ned Nevins," which reached over 20,000 copies the first year. Price of the book, $1 50. Agents favorably dealt with. Address Morgan Chapel, Boston.

THE ORGAN AT HOME. A Collection of New and Standard Music, by the Best Composers, for Reed Organs and Melodeons. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Ditson & Co., in this new collection, show their usual trait of close packing. Most music when first published has something superfluous about it. Either there is some unnecessary repetition, or an introduction or finale that can be dispensed with without injury to the body of the piece; or a particular page which is not up to the average beauty of the composition. In compiling the book under consideration, the pruning knife has done its work thoroughly. Yet it cannot be said that anything is injured. And since the contents of probably 400 large sheet music pages here are compressed into 180 no buyer will grumble at the condensation. For sale by Cheney & Clapp.

YOUNG AMERICA, a sparkling Juvenile Monthly, is published by W. Jennings Demorest, 17 East 14th Street, N. Y. We have the issue for October (No. 10, Vol. 8). This elegant Juvenile is published at the low price of One Dollar, and every subscriber receives a premium worth 50 cents in addition.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October, as always, is resplendent in its new styles for the coming Fall, and its elaborate contents of Literature, Music, Poetry, Fashions, Household matters, etc. Get a copy, and subscribe. Only Three Dollars per year, with a superb Chromo premium worth $15. Published at 17 East 14th Street, New York.

"Sumner's Grand March," by E. Mack, comes to us from the publishers, Lee & Walker, Philadelphia, 922 Chestnut Street. It is a beautiful tribute to the memory of the champion of universal liberty. It can be had at any music store for 30 cents, or will be mailed on receipt of that amount by the publishers.


### *WHY IS IT SO?*

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder which is best;
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night-hours go;
Some hearts beat where some hearts break;
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some wills faint where some wills fight—
Some love the tent—and some the field,
I often wonder who are right—
The one who strive, or those who yield.

Some hands fold, where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so through ages and through lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless march, a thorny way.
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek, when others shun the fray.

Some swords rust where others clash,
Some fall back where some move on,
Some flags furl where others flash
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on, while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave:
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name, above a grave.

—*Father Ryan.*

### *BOOK-KEEPING IN THE KITCHEN.*

BY GYPSEY TRAINE.

UNTIL within a few years, the study of book-keeping has been almost entirely neglected in our public schools, especially by the girls, and even now you may hear them say, "O, it will do well enough for boys who are going into business, but it will be of no service to me."

I would say to these girls, "Don't you ever intend to look after your own affairs? Do not most of you expect to have homes of your own, sometime, when it will be supposed that you will do your part in running the domestic machinery? If so, then will it not only be of great benefit to you to know something of practical book-keeping, but, I might say, a necessity to your full success."

How many of the housewives of to-day are able if called upon to write a receipt, an order or a promissory note? Men, as a general thing, understand such matters, even those with little book education. Why? because they know it is expected of them, and therefore inform themselves, while a woman complacently folds her hands and says. "Write such a note as you think proper and I will sign it."

Very frequently when a man fails in his business, one and another remark, "It is not strange; he had a very expensive family." Now, although I know this is true sometimes, yet I am not one to throw the blame upon the weaker side for every fault or folly of the stronger. Still one can not wonder that such is often the case, when there are so many women who spend their husband's money without a thought of how much they can afford them. This is bad enough, but to run in debt is still worse. Where the husband receives a monthly or quarterly salary, it may seem advisable, and often, unavoidable to get trusted for articles that you know you cannot do without, but, if possible, it is better to always pay for what you purchase. Yet if you prefer the credit system, you will find it necessary to know how much you can spend for the household, and keep your accounts accordingly. If you do not keep a strict account, you may find yourself in the situation of a young wife, who was expecting visitors for a few weeks, and, desirous of buying a few articles, asked her husband for some money. As it happened, he was going away and could not well spare any just then, but told her she might get trusted for what she needed while he was absent, and, when he returned, he would settle the account. She did so, and soon after his return he asked her how much she supposed their account was. She told him she thought not over twenty dollars. What was her chagrin and distress, when, after settling the bills, he informed her that instead of twenty, it was sixty dollars. "That," said the wife, when relating the circumstance, "was the end of our getting trusted. We pay now for what we have." "But she probably needed all these things," you may say. You know there is a great difference between necessity as it is commonly applied, and absolute necessity. We may seem to need a thing that we can get along without. The amount that we really need is small compared to what we imagine is necessary.

We need our carpets, pianos, pictures and plants to make our homes comfortable and pleasant, but we can, when obliged to, do without them, and so, if you want an article that you cannot well afford, or pay for, ask yourself if you cannot dispense with it, or, if you will not be happier to wait awhile, than to possess it, knowing that it is not really yours as long as you are owing for it.

If you are allowed a stated sum to spend for domestic purposes, be sure that your expenses fall within your allowance, and do not commit the folly of spending in one week what was to have lasted you three or four. Have your blank book in the kitchen, and in it place all the articles you buy on the Dr. side, and the amount allowed you on the Cr. side. You can obtain these blank books already ruled at any store, but, after you get your book, you may be unable to make the entires. I knew of a pass-book being carried into a store where the merchant's wife was attending, and she acknowledged herself unable to enter the articles bought and sold, and this woman had been a teacher before her marriage. If you really wish to learn how to do this, go to a good accountant and he will show you, in five minutes, a simple method, but, if you do not like to do this, perhaps I can aid you by means of THE HOUSEHOLD, which, you know, aims to carry both profit and pleasure to our homes.

If you neither take, nor give credit, you might make your entries as in the following sample.

| 1874. | | | Dr. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| July | 20 | To 10 lbs. brown sugar, at .10, | 1 | 00 |
| " | 22 | " 15 yds. bleached cotton, " .20, | 3 | 00 |
| " | 27 | " 1 bbl. flour, | 10 | 00 |
| " | 27 | " balance, | 12 | 60 |
| | | | 26 | 60 |

| 1874. | | | | Cr. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| July | 20 | By cash of husband, | | 20 | 00 |
| " | 24 | " 22 lbs. butter, | at .30, | 6 | 60 |
| | | | | 26 | 60 |

This exhibits an account for one week, and leaves you quite a balance. Were the balance on the other side, your purse would be in disgrace, which, I trust, may never occur. The left hand page of each folio is used for debt, and the right for credit. The manner of balancing requires no explanation.

It is not essential, doubtless, that you keep your accounts in a business manner, but it might happen that you would sometimes be in as much of a quandary as the man, who could not tell whether he had bought a cheese, or a grindstone, as a circle, the symbol he had used in his book, would answer to either. In a memorandum book you can note down of whom you buy, and to whom you sell. If you have an account with persons, you can keep it in the same way as in the sample, except to place the person's name at the head of the account, and enter in this folio only the transactions you have with him, or her.

I would not be so particular in my explanation, if I had not heard many persons say they would be glad if they knew how to keep their accounts properly, imagining that it is very difficult and complicated. Such a simple form as I have illustrated, is all that a housewife will need, and if she has a disposition to live within her means, and follows this practice, she will have the satisfaction of knowing that, if there is not a balance in her favor, at least, there is nothing against her.

In all that is pure, virtuous and good I believe woman is the superior of man, but, although there are a few women who develop a taste and talent for the details and successful transaction of business, yet the majority of them are wofully deficient in all that pertains to this branch of education. They are so in the habit of having others think and act for them, that it never occurs to them that a knowledge of business affairs is desirable, or essential to their complete womanhood. Indeed, I presume some, with the characteristic delicacy of their sex, would frown upon a woman who would dare to manage a farm, establish a grocery or take charge of a cheese factory. She may do anything that will not bestow upon her the epithet strong-minded, but, beyond that she unsexes herself. This is all folly, and worse than folly.

God speed those sisters who are launching their boats upon untried seas, and sailing toward unexplored regions! May a prosperous voyage attend you, and, whether you succeed or fail, you will be all the better fitted for wives and mothers, for this ambition and purpose which ennobles your own life will diffuse an atmosphere that will affect your household and all with whom you associate. When women do their part, when they husband the means which is theirs to disburse, then, if we mistake not, will she be given full credit for all her efforts, and many who now helplessly drift to the almshouse, when their support is taken from them, will be able to stand alone, showing to the world how much a true, strong woman may accomplish.

### *LARGE AND SMALL WASHINGS.*

There is more than one way to "save washing." There is a right way and a wrong way, and each of these ways includes many details. Of course, I am writing for people of moderate means. Some housekeeping is done "regardless of expenses," and regardless of everything but the personal wishes or whims of its directors. "Household" articles on domestic economy are not read or desired in such establishments. But we who have to look after the small arts of living comfortably and healthfully, and at the same time with true economy, must give earnest thought to all departments of our housekeeping.

I know a woman who always used calico nightgowns for herself and children because they would not show dirt like white ones, and could be worn a longer time without washing. But the colored gowns were as much soiled as white ones would have been. White garments can be more thoroughly cleansed, by strong suds, washing fluid, boiling, and bright sunshine, than can colored ones, so I think it is a mistake to use colored nightgowns with an idea of saving washing in that way.

This does not exactly apply to the use of gingham or hickory shirts by farmers. A man who works in his shirt sleeves is likely to soil the outside of the garment so very soon that he does well, if he wishes to keep a decent appearance during the days while he must wear the same shirt, to have it made of some material that does not show spots so easy as white cotton, but of fast colors that will bear boiling.

Nor do my remarks about nightgowns apply to children's dresses and aprons. The darlings look "sweet" in white frocks, but I know so much more than I once did about the cost of these dainty garments that my admiration is by no means unmingled with distrust. The first cost may be trifling—no more cents per yard than a good gingham or delaine perhaps. But when the little rolypoly is dressed in his spotless gown and turned loose to play—Oh! But you don't turn it loose to play with white dresses on! No, and that is just the pity of it. There is where you are paying altogether too dear for your whistle. You may spend money in vain for medicines in the efforts to buy for a pale and puny child the rosy cheeks and bright spirits and cheerful voice and promise of long life which you have sacrificed to its white dresses in the effort to keep them clean.

A mother may resolve that she will eat her cake and have it too—that she will keep her child in clean white dresses and not restrict his healthy rough-and-tumble exercise out of doors and on the floor. Think it over well, loving mother. How many dozen little white garments can you afford to make on your sewing machine each season. How many can you wash and iron weekly? What hours of reading will you give in exchange for these labors of love—the sewing and the laundry work? Can you keep your child in spotless robes and yourself in the cheerful spirits that go

along with unstrained nerves and a body not overworked?

Our ideas of beauty have their foundation in some perception of spiritual truth, however dim or poorly conceived. Pure and spotless robes are beautiful, and no one dreams of heaven without them. I too look for them, and gladly believe that when the kingdom comes on earth good gowns and white robes will belong to everybody's wardrobe. But at present I would not take as a gift the wonderful white gown which my neighbor regards as a great triumph of art. It is so fearfully and wonderfully made, with its ruffles and tucks and puffs and skirt over skirt that no one but its owner can be trusted to iron it. This task takes her just one whole day, she says; and the complicated garment can be worn only a few times before it has to have a fresh washing and ironing.

Neither do I envy the hired girls their ruffled white skirts. Annie would tell me at eleven o'clock that the ironing was all done but a few pieces, and in the middle of the afternoon the kitchen fire would be raging, while Annie's red face was bowed over the ironing-board, where her own puffs and ruffles on her white skirts were being smoothed. Plain hems for me! And white skirts only with very light colored dresses! And very light dresses only for the leisure hours, and not then if they make me fear to have the children run in from play to hug and kiss me.

Give us plenty of undergarments—separate ones for the day and the night, so that these may be changed and cleansed as often as once a week at least. But there is a great saving in the labors of the laundry if most outer garments be made of colors and materials which can be worn a long time without showing slight spots or stains, but which can be brushed and aired in the sunshine, and sponged in the places most exposed to soiling.

Colored table-cloths save a good deal of labor, and if large oil-cloth mats or japanned paper trays be slipped under the children's plates the cloths will look clean enough to use a long time, especially if carefully folded in the same creases each time. Folded paper under the children's plates will serve in an emergency. The use of table bibs will save the children's aprons a great deal, and if these are of rubber they need not go in the wash.—*American Agricultural.*

### *HOW TO MAKE A GIRL LIKE HOUSEWORK.*

BY MRS. ELIZA E. ANTHONY.

Resolve on one thing, not to scold and fret if everything does not go exactly to you liking; remember that you were young once, and perhaps were careless enough to leave the corners of the room, and only sweep the center, especially if you were in a hurry. Also, when you were reading an entertaining book how vexed you felt, when called to wash the dishes, or pare potatoes for dinner, just when you wanted to know whether "Alphonso married Celeste, or she jilted him for the prince in disguise." You look back, and perhaps think how foolish you were; but then it was reality to you; so now overlook it in others. But, bless me, this isn't housework, and I must not go to moralizing but keep to my subject. Friends, did you ever think that even housework might be made easier and more interesting than it is? What is the use of rising in the middle of the night, choking down your breakfast, hurrying, skurrying to finish the work, without a moment's rest; sitting down to dinner tired out and before all the family have finished eating, carrying off first the dirty dishes, then the victuals, until the table is empty, before the last one arises from it? What is the use of sitting in the kitchen all the bright, sunny afternoon, piecing hideous quilts, when you might just as well change your soiled dress for a clean one, and either throw open the windows of the closed darkened parlor and read an entertaining book, or spend the afternoon with one of your neighbors, learning something from her, and also giving her the benefit of your experience? What is the use of drudging year in and year out, in the same groove, bounded by a cradle, a wash-tub, a broom, and a stove, until you have neither the wish or the inclination for a wider experience?

I do not mean to decry housewifely skill; far from it; but every woman should lift her mind above such things occasionally and draw a long breath of literature, music, flowers, or the arts, and they would be far happier for that breathing spell. Can you blame your girls for perfectly detesting housework, when it is nothing but hurry, scold, and work? Then rise early enough in the morning to have breakfast ready, so the men can get to their work be-times. Eat slowly, and enliven the meal with pleasant chit-chat; to make dish-washing easy, use hot, not warm water, and soap, then sweep, dust, etc. Take your time, but do not rush to the other extreme, laziness. Don't go about with frowning face, boxing this one, cuffing that, but talk pleasantly to your daughters, and listen patiently to their perplexities in return. In the afternoon if your daughter wishes to visit a friend, by all means allow her to go, without calling her a gad-about. Tell her to bring home a new recipe for bread, cake, pudding, etc., and when she returns, let her try it; and if it turns out well, praise her, and by that means, encourage in her a love for cookery. But, if the recipe fails, as the best sometimes will, do not snap at her for wasting the flour and sugar, but tell her the next time it may prove more successful. Allow her to assist you in cleaning and beautifying the house, and if she has a taste for pictures and flowers, cultivate it, instead of calling her foolish for wasting her time over such trash. Do not over-work a girl, and make it a pleasure instead of a task, and instead of disliking housework, she will take a real interest in it.

*San Jose, California.*

### *CLEANING THE CELLAR.*

Now, we do not imagine that in the whole country there is but one thoroughly renovated cellar, but thousands of them, if you busy people would only tell us about them; so we may be pardoned for alluding to the way ours is made suitable for dairy purposes.

One day a neighbor caught us down cellar, right in the midst of our cleaning in a part of the house which we have come to regard as more essential to the well-being of the family than the parlor; and while we were giving the timbers overhead and the nicely-painted walls a good coat of whitewash she expressed her surprise that anybody should be so foolish.

"Don't you have enough whitewashing to do up-stairs? Is so much extra work necessary?"

We mildly answered "yes" to the first query, and emphatically "yes" to the last, for in lieu of a cool room above ground the cellar was to be our milk room during the heat of summer, so no unpleasant odor must linger to taint cream or butter. Our work was soon finished, and the freshly scoured milk racks and tables were in place, when two comical figures, mistress and maid, emerged from the cellar, well pleased with their half-day's work.

After tea our friend followed us down the stairway, and rewarded us with the following comment:

"How cool and light it seems! Why, I should like to stay here and skim the milk myself."

This approval from the skeptic of an hour or two ago was quite encouraging, and here is the programme from beginning to end: In the spring, just as soon as the weather will permit, the windows and outside cellar door are opened, and all the decaying vegetables, as well as empty barrels and bins, are carried out. When it is warm enough to remove the roots to some out-building the men folks again lend us a helping hand, and the rest of the boards and boxes are piled up somewhere out of doors for further use. Nothing is left that can harbor mold or undue moisture, not even the vinegar barrel and jugs. Only the rubbish on the cellar bottom reminds us of the generous store of good things that went down in November; and when the last vestige of that is borne away by stout hands we dismiss our knights of the hoe with thanks, for the rest of the task is comparatively easy.

First, there is a thorough sweeping overhead, down the walls, and about the grates in the windows and upper half of the doors; then the gravelly ground, which by use has become almost as smooth and hard as a floor, gets several sweepings, till we are quite sure that no decaying matter hides in the soil, when Bridget carries the disabled spiders and scrapings off to some far-away place.

After some dry lime, such as we find partially slaked among the lumps, has been sprinkled on the ground close to the walls and in the entrance to the drain, we are ready for whitewashing. Providing ourselves with an old brush (for the process is damaging to a new one) and a kettle of whitewash made of fresh lime, a handful of salt and sufficient boiling water to allow the mixture to be spread on the stones, we give the boards and sleepers above, and every stone and crevice in the wall, a generous brushing. By the time they are dry and the air is purified by the action of the lime the cellar is perfectly sweet and clean, and we aim to keep it so. If milk is spilled, it is wiped up immediately, and occasionally dry lime is sprinkled under the racks to prevent mold. With everything banished from the room that could impart an unpleasant odor, we spend many cheerful summer hours in our dairy.—*Rural New Yorker.*

### *LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.*

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I can keep silent no longer, though I am an entire stranger to you all. I have been assiduously seeking an acquaintance, however, since January last, having then been induced to try THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, at least; and the way I feel now, shall "try it" for many years to come, as I like it exceedingly; it comes right where we working ones want it, right into our homes "be they ever so humble;" right into our kitchens and nurseries where the housekeeper's greatest trials and triumphs culuminate, as well as into the library and parlor; it comes right into our hearts with sympathy, encouragement, and wisdom; teaching the inexperienced, giving hope and strength to the faint-hearted and weary, and balm to the unfortunate and sorrowing. Yes, I welcome my little HOUSEHOLD friend—little only in price—and wish every toiling woman in America could have it to read.

I believe it is in order yet to speak of Maud, of whom I had become quite jealous, she was eliciting so much interest and attention from THE HOUSEHOLD Band. It wasn't pretty I know, but I felt quite delighted that she was not mentioned at all—as I could see—in the July number, so I said to myself, well I "guess" THE HOUSEHOLD *Magi* are going to let her alone now, and I shall have a chance to get in a word edgewise, perhaps. But, alas! before I had got my word ready, up she popped again in the August and September numbers. Well, dear Maud, you have become a "household word," indeed, now, and I might as well "fall in" and "get thee behind me," to the "green-eyed monster." I did not hear Maud's "cry," but gathered its import from the answering echoes which have bounded and rebounded through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD in a decidedly lively and interesting manner for so many mouths. I think the *pros* and *cons* of authorship, more particularly than Maud's special want, have been fully discussed, and though nothing new has been adduced since Mrs. Dorr's most sensible letter, yet many points have been elaborated and elucidated by other's experiences. Mrs. Dorr had the gist of the matter all in a nut-shell; and to use a common phrase, she "has been through the mill," perhaps, and "knows how 'tis herself." She neither held out delusive hopes to Maud, nor discouragements sufficient to deter her from writing, if, as Mrs. D. said the "woe is me" is upon her. "She will write" then, "and find joy in it, in spite of crosses, etc., etc." I feel that I have no advice to give that others have not,

to some extent, given; yet would earnestly beseech Maud to let "know thyself" be her motto. She may not need "transcendent genius" to succeed in authorship; but she does need a genuine gift for writing, and such a longing for the work that she cannot let it alone—cannot put it from her. If I have not anything new to add to this, to me, most vital and interesting subject, I may perhaps be allowed—in "conference meeting" parlance to tell my "experience" or, at least, to give a few hints therefrom, which might help Maud or others to decide which horn of the dilemma—and surely a variety have been presented—to grasp.

It would seem sometimes that he who has a real genius for any pursuit will follow it at any cost; like the boy who whistled because he couldn't help it, or the ducks that couldn't keep out of the water though they were hatched for chickens. Then on the other hand how many do we meet in life, who are constantly bewailing their lot; have missed their calling; their life has been a dismal failure; they have not done what their souls longed to do; adverse circumstances seem to have encompassed them round about, and the soul's unrest tells but too plainly of its everlasting bondage. I pity such from the bottom of my heart, for oh, "I know how 'tis myself." I am between the two conditions, as it were, in this matter of writing. I write sometimes because I cannot help it, yet do not know my own strength, or dare not trust to it sufficiently to attempt to pass the barriers which lay in my way; and so I wash my dishes, make bread and pies, and darn stockings day after day, year in and year out, while the burden of my soul is ever

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing,
> Drink deep or taste not," etc.

But, alas! I can do neither—trust myself to grasp, or have the blessed contentment, or the self-denial to let it alone. Ah! how many times have I gone through the process of washing my dishes, or sweeping my rooms, and as the advertisers say, "with neatness and despatch," without realizing for one instant the work, or being able after it was done to recall part or parcel of the performance; my thoughts were far from it, thinking the never ending thought, dreaming the never ending dream that sometime, someway, or somewhere, the golden opportunity would come, the shadows would roll away from before me, and my longing spirit could try its wings; but, alas! I fear it will only be "on the other side of Jordan," for the past fifteen years of crucified hopes and longings have left many a silver trace in my hair, and but little of that "sentimental rhapsody" in my heart, which is, to a certain degree, necessary to the fervor and freshness of poetic fancy and delineation.

In closing I would say to Maud, you are young; your life is before you; your spirit is fresh, and hope is strong and rose-hued. If then you have the gift of authorship, do not, as an esteemed friend once said to me, crucify your longings; for, says Tupper:

> "High is the privilege of Authorship,"

and if you are not driven to the pursuit by physical need, which circumstance or condition will surely paralize your best efforts, for writing well comes with the words of mind, and moving of the spirit, then you will find that "Pure is the happiness of Authorship," also. If Mr. Crowell does not consign this to the writer's "Hades," will Mrs. Dorr please give me her opinion on the questions evolved from my experience, which I have—though very imperfectly I fear—endeavored to present, viz: does genius always come to the surface? and is it conclusive evidence in those cases where there are some indications of the ore, that the genuine article is lacking because it does not burst through all difficulties and obstructions, and come forth unmistakable fine gold? MINNE SOTA.

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DEAR EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD: I have only been a subscriber for THE HOUSEHOLD a few months, I like it very much, have learned to look for its coming, and feel like sitting down at once to read it. Pardon me for writing, but I would like to say a few words to sister Allie. Perhaps it may not encourage her any, but I hope it may. Dear sister, I think there is a remedy for your discontented mind and longing for gay company. Our blessed Saviour tells all who labor and are heavy laden to come to him and he will give them rest. We need never fear to cast all our care (even our household cares) upon him, for he cares for us, and he will give us strength according to our day.

From experience, sister, I know that you need rest more than anything else; get a good girl that will relieve you of all care except your infant, for the next two or three months spend all the time you can each day in the open air, do not wait for your husband to accompany you, if he is engaged through the day, call on your friends, go out in the woods and fields. I think you will feel better in mind and body. I know how to sympathize with you in being deprived of religious and social privileges. I have not been to church but twice for more than a year. But I would be willing to deny myself almost any pleasure, if I may with God's help lead the dear little one he has entrusted to my care, in the heavenly way.

Dear sister, believe me the world can never give us the real enjoyment, that we may have in our own homes. When we were girls we enjoyed the pleasures of that time, but they would not seem the same to us now were we to participate in them. God knows what is best, the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Our homes with their precious treasures are a goodly heritage, and let us therewith be content, trusting in our heavenly Father for he will never leave nor forsake us. MRS. D. W. A.

*Lebanon, N. H.*

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DEAR FRIENDS:—Do you think Maud negligent and ungrateful? Well, I must hasten to make atonement for my long silence. Do you remember the passage in the November number "THE HOUSEHOLD is an absolute necessity?" Well, it is true, but we have managed to exist without it for the last six months inasmuch as some needy or unprincipled being helped himself to the price thereof during its transit through the mails. So as those six numbers only lately reached us I did not know your hands had been so generously offered to help me from the slough of despond. Before they came I had taken Mag's advice and was earnestly endeavoring to teach about twenty-five stupid ideas how to shoot. Another reckless expression to explain. Owing to the fact that my face is not noted for angelic purity or paleness (especially when I am running up hill in hot weather, or cleaning a refractory stovepipe), I classed myself with the nine olive-plants aforesaid. Then when I would fain have informed you that there are "eleven of us (parents included) of which I am the oldest child," either Maud or the printer left out the child and "got me into a scrape."

Sunshine, I think you will have heard from me before you read these lines, my eyes ache day and night continually for the reading matter in your boxes.

Another week will bring my twentieth birthday; nine years since my first delectable effusion appeared in the world of letters under a flattering notice from the editor and a signature "false as fair."

So between "reading the papers," and a sort of spasmodic practice I have learned that a literary life is a life of trial and disappointment and, in many cases, of triumphs too petty for the world's appreciation.

There was so much said on both sides of the pecuniary profits of literature, that I simply concluded to ask a calm, clear expression of views through THE HOUSEHOLD.

Dear friends, one and all, I thank you. Mrs. Dorr, dear mother of our HOUSEHOLD, Mrs. Carney, Mag, Sunshine, Christabel and my unknown adviser, you cannot seem as strangers to me now, but friends and helpers. With all kind wishes for your future and bright hopes for my own, I remain your loving MAUD.

*Hopedale, O.*

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MR. CROWELL, — *Dear Sir:* — Although your excellent paper has only been a visitor in our household since the beginning of the year, yet it is already a favorite, and meets with a warm welcome; all in the family wanting to read it first, which is a good sign that it is appreciated.

The Conservatory and Dispensary are particularly good and interesting, but one can scarcely tell which is best as all departments are *par excellence*.

In the last number, September, the article by Anna Holyoke, on "Words to Weary Women," was good, as I am of the opinion that as a rule women work too long without resting, thus injuring themselves.

Enough cannot be said in favor of Mrs. Carney's article on "Crusading Twenty Years Ago." Would that more such words could reach the public through the medium of THE HOUSEHOLD. Now is just the time for such words and encouragements, when we, "the weaker vessel," are trying by God's aid and blessings to effect a moral reform. Let us hear more from the able pens that contribute to your paper on the great and noble subject of temperance.

Anxiously awaiting the arrival of the October number of THE HOUSEHOLD, and wishing it success, I ascribe myself, its devoted friend, N.

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### *DANGER OF USING SHOT FOR CLEANING BOTTLES.*

Fordos has recently directed attention to the dangers of lead poisoning where shot are used for cleaning bottles that are to be used for wine and other beverages. When shot are placed in a glass with water, carbonate of lead is at once formed, a portion of it being noticed as a precipitate in the water, while another portion of it attaches itself as a thin film to the sides of the vessel. This film adheres so firmly to the glass that it cannot be removed by rinsing with water alone, an acid being required to remove it.

When shot are used for cleaning bottles which are afterward well rinsed out, the carbonate of lead suspended in the water will be removed, but that portion which is attached to the sides of the bottle remains, and is afterward dissolved by the liquid placed in the bottle, if it possesses a sufficient solvent power. If the shot are only shaken up with the water for a short time, it is scarcely possible for the carbonate of lead to become attached to the sides of the bottle, but oftentimes the shot are left in the bottle with the water for some time. Besides, the rinsing is not always done so carefully as it should be, and the carbonate of lead suspended in the water is not all removed. Fordos took four half-pint medicine glasses that had been cleaned with shot, and in one he placed white wine, in another red wine, in the third quinine wine, and in the fourth vinegar. After standing two days each was found to contain a considerable quantity of lead.

Another danger might also arise from shot getting lodged in the narrow creases at the bottom of certain bottles, when the action of an acid upon it would dissolve not only the lead but the arsenic which is always present in shot in sufficient quantity to render the liquids poisonous.—*Journal of Applied Chemistry.*

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### *HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.*

MR. CROWELL:—I should like to send these few recipes to THE HOUSEHOLD; I have used them for a number of years and know that they are excellent.

WASHINGTON PIE.—One-fourth of a pound of flour, one-fourth of a pound of sugar, three ounces of butter, two eggs, one-half tea-spoonful yeast powder; beat the butter and sugar thoroughly, add the eggs, and then the flour, into which the yeast powder must be well mixed.

ROYAL FRUIT CAKE.—Five cups of flour, five eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one and one-half cups of butter, one tea-spoonful saleratus, one-half a cup of milk, two pounds of chopped raisins, three pounds of currants, one and one-half pounds of citron, two table-spoonfuls of cinnamon, one nutmeg, two tea-spoonfuls of alspice, two tea-spoonfuls of cloves. This is a splendid recipe; I have some cake now that I made a year ago and it is nicer now than when first baked.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One peck of tomatoes, scalded, then rubbed through a sieve, one cup of salt, three table-spoonfuls of black pepper, one-half tea-spoonful of cayenne, one table-spoonful of mustard, one table-spoonful of alspice, one quart of best cider vinegar; boil one hour before putting in the spices; no need of sealing up the bottles. E. H.

SNOW PUDDING is very nice and is to be eaten cold. Pour on to three table-spoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water, one pint of boiling water, add the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth; pour into a three pint earthen dish and put into a steamer and steam ten minutes.

*Sauce.*—Beat the yolks of the three eggs, add one cup of sugar, one of milk, a piece of butter the size of a walnut; boil a little.

HUMBUG PIE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of chopped raisins, two-thirds of a cup of rolled cracker, one cup of cold water, one-half a cup of vinegar; spice like mince pies and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. ANNIE R. H.

CRUSHED WHEAT.—Some one asks how to cook cracked wheat. I send directions for cooking crushed wheat, which is used more at present, if you use the cracked wheat it will need to be cooked longer. Take two cups of crushed wheat, four cups of water, and one-half a cup of raisins, add a little salt and cook two hours. If you have not a double boiler put your wheat in a common tin pail and set this in a kettle, so that the water will boil around it, this will answer as a substitute.

HOG'S HEAD CHEESE.—Jones has waited a long time for the necessary instructions for making a hog's head cheese, and the following directions, if not very explicit, (for I have made it by guess) may perhaps do better than none. Have considerable salt in the water and boil until tender; chop as fine as sausage meat and season to taste, with sage, pepper, etc., mixing it in with the hand. If you have nothing that you like better in which to cool it, a new bread tin answers the purpose very well as the cheese cuts out in such good slices. Press in as hard as you can with your hand and smooth over the top. A little lean fresh pork boiled and chopped with it, I think, would be an improvement.

SUBSCRIBER.

FRUIT CAKE.—*Mr. Editor:*—M. M. M. asks for a recipe to make fruit cake. Please permit me to send her mine, which I call good. Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half pint of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of butter, one large tea-spoonful of soda, one table-spoonful of cinnamon, two nutmegs, one-half pound of stoned raisins, and four cups of flour. This makes enough for two loaves.

SADIE E.

CRUST COFFEE.—Take two cups of graham meal, three of corn meal and mix in one of molasses, burning carefully, like common coffee of this about one tea-spoonful to a pint of water is sufficient to make a delicious and wholesome drink, not "billious" in its tendency. To try it is to use it.

MRS. J. W. H.

BLACK PUDDING.—One cup of chopped suet, two cups of chopped raisins, one cup of molasses, one tea-spoonful each of soda and salt, four cups of flour and one cup of sweet milk; mix well together and steam five hours. Make a sauce.

MARBLE CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, two eggs, one cup of milk, one-half tea-spoonful soda, one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar; this makes the light; the following is the dark; one-third of a cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar, two eggs, one-half of a cup of milk, one-half of a tea-spoonful of soda, two cups of flour, one-half of a pound of chopped raisins, one dessert-spoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, one-half a nutmeg. Drop into your pan a tea-spoonful of one and then the other.

If Sunshine will rub castor oil on to the chilblains and heat well by the fire, I think she will find it a "sure cure," as I have tested it. A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL:—I have noticed several inquiries in THE HOUSEHOLD to know how to can green corn. For the past two years I have had success in this way. I boil the corn enough to eat, cut it from the cob, and pack close in a tin can, pressing it close with a spoon, that I may get in all I can, and put the cover over. Have ready a kettle, with boiling water enough to immerse the can half-way, drop a ring in the kettle to keep the can from touching the bottom. Boil four hours with a cover on the kettle to keep the steam in. Fill up the kettle with boiling water as often as necessary and be particular that it boils all the time. I opened my last can July 9th, and it was splendid. I had previously tried corn and beans by filling up with water, with the same success others have had. By putting in no water and steaming I have had good success. I seal with melted resin. Should anyone try this way, I hope to hear from them sometime.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one please try my recipe for sponge cake. Two eggs, well beaten, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, four table-spoonfuls of milk, one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, one-half tea-spoonful of extract of lemon, salt. E. S.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed in the September number, that Carrie wishes to know how to make chicken pot pie. I send a recipe for chicken and corn pot pie. Take a nice, fat chicken, prepare it for a stew, using butter and seasoning to taste, then take a tea-cup of sweet milk, a little flour to thicken; when it is about done, have your roasting ears shaved down, spread one layer in a dripping pan, then chicken, then corn, pouring in the gravy; put it in the oven, stirring once in a while to keep from burning to the pan. L. M. N.

*Wahoo, Neb.*

INDIAN BREAD.—One pint of sweet milk, one pint of sour milk, one pint of Indian meal, one pint middlings or white flour, one-half teacupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda; stir all together until thick enough to drop from the spoon; steam two hours; bake one-half an hour. This is very nice and if you think it good enough to publish, with a request from me for a recipe for elderberry wine, please do so. M. A. A.

*Ostego, Mich.*

MR. CROWELL.—*Sir:*—In the September number of THE HOUSEHOLD, J. A. A. inquires for a recipe for making boiled icing. I send one which I have used for years and like very much.

BOILED ICING.—Two and one-fourth cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of cold water; boil together until it candies when dropped into cold water; beat slightly the whites of three eggs, then stir into the sugar and beat twenty minutes, add the juice of one lemon. MRS. S. C. GREGORY.

HOECAKE.—I give what I know about the origin of hoecakes, which I learned from one of my cooks, who came from Florida; whether the term hoecake originated in that state or not I cannot tell, but at any rate, among the early settlers, where cooking utensils were scarce, old worn out hoes were frequently kept for the purpose of baking cakes on, by the fire, hence, came the term "hoecake." They can be make of corn meal or flour, and just as one chooses. They can be baked on a griddle, or on the stove, but more generally, now, inside of the stove. When I am in a hurry I say to my cook, just make a hoecake; we make them like biscuit, shorten with cream, lard, or butter. Do not cut them small, but in pieces the size of a small plate. E. S. B.

ELECTION CAKE.—*Editor Household:*—"A Subscriber" in the July number of the Household, wishes a recipe for old times election cake. Here is one I think she will find good. Make two-thirds of a pint of thin Indian meal gruel, then add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of yeast, cassia and clove to suit the taste, and about a quart of flour. Set in a warm place to raise over night. In the morning put it into a buttered pan, and if allowed to stand awhile before baking will be lighter than if baked immediately.

Miss L. S. in the June number wishes to be informed where she can obtain stamped rug patterns. She can get them from Samuel Warren, 22 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

*Boston, Mass.* R. M. G.

## *QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.*

MR. EDITOR.—*Dear Sir:*—Will some one of your numerous readers please inform me as to the best method of cultivating fuchsias? do the tops need cutting off to the roots in the fall? and will difference in soil produce different colored flowers, etc.? and what soil is best? and oblige,

A CONSTANT READER.

MR. CROWELL:—Mrs. A. C. B. asks how to keep silver from tarnishing. I have got silver that I have had five years and it has never been rubbed. I keep it in cotton flannel bags, flannel side next to the silver, and keep it in a trunk where it is dry and airtight; and it is bright and nice. MRS. S. D. P.

MR. CROWELL:—I saw a request in one of the late numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD for a recipe to color old calico dress skirts brown, for carpet rags. I can recommend the following recipe as making a durable and handsome brown.

TO COLOR BROWN ON COTTON.—Three pounds.—One pound of catechue, and one-half ounce of blue vitriol, boiled together until dissolved, in sufficient water to cover the goods. Put in the yarn or rags and let it remain twenty-four hours. Dissolve one-half an ounce of bichromate of potash in boiling water, put the yarn or rags into this and let it remain one hour. Take it out and dry, and then rinse in cold water. E. A. D.

If Mrs. A. C. B. will wrap up her silverware in soft tissue paper, and keep in a dry place, it will prevent its tarnishing. And if S. E. R. will use for her wax work powdered arrow-root, she will find it improved, and diamond powder will give the "frosty lustre" which she desires.

I think if Florence Snow will "look to the root of the matter" she will find that the earth of her rose is infected by worms, causeing it to droop. For remedy slack a small piece of lime in hot water, let it cool, and use—on the earth—once a week for several weeks.

In H. T. Williams' "Window Gardening," I find the following directions for ivy. "The ivy requires a rich soil and must have strong food; the best garden soil with one half each of well decayed manure and leaf mould rubbed together; then set the compost in the oven and bake it to kill all larvæ of worms and white ants." MADELINE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—We have been much interested with various articles on bread making during the year and read with special interest that from Aunt Leisurely thinking—well, nothing can be plainer, we'll adopt Aunt Leisurely's method, when behold the same barrier confronts which has hitherto deterred us—that invariable "cup of lively yeast." We stop and sigh, "Oh, for a cup of the 'lively' mystic yeast;" we imagine the delicious, snowy rolls almost melting in our mouths, then awake to the reality of having no yeast to "start" ours; what must we do? you say bestir ourselves to get it; we have tried all the bakers we know; theirs fails to raise ours; our neighbors have only "cakes" made from hops, we try them with like result; what shall we do? Will not the dear Aunt Leisurely herself come and help us out of our dilemma? will she not send us a "cup of lively yeast," and allow us to remunerate her for her trouble? Let us hear from her at her earliest convenience, and if she will do us this kindness, Mr. Crowell will give our name and address. MRS. A. C.

*Meridian, Miss.*

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Nell inquires how to clean new iron ware. Our way was to put in to the vessel a pint of clean ashes, add cold water to fill it, and slowly bring to a boil. After boiling half an hour, cool off and empty out, washing the vessel in several waters, rubbing it well until it is entirely free from the ashes and lye; then put on a good coat of lard and let it stand until the next day, or until you need to use it, then wash clean with soap and water. Afterward if the vessels rust, as new iron is apt to do, repeat this coating of lard.

A Friend of THE HOUSEHOLD asks how to knit a cape in shells. She will find it a good way to cast on the entire two sides of her cape or shawl, at the first. It should be knit with two long needles. Whatever the size, she must have one odd stitch, and it is altogether better to have all the stitches on one long needle with a button on one end of each needle. Knit to the centre; when you have knit to the stitch next before the central stitch, slip it on to your right-hand needle without knitting, knit the centre stitch and the stitch beyond it together, and pass the slipped stitch over the knitted ones. Do this every time on the right side of the shawl, and knit back plain. This narrowing is to be continued until all the stitches are narrowed off at the neck, and it takes them off evenly. You can, if you prefer, begin by casting on three stitches, and widen by putting the thread over the needle before knitting the first stitch at one end of the needle, and always at the same end, until the cape is large enough. The shells can be knit either way, but the two sides of the shawl are more surely true, and alike, if both sides are cast at first. The narrowing in the middle, however, makes a seam which is avoided by beginning with three stitches, and a careful knitter can make the sides measure pretty well alike in this way. In either case the border is to be continued across the neck.

The best way to get moths out of furs, is not to let them get in!! EXPERIENCE.

Will some one please tell me how I can get rid of the small white insects that are found in the dirt around houseplants? Do they injure the plant roots? SADIE E.

I think if Mrs. Clinton will brown and grind wheat and use it for coffee, she will like it. It is especially good for nursing mothers. MRS. D. W. A.

*Lebanon, N. H.*

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir:*—Will some reader of your valuable paper please inform me if grey fur can be colored brown; and if so the process, and oblige a SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir:*—I have been a member of your HOUSEHOLD but a few months and am very much pleased with the instruction it has given me. I ask the sisters through THE HOUSEHOLD for a few recipes. I want to know how to can tomatoes? I have a great deal of trouble in getting them to keep. How to make good tomato catsup for winter use? How to put up cucumber pickles, for winter use, without putting them in salt? When is the best time to set out strawberry vines? How to make good vinegar without cider? Some of the members please send in those recipes, and oblige

LILIE.

DEAR EDITOR:—I noticed an inquiry by Julia of Brighton, Ill., in the August number: "How to set the color green in calico?" I will with pleasure answer her question and believe it will be satisfactory. Dissolve a piece of alum about half as large as a hen's egg and put it into the rinsing water.

MRS. R. W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been so often benefited by suggestions given in this valuable paper, that I hope some of the sisters will be able to inform me how I can best remove the paint, plaster, etc., from the windows in a new house. E. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Do all of your readers know, I wonder, when looking over the cooking recipes where cream of tartar is a special ingredient, that there is a great difference in that we buy at the grocer's? There is the "pure" and the "adulterated," and there is about as much difference in the two as there is in the pure and adulterated liquors, only that the former may not kill quite so quick, perhaps. I should not have known this, perhaps, but we have an honest grocer here, who explained it to me, he says there is a great deal of "white clay" used in the adulterated and that is acknowledged to be very poison. Ask for the "pure" article, every time, it costs but a trifle more. M. S.


### *THE CARELESS WORD.*

'Twas but a word, a careless word;
As thistle-down it seemed as light,
It paused a moment on the air,
Then onward winged its flight.

Another lip caught up the word,
And breathed it with a haughty sneer;
It gathered weight as on it sped—
That careless word, in its career.

Then rumor caught the flying word,
And busy gossip gave it weight,
Until that little word became
A vehicle of angry hate.

And then that word was winged with fire,
Its mission was a thing of pain;
For soon it fell like lava drops
Upon a wildly tortured brain.

And then another page of life
With burning, scalding tears was blurred;
A load of care was heavier made—
Its added weight, that careless word.

That careless word, O how it scorched!
A fainting, bleeding, quivering heart!
'Twas like a hungry fire that searched
Through every tender, vital part.

How wildly throbbed that aching heart!
Deep agony its fountain stirred;
It calmed, but bitter ashes mark
The pathway of that careless word.

—*Pine and Palm.*

### *HOW THE BURDETTS ECONOMIZED.*

BY SARAH HART.

"I AM really hard pushed, Mollie; and I do not see how I can spare so much money just now," said Henry Burdett with a perplexed look on his face. "Can't you get along without it just as well as not?"

"I suppose I should live, and have my being just the same; but I had wanted it so much," replied his wife with downcast look. "I don't see why you can't afford it. You said only the other day that another year would see you in a highly prosperous condition."

"Yes but I must make every dollar count to reach that degree of prosperity, and our expenses are rather high considering our small family."

Mrs. Burdett pouted a little, she had set her heart upon having a new velvet cloak and a garnet colored silk and she could not give it up. A happy thought struck her, she could do without the cloak if she could have the dress. "Could you spare enough for the dress alone? It will not cost much," she said eagerly.

"How much?"

"Not more than seventy-five dollars, when finished, and it will be all I shall ask for all winter. How I do hate to beg for money," she added in an undertone, at the same time giving a little sigh to the memory of the cloak.

Mr. Burdett took out his pocketbook, counted out seventy-five dollars and handed it to his wife. "You know Mollie, that in good times I never deny anything. But we must economize this winter or we will miss it."

The Burdetts were not rich. They owned the neatly furnished house which was their home and Mr. Burdett was engaged in what would be a good business in a year or two more by perseverance and good management. His young wife was not wilfully extravagant. She was fond of dress and liked company, but she did not aspire to compete with others whose means were not so limited as her own. She had so much desired the velvet cloak and dress, and would undoubtedly have possessed both but for the unfortunate "panic." The money safely in her pocket she at once determined to economize in every way so that Harry should not feel the loss of the money he had so reluctantly launched out.

But the dress cost much more than she had calculated it would. Sixty dollars for the material alone and only fifteen left for trimmings and making. How she wished she had asked for a hundred dollars, "Harry would have given it all the same," she said as she walked home in a very perplexed state of mind with the coveted dress in her arms.

While still revolving the question of her means and the cost still to be paid for the trimming and making Mrs. Burdett was struck with another happy thought, she would make the dress herself! Mrs. Constance, her nearest neighbor made all her own dresses, why should not she do so? She would hire it cut and fitted and then the most particular part would be done. Elated with the idea, she carried her material to a dressmaker who did the required work and also gave Mrs. Burdett some insight into the mysteries of French folds, bias rufflings and basque waists, so that lady fancied she knew the art to perfection.

"How Harry will open his eyes when I tell him, which I don't mean to do until it is completed," she said to herself as she unfolded the precious bundle and sat down before her sewing machine.

It was not so easy a task as she had imagined it to be. It took many days of weary labor and hard thinking and many a harsh word and impatient rebuke was given to both husband and servant by the overtasked woman before the dress lay before her completed. But she forgot all her heartaches and headaches when she looked at the work of her own hands—as finished as though it had come from under the eye of a practised dressmaker. In triumph she showed it to her husband. "Am I not a little economist?" she said smiling and rubbing her hands in delight.

"This then is the secret of your tired looks and headaches for a fortnight past," said Mr. Burdett glancing curiously at his wife. "But I must give you credit for your work. It looks well, indeed. How much have you saved by it?"

"Just fifteen dollars."

"Then you have that much left from your seventy-five?"

"Well, no, not exactly. My dress cost more than I had calculated," answered Mrs. Burdett, inwardly fearing that her husband would discern the true secret of her economy. But if he had any such idea he did not express it, but only said, "I am very glad you did not call on my purse again. It is almost empty."

"And Becky's month is up to-day," said Mrs. Burdett. "Do you know, Harry, I've been thinking that we may just as well dispense with Becky. Our work is not worth twelve dollars a month and I cannot get any kind of a girl for less. Her wages would keep me in boots and gloves and other little notions besides, and then it would be helping you, you know."

"Helping replenish your finery, I think," said Mr. Burdett, smiling at his wife's eagerness. "But, Harry, I am in earnest, I am sure I could do the work as well as not, just you and I, you know."

"And a little company occasionally," put in Mr. Burdett.

"Our company does not amount to much; and I really should take pride in doing my work myself. I can hire the washing and ironing done, and the rest is not much," pleaded Mrs. Burdett. Mr. Burdett smiled and answered.

"No, Mollie, there is no need of such close economy as that. Every dollar saved will count one for me this winter, but I can pay my expenses as they are without extras, and I do not care to have my wife worried and overtired for the sake of a few dollars a month."

"But, Harry, I can economize in the kitchen so much better than a servant will, I really believe I could save her wages twice over every month. You'll let me try it, won't you?"

"You may do as you please, but I would advise you to keep Becky," said Mr. Burdett as he took up the evening paper and commenced unfolding it. But Mrs. Burdett had set her mind on the experiment so faithful Becky was soon discharged.

For a month or so Mrs. Burdett's plan of economizing worked well. It was pleasant to hear her husband praise her nice cooking; and to talk to her friends about the various methods of making bread and roasting beef, to say nothing of the praise she received from her neighbors, and the many little ornaments and notions she was able to buy "without letting Harry know a word about it until he saw them." If at the end of the month she had no more money in her pocket then when she kept a servant, she had added a great deal to her already abundant store of toilet articles. But she soon decided to buy her bread and confectionary. It was just as cheap for a small family, Mrs. Constance said, and then they are always fresh. Harry liked home made baking best but then it would save so much work and he would like it just as well when he got used to it. So things went on very smoothly. The baker's cart stopped with its fresh freight every day and Mrs. Burdett fancied her labors lightened one-half. But after a few weeks more her energy began to lag. It was not pleasant to be obliged to hurry home from a shopping expedition in order to have the meals ready, and then she was so dreadful tired too. She looked at it from every point then said one day, cautiously, "Harry, what do you say to our taking meals, except breakfast, at the restaurant? I have thought it all over and believe it will be cheaper than to keep a girl."

"Tired of the kitchen, eh? I thought your plan would hardly succeed."

"O, no, I am not tired of it, but then I find so little time for anything else. I am fearfully behind with my calls. Haven't made a single call since Becky went away," answered Mrs. Burdett.

"By the way I saw Becky to-day," said Mr. Burkett. "She was carrying a bundle of nicely ironed clothes, she told me she was taking in washing, and was having a poor time of it. Her father is out of work, Mike's foot was still bad, and her mother had scalded her hand."

"Quite a catalogue of ailments, surely, but the Irish are always having something or another. Why doesn't she get a place, I wonder? I gave her an excellent recommendation," and Mrs. Burdett put on a satisfactory look as though she had washed her hands of all responsibility by that act.

"It's pretty hard for girls to get places, Mollie, times are awful hard."

"But about the restaurant, Harry," said Mrs. Burdett after a moment's thinking.

"If you think you would like it, I will see Cookman and make the necessary arrangements. For my own part I would much prefer to take my meals here with you, but if it suits you better to take them at the restaurant I'm agreed." This arrangement suited Mrs. Burdett exactly. "It was so nice," she said to Mrs. Tyler, her intimate friend, "to have no meals to cook, no servant to watch, and yet live in your own house."

"Harry, dear, you are getting to be very negligent," said Mrs. Burdett to her husband one evening as he entered the house at a little after nine o'clock, "I have not seen you since morning. Indeed, you have not taken a meal, except breakfast, with me in over a week."

"That does not speak very well for my notions of punctuality, I must admit. But, Mollie, I did not mean to neglect you, I thought it would make no difference where I took my dinner, so I just stepped into the nearest restaurant. Then I knew that no one would be inconvenienced if I stayed at my office a little later at night; could get my supper any time, you know."

"Harry is not here yet and it is past one o'clock," said Mrs. Burdett to herself the next day as she sat waiting for her husband to come and take her to dinner. "I do so hate to go alone over there, Harry used to be so particular about having his meals on time, and then he never used to be away from home of an evening unless I was with him, I—wonder—if—I have—made—a mistake!" and Mrs. Burdett started as though a ghost had appeared to her. The more she looked at it the more she became convinced that those restaurant meals were somehow stealing away the dearest associations of home. Harry was growing negligent and she imagined she saw him growing careless and unconcerned for her interests. But had she cared for his as she ought? Had she not selfishly demanded that he should give up much that he so heartily enjoyed and was she not to blame if even worse things should follow? She was not the one to sit

down and brood over her misfortunes, she saw the evil and as quickly as she could she set about to remedy it.

"Let us have dinner at home to-day," she said to her husband the next morning as they were seated at breakfast.

"What is that for?" he inquired carelessly.

"O, I've got tired of going to the restaurant and would like to have dinner at home once more."

"Well, just as you please, but it seems to me you are very changeable."

"You will be on hand punctually at one," she said as he prepared to go.

"At one? Let me see, I believe I have no engagement for that hour. Yes; I'll be on time."

Punctually at the appointed hour Mrs. Burdett's dinner was ready, but no Mr. Burdett came. "Harry was always as regular as time itself," she said putting the meat and vegetables into the oven after waiting for a quarter of an hour. "This restaurant businss has spoiled him." She waited until two o'clock before she heard the well known step.

"I am a little late, am I not?" he said pulling out his watch.

"About sixty minutes," answered his wife coolly.

"I really didn't think it so late, Mollie. Fact is, I never thought of dinner until the inner man began to clamor. I'll remember and do better next time," he said cheerily, as he seated himself at the table, and fell to devouring the savory cookery.

"This is better than the restaurant dinners, Mollie, I believe I have a better cook than most of them have."

"I am glad you think so," answered his wife, "for I like it better than running over there in all sorts of weather. You'll come home early, Harry," she said as he prepared to go.

"O, yes."

Mrs. Burdett took particular pains that nothing should be wanting to make their evening meal a delightful one. The rolls were light as a sponge, the toast a golden brown and the jelly the best her store-room afforded. Mr. Burdett although not quite on time still did better than at dinner time. That evening they spent together, getting back in the old channel as they had drifted out of it.

"Mollie," said Mr. Burdett one day as they sat at dinner, "how long did we take our meals at the restaurant?"

"I am not sure that I can tell, perhaps about six weeks."

"What do you think it cost me?"

"I am sure I could not guess."

"Just eighty dollars and forty cents," said Mr. Burdett.

"Impossible! and we took one breakfast at home!" exclaimed Mrs. Burdett in true astonishment. "But have you not made some mistake."

"I think not. I have Mr. Cookman's receipts for the money I have paid him. You may examine them yourself," and he handed them to his wife.

"That even exceeds our monthly bills when Becky was here, at least it is above the average," said Mrs. Burdett seriously.

"I think, Mollie," said Mr. Burdett, after a short pause, "that we have experimented enough. The worst is over and I stand firmer than ever. There was no need of such close economy at any time. Suppose you try to get Becky again, or if not able to get her, get some one else and take your ease. You have shown yourself to be a fair economist," he added smiling.

"Yes, your balance sheet,—isn't that what you call it? shows that, I must say," replied Mrs. Burdett a trifle discouraged.

"Well, we all are liable to mistakes. The best of financiers have that experience."

The next day Mrs. Burdett went in search of Becky. She knew about the locality in which she had lived but not the house. After several fruitless inquiries she at last came upon a person who knew Becky's family. "They moved away better'n two months since," was the answer to her question concerning her whereabouts. Sure, they had bad luck, Mrs. Leary took with a fever just after her hand began to mend a little, the father was out of work and the boy, poor fellow, had to be taken to the hospital. Becky, poor girl, tried hard to get a place but not succeeding she took in washing. Poor girl! Her face was too pretty for her circumstances."

"You do not mean to tell me that Becky has gone astray!" said Mrs. Burdett astonished.

"Well, of course I cannot say, But when a poor girl like Becky begins to set up for a fine lady and has the fine gentlemen a runnin' after her, and comes in at all times of night, I don't like the looks of it, ma'am."

"Do you know where she is now?" inquired Mrs. Burdett.

"I do not, she used often to talk and tell me of the nice place she had, and how she would have made money enough to keep them all decently, only the woman fancied she was growing poor and mustn't keep her any longer. God forgive her, whoever she is, but I think there'd a' been one less unfortunate one if she'd a' kept Becky."

Mrs. Burdett left the woman with a very heavy heart. The words she had listened to had entered her very soul. How selfish she had been—and what reward had she? None at all save a few trifling articles that she might have dispensed with, and what were these compared to a human soul! O, how she shuddered as she thought of the wreck she had made. How short-sighted she had been not to have forseen something of this. But regrets were useless, and Mrs. Burdett went home feeling that her plan of economy had reacted in a most costly expenditure. "I never will be so foolish again, Harry," she said as with tearful face she told him of her day's adventures; "I will wear cotton gloves and calf skin shoes sooner than turn away an honest girl for the sake of a few dollars."

## *REMINISCENCES.*

BY AUNT LEISURELY.

After a busy morning, I am sitting alone in the garden, this lovely midsummer afternoon, under the shade of my favorite beechnut.

I have laid my sewing on the grass at my side, taken paper and pencil from my pocket, and am going to revel in reminiscences of the past.

Yesterday was a holiday; a green spot in the memory of those who participated in it. As has been our custom for several years past, we neighboring housewives laid aside our household duties, and with our respective lords, and our baskets of eatables, betook ourselves to the riverside to spend a refreshing day. And such it always proves to be; no bother about effective toilets, but dressed for a restful day, hunting ferns and mosses in the woods, for sails on the river, for the cheery repast under the oaks and hickory, for the gathering of river pebbles for picture-frames and hanging baskets.

And I may as well mention *en-passant*, how these same frames and baskets are made, in case some household sister should wish to go and do likewise.

Have a basket made of wood of any size or shape you wish, no matter how rough, and about the depth of a medium sized flower pot; turn it top down, and with good glue cover the under side with pebbles, of any shape and color you may fancy, using more white than any other—you can gather them in any country road or brook—when perfectly dry lay it on one of its sides and glue on an edging of points off of pine cones, or grains of coffee or corn, or any pretty edging you prefer, then glue pebbles on that side; as each side dries, do another, when all is done finish with a coat of varnish, and you have a basket which combines cheapness, durability and beauty.

The holes for the cords should be bored, and the cords put in to hang it up by before you commence to ornament it. If your basket is made of wood that will not allow the dampness from the earth within to penetrate and injure the glue, the plants can be put directly in but if not, it should be lined with tin or zinc before the pebbles go on, or plant the vines in an earthen or tin pan and set it in the basket.

The picture frames are made in the same way, letting it lay in one position until dry. I do not put but one layer of pebbles on either frame or basket. I have a frame made of Indian darts, they are all white, and the interstices filled in with small, dark pebbles. It is very much admired.

But to return to our holidays; I cannot but think that, housewives and mothers would live longer and to better purpose, if they would force themselves to take the time to enjoy a season of refreshment, at least three times during the toilsome summer; to give work of all kinds the go by, for the time being, and as Dickens says "go on a rampage."

To be sure you are tired when you get back, but it is a different kind of weariness, the atmosphere of the woods still breathes around you, its melody still lingers in your ear, its fragrance in your memory, its life and vitality in your heart. You are stronger and purer and better for your communion with nature, and congenial friends—it is a treasure laid away of which moth and rust cannot deprive you.

Many who enjoy the privilege of visiting the sea shore, may smile at the idea of such a tame pleasure, but because we cannot attain that, is no reason why we should slight the pleasures within our reach.

I have been thinking since I sat here, of the terrible suspense that must rend the hearts of parents who have had a child lost or stolen, and it recalled to my mind an incident related to me by a friend many years ago.

After her marriage she removed to a southern state, and resided there until the death of her husband, which occurred when her little son, her only child, was between three and four years old; then she bid adieu to the scenes of her happy married life, and went to make her home with her parents.

Her money, not any great amount, but her all, was in a purse in her pocket, which was pinned securely at the mouth to keep out thieving fingers, but the pocket was made of paper muslin, a very unreliable fabric by the way of which to construct pockets; they should in all cases be of drilling, and sewed in a durable manner.

When the cars stopped in her native city, she stepped inside the depot with her little boy to avoid the bewildering noise of the crowded platform, and noticing for the first time that her pocket felt light, she put her hand in, and it went clear through, just as her purse had done some time before.

In an instant she darted out on the platform to search for it, forgetting for the moment her child, of course she did not find it, and when she returned the little boy was among the missing also.

When he noticed his mother had gone from his side, he started out an opposite door to find her, and being unsuccessful, he went crying down the street; he was soon surrounded by a well-meaning but thoughtless crowd, who beseiged him with questions; he was so frightened and bewildered he could not even tell his name; all he could do, was to sob "mamma; oh, mamma."

A policeman scattered the crowd, and took him in charge; he carried him in his arms to see the canary birds in a jeweller's window and in a few minutes, the little fellow, all dimples and smiles, was chatting merrily with the birds and his new friend.

"Now ask the little birds their names my little man," said his entertainer encouragingly, "and tell them what yours is?"

"What is your name little birds? mine is Henry Lee Bell, and mamma and me is come to live with Grandpa," said the little fellow gleefully.

"Now tell them where grandpa lives, so the little birds can come to see you," advised this funny man cheerily. "And I guess you had better tell them what grandpa's name is too."

"His name is just like mine birdies, only its got no Bell in it, and he lives next door to a church and he preaches in it."

The kind-hearted policeman knew at last what ground he was standing upon, and steered straight for his pastor's house, and in less than an hour from the time he was lost, the little fellow was in his mother's arms.

She assured me with tears, she was

almost certain she could not have lived until morning had he not been found, as it was, no refreshing slumber visited her pillow for many weary nights. She smiled, when she told me, that while cradled in her arms that first, blissful evening, she said, "Oh Harry, poor mamma lost all her money." He said, with a sob, "Yes but Harry lost his own self and that was a heap worser."

I was once acquainted with a lady, whose husband died of small pox at the time that fearful pestilence raged in one of our northern cities.

His body was taken to its last resting place, a cemetery across the river, in an evening boat. Dying of that fearful disease, no one accompanied it excepting her brother-in-law, herself and the bearers, and, as she was returning, worn out and heart-broken, to her desolate home, a boy was leaning over the side of the boat-gazing listlessly into the water, and singing softly to himself, "Babylon is fallen," a popular melody at that time.

She often heard it afterward, played by bands, whistled by news-boys, sung by chimney-sweeps, ground out on hand-organs, until like all such ephemeral melodies it sunk into oblivion, and to her it was always a bitter memory, it brought back the damp, dark night, the sullen river, the utter despondency of that dreary time. What to the rest of the world, was as the breath of a zephyr, was associated in her mind, with the darkest hour of her life.

When I was a child I was troubled with a ringing or singing, or something else in my ears, by which token my friends darkly prophesied premature deafness, which fear I am glad to say has never yet been realized, for though at times I still have the ringing, my hearing is as sharp as the next ones—but as I am on the subject of reminiscences, I may as well tell how it was, and then I will put up pencil and paper, fold up my neglected sewing, go in and get tea. But, as I was saying, as long as I was playing round, I did not mind the serenade going on in my ears so much, but the moment my head touched the pillow, the doleful ditty would make itself heard in spite of me, and immediately to my mind's eye would present itself a farmhouse way across the fields somewhere, which I must have seen sometime or other in my dreams, for I certainly never saw it anywhere else.

It was not a gloomy picture, in fact it was one that would please most persons who were snug and comfortable in bed, but I was of too practical turn of mind. I went to bed to sleep and did not wish to be cheated out of it by pictures, be they never so lovely.

But as long as the singing continued, or until I dropped off at last in slumber, I could see the farmhouse in the distance, the lights on the supper table, the farmer by the ingle-side enjoying his comfortable pipe, and the busy housewife stirring something over the fire, that I suppose now, must have been mush.

It appears that even at night I was privileged to see the surroundings as well as the inside of that mystical farmhouse, for between it and myself I could see the tall sedge grass waving in the night wind.

I did not suppose there was another person so idiotic as to have such fancies, but only a year or so ago, a lady and myself sat up all night with a sick child. I asked her if she ever had a ringing sound in her ears, "yes indeed," she replied, "and it always reminds me of lonely old fields and sedge grass tied up in bunches."

So if there is one simpleton in the world, there is one more to keep her company.

### *CRITERIONS.*

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"But have we then no law besides our will,
No just criterion fix'd to good or ill?
As well at noon we may obstruct our sight
Then doubt if such a thing exists as light."

"Rate not th' extensions of the human mind
By the plebeian standard of mankind."

*Jenyns.*

Who does not remember Hans Anderson's touching little story "The Ugly Duck?" It is something like this. An old duck was disgusted to see that one of her ducklings was entirely different from any of the family. Large, awkward and ungainly as it seemed, it was quite a source of mortification to all the duck family, and was called by common assent the Ugly Duck. Unloved and despised or pitied by all the other ducks, as being unlike and therefore inferior to them, the poor ugly duckling was continually suffering from a painful sense of inferiority. But one day, in swimming, they met a party of beautiful and graceful swans, who approached the ugly duck with such friendship and courtesy that she felt quite at ease and happy in their society. She could not understand why these beautiful swans should be so kind and courteous to her who had been so despised and neglected at home; but on looking into the water she was surprised to find that she herself was a swan.

After all, the duck family made no greater mistake in judgment than do many human beings. They simply judged and measured others by themselves. It is only the old criterion of Proctustes. This man is taller than I therefore he is too tall. Off with his head. This man is shorter than I, therefore he is too short. Stretch him. These men do not believe as we do, therefore they must be wrong; torture them, says the old inquisitor; and modern bigotry if less slow to punish is not less slow to condemn all who differ in opinion.

Thus in a world of widely different people each has his own criterion. The learned man measures all men by their learning; the rich man by their wealth; the polished man makes politeness his criterion; the aristocrat, family breeding; the religious man makes piety his standard of judgment; while the fashionable reject with scorn those who have not a knowledge of the latest fashions. Our own style is apt to seem to us the best style; our own knowledge that best worth knowing; our own art the highest. Thus Shakespeare might seem a fool to a dairy-maid if he were ignorant of the process of making cheese.

"Do you know I have dismissed my governess? I found she was quite incompetent to instruct my daughters." The speaker was a fashionable lady, wife of a New York alderman.

"Indeed!" replied I. "She has received high commendations, and I had supposed her to be well fitted to instruct them."

"No, indeed, I find her extremely ignorant. Why do you know, I do believe the creature had actually never seen a bit of point lace before she came to my house; I showed her an elegant point lace handkerchief I had just purchased, the other day, and if you will believe it she said, 'Very pretty.' I dare say the stupid thing thought it some cheap imitation. Oh! it is perfectly evident to me that she is some low person, quite unfit to be a companion or instructress for my daughters."

This was her criterion, while another, looking from a different point of view pronounces the alderman's wife a vulgar and conceited woman, with more money than brains.

The lower our stand-point the less are we able to take correct observations of others. Hence those who stand low in the social scale are most apt to be rude and impertinent to their superiors, while they who stand highest are most courteous and deferential even to the lowly. "Why do you take off your hat to that colored man?" said a friend to Washington. "Shall I let him outdo me in courtesy?" was the prompt reply.

It is no proof of your worth if a man treats you politely. It shows not your worth but his good breeding. If he be kind to you it shows his kind heart, and not your desert. The philosopher and sage bows low to you, or grasps your hand with sympathy and affection, while the flippant young miss tosses her head at you with disdain, as much as to say, "Oh, you old fogy, you are an insufferable bore," but this proves nothing whatever so far as you are concerned, but only shows the ignorant conceit of the one and the great heart and soul of the other. In one place you are feted and honored, in another you are scorned and despised, but you are the same, and neither better nor worse for such honor or dishonor. And if people consult you and defer to your wishes in every little particular it rather argues, says the country parson, that you are "a cantankerous fool," who must be humored for the sake of peace. "When driving a pig you must humour the brute."

The most worthy are apt to be most humble and unpretending; the most ignorant are most conceited and most sure that their way is the only right way, and that their criterions alone are just.

The man or woman whom we cannot understand we are too apt to condemn without mercy, little dreaming that the fault lies in our own want of appreciation and lack of brains and heart.

"Why here is a man who says that the earth is round like a ball, and that he can sail around it. What a fool!" says some wiseacre, "anybody can see for himself that it is flat." Yes, Columbus was thought a fool by the men of his time until he was found to be right; the noble and heroic Joan of Arc was burnt for a witch; Aristides the just was banished by the countrymen he loved and served so faithfully; Goldsmith wrote his beautiful poems while wandering from place to place, poor and friendless, and died in poverty and comparative obscurity; the great teacher Socrates was condemned to death; the best and wisest of all ages have been scouted and villified by the populace; yes, even the Saviour of the world was "despised and rejected of men," and crucified as a malefactor.

The world's criterion is success. He that has attained wealth, honor, or fame is a hero, a "splendid fellow," one to be courted, honored, flattered and feted; while he who has lost or failed to attain these is a miserable scalawag, or nobody.

The world does not ask how far a man has traveled but where does he stand now; not how hard has he worked, but what has he; not what is he inwardly, but what is he outwardly; not how fine his intellect and sensibilities, but how fine his clothes and equipage; not how pure his heart, but how pure are his diamonds; not how many noble deeds has he wrought, but how many votes will he bring for his party; not what have been his principles and practice, but what has been his success?

They who have the best eyes see most beauty, and they have bad eyes who see everything awry. In this sense it is true that "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

Look through a blue glass and everything seems dark and blue; look through a yellow glass and everything seems radiantly bright, as though in the sunlight. So the judgment one forms of another is apt to take a tinge from his own tenor of thought and feeling, and this is why the loveliest characters are most appreciative and most charitable; while the slanderer and he who greedily swallows every foul story and accepts it unquestioningly, has always a mean, bad heart.

We often wonder at seeing a noble and high minded woman bestowing intense love and revererence upon a man who seems wholly unworthy of her; but the reason is that she views him through the medium of her own purity and loveliness and this invests him with the halo that transfigures him.

As Phœbe Carey says:

"I think true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light,
An inner vision quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unannointed eyes shall fall
On him who fills my world with light,
You do not see my friend at all
You see what hides him from your sight.

I see the feet that fain would climb,
You but the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul—unharmed, sublime,
You, but the garments and the clay.

Blinded I stood, as now you stand,
'Till on mine eyes with touches sweet
Love the deliverer laid his hand,
And lo! I worship at his feet."

And yet the nearest and dearest friends often misjudge and misunderstand each other.

"The nearest walk so far apart,
The dearest stand and knock without;
Twixt hearts nor life nor death can part
Comes withering fear and cruel doubt."

Can we wonder then if we receive less love from comparative strangers? One only can know us wholly. God

alone, the only perfect being, is great enough to pass the infinite distance between us, and give us that charity which is perfect sympathy and love.

There seems to be a general impression that to be able to find imperfections in others is the mark of a great mind, but such is not the case. It is a very easy thing to perceive our neighbor's faults, but it requires a much greater mind and heart to appreciate their virtues and excellencies, or even to understand our own failings. We are always disposed to regard ourselves too favorably.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
An foolish notion."

It is no mark of a great mind or heart to discover imperfections in others; but on the contrary the good and great will discover merit when others cannot see it, and our judgment and opinions of others more than anything else show our own minds and hearts. How lovingly the broad green leaves enfold the naked earth, concealing those defects which would be unpleasant. Shall we not learn a lesson from nature? Ah! there is nothing on earth so beautiful, so lovely, so Godlike as charity!

A multitude of objects are always before our eyes but we see only one thing at a time. And since even the least of these things is enough to fill our eyes and thoughts so as to shut out for the time all else, and even, for the time to make us happy or unhappy, is it not a great art to learn to see the beautiful and good and not the ugly and disagreeable in the people and things around us? So to fix our thoughts and attention upon that which is lovely and agreeable as to overlook what would else offend our eyes and our hearts? "Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

Let us cultivate sympathy and charity. The charity that "suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." The charity that "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

And since human criterions are so various, let us learn not only to "judge not that we be not judged," but to care less for the judgment or criticisms of others as regards ourselves. After all it does not matter so much about getting the applause of the world as of gaining the approval of Him whose judgment alone is just and unchangeable.

He who attempts to please everybody or who lives for the applause of the world, his friends and society is sure of a miserable failure. He who lives to please himself is equally sure to fail. But he who lives to do and to suffer God's will and makes that his criterion of action, is sure of a glorious success.

"Not by deeds that win the world's applauses,
Not by works that bring thee world renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses
Canst thou win and wear th' immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though oft tired and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give,
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only
And truly loving, thou canst truly live."

### *TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.*

*Number Forty-eight.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

I suspect I was not the only one who read "Sister Allie's" appeal in the September HOUSEHOLD, with a little thrill of sympathy; and I doubt if there were many of the older women—the mothers and elder sisters of our home circle—who did not at once do a small sum in mental arithmetic. Let us do it over again here, for the benefit of "our girls" who, it is very probable, did not think of doing it for themselves. Seven from twenty-four, leaves seventeen.

"Well—what of that?" asks some bright eyed listener. "We all knew that long ago."

Yes. But if you will turn to Allie's letter, you will see that she says—"I have been married seven years, and I'm only twenty-four."

Now *she* did not put those two clauses into one sentence, nor connect them by the conjunction and. But *I* do; for it seems to me that a too early marriage is the primal cause, or at least one of the primal causes, of all Allie's troubles.

Girls of seventeen, you are not old enough to marry. You are not old enough to think of marriage, save as one of the far-off possibilities held in store by the future. You will shake your pretty heads at this, very many of you. You will say Mrs. Dorr is an old fogy, quite behind the times, and all that. But, as a rule, your mothers will agree with me. Ask them, and see if they do not. Even if they happened to marry at that age themselves, I am sure that, in the vast majority of cases, their advice to their daughters will be,—"Wait awhile. Wait at least, until you are out of your teens."

For there is not one girl out of five hundred—nay—out of a thousand, who is at seventeen mature enough either in mind, in spirit, or in body, to take upon herself the duties and responsibilities of wifehood; and for that reason, if for no other, it is not strange that Allie says, "I'm only twenty-four, and begin to look old; my back aches, my head and heart ache, and I am oh! so tired all the time." Poor child! Three, at least, of the seven years of which she speaks, should have been given to *growth*, mental, spiritual and physical, before she took upon herself the life-work of a wife and mother.

Girls, the wedding day is the beginning, not the end. You are apt to look at it down a vista of bridal dresses, airy veils, and orange blossoms, through a glamour of smiles and tears and blushes. You are apt to think of it as the "day of days," for which all other days were made.

Well—so perhaps it is, if you bring to its sacred rites the strength and sweetness of a full, perfected womanhood. I am no croaker. I would not rob you of one happy dream, one joyous heart-throb. Marriage may be all you dream it is, if—you marry just the right man, at just the right time. Not otherwise. Girlhood has its own work, its own duty; the work of self-culture, of growth; the duty of laying up stores of knowledge, of wisdom, of prudence and self-reliance, against the days that are to come. Girlhood should work and study and play. It should set up for itself a lofty standard, and it should be fired with a noble ambition. But it should not be a traitor to itself. It should not seek its own death, nor hasten the hour of its own destruction. It should not strive to lift with its half-childish hands, the burdens that are meant for the shoulders of a ripened womanhood.

For marriage always brings with it its own burdens. The free, happy, careless life of girlhood ends when marriage begins. This is inevitable, even though the new life may be more blessed than the old; and why then should the bud, hiding such wealth of beauty and sweetness in its dewy, crimson heart, be in haste to become a rose? Why should not girls be content to be just girls, than whom there is nothing sweeter or more charming in the universe?

As I said, the wedding day is the beginning not the end. It is but the first chapter of a book the turning of whose leaves may bring great joy, and must inevitably bring somewhat of sorrow and trial. For marriage means renunciation as well as acceptance; it means giving as well as receiving; it means serving as well as being served; it means patience as well as hope; it means submission as well as being submitted unto. It means the bearing of another's burdens, the sharing of another's sorrows, the living of another's life. It means forbearance with another's weaknesses, and patience with another's mistakes. It means loving as well as being loved, cherishing as well as being cherished, strengthening as well as being strengthened. It means, in short, more than it is wise in most girls of seventeen to demand of themselves, and certainly more than it is wise in others to demand of them.

In the train of wifehood, comes—motherhood. It is quite the fashion to ignore this fact; and young girls who are making ready for their approach to the altar, are apt to look at you aghast if you say as much; or else to drop their eyes shamefacedly, as if the subject were one to be tabooed in respectable circles.

But in the discussion of this subject, it is neither just nor right to ignore it. More than that, it is decidedly foolish to overlook, or to deny, that which is one of the commonest facts of human existence. If a girl marries at seventeen, the chances are that she will be a mother before she is nineteen.

Surely it behooves her to take this matter into the account, and to ask herself a few serious questions. Is she ready for it? Is she ready for all that the word motherhood implies?

Not the physical suffering, merely, though it may be well for her to consider whether she is as yet ready for the pain and weakness that are usually attendant upon young maternity. But being a mother implies the giving up of a great deal that young girls value: the careless ease, the liberty to come and go at will, the restful nights, the gay companionship, the dance, the concert, the picnic, the frolic and merriment, undisturbed by a thought of care or responsibility. It implies the loss of one's hours of uninterrupted reading; the laying aside, in a great degree, of brush and pencil and pen. It implies that one has not much time to practice, and that one's pretty things all go out of fashion before one has a chance to wear them! These are only the little things; but in the largest sense, motherhood means sacrifice and self-abnegation.

Womanhood is—or should be—ready for these things. But is girlhood? That's the question. Of the joys of maternity there is no need to speak in this connection. Yet even they, I fancy, would appeal more strongly to the heart of a woman, than to that of a girl of seventeen or eighteen—scarcely more than a child herself; and, as I said a long time ago in these columns,—"A burden is a burden, even though it is a burden of roses."

If girls could only know how much they lose by the hasty, early marriages that make them old before their time! The years between fifteen and twenty are such precious years, when rightly used. In them one can store up so much honey wherewith to sweeten and enrich all the years that come after—years in which there may be fewer flowers from which to gather it, or in which the little bee, storm-beaten and weary, may have less strength to go in search of it. Lay up your honey now, girls; the bodily health and strength which shall help to make you happy, buoyant, sunshiny women by and by; the knowledge that shall stand you in good stead through all the days to come, making your whole lives richer and nobler; the patience, the tender helpfulness, the gentleness and wisdom that, whether you ever marry or not, will make you "blessed among women." But don't bother your pretty heads with thoughts of love and lovers yet awhile. Be free as the air, joyous as the birds, sweet and simple as God meant girlhood should be. Enjoy to the full the dewy morning. Noon will come soon enough, with its shortened shadows, its clear, prosaic light. You need not strive to hasten it.

This talk was begun for "Sister Allie"—and it has had no word for her. Our "rosebud garland of girls" has monopolized the whole of it. Next month, maybe, we will take up her case and see if there is any way to help her.

### *HOW TO GET RICH.*

BY ELIZA E. ANTHONY.

Begin, when young, by hoarding every penny you can lay your hands on. If anything is given you, sell it, and save the money. It is far better to be saving than wasteful, you know. As you grow older, deprive yourself of pleasures, books, papers, etc., for they all cost money, and you cannot spend your money and have it too.

When you think of getting married, don't waste a thought on a girl who is fond of reading or amusements, but sneak across lots to a girl, who works from morning till night, with never a thought of anything else; one who thinks it is sinful to open a book, and as for a story paper, if one, by chance, came into the house, would lift it with the tongs, and put it in the fire. That's the kind of a girl to have. Court her on the sly, as if you were

ashamed of her, and when you get married, don't spend a cent more than is necessary. Make her a present of ten cents or so, and make the minister happy, with twenty-five cents. Tell him when he preaches the funeral sermon, you will make it fifty.

Don't have anything around the house, but what is absolutely necessary. A bedstead, two wooden chairs, a table, two tin cups and plates, saucers are a superfluity, a coffee-pot, which will do for tea also, and a frying-pan, are enough for any sensible man's house. If a man wants you to subscribe for a paper, kick him out. If he still persists, tell him when you are fool enough to sit down and read a paper, you will be in the poor-house. Don't have any visitors, because you would have to buy another plate, and that would be wasting money.

Work from daylight until dark, and then go to bed, to save using candles. Don't have children, for they cost lots of money, but if you can't help yourself, spend as little as possible on them, and when they grow up, they will either be in prison, or a member of congress, on your money, one evil as bad as the other. In short, work yourself to death, starve yourself mentally and physically, deprive yourself of every comfort, and you will be satisfied, you will be rich—and miserable.

### *RIGHTS OF SOME PEOPLE.*

BY CHLOE EVANS.

We hear of the rights of all classes, women's, babies', children's and servant's; and I once did hear of men's rights. That was in this wise. A talkative ab'ebodied Dutchman who gives his wife the right of going out washing, and picking berries, for other people, and of making butter and breaking steers for her leige lord, thinks the rights of the male sex are threatened, and that they should take a decided stand on the question of allowing women to vote. He says with much feeling "I don't want to leeve when de womans vote, dey won't do so well by us as we do by them;" and his tone implied that that meant abject wretchedness for men. I may feel inclined to defend these unfortunates, when their oppression is fairly inaugurated, but at present they certainly are not suffering.

There is one class, however, who it seems to me have not all their rights, viz: The workers, men and women who strive to fill their places in their homes, in church, in society, in business, and in politics. They with their cultivated common sense, tact, and untiring energy, surely should be granted as loud a voice in the counsels of the public enterprises they carry out, as the non-workers, the invalids, the "young people," (who are only to be amused) and the big "I" people generally. Surely careful consideration, and experience in bearing the burden and heat of the day are as likely to produce successful results, as a passing, pleasant enthusiasm, or a determined selfishness, or worse than all the stupid botching of lazy helpers. These capable people are obliged to listen to, and often act upon useless advice, and are subjected constantly to harsh criticism. I would speak a word for them. Think how you treat such. Help them, if you do not already, with a pleasant word of encouragement, and keep for them an unsuspicious heart. All cannot participate in work outside the home circle, it is well some can.

I heard a lady say the other day, "If I am neither a baby, nor a minister, nor one of the 'young people,' I think I have some rights," and I sympathized with her. An intelligent woman, she was trying with her whole heart to help all. Having lost her only child some years ago, she had many spare hours and energies for this work. She seemed born to help her husband, a man gifted with great mechanical genius, but lacking tact or judgment to turn that into fortune. Without her loving head to balance him, he would possibly have been visionary. She interested herself in all the details of his business, grew enthusiastic over wheels and pulleys, admired his models with genuine delight, and gravely counted cost and profit to him. She kept the wheels of her household machinery so oiled that the creaking of small economies and of aching back and feet were not heard. Her presence and conversation adorned her parlors, and those of her friends.

She had just passed through an unusually busy summer, staying at home the whole season to make her husband's home pleasant, and help him watch the progress of a new invention, and had found plenty of work in visiting and assisting to relieve the poor sick children. Two busy days preparing and the remainder in entertaining a departing minister, wife and three babies had taken the last week. Monday found a tired woman and a disorderly house. After a hard forenoon's work, and a basket had been filled for the washerwoman's sick daughter, she seated herself saying, although winter clothing would soon be needed, she would not commence fall sewing, till her house was straightened once more.

A ring announced callers, and a portly fashionably dressed lady of fifty, or thereabouts, was introduced as a near neighbor. Hardly waiting for the usual greetings, she exclaimed,

"I rushed over to have a little chat before Minnie and baby get along. I want to talk about some entertainments for the young people, and she gets so out of patience if she hears any one finding difficulties about such things. She is so ready to do for others, poor thing, or was till she had the responsibility of a baby, and (confidentially) you know her husband is so selfish."

My friend looked her ignorance. "He hasn't the least consideration for her. We board them just as we do, because he thought he must not pay more, and that price would only have given them rooms way down town, nearer his business to be sure, but not to be thought of, and now he thinks he cannot afford to hire a nurse girl any longer, but still he is not willing to touch his child. Yes, I know he does take her out on Sunday, and walk up and down; but other days, after he gets home in the evening, (he always will stop at the shop, till every one else is gone) no matter how fretful Louie is he doesn't take the least care of her. But I must talk of these entertainments. We must contrive some way to interest the young people, and I think if we could have sociables every week through the winter, it would be the best thing. Invite young people, married and unmarried, allow no dancing nor cards, but give them a good supper, and all the old clothes they want to play charades with. What do you think of my programme?"

My friend began to say, it was a pleasant idea, and if well sustained would no doubt be successful, but she was interrupted with, "I am so glad you like it, there comes Minnie, I was sure you would." Enter Minnie and young lady of two, elaborately dressed. "Minnie, Mrs. S. is delighted with our plans," and Minnie's eyes brighten, and the pretty face looks really pleasant, as she says, "I am very glad, Mrs. S. has such a nice way of doing such things. I remember, when I was a little girl, how much I used to enjoy poor Nellie's parties."

Mrs. S. asked who were co-operating in this.

"Oh we have not spoken to many yet. To no one who will entertain; the young people are all wide awake. They were really getting so discontented, that I began to fear we should lose some of our best young men. Now that tiresome Mr. Terwilliger is gone, I hope things will brighten up. Minnie thought you were so foolish to have them all here. Well I don't suppose he had money to pay hotel bills, and is not very likely to have. I don't believe his health will ever be good again, do you?

We are staying a long time considering we have invitations to give to-day. At least we thought of giving invitations for Thursday evening for our inaugural sociable, (an insinuating smile.) Other societies are planning for winter, and may get in our young people; only last evening my Fanny insisted upon going to Mr. C's church. Minnie what is Louie tearing? Oh Mrs. Stephens, I hope she has not done any mischief, she doesn't mean to do any harm, but such children you know, cannot be taught what is proper; if it had not been Monday, we could have left her at home. What is it? Oh! 'Scientific American.' I was afraid it was 'Harper's Bazar.'

Well Mrs. S. we must go, as soon as I ask permission to appoint the first sociable here, at your hospitable house. Nonsense, you are never in confusion, don't refuse, it will be a bad omen, see how Minnie's countenance falls.

You are tired to-day, no doubt, I wonder those tiresome children didn't kill you. But this will be nothing like that. I expect to take my turn very soon, but that is utterly impossible this week, and I know you appreciate the importance of promptness in such movements.

Well! I must say I am disappointed. What shall we do Minnie?"

After a few more entreaties, and refusals, my friend pleasantly replied to her adieux, bidding her let her know how her sociables succeeded, and returned to me, to make the exclamation, I have quoted. Then more thoughtfully she said, "I want to be courteous, we are commanded to be, but I try to see my duty, and think I know it better than others can. I could not tie myself to an all winter's campaign, and that is what a first dash means."

Have you any friends in like circumstances? Men whose integrity, and women whose unselfishness, make them too often the prey of spongers?

### *HOURS OF DARKNESS.*

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Worn and weary, watching night's dull hours away,
Waiting for the dawning, longing for the day;
Wan and worn with watching, heavy, sad, and lone,
E'en my very spirit seeming turned to stone.

Hour by hour goes slowly—deathlike stillness reigns,
Life seems one long trial, strgugles, cares and pains;
Weary of my groaning, weary of my life,
Sickness, pain and longing, earthly cares and strife.

Gloomy palls the darkness over all without,
Like the world within me, full of gloom and doubt:
Gazing from the window, nothing meets the eye,
But uncertain outline, 'twixt the earth and sky.

Dark and dense night's curtain, folded o'er each spot,
'Neath it, rarest beauties, though we see them not;
Graceful forms of foliage, twigs and branches fair,
Hidden from our vision, yet, they still are there.

Clouds of mellowest radiance, far beyond our view,
Still are gently floating in the depths of blue;
Myriad hearts are beating, fraught with joy or woe,
Myriads far around us, no more troubles know.

What, though chill November bears the leaves away?
What, though frosts of Autumn tinge the earth with gray?
Is there not a beauty in the dark, brown wood?
Speaks it not a language, full well understood?

Richest brown and russet, mossy banks between,
Graceful stems entwining, crowned with evergreen;
Far, the grand old hill-tops lift their heads on high,
Nearer, tiniest branches pencilled on the sky.

When the glorious sunshine gladdens all around,
Tingeing with its radiance e'en the very ground,
Who could paint the sunlight? who could paint the shade?
Breathed there e'er the artist, such a landscape made?

Oh! when morning sunlight streams o'er vale and hill,
Lighting all with glory, sends it not a thrill
Of gratitude and gladness to Him who reigns above?
Who clothes our paths with beauty, in pity and in love.

What, though lone and cheerless, gloomy reigns the night?
What, though all around thee, darkness palls thy sight?
Morning lifts the curtain—Now behold revealed
All the glorious beauty, that the night concealed.

So, when life's night ended, morning dawns at last,
We shall see the beauty of these trials past.
Oh! 'tis not when favored, not when joys caress,
That we turn us Heavenward—'tis when griefs oppress.

When ties, binding earthward, one by one are riven,
Helpless and forsaken, turn we *last to Heaven*:
So through life we're watching, waiting for the day,
Then tho' worn and weary faint not by the way.

But, when toil and trouble dim thy path with tears,
Think then of the glories of the coming years;
How can we be lonely while we have one Eriend,
Who'll be with us "always, even to the end?"

Close in Him abiding, He shall give us light,
All in Him confiding, He shall be our might;
Though we cannot see Him, God is ever near,
Ere life's work is ended, morning shall appear.

* * * * * * * *

O'er the hills, the dawn is breaking,
And all nature seems awaking,

And her drowsy bed forsaking,
To greet the morning light.
Hark! the joyous birds are singing,
Through the woods, their notes are ringing
Every breeze, their carols bringing,
We have passed the night.

Having received several inquiries concerning The American Free Press, advertised in our columns some months since, we deem it proper to say that the advertisement was handed into this office by Mr. O. A. Libby of this place, with every appearance of genuineness and inserted accordingly. We learn, however, that no copy of the paper has been issued though one number is in course of preparation. We fear that Mr. Libby did not count the cost of his undertaking and that he will be unable to furnish his publication as promised in which case we trust he will return the stamps to those who responded to his advertisement or make some satisfactory arrangement with them.

ONE OF THE GREAT EVENTS of the age is the introduction of that extraordinary cure, DR. TOPLIFF'S SYRUP OF TAR, which is the positive cure for Incipient Consumption, Bronchial Affections, Hacking Cough, Colds, Asthma, Diphtheria, Croup, Hoarseness, Irritation, loss of voice, etc. Its virtues are highly praised by the medical profession.

We call the attention of all concerned to the striking advertisement of Messrs Cheney and Bros. on our last page. These silks are first class as thousands can testify and the price at which they are sold is another and not the least of their recommendations. The united testimony of all who have worn these goods is, "if you want a dress that will never wear out get an American Silk," and what everybody says must be true, so get a pattern, ladies, and see if it will last forever. You will at least have one thing for a consolation, it would not be a very costly experiment.

Messrs Putney and Corson have a word to say about Carpets and Window Shades and those of us who occasionally visit Boston will of course look into their extensive salesrooms and take home something for the "best room," as it used to be called, but more recently, and far better, the *living room*. And those of our readers who seldom or never see Boston need not on that account be deprived of the many advantages in the matter of trade to be derived from the extensive assortment and moderate prices to be found there. Drop a line to our friends, above named, if you want any goods they advertise and you will receive prompt attention and if you send them the price of any article it will be forwarded with despatch and, best of all, found just as represented. Try them.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE: We have long wanted to say a good word for this paper but didn't have time when we had space or didn't have space when we had time, whence it came about that said duty has been sadly neglected, and we seize upon the present opportune moment to call the especial attention of our readers who are, or may soon be, in search of a city journal—Weekly or Daily—for the coming year, to take a good look at the Tribune "before purchasing elsewhere." Most every reading man (and reading woman) wants a Metropolitan journal in addition to their local paper and THE HOUSEHOLD and we know of no one that we can so heartily recommend as The New York Tribune. Independent and fearless in its advocacy of right wherever it is found no less than in its denunciation of wrong under whatever guise it lurks, it merits the patronage of thinking men everywhere and particularly of that large and rapidly increasing class who speak and act as well as think. Bound to no party and controlled by no clique it is a safe counselor and a model newspaper.



1868. 1875.

# THE HOUSEHOLD
## For 1875.

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

## PROGRAMME FOR VOL. 8TH.

**A New Volume!**

**New Type!!**

**New Contributors!!!**

**New Subscribers!!!!**

## A Better Paper for Less Money!

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

### LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1875.

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

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

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

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

**One Dollar and Ten Cts.**

making it by far THE CHEAPEST PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

## SPECIAL PREMIUMS!

### Open to All.

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

To the person sending us the largest list of yearly subscribers previous to May 1st 1875 we will give

**A COTTAGE ORGAN,** *worth* **$300.**

For the Second largest list

**A GOLD WATCH,** *worth* **$100.**

For the Third,

*either* **A SEWING MACHINE,** worth **$80,**

or APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, worth $80,

For the Fourth,

either AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth $50.

*or* **A SILVER WATCH,** *worth* **$50.**

For the Fifth, Prang's Beautiful Chromo,

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN, worth $25.

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

## ANOTHER LIST

### DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.

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

**A SEWING MACHINE,** *worth* **$75.**

For the Second largest list we will give

AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth $50.

For the Third

**A SILVER WATCH,** *worth* **$35.**

For the Fourth, Rogers' Group of Statuary

THE FAIRY'S WHISPER, *worth* $25.

For the Fifth

**A CHILD'S CARRIAGE,** *worth* **$20.**

For the Sixth

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

For the Seventh,

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth $12.

For the Eighth, Prang's Brilliant Chromo,

SUNSET IN CALIFORNIA, *worth* $10.

For the Ninth

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

For the Tenth

**A Gold Pen,** *worth* **$3.**

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

## To Single Subscribers.

We have on our subscription books the names of several thousands of SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS. A single subscriber is not necessarily an unmarried one but merely one whose copy of THE HOUSEHOLD is the only one taken at his or her postoffice. Those who receive this paper in wrappers (except in a few of the large cities where all are wrapped) will understand that they are single subscribers and therefore interested in this paragraph. Now it is just as easy for us to send fifty or a hundred copies to an office as one and we much rather do it, so we call upon those friends to send us lists of subscribers from their postoffices and not compel us to wrap each paper singly—you have no idea of the large amount of work it causes every month. No matter if you don't get but one name besides your own. That will be two and that will make a bundle. Read what we will do for you: To the single subscriber who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from their own postoffice we will give

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth $12.00.

For the Second largest list we will give

A Family Clothes Wringer, *worth* $7.50.

For the Third,

A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, *worth* $5.00.

For the Fourth, a copy of

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

For the Fifth,

A GOLD PEN WITH SILVER CASE, worth $2.50.

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

## 4thly and to Conclude.

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

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, worth $12.

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

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

The Atlantic Flour Mills of F. E. Smith & Co., Brooklyn, is one of the largest in the United States. What strikes the visitor more particularly is the almost entire absence of noise and the regular and orderly manner in which each departmint carries on its business. There is an air of neatness and cleanliness, also, about the machinery and floors, which forms a striking contrast to the workings of some establishments. —*Brooklyn Union.*

"DRY AS A DICTIONARY."—That phrase must pass away. Look into the elegant quarto edition of Webster's Unabridged; see the three thousand illustrations, handsomely engraved, interesting and instructive pictures. They are interspersed through the work in just the order in which you can most readily find them, with definition and description. Then, again, they are classified, convenient for comparison. But this is only one of a hundred or more improvements made in the recent edition, worth mentioning to our readers. No studious reader can afford to be without it, or will hesitate to buy it upon examination.—*Mining Press.*

In this age of humbug and adulterations it is a benefit as well as a very great convenience to know just where to go to find the pure article every time. Sanded sugar, watered lard, colored teas and artificial coffee are only the more evident results of a gigantic system of fraud which reaches into and through every department of domestic economy and the manufacturer who resists the temptation to place an adulterated article upon the market at an enormous profit and contents himself with the comparitively meagre reward of an honest and fairly conducted business is plainly entitled to the thanks and the patronage of the community. And we are glad to know that fact is being freely admitted and acted upon by a large and rapidly increasing class. It does not pay to buy a poor article because it can be bought for a little less than a good one. "The best is the cheapest." Ay, but which is the best? asks one. Well, in some instances it would be a difficult matter to decide, but on the soap question there is but one answer by those who have used The American Peerless.

DR. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SEA WEED TONIC, AND MANDRAKE PILLS.—These medicines have undoubtedly performed more cures of Consumption than any other remedy known to the American public. They are compounded of vegetable ingredients, and contain nothing which can be injurious to the human constitution.

Other remedies advertised as cures for Consumption, probably contain opium, which is a somewhat dangerous drug in all cases, and if taken freely by consumptive patients, it must do great injury; for its tendency is to confine the morbid matter in the system, which, of course, must make a cure impossible.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is warranted not to contan a particle of opium: It is composed of powerful but harmless herbs, which act on the lungs, liver, stomach and blood, and thus correct all morbid secretions, and expel all the diseased matter from the body. These are the only means by which Consumption can be cured, and as Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are the only medicines which operate in this way, it is obvious they are the only genuine cure for Pulmonary Consumption. Each bottle of this invaluable medicine is accompanied by full directions.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, and at the Quincy House, Boston, on the following Wednesdays, June 10th and 24th, July 8th and 22nd, and August 5th and 19th.

## Perkin's Anthem Book!

PRICE $1.50. $13.50 PER DOZ.

A new and excellent collection, by W. O. PERKINS. Will be warmly welcomed by Choirs, as the anthems are not difficult, and are just what is needed for "Opening" and "Voluntary" pieces.

## The Song Monarch!

**Price 75 Cents. Per Doz. $7.50.**

The best book of the Season for Singing Schools. By H. R. PALMER assisted by L. O. EMERSON. Music principally secular, and is of the most interesting character.

## THE LEADER!!

**Price $1.38. $12.00 Per Doz.**

The New Church Music Book, by H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. EMERSON, gentlemen whose previous books have been more successful than any others. Please examine.

## AMERICAN SCHOOL MUSIC READERS.

In 3 books. Price 35 cts., 50 cts., and 50 cts.

Perfectly adapted to graded classes, in Primary and Grammar Schools. By L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN. Already in successful use in the schools.

Sold by all dealers. Either book sent post-paid for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Br'dway, New York.

11tf

## FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE.

**I WARRANT ONE BOTTLE** *a perfect cure in all the worst forms of* PILES, *also two to five in* LEPROSY, SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, SALT RHEUM, CATARRH, KIDNEY DISEASES, *and all diseases of the* SKIN, and the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered. *Entirely Vegetable. Send to me and take back your money in all cases of failure. None for* 16 *yrs.* H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston. Sold everywhere. $1.00 a bottle. Send for Circulars. 11-1d

## CENTENNIAL AMERICAN HISTORY GAMES

**60 Cards** giving over **50 new Games,** with history of U. S. for **100 Years.** Just issued. "*They are a marvel of ingenuity and condensed information.*"—**Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., LL. D.** "*They stand without a rival in the home circle.*"—**Philip Phillips.** "*Ingenious, amusing and instructive.*"—**F. Saunders, Librarian Astor Library, N. Y.** "*We advise our young friends everywhere to enquire for them.*"—**Christian Advocate.** Sent in a Patented Box postage paid on receipt of 75 cents. Also, a new and fascinating Game, The

## "TEN PLAGUES,"

By an eminent clergyman. Based on Biblical History, as suggested by its title. Price 50 cents. The trade supplied. **Agents Wanted.**

**E. B. TREAT,** Publisher, 805 Broadway, N. Y.

11-2e

## PETERSON'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE.

ALL ARTICLES COMPLETE IN EACH NUMBER.

Messrs. H. Peterson & Co., well known through the country from their connection for many years with the SATURDAY EVENING POST, will shortly begin the publication of a First-Class Monthly Magazine, to be entitled PETERSON'S JOURNAL, and to be devoted to the most popular literature of the day.

PETERSON'S JOURNAL, the first number of which will be issued for December 1874, will be the cheapest FIRST-CLASS MAGAZINE published in America—and will aim to furnish a greater amount of superior reading matter, in a more elegant form, than can be procured elsewhere for the same price. It will avoid all continued stories, the publishers believing that the breaking off of the narrative each month interferes with the enjoyment of the reader. EACH NUMBER WILL THUS BE COMPLETE IN ITSELF—and will present regularly a variety of popular stories and miscellaneous papers, written by some of the most talented authors of this country and England.

In order to give time for the publication of the new Journal to become known to our host of old friends throughout the country, the first number—that for December—will be ready early in October.

Terms $3.00 a year. An extra copy will be supplied gratis for every club of Five Subscribers at $3.00 each. *The postage will be prepaid by the publishers, without extra charge, in accordance with the new law.* Specimen copies 25 cents. *No specimens sent gratis.* Address,

*H. PETERSON & CO.,*
*920 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

21-1smpny

## STEINWAY PIANOS.

The Best is the Cheapest.

The Steinway Pianos, for FULLNESS, CLEARNESS and PURITY of TONE and THOROUGHNESS OF WORKMANSHIP, are unequalled. The majority of the leading artists throughout the world prefer them for their own use and concede to them the highest degree of excellence.

**EDWARD CLARK,** *Agent, Brattleboro, Vt.*

Also, Agent for the Behning & Klix Pianos, and the Estey Cottage Organs.

## EMPLOYMENT,

Pleasant and profitable. Catalogue with full particulars and sample *free.* E. M. DOUGLAS.

12-12 Brattleboro, Vt.

## Hall's Hair Renewer

Turns gray Hair dark. Removes dandruff, heals humors of the scalp and makes the Hair grow thick and golssy.

## NEWSPAPER COMMENT

UPON THE

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING AGENCY,

CONDUCTED BY

**GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,**

No. 41 PARK ROW.

**NEW YORK.**

It is indeed no surprise that their house is so prosperous, and that they are the leading advertising agents in the world. We would prefer, so far as we are concerned, to have a column or more miscellaneous advertisements from this firm, than to receive the same amount made up of one direct from each house on their list. The commission allowed is saved us by losses, as they pay every cent they contract for, and pay it promptly, and the keeping of one open account with such a firm is much pleasanter than with the thousand persons whom they send us advertisements for. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. do not "bore us" to take it out in trade. They do an honorable, legitimate business, on a business basis. They pay their bills when due, on presentation, if found correct. If publishers, having dealings with them, want anything in their line—and they supply everything from a spring bodkin to a cylinder press,—types, inks and all, they fill their orders promptly, at manufacturers' prices, and we can say that we have received the best newspaper and book ink ever furnished us and at a lower price than we ever bought for eleswhere. The *Republican* has had dealings with this house for over six years, and in all that time, we never have had any reason to complain of our treatment.—*Meriden (Conn.) Republican.*

As the proprietors of the first and most extensive of these agencies in New York, they are well qualified to furnish information. The details of the work transacted by the agency, and the way it is done, the perfection of the arrangements for facilitating the act of advertising by relieving the advertiser of trouble and expense, and bringing before him all the various mediums throughout the country, with the necessary knowledge pertaining to them, are given with a minuteness that leaves nothing to be desired. All the particulars respecting the character and position of a newspaper which an intending advertiser desires to know are placed before him in the most concise form.—*New York Times, June 7th,* 1874.

Are, without doubt, the leading Advertising Agents in the United States, and, therefore, of the world. They have, by the free, liberal and yet well directed use of money, built themselves up in the esteem of the leading publishers and advertisers of the continent, and by an unusual energy have succeeded in perfecting in every detail a business that more than anything else tells of the growth and importance of the newspaper business.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal.*

Their business has grown to be something enormous. Every paper in the country is on file at their office, and it is no uncommon thing for them to receive a mail of fifteen or twenty bushels of newspapers.—*Norwalk (Conn.) Gazette.*

Have completely systematized the business, and after five years' experience we can truthfully state that we find the firm to be prompt, *courteous,* CORRECT.—*Grayville (Ill.) Independent.*

They can be relied upon in every way, being worthy of implicit confidence.—*New Orleans (La.) Price Current.*

While advancing their own interests, advance those also of every publisher.—*South Bethlehem (Pa.) Progress.*

The trustworthy business character and enterprise is well reflected.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

Have completely SYSTEMATIZED the business.—*Griggsville (Ill.) Reflector.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of advertisements should send **25 cts.** to

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 41 PARK ROW, N. Y.,

for their ONE HUNDRED PAGE PAMPHLET, containing lists of **3000** newspapers and estimates, showing the cost of advertising.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores gray Hair to its original color thickens thin Hair, and stops its failing. It is an elegant Dressing.

## For Sewing Machines.

On receipt of 32 cents we will send an Oil Can Holder for Sewing Machines. It can be attached with one screw to the under side of the table of any machine, and your oil can is out of sight and out of the way.

J. W. BOULON & CO.,

10-1adv New Haven, Conn.

**BULBS! BULBS! BULBS!**

**50** HARDY FLOWERING BULBS, (our No. 4 collection,) mailed to applicants enclosing $3.00. Illustrated cataogue of Bulbs free.

WM. H. SPOONER,

10-2 Boston, Mass.

## To Housekeepers.

All using oil lamps should send for one of our lamp fillers. It holds the top on while filling so you can take the lamp in both hands. It is impossible to run the lamp over or spill a drop of oil, and in pouring oil from one lamp to the other, or from a lamp into the can, it is indispensable. It can be attached to any oil can, so it is always ready for use. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of 50 cents. Address

J. W. BOULON & CO., New Haven, Conn.

10-1adv.

## A Nice Chromo Given Away

To every subscriber of "SPORTS AND GAMES," A Magazine of 200 pages a volume, at *only* 25 *cts. a year.*

"An exhaustless source of entertainment of the most innocent kind for households and evening parties."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Address, ADAMS & CO., Publishers, Boston.

3tfadv

## THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequaled.

MORSE BROS., Prop'rs, Canton, Mass.


## HOG RINGER.

**15,000,000 Rings,**
**70,000 Ringers,**
**8,500 Tongs Sold.**

Hardware Dealers Sell Them. Ringer, $1, Rings pr 100 50cts, Tongs, $1.25, by mail, post paid, Circulars free. Address

H. W. HILL & CO., Decatur, Ill.

11-6ccc

**AGENTS WANTED** for the **CENTENNIAL GAZETTEER** for the UNITED STATES. Showing the grand results of **our first 100 Years.** Everybody buys it, $100 to $200 a month to agents. Send for circular. 10 3a

**P. W. ZEIGLER & CO.,** Springfield, Mass.

## $15.00 SHOT GUN.

A double barrel gun, bar or front action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, or *no sale;* with Flask, Pouch and Wad-cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D. with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main St., Cincinnati, O. 10-9ea

## BLACKWOOD'S "MAGIC" DRESS-SKIRT ELEVATOR.

*Neatness, Comfort, Economy & Style.*

Executive Mansion, Wash., D.C., Apl. 22, '74.

SIR: Mrs. Grant desires me to say that she received the Dress-Skirt Elevator, and requests you to send her another. Respectfully,

To LEVI P. LUCKY, Secretary.

CLINTON R. BLACKWOOD, 171 Broadway.

N.B.—Sent to any address for 75 cents and 2 stamps. Address as above, Box 1503, N.Y.

8-6

## WOODS' HOT-WATER PROOF TABLE CUTLERY.

Handsomest, Cheapest, Most Durable Cutlery in use. Ask your Dealer for it and don't be satisfied without it.

**WOODS CUTLERY COMPANY,**

10tfadv **ANTRIM, N. H.,**

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

**PATENTS OBTAINED** ---- for Inventors.
No charges unless successful. Pamphlet sent free.
C. A. SHAW, Solicitor, 110 Tremont St., Boston.

## WANTED AGENTS $10 Per Day.

To sell the **Home Shuttle Sewing Machine** where we are not represented. Reader!! you can make money selling the **"Home Shuttle"** whether you are EXPERIENCED in the business or not. If you wish to buy a SEWING MACHINE for family use our circulars will show you how to save money. Address **Johnson, Clark & Co.,** Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.

3tte

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES.** Sure relief Price 40 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass. **ASTHMA.**

3-3&10-3d

## Williams' Jamaica Ginger

**For relief and cure of Colds, Cholera-morbus, Summer Complaints and Indigestion. A delicious drink for hot weather. Many spurious preparations are in market. The genuine bears our trade-mark, "THE LAUGHING HEAD."**

**GEO. W. WILLIAMS & CO.,**
**Hartford, Ct.**

*Sold by Druggists and Grocers.*

**$57.60** AGENTS' PROFITS PER week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H CHIDESTER, 267 Broadway, N. Y.

## DR. RIDGE'S FOOD for INFANTS AND INVALIDS

5-8d

## 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 new subscribers, for one year each, required to obtain it free:

| No. | PREMIUMS. | Price. | No. of Subscribers. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | One box Initial Stationery, | $0 50 | 2 |
| 2 | Indelible Pencil, (Clark's, | 50 | 2 |
| 3 | Embroidery Scissors, | 50 | 2 |
| 4 | Name Plate, brush ink, etc., | 60 | 3 |
| 5 | Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife | 75 | 3 |
| 6 | Autograph Album, | 1 00 | 3 |
| 7 | Package Garden Seeds, | 1 00 | 3 |
| 8 | Package Flower Seeds. | 1 00 | 3 |
| 9 | Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers, | 1 00 | 3 |
| 10 | Butter Knife, (silver plated,) | 1 00 | 3 |
| 11 | Turkey Morocco Pocket Book, | 1 00 | 3 |
| 12 | Set Jet Jewelry, | 1 50 | 4 |
| 13 | One vol. Household, | 1 00 | 4 |
| 14 | Six Teaspoons (silver plated) | 1 75 | 5 |
| 15 | Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated) | 2 00 | 5 |
| 16 | Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings, | 2 00 | 5 |
| 17 | Rosewood Writing Desk, | 2 25 | 5 |
| 18 | Rosewood Work Box, | 2 50 | 5 |
| 19 | French Velvet Photo. Album, | 2 00 | 5 |
| 20 | Gold Pen with Silver Case, | 2 50 | 6 |
| 21 | Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.,) | 3 50 | 7 |
| 22 | Any two vols. Household, | 2 00 | 7 |
| 23 | Peters' Musical Library, | 2 50 | 7 |
| 24 | Pie Knife, (silver plated,) | 3 00 | 7 |
| 25 | Package Garden Seeds, | 3 00 | 7 |
| 26 | Soup Ladle, (silver plated,) | 3 00 | 7 |
| 27 | 1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated,) | 3 50 | 8 |
| 28 | Set Chess Men, | 4 00 | 8 |
| 29 | Pump and Sprinkler (Page's,) | 4 00 | 8 |
| 30 | Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,) | 4 00 | 8 |
| 31 | Six Tablespoons, (silver plated) | 4 00 | 9 |
| 32 | Six Dining Forks, (silver plated) | 4 00 | 9 |
| 33 | Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler) | 5 00 | 10 |
| 34 | Chromo, | 5 00 | 10 |
| 35 | Sheet Music, (Agent's selection,) | 5 00 | 10 |
| 36 | Alarm Clock, | 5 00 | 12 |
| 37 | Hi. Chromo, Morning or Evening | 5 00 | 12 |
| 38 | Gold Pen and Pencil, | 6 00 | 12 |
| 39 | Carving Knife and Fork, | 6 00 | 12 |
| 40 | Spoon Holder, (silver plated,) | 6 00 | 12 |
| 41 | Accordeon, | 6 50 | 14 |
| 42 | Croquet Set, | 6 50 | 14 |
| 43 | Family Scales, (50 lbs. Shaler,) | 7 00 | 14 |
| 44 | Clothes Wringer, (Colby's,) | 7 50 | 15 |
| 45 | Webster's National Dictionary, | 8 00 | 15 |
| 46 | Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated) | 8 50 | 15 |
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A BRIEF REVIEW. Upon the issue of our next number THE HOUSEHOLD enters upon its eighth volume. Looking back over the seven years of its existence though we are by no means satisfied with the work that has been accomplished and the progress it has made, we are far from feeling discouraged at the retrospect. Six years ago we wrote: Our little bark has now safely and successfully made the trial trip, and the anxieties and fears, the doubts and discouragements of the past twelve months are all gone. The success of THE HOUSEHOLD is assured. And time has verified the statement—THE HOUSEHOLD has been a success. Not as great as we could have wished for we have labored under many and great difficulties, but still a success in that it has survived its expensive fostering care and attained the dignity of a self-paying institution. As our journal enters upon its second stage in life's drama a few words personal may not be irrelevant. As many of our older subscribers are aware this publication was started January 1, 1868, by its present proprietor and Mr. D. L. Milliken, under the firm of Milliken & Crowell. The copartnership continued until the following August when it was dissolved and we purchased the interest of our partner and undertook the sole managment of the publication. By the terms of this sale Mr. M. became the owner of several thousand subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD, the money for which he was to collect for himself while the names of the subscribers were to be sent to us to be supplied with papers like other regular subscribers. Soon after this sale was effected Mr. M. removed to West Medway, Mass., and with the assistance of a large number of agents commenced an active canvass to obtain his subscriptions. Most of those agents conducted the canvass fairly and honorably and had all done likewise it would have been better for all concerned, but a few of them proved to be of the "baser sort," who made intolerable nuisances of themselves by reason of which the good name of THE HOUSEHOLD and the pocket of its proprietor suffered considerable loss. But the long agony is over—the last subscriber under this contract was sent in months ago and Mr. Milliken and his agents, including Mrs. M. B. Dunbar, have gone into another business. We mention Mrs. Dunbar particularly because she will be recognized as an old acquaintance by many of our subscribers from Skowhegan, Me., to Minneapolis, Minn., and we wish all such to distinctly understand that she is no longer canvassing for THE HOUSEHOLD, directly or indirectly. Notwithstanding the low price at which our magazine is furnished it has twice been enlarged by the addition each time of four pages of reading matter until it now furnishes nearly or quite as much reading as any of the $4.00 magazines, and no monthly in the country gives nearly so large an amount for the price. We hope to be able soon to make another enlargement which we shall do as soon as our subscription list will warrant the increased expense. This is our way of giving "chromos," and our readers seem to like it.