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Vol. 19.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOVEMBER, 1886.

No. 11.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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The Veranda.

A NOVEMBER EVENING.

The autumn night is dark and cold;
The wind blows loud; the year grows old;
The dead leaves whirl and rustle chill;
The cricket's chirp is long and shrill;
The skies that were so soft and warm
Mutter and bode of gathering storm.
And now, within the homes of men
The sacred hearth-fires gleam again,
And joy and cheer and friendship sweet
Within the charmed circle meet.

The children watch with new delight
The first fire, dancing redly bright,
That drives away the dark and cold;
And Grace's slender fingers hold
A braided fan from Mexico,
To make the broad flames dare and glow.

Alert, alive, they leap and run
Like fierce, bright streamers of the sun;
They shine on Robert's placid face,
And tint the pensive cheek of Grace,
And chase away the doubtful gloom
From every corner of the room.

O pleasant thought—that far and near
Are gathering 'round each hearthstone dear,
Bright faces, happy smiles, and eyes
Sweet with the summer's memories!
O holy altar-fires of home!
Tho' far and wide the children roam,
Your charm for them shall still endure
With love so strong and peace so sure.

—Celia Thaxter.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF FARM STOCK.

THE economical importance of keeping only a high grade of stock can scarcely be brought to the attention of the average farmer of the country too often. No person of any observation, whose attention has been drawn to the subject, and who has had an opportunity to notice the character of the cattle upon most farms, and especially those in the south, can fail to be impressed with the necessity of improvement. Occasionally, good, well-bred cattle are seen, but, in the majority of cases, they are native scrubs of little value, whose product gives small remuneration upon the investment. The keeping of stock is much like the cultivation of land. If the crop does not yield a certain amount, there is a loss to the farmer; or if his product fetches only the cost of cultivation, he is just where he started; but all above this is profit, and the more he can increase this margin, the greater is his gain. It is the same with animals; if they do not yield a certain quantity of milk and butter, wool or meat, as the case may be, they do not pay for their keeping, but are a drain upon the resources of the farm, and the more of such inferior animals a farmer keeps, the worse off he is. On

the other hand, all the product above a certain quantity is clear profit, and it is to his interest to increase this amount as much as possible. The matter is of great importance to each individual farmer, and in the aggregate, the interests involved are very great; while at the same time, the gradual improvement of all the stock of the country is easy and practicable.

Every farmer should measure carefully, the value of his own stock, and determine whether they possess the combinations for excellence; which of them are most profitable for the dairy; which mature the earliest, and when no longer useful for dairy purposes will put on flesh for the butcher with the least expense of feeding; whether he has the best breed of sheep for wool and mutton, and the best hogs—those kept easily, of quick growth, and approved fattening qualities. As soon as he realizes that he is deficient in breeds of animals possessing such desirable qualities, his own interest and common sense should stimulate him to spare no pains to commence the improvement of his stock at once. For the small outlay required to procure a thorough-bred bull, ram or boar, bears a small proportion to the actual waste incurred by keeping inferior animals. A great proportion of the labor and expense is comprised in providing food, and if stock can be raised that will yield more marketable products on less food than those commonly kept, surely self-interest would indicate the importance of keeping only good animals.

In the matter of milk, a common cow is considered of very good quality, that will yield nine quarts per day, after calving, and give during eight or nine months, 1600 quarts, from which about one hundred and fifty pounds of butter may be made. Now a three-quarter bred Jersey cow, improved from the same common stock, may be expected to give considerably more milk, and twice as much butter in the same period. Although it may sound like heresy to many to assert it, still it appears to be really the case, that for all dietary purposes—that is, for the use of invalids and children—milk from pure Jersey cows is inferior to that from good native or grade cows. It contains too much fat. The buttermilk is excellent, but of course the excess of fat has been removed from this. Where butter is the objective marketable product, this excess of fattiness is most desirable, and gives the Jersey breed its great value.

If the best specimens of our native cattle are selected, and given the same amount of care and good food that is given to Jerseys, the results would surprise the average farmer. It must be borne in mind that it has been only by such selection and care that this foreign breed has been brought up to their present excellence in their native islands. While they are still costly, and often beyond the reach of many farmers, yet their excellent characteristics can yet be disseminated by means of pure bred bulls. The third cross of a full-blooded bull up on a good strain of native stock is said to

be equal to the purely bred, for all the practical purposes of the dairy. The great prices placed upon registered Jersey cows has been not more due to their exceptional milk-giving qualities than to fashion. Where reference is had only to returns from milk and butter, a good native cow, costing \$40, that yields nine or ten quarts of milk per day, is a more prudent investment than a Jersey that costs \$200. The true policy of farmers should be, not to risk large sums of money upon purely bred cows; but to cross thorough-bred bulls with the best specimens of native cows, and thus grade up their stock to a high standard within a few years.

In improving stock it must be borne in mind that pure blooded males only must be used in every cross, and that half or three-quarter bloods have no value whatever so far as permanent effects are concerned, as the tendency will always be, to degenerate to the inferior blood of the female. By this continuous use of pure-blooded males, the average stock of the country can be soon raised to a high standard of excellence. A. P. F.

—In northern localities, the work for the winter months is much the same in each. Caring for the stock one has, and making preparations that will facilitate doing spring work, when the season shall open, keep one occupied.

Stray, famishing cattle, will soon ruin a young orchard; have the fences and gates in good order.

Make surface drains to carry off the water of sudden thaws.

Damage to young trees by rabbits is often very serious. To trap or shoot, and eat them, will turn a nuisance into luxury, and is much better than to poison them with strichnine. Smearing the trees with blood, or bloody meat will keep them off. Some place a few shocks of unhusked corn in the orchard, thinking that if they have corn to eat, they will not molest the trees.

Mice work under cover, hence the advice to tread down the snow around the trunks of young trees, after each fall.

If grafts have not been cut, do it at once in mild weather, and pack in sawdust in a cool cellar, carefully labeling them.

Nurserymen will provide packing materials, and make ready for the spring trade; root-grafting will be done this month.

Manuring the orchard wherever there is a lack of vigor, will pay. Give a good top dressing, not near the trees only but over the whole surface.

Young trees may be pruned to form well-shaped heads, covering the larger wounds with shellac varnish or paint.

Those intending to purchase trees and other nursery stock, should make their selections, and order the trees, etc., early. In establishing an orchard for marketing the fruit, plant but few varieties, and only such as are known to succeed well in the locality. If near a city, early pears will pay better than winter kinds.

The Drawing Room.

HOUSE FURNISHING.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

OUR excellent contributor, Helen Herbert, gives us, in the September number of *The Household*, many good hints on house furnishing, and among other things tells us how she made a nice bookcase. Perhaps our readers may like to know how some of mine were made, especially as they cost very little, yet are really much more artistic than a more expensive one of black walnut, with glass doors, in another room.

Over one of the windows of our east parlor climbs a beautiful sweet scented honeysuckle that through the summer throws its fragrance through the air of the room. Close by this window, in a long space between the wall and the chimney I have had six pine shelves fitted in for books, from the carpet up about as high as one can conveniently reach. These shelves have been ebonized, or stained black. On the other side of the chimney are shelves to correspond. So that all that side of the room, except the chimney, is furnished with books for about five feet or more up. The larger niche holds about three hundred volumes, the smaller one perhaps one hundred or more. The larger case is screwed to the wall. The smaller just sets in over the base-board, no backs to either, none are required. The wall of the room, which is painted a delicate green, shows over the tops of the books, and looks perfectly well.

The top shelf is for vases of flowers, and bric-a-brac. Over the larger one hangs an old engraving of the convent of Batatha, a fine old ruin near Lisbon, a picture that my grandfather brought from Portugal over seventy years ago.

Then the curtains of this room, of a light, gauzy and delicately tinted material which sheds a mellow light through the room, are suspended by ebonized rings to ebonized poles, which match the book shelves. These curtains are far more graceful and pleasing than the stiff white ones so often seen in parlors, which look as if they were never meant to be moved. Yet the material is inexpensive, only seventeen cents a yard in New York two years ago, I think it is less now.

As to ebonizing, there is no difficulty about that. It is as easy to stain black as any other color. It contrasts well with other colors, and looks remarkably well in almost any room; but if one prefers black walnut color it can be had by using burnt umber and oil. I have tried both and prefer dead black.

A little bookcase that is in another room is made in a similar way and stained to look like black walnut. This one has strips of pinked, dark brown oil cloth nailed on each shelf with brass tacks. The oil cloth looks like leather, and has a

Helen Herbert
Henry
Longfellow

very pretty effect, besides keeping away dust to a certain extent. Pinned or scalloped strips of leather for this purpose are sold by the yard at large furnishing stores in cities. They are of various colors and widths, and some of them are very pretty indeed. I am thinking of buying strips for the black book shelves and nailing it on myself with brass tacks, but they look very well as they are. A curtain also similar to the one Helen Herbert speaks of would be an improvement.

The most artistic poles for curtains that I ever saw were designed by a lady I know. They represent spears, one point each way. She had them turned and stained like oak at a trifling cost. The rings for these curtains she made of hoop skirt wire wound with strips of black; and the curtains were plain Turkey-red with cross-bars for a frieze, cut in strips two inches wide and ten or twelve long from a cast off dark merino dress, and "catstitched" on to the red curtain with white worsted. These curtains were really so artistic as to elicit the admiration of all who saw them as they hung in the windows of her mother's library. I should mention that they were rather lambrequins, covering only about one-half of the windows.

In many of the handsomest city homes we see now occasionally thin, plain-tinted curtains covering only the lower half of the window. It has an old-fashioned, quaint look, very pleasing. These curtains are sometimes embroidered by the ladies of the family to look like flowers, ferns, etc., on the soft neutral ground-work. Pressed ferns, and colored autumn leaves are very pretty upon white curtains or lambrequins. They may be pinned on carefully as a border or otherwise.

One more piece of home-made furniture may interest our readers. It is an *etagere* which my sister and I helped my dear mother to make years and years ago. The idea is my dear mother's. She had a handy man or carpenter make a set of four shelves, each about a foot square, held together by plain square posts at each corner. The whole was painted dead black and then varnished. Then we children gathered and pressed flowers and leaves in variety under her direction, and she with our help, arranged and glued them on in various designs and then varnished the whole. It is remarkable how these flowers have retained their color, for it has been done thirty years or more; the posts are entirely decorated with buttercups and blue larkspur, and the yellow of the buttercups is as bright as ever, and contrasts well with the black. I believe not one has come off, either, from the posts; but the shelves, which have been used for stereoscopic views, shells and various curiosities, have had rougher usage; but it does not so much matter as they are covered more or less. It is really a very quaint and pretty affair, and doubly valuable to me from old remembrances and associations.

In those days there was not the craze for high art that we have now, but my dear mother taught us drawing and painting herself, and above all she always encouraged us to see and admire the beautiful works of God. We were encouraged to bring in all sorts of natural curiosities and pretty things from the fields, woods, and roadside, and then she taught us the names of the stones and flowers, and many things that we should never learn from books, endeavoring always first and foremost to lead the hearts of her children to love and adore the wisdom and goodness of the Glorious Giver of every good and perfect gift.

It is always in our power to make a friend by smiles; what a folly, then, to make an enemy by frowns.

HATS AND THEIR HISTORY.

In India, the Malayan Archipelago, in China, in Siam and Burmah, hats are made of straw, rattan, of bamboo, and of pith, of the leaf of the talipot palm, and of a variety of broad-s' emmed grass es. The straw hat is merely for shade; the rattan and bamboo hats more often assume a helmet shape than that of a cylinder, and are often useful in deadening the blow of a club; but the pith hat is an invaluable protection against sunstroke. The Japanese, again, make hats, as they make every thing, of paper, and these they are clever enough to coat with a rain-proof varnish.

The people of ancient Europe never went so far in invention in this matter. Hats were worn in Hellas by the Lacoian peasantry, as we learn from the older historians, but they wore straw sunshades in the summer, and in winter flapping constructions of dog-skin, quite unworthy of the name hat. In this respect as in the use of tobacco, America forestalled the old continent. The Spanish conquerors found the natives of South America wearing a broad-brimmed hat, neatly plaited of maize stalks, and which was only worn during the sultry weather of the hot season. The Romans wore no hats; had they done so, Caesar would scarcely have valued so highly the privilege by which the senate entitled him to hide his baldness with a laurel crown on all occasions.

The Goths of Gaul were hatless. The Celt, the Spaniard, and the Teuton were alike destitute of that great emblem of civilization. The true hat of the east, along with the secret of felting wool, was brought back from Asia by the Crusaders; and from that time forth there begins to arise in the foreground of European history the majestic presence of the hat.

Ladies, who are seldom slow in discerning the merits of novelty in dress at least, appear to have adopted the hat before it formed a part of the wardrobe of their lords. During the splendid reign, for instance, of Edward III. of England, they wore alternately the hat and coif, or the hood, unmarried damsels contenting themselves with the wimple. At this time the noble wore his cap of maintenance; the knight his mortier; the squire, his plumed bonnet; and the citizen, the flat blue, red, or black cap of his guild or livery. So early as the reign of Henry V., however, the hat began to steal into popularity in Spain, in England, in France, in Italy, and especially in Germany and Flanders, where it soon became part of the ordinary equipment of a Lanzknecht, who usually wore it steeple-crowned, broad-brimmed, and lined with plates of iron. By the time of the Wars of the Roses, all men, high and low, save only the 'prentices of the city of London, seem to have worn hats. Ladies wore them also—hideous, steeple-crowned fabrics with brims of immeasurable breadth, and from under which flowed a kerchief or head-cloth—an ugly fashion, which lasted to the end of the seventeenth century among the rustic belles, and of which we may see examples in the vignettes of old Izaak's "Complete Angler."—*Home Journal.*

"GOING TO BED" ETIQUET.

It is always a debatable point of etiquette, whether hostess or guest make the first movement to go to bed, and thus break up the evening gathering. The guest may be overcome with fatigue from a day's journey, the host may be fidgeting under the strain of entertaining, and longing for the guest to show some signs by which he can gracefully and hospitably suggest that "it is growing late," yet neither quite like to appear impolite. In

fact, many visitors have suffered agonies in trying to be agreeable, while the host and hostess were doing their best to suppress their yawns and to "make conversation," until chance offered a solution of the difficulty. There is, however, but one rule to be followed in this relationship of host and hostess, and the hour of retirement. The host or hostess must always take the initiative and say an appropriate word as to the lateness of the hour and the desirability of going to bed.—*Boston Beacon.*

The Conservatory.

PRIMROSE.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Hast ever noticed, in midsummer eves,
When sun went down, and twilight shadows fell,
The yellow primrose flower amid smooth leaves
Encircling footstalks straight, and tall and fine,
The fragrant primrose children love so well?
Aye, then thou'll listen to this lay of mine.

With clustered blossoms in profusion spread,
She sets the dusty wayside all aglow—
As evening stars light up the sky o'erhead—
Else, here and there, a single lamp is lit,
As if to guide the traveler to and fro,
A steady and most friendly shining it.

Among fair kith and kindred rises she,
A kindly friend to all who give her heed;
And though sweet briar, trefoil, silkweed, be
More gay and splendid, robed in roseate hues,
And minor tribes, innumerable, plead
With human hearts the while their modest dues,

Primrose, her beacon gilding darkling ways,
Makes these so pleasant by her incense sweet,
That passers fair would pause herself to praise,
Who lends so lovingly her timely aid.

Dear primrose! here I linger at thy feet,

Longing to have more homage to thee paid.

SOME BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

THE entire family of lilies are very beautiful. We are indebted to Dr. Leibold for the introduction of the Japan lilies to our gardens, the most lovely of all our lilies. Long may he live in our grateful remembrance. *Lilium speciosa*, with the clear, deep, rose color of its petals, sparkling with crystal points, gemmed with garnets and rubies, is indeed a treasure. There are other varieties, scarcely less beautiful, some of them deliciously fragrant. A bed of them upon the lawn, is unsurpassed in beauty and splendor. They may be planted either in spring or autumn, about six inches in depth, where they can remain several years undisturbed, a very deep covering is required to protect them through our winters. Fresh manure should never be used about any bulbs, and if the soil is not very sandy place a little sand about each bulb when you plant them. The gladiolus belongs to the lily family and is scarcely less beautiful than the Japan lilies. It far outnumbers them in variety, requires similar treatment, with the exception that they are to be taken up before the ground freezes, dried in the shade, tops removed, and packed away secure from frost and moisture.

If planted at different times we may secure their blossoms from the first of July until the frost destroys them. The last of April it is generally safe to commence planting them, and from that to the middle of June. They are natives of the Cape of Good Hope, Madagascar and southern Africa, they blossom there during the wet season, which teaches us that they require much moisture. The soil in which they thrive best, is a compost of sand, leaf mold and decayed turf from a pasture. This is also best for all lilies. Plant them four inches deep and the same distance apart.

Tuberoses require the same treatment, with the exception that they must be started in the house or hot-bed in March, in order to blossom before frost in autumn. The bulbs must not be subjected

to a temperature lower than fifty, at any time, or the flower bulbs will perish. Their exquisite fragrance entitle them to the best of care, and the safest place for them is in the sitting room, if plants will thrive there through the winter.

Now that we have learned to take our geraniums through the winter with so very little care, we hope to see the new and choice varieties in every collection of flowers. We can have their bright blossoms from May to October in the garden, then remove them from the grounds, cut back the branches severely, and hang them up by the roots in a cellar. In March take them down, plant in pots or boxes in the sitting room, and remove to the yard as soon as danger from frost is past. The scarlet salvia may be treated the same. Slips that were started from them in May or June will render the sitting room very bright and cheerful through the winter, with their large clusters of blossoms.

A few hyacinths, tulips, and crocuses are very suitable for window gardening. They should be planted in pots or boxes, and placed in the dark, where it is quite cool, for four or five weeks. Then place them in the window in a moderately-warm room, and they will afford great satisfaction. The heliotrope, mignonette, sweet alyssum, sweet pea, misty diver, the delicate vine of the adlumia and cypress, with plenty of myrtle and moneywort for the arrangement of bouquets and wreaths, seem indispensable. These, arranged with artistic skill, cannot fail to banish grief and chase away gloom. What else can afford such exquisite beauty and fragrance as these inexpensive treasures—far better than opiates in the sick room?

Earth, with a seeming prodigality, scatters them in every path of life; masterpieces of infinite finish, all different, each perfect. Nothing in life has afforded so much pleasure to so many hearts, and nothing else has gladdened so many eyes. They seem intended to solace humanity in every condition of life. Children love them; the aged are cheered by them often, when other forms of beauty have ceased to fascinate; quiet, tender, loving people, delight in them and in the cultivation of them. They are the cottager's treasures. In the city they mark, as with a little broken fragment of a rainbow, the window where taste and refinement dwell. To the child and the maiden, the peasant and the king, they are alike precious.

"There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God."

CHOICE GRAPES.

It is said that about two thousand known and named varieties of grapes have been and are being grown in Europe, and all these are supposed to have been developed from one species (*Vitis vinifera*), which originally was the wild product of nature, like those growing in our thickets and forests. One can scarcely suppose this possible when contemplating a cluster of Toay or some other highly developed variety of the hot-house. Yet the native vine, which began to "yield fruit after his kind, the third day" (whatever may have been the length of that day), may have been, after all, a good starting point in the process of development. One can hardly believe that the "one cluster of grapes" which the burdened spies, returning from Palestine, bore "between two of them upon a staff," was the result of high scientific culture. In that clime, and when the world was young, nature must have been more benevolent than now. It is certain that no

such cluster ever hung from the native vines of this land, yet it is from our wild species, whose fruit the Indians shared with the birds and foxes (when not hanging so high as to be sour), that we have developed the delicious varieties of our out-door vineyards. For about two centuries our forefathers kept on planting vines imported from Europe, only to meet with failure. Nature, that had so abundantly rewarded their efforts abroad, quietly checkmated them here. At last American fruit-growers took the hint, and began developing our native species. Then nature smiled, and as a lure along this correct path of progress gave such incentives as the Isabella, the Catawba and Concord. We are now bewildered by almost as great a choice of varieties from native species as they have abroad, and as an aid to selection I will again give the verdict of some of the authorities.

The choice of Hon. Norman J. Colman, Commissioner of Agriculture: "Early Victor, Worden, Martha, Elvira, Cynthiana." This is for the region of Missouri. For the latitude of New Jersey, A. S. Fuller's selection: "Delaware, Concord, Moore's Early, Antoinette (white), Augusta (white), Goethe (amber)." E. S. Carman: "Moore's Early (you cannot praise this too much. The quality is merely that of the Concord: but the vines are marvels of perfect health, the bunches large, the berries of the largest size. They ripen all at once, and are fully ripe when the Concord begins to color), Worden, Brighton, Victoria (white), Niagara (white), El Dorado. (This does not thrive everywhere, but the grapes ripen early—September 1, or before—and the quality is perfection—white)." Choice of P. J. Berckman, for the latitude of Georgia: "White grapes—Peter Wylie, Triumph, Maxatawny, Scuppernong. Red grapes—Delaware, Berckman's, Brighton, Black—Concord, Ives."

As I have over a hundred varieties in bearing, I may venture to express an opinion also. I confess that I am very fond of those old favorites of our fathers, the Isabella and Catawba. They will not ripen everywhere in our latitude, yet I seldom fail to secure a good crop. Last fall we voted the Isabella almost unsurpassed. If one has warm, well-drained soil, or can train a vine near the south side of a building, I should advise the trial of this fine old grape. The Iona, Brighton and Agawam also are great favorites with me. We regard the Diana, Wyoming Red, Perkins, and Roger's hybrids, Lindley, Wilder and Amenia, as among the best. The Rebecca, Duchess, Lady Washington and Purity are fine white grapes. I have not yet tested the Niagara. Years ago, I obtained of Mr. James Ricketts, the prize-taker for seedling grapes, two vines of a small wine grape called the Bacchus. To my taste it is very pleasant after two or three slight frosts.

Our list of varieties is long enough, and one must be fastidious indeed who does not find some to suit his taste. In many localities the chief question is what kind can I grow? In our favored region on the Hudson, almost all the out-door grapes will thrive, but as we go north the seasons become too cool and short for some kinds, and proceeding south the summers are too long and hot for others. The salt air of the sea coast is not conducive to vine culture, and only the most vigorous, like the Concord and Moore's Early, will resist the mildew blight. We must therefore do the best we can, and that will be very well indeed in most localities.

Because our list of good grapes is already so long, it does not follow that we have reached the limit of development by any means. When we remember that

almost within a lifetime our fine varieties have been developed from the wild northern fox grape (*Vitis labrusca*), the summer grape (*astivalis*), frost (*cordifolia*), we are led to think that perhaps we have scarcely more than crossed the stile which leads into the path of progress. If I should live to keep up my little specimen vineyard ten years longer, perhaps the greater part of the varieties now cultivated will have given place to others. The delicious Brighton requires no more space than a sour defective variety; while the proprietor starts with the best kinds he can obtain, he will find no restraint beyond his own ignorance or carelessness that will prevent his replacing the Brighton with a variety twice as good when it is developed. Thus vine-planting and grape-tasting stretch away into an alluring and endless vista.—E. P. Roe, in *Harper's Magazine*.

CURIOS FACTS ABOUT FLOWERS.

Within the antarctic circle there has never a flowering plant been found. In the arctic region there are seven hundred and sixty-two kinds of flowers. Fifty of these are confined to the arctic region. They are really polar flowers. The colors of these polar flowers are not as bright and varied as are our own, most of them being white or yellow, as if borrowing these hardy hues from their snowy bergs and golden stars.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all our everlasting, that longest defy the autumn frosts and most brighten our winter bouquets, are white and yellow varieties. The rose of Florida the most beautiful of flowers has no perfume. The cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, bears no fruit. The bird of paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; and some of the loveliest of human forms have the least soul.

The dorosidæ family of flowers, Ruskin tells us, including the five great orders—lilies, asphodels, amaryllids, irids and rushes—have more varied and healthful influence on man than any other tribe of flowers. Nature seems to have made flowers as types of character and emblems of women. So we name our children after them, and always intuitively compare a lovely, beautiful child to a flower. We say the timid snowdrop, the modest violet, the languid primrose, the coy lily, the flaunting marigold, the lowly, blushing daisy, the proud foxglove, the deadly night-shade, the sleepy poppy and the sweet, solitary eglantine—these are all types. Flowers have their historical associations and individuality. The verbenas, our great favorite, twenty-three centuries ago covered the altar of the gods. Virgil tells us the shepherds used it with frankincense in a spell, designed to win the love of Daphne. The Turks cultivate whole fields of roses from which they make the famous ottar-of-roses, so fragrant that any thing touched with a drop of it seems never to lose its smell.

In some plants the flowers sleep during the night, and the leaves during the day. Leaves will always face the sky and the earth; flowers will effect all kinds of positions. Some plants have very great lifting power. A gentleman who owned a cask of sweet wine tells us that he placed it in an empty cellar in order to allow it to mature, and when he went for it years after, it had risen from the floor of the cellar to the ceiling, having been borne upward, as it were, on the shoulders of the fungi, with which plants the apartment was filled. Mushrooms have been known to raise a paving stone from the pavement weighing eighty pounds. A growing pumpkin in the course of its development sometimes lifts two and a half tons. Plants like the calla, natives

of warm climates, should be watered with warm water. They will thrive better and bloom more and longer.—*Exchange*.

HOW TO ARRANGE CUT FLOWERS.

Almost every one likes flowers in a room, but not every one can arrange them tastefully. They are often too crowded in the vase or basket; there are too many colors, or the colors are ill-assorted. Yet a graceful knack of arranging cut flowers is an accomplishment every young girl should acquire.

The knowledge of a few simple rules will make it comparatively easy; and the first of these is that two or three colors at most are sufficient for any ordinary receptacle.

Another point is not to put too many flowers in one vase. It is too common a habit to crowd a mass of blossoms, with very little foliage to relieve them, into about one-third of the space which they would naturally occupy.

Our city florists are far more economical of blossoms, and make a few go a great way.

They also understand the capabilities of smilax and asparagus tops.

The misty tops of that popular vegetable seem to envelop the flowers in a fleecy cloud of green that is infinitely becoming.

Try some of this foliage with scarlet geranium or verbena, creamy white blossoms of some kind, and two or three Safrano rosebuds, and note the effect.

But maidenhair fern is prettier, and all who can

will do well to cultivate a bunch in some shady spot.

It is a great thing to discover and bring out the ornamental side of what is called homely and common—weeds, if you like—a gift which only some favored few possess; but those who have it can clothe their surroundings with beauty in spite of the most unfavorable circumstances.

That common garden flower, the sweet pea—delicate, rustic beauty that it is—is seldom so satisfactory in a vase as when left on its native vines, for the reason that it is massed in with other flowers, which overshadow its dainty loveliness. But use the "little darling," mignonette, for the foundation of your bouquet, and dispose among it just enough clusters of pink sweet pea to show to advantage, and the beauty of both will come out as it never did before. A delicate vase should always be used for such flowers.

When it is possible, flowers should be surrounded by their own foliage; and the rich green of perfect rose leaves is particularly handsome. Roses, too, are always effective, and nothing is more beautiful in the way of color than the lovely rose shades—from deep crimson up to creamy white.

HOW TO TREAT CANARIES.

I have been a silent member thus far, gaining here and there much information, and think now it is time I added my mite, especially since S. M. E. wishes to know how to care for canaries.

I tried her way of doing up linen, and think I may not have to dread so much as heretofore, that part of the ironing. As I have profited by her information, hope she may from mine, in the care of her pet bird.

I have had birds (canaries) for nineteen years, often raising them, and having good luck. It is one of the chores in the morning, regularly to attend to them.

Set a dish of water for them to wash in, a shallow dish such as a saucer, either in the cage or take the bottom off and place the cage over the water, then prepare their food, ready as soon as they are through washing, by putting clean paper on the bottom, giving them a piece of bread soaked, some green stuff whatever is handy in the summer time, such as mustard, lettuce, radish, chickweed, wild

pepper grass seeds, or the leaves of any of them, also plantain, cabbage leaves, or beet leaves, a piece of apple, this diet is good for birds in the summer time. They do not especially need dry seeds, but for winter I either buy bird seed, or gather hemp, mustard, pepper grass, or most any kind, then buy some canary seed and mix with them, which makes a good variety. Some birds are rather particular. One of mine will not eat canary, but pick the hemp out of it all. But most of them seem to love canary seed best. By no means leave out clean sand, or cuttle bone which is best to keep in their cage all the time.

JANE.

Iowa.

—Peas of the round kind may be planted very early; the wrinkled are more tender.

—The Baltimore oriole gives great attention to building its house. It is always pensile and is hung on a slender bough the shape being that of a long, round bag, open at the top. It is built of flax, wool, bits of silk, and even strings, all of which is compactly sewed together with horsehair. These nests are sometimes five inches in diameter, and seven inches deep.

—The White-eyed fly-catcher has a strange fancy to use a great deal of old newspaper in building its nest. To this it adds bits of bark, dried leaves, hornets' nests, hair, and flax fibers, and joins all together with the silk threads produced by a caterpillar. This pensile nest is very strong, and when deserted by the builder, it is taken possession of by some other bird, or the field mouse.

—A most remarkable nest is that of the little hermit, a species of hummingbird. It is a sort of pouch, very open, from which depends a long cone, and is attached to the end of a leaf. The nest is made of the fibers of plants, and a woolly substance supposed to be a fungus, which is interwoven with spider-webs, by means of which it is also attached to the leaf. Another species of hummingbird, the sawbill, builds its nest like open network, through which the eggs and lining can be seen. This curious nest is suspended at the end of a leaf.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell English Woman, who is so anxious to know how to treat her calla, my way, which seems good, as I succeed very well indeed, as between the lily and I together, we managed to produce a double blossom, which is not common. In June I put the plant away under the house and let it stay with no farther attention until the last of August or first of September, when it is brought out, new, rich soil substituted for the old, and then I water profusely. You cannot give too much. In cold weather use warm water. I keep my plant in the half of a syrup keg. Sometimes it is well to set it in a tub or large pan and pour hot water around it. I think many make the mistake of putting them in too much earth, when they grow too many leaves. The leaves look nice, when large and glossy, but I treat mine so as to produce blossoms. Water as if you were a believer in total immersion. I sometimes put on a pailful. This *modus operandi* works well here (Oregon) and in California, but it might be different in the east. The first calla I ever had was given me by a friend, who said she could do nothing with it, it would not grow for her. I took it home and prepared to remove it, as it was in a small tin paint pail, but I had a task to get it out. I first took a steel fork but the tines would not stand such digging, and then I took something stronger, and finally loosened the adamantine mass, and put it in the new earth and receptacle, and a few months after, a friend that was with me when the calla was given to me, came to visit me, and I invited her to come out with me and look at it, and when she saw it, her eyes were wide with astonishment, and she said, "Can it be possible that that is the calla you brought home?" The improvement was manifest.

Oregon.

—

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of your readers tell me the best treatment for wax plant (*Hoya carnosa*)? Which is the time for it to bloom, winter or summer? Should it rest sometime during the year?

FANNIE BIRKET.

The Nursery.

FALLING LEAVES.

BY AGNES L. CARTER.

What will become of the trees, mamma?
The leaves are falling, one by one.
Colder it blows;
Soon come the snows.
What will become of the trees, mamma,
The bare, brown trees, when all is done?
Will not the trees be cold, mamma,
When all the leaves are blown away?
When nights are long,
And winds are strong,
Will not the trees be cold, mamma,
On many a cold and wintry day?
What will become of the leaves, mamma?
Away before the wind they fled;
After their play,
Hurried away.
What will become of the leaves, mamma?
I cannot think that they are dead.
Poor little leaves! It is sad, mamma,
If I run after them, will they mind?
Now for a race!
Now for a chase!
I will bring you some pretty leaves, mamma?
Some tired leaves that are left behind.

—St. Nicholas.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

THANKSGIVING Day was nearing. The minister had read the governor's proclamation wherein the wise law-giver had recommended the people in the commonwealth of Massachusetts to abstain from their usual avocations and labors, and assemble in their several houses of worship to give thanks for the corn and oil, the goodly increase of the land; for the many favors, blessings, and mercies they as a people had received during the year passed; that the land was free from wars and pestilences; that the arts and sciences were advancing, education honored and sustained, and we, as a people, prosperous, peaceful and happy.

A Thanksgiving message had also been given by the president at Washington, setting aside the last Thursday in November as a day of public thanksgiving and praise, calling upon the people in all parts of the country to celebrate the day as a national thanksgiving, and in so doing uphold this grand institution of the fathers.

Harry listened attentively to this, sitting in the square pew beside Deacon Thomas and his wife. He had heard it for three years past, the years he had been the deacon's "chore-boy."

The various expressions and the noble sentiments, had passed through his mind in an aimless way for he did not understand them, though he possessed an inquiring mind, and in the early part of his stay had sometimes ventured questions. Neither the deacon nor his wife had seemed very communicative, looking rather soberly at him, as the deacon remarked, "Little boys should be seen and not heard." So now he thought, "I wonder what the grand institutions of the Fathers are? And I wonder who are the Fathers?" and then he decided, "I will ask the minister."

Harry Conant was an orphan. Very early in his life his father, always rather a roving spirit, had joined a company of California gold-diggers and gone to that land, expecting soon to return with abundant treasure. Alas! He never came. His few little keepsakes he took with him was all that found their way through a kind comrade. Little Harry and his mother were alone in the world now, or they might as well have been alone.

Mrs. Conant had renounced her family connections in marrying, and although people of "high degree" and wealth, broad acres and wide domains in their possession, she never called upon them, nor let them know her wants but once.

That was when failing health and strength warned her days were numbered. Then calling Harry, she told him of his mother's people, that she had written them of her declining strength, and if she should go away, perhaps they would take him to their home. Of his father's family she could tell him little. A comparative stranger when she married him, his friends were dead, or scattered, and all trace had been lost; from them he might expect nothing.

So the patient mother waited. Day after day Harry visited the post office but returned empty-handed. Day after day passed, till for the mother came the last day, but no word from her old home.

There was no one to take Harry in, and Deacon Thomas just then needing a chore-boy, the selectmen of the town placed him there. Such a position on a New England farm, he would not have chosen, but when necessity makes the choice, our likes and dislikes are not the prominent factors.

Harry was a fine boy, one any one might be proud of. He inherited the fine, sensitive nature of his mother, together with the daring enterprise of his father. He made himself very useful on the farm and the deacon liked him.

He had been known to remark to Deacon Cobb, "The little Conant boy was reliable and steady and he shouldn't wonder if he turned out quite likely."

Harry was a great reader. By that I mean, he liked to read, it was a pastime and delight. The child's mother had taught him: it was, in fact, about all the schooling he had, although the deacon had sent him to the district school some portion of each winter. He was very serviceable at home, and often out a day. Handy to run errands. Then, too, he could "save steps" in doors for Mrs. Thomas, therefore, many marks of absence were seen on the teacher's register, and Harry's education correspondingly neglected, for of course school in summer when farm work was on, was not to be thought of.

Nevertheless, the child added to his stock of learning through his reading, though it must be confessed his library was rather limited. The last year he had made friends with the minister, or the minister with him, and through him many books had found their way into his hands.

Several child's histories, books of travel, and various miscellaneous works, and when Harry returned them he had shown so much interest when the minister asked a few simple questions, the good man liked to talk with the little boy, and so it came about they grew to be good friends.

I have heard of little boys who ran away from the minister; dodged around the corner when he approached, or into the barn when he came to the house. Harry acted differently, greatly to his credit, and greatly to his own advantage in gathering knowledge, and making life pleasant generally.

Thus it was not strange he should decide, "I will ask the minister about Thanksgiving Day." The first opportunity that presented was the evening before the last Thursday in November.

The day had been a busy one. The chopping-knife had beat a regular tattoo, since morning. Harry himself flourished it at intervals. Rows of fragrant pies and spicy loaves were filed away on the pantry shelves at last. The plumpest chickens and fattest turkeys sacrificed, and a general feast of good things prepared for the morrow, for the deacon's two sons from Chicago would be with them, and their one daughter with her family from a distant town. Ah yes!

Thanksgiving, at least in New England, meant a home-coming, a gathering in of the family again around the old familiar hearthstone.

"Everybody that has a home goes to it at this time," soliloquized Harry. "It must be pleasant to have a home. Mother said, perhaps there would be one for me. But there came no answer to her letter, and she waited and waited—and now it is three years since that dreadful day that mamma was buried." These were the thoughts passing through his mind as he betook himself through the pine woods path in the gray twilight of the late November day, that lead to the minister's. The trees looked gaunt and bare, stripped as they were of their foliage, and the wind as it sighed and moaned through the branches told that winter was not far away.

Mr. Carter welcomed the little boy to his bright, warm study, while Mrs. Carter relieved him of the well-laden basket Mrs. Thomas had sent; fruits of farm and dairy, besides a fine chicken.

"Well, well, my son, brisk weather tonight. Step to the fire and warm your fingers."

"My fingers are not cold, sir, besides I came on an errand and cannot stay long. I came sir, to ask you why it is Thanksgiving to-morrow?"

"Why Thanksgiving to-morrow? Why, my lad, because the governor of our state has so appointed. Did you not hear his proclamation last Sabbath?"

"Oh, yes, sir. And that's just why I came to ask. I have also read our president's message, and 'tis because of those two I do not understand."

"My child, come to me. What do you wish to know?"

"Just why we have Thanksgiving and when the first one was?"

"Ah, it is the origin you wish. I see. Well, it is a long story, but perhaps you know the main points. In your reading have you read of the early settlements of Massachusetts, when the history of this country began?"

"Yes sir. In the last book you gave me."

"Well, you remember the Pilgrim Fathers, the early settlers of Massachusetts? It was they who set aside this day, after the harvests were gathered and plans for winter laid; they, being a very devout and humble people, wished to devote one special day to praise and prayer. They gathered in their meeting-house and spent the day in this manner, but they believed in making a sort of feast also, to partake of the increase of the land, so the best of what they had raised was set forth, and the children and sometimes the stranger, bidden to the board.

The years passed on and the Pilgrim Fathers passed away, but this practice of thanksgiving spread throughout the state, through the country, and became one of the institutions planted by the Fathers.

Now at this glad time the wanderer returns to his boyhood home. Not always, to be sure. Circumstances will not always admit, but where'er he may wander, we will venture, my boy, his thoughts return to the home of his birth; the old family roof-tree.

There goes my door bell. Some caller, without doubt. I shall have no more time to night, but I think I have a little book giving the early Thanksgiving among the Colonists that may interest you. If you will call to-morrow after church service I will have it ready."

After bidding him good-night Harry left the gentleman to his caller and betook himself homeward. "So, that's it," he thought. "Established by those early Puritans. Well, now, I just want to get the book. To-morrow after meeting. I shall be there."

It was noticeable a distinguished stranger occupied a seat in the minister's pew that morning in church. No one had seen him before, or conjectured the slightest reason as to who he might be.

"Perhaps a brother minister," but he wore too much fine jewelry for that.

The query ended, but began again, when after the service he wandered through the grave-yard stopping at a grass-grown mound with nothing but a little rose bush to mark the spot. The village people scattered to their homes, but the stranger remained long.

After the Thanksgiving dinner, Harry, dressed in his best clothes ran merrily down the woodsy path again, this time whistling bright and clear. Again he stood in the warm study expecting to receive the promised volume, but instead, the gentleman caller of the night before, the noted stranger in church, stood beside the good minister, who placed Harry's hand within the gentleman's, telling him he was his mother's father, come to claim her child, to restore him to his own.

Explanations followed. By delays and circumstances almost impossible, that mother's letter had never been received until recently, and the repentant man had made all haste hither.

Harry could hardly understand. He was so amazed and bewildered at first, but when he spoke he sobbed, "And mamma has waited till now."

There would be books enough for Harry after that; there would be friends, ties of blood, and a home. It was indeed his Thanksgiving Day.

ELEPHANT.

There are two kinds of elephants, the African and Asian. The former is seldom domesticated, but is hunted down and killed for the sake of his tusks, which are larger and heavier than those of his Asiatic relation. All over Southern Asia, with the sole exception of Arabia, the elephant is found; but the home of the animal delights in the hot, moist, swampy forests of India and Burmah. They are great travelers, and have been encountered on mountain-tops even as high as seven thousand feet above the sea; the herds contain from twenty to fifty but in favorably situated countries one hundred have been found living together.

It takes about four months to tame a full-grown wild elephant; but he, or she, is not trusted alone for a year for fear it might run away; but the calves give no trouble and soon become great pets, coming up to the house for fruit, biscuits and sugar-cane. But it does not do to let the little creatures see where you keep those goodies, for I had a pet baby elephant who found out that the fruit was kept in a large earthen jar four feet in height, on top of which the filter and tumblers were placed, and one day, when he thought no one was looking, the cunning little thief stole into the room, and tilting every thing off the jar over on to the ground, seized a large bunch of bananas in his tiny trunk and ran away to his mother, who was too dangerous to go near, she having been only a few months caught.

The impudent little creature, while eating his ill-gotten prize, kept peeping out between the old lady's forelegs with his head on one side, apparently to see what I thought of his prowess.

As he grew up he was put to drag a small cart, and unless carefully watched would gradually edge the cart to the side of the road and topple the contents into the ditch. One very bad trick he had when loose was to hide in the jungle when he heard any one riding toward the house, and as they came close he would bring his trunk down on the earth with such a bang that several visitors were thrown from their ponies, and every one had to keep a sharp lookout. With all his fun there was nothing vicious about him, and the children could get on his back and play with him. To me he was most affectionate, and I have often awoken from my

afternoon nap to find him standing alongside my grass hammock lightly feeling me all over with his trunk.

Elephants are extremely useful, and when kindly treated are docile and tractable; but they have good memories and recollect injuries quite as well as kindness, seldom failing to retaliate upon those who behave cruelly to them, though the chance of revenge may not occur for months and years.

You, no doubt, have read the story of the Arabian tailor who pricked an elephant with his needle as he put his trunk in at the shop window as he passed on his way to the daily bath in the river, and who, filling his trunk with dirty water, spouted it over his tormentor as he returned. This is a very common way these animals have of paying off old scores, and should there be no water at hand they will fill the trunk with ashes or dust, suddenly blowing it over those who have offended them.

The trunk is never used for striking, and, in fact, when any danger is threatened is coiled close up for protection; but when angry the elephant will catch up a clod of earth, a stone or log of wood, and throw it with great force, or they will break off the branch of a tree and make use of it as a club, or as a fan, to brush flies away. At the tip of the trunk there is a projection like a finger, and, large as the great beast looks, he can pick up a thimble with just as much ease as a log of wood or any similar large object.

The tusks are the main weapons of defense, and among the tame males it is usual to saw off the points, so that in case of a fight the combatants cannot gore one another. At Rangoon, in Burmah, an old elephant named Rajah is kept whose tusks have not been cut, as he acts as a kind of a schoolmaster to the other animals, of whom a large number are employed there.

It is sometimes necessary there to put elephants on to rafts, and many of them object to this, not liking the shaking and unsteadiness. When one refuses Rajah is called, and comes rushing up behind, trumpeting loudly. The refractory beast looks round, and one glance at the gleaming tusks is sufficient, and he steps on the raft quick enough. Rajah seldom has to make actual use of his weapons. For defending itself, in addition to the tusks, the elephant kicks, and tremendous ones they can give, females particularly, and wild buffaloes, who sometimes attack them, are emboldened to do so by the animal turning round as if to run away. But this is only a device to get the assailant within reach of the ponderous hind leg, a kick from which will send him rolling over and over with a broken back.

Many anecdotes might be told of the elephant's usefulness and sagacity, and now that no one is allowed to shoot the wild ones in India it is expected that in a few years they will become so numerous as to be used for all purposes that cart-horses are now required for, at least in tropical countries. Some farmers have them draw their native plows. But as they stand cold almost as well as heat, we may yet see them become common in England and Australia.

Thirty years ago elephants had to be brought up in ships from Burmah to Calcutta. They were not allowed much fresh water, which was kept in iron tanks arranged down in the middle of the vessel in front of them. These tanks were

closed with round lids that screwed in, and as they had to be opened night and morning to give the animals drink the cunning creatures soon found out the way of unscrewing them and helping themselves in the night when all was quiet. Men had at last to be put on as sentries over the tanks, or the whole supply would have been drunk up in a couple of

days. Another thing they did was when they received their allowance of sugar-cane in the morning they would immediately lie down upon it and then try to steal from their neighbors. If any delay took place in serving out their food they would trumpet and bang their trunks against the water-tanks, creating such a disturbance that it made the people on passing ships wonder what the vessel had on board.—*Chatterbox.*

A TRUE CAT STORY.

Many people do not like cats, and for this reason they often fare badly. I have often thought that if cats had the power of speech, many bitter things would be said by them about the way they are treated. In some families they are half starved, and kicked and cuffed if they but venture to come into the kitchen for a mouthful of food. I am a true friend to the well trained house cat, and I have a theory of my own in regard to making them an orderly, useful appendage in my own household. If a cat is tenderly reared there is no animal more demonstrative in a show of affection than the cat. Our house, which is a farm house, was without a cat, and as I did not want a full grown one, I looked about me for a kitten free from bad habits, that I might train him up according to my own individual cat theory.

After a little delay my grandson Herbert, brought me his beautiful kitten, which I fear cost him some heart pangs to give up to another. The kitten bore the name of Dick, to which I added Eyebright, to distinguish him from Dick, the canary. Dick's coat is

of a glossy jet black, with the exception of a white spot on the breast, which gives him the appearance of wearing a bib and collar. His feet are also a pure white, which makes him look as if he had just drawn on a pair of white gloves, and a pair of white socks. He is so curiously marked and so bright and attractive that he excites general admiration. But while beauty is not to be despised, if it is not accompanied with corresponding qualities it passes for little or nothing. Dick is an intelligent kitten, and already knows many things that have been taught him.

He is not allowed to go into the milk cellar, and so he stations himself on the top step and patiently awaits his portion of new milk, which is poured into a dish by the kitchen door. He is full of fun and frolic, and just delights to sly on to a newly made bed, and play hide and seek under the pillow shams, or pretend he is pouncing upon an imaginary mouse. But Dick's worst fault is following children home. He dearly loves children and will play hours at a time with them. He will pull their curls, and softly bite their chubby cheeks, and dimpled chins, and race around the room with them, and if not closely watched go home with them. One of my cat theories is that cats should stay at home, and I have remonstrated with Dick until I am almost discouraged. One day I said to him, "You naughty Dick, you are a perfect disappointment to me, and you will never amount to much unless you mend your ways." Soon after he brought

a young rat in, and laid it triumphantly at my feet, while his blinking yellow eyes seemed to say "What do you think of this exploit, mistress? Does this look as if I shall be a disappointment to you or never amount to anything?"

One evening not long since, upon starting out at dusk to attend a lawn festival in the neighborhood Dick showed unmistakable signs of accompanying me, to which of course I strongly objected and drove him back several times. I at length congratulated myself as being mistress of the situation for once at all events, when

judge of my astonishment to find that

Dick had stealthily followed me, and had arrived on the grounds nearly at the same time I did. He was the gayest of the gay among the children, who nearly all had a friendly pat for him, and when the band discoursed sweet music none (apparently) appreciated it more than he. But as a cat at an evening entertainment is not strictly in accordance with the usages of good society, I had him taken home and locked up in the back kitchen.

But Dick's last exploit in following people off, came near ending in disastrous results. One day two little girls left here late in the afternoon, and as Dick was not watched he went with them to their home. The parents, accompanied by the children started out soon after to take a trip to visit relatives some three miles away. Dick who had been watching for a chance to see the world started to go with them. In vain they tried to drive him back, every missile sent at him failed of its mark, as Dick is an expert at dodging; so at length they were forced to let him follow them as he was so far from home they were afraid he would get lost if sent back; so Dick trotted along like a little dog until two miles from home, when in passing a farm house a dog barked at him and he took to a tree for safety. As it was near nightfall the little party were obliged to pursue their journey and leave poor Dick to his fate. How long he remained in the tree we cannot tell, or what other hair-breadth escapes he passed through, we only know that on the third day he made his appearance at home in the most forlorn and dejected condition imaginable, a sadder if not a wiser cat.

Meridian, N. Y.

A. B.

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able advice. We have given some of the advertised foods a thorough trial, and they were unsuccessful, not even being retained by the aid of lime water. We went first according to directions, then altered the proportions as to quantity, and dilution of the milk with water, to see if we could not find just the right strength to suit her case, finally we had to give it up. Some will say: "Why, cow's milk is the best substitute for mother's milk," but cow's milk has been tried in every conceivable way, and it seems almost like poison to her system. Is there not a similar experience that can help me among THE HOUSEHOLD sisters, I shall only be too thankful for a little advice from such, for we dread the hot weather for our frail little one.

I fear I have gone far beyond the space I elected to fill, but I am tempted to add a few words more. I hope if those already written reach any mother who thinks it "too much trouble" to nurse her children, as I have heard it said, that she may see her mistake before it is too late. Also I would say a word against the elaborate wardrobe which some mothers think necessary for their little ones and which causes much discomfort to both mother and baby.

With simple dressing baby can always be kept sweet and clean, for you can have more changes without thinking of the often dreaded washings and ironing, but even if you have not that to think of, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your baby is dressed consistently with its babyhood. Finery on babies gives me the same feeling as when I see an old lady dressed as if she were twenty-five.

I cannot find a stopping place. What must you think my other letter was like?

S. S.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wrote you a long letter, but instead of waiting for it to reach our editor's waste basket, I consigned it to my own, and though even this may never be read by you, I shall not feel as if so much "sweetness had been wasted on the desert air." Now that I have decided to condense my "concern," as a "Friend" would say, I will give a little of my experience, hoping that other mothers will feel interested, and for a season transfer their advice from bread to babies.

We frequently read of fine, healthy babes belonging to the various members of the Band, and each ascribes the healthfulness to some peculiar method of her own in the bringing up, but generally a little sentence like the one in a March letter explains it all: "She nurses her, of course." I know there are cases where the mother's milk is not suitable nourishment for her child, but those are rather exceptional, and when such is the case, are even more to be pitied than those who are so unfortunate as to be unable to nurse at all. All other things being equal, a naturally fed child is more healthy, better able to resist disease, and can even thrive when other essentials are partly or even wholly neglected, so I still hold to the principle that the "bringing up" does not make healthy babies, though it may help.

Our little one, by the law of heredity, should be a very healthy child, she is dressed loosely and as warmly as befits our climate, her food is given at regular intervals, she is laid in her crib at 6:30 P. M., and her midday nap of two hours commences at 11 A. M., she is given plenty of fresh air and sunshine in suitable weather, has taken as little medicine as possible, and has yet to have her first taste of soothing syrups; yet the fifteen months of her little life has been a struggle for existence, and, as we positively know, for want of her natural nourishment.

Let me anticipate Dr. Hanaford's prob-

Young people rarely realize, when criticising their elders, that the traits or habits that seem to them obnoxious were formed in early life. If their manners are rude, if they lack tact, if they are not well informed, it is because they have not made use of their opportunities. Manners are the truest indications of character. A discourteous person is both careless and selfish, for the best manners are but the expression of the golden rule; they are the card of introduction to strangers. A friend can introduce you to good society, but he cannot keep you there; that depends on yourself.

A boy of kindly nature is rarely rude. A boy of selfish nature is polite only when his own desires are not interfered with.

Every man is the result of his own boyhood and youth. If he has read good books, kept himself informed on passing events, he becomes what the world terms a well-informed, intelligent man. If he has wasted his time in trifling conversation, read only sensational books and papers, neglected to develop the talent which he surely possesses, he becomes a superficial, a tiresome, if not a wicked, man.

If as a boy he has not cultivated the graces and amenities of life, he cannot expect to become that most delightful of men, a polished gentleman. If as a boy he has not studied to avoid collisions with those about him, has not recognized the rights of others, has not cultivated a desire to lead men to higher motives, to give to others the benefit of his own opportunities, he becomes that most unfortunate person, a tactless man; a nuisance wherever people are brought together. One of the lessons every boy can learn is to watch those men who arouse adverse criticism, and carefully avoid their habits both of mind and body. Remember the old adage: "By others' faults, correct your own."—*Christian Union.*

The Library.

QUE AUTEM ETERNA?

BY MARGARET HUSTED.

How will it seem—this life of ours—
When we look back on it by and by,
With the toil and trouble of earth behind,
And the sun low down in the western sky?

Shall we remember our burdens borne—
Shall we reckon once more our loss and gain—
Groping through the shadows that crossed our lives—
Recalling each hour of strife and pain?

Shall we remember the joys that fled—
The hopes that never fruition knew—
The fortune and fame that we sought in vain—
The friends we trusted and found untrue?

Shall we think of the heights we strove to climb—
Of the barriers stretching across our way—
Of the errors and failures that cost us dear—
Of the hours when we faltered and went astray?

Nay, rather shall memory's record show—
The best of life to our wearied eyes,
When we turn her pages with trembling hands,
By the fading glow of the sunset skies.

We shall forgive and forget life's wrongs,
We shall remember its cares no more,
And the shadows of earth shall flee away,
When the light shines out from the other shore.

In the grander life that is yet to be—
In the better country whither we go—
Shall naught remain of the earth-life known,
For faithful Mnemosyne's scroll to show?

Shall the good earth give us, end with earth—
Shall not even the best of life remain—
Shall the fields where our work was done afford
No sheaves of ripened grain?

Shall the bonds that unite us be broken all—
Shall faith and love with us no more abide—
Must friends and kindred as strangers be,
Each alone mid the hosts of the glorified?

Nay, surely, I think God's loving hand,
In infinite mercy to each tired soul,
Shall gather life's tangled and broken threads,
And weave them into a perfect whole.

And I hope that still through his finished work
The golden threads of this life shall run,
And the faith and friendship and love of earth
Be ours forever when earth is done.

HANNAH MORE.

THE life of this noble woman is a grand example of earnest effort in promoting the good of others. She was born at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, on the second of February, 1745. She was the youngest of four daughters of a gentleman who, though he had taken orders in the church, was the master of a foundation school at Stapleton. He spared no pains in the education of his daughters, whose accomplishments were such as to win the admiration of all who came in contact with them. Of the four, Hannah, the youngest, was by far the most distinguished, both for natural talent and for her extraordinary desire for knowledge.

She is still remembered as one of the brightest stars in the firmament of letters, during three periods in the literary history of England, represented by Johnson, Cowper and Scott. Among the many gifted women who wrote on moral and religious topics in the periods referred to, she stands pre-eminent and unequalled.

Although she never married she was called Mrs. Hannah More, in accordance with a beautiful usage of the period in which she lived. Her education was completed by her sisters, who, in the determination of securing an independence, had established a seminary for young ladies in their native town.

Hannah's literary gifts early exhibited themselves, although not precociously. When only sixteen she wrote a pastoral drama entitled, "The Search after Happiness," which was regarded as having wonderful merit, in view of its author's youth. That she herself thought well of it, and did not consider it immature, is evidenced by the fact of her finally publishing it, after having kept it in her desk for a dozen years or more.

By the advice of their friends, the More sisters, having associated Hannah in their

enterprise, transferred their seminary to the neighboring city of Bristol. Here they were signally successful. The reputation of their school grew rapidly, and every year added to the number of its pupils. In a comparatively short period, it stood at the head of all similar institutions in that part of England. While on a visit to London, Hannah had the pleasure of obtaining an introduction into that famous circle of literary men and artists which included Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others. Garrick, too, was a member, and both he and his wife took a lively interest in the youthful teacher, and invited her to their home.

Incited by the praise and encouragement of the great actor, Hannah determined to try her strength in dramatic composition. Taking the story of Regulus for her theme, she wrote a tragedy which appeared in 1764, under the title of "The Inflexible Captive." In 1777, her tragedy of "Percy," the most popular of her dramatic compositions, was brought out by Garrick. It had a run of fourteen nights, and gave her a clear profit of seven hundred and fifty pounds, or nearly four thousand dollars, quite a sum in those days. The piece is not without many faults—those of inexperience—yet gives evidence of more than ordinary dramatic power.

"The Fatal Falsehood," produced in 1779, was not nearly so successful. The last named was the last piece which Mrs. More wrote for the stage. A short time after its appearance, her opinions in regard to theaters underwent a complete and radical change. In her own words, she could no longer look upon "the stage as becoming the appearance and countenance of a Christian." Whatever may be thought of the correctness of her decision, there can be no doubt of its thorough conscientiousness. Giving up all hopes of fame or fortune as a dramatic writer, she at once turned her talents into a higher and nobler field.

Although she still retained her regard and friendship for Garrick, she gave vent to her talents as a dramatic writer in writing sacred plays, such as "Belshazzar," "David," and others of a like nature. The death of Garrick strengthened and deepened the serious and religious feelings of her nature, and she determined to devote her time and talents to works of piety and benevolence. Establishing herself at Cowslip, a beautiful country seat in the neighborhood of Bristol, she devoted herself to literary pursuits.

She had formed a plan of writing a series of didactic works. She published, in 1786, a small volume which was entitled "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great." A second volume soon followed, with the title, "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." Through these two volumes, Hannah More's name was established as a great moral writer.

In 1795, Mrs. More commenced at Bath, in monthly numbers, the publication of "The Cheap Repository," consisting of short stories in a style adapted to the comprehension of the masses, which had a large circulation. In this periodical first appeared her famous "Shepherd of Salisbury Plains," and "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife." Her popular reputation, in a great measure, rests on these. Of the latter no less than ten editions were issued during the first year of its appearance.

Returning to her cherished series of didactic works, she published in 1799, "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education," which drew forth the warmest praise, and she was invited to draw up a plan of instruction for Charlotte, the princess of Wales, which was published in 1805, under the title of "Hints towards forming the Character of

a Young Princess." "Practical Piety," "Christian Morals," and "Modern Sketches," followed in the next ten years. These works were all successful, adding not only to her reputation, but to her income. Having amassed upwards of thirty thousand pounds by her writing, she and her sisters determined to relinquish their seminary, and direct all their time and energy and spare means to the erection of schools where there were no resident clergymen. Great success attended their labors in this direction. In the schools which they established, and by their efforts, twelve hundred children received the benefits of a moral and religious education, producing a great change in society, bringing forth rich fruits in intelligence and morality.

Mrs. More died on the seventh of September, 1833. One-third of her fortune, amounting to some fifty thousand dollars, was left in her will to be applied to purposes of charity. With regard to her literary position, it has been said that no writer of her day of either sex, exerted a purer influence, and she is entitled to a lasting remembrance for the good she has done in improving the morals of society.

The "Life" of this remarkable woman is a book in which every girl and woman will feel a deep interest, and one which will hold their attention to the end. The fine portrait of Hannah More which is found in this work is from the painting done by her friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is said to be a true one. How glad her friends and admirers are that they have so fine a picture of this distinguished woman.

REBA RAYMOND.

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The first great name in English literature is that of Geoffrey Chaucer. He lived far back in the latter part of the fourteenth century. It was a rude and warlike age when the "morning star of English poetry," as Dryden calls him, came upon the world's stage. Edward the Third then reigned, and the victories of Cressy and Poitiers made baron and knight more powerful and tyrannical than ever. There was little comfort for the poor man then. The mud hovel and thatched-roofed cottage of the peasant and the serf stood, indeed, beside the lordly castle of the noble, but there was no fellowship between their inmates. The nobles lived in splendor, wore velvet and cloth of gold, or more frequently, perhaps, rich armor, and rode prancing steeds. The peasants lived on coarse, scanty fare, and their rough garments were seldom changed by night or day. A poor plowman and his family are touchingly described by our poet. Rags cover the man and his wife from head to foot, and his cattle are so starved that "men might e'en reckon each rib."

As for books in that early time, even the wealthy and powerful had but few, and these were mostly manuscripts written on parchment. Heavy sums were paid for reading matter. Only a few years before Chaucer lived, a countess of Anjou, in France, paid for a single copy of a small religious book, two hundred sheep, a hundred bushels of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. Most of the learning was confined to the monasteries, or religious houses, and there was but little life and spirit even there.

There were not sixty copies of the bible to be found in all England. Such was the time in which our first great poet lived.

Chaucer was fortunate in his birth. He was neither a great noble nor a humble serf. If he had been the first, his genius would have been absorbed in war and statesmanship. If the latter, the toil and oppression incident to the class would have kept him forever lowly. He be-

longed to a middle class, which was then first beginning to rise to importance in the cities, by means of trade. Little is known of his early life. He seems, however, when quite young, to have ingratiated himself into the friendship of persons of distinction, and was for a time a page in the royal palace. He also served, as is verified by public documents, in the campaign of 1359, which is the only instance of his participation in the military enterprises of his time.

A little later he married one of the maids of honor to the queen, Philippa, whose sister afterwards became the wife of Duke John of Lancaster. Her name was Philippa Roet. This very fortunate alliance secured him the patronage of the queen and her royal sons. An annual salary of five thousand dollars was paid him from the king's treasury, and he was several times employed on foreign embassies. On one of these occasions he visited Italy. He resided for a time at Padua, then famous as the chief seat of European learning. He beheld the wonders of Genoa, then in all the pride of her wealth and commercial prosperity. His eyes gazed on the beauties of "Florence the fair," and witnessed the gayeties of the brilliant court of the Visconti at Milan.

He returned to England, a man past the middle age, noted as a savant, polished in all the ways of court and palace, and the greatest poet in all the world, save Petrarch alone whom he had met at the Paduan court of the enterprising Carrara princes. Chaucer found his native country at this time involved in a religious strife. A very good and a very great man, named John Wickliffe, was preaching against the pope. He wanted that men should have the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of each one's conscience, and thought that the bible ought to be read more than it was. This created quite an opposition against him among the Catholic bishops, but many of the nobles supported him. At the head of them all was the great John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster." Chaucer naturally joined the side of his potent patron and kinsman, and his genius, while he lived, did much to help the growing power of Protestantism.

Chaucer, as we have thus far followed his career, seems to have been as much a man of the world, a courtier, a traveler, and a diplomat as he was a poet. Up to the age of sixty, his best literary work was the translation of poems from the French and Italian. He now retired from public life, and in the seclusion of his home devoted himself to the composition of that work to which he owes his greatest fame. There was a new king on the English throne, Henry, the son of his old friend Lancaster, and by him he was treated with the greatest consideration. As one token of respect, he was presented every day with a pitcher of wine from the cellar of the king.

Surrounded by peace and plenty, the genius of the poet soared aloft to new flights of fancy. "The Canterbury Tales," although unfinished, embodied his best creations. The story of the poem, that of a pilgrimage from London to Canterbury, afforded him scope for indulging in all his quaint humor, his love of nature and his wide experience of life. Scholar as he was, and a man of books, his poetry partakes more of the character of the life of the world than that of the cloister. The flavor of wild woods is in it, and the fragrance of the summer flowers, especially of the daisies, or the "day's eye" as he calls it, his favorite flower. Every phase of English life is found represented in its pages.

The "Canterbury Tales" were intended by their great author to convey to posterity a correct idea of the men and man-

ners of his age. A company of pilgrims, going to the shrine of the famous Saint Thomas a Becket, at Canterbury, happen to lodge at the Tabard Inn, at Southwark. All classes and professions are represented in the company, from the "verray perfit gentil knight, to the sergeant of law that ever seemed busier than he was," and the miller and the "good wife of Bath." In order to relieve the fatigue of their journey, and enliven the passing hours, they agree to each relate a story. The dramatic unity of the different narratives, the variety, the largeness of the life they illustrate, the breadth of the farce, and the delicacy of the sentiment render the poem most delightful reading, though no doubt the young reader at first might deem it prolix, and, perhaps, blunder over the ancient orthography, for Chaucer spells "orful," as Josh Billings would have said, and one needs a glossary to understand him.

Chaucer did not live to complete the tale, but the story-tellers are talking yet, and from that ancient hostelry by the roadside their voices still echo to tell us how English men thought, spoke, dressed and acted in that far-away time, while the poet has himself been silent these four hundred and eighty years and more. He died in the year 1401, at the age of sixty-two, and his body has turned to dust under the roof of the great abbey where so many of England's famous ones lie sleeping. His poem, after remaining in manuscript for seventy years, was then published by William Caxton, the first printer ever in England.

YOURS, ETC.

"We should like to know," says an English paper, "what people mean by signing a letter, 'Yours, etc.' It may be difficult at times to determine with what form of civility to conclude a letter, and many people rebel against writing themselves, 'Your obedient servant,' when they feel any thing but obedient, and scorn the notion of being a humble servant. But whatever be the difficulty of finding an appropriate method of winding up a letter, surely, it is not avoided by the vulgar and lazy expedient of 'Yours, etc.' What does this formula mean? It means, I ought to end my letter with some civility, but I do not know how to define my relationship to you, and I do not care to show you my consideration by making the usual obeisance. I am yours, etc.—which means any thing you like—perhaps you would not like to see the adverb by which, if I expressed my real feeling I should indicate the degree in which I am yours—it may be yours obediently, respectfully, faithfully—or it may be the reverse. What does it matter? It is only a compliment and I do not care what you think. If people mean to go through a ceremony, they ought to go through it properly, not to lapse into an etc., which really means that they are blockheads, and do not know what to say. We do not advocate excess of compliment in the epistolary style. We have no objection to see a man sign his name without any formality whatever. We object to *et cetera* as an impertinence and a stupidity."

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send me the poem, "Aunt Jemima's Courtship?" I will return the favor and the postage.

MRS. CARRIE SMITH.
Carytown, Jasper Co., Mo.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If some one will be so kind as to send me the words of "Villikins and His Dinah," I will repay postage and return the favor in any way that I can.

MRS. FRANK E. CORSE.
First Tollgate on Belair Road, Balt. Co., Md.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Cannot some one of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the

words of the following songs: "In the Hazel Dell My Nellie's Sleeping;" "Say, Darkies, Have You Seen My Massa?" also, one in which the following lines occur:

"Many years have passed since then,
And many friends been kind and true,
But I never see those rain drops fall,
But, mother dear, I'm thinking of you?"

I will return the favor in any way desired.

Box 56, Madison, Maine. MRS. E. A. FOGG.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters send me the words of a poem published about twenty-five years ago, called "The Farmers' Girls?" The first verse began thus:

"Up in the morning early,
Just at peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away."

I will return stamps. MRS. S. H. BOXALL.
Jackson, Amador Co., Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the words of a song called "A Package of Old Letters," beginning thus:

"In a little rosewood casket
Sitting on a slender stand,
Is a package of old letters,
Written by a cherished hand."

I will return postage gladly. ANNIE L. BONE.
Maysville, Ala.

THE REVIEWER.

All book lovers are delighted when a new book of stories by Sara Orne Jewett finds its way into their hands, and THE WHITE HERON and other stories will not disappoint them. The dainty little book contains several of the author's best stories, most of which have appeared in the Atlantic, but they are new, even to those who have read them more than once. A new edition of DEEPHAVEN is also sent out, the quiet beauty of the little summer story having lost nothing of its homely sweetness. Miss Jewett's writings are always good, and her many friends will give these a warm welcome. Price \$1.25 each. Deephaven in "River side" edition, 50 cts. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

The attractive cover and dainty make-up of OUT OF THE DEPTHS, a story poem by Laura J. Rittenhouse, places it among the pretty host of gift books, of which it is the first to make its appearance. The unique type will please many readers, the beautiful view of the Connecticut and the hills about Brattleboro which decorates the antique paper cover will please every body. Price \$1.00. Brattleboro: Frank E. Housh.

FOREIGN FACTS AND FANCIES. Illustrated. By popular authors. This tastefully printed volume is made up of thirteen short stories and descriptive articles by well-known writers, and will make a delightful addition to any household library. As may be gathered from the title, the contents all deal with foreign subjects. For instance, Annie Sawyer Downs tells about "Child-Life in Venice;" Rose Kingsley, the daughter of the famous novelist, Charles Kingsley, writes about "The Jackdaws of Kenilworth;" David Kerr, whose stories of foreign travel have made him a favorite with all girls and boys, describes "A School in the Faroe Islands;" Mrs. Lillie contributes a sketch of "The Princess Beatrice;" and there are other things just as interesting, each one of which is illustrated. Price \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A LEISURELY JOURNEY. By William Leonard Gage. Mr. Gage went abroad in June, 1884, and with his wife spent nearly a year and a half wandering, as he expresses it, leisurely over England and the Continent. It was his seventh visit, and he had become sufficiently accustomed to the sights and sounds of foreign life to enjoy all that he saw without the sense of newness or strangeness about it, and without that feeling, too, which always accompanies a first visit, of eagerness to see a great deal in a short time. He had the extreme good fortune to visit the Lake district during an unparalleled season of bright weather. For a month he

had lodgings in Wordsworth's old home, Dove Cottage, at Grasmere, and for two weeks of that time there was no rain to interfere with his strolls about the country. Besides England, the author visited Germany, Switzerland, and the Engadine, and gives us his impressions of each. His style is peculiarly attractive, and he has the faculty of saying happy things in the way of description which bring people and scenery before the reader very vividly. \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

READINGS FROM MILTON, with an introduction by Bishop Henry White Warren, is the first volume of the second quartet of books composing the Garnet Series of supplementary readings for the Chautauqua course. It is a handsome book of over 300 pages, including Bishop Warren's critical introduction and biographical sketch, the whole of Paradise Lost, the Hymn on the Nativity, Lycidas, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and a cluster of Milton's beautiful sonnets. 75 cents. Boston: Chautauqua Press.

We have received a copy of RELIGIO MEDICI, by Sir Thomas Browne, M. D., number 31 of Cassell's National Library. Ten cents each number. New York: Cassell & Co. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

We have received a copy of THE IRISH QUESTION, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. All readers of the political troubles in Great Britain will be glad to have in such convenient form, and from such authority, a concise and yet full treatment of the subject. Surely, none can handle it more ably than Mr. Gladstone, even though his views and the reader's may not always harmonize. Price ten cents. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The September volume of THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS is full of the charm which has made its predecessors so pleasing. Mr. Adams had a happy thought, indeed, when the idea of this little series presented itself to his mind. 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

The October ATLANTIC is one of the finest numbers of the year. Passing over the installment of the long-lived Princess' monotonous story, to the sketch of the eccentric Bavarian king, whose tragic death was little of a surprise to any one, and next it the story of another man whose life was full of strength and beauty, whose writings are cherished with the kindly memory of the writer, the reader scarcely stops to read the dainty verse sandwiched between these and Miss Pennell's sketch of "The Witches of Venice," in haste to look after the people in Mr. Bishop's serial. Miss Tincker never wrote a more charming story than "From the Garden of a Friend." Mr. Torrey's breezy, out-door paper is delightful reading for a bright October day. "In The Clouds," though scarcely equal to the writer's earlier works, still holds the reader's interest, the rare descriptive talent which is a marked feature of these stories, bringing picture after picture of the romantic scenes before the reader. Edward Hungerford contributes an able paper on "The Rise of Arabian Learning," and there are other readable papers. Two fine poems and a generous supply of good things in the Contributors' Club complete the number.

\$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

To the October number of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, Edgar Fawcett contributes a study of a certain phase of middle-class life in New York, entitled "A Lear of Tompkins Square." Its deep yet quiet pathos, and simple, forceful narrative, make this one of the best short stories that Mr. Fawcett has ever written. F. N. Zabriskie gives some excellent advice, in a wise and witty way, as to "How to Choose a Library." George May Powell, chairman of the arbitration board of the Knights of Labor, tells how "Friction Between Capital and Labor" could and should be avoided. W. H. Babcock combats Mrs. Bloomfield Moore's views "Anent the Keely Motor." E. S. Nadal, who was secretary of legation under John Welsh in London, gives some interesting reminiscences of his former chief. The literary autobiography of this number is furnished by George Parsons Lathrop, under the caption of "An Author Who Could not Help It." Another semi-autobiographical sketch is Joe J. Ellick's "Experiences of a Base-ball Umpire." Grant Allen has an entertaining article, "The History of James," being an account of the various adventures and transmigrations of the most universal of all proper names. The poetry is contributed by Charlotte Fiske Bates

R. B., and William H. Hayne, the latter contributing a "Trenody of the Pines," dedicated to the memory of his father. An interesting announcement is made by the publishers. Beginning with November, every number will contain, in addition to the regular magazine matter, a complete novel by some popular author. The subscription price will be raised to \$3.00 per year, but the price per number will remain unchanged. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The October number of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC is out with its usual variety of interesting matter. Dr. Felix L. Oswald has a paper on some out-of-the-way watering-places. Will Wallace Harney concludes his series on "Orange Culture." A northern soldier, Henry Strong, draws a striking comparison between the campaigns of General Lee and General Grant. Col. Robert W. Woolley has an important paper relating to General Albert Sydney Johnston's purpose in fighting the battle of Shiloh, and Colonel W. Allen reviews General Longstreet's account of Lee's invasion of Maryland. Aside from these war papers the magazine has much to interest the general reader. "Bono Barcalde" is a character sketch of fair merit. Colonel Nicholas Smith has a paper entitled "My First Conquest." Maurice Thompson writes of the "Kingfisher." G. C. Conner has a timely paper on "Mexico," and Mariner J. Kent gives a true history of what is called "Poe's Last Poem." \$2.00 a year. Louisville, Ky.: Home & Farm.

The delight of the hosts of children who will read the October ST. NICHOLAS will be dampened not a little, that in it they bid good by to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," one of the prettiest stories for the little folks ever published in this favorite magazine. The charming stories and poems dealt out lavishly this month, give good promise for the good things to come in the next volume. The illustrations are always good, and the variety of instructive and entertaining articles something heartily appreciated by every reader. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE QUIVER, an illustrated monthly magazine for Sunday and general reading, occupies a field peculiarly its own, and fills it well. The October issue is a good specimen number, being well filled with a good variety of religious and secular reading, with beautiful illustrations. \$1.50 a year. Cassell & Co.: New York.

Now that the Apaches are before the country in the light of hostile savages, it may be interesting to learn something of their history and customs. An illustrated article on this subject from the pen of an army surgeon appears in the September number of the AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN. This magazine makes a specialty of treating such subjects. The table of contents embraces the following articles: The Textile Art in Prehistoric Archaeology, illustrated, by W. H. Holmes; The Tibeto-Burman Group of Languages, by John Avery; Ancient Enclosures in the Miami Valley, illustrated, by S. H. Binkley; The Apache-Yumas and Apache Mojaves, illustrated, by Wm. F. Corbusier; Correspondence, The Museum, Literary and Archaeological Notes, Notes from the Far East, Ethnologic Notes, beside full editorial notes. \$4.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.: F. H. Revell.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE CENTURY for October. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE FORUM for October. \$5.00 a year. New York: The Forum Pub. Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for October. \$8.00 a year. Published weekly. Boston: Littell & Co.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for October. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for October. \$4.00 a year. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE and BAY STATE MONTHLY for October. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The Bay State Pub. Co.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE for October. \$2.00 a year. New York: The Brooklyn Magazine Co.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for October. \$2.00 a year. Louisville, Ky.: Home and Farm Pub. Co.

THE BOOK BUYER for October. \$1.00 a year. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WIDE AWAKE for October. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for October. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE PANSY for October. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

BABYHOOD for October. \$1.50 a year. New York: Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St.

QUERIES for October. \$1.00 a year. Buffalo, N. Y.: C. L. Sherrill & Co.

THE MUSICAL HERALD for October. \$1.00 a year. Boston: The Musical Herald Co.

THE MUSICAL WORLD for October. \$1.50 a year. Cleveland, O.: S. Brainard's Sons.

THE FOLIO for October. \$1.50 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

OUR OWN.

Mrs. F. W. BALDWIN.

1. If I had known in the morn - ing, How wear - i - ly all the
 2. For though in the qui - et even - ing I may give you the kiss of
 3. We have care ful thought for the stran - ger, And smiles for the some - time

day, The words un - kind Would trouble my mind I said, when I went a - way, I had been more care - ful,
 peace, Yet it might be That nev - er for me The pain at the heart should cease; How man - y go forth in the
 guest, But oft for "our own" The bit - ter tone, Tho' we love "our own" the best; Ah! lips with curse im -

dar-ling, Nor giv - en you heed - less pain; But we vex "our own," With look and tone, We may nev - er take back a - gain.
 morn-ing, That nev - er come back at night! And hearts have been broken, By harsh words spoken That sor - row can ne'er set right.
 pa-tient; Ah! blow with that look of scorn; 'Twere a cru - el fate, Were the night too late To un - do the work of the morn.

Chorus.

O how man - y hearts have been broken, How man - y harsh words spoken, That sor - row can ne'er set right, That sor - row can ne'er set right!

Rit.

Rit.

The Dispensary.

THE HAIR—HOW TO TREAT IT.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

IN ITS own natural and proper place, the hair seems well adapted to increase comfort and beauty, and we cherish and cultivate it assiduously. If, by any accident it is lost, we mourn for it most grievously. But when this growth appears unexpectedly and unnaturally, the case is far otherwise. Out of place, the adornment ceases to adorn, and, to the mind of a sensitive person so affected, becomes a mortifying disfigurement.

Several HOUSEHOLD friends have written me, graphically portraying the woes that weigh upon them, as a result of the growth, so aptly named "superfluous," of hair upon their faces, and asking me to tell them how they may remove it. They seemed so distressed and anxious that it was a real grief to me that I could not inform them at once of something, simple, safe and inexpensive, that would effect a speedy and permanent cure.

I finally consulted a physician, hoping he might have new light on the subject. He did his best for me, and the information he was so kind as to give me, I make over to my troubled friends, and all similarly afflicted. Whether it will be of any service to them, or not, I cannot tell. They must judge for themselves.

The physician told me first that no known depilatory will effect a permanent cure, and that hair removed by pincers will grow again from the roots, and probably thicker than before.

Nevertheless, there is one way in which superfluous hair can be permanently removed. This is by what is called thermocautery, or electric-cautery. By a most delicate electric instrument, in skilled hands, each hair is plucked out separately, and the root cauterized, which, of course, puts an end to its power of reproduction. This treatment leaves no scar or unpleasant after effect. The only possible objections to it are that it is a slow and somewhat costly process, and that a person possessing such an instrument and skilled in the use of it, is not to be found in every place.

Those who live in a city of any size, or can conveniently visit one, will probably be able to find a physician or specialist who can successfully perform the operation. And if the hair is of so thick and conspicuous growth as to cause an actual disfigurement, I will say that I believe it would be well worth the expense and trouble to have it so removed. For once done, there is an end of it, and all thought of that which was once a source of constant mortification and embarrassing self-consciousness, may be joyfully cast aside and quite forgotten.

For those who by stress of untoward circumstances find themselves shut out from the possibility of this complete relief, I give a recipe for a depilatory, which on being submitted to the physician I have mentioned, was pronounced a good one. It will prove both effective and safe, if used according to directions.

Mix three parts of sodium sulphide, crystallized, with ten parts of finely powdered quicklime, and eleven parts of starch. With this mixture cover the hair to be removed, and let it remain from two to four minutes, then brush off carefully. This is called Bondel's depilatory.

Another depilatory, recommended on such good authority that I do not hesitate to give it here, is that called Dr. Agnew's. It is made as follows:

To three parts of prepared chalk, add one part of sulphide of calcium. Mix with water into a paste, and apply with a

brush to the parts which require treatment. When dry, rub it off, and the hair will come with it.

Like all depilatories, these remove the hair only temporarily. When the growth returns, the treatment must be repeated.

There are other dear sisters who, so far from being afflicted with a superfluity of hair, lament the lack of it as the source of all their woes. They say their hair becomes dry and falls out, and none of the simple remedies often recommended, and certainly good in their way, seem to avail much in their behalf.

Now, with all respect and sympathy, I would ask if all persons so troubled, have tried what perfect cleanliness will do to help them. If any one feels inclined to resent this suggestion, I will only say that I have known many women, perfectly neat and dainty in all relating to their dress and person, who would no more have neglected frequent bathing than necessary meals, yet who, notwithstanding, treated their heads to renovating soap and water, not more than once or twice a year. Some I have known, who having somewhere imbibed the strange theory that water injures the hair, never allowed it to touch the head.

It is perfectly true that a frequent and injudicious soaking of thick, long hair in warm weather, is apt to produce a disagreeable sourness. This, of course, should be avoided, and may be, as there is no necessity for it. A suitable washing of the scalp is a different matter, and properly done, can result in no injury of any sort.

But we are all more or less inclined to neglect giving our attention to this as often as we should. We might take cold, we might injure the hair, we have no time to spare, etc. Probably the time and pains required for a thorough cleansing of the scalp, and drying of the hair afterward, is the most common cause for its neglect. And it certainly does cost some time and trouble. But it is important, as necessary as bathing the body which also takes time.

Some claim that once a week is not too often to wash the scalp. It should be cleansed once a month, at least. Soft water should be used if it can be had. If not, soften hard water with borax. Borax is very good to use occasionally in place of soap; soda also. For frequent use, perhaps nothing is better than a lather of pure Castile soap in soft, tepid water.

If the hair is long it should be braided into small braids, so it need not be too much wet, as the object is to wash the scalp not the hair. This will also part the hair so the scalp may be conveniently reached. The lather should be applied with a small sponge or toothbrush kept for the purpose, and the work should be done thoroughly, but not so vigorously as to cause any sore or irritated feeling about the scalp afterward. The soap should be rinsed off with clear, warm water, and the head and hair rubbed thoroughly with warm, dry towels. If the weather is cold, it is a good idea to keep a dry towel about the head until the hair is dry. It will not take long unless the hair has been wet more than is necessary. Those who are delicate may also rub a little camphor and bay rum about the neck, ears and temples, and with these precautions there is scarcely a possibility of taking cold. Of course, no one is expected to go out into the cold or high wind of a winter day immediately after washing the head. It is easy to choose a suitable time.

Those who are troubled by falling hair, often, perhaps usually, find this accompanied by the additional evil of a growth of dandruff. Some find that a vigorous and frequent use of the brush helps to remove it and restore the scalp to a

healthy condition. Others complain that this treatment only increases the trouble. To wash the head carefully and frequently in the way I have described, is, perhaps, the best, and only certain, remedy.

Preparations of quinine and bay rum are strengthening to the scalp, and any thing that tends to increase the general strength, and give tone to the system will probably lessen, and in time remove this annoying growth.

A good tonic for the hair, to be used after the scalp has been cleansed with castile soap and water, is prepared in this way: Mix well together a half-pint of a strong decoction of Peruvian bark, a wine-glassful of brandy, and a tablespoonful of glycerine. Apply to the scalp morning and evening with a soft toothbrush.

Another, and perhaps still better, tonic is made after the following formula: One and one-half drachms of tincture of cantharides, twenty drops of tincture of capsicum, one-half ounce of glycerine, and six ounces of cologne water.

If the eyebrows are inclined to fall off, they may be restored to a healthy condition by using a mixture made of one ounce of alcohol to five grains of sulphate of quinine. When washing the face the eyebrows should not be rubbed too hard, or brushed the wrong way.

The bangs will be light and fluffy if they are washed often in warm water and castile soap, and then left loose during the night. This also has a tendency to make them lighter in color, a result aimed at by many, as fashion now makes auburn hair seem desirable.

Falling hair and headaches are said to be relieved by raising the hair from the neck to the top of the head, or, if it has been long worn high, by changing it from the top of the head to the neck. The change rests the hair and the head and affords an opportunity for recovery.

My own experience has been that it is better to wear the hair low most of the time. The weight and pressure of heavy twists and hairpins on the top of the head are to me very uncomfortable, and an unfailing source of headache and head soreness, which result, sooner or later, in a falling off of the hair.

Those who are seriously troubled with dry and falling hair should look well to their diet. Dyspepsia is said to be a very common cause of this annoyance.

It may be set down as certain that any thing which interferes with the general health, that impoverishes the blood, and lowers the tone of the nervous system, will be an injury to the hair, as it is well known it is to the complexion. Any thing that helps to renovate and build up the system, and add to the general strength, will also help to remove these special troubles.

Then if to the watchful and regular care of the hair and scalp are added like care of the diet and the general health, and plenty of exercise in the open air and sunshine, I think the hair and scalp will not long prove a source of anxiety, but will gradually and steadily take on good and abiding habits of vigorous growth and exemplary behavior.

It has been said, with how much truth I do not know, that the hair grows faster in warm weather than in cold, and more in the day time than in the night. If true, this is certainly an indication that fresh air and sunshine are necessary to a healthy growth of hair.

—When an artery is cut, the red blood spurts out at each pulsation. Press the thumb firmly over the artery, near the wound, and on the side toward the heart. Press hard enough to stop the bleeding, and wait till a physician comes. The wounded person is often able to do this himself if he has the requisite knowledge.

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard and nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.—*Medical Times.*

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

J. M. C. *A Fresh Wound.* I should "treat a cut or wound of any kind, not 'by doing it up in the blood,'" as done in the dark past, but, first washing off all of the blood, which very soon becomes putrid, pressing out as much as possible, as I very decidedly believe in a "clean sore." Then I would bring the parts together as nearly as possible, by plaster strips, or by stitches, encouraging the healing by "the first intention," (which I did in my own case in four days.) If a slight cut or wound, I would simply apply a wet cloth, wet in simple water, allowing nature to do the rest. And, here, I will say that I know of no ointment or salve which will do as well, in the matter of healing, as this simple water dressing, now adopted in most, if not all, of our hospitals. These should be often changed, once in a few hours, as the cloths absorb the impure discharges which, if not changed, may again enter the system. By these applications and changes the parts are kept clean, the cool water tending to prevent and allay inflammation. Of course, these wet cloths should have a dry covering of flannel, just enough to promote comfort. In bad cases, a little tincture of arnica—that made by steeping a few of the arnica flowers in water, answering a good purpose—may well be put in the water, of moderate strength, an ounce of the flowers in a quart of water, slowly steeped, of this, a teaspoonful of water to enough for the cloths. No, I never use any "lard on a sore," I see no possible advantage in its use, but might apply a little glycerine which is a much cleaner article!

(Do you approve of drinking hot water to aid digestion? MRS. S. D. H.)

In a general sense, no, though I am willing to admit that the hot is preferable to very cold in some, if not in most, cases. The digestive process is the most normal and effective when the stomach is at about the average heat of the body, or a little above, at 100° Fah. There are persons whose digestion is so weak, whose stomach is so delicate, that a drink of cold water, or cold tea or coffee, at the close of the meals, would produce indigestion, though the number is very small. Such should not eat very cold food, no ice cream, drink no ice water, or any thing of the kind, not having sufficient vital force and animal heat to restore the stomach to the required temperature. Such, with great propriety, may drink warm water, not raised above the temperature of the body—about 98°—at least not more than 15°, while that very hot, to some extent scalding the coats of the stomach, must impair digestion, beside rendering the stomach juices more or less inert. And, in this connection, I will say that our feelings will not constitute a fair guide in the matter, since the nerves of the stomach are of the insensible class, resembling those of the gums, which may be cut without producing much pain. Food or drinks which are too hot for the mouth, therefore, cause but little sensation when passed into the stomach. It is true that quite hot water may hasten the digestive process like any stimulant—still this stimulation is sure to be followed by impaired power, an aggravation of the digestive process. The nearer, therefore, our foods and drinks are to the natural temperature of the stomach, the more natural will be the digestion. If there is indigestion, more care in the selection of food is demanded, selecting that simple and easy of digestion, eating moderately and regularly—no lunches not even of fruit.

The Dressing Room.

SOME PRETTY APRONS.

BY GOSSIP.

APRONS, which have long been out of favor except for nursemaids and kitchen girls, have again come to the front—excuse the pun—and the first garment mentioned in the bible, the primeval attire of our Edenic ancestors, may now be seen at all times and seasons, made of all materials, in all shapes and of all colors.

Aprons of black silk, alpaca and bombezine are always associated with my recollections of grandmother, while Aunt Betsey was invulnerable in one of blue and white check, stiffly starched and of ample size. These aprons were made for hard, long-continued service, and, like their owners, were solid, honest, and scorning all show and fripperies. Like the renowned Mrs. Sparkler, there was no nonsense about them.

A generation later, we see the apron of black silk with its lining of stout cambric and above the hem a line of delicate feather stitching, done in a combination of colors, as red and green, or blue and orange. And who has not among the family heirlooms, a filmy white muslin apron, round at the corners and narrowed at the top, with its scalloped edge and a large embroidered figure in each lower corner? This style of apron was almost universally accompanied by a cape to match, and I have heard my mother tell of the time when an apron and cape of calico, with pantalets of the same to tie on just above the knee, were the regulation outfit for girls' school wear, with, of course, the usual dress and undergarment.

Having recently attended an apron fair I will describe a few for the benefit of the Band. The aprons were artistically arranged in the alcove devoted to their sale, the large, dark-colored, work aprons forming a good background on which to show the lighter and more delicate ones.

The favorite work apron was gored to fit perfectly smooth, and long enough to entirely conceal the dress skirt, the middle gore running up and forming a bib of ample size which buttoned at the back of the neck. A belt drew the bib in at the waist, and the skirt of the apron buttoned over the bustle four or five inches below the waist. These aprons were accompanied by oversleeves of the same material, fastened to the arm by a single pin at the top, and drawn in at the wrist by an elastic, and the whole formed a most effective soil-repelling suit when one was engaged in household duties. The woman who does her own work, will appreciate this suit when she is obliged to go into the kitchen in her afternoon dress. Other work aprons formed of two widths of gingham or calico, gathered to a binding, and, like the first, long enough to conceal the skirt found a ready sale. These large aprons should have a small pocket for the handkerchief as it is difficult to reach the dress pocket when enveloped in one of them.

For cooks there were ample aprons of unbleached cotton, while those for housemaids were made of white Lonsdale cambric or similar material, plainly hemmed, or scalloped, or cut in blocks and faced. These were made of two plain widths, one breadth cut in two and set each side of the other, to avoid a center seam, gathered to a belt, the gathers reaching fully half way around the waist, and so long as to conceal all except two or three inches of the skirt. Nurse aprons are similar and are also frequently made of a flounce of Hamburg embroidery. These are ac-

companied by little muslin caps with frilled fronts and bright ribbon bows.

A lady from the south contributed to this fair several aprons peculiar to that part of the country, or that, at least, had their origin there. They were made of gaily colored bandanna handkerchiefs, such as are the delight of the negro "mammies," and though somewhat bizarre to unaccustomed eyes, formed lovely bits of color among those of more sober hue. In some the handkerchief was used cornerwise, the top corner forming a small bib, with belt to draw it in at the waist, and strings to tie the corners together behind. In others the handkerchief was used square, gathered to fit the form easily, and one-fourth of another handkerchief cut cornering was gathered to the top of the apron, thus forming a bib with pointed top and gathered bottom. A belt covered the joining seam. These little aprons were inexpensive, and as the attendant told me "went like hot cakes."

A handsome dress apron was made of ecru scrim, with a four-inch band of drawn work above a wide hem. In this open work narrow blue ribbons were run, alternating over and under the threads, in all the shades from darkest to almost white. A wide ecru linen lace edged the hem, while the belt was fastened at the side under a bow of shaded blue ribbon to match those run in at the bottom.

Another was of ecru batiste, medium length, laid in nine box plaits. On the center of each plait was laid a strip of handsome embroidery done in colors. These pieces were of graduated lengths, the center one being longest. The top was Shirred and fastened to a plain belt of the batiste.

One particularly pretty little affair was of fine scrim, cut long enough to reach slightly below the knees. This was hemmed and edged all around with a rich wide lace set on plain. At each side were four inch tucks turning towards the middle, and on each tuck was set a strip of cardinal velvet ribbon. The middle of the apron was gathered, the tucked sides left plain, and attached to a pointed cardinal velvet belt, edged with a thick cord, and finished with soft ball tassels.

Stylish aprons are made of alternate strips of colored cambric and white lace insertion. Strips of seersucker are also used with insertions of Russian lace, producing an excellent effect, indeed, one can hardly imagine till one has seen it, how pretty the crinkled cloth is combined with the lace. The seersucker may be white or have narrow strips of color.

Insertion is also used in horizontal strips, as, for instance, the top of an apron is composed of perpendicular strips of embroidered linen and insertion or drawn work, below this a deep horizontal band of crochet work done in linen thread, and below this a wider band of embroidered linen while a very deep and hand-some crocheted lace forms the bottom.

Black silk aprons are hemmed, pinked or edged with lace. Sometimes a vine is embroidered entirely around, but the more common way is to do a figure in one corner and reproduce a portion of the same on the pocket, which should be on the opposite side, that is, if the lower right hand corner is the one ornamented, the pocket must be placed at the upper left hand.

For mourning plain white aprons are worn—usually muslin—or black silk with a little white embroidery.

Fancy towels are often utilized as aprons, the coarser ones for morning and the finer and more fancy ones for dress. These are doubled down about one-fourth the length so as to show both borders and fringes, plaited to fit, and a fancy cord and tassels used as belt.

Lawn tennis aprons with pockets are

usually made of some stout material as awning cloth, and embroidered in outline with a couple of rackets crossed, or other appropriate device, at the option of the wearer.

Pongee is in high favor as an apron material, and may be embellished with embroidery, lace or ribbons, or a combination of all three. A nice sewing or knitting apron is made of a yard of this cloth. An inch and a half hem is made on the four sides, that on the bottom being turned on the opposite side from that at the top. The bottom is then turned up a quarter of a yard and stitched in such a way as to form three divisions or pockets. These are to hold thread, scissors, pin-cushion and light articles of work, and for knitting when several colors are used, are much more convenient than the conventional basket. A simple design outlined in the center of each pocket, will add to the beauty of the apron, and if desired the scissors and small pin ball may be suspended from the belt by ribbons. Made of butchers' linen these aprons are serviceable for seamstresses, while similar ones made of ticking or crash, and just deep enough so the hand can easily reach the bottom are superior to a basket or bag for holding clothespins, and have the advantage of leaving both hands free to manage the clothes and line. For this purpose the belt should be double, and fastened by a large stout button.

A silk tissue called luton, as delicate and transparent as frost work, is used for aprons as well as for many other kinds of fancy work. Although so delicate, it washes excellently, and when embroidered with washing silks and Japanese gold thread the effect is exquisite.

One odd apron was of fine piece lace, the right side hanging plain and straight, while the other half was closely plaited and bedecked with numerous long loops of white, picot-edged ribbon, which depended from the belt. Another still more unique had three broad ribbons spreading fan-like from the waist band. Between these ribbons were fans of plaited lace, the bib having but one ribbon with a fan of lace each side. Handsome lace finished the edge.

Whole aprons are sometimes made of rick-rack, crochet, tatting, or the various fancy lace braids, but the work is usually preferred arranged as bands, alternating with embroidery, Mexican lace or ribbon.

Just at present the apron occupies a prominent position in society entertainments, not only affording much amusement but helping to raise money for charitable purposes.

Apron fairs or festivals, as before mentioned, are well known everywhere, as also apron parties, where each gentleman who buys a ticket of admission, is given a gorgeous necktie of calico or gingham, which he must at once put on. He then seeks the lady who wears an apron of the same material as said tie, and becomes her escort for the evening, taking her to supper, etc., but the entertainments I now refer to, are on a somewhat different plan. They originated in the west and are called rainbow parties.

All the ladies present wear aprons of such texture and color as their taste may suggest, usually not very elaborate, and all neatly finished except the bottom which is left unhemmed. Each lady has a number pinned to the corner of her apron, and duplicate numbers are on sale under the charge of two ladies.

Possessed of these numbers the gentlemen set to work to discover those which correspond, and when the company is disposed in couples the conditions are proclaimed. These are that the unhemmed aprons are to be hemmed by the respective young men, and a prize given to the one who does the work most neatly and quickly.

The girls supply their escorts with suitable needles and thread, and at the call of "Time" the sport begins. Gentlemen are obliged to thread their own needles, and any one who receives a favor of this sort from feminine fingers forfeits all claim to the prize. The scene that follows is ludicrous in the extreme, as unaccustomed masculine fingers struggle with the shining bit of steel. And one gets an idea of the natural depravity of inanimate nature as the most untieable of knots form in the thread, and the needles persistently prick the hands that so resolutely grasp them.

After a specified interval "Time" is again called, and the judges after due examination award the prizes. A book, inkstand, clock, footrest, etc., are often used for this purpose, or more costly articles may be selected. The aprons are now raffled off, and when competition runs high, as when a jealous gentleman attempts to outbid a rival for the possession of his best girl's apron, the prices brought by these typical fig leaves are surprisingly large. Singing, a light collation, and an hour or two of dancing usually end these rainbow parties. These affairs are only suitable for select circles where all the people are acquainted and should never be ventured on in a promiscuous assembly.

KNITTED SHOULDER CAPE.

Having seen several requests in our paper this summer for knitted shoulder capes, I will, to the best of my ability, give directions for the same. I have knit several in the last year, and they have been greatly admired. The materials to use are German wool and medium sized bone needles. You will require one skein each of any two contrasting colors, dark and light.

Cast on fifty-five stitches of the dark. Knit across twice, then seam, knit, seam, knit, seam, knit, the same as knitting a heel. (Seam is the same as purl.) This makes eight times across.

Now take the light color and knit across, seam, knit, seam, knit, seam, knit, seam, which is eight times.

Next, knit the dark in, and knit across twice as before, then seam, knit, seam, knit, seam, knit.

Knit in the light, and knit across once as before, seam, knit, seam, knit, seam, knit, seam.

Knit twice with the dark again, and proceed as before until you have been across eight times.

Keep gores together by knitting the first two stitches with both, and carrying them both along. This is to avoid breaking off the yarn every time you change. It also strengthens the edge on which to crochet a border when done.

Knit in this way until you have twenty-six dark stripes and twenty-five light ones. This will make a strip of knitting nearly a yard and a half long when straightened out, and will be the size of the cape around the shoulders. You will observe that there are two knittings every time the yarn is joined, which gives it the appearance of a melon, and makes one color right side out and the other wrong. It will also be about one-quarter of a yard wide, which will be the depth of the cape, but when it is finished as I shall tell you, it will be a third deeper.

When you have your strip long enough and the last stripe knit of the dark the same as the first, you will proceed in this way:

Bind off very loose three stitches, drop the fourth off the needle, bind off three more, drop the fourth, and so on to the end, leaving three on this side the same as on the other. When they are all bound off, take the work in your right hand, and with the first finger of your left, ravel

the stitches, one at a time, down to the other end, by pushing the finger through and helping the stitch straighten out, for that is all there is of it. Every stitch dropped will lengthen the cape a quarter of an inch, so by the time there are thirteen stitches raveled, you will be surprised to see how much deeper it is than you thought it would be.

Take the side on which the yarn is joined, and draw it up to its required size for the neck, either by overcasting with a worsted needle and a piece of the yarn, or with a crochet needle, as you like.

This is all the knitting there is to it, unless some of the sisters can knit a border which I cannot do. If you do not understand how to crochet, you will be obliged to turn it over to your daughter or some other good friend as I have done.

The proper way is to crochet a place around the neck in which to put a ribbon as wide as you desire. Mine are about three-quarters of an inch wide, and will take in a ribbon an inch wide. The next thing is to crochet a border all around the cape of shells of the dark edged with the light, or one row of each color, only smaller. Any one who is an expert at that business, can make a border to suit herself. I have fulfilled my promise to give directions for a knitted cape.

These capes can be knit of any kind of yarn. Very handsome ones are knit of different shades of Shetland floss; for instance, rose or pink with white, blue with white, or any shades suitable to the complexion. These are very light and nice for summer over a light dress, as they are much more delicate and fluffy-looking than those of the German wool. If the floss is used you will require more stitches and finer needles, as it is much finer and more open than any other yarn. For a medium-sized person seventy stitches will be sufficient. Great care must be taken not to split a stitch, or drop one, as the whole thing will be spoiled when you come to ravel the work. Be sure and keep the same number of stitches all the way through. I use the smallest size bone needles for the floss, and medium-sized ones for the wool. Rubber needles are just as good if not too large. You will also need to knit more stripes of the floss. Thirty-one and thirty will be equal to twenty-five and twenty-six of the German wool.

I will tell the sisters the variety of colors I have knit and found to look well together. Black and garnet, black and white, dark blue and drab, peacock blue and old gold, are very handsome. These are all of German wool, or German knitting yarn, it is all the same. Of the Shetland floss I have knit blue and white and pink and white.

The price of the wool in our country is thirty cents a skein, and of the floss twenty-five. One skein of each color is enough for a common sized cape.

This is nice work for elderly ladies to do evenings, and makes very nice presents for our friends. I have knit and given away more than a dozen of them. Nothing could be nicer for Christmas presents. I have never knit any for pay. I could not make my salt as it takes nearly two weeks to get one done, if there is any thing else to be done.

The cape will be more open and fluffy if you drop every third stitch instead of every fourth. This is the way I was shown in the first place, and I knit two or three in that way. I tried the other way and I liked it better.

I must tell the sisters who have contributed such beautiful patterns of knitted lace that I thank them for it. I have tried a great number of them and found them to be just what they are represented. I cannot specify them now, as it would require a great deal of time to hunt them all up. My daughter's wedding clothes

were, many of them, trimmed with lace knit from the directions in THE HOUSEHOLD.

She crocheted the borders of my capes, many of which have been given away as wedding presents. Nothing could be more suitable for a bride than one of these capes knit of blue and white, or pink and white Shetland floss, whichever is most suitable to the complexion, the pink and white for a brunet, and the blue and white for a blonde.

MRS. J. W. CASSIDY.
Petaluma, Sonoma Co., Calif.

ANTIQUE CROCHET LACE.

Commence with twenty-eight chain.

1. One treble into each of eight stitches, * three chain, pass over three stitches, one single into the next, three chain, one treble into the next, repeat from * to * twice more, one treble into each of the next two stitches; turn.

2. Three chain to take the place of one treble, one treble into each of next two stitches, * three chain, one double treble (thread over three times) into the bottom of last treble, keep the top loop on the hook, work a double treble into the top of next treble, two chain, one treble into the same stitch the last treble was worked into, repeat from * twice more, one treble into each of the next seven stitches, eight chain; turn.

3. Three chain to take the place of one treble, one treble into each of the next seven stitches, * four chain, pass over three stitches, one single into the next, four chain, pass over three stitches, one treble into the next, repeat from * three times more, one treble into next two stitches; turn.

4. Three chain to take the place of one treble, one treble into each of next two stitches, * two chain, one double treble into bottom of last treble, keep the top loop on the hook, one double treble into top of next treble, draw through both loops on the hook together, two chain, one treble into the same stitch, repeat from * three times more, one treble into each of next seven stitches, eight chain; turn.

5. Three chain, one treble into each of next seven stitches, * four chain, pass over three stitches, one single into the next, four chain, pass over three stitches, one treble into the next, repeat from * once more, one treble into each of next five stitches, * four chain, pass over two stitches, one single into the next four chain, pass over two stitches, one treble into the next, repeat from last * once more, one treble into each of two stitches; turn.

6. Three chain, one treble into each of two stitches, * three chain, one double treble into bottom of last treble, one double treble into top of next treble, keep the top loop of each on the hook and draw through all together, two chain, one treble into the same stitch, repeat from * once more, one treble into each of next five stitches, * two chain, one double treble into bottom of last treble, one double treble into next treble, two chain, one treble into same stitch, repeat from last * once more, one treble into each of next seven stitches, eight chain; turn.

7. Three chain, one treble into each of next seven stitches, * four chain, pass over three stitches, one single into next stitch, four chain, pass over three stitches, one treble into next stitch, repeat from * once more, pass over three stitches, one treble into each of next five stitches, four chain, one single in center of six treble, four chain, pass over three stitches, one treble into each of next six stitches, four chain, pass over three stitches, one single into the next, four chain, one treble into each of next three trebles; turn.

8. Three chain, one treble into each of

next two stitches, two chain, one double into bottom of last treble, one double treble into top of next treble, two chain, one treble into each of six trebles, two chain, one double treble into bottom of last and one into the top of next treble, two chain, one treble into each of next six stitches, * two chain, one double treble into bottom of last treble and one into top of next treble, three chain, one treble into next treble, repeat from * once more, one treble into each of seven next stitches. Work down the back of these last trebles until you reach the first of two chain, then turn and work the second half of vandyke. This is exactly like the first half, with the exception that you work on six stitches less in each alternate row, instead of increasing six stitches. After completing one vandyke commence again from the first row.

These directions are correct.

MRS. J. E. GLASSON.
2631 Penn. Ave., Pittsburg, Penn.

SPATTER-WORK.

I will endeavor to answer Mary A. H.'s inquiry in the July number, "How to Do Spatter-work?" The first thing to be considered is the gathering of the leaves or ferns. They should be gathered and placed between the leaves of a book under a heavy weight to press them perfectly flat.

Next procure some fine quality of drawing paper, say royal, 19 x 24 inches, costing \$1.00 per quire, a paper of very small pins, and several sticks of India ink, a good quality toothbrush and a stick from four to six inches in length. Break the ink into small pieces and put it into a small bottle with a little warm water, and shake it till it is all dissolved, and the liquid is somewhat thicker than writing ink.

Upon a smooth board large enough to take a sheet of drawing paper, fasten the paper down smooth by tacks in each corner. Now open the book of leaves, and lay them out carefully, so that in arranging them, you can quickly see which vine or leaf to choose. Begin at the bottom if you decide upon making a wreath, and lay the largest leaves with their serrated edges turned outward, one lapping over the other. Continue, sticking a little pin here and there to hold each part in place, until the wreath is formed to your satisfaction. Care should be taken to place the largest leaves at the bottom center, and diminish in size as you approach the top. All the leaves must point outward.

Having pinned down and securely fastened every leaf, the work of spattering begins.

Pour into a saucer some of the ink, and with the forefinger of the right hand dipped into it, apply a small quantity upon the ends of the bristles of the toothbrush. Hold the brush, bristles upward, in an inclined or nearly perpendicular position directly over the leaves and paper, and at least six inches above them, and with the stick pass over the bristles from bottom to top very gently. The operation should be repeated until the paper is colored slightly gray nearest the edges of the leaves, and blended off to nothing as it recedes from them. The darkest shade should be given the bottom. Care must be taken not to drop a large spot, or to spatter so much in one place, that one spot will run into another and make a blot. Now take the pins out of one or two leaves at the bottom and remove the leaves. Then carefully spatter the edge of those leaves which were under the ones taken off. Continue taking off the leaves, going from the bottom upward, and spattering each edge as it is exposed. One side of each leaf may be spattered a little darker by holding the brush in a certain position. When all the leaves are thus spattered and removed, take a pen, and

with the India ink lightly sketch in the veins of all the leaves.

Some beautiful work may be done by the addition of a cross or monument, and these may be cut out of paper, and arranged in the same manner as the leaves, the thickness of the cross being cut off after the first spattering, and the white face of the cross replaced, until all the parts are done.

Spatter-work may also be done on fine satin or linen, or a white door may be taken from its hinges and laid horizontally, while the panels are ornamented in this manner. After which a very thin coat of shellac varnish should be put over it with a soft varnish brush, exercising great care not to touch the work but once and that very lightly, or the figures might be disturbed.

I think if the above directions are closely followed Mary A. H. will be pleased with the result. JENNIE M. SHANNON.

Seventy-six, Beaver Co., Pa.

HOME-MADE BRACKETS, ETC.

I want to tell the many readers of the very excellent HOUSEHOLD of the way to make various kinds of brackets, etc. Use wood or pasteboard for brackets or shelves. Glue on lichens, sweet gum balls, pine cones, or any thing you may wish, and if pasteboard is used, lichens in particular can be sewed on. Put them in hot water for a minute or so before sewing them on. I find that I can easily punch a needle through the center of balls and cones by first putting them in hot water.

I have lately made a very nice cabinet for specimens, and I had no help about it only the sawing of the shelves. I used four pine cones strung on wire to keep the shelves apart, and in front and at the ends I fastened glass, so the shelves are free from dust and careless fingers, and when I wish to place any thing on the shelves I hold it out from the wall. I have glued cones and shells on the edges of the shelves, so that any one cannot tell how the glass is fastened.

I use scrap pictures on various things. Some years ago I learned how to put them on cow's horns. I scrape horns with glass. I am not near so particular as I used to be with horns at the top as I use the horns for winter bouquets. One hole will often do as well as two, and I make quick work making holes in them with a knitting needle or a piece of wire or an umbrella stay. I use common flour paste to put the pictures on, and when they are dry I varnish the horn or any thing that the pictures are on with dammar varnish.

Oriole, Mo.

M. M.

A PRETTY MAT.

I have been improving some of my spare moments making a mat which has been pronounced very pretty, besides being original so far as I know, never having seen any thing like it before. I will describe it as well as I can, doubting not some one will imitate and perhaps improve upon my effort. I ravelled out a knitted scarf, such as the gentlemen wore a few years ago, and to save the worsted decided to make a mat for the floor. Having procured seven-eighths of a yard of heavy burlap, I proceeded to divide it off into two-inch squares, or as near that as would use all the threads in the burlap, by making a cross stitch covering two threads. The next time across I covered these lines with a strip of paper, working over them, as a guide to cut by when the work is done. Then proceed till the foundation is covered. Doubtless many of the sisters have made what is called the "caterpillar cushion." This is done the same with the exception that the gray mottled was put in for a border of seven

The Dining Room.

TABLE MANNERS.

BY MRS. S. O. JOHNSTON.

GOOD manners at the table are of the greatest importance, for one can, at a glance, discern whether a person has been trained to eat well, *i. e.*, to hold the knife and fork properly, to eat without the slightest sound of the lips, to drink quietly, and not as a horse or cow drinks; to use the napkin rightly; to make no noise with any of the implements of the table, and last, but not least, to eat slowly, and masticate the food thoroughly. All these points should be most carefully taught to children, and then they will always feel at their ease at the grandest tables in the land. There is no position where the innate refinement of a person is more fully exhibited than at the table; and nowhere, that those who have not been trained in table etiquette feel more keenly their deficiencies. The knife should never be used to carry food to the mouth, but only to cut it up into small mouthfuls, then place it upon the plate at one side, and take the fork in the right hand, and eat all the food with it. Sometimes a bit of bread can be held in the left hand, and employed to push the food upon the fork. But adults do not need such assistance, yet for children it comes into good play. Be careful to keep the mouth shut closely while masticating the food. It is the opening of the lips which causes the smacking which is so disgusting, and reminds one of the eating of animals in the pig-sty. Chew your food well, but do it silently, and be careful to take small mouthfuls.

The knife can be used to cut the meat finely, as large pieces of meat are not healthful, if swallowed as the dog swallows them. At many tables, two, three, or more knives and forks are placed on the table, the knives at the right hand of the plate, the forks at the left. A knife and a fork for each course, so that there need be no replacing of them after the breakfast or dinner is served. The smaller ones, which are for game, dessert, or for hot cakes at breakfast, can be tucked under the edges of the plate, and the large ones for the meat and vegetables are placed outside of them. Be very careful not to clatter your knives or forks about your plates, but use them without noise. When passing the plate for a second helping, lay them together at one side of the plate.

Soup is always served for the first course, and it should be eaten with dessert spoons, and taken from the tips of them, without any sound of the lips, and not sucked in the mouth audibly from the side of the spoon. Never ask to be helped to soup a second time. The hostess may ask you to take a second plate, but you will politely decline. Fish chowder which is served in soup plates, is said to be the exception which proves this rule, and when eating of that, it is correct to take a second plateful, if desired.

Drink sparingly while eating. It is far better for the digestion, not to drink tea or coffee until the meal is finished. Drink gently, and do not pour it down your throat like water turned out of a pitcher. When seating yourself at the table, unfold your napkin, and lay it across your lap in such a manner that it will not slide off upon the floor. Do not tuck it into your neck like a child's bib. For an old person, however, it is well to attach the napkin to a napkin hook and slip it into the vest, or dress button-holes, to protect their garments. Or, sew a broad tape at two places on the napkin, and pass it over the head. When the soup is eaten,

wipe the mouth carefully with the napkin, and use it to wipe the hands after meals.

Finger-bowls are not a general institution, and yet they seem to be quite as useful as the napkin, for the fingers are also liable to become a little soiled in eating. They can be had quite cheaply, and should be half filled with water and placed upon the side table, or butler's tray, with the dessert, bread and cheese, etc. They are passed to each person when the dessert is placed upon the table. A leaf or two of sweet verbena, an orange flower or a small slice of lemon is usually put into each bowl, to rub upon the fingers. The slice of lemon is most commonly used. The finger-tips are slightly dipped into the bowl, the lemon juice is squeezed upon them, and then they are dried softly upon the napkin. At dinner parties and luncheons they are indispensable. The mouth is never wetted from the finger-bowl in society, but in one's own home, where the finger-bowls are used for the children, there is no breach of etiquette in washing the child's mouth, at the same time that its fingers are cleansed; while for adults the finger-bowls will also be found most useful, as many a housekeeper rises from the table with fingers that would be greatly benefited by a dip into one of these pretty glass bowls.

No noise should be made at the table, such as drumming on the cloth with the handle of spoon or fork, or hitting the chair with the feet, or in any way disturbing the harmony of meals. Yet no one would desire that meals should be eaten in silence. The old maxim says that "chatted food is half digested," and like most old saws, it is full of wisdom, and pleasing conversation is of the greatest benefit to digestion, and will prevent dyspepsia. A dinner eaten in sullen silence, or accompanied by the bitter sauce of fault finding, can never be of the service to the brain, blood, bones, nerves, muscles, etc., that a dinner eaten amid

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,"
such as Milton tells us accompany mirth and good humor.

Therefore, study, my fair friends, to make the conversation of our tables jolly and mirthful. Strive to keep from it all things that would distress or annoy your husbands and beg of them not to relate any occurrences that would startle or disquiet yourselves. If there is any fault-finding to be made with the cookery, it had better be passed over till later in the day. If there is any ill news to communicate, let the table not be the place for its announcement.

Another old proverb states that "a man's body and his mind are like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining, rumple the one and you rumple the other." So we must take care that the brain receives no shock while the stomach is receiving food, else we shall surely suffer acutely.

It is an excellent plan for a family to have an understanding that each member shall relate something he or she may have learned that day. Some pleasant incident, or some anecdote connected with history, science or art. Or, if nothing better can be obtained, let each child repeat some item of news, or of events from the daily, or even weekly newspaper.

In a certain village school, the teacher told her pupils to commit to memory some short sentences from the news of the day, and repeat it after prayers, every morning. It was the most excellent training in memory, and whether it were prose or poetry, the child who learned it would never forget it. She left the selection to the children, and they chose historical events, items of politics, scraps of poetry, and also of nonsense, but as

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men,"
she never reproved the repeater of it.

So parents can educate both themselves and their children at the table, and while table etiquette is strictly maintained, the mind can be fed as well as the body.

Do not let your children reach across the table for food, but make them ask politely for what they desire; and not talk while their mouths are filled with food.

In many families there is no waitress, then every thing should be placed upon the table before the family are called, and the dessert can be put on a little table at your right. Always make your eldest daughter set the table, and do it neatly.

Lay the cloth straight, and put the salt cellar and the butter plate, with the tumbler or cup, at the right hand of each person. Have crocheted macrame twine mats to keep the table cloth from being soiled, and at the head and foot of the table place a napkin cornerwise to the center, or straight as one prefers. This will prove a great saving of table cloths, and the napkin can be renewed often. Then tell her to look carefully over the table to see that not one thing is omitted. Look at your place, and see that there are enough cups and saucers placed neatly at the left hand, for breakfast or tea, and that the sugar bowl is well filled, and the cream and milk pitcher are prepared for use. Have a stand of metal at the right hand, to hold the coffee or tea pots, and the water pot, and a spoon cup should be placed beside the sugar bowl, with the teaspoons and sugar spoon in it. Also see that the carving knife, fork and steel, are laid beyond the plates at your husband's seat. And have these plates well heated, and all the food as hot as possible. It is a decided annoyance to have this child or that one, asked to leave the table to procure needed appliances, that ought to have been upon it. No child should be permitted to rise from its chair without asking: "May I be excused?"

The more visitors you have at your table the better it will be for your children, as they ought to learn something pleasing or agreeable from each guest.

Many of us only eat to live, yet while we eat we should all make the best of living, and not make our children ask that most prominent question of the day: "Is life worth living?"

"Is not the life more than meat?" asked He who was wiser than any one who ever lived on earth.—*Exchange.*

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Don't come down into the breakfast room of a morning with a thunder-cloud over your pitiful phiz. What are you mad at? Have you a note to pay in bank and not a dime to meet it? Have you the headache? Did the baby wake you from a sound sleep? Has the newsman failed to leave you the morning paper; or has a bill been presented at your door, bright and early, which you know very well ought to have been paid long ago to the patient baker, the needy dressmaker, or the begrimed mechanic? May be you have cut your face while shaving, or stumped your toe against the cat, or broke your watch-spring in winding it up. May be you are ruffled because you have suddenly remembered that you failed to meet a business engagement yesterday; or took a short turn on a friend or cheated somebody, and that it is about being found out, otherwise you would not have cared the snap of your finger about it. Perhaps as you entered the door and scanned the breakfast table you missed some favorite dish.

But does one or all these occurrences justify you in clouding the whole household, in hurting the feelings of your children, in discouraging the servants and outraging the guests at your table? If, when you come to the breakfast room, you are sad from discouragement

from fatigue, from illness, or from losses, you are excusable, and you have our sympathy; but to meet the family with a frown, and cast a gloom over the whole household, simply because every thing has not gone exactly according to your sovereign pleasure—you, a poor, pitiful worm of the hour; why, it is so supremely ridiculous that any thing else than contempt for it is simply impossible.—*Hall's Journal.*

THE DESSERT.

—Mrs Domesticity calls at the kitchen furnishing store. "Have you Cook's stewers?" she asks. The dealer is dumbfounded till he is shown an advertisement of "Cook's tours," when he directs her to the nearest railroad office.

—An exchange says this country needs more trees; but it will be hard to convince the amateur farmer who spends his mornings and evenings digging borers from the boles of his apple trees and clearing caterpillar nests from their branches.

—A New Orleans lawyer in arguing a divorce suit, held that a husband had a legal right to make his wife stand in a corner with a clothes pin on her nose. "If such mild means of compelling obedience are forbidden," he said, "what is to become of the husband's authority as the master of his household?"

—They were out in the gloaming, listening to the music of the insect world. "Arthur," she exclaimed, breaking the noisy silence, how delightful, and yet how sad, is the monotonous chorus of those toadstools!" "Toadstools? my dear!" replied Arthur. "I think you mean crickets." "Yes, crickets; that's what I mean. I knew it was something to sit on."

—If you are innocent," said a lawyer to his client, an old darkey, who was charged with stealing a ham, "we ought to be able to prove an alibi." "I don't 'specs we kin," the darkey replied doubtfully. "At what time was the ham stolen?" "Bout lebben o'clock, dey say."

"Well, where were you between eleven o'clock and midnight—in bed?" "No, sah; I wah hidin' de ham."

—A few months ago an old gentleman was seen nailing a notice on a fence. A friend, passing, said: "Why don't you have the notice put in the paper, where people can read it?" "Waal," said the old gentleman, "if I tuck it to the newspaper office them newspaper fellers would get it spelled wrong, and then somebody might think I didn't know how to spell." The notice read: "Howze fur rent inchoir on preymeysis."

—A serious looking young man went into a book store and called for some pens. After he had spent much time in examining them, the storekeeper said: "Is there any particular pen you wish?" "Yes, but I don't know that I'd know it if I were to see it." "Do you know the name?" "Yes, I think so," taking a newspaper clipping out of his pocket and scanning it. "This says that Col. Baxter always writes with a trenchant pen; so let me see some trenchant pens, please."

—"Yes," said the Boston girl, "I am fond of making sketches of simple scenes. This morning I went down upon the sands when the tide was out and succeeded in obtaining an excellent sketch of a mollusk excavator." "A what?" inquired the Philadelphia girl. "A mollusk excavator." "What on earth is that?" "Dear me, how singularly obtuse you are! When I speak of a mollusk excavator I have reference to the simple and picturesque character vulgarly denominated a clam digger."

The Kitchen.

ABOUT DOMESTIC SERVICE.

GRANT all that may be said of the ignorance, dullness, indifference, insolence, indolence, extravagance of the present body of domestic workers, still it is true that the pressing need at present is good mistresses. I do not mean to say that every young woman that applies for work can be made into a good servant, but I do affirm that, with a reasonable amount of care and judgment in selection, the making depends rather on the mistress than on the maid. By a good mistress, I do not mean one who is thoroughly skilled in all the details of the actual work, for although this is highly desirable, it is not the chief essential; nor do I mean the kind and tender mistress, for this also, though well, is yet not the most important thing. But a good mistress is a woman whose domestic business is well managed in all its departments, just as a good merchant is a man whose mercantile affairs are well conducted. And it requires more skill, it is better housekeeping, to get some one else to do the work of the house well than it is to do it yourself, just as it is a higher qualification for a merchant to see to it that bookkeeper, salesman, and cash boy are all sufficient in their places, than it is to do his own errands or sweep out his own store. Nor is there any more need of an "intolerable tyranny" over a woman in her home than there is of a like tyranny over a man in his business.

The most really difficult and delicate of the questions will be those of a nature personal to one side or the other, and must therefore be met and solved by each individual for herself independently. Therefore, to lay down any general principles to fit all cases is impossible. Yet there are some faults so common to mistresses, as a class, that I hesitate not to declare them nearly as characteristic and universal as the "half-done potatoes and over-done beefsteak," the stupidity, the despotism and the arrogance of which we hear so much concerning the other parties in the contract. *Noblesse oblige*, and on the party possessing the power, the education, the means, the character, rests the larger weight of responsibility in any effort to bring about better relations between the hirers and the hired. When "the master of the establishment is compelled to interfere and dismiss a servant with words that savor more of strength than of righteousness," it tells all we need to know of that mistress, whatever may be the facts on the other side.

People never cease to wonder that poor girls choose labor in factories, behind counters and at sewing machines rather than the better paid, better fed, better housed and less fatiguing work in families. They assume that this is "owing to an absurd prejudice that they lower their position and forfeit their independence in doing what they call 'menial work,'" but it is far more owing to the fact that they forfeit their liberty. Freedom is sweet to every human being; and in store and the factory the worker, during some hours of the twenty-four, belongs to herself, and has no one to question her movements or intrude on her privacy. But a housemaid can make no plans which are not likely to be upset by the plans, or even by the caprices and thoughtlessness of her employers; she may not have any notions or fancies; may not, except on her "day out," even take a bit of a walk without asking permission of another; may not express any personal likes or dislikes, nor indulge herself in any of the precious moods or whims in which at times even the most prosaic and commonplace individual delights. Very much of this can-

not be avoided; rules are necessary, restrictions unavoidable, but the average mistress, instead of trying to lighten the consciousness of the yoke, is far more likely to emphasize it, and, in addition, to assume dictation over the tastes and leisure of those who serve her. Even if well meant, such real or supposed infringement of personal liberty is resented and rouses a spirit of antagonism. When there is a general though tacit recognition among mistresses of the perfect compatibility of domestic service with a due independence in personal matters, this kind of labor will not be held in such low esteem, and a better class of workers will not shrink from taking part in it.

But not only is there a lack of respect for the workers among mistresses, but also a lack of respect for the work. There are hundreds of little ways in which a mistress with a genuine respect for the work can make her respect felt and use it as an incentive to improvement. "Do thus and so because it is my way," says the average woman while engaged in that difficult and arduous process known as "breaking in" a new girl. When the back is turned, instantly the maid does it another, and probably poorer way. But if "my way" were shown to be the best one, and for what reasons, and if it were seen that the lady herself found it no less fitting and beautiful to practice the best way in the work of the kitchen than in her other affairs, then the work would seem no longer menial, but dignified. In any department of life it is idle to clamor for good results without due regard to processes.

But although some fail through lack of pains to define and illustrate, there are other mistresses who carry oversight to excess. Many a good servant is spoiled by incessant interference and dictation. Even a very dull person may be taught in a few weeks just what is expected of her and how it is to be done, and in general she will do it better and take far more interest if the responsibility of planning and executing be vested in herself.

Friction in the household means the same as friction elsewhere—either an imperfect engine or a bad engineer. We have heard of the mechanic who said he would have been a great inventor but for friction and gravitation; and there are women who would be great housekeepers but for the friction between the departments. They prepare the daintiest dishes; they are great sweepers and dusters; their brasses and silver shine with the utmost possibilities of polish; yet there is no harmony in the household because all the little difficulties of the machinery, the processes, plannings and troubles are visible; the servants, the hospitalities, the many requirements rub against each other or are in each other's way, and the whole is a slovenly machine. The first essential to good housekeeping is that parts shall run with as little bearing on each other as possible, especially that there be no loss of power through friction of minds and disagreement of persons; and this requires tact of no mean kind.

Then, at the root of the whole matter lies the fact that servants are too often treated as though they belonged to a different order of humanity from ourselves. It may be that they are arrogant, careless, stupid, ill-tempered, still these faults are not met in the right spirit. Even the lowest have some degree of human sensibility. This is violated when children are allowed to tease or laugh at blunders; others, especially guests, when they are "nagged" continually; when every failure is rebuked, and success or approximation thereto suffered to pass unnoticed.

I am very far from thinking that our domestics are, as a rule, satisfactory. The points I wish to make are: that employers are more responsible for their

own troubles than they are wont to imagine; that housekeeping being the woman's half (and it is a full half) of the business in which two people engaged when they marry, it rests with her to deal with this large problem in a practical way; that until she does so we shall continue to have men writing "sorrowful or spleenetic or passionate" but one-sided articles, while we remain as far as ever from peace and order and quiet in our homes.

—Anna B. McMahan in *Forum*.

A KITCHEN CHAT.

BY U. U.

"There is a kind of fascination to me," Mrs. Benedict, an excellent and experienced housekeeper, was saying, "in having certain things in the cooking line in readiness for emergencies, or at least in a partly prepared state, in case results are desired to be reached at once."

"Do you mean," asked pretty Mrs. Mortimer, the young minister's wife, "in having a variety of food cooked in case of unexpected company or interruptions that may occur, which prevent the carrying out of our original plans for a given meal? Our family is so small that I find that hardly practicable, yet, liable as ministers' people are to hindrances and company, I have often wished some patent invented for our especial benefit, if for no one else."

"Well, I do not know as I have any patent to offer," said Mrs. Benedict, with a musical laugh, "and I do not myself like a large amount of food ready for the table at once. What I mean is, some little planning ahead, some thought of the morrow in these practical matters, even if we may not concern ourselves in affairs over which we have no control."

"And this forethought is the more necessary, I think," responded the minister's wife, "in a family, say, like ours, of modest pretensions and little help, yet where we wish to make the most of living which our circumstances will allow, and also be somewhat prepared to receive our friends who may unexpectedly happen in upon us."

"One thing necessary," said Mrs. Benedict, "in order to facilitate our every-day work, as well as be somewhat prepared for emergencies, is to see that supplies are on hand as far as possible, that we may not be hindered or embarrassed by doing without, or waiting for them to be brought in: I have in mind a friend

whom I visited a Saturday afternoon and found her in the midst of her baking, while mine was all done some hours before I left home. She apologized for her late work by saying that she had neglected to order certain groceries needful for baking; that she was obliged to call the young girl, who assisted her, from her morning work to go out for them, and then there was delay in their being sent, so that she must keep a hot fire and remain about her duties till finished. And this, as I happened to know, was a specimen of her careless housekeeping, though she was a most excellent cook."

"Oh, as for giving orders," said the minister's wife, with a twinkle in her eye, "I am obliged to think of that some days beforehand, as the good man is so liable to forget all about it when first told; but usually succeed in getting things in proper season, for I cannot endure to have kitchen work dawdling all day."

"And we must use our brains to some purpose; have our work systematized as far as we can, else we become the veriest drudges in the world," said Mrs. Benedict, in turn. "When we can have things partly in readiness for the coming day's labors it is wise to do so, then if interruptions occur we are less hurried and embarrassed than otherwise."

And then Mrs. Benedict went on to re-

count some of her ways of planning, which it occurs to us may be of interest to not a few young housekeepers, especially such as have the oversight or do the cooking themselves. And no matter how competent help one may have, the wise housewife will have an eye if not a hand in her domestic concerns.

The meats for dinner, as Mrs. Benedict went on to say, were probably arranged beforehand, or should be, and yet at times may be made up of odds and ends, either as a matter of economy or convenience, and, with a good dessert, serve one's own family. But if a chance guest or two arrives at near dinner time, the matter may become embarrassing to the hostess, as the quantity or quality is not satisfactory to her, whatever it may be to her visitors. If, however, there is a ham in the larder from which a slice can be quickly cooked and added to the bill of fare; or, if there is a can of salmon or of other prepared meat at hand to open, the difficulty is soon tided over, and much annoyance saved the perplexed housewife. If there are cold potatoes in the cupboard these can be quickly added to the meal, while canned tomatoes, corn, or other vegetables may not be amiss.

Then canned fruit, sweet pickles, and other such preparations are at any time a convenience and help for a hasty gotten up, or somewhat meagre repast, especially when fresh vegetables are not plentiful in our gardens or in market. In cold weather soup stock may be kept in the house, and, if not desired every day for dinner, as it seldom is in families, can yet be heated quickly, and with bread or crackers, furnish a good beginning for a dinner on short notice at any time. Soups are far too much neglected in ordinary families, while they may be varied and made an important item in the table items of all kinds of people.

About desserts, Mrs. Benedict said she wished to feel there was something in readiness, or partly prepared to be brought on to the table at short notice. Pies are much denounced by many, and yet, in usual families, they are almost a necessity for dessert on some days of the week, as puddings, if relished to some extent, become tiresome for too frequent use, vary the kind as much as we may. A mince pie or two in the house, at proper seasons, is a great convenience, and, if properly compounded, with light, flaky crust, may be partaken of occasionally by most people for dinner.

There is also a fruit pudding, which Mrs. Benedict says keeps as well as fruit cake, and only needs a few moments' heating in the steamer and a sauce made, when it is ready for the table. There are different rules, but hers reads like this:

One cup of chopped suet, or in place of it half a cup of butter, one cup of raisins, chopped, one cup of molasses, or if better liked half a cup of molasses and half a cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, and flour to make a dough about like fruit cake. Some times we use part graham flour, as that gives it a flavor better liked than all fine flour.

This pudding we put into a tin pudding dish, or a lard pail, and set in a kettle of hot water or steamer, and cook three hours or so. To be eaten with sweet sauce. We often keep this in the cellar as we would cake, and by steaming it is quite as good as when newly made.

About pie crust. In cold weather we usually keep it prepared, ready to make a pie at a moment's notice, and this also helps us in short winter days to get our baking done earlier in the morning on our ordinary baking days. To do this we take a pan of flour, salt, and then have our lard sufficiently softened to rub smoothly through the flour, cover it, and set it where it will not freeze, and when we wish to make our pies we have only to let

a portion of the mixture soften a little, put in cold water, and our crust is ready for use. No one who has never tried can imagine what a convenience this method is, for we seldom wish to bake more than a pie or two at once, unless it be mince pies to keep, as fresh pies are so much more relished than those made for a time.

We like to have lemons prepared for pies or to make a filling for cake, as it is quite a task to grate and get the lemons ready, if in haste about our baking. All that is required is to grate the peel from your lemons, more or less, put it with juice and sugar, let all heat together or boil down into a jelly, then when desired to use the required amount can be taken out and the remainder left to use another time. So we sometimes have figs and raisins chopped and mixed ready to use for layer cake, chocolate grated, and so forth.

THE NOTE BOOK OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

Number Twenty-four.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

As our cellar is rather warm for wintering roots, with the exception of potatoes, we pack beets, carrots, radishes, etc., in garden soil, in boxes and barrels on gathering them in the autumn, and they keep nicely until all are used. And our garden being too wet for the safety of parsnips over winter, they also are taken up late in autumn and kept the same way; they may not be quite as fresh as when wintered in the open ground, but we can have them earlier in spring, and they seem fresh and nice. We find it convenient whenever a mess is wanted. However, ruta-bagas and turnips designed for winter use may be placed directly on the cellar bottom in a cool corner, but if there is danger of water during thaws, they may be stored in boxes and barrels, those for late use in garden soil, and kept in the coolest parts of the cellar. Tom talks of making an out-door cellar, by digging into a convenient hillside, for storing such vegetables as need an extra cool place.

Though early in the season, our cabbage is splendid. If nothing happens it will be a heavy crop. We do not have very good success keeping cabbage in the cellar. Can some one tell us just how and where to keep it fresh and sound, yet handy for use in winter and spring? And

Tom always helps prepare them for cooking. They are sliced about half an inch in thickness, removing the seeds. The citron is then cut in strips half an inch or so wide, and these in pieces perhaps three-fourths of an inch in length, cover them with cold water, adding to a large pailful a handful of salt. The next day drain off this water, weigh the citron and put it to cook in clear water. Boil until a broom splint will easily pass through it, drain well and to each pound or the citron as before weighed, add half a pound of white sugar. It may now stand over night, or be immediately cooked, as most convenient. Boil slowly until the citron is perfectly transparent, and the juice forms a rich syrup that will

keep, then put it all in a jar and flavor to taste with extract of lemon. When cold, cover closely and keep in a cool dry place. If designed for long keeping, it may be sealed up while hot in glass cans, like fruit.

One time I thought I had spoiled my citron preserve. After draining off the water in which it had been soaked, I weighed the citron, and before cooking it unthinkingly added the sugar. I immediately saw my mistake, but there was no help for it, so I cooked it, and though it took longer to become tender, there was not much difference in the sauce.

Mrs. Raymond does not soak the citron but after cutting it, weighs and puts it directly to cooking in water slightly

we think a wholesome one. Persons not in health can often eat sparingly of this when no other vegetable can be eaten.

A small cabbage head chopped fine with a good sized onion, and seasoned with salt, pepper and vinegar, also makes a good breakfast dish.

Cooked cabbage is said to be more wholesome if the first water is poured off after having boiled a few minutes, and enough more added to cook the cabbage. At this point the seasoning—salt, pepper and butter, if liked—may be added. In our family there are different tastes. Tom abominates butter in cabbage, father and mother like plenty of butter in it, and Frank only likes it cooked with milk unless it is boiled the old-fashioned way with meat and potatoes. But I manage to suit them all. The cabbage is first cooked, but seasoned with salt and pepper only. When done very tender, I take my frying-pan, put into it a good lump of butter, add some of the cabbage and cook briskly, stirring frequently, and when fried down enough, I turn it into a dish and keep in a warm place till needed. I then put more of the cabbage in the frying-pan, add a cup more or less of rich sweet milk, more salt and pepper if needed, and sometimes a bit of butter, stir well, let it just come to a boil, and serve hot.

Meanwhile to the cabbage remaining in the kettle, I have added enough good vinegar to make it rather sour and serve. This is required to have a liberal supply of juice, as it is eaten on newly boiled potatoes. As for myself I like cabbage all these ways, except that I never eat the cabbage and potato mixture, but with cabbage as an accompaniment to bread and butter, with a cup of good tea or coffee, I can make "a good square meal." As for my own taste, when cooking cabbage without milk, I would always add the butter with the other seasoning, and cook it down nearly dry, adding vinegar, if liked, at table.

Every year I have quite a quantity of citron to "do up." Tom thinks no sauce hardly equal to this, and as the citrons are so easily raised, I make as much as he wishes. On the approach of autumn frosts, they are gathered, but need not necessarily be used as soon as taken from the vines. Kept in a cool, dry place, they may be left till quite cold weather, but not until they begin to decay.

Tom always helps prepare them for cooking. They are sliced about half an inch in thickness, removing the seeds. The citron is then cut in strips half an inch or so wide, and these in pieces perhaps three-fourths of an inch in length,

cover them with cold water, adding to a

large pailful a handful of salt. When tender, she drains that off, and adds a pound of sugar to each pound of citron, cooks till transparent, and flavors to taste with extract of lemon. She says that sliced lemon without the peel is nice, cooking it with the citron instead of using extract.

The difference between using the greater and less quantity of sugar is, mostly, that in using the half-pound to the pound more boiling is required to bring the syrup to the right consistency, and the quantity of sauce is thereby somewhat reduced.

OLD COLONIAL LIFE.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

The way that our forefathers lived, the customs and manners of that old life now only a memory, must always possess more or less interest to us. There is much of romance attached to it, but the actuality was a hard and stern reality, with but little to soften its rugged features. The home life of the first settlers on the farms of New England was picturesquely simple. For several years there was no glass in the colony, and the windows were covered with oiled paper, with protecting shutters. The houses themselves were usually made of heavy oaken frames, put together in the most solid manner. The foundations of the huge old stone chimneys were about twelve feet square. Forest logs four feet in length were piled upon the ponderous andirons, and on occasions a big "back log" was drawn into the house by a horse, and then rolled to the fire-place by hand spikes. "Blazing hearth stones" had then a meaning, at which in our days of furnaces and steam pipes, we can only guess.

Pulling the "latch string" we enter the house. The furniture is antique and heavy. Three or four high-backed chairs, a massive table, a large chest with a carved front, and some Indian birch bark boxes for wearing apparel, are ranged around the walls, while on a large dresser we see wooden bowls, earthen platters, horn drinking cups, and a whole row of shining pewter plates, the pride of the housewife. On the high mantel shelf sits a "cresset lamp," the time-marking hour-glass, and between them is the well-thumbed bible which is not kept for show. In the corner of the sitting room ticks the tall clock brought over from England. The corselet, matchlock and bandoliers hang over the mantel ready for defence, together with a halberd if the senior occupant of the house holds a commission in "ye train band."

There were no idle hours either for the farmer or his helmeet in that old time. The housewife's lot was full as hard as that of the pioneer himself. All was hurry in the kitchen from early daylight to sunset, and when the evening darkness came on, the knitting, spinning, darning and patching continued until eight or nine o'clock, when all went tired to bed. The clothing worn by the family was of domestic make, fabrics of linen as well as of wool. The wool was taken from the backs of sheep, and washed, carded, spun, woven and dyed, on the farm premises.

The bark of the butternut afforded a favorite tint of yellow brown, and chipped logwood and copperas, bought at the nearest grocer's gave the inky black suited to garments for Sunday use. The hum of industry never ceased in the dwellings of the earlier race of colonists, except at night and on the Lord's day.

Flax wheels, now set apart as ornaments, such as have no particular story to tell the present generation, were once essential to every well-to-do household in the country. It is recorded that a "spinning match" was held in a minister's family in Providence, where one

hundred ladies of the best families were present and sixty wheels were used. The flax was sowed early, and the "fairy blue" anxiously waited for. When the little round seed vessels were hard and brown, it was pulled up by the roots, and carefully spread in windrows, and left to mellow, then placed away until the "beginning of snow time," when the flax beam was brought out in the sunniest spot of the dooryard, and the outside, woody fibers crushed. After this, with a wooden knife called a swinging staff, they separated that part of which linen was to be made. Now the women took charge of it for combing, and nothing could be fresher or nicer than a "hand of flax" after this last process, and the spinning and weaving was no more drudgery to them than china painting and Kensington embroidery is to the ladies of to-day. When a fine, clean web became the result of such patient, cheerful work, it was spread upon the grass near some brook or well, exposed to the sun, and sprinkled by the fair hands of some Priscilla or Patience, with rosy cheeks—while in the old garden back of the house, the lavender grew to make still sweeter its snowy folds.

The frugality of our Puritan ancestors was best seen at the table. In the morning the colonist and his family sat down to their breakfast of "bean porridge," or boiled corn meal and milk, with a healthy appetite. Beer, cider, or cold water, furnished their usual beverage, for tea and coffee were unknown in New England homes in the seventeenth century. "Rye and Indian" was the staff of life on which they leaned the most. We can fancy a New England table of those early days, with its pewter dishes brightened to their utmost polish, and in the wealthier households, here and there a silver beaker or tankard, the heirloom of the family. The dinner, at noon, opens with a large Indian pudding, ground corn sweetened with molasses, accompanied by an appropriate sauce. Next come boiled beef and pork, then wild game with potatoes, followed by turnips and samp or succotash. Pumpkins were served in various ways. Supper was also a substantial meal, though generally eaten cold. Baked beans, baked Indian pudding, and newly baked rye and Indian bread, were standard dishes for Wednesday, "after the washing and ironing agonies of Monday and Tuesday," salt fish on Saturday, but never on Friday, the "popish" fast day; and boiled Indian pudding with roast beef for those who could get it on Sunday.

LOGIC IN HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MARY MARTIN.

"This is the fourth morning I have brushed away that web," said Mrs. Davis to her friend Mrs. Winters, "yes, the fourth, and now I intend to count on and see how many I shall find it there."

"Until you kill the spider," replied Mrs. Winters.

"Is that the reason I find the web in that same spot every day?"

"Certainly. You tear down at morning what the spider spins during the night. If you would put an end to his work, therefore yours, you must annihilate the cause."

"I see. The spider's days are numbered. And now why do you suppose my new stove refuses to be comfortable? It has the ugliest temper imaginable. Smokes wretchedly; puffs out fire and smoke, chars the wood, and positively refuses to bake. I never saw such a stove, and I am positive there is no trouble in stove or chimney."

"My dear friend, you refute your own statement. Consult the reason, a little. Is the draft to the chimney good?"

"Excellent. Couldn't be better."

"Then I can't think your chimney at fault. Are your dampers all right? Of course you keep them open?"

"Oh yes! I open them, but it makes but little difference, and I've just given in to the contrariness of that ugly-tempered stove."

"My dear, you are an enlightened woman of the nineteenth century. Don't speak of a stove as though a person, nor to 'giving in'."

"But, Mrs. Davis, what am I to do? I know what you will say, sell the stove and buy another."

"No, not without investigating the cause of the ill-nature. Call the stove-man."

I am glad to state he was called and found the chimney filled with soot of many years gathering, also a back damper that Mrs. Davis had continually misplaced. Her stove has now a happy, smiling disposition, and she is ready to give a recommendation of that make all days of the week.

It is passing strange that a cloud of ignorance rests upon many, many people concerning commonest events in life. A little well directed investigation as to the cause of this and that effect would reveal the mystery as nothing but the plainest fact most reasonable to expect under certain conditions.

During the same conversation, Mrs. Davis told Mrs. Winters it was her opinion the witches had entered her eggs. She could not get a stiff froth from the whites, beat as long as she would.

"Do you keep hens?"

"Oh, no! they were store eggs. You don't suppose that makes a difference do you?"

"Not unless they had grown slightly stale. No amount of beating will render such eggs nice and frothy like fresh ones. Besides, the weather is warm, and you know eggs change fast."

"Why, Mrs. Winters, what a treasure you are. You are as good as 'Notes to a Young Housekeeper.' Perhaps you can tell me what the matter is with my gingerbread. There's a sample. Tough and hard, you see. Scarcely fit to eat unless a person is very hungry. I've had just such luck for some time, ever since we had our new supplies, and I've wondered if it's the molasses or if it's me."

"What flour do you use?"

"Oh, the very best. Don't it make splendid bread. I have good luck there."

"Yes, it makes good bread, but not good cake or pastry. It is too fine. Your flour is surely the cause of your poor gingerbread. I think you needn't accuse yourself or luck. In short, Mrs. Davis, you've studied chemistry and philosophy, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes! took them both at the seminary."

"Do you, then, believe in luck?"

And the clear gray eyes of Mrs. Winters looked into the full blue ones of Mrs. Davis.

"Oh, Mrs. Winters, what a questioner you are."

"Do you really believe in it?"

"I see I must answer; that I am not allowed to dodge. Viewed in the light of modern science, I suppose there is no such thing as luck, but speaking practically—or I might say from my own practice—a great many things are luck."

"But if science cannot be put in practice and depended upon, what is it good for?"

"Absolutely nothing. I see the drift of your remarks."

"I am glad you do. The essence of what I wish to say is, there can be no effect without a cause."

Certain states of the atmosphere produce certain phenomena in nature. Other effects are just as traceable to cause,

and it is much better sense and economy to seek it out, than to call it luck and there drop it. Besides, this principle generates a sort of indolence, not desirable or conducive to one's well being or happiness."

"Dear Mrs. Winters your talk has done me good. I know it is all true. I have been well educated. Careful parents have done their part, but you know I was a novice in housekeeping and thoughtless in these matters, but I mean to improve. Hard common sense is a blessed good thing, and surely I have a fair share."

"Certainly my dear. If I had not known this I should not have spoken so plainly. Gird yourself about with the weapons of sense and investigation and you can accomplish much."

I am sometimes reminded of a story that two old people, who had often been imposed upon, were told that the blind were being taught to read.

They were indignant at the idea, and said as much; declared it could not be true. They positively knew better. They were told again, but believed they were being imposed, and decided not to believe until consulting one who sometimes read to them, a woman of ordinary education. She will know they said.

Accordingly, when asked, she told them of the raised text, that they could plainly distinguish with their fingers, and in this way the ideas were conveyed to their mind, and they were actually taught to read. The wonder was great! Admiration for the lady's great knowledge still more! One looked at the other, exclaiming; 'What a great thing learning is!'

OUR THANKSGIVING BIRD.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

What modern table is spread without this fowl—*meleagris galloparo* as the naturalists call him—to give it gastronomical enticement? What Thanksgiving dinner is complete without this crowning delicacy? The very name of roast turkey summons up associations that move the heart—the dear old kitchen at home, the baking and the roasting, the sweet savors of the culinary, the roaring fire in the great brick oven, the family gathering,

the sports, the jests, and, alas! the broken circle, and the graves on which the snow falls ruthlessly every season! Oh, those precious home Thanksgivings, who ever forgets them? And those Thanksgiving dinners in the old farm houses on the hills, have you ever had any thing like their flavor since? The ambrosial feasts of the Olympian gods never equalled the old-fashioned New England dinners, the principal feature of which was the bird referred to above, delicately browned, exquisitely stuffed, served with rich gravies and cranberry sauce.

I wonder if any of you have ever thought at your Thanksgiving dinners, or any other time, how this domestic fowl came to be called after a country in Europe. Some people imagine, as its name indicates, that it came originally from Turkey. The name Guinea-hen indicates that the bird came from Guinea where it was first found. The name pheasant is derived from the river Phasis, in Asia, where this fowl is indigenous. The name Dorking shows that the bird came from Dorking, in England, where it was common. But the name turkey does not indicate that this fowl is a native of the land ruled over by the Turks. Why then came the fowl to have this name? The answer involves several etymological as well as geographical facts.

The turkey is exclusively an inhabitant of North America in its wild state, but was introduced into Europe in the early

part of the sixteenth century, by William Strickland, lieutenant to Sebastian Cabot. Almost immediately it became a favorite dish, but people seem to have forgotten where it came from. The French called it *d'Inde*, meaning that it came from India. The Germans termed it the *walscher hahn*, which means simply foreign fowl, and was a true designation for it. The facts in the case are these:

A certain large trading corporation, called the Turkey Company, traded first to the East Indies, and then to the West Indies and the adjacent continent where this bird was found. In some of the company's ships, it was brought to England, and was called the Turkey Company bird, the Turkey bird, and the turkey.

The name in itself was misleading, and as the company's ships had traded with the East Indies, it was generally believed that the fowl was brought from that region. In the same way at first Indian corn was called Turkey corn, it being brought by the Turkey Company. The French terms were *ble de Turquie* and *ble d'Inde*. The Germans called it *walscher korn*, foreign corn, and *Calcutischer korn*, Calcutta corn.

The turkey was among the substantial viands on the tables of the Pilgrims, at the first New England Thanksgiving. The Puritan hunters brought in four of the birds, and Massasoit's warriors must have furnished a number. The whites had already learned to like its flesh from the Indians. Some epicures have fancied that the flesh of the bird is in greater perfection in this, its native country, than in Europe. If the fact is so, it may be owing to its being fattened here upon Indian corn, which communicates its sweetness to its flesh. Others prefer the wild turkey to the domesticated species, because of its gamy flavor, but it is generally less juicy, and is rarely taken in so good a condition for the table as the tame fowl. The acorns and nuts upon which it feeds, give a coarse taste to the flesh, which does not pass off even with "ripening." Our early pioneers never shot turkeys, but captured them alive in traps. These traps were simply covered pens, with one side partially open at the bottom, and the corn was scattered along inside and out, and turkeys finding it entered. The foolish bird never looked down to find the entrance, but always aloft to discover an exit. Sometimes a dozen fowls would be caught in the same trap.

MAKE YOUR WORK LESS LABORIOUS.

"How?" cries the worn-out, hollow-eyed, red-handed, stiffened-limbed housekeeper. "In mercy, tell me a way to take the miserable hard work off of washing, and I will be your grateful servant, forevermore."

Well, washing is hard for the individual of small muscle, and the hard work cannot be done away with, with all the helps, but there are helps, and they have been recommended again and again in the housekeeper's column of the various agricultural and other papers. No doubt, you have read them, and passed them by, perhaps with a sneer, or, possibly you thought at the time, you would try it sometime, but neglected to preserve it, and forgot it before washing day.

Now, try this. Put a bucket full of unleached ashes into a barrel, and fill the barrel with well water. In a day or two this will make a lye that will make a suds without much soap. The night before washing, make a suds with a sufficient quantity to cover your clothes. It is just as good cold, possibly better, and hot water can be added when ready to wash, if desired. When washed put the clothes into the boiler with plenty of soap in the water, and add five or six tablespoonfuls

of coal oil. Rinse as usual, and during these hot days, if you have a grassy spot where the sun shines, lay them there, and let the sun finish the work. It is astonishing how much he will do. Some put coal oil in the water while soaking, but others object. Now, if your neighbor over the way, with more "brawn than brain," with her line full before nine o'clock, laughs at your chemical experiments, let her laugh, and your turn to laugh will come when she is screeching with neuralgia.

Put a day or more between the washing and ironing, and if there are more clothes than you feel able to iron, put them away in a pillow case or other bag, until such a time comes as you do feel able, and it will not seem such a burden.

This, to what is called the "thorough housekeeper," may sound unsystematic, or, in common phraseology, "shiftless." Well, never mind the sound, there is a sound often heard, when the tired-out mother and wife, speaks to husband and children that is far less melodious and often disastrous in its results.

Last winter the sleet hung for many days on tree and branch. One night when the full moon was shining, chancing to look out, the long, icy pendants on my clothes line, looked in the softer light of the moon, like pearls, and I spake of their resemblance to the gates of pearl. "No, no! Mrs. Smith," said a tired voice from another room, "there's no clothes lines in heaven!" "Rest in heaven" is the favorite epitaph, but may there not be something done to lighten labor here, that we should thus look to the grave for release.

Many departments of household labor have far more work bestowed upon them than is necessary, for instance, bread-making. A feeble, delicate neighbor buys her bread, because it is so much labor to knead it an hour, which she considers necessary. Ten minutes' kneading is sufficient, and so with many other things. Let the bread maker bestow an hour once a month, in making first-class yeast, and a little observation as to proper temperature, in other words, look into the science of the matter, and follow its requirements, and very little manual labor is necessary in bread making, one of the most important arts in the whole list of female accomplishments.

The apostle said, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Thus we are taught by divine authority that it is reasonable and a duty to save our bodies as much as may be, while doing our work with all our might. We are not to be slothful in business, but energetic, using our brains as well as hands, making matter pay tribute to mind as far as may be.

In a future article, I may speak of how to care for the hands, after washing and other like occupations.

MRS. JOHN SMITH.

EVERLASTING YEAST.

I began housekeeping ten years ago. I was just out of the school room, and had no knowledge of general housework. Perhaps some one who has had a similar experience may know something of the backaches and heartaches, the few successes and many failures, the bitter tears shed over harsh criticisms, until looking back, the whole first year seems like a perfect failure. But thanks to my own determination to succeed, and the kindly suggestions and help of friends, housekeeping has lost many of its terrors.

Amid all my difficulties during that first year, and, in fact, for a long time after, yeast and bread making was the most formidable.

I tried all kinds of yeast, soft and dry,

with hops and without, grated and boiled potatoes, yeast cakes. All these were good when freshly made, but would not keep for any length of time. So I was obliged to make yeast every week, and often a potato foment every baking.

At last I tried putting my yeast in a close can and placing on a cake of ice in the ice-house. This was an improvement, but not at all convenient. Finally an old housekeeper gave me the recipe for Everlasting yeast, and as it has been thoroughly tested, I give it for the benefit of the Band. It is said to last good and fresh three months, and as one lady said, the last baking of bread came up as soon, was just as light, sweet, and fine grained as the first.

Pare and boil eight good sized potatoes. When soft mash finely, and pass through a colander to free from lumps. This makes three cups of the mashed potato. Place in a clean bright pan and add one cup of hop tea made by steeping a single handful of hops in water. Add to this one cup of salt, one cup of white sugar. Stir well together, and pour over it three quarts of boiling water, mix and place on the back of the stove. Then dissolve one cup of flour in a quart of cold water as you would for starch or gravy, and add this to the other mixture. Bring the whole to a boil, stirring to prevent burning to the pan. Dissolve a cake of dry yeast in enough warm water to cover it. When cool add this and one cup of good home-made yeast, and put in a warm place to rise.

In two or three hours it will be light and foamy. Put about a cupful in a bottle and cork tightly, allowing room for it to rise, keep this in a cool cellar to work with next time. The rest should be placed in fruit cans or a jug, and kept in the cellar.

Bread is made in the usual way, using two-thirds of a cup for a quart of wetting. These directions seem like a great deal of work, but it is as easily made as any, only there is more of it.

I hope some of the HOUSEHOLD sisters will try this and report, that "in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established," and many more may be emancipated from the thrall of yeast.

GUIDA.

HOW I MAKE BREAD.

I have been a reader of our valuable paper for the past three years, and have always enjoyed it, and often felt like contributing my mite, in a chapter on yeast and bread making. My John says I can excel his mother in that respect, which is quite a concession for a man to make, you know.

For potato yeast, (quicker than compressed yeast,) take six medium sized potatoes and put enough water over them to be two teacups when done. Have in readiness in a crock, a cup and a half of flour, a half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of ginger, mixed. Pour the boiling water over the flour, stirring briskly, mash the potatoes very fine and smooth and mix with the scalded flour, stirring until smooth. When lukewarm, stir in a yeast cake or two previously put to soak, or a cup of soft yeast. In the winter I just leave about enough of the old to start with once in a while renewing it with a fresh yeast cake.

But this summer I took advantage of a cool spell of weather and made a batch of yeast, making the same as the recipe and thicken with corn meal, roll in a thick cake cut out in small cakes, putting them where they will get plenty of air, but not too much sun. Once a week, when I was getting dinner, I would make just enough yeast for two bakings, always starting it with some of my yeast cakes. When it

has risen two or three times, take it to the cellar, and next morning stir down and use half, putting the other half in a Mason fruit can for the next baking.

Now for the bread. I prefer starting my sponge in the morning in warm weather. Scald two tablespoonfuls of flour early in the morning, use enough cold water to make it lukewarm, and more lukewarm water if necessary, put in a dessert spoonful of salt, your yeast, and thicken with enough flour to make a thick batter, put in a warm place, and when light, mix. Make the dough rather stiff, let it rise twice, work out into loaves and when light, bake. When done, put in the open air for a short time, it makes the crust so nice and crisp, when cool, put in your bread box, and your bread will keep moist and sweet as long as it lasts.

ZADIE.

—Ruskin says: "To be a good cook means the knowledge of all fruits, herbs, balms and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, savory in meats. It means carefulness, inventiveness, watchfulness, willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, French art, and Arabian hospitality; it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always ladies (loaf-givers), and you are to see that everybody has something nice to eat."

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a reader of your paper for some time through the kindness of friends, but last year I received it as a Christmas gift, and I hardly need say, it is a very welcome visitor. I can hardly wait for the month to come round, and it is read and re-read, advertisements and all, and I confess it is a great consolation to me to know that others, as well as myself, often become discouraged over the many trials that come to housekeepers, especially to those who do their own work, so I feel that I am talking to good, true friends who will sympathize with me, and not turn up their noses, and say "Pshaw! I could do better than that myself."

My especial grievance this morning is —pies. Do any of you have any trouble with your pies, running over? I haven't made a pie plant pie this spring that has not run itself most to death, not always confining itself to the oven, but even running out on to the floor. A friend told me last week if I would wet a strip of cloth in water, and put it all around the pie, that the juice would be obliged to stay where it belonged, so this morning I made two, and fixed it up so nice, but they had not been in the oven long before I heard the old familiar sound, and on opening the oven door, I found to my great disgust those miserable pies running all over my clean oven. Now can any of you tell me what to do? I do not put any water in them, and I sprinkle plenty of flour with the sugar. One thing, I'm glad pie plant season is over, but I am apt to have trouble with other kinds of pies.

Shall I tell you what I said when I saw those pies running over? "I would just like to send you where Patty sent those shirts." But I didn't. I shut that oven door with a bang, and came off into the cool sitting room, my work not half done, seized my pen and paper, and began telling my trouble to the dear old HOUSEHOLD. How it does relieve one's mind to talk! I feel a good deal better than I did when I commenced, so I will give you one or two of my recipes, and then go out into the kitchen and finish up my work.

My baking did not all go wrong this morning. I made a soda sponge cake,

though why it is called that I could never tell, for there is no soda in it, but, nevertheless, it is delicious and never fails me. I wish you would all try it. Beat one egg and one cup of sugar thoroughly together, add one-half cup of sweet milk, and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, mixed in one cup of flour, flavor and bake quick.

I will also send my flour gem recipe which we think is very nice. One egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and two and one-half cups of flour. Beat well, have your gem irons or tins hot and buttered, pour in and bake quick. If you have any left they are very nice steamed over the next day.

I am going to make a cabbage salad for dinner which is a great favorite with us, and as it is so easily made I hope some of you will try it and report. I take one-half head of cabbage and chop fine. Season with pepper and salt, taking care not to get too much salt in, then I beat up one egg and add to it one cup of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls each of sweet milk and sugar and one tablespoonful of mustard. Put all in a basin and set on the stove, stirring occasionally. Let it boil up, then pour it on your cabbage and stir well together. I think this is better eaten the day it is made.

TRYPHOSA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Perhaps a few of the sisters, particularly those living on ranches, would like to know how I prepare dried apple for the table. Dried fruit of all kinds comprises an important part in our daily fare, and I suppose it is so with others living as we do, far from town.

In the evening preceding the day that I desire to cook the fruit, I take as much as I think necessary, wash thoroughly through two or three waters, for every one knows that dried fruit is not put up as clean as it might be. I then put it to soak in a pan of warm water, cover tightly, and let it stand until morning. When the hour arrives for cooking, prepare a kettle of boiling syrup, sugar and water. I seldom ever measure. I judge by the amount of apples to be cooked. It should not be quite so thick as that prepared for preserves. Now drain the water from the apples, drop them into the boiling syrup, and cook until each slice is perfectly tender. The juice and rind of one lemon adds greatly to the taste. This makes a very nice preserve, far superior to the common dark mess we so often see. I cook pears and peaches in the same manner.

Here is a nice way to bake onions that I have never seen in THE HOUSEHOLD. Take as many onions as you wish, boil them for half an hour in salted water, when cool enough to handle, slice a piece off of the top of each, take out a teaspoonful of the middle part, chop these pieces fine, and to it add one-half cup of bread crumbs, the yolk of a raw egg and a little pepper. Use this to stuff the onions. Lay them in a baking dish, brush them over with the white of an egg, sprinkle over with bread crumbs and bits of butter and a very little water, and bake slowly forty minutes.

I should like to ask Anna Holyoke Howard or Dr. Hanaford how to check a cold that commences in this manner: Sore throat, dull heavy pain in the head, sneezing continually, nose and eyes fountains of tears, and a tightness in the chest. I try to take every precaution, but am subject to the above described colds. I take them when there is no change in the atmosphere, apparently no reason for catching cold. They always terminate in a harsh cough, and having had pneumonia once, and my lungs never being stout since, I do not think it prudent to let such colds go unnoticed farther than the mis-

erable feeling they produce at the time being.

I should be glad if some of the Band would describe their cabinets, how made, and how are the specimens arranged therein. I would like something inexpensive and home-made. I think others beside myself would like to know.

We are very well pleased with Arizona so far, and like ranch life much better than we expected, though, of course, the newness is still bright. I am delighted with the free, out-door life, and hope to derive much benefit therefrom. The long walks in the cool of the morning, gathering rare flowers, collecting specimens, peering closely among the rocky crevices for arrow heads shot from the quivering bow of the Indian so many years ago, the gay hunts after antelopes that John and I take, all hold an indescribable charm, and I dread having the winter close in around and rob us of these glorious autumn days, for then I shall be too closely confined to the house. We can gain no definite information as to how cold it gets here. Some one told us that it was fearfully cold here in winter, 20 or 30° degrees below, some one else said that it never got so cold but what one at noonday could lie down on the mountain side and have a comfortable nap. Such diverse opinions and to such extremes startled us, and we forebore questioning, determined to learn by experience.

We object seriously to being so far from the post-office, forty miles, but it cannot for the present be helped, and the letters from home and friends are doubly dear when we do get them because of the waiting, and the papers, usually a month old, contain news for us, though to the outside world it would appear stale.

THE HOUSEHOLD is, indeed, a welcome visitor, and I should like to know if there are any members of the Band beside myself living in this territory. Surely, there is, for Arizona is too large to receive only one copy.

Our nearest neighbor lives twenty miles away. She thoughtfully acknowledged our proximity with some delicious late vegetables, and a kindly message of welcome, and that she was "coming over." I trust she will.

We have another neighbor a little farther away, a bride of a week. She came from Nebraska to W., our nearest railroad station, to join her future husband. They were married there, and then came on out to his ranch.

We enjoyed the September HOUSEHOLD very much, read with interest the letters from New Mexico, and laughed at Abbie's tragic description of her "spasms of cleanliness," and the havoc a sand storm plays with a clean house. We know all about those sand storms, Abbie. They are a frequent visitor on the prairies of Texas, but here they fail to explore these canons, and we are not sorry.

SALOME.

Chavis Pass, Yavapai Co., Arizona.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A fair morrow to you, good folks all! I boldly enter as I speak, not waiting for an invitation, for I doubt me not there will be many a "Nay" uttered if I ask leave to enter the charmed circle. But here I am in now, and you may talk and scold as much as you please after I am gone, for what one does not hear one need not trouble about.

Firstly, let us consider the all important question, "Shall the men write for THE HOUSEHOLD?" Now, in my opinion, it has been settled for us, for while we have been discussing the pro's and con's, Mr. Crowell has been quietly printing them all, and I must say, they, the men, do not seem very anxious to crowd us out, or take our paper in any way from us. As to the letters, all that I have read, I was too late for the "lemon-pie man,"

have spoken favorably both of the paper and its fair readers and writers. So I do not see why we should object to their being printed. For my part, I enjoy having nice things said to me, and here is a good rule for those who "can't endure the horrid creatures," just look at the signatures before you begin to read a letter, and if a man has written it, why don't read it.

Some one asked a while ago how to stiffen thin dresses without starching them. We always put them in very strong borax water after washing, and find that all that is necessary. Let them lay in it half an hour or so, then wring out lightly and dry.

As all who enter here must give at least one recipe, I hasten to offer mine before I am expelled, for I see, away off there in the farthest corner, a number of faces frowning at me, and catch the indignant whisper, "What is she doing here so long?"

Banana Pudding. — Follow directions for making boiled custard, or, better still, floating island. Let it become cold just before use, slice the bananas quite thin, and heap in a custard dish, pour the custard over this, beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth with sugar, and heap on top. If you like you can put it in the oven a minute to brown. Peaches may be used the same way.

Banana Cake. — One cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, cream well together, two well-beaten eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat thoroughly and bake in layers. Make an icing of the whites of two eggs and one and one-half cups of powdered sugar, spread on the layers and then cover thickly with bananas sliced thin. This cake will not keep.

Cocoanut Sandwich. — Puff paste one-fourth inch thick, bake, let it get cold, beat one-half pint of cream to a stiff froth, add three ounces of powdered sugar, and three ounces of cocoanut. Cut the paste into strips three inches long, and one inch wide. Spread the cream on each piece, and put two together.

Ice Cream. — To one quart of milk, add one pint of good rich cream, two cups of sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, stir well together, then freeze. In the winter I use snow instead of ice to freeze it with. Perhaps you do not all know that you can freeze it about as well in pails as in a freezer. Put your cream in a tin pail, and the ice and salt around it in a wooden pail, then take the tin pail by the handle and turn quickly back and forth. After it begins to freeze take the cover off occasionally, and stir the cream well with a knife, taking care to scrape it well from the sides.

And now a word to you about pie crust. Every one pronounces mine excellent, so I will give it to you. I do not measure the flour, but sift, I should think, about three cupfuls into a pan, into this I chop with a bread knife, one cup of good hard lard very fine, then add a cup of the coldest water you can get, and chop that in, too, don't stir. I mix the crust quite hard. If the three cups of flour are not enough, use more. Roll out and line your pie plates. For the top crust, roll out quite thin, and cover with dabs of butter, fold into a tight roll, and flatten with the rolling pin, roll out again, put on more dabs of butter, fold up, flatten, roll out, and it is ready for the pie. If it is to be eaten soon, I brush over the top with sweet cream. This makes it a rich golden brown.

Another question has been agitating the HOUSEHOLD mind, *i. e.*, shall we sign our own names, or not? I say very emphatically, "No," so many of us have plain, even homely names! How much better to write a pretty, odd or ideal name, it

helps us in a great many ways and improves our minds. For instance, if I see an odd name, I say, "I wonder if there is any thing to learn about that," and straightway I try to find out. So many names have such pretty meanings!

NACOOCHEE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD: — Although this is my first year with you, I have enjoyed your paper for many years, for some one of our family has taken it since 1873, and having received so much benefit from its columns, I thought I would add a little mite, which, perhaps, will help somebody. I noticed in the May number a recipe for ice cream cake, from an Old Subscriber, but I shall ask her to try mine and report. It is as follows: Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, beat to a cream, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, one cup of corn starch, whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Filling. — Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of boiling water, boil together until hard when dropped in water, whites of three eggs beaten stiff, pour boiling mixture on the eggs and beat till nearly cold, then add a teaspoonful of citric acid pulverized very fine, beat a while and add a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Sift the sugar, flour and cornstarch several times before making the cake, and add the baking powder just before going into the oven.

Lemon Pie. — One cup of sugar, with the juice of one lemon squeezed into it, the yolks of four eggs, one-half cup of cold water, with two tablespoonfuls of flour evenly dissolved, stir well together and pour into crust and bake until it will not shake. When done beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add one-half cup of sugar, pour over the pie and set in the oven until a light brown. This is delicious.

Cookies without Eggs. — Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter or lard, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, any flavor desired, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. These will keep a long time if kept in a stone jar well covered.

Will some of the sisters try my recipes and let me know how they like them? Some one would also confer a favor by telling me how to broil mackerel.

MRS. H. ALLYN SAYLOR.
Charleston, Mo.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD: — I have decided! For nearly five years I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD, having first received it as a wedding present, and have never till now gotten up courage to write a letter, always feeling my probable inability to impart any knowledge, but in the August and July numbers I find questions to which I am going to reply.

Mary A. H., to do "spatter work" select your paper and leaves and tack them on to a board with very fine needles, and very closely, then set your board on end at a convenient angle. Take a coarse tooth brush and dip it in the ink, then draw a fine tooth comb carefully through the brush, and always away from the paper. Begin moderately or your work will be too black. Have patience, and be sure the work is thoroughly dry before you remove the needles.

E. L. L., for tapioca cream take one quart of milk, three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, three-fourths cup of sugar, three eggs, a little salt. Soak the tapioca in water till soft, then put it and the milk together in a pail and set in a kettle of water; when it just comes to a boil pour in the eggs, sugar and salt, (which must be beaten together,) and stir briskly, and take from the fire immediately, for if boiled too much it is ruined. If you desire, save

out the whites of the eggs and beat stiff, with three teaspoonfuls of sugar for a frosting.

Will some one please send a recipe for a chocolate cake, not a layer nor yet a marble cake; but a loaf of cake which shall be dark and moist with the chocolate in it?

I judge most of the sisters live in the country from their letters. I live in a city where we have to buy every thing, even the water, and pay more in one month for house rent than some of you do for six months, and some little time ago I read one of the sisters' letters which told about paying twenty-five cents a dozen for eggs. At that time we were paying forty and forty-five, and thirty-eight for butter, so you see cake is an expensive dish for us. And again, you sisters, so coolly say, "take a cup of sweet cream." Where do you suppose we get it when we have our milk brought a quart at a time, and have to tease to get any extra?

Worcester, Mass. ETTIM GNYAL.

Then my trials were, comparatively, at an end, the recipes being made so simple and not calling for an endless number of things you can't always keep on hand, or readily procure in a country town.

My John thinks no one can make better biscuit than mine, so here is the recipe, which was given me by a lady friend: To a cup of sour milk take a pinch of soda and of salt, and one and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mix well together, and with a heaping teaspoonful of lard worked in the flour, add the milk, and work your dough to the usual stiffness.

Blackberry jelly is nicest made of the berries that have just begun to ripen. 'Tis a bright red, delicate flavor.

For making tea-towels I take the softest of my flour sacks, and hem the raw ends. The thread, with which they were sewed together, I keep for darning.

Daisy, Tenn. MATTIE M. GARRETT.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS: — I beg admission to the Band, though an entire stranger. I hope to become well acquainted with you all before I leave. I have a lovely home here. Our house is built upon a hill, and the ground slopes gradually towards the river. Who does not love to live by the river! Fishing is excellent and we have two boats and a yacht, so we often go out, for an evening, on the river. Moonlight and sunsets are glorious here. We have a large orange grove, and sometime, if the sisters wish, I will send a recipe for delicious orange pie. We have a beautiful park on our land, in which the chief wood is oak, black-jack, holly, sparkle-berry, plum and palmetto. There is a lovely pink and white variegated azalia growing wild there and it blooms in early spring, when the dogwood and plum are also in bloom, thereby making our park a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

I will bring my letter to a close by giving some recipes that have been asked for:

Kale. — Boil until tender, then take out, chop fine, and put back on the stove with salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of butter, and a cup of broth, (water will do,) when it boils add a tablespoonful of flour.

Carrots. — Boil until tender, then drain, saving one cup of the juice, add salt and a tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, and some parsley chopped fine, then boil. They are very nice made this way with sweet peas mixed with them, first cooked separately.

Potato Salad. — Slice some cold potatoes, arrange in a dish and mix with it salt, pepper, one-half cup of vinegar, and a sliced onion; cut up two slices of bacon very fine, fry brown and pour over it.

Crab Salad. — Arrange the meat in a dish and pour over it one-half cup of vinegar, then add salt and pepper, garnish with slices of boiled beet, some lettuce, and hard boiled eggs cut in rings.

Fish are nice prepared in the same way. Will Nebraska Sister write us a description of the soap plant? AIDA.

St. Nicholas, Florida.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD: — Having reaped so much benefit during the short time I have been the happy recipient of your columns, I cannot conscientiously remain silent, but must heartily thank each sister of the Band for her assistance and make myself, in truth, one of the number, by contributing my small mite of successful experience.

Less than a year since I commenced housekeeping, having had no previous experience, and with no teacher except a cook-book; but in a short time I received,

as a bridal present from one of the sisters, my first copy of THE HOUSEHOLD.

One day this fall, while riding with a friend, I passed along the shore of a beautiful little inland lake just after sunset. As an abrupt turn in the road led us away from the shore, I turned and looked back, loth to lose sight of the peaceful picture, and there, shut in by the low-lying, wooded shores, and the long lines of stately pines, lay a whole life-story, written so plainly on nature's book that a little child might read. The bright, glowing colors that fringed the edge of the lake, deepening gradually through crimson and mellow browns and sober russet to the somber green of the pines. And reflected in the clear almost motionless water was but a repetition of this, the colors toned down and blending harmoniously together. Just at the edge, beyond the narrow, dark shore line which separated the two, the softened tints of the reflection almost met the living ones. The shadow which separated them was but a single dash of neutral color, a short blank that prepared the eyes for leaving the vision of the bright, glorious life, for the subdued and blended soul tints; and over and around all, the tender glow and flush of a soft sky, leading the eyes gradually to the clear radiance of limitless, cloudless, blue depths, the same in reality and in shadowing.

I wish I could tell it to you as it came to me all at once in that swift, backward look. I wish I could give it to you as it was given to me there, but I cannot. It seemed to me that a great and beautiful life-parable made for some one to read

and interpret, was lying there shut in by the protecting arms of the shore. I did read in my poor and imperfect fashion, a part, I believe, of the lesson that was meant, but the reading was so faulty that I cannot interpret it to you. I cannot follow the analogy clearly, step by step, but I cannot help feeling that it lies there.

It seems to me that there is some beautiful, all-satisfying reason for the shut-in lives that must just lie still and wait, enclosed safely in the everlasting arms, until the life colors have grown deeper and richer, until the little, dark shore line is reached and safely passed, and the soul tints rise, and glow, and deepen, until they blend with the pure, bright, perfect life that waits with a tender shining only a little further on.

Heaven teach you all, dear friends, to interpret rightly the beautiful parables that our Father still teaches on earth as truly as when He walked in Galilee, and to glean the comfort from them and the glad promise which I am sure He means to send to you.

BARBARA THORN.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Put a layer of fine large oysters in a baking dish, pepper and salt well, and lay pieces of butter around over the oysters, then roll crackers (not too fine) and sprinkle over them until the oysters are covered. After the dish is nearly full, having the crackers on top, pour over them what juice you have, and if not moist enough pour in water. Be sure and have the oven quite hot as that is the secret of their success. Bake one-half hour. S. E. B.

NEW USE FOR AN OLD BROOM.—Saw off the handle from an old corn broom, use the broom part in scalding water with pearloline, soapine, soft soap, or any thing used for soap, to scrub off door steps and shed floors.

TO TAKE CARE OF ASHES.—My way of taking care of ashes is to take them up in a large tin kettle, set them on a hearth against a sheet iron used for covering an old fashioned fire-place, let them stand two days, and empty into barrels kept in an out-building.

CAREFUL.

FILLING FOR LAYER CAKE.—Whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, sweeten to suit, and after reserving enough for the top of the cake, add to the remainder one cup of chopped and seeded raisins, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon.

DRESSING FOR COLD SLAW.—Two eggs, five tablespoonsfuls of strong vinegar, two teaspoonsfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of made mustard, a little salt and pepper, and butter the size of a walnut. Let the ingredients form into a small paste on the back of the stove, but do not boil. Pour this over the cabbage and mix well. I use just part of this recipe in preparing cold slaw for John and myself.

DAKOTA CAKE.—Yolks of five eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of soda and nutmeg if the flavor is liked.

MRS. E. L. H.

SQUASH BISCUIT.—One cup each of sifted squash and buttermilk or sour milk, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonsfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful each of soda and cream of tartar, and salt to taste. Add flour enough to knead.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sour milk or buttermilk, one cup of sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonsfuls of shortening, one teaspoonful each of soda and cream of tartar, a little ginger, salt to taste and flour to roll. I like them quite as well without the shortening. Either way they are light and do not soak fat.

COM.

Mt. Desert Ferry, Me.

LEMON PIE.—Three eggs, save the whites of two for frosting, one cup of white sugar, two tablespoonsfuls of cold water, and the juice of one lemon. Bake with one crust. When done, cool a little, beat the whites to a stiff froth, add two spoonfuls of sugar and return to the oven and brown.

MRS. E. L. L.

LEMON JELLY.—One-half box of gelatine, soak in one-half pint of cold water two hours. Then pour on one-half pint of boiling water, add the juice of two lemons and one-half cup of sugar, then strain through a napkin into a mold and set away to harden. This is nice for tea or to eat with cold meat. I hope some one will try this and report.

DAISY ALLISON.

Connecticut.

MAPLE CAKE.—For the cake take one cup of maple sugar, three eggs, (save one white for frosting, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, and two cups of flour. Dissolve the soda and cream of tartar in the milk. Bake in two tins.

Frosting for Cake.—Two cups of maple sugar,

one-half cup of water, boil until the sugar will candy in water, then add the white of one egg well beaten, stir frequently until cool and quite stiff, then spread part of it between the layers of cake and the remainder on top. Will some of the sisters please try and report? EPALITA.

Dunham, Que.

EXCELLENT RAISIN CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup each of butter and sweet milk, four cups of flour, two cups of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar.

DROP GINGER COOKIES.—One cup, each of molasses and sour cream, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful each of soda, ginger and cinnamon, and three heaping cups of flour. Drop in spoonfuls on a dripping pan. Bake quick.

MINNIE D.

LILY CAKE.—Whites of three eggs, cream one cup of sifted sugar and one-half cup of butter, add one-half cup of cold water, one cup of flour, one-half cup of corn starch, one and one-half teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of lemon essence. Cover with boiled frosting, over which sprinkle cocoanut. This is baked in two layers.

CHERRY PUDDING.—One cup each of white sugar and milk, one egg, a piece of butter the size of an egg rubbed into the flour, one large teaspoonful of baking powder, and flour to make a stiff batter. Stir all together, and lastly add one and one-fourth cups of cherries, stir lightly and steam one hour and ten minutes without lifting the cover. Be sure the water is boiling when you put it on, and keep it so lest your pudding fall. The best thing I have found to steam it in, is an old-fashioned cake pan with a tube in the center. Other fruits can be used for this.

COM.

GOOD BLUING.—Here is a good recipe for wash blue the best I have tried: One ounce of Prussian blue, and one-half ounce of oxalic acid, mix in one-half gallon of rain water.

MRS. I. R. M.

OLD-FASHIONED ELECTION CAKE.—This is made of four pounds of flour, three-fourths pound of butter, four eggs, one pound of sugar, and one-half pint of good yeast. Wet it with milk as soft as it can be moulded on board. Spice with one nutmeg, two heaping tablespoonsfuls of allspice, and three heaping tablespoonsfuls of cinnamon. Put it over hot water to rise, then put it into the tins and let it rise the second time. Just before you put it in the oven, cut the loaves with a sharp knife just through the crust lengthwise and crosswise, then to a well beaten egg add as much molasses, and rub this over the loaves before baking. When done, take them out, and rub the molasses and egg over the tops of the loaves again, and set them back into the oven about a minute. The cake is better after it is several days old.

ABBY.

AUNT TAP'S NUT TAFFY.—Take two pints of maple sugar, one-half pint of water, or just enough to dissolve the sugar, boil until it becomes brittle by dropping into cold water. Just before pouring out, add one tablespoonful of vinegar. Having prepared the hickory nut meats in halves, butter baking tins well, line with the meats and pour the taffy over them.

EVERTON ICE CREAM CANDY.—Boil one

and one-half pounds of moist white sugar, two

ounces of butter, one and one-half teacups of

water, and half the rind of a lemon. When done,

which may be known by its becoming quite crisp

when dropped into cold water, set aside until the

boiling has ceased, then add the juice of one

lemon. Butter a dish and pour in about an inch

thick. When cool remove the peel, pull the

candy until white, draw out in sticks, and check

with a knife, about four inches long. The fire

must be quick, and the candy be stirred all the

time.

Can some sister tell me how to make strawber-

ry caramels?

B. M. C.

BAKED CORN.—Grate one quart of green corn, to this add one teaspoonful of salt, butter the size of an egg, one-half teacup of sweet cream, three tablespoonsfuls of flour, and pepper to taste. Bake half an hour in a dish, in the

R. M. KOINE.

SMOTHERED CHICKEN.—Pansy, after dressing a half-grown chicken, cut it open in the back, lay it in a baking pan with the skin side down as flatly as possible, season with salt and pepper, and sprinkle with flour. Put it in a hot oven, and as it commences to brown, rub with a little butter. Do not put water in your pan unless it commences to burn. When it is nice brown color, turn and season the same. One hour is long enough for a young chicken.

TO COOK VEGETABLES.—Ethel M., sweet

potatoes, turnips and parsnips can be first par-

boiled, then fried in part butter and part lard.

A.

SNOW PUDDING.—Pour on to three ta-

blespoonsfuls of corn starch dissolved in a little

cold water, one pint of boiling water. Add the

whites of three eggs beaten to a froth, pour into

an earthen dish and set in a steamer and steam

twenty minutes.

Sauce.—Beat the yolks of the three eggs, add

one cup of sugar and one cup of milk and a small

piece of butter and boil a little. Please try and

report.

FLOSSY.

A PUDDING WITHOUT MILK OR EGGS.—

Soak dry bread in as little water as possible, and

squeeze out all the water. Add sufficient sugar

to sweeten, and for a small pudding one-half tea-

cup of chopped suet or butter, and dried fruit,

more or less, which has been soaked over night,

or canned or fresh fruit. Mix well together, add-

ing a little spice. The pudding is put in a

greased tin pail, a cloth placed over and the cov-

er put on. The pail is set in a kettle containing

C. M. H.

RICE PUDDING.—One-half cup of rice,

salt, and one cup of raisins boiled until the raisins

are tender and the rice dry. Add a custard

and pour into a pudding dish set in a pan of wa-

ter, and do not bake too long. The rule for the

custard is four eggs to a quart of milk.

E. J. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will some one give direc-

tions for making a scent jar out of rose leaves?

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

E. J. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—I have a pair of pillows

which were filled with feathers, goose feathers,

which I presume have not been properly cured,

and they smell very unpleasantly. Will some

one please inform me what plan to pursue in

order to get them pure and sweet?

MARY C. CHRISTIAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will Dr. Hanaford please

tell us the cause and cure of flesh worms, or

“black heads” as some call them?

A. T.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Can any one give me a sure recipe for a paint

for kitchen floors that will not be sticky?

A.

sufficient water to come half-way up the pail. Boil for two hours, or more for a large pudding. To be served with sauce. Will some one try it and please report?

MEAT CAKES.—Chop any kind of fresh, cold meats very fine, season with salt and pepper, make a nice batter, lay a spoonful of the batter on the griddle which must be buttered to prevent its sticking, then a spoonful of the chopped meat, and then a spoonful of the batter. When browned on one side, turn carefully and brown the other. It makes a palatable breakfast dish. Serve hot.

BERTHA MAY.

HEAD CHEESE.—I will tell the sisters how we make our head cheese which is excellent. Get a hog's head, break in pieces, and after washing well place in a pot, cover with water and boil until the meat leaves the bones. Take out the meat, and strain the soup to catch any small bones. Let the meat cool, then mash fine with the hands. Heat the soup, put in the meat, and boil a few minutes, then stir in corn meal till pretty stiff, also some pepper and salt to taste. Let all simmer a few minutes. Take off and put in an earthen dish with a cover over it. Eat either cold or heat it in a skillet.

S. A. S.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—E. L. L. asks for a recipe for mock mince pie. I send her mine hoping she will find it as good as I do. Four crackers rolled, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one and one-half cups of hot water, one cup of chopped raisins, three tablespoonsfuls of butter, one-half cup of vinegar, one and one-half teaspoonsfuls of cinnamon, and one teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice and grated nutmeg. Mix all together and it makes three pies.

Connecticut.

B. M. R. E.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some one please tell why a cake splits on top while cooking?

MRS. S. A. S.

May H., this is my way of hulling corn with soda: One large mixing spoon of soda to one quart of corn, add water enough to cover it, let it soak over night, and boil in the same water until the hulls will rub off.

M. J. M.

After fifteen or twenty years of perpetual struggle and battle, trying to get bedbugs out of old wooden houses, and having tried every thing recommended from salt to aqua fortis, including scaldings and boilings innumerable, I finally triumphed by using, after a thorough spring cleaning, the following mixture: To the whites of two eggs add one ounce of quicksilver. Beat both together with a fork until the eggs are well beaten, then with a stiff quill feather till it looks gray, then apply with the feather to every nook and crevice infested. Try it. Cheap, inodorous, cleanly. Three or four applications will do the work.

S. H. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—G. H. T., in the June HOUSEHOLD, asks for information in regard to “finny haddie.” “Finnan haddies,” to use the correct term, are simply smoked haddock, and are often used as a relish for breakfast or tea, in the same manner as smoked salmon, i. e., cut in small pieces or dice, and eaten with bread and butter, pickles, peppercorns, etc., at discretion. The favorite way of cooking, when the fish is cooked at all, is by broiling. Brush the fish over with butter, and pepper it well, then broil or toast until it is cooked through. But it is equally good this way: Pour boiling water over the fish from the teakettle, take it out of the water, lay it

The Parlor.

THE BONNY BROWN HAND.

Oh, dearly, how dearly, the somber eve comes down!
And wearily, how wearily, the seaward breezes blow!
But place your little hand in mine—so dainty, yet so
brown!
For household toll hath worn away its rosy-tinted snow;
But I fold it, wife, the nearer,
And I feel, my love, 'tis dearer
Than all dear things of earth,
As I watch the pensive gloaming,
And my wild thoughts cease from roaming.
And bird-like furl their pinions close beside our peaceful
hearth.
Then rest your little hand in mine, while twilight shimmers down—
That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny
brown—
The hand that holds an honest heart, and rules a happy
hearth.
Oh, merrily, how merrily, our children's voices rise!
And cheerily, how cheerily, their tiny footsteps fall!
But, hand, you must not stir awhile, for there our nest
ling lies,
Snug in the cradle at your side, the loveliest far of all;
And she looks so arch and airy,
So softly pure a fairy—
She scarce seems bound to earth;
And her dimpled mouth keeps smiling,
As at some child-fay's beguiling,
Who flies from Ariel realms to light her slumbers on the
hearth.
Ha, little hand, you yearn to move, and smooth the
bright locks down!
But, little hand—but, trembling hand—but, hand of bonny
brown,
Stay, stay with me—she will not flee, our birdling on
the hearth.
Oh, flittingly, how flittingly the parlor shadows thrill,
As wittingly, half-wittingly, they seem to pulse and
pass!
And solemn sounds are on the wind that sweeps the
haunted hill,
And murmurs of a ghostly breath from out the grave-
yard grass.
Let me feel your glowing fingers
In a clasp that warms and lingers
With the full, fond love of earth,
Till the joy of love's completeness
In this flush of fireside sweetness
Shall brim our hearts with spirit-wine, outpoured beside
the hearth.
So steal your little hand in mine, while twilight falters
down—
That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny
brown—
The hand which points the path to heaven, yet makes a
heaven of earth.

—Paul H. Hayne.

TWO THANKSGIVING.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

NOVEMBER 1884.

“GOOD-BY,” said Harry.
“Good-by,” I answered.

Then the door shut much harder than was necessary, and by the time I got to the window, he was half way to the corner.

Well, I wasn't to blame—I was sure of that; and I got what comfort I could out of it. I dare say Harry would have said he wasn't either. Men never do think they are to blame for any thing; they are quite infallible.

What was it all about? I hardly know—at least, I hardly know how it began. But here were Harry and I, not yet two years married, in some sort of a row nearly every day of our lives. By the way, I remember Aunt Cynthia always said “row” is not a proper word to use; but I can't help it.

I don't mean to say that Harry and I bite and scratch and black each other's eyes like the old Irishman and his wife over at the corner grocery. No, with all his faults, Harry is a gentleman. I don't suppose it ever occurred to him that he could raise his hand against me. But somehow there always seems to be something or other to contend about; and I know half the time Harry puts himself on the opposite side just on purpose to be provoking. Sharp words fly around pretty lively some days; and if “withering looks” could really wither, I'm afraid there wouldn't be enough left of either of us to tell the story.

Yes, it is awful, isn't it? I feel it as much as any woman can, I am sure. But what can I do? Often and often, after

Harry has gone tearing down street in a pet, slamming the door behind him, of course, I have sat and cried all the evening thinking how different it all is from what I looked forward to when Harry and I were planning our home together, that summer before we were married.

You see, I didn't count on Harry's having such a temper, nor such dreadfully careless, exasperating ways. He was gentle enough then, and always so considerate. I didn't believe—no one could have made me believe—that he had a fault in the world. I was proud of him. For that matter, I am yet. There isn't a woman on this street who has a husband like mine. So handsome and manly. I dare say there isn't one of them, either, who wouldn't be glad to step into my shoes—especially that hateful little Ella Morrison. What Harry can see to admire in her pug nose and freckles is more than I can tell; but he actually calls her pretty. She needn't flatter herself too much, though. He doesn't care a straw about her. And I don't believe she would wish herself in my place long, if she could try it awhile. She wouldn't like the treatment I get. I'm sure of that.

I don't know just why it is, but it seems as if there hadn't been a single thing attempted since we were married that we could agree on. To think how it was when we were building the house! And the worst of all was that window. The original plan had a bay-window in the library. Just the place for it, you know, with the view across the park. I was delighted with it, and was planning how pretty I could make it with curtains, a stand of flowers, brackets, etc. I even went so far as to explain it all to Harry, and give him his choice between lace curtains and heavy drapery. And what do you think he said? He didn't want any curtains. If he had a bay-window he wanted it to see out of. As if he couldn't pull the curtains aside when he wanted to look out! I told him so, but he said he didn't want to pull any curtains aside; and he didn't want any flowers in his way either. He wanted to be able to sit there and read and look out when he felt like it, without any trumpery around to bother him.

Well, then I told him very firmly—Aunt Cynthia always said it was best to take a firm stand in the beginning—that the idea of a bay-window without curtains was simply absurd; and that if we had a bay-window in that library, it should have curtains.

Then Harry said that we wouldn't have a window there then; for if we did it certainly shouldn't have curtains.

We sat in the architect's office all one afternoon trying to decide the question. But Harry wouldn't give up. I never saw any one so obstinate. Finally the architect took his pencil—I guess he was a little out of patience, and I don't wonder; Harry was too provoking—and marked out the library window, and put one on my little sitting room. It doesn't do any particular good there that I can see. It looks straight into a brick wall. Still, it is very pretty, with the curtains and flowers, and the old flax-wheel that I found in the attic at Aunt Cynthia's. Harry takes particular delight in knocking the things over, and pulling the curtains off the rings, every time he comes into the room. I know he does it on purpose, though he pretends it is all an accident, and makes hypocritical apologies.

But I must confess that I never go into the library that I don't miss the bay-window, and imagine how it would look there, and how I should enjoy the view from it across the park. I told Harry so one day, and asked him if he didn't feel sometimes that he had carried his obstinacy a little too far. He flew into a passion at once.

“Obstinacy!” he said, “whose obsti-

nacy? If you had ever possessed one grain of common sense the window would be here at this moment, and you could enjoy it to your heart's content.”

Well, I'm getting used to such things now. I don't expect anything different. And yet, when I think of my girlish dreams, or even of the first few weeks after our marriage, when we were boarding, and had not begun to build, I am sick at heart. There doesn't seem much good in living if we are to go on in this way.

And Harry has capped the climax now. I didn't think he could be quite so crazy. Last Thanksgiving Aunt Cynthia invited us there with the rest of the tribe, uncles, aunts, cousins, and all. There are enough of us to fill a hotel any day, without going outside the family. But Aunt Cynthia is used to it. It is only what she does every year for Thanksgiving, or Christmas, or birthday, or something, and she doesn't mind. But now Harry has taken it into his foolish head to imagine that we ought to do something of the kind, make some return, he says, for the generous hospitality we have received and enjoyed year after year. And without a word to me, he has gone and invited everybody—everybody—and some of his own relatives and special cronies besides, to come here to a Thanksgiving dinner. He says it will be a good house warming for our new house. I should think so, with our small rooms. And Thanksgiving only a week from to-morrow!

I asked Harry what he thought I was going to do. Sally and I can get along very well for ordinary meals, but neither of us knows enough to cook for such a company, let alone the work of it, which is altogether too much for two.

Harry did look a little blank for a minute or two; but he brightened up again directly, and said he would find a girl to help wait on table, and I could get pies, puddings, and anything else I liked from the restaurant.

Now you know that wouldn't do at all. It might answer with some of Harry's bachelor friends who had dropped in to dinner, but not with Aunt Cynthia. As if she would not know restaurant pie the minute she looked at it! And then it would be all over with poor, shiftless, little me! Better put a dead failure on the table than restaurant pie. I told Harry so, but he only said he couldn't see it in just that way. A dead failure could hardly be eaten, a restaurant pie might be, and he supposed that was the main thing.

Now, wasn't that just like a man? Couldn't think of anything but the eating! Though, as he said, that is the main thing at a dinner—or would be, if Aunt Cynthia wasn't coming. I didn't live with Aunt Cynthia, and in terror of her, eight years for nothing. I know what I have to expect, and I can't ask her here to Thanksgiving dinner. I said so; and Harry replied, very coolly, that I needn't; she was already asked. That was true—too true. I don't know what I said, and I began to cry, for it did seem more than I could bear.

Then Harry came and put his arm around me, and began to talk to me as if I were a child to be petted and pacified.

“There, there, little wife,” he said, “don't cry. I hadn't any idea you would feel so. I am sorry, but it will all come right if you won't fret.”

I pulled away from him; for I do want to be treated as if I had a little sense. With my twenty-first birthday passed, I am not quite a child if I am small.

I think Harry saw what I felt, for he went on more rationally:

“I will acknowledge, Nellie, that I was hasty in asking such a company without first consulting you. I see it now. But to tell the truth it did not occur to me but that you would feel just as I did about it. And I didn't think of it until I was there

at Farmington seeing them all; and then I thought I would ask them then and save writing, or another journey.”

“Yes,” I said, “I suppose it didn't occur to you that your wife might be entitled to any consideration in the matter, or that she should be allowed a voice in a plan in which she is the one chiefly concerned, the one on whom must necessarily fall the most of the work and responsibility. But I must say it occurs to me now, and with considerable force. And it also occurs to me that as you began the affair without me, you may as well finish it without me. I shall have nothing to do with it.”

“What! do you mean to tell them not to come?”

“I shall not. You can if you like. I should call it your best plan.”

“Why, Nellie!” stammered the big, blundering, provoking fellow, “don't take it that way. I meant no harm. It needn't bring you much extra work. I will see that you have good help, and I will be responsible for everything.”

“Very well,” I said, “arrange it as you like. As you invited the guests you may entertain them, since you think it is so easy. As for me, I'll go and spend a week with Alice. She has been wanting me to visit her this long time.”

Harry turned and looked at me with a sterner face than I had ever seen him wear.

“Nellie,” he said, “do you mean it? You will go away next week?”

“Certainly I mean it. You can have the house to yourself, and entertain your guests as pleases you best.”

“But you know I can do nothing without you.”

“Can't you? You should have thought of that before.”

Harry began to walk up and down the room, muttering something under his breath. He does not often swear, but I have a suspicion that he was swearing then.

“Good heavens!” he said at last, stopping short before me. “What is the use of a man's having a home if he can't ask his friends to it? Home! anything but that! A house built in contention to shelter contention! It must come to an end sometime. Why not now as well as later? You need not trouble yourself to go to your sister's unless you choose. You will not be troubled with guests Thanksgiving day—or with me either.”

Then he said good-by and rushed off, as I said in the beginning. It didn't trouble me very much; it wasn't the first time he had gone off in a pet, leaving hard words behind him. I thought he would be back by dinner time, if not in a good humor, yet not very different from usual.

When the dinner hour came, and the evening passed without bringing him, I concluded that he had gone out to Farmington to tell the relatives there of the change of plan. As I thought about it I saw that this was the best and most natural thing for him to do; for of course he could not entertain a Thanksgiving party without me. And now another day and night have passed without him. But I know they are fond of him in Farmington, and will keep him as long as they can.

This is the third day of Harry's absence, and I must confess it seems a little strange that he does not come. He always says his business suffers if he is long away from home.

Is he really so angry that he will not come? Could he have meant what he hinted about every thing coming to an end? It can't be.

Ah! I must see Sally about that roast. We must have a good dinner, for Harry will surely come to-night. I learned incidentally this morning that he was on the express for Boston Wednesday evening.

Mr. Ransom saw him, and asked me today when I expected him home. Perhaps he went to see his mother.

Sally has just told me a strange story. I wonder if it can mean anything to me. But no, I won't think it. She says Norah, the Morrison's girl, told her this morning that young Mrs. Morrison, which means Ella, of course, left town very suddenly Wednesday evening. No one knows just where she went, but it is thought to Boston.

Oh! it can't be; it can't! I shall go wild thinking of it. Every one knows she is bitterly unhappy with her husband, and that she has again and again threatened to leave him. And yet I can't think Harry—

There is a ring at the bell. Who can it be? Not Harry; he has a key. How long Sally is! Ah! here she comes at last! A messenger with a telegram!

* * * * *

NOVEMBER, 1885.

Almost Thanksgiving again! The association of ideas brings to mind this foolish scrawl which I wrote into me idle, unhappy hours a year ago. As I read it over I blush for myself, and feel that I could hardly blame Harry if he had really left me, as I feared he had, even though it had been with Ella Morrison. Poor girl! how I wronged her by even a vague suspicion. It was not her fault if she had to go suddenly to her dying scape-grace brother by the same train that took Harry to visit his mother.

I am tempted to burn these wretched sheets at once, lest other eyes than my own may sometime rest upon them. But no! I will not. Let them live to tell the story of my folly—I hope I may call it past folly. It will do me good to read it once a year, at least; and it may be that some other young wife may find a lesson in it also.

It shames me to read in my own hand the tale of my petty willfulness and ill-temper and unreason. My only excuse for myself is that I was very, very miserable, though I would not own it even to myself. I am not sure that is much of an excuse after all.

The telegram, which I opened with a mingling of relief and anxiety, hope and fear difficult to describe, was from Harry's mother, saying he had been seriously injured in a railway accident, and carried to her house, and asking me to come at once.

Needless to say I obeyed. I took the evening train for Boston, and at midnight I was kneeling by Harry's bedside sobbing out my sorrow and remorse. But Harry did not know it. He knew no one then, nor for long afterward.

His mother told me next day that he had come to her Wednesday night, telling her of our latest disagreement and its cause, taking all the blame upon himself, she said, repenting of the hasty words with which he had left home, and asking her advice. His plan was that she should go home with him and stay until after Thanksgiving. He thought that if she were there to oversee the preparations they would seem less formidable to me, and I might feel differently, perhaps even enjoy the affair, as he had at first supposed would be the case. She had consented to return with him, but could not go the next day, and he, having some business that could best be attended to in New York, had gone there the next morning. On his way back the accident occurred.

His injuries proved even more serious than was at first supposed. For weeks we watched the flickering life day by day, almost hour by hour, fearing to see it fade and vanish before our eyes. But skillful treatment, faithful nursing, brought him back at last to life and consciousness. How glad I was, how glad I am, that I could be with him. It was long before he knew me, and yet he liked me to be

there. I could soothe and quiet him as no one else could—not even his mother. He was restless if I was out of the room. I did not often go. And oh! how proud and happy I was when one day, after the crisis was passed, and Harry knew us all again, the good, old physician turned to me and said:

"Under God, my child, your devotion has saved your husband's life."

During those long, cruel weeks I learned for the first time to know Harry's mother. I had been a little afraid of her before. I shall never be afraid of her again. Yet I can hardly say that she spared me. It is true she did not lecture me, but while with her I came to see my faults and mistakes as I had never seen them before.

One day when we were speaking of Harry, and I had opened my whole heart to her, half ashamed, and yet not afraid, she said, with a grave, gentle look at me:

"Harry is often very thoughtless, and he has a quick temper, yet he is affectionate, and easily swayed by one he loves. Neither I nor his sisters ever found it difficult to get on pleasantly with him."

"And neither should I," I said, "if I hadn't been a baby—a silly, ill-tempered, obstinate, unreasonable baby. He is twice too good for me."

"No," she said with a gentle smile, "not that. You have both failed, perhaps, in making allowance for the other's peculiarities, and adapting yourselves to them. I think it will be different now."

The first thing Harry did when he came to himself was to beg my pardon for all that had passed, just as if he had been the one to blame.

"I was exacting and hasty, and unreasonable from the first," he said; "a good deal nearer a brute than a man has any right to be. But if you can overlook the past, little wife, the future shall be different."

"It will be different," I said. "The house may have been built in contention, but it shall no longer be a shelter for contention."

"Did I say that? I am ashamed of myself."

"You needn't be. It was true. I made it true."

And then what do you think he said?

"Nellie, do you know what is the first thing I am going to do when I get well?"

"No, dear," I answered, wondering a little at his manner.

"I am going to have a bay-window built out on the library; and you shall have as many curtains and knick-knacks in it as you please."

"Build the window, Harry, by all means, but never a curtain shall go near it."

And now it is almost Thanksgiving again. The year has been a very happy one, though Harry did not recover his strength for many months. He was almost an invalid during the winter, which kept him much in the house, and perhaps did more to bring us closely together in thought, and interest, and sympathy, than any thing else could. We did enjoy our reading and music; our talks and plans together; and we have not given them all up yet, though Harry is as well as ever again now, and able to keep a sharp lookout on business, which, of course, takes the most of his time.

Next Thursday they are all coming to Thanksgiving dinner—uncles, aunts, cousins, Harry's friends and mine—the more the better. We have much to be thankful for.

Harry's mother is with us; but though it is an unspeakable comfort to have her near, and know that her keen, yet gentle eyes keep a watch and ward that is security against failure and mishaps of all sorts, I by no means intend that she shall take on her shoulders my duties and re-

sponsibilities. Neither do I intend to fret myself into a fever over them.

It may even so happen that a restaurant pie will grace the dinner table; and in such a lamentable case, I feel my courage high enough, or my heart hard enough, to bear Aunt Cynthia's sharp gaze, and possibly sharper comments, without being in the least disturbed. I hope I shall never be disrespectful, but I really think I am equal to Aunt Cynthia now.

A TRUE THANKSGIVING.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

November had returned. Fruits had long been harvested. Leaves had fallen; only a few, brown and sere, were fitfully flickering upon the swaying branches, here and there, as the winds moaned, dirge-like, through the bare trees.

Pretty Mrs. Burd sat by a favorite west window, seeding raisins for her loaf cake, which must be concocted long before the feast-day in anticipation, that its quality might be improved by, at least, something like age; although, to her own simple taste, cakes which needed only two hours in all, for the stirring and the baking, were better and more toothsome. She had a husband to please, however, and had always found sincere pleasure in her attempts. She had, moreover, expended much thought upon her wifely duties, even before entrusting herself to the care of so good a man as Philip Burd. She had not had the smallest idea of letting him shoulder all responsibilities of the housekeeping, even should she find it necessary to employ extra help in her home work. She was a New England girl. Philip was the son of a well-to-do Connecticut farmer. How he found and won his wife, in the city where she had her girlhood's home, is not the task of this tale to tell. At all events, the course of their love had from the first run smoothly, and Philip was exceedingly kind to his lovely wife. His nature was both frank and genial. No great shadow had as yet crossed his path in life, while he seemed to possess a spirit from which lesser troubles would fly, as mists dissolve beneath a searching sunlight.

Vera was not less cheerful, by nature, than her husband. But, in her delicate reserve of feeling, she did not reveal to others her more quiet gayety of heart easily, which was itself a safeguard against either morbid fancies or the sinking beneath real trials. In fact, Vera had a deep sorrow constantly to bear. Her husband, tender as he was of her, could not fully sympathize with her in this grief which she endured uncomplainingly. He had taken her from her home as the only child of her parents; and he himself had never known a brother's or a sister's affection. Vera, on the contrary, had missed, by death, an amiable sister near her own age. But far worse than death was the anguishing absence of her only brother, who had been several years from home without any tidings to his relatives. when Philip Burd sought Vera as his wife.

Philip was so much like her brother in personal appearance that he had startled Vera when first she met him. Then, when she became interested in him for his own sake, he learned from her lips her sorrow, although, after she had once informed him, she closed her heart upon her feeling, in no manner inflicting her sadness upon her bright-natured husband. Between herself and her brother there had existed an undivided affection from their earliest years. They were twins, and had never been separated until Mac voluntarily left home in quest of a far-off Western fortune upon which his mind had some time been fixed. The mystery connected with his departure became at last

could not find a way to get them to her table.

She doubted not that her guests would appreciate, since every one were poor and worthy, unable to provide the smallest luxury for themselves. How to get the dinner to them was Philip's part of the program, and he managed well, be it said. Vera finally decided to send dinner also to the others, since to eat it at their own homes might be better pleasing to themselves than sitting at a strange table, although she told her husband that she should lose the enjoyment of seeing them all relish the good things provided. Philip was willing she should be spared, however, the trouble of so many extra guests, when he knew so well her eagerness to have her own parents' company to enjoy on the coming day.

Bright and cold came the day at last, and snow lay thickly upon the ground, although it had not the appearance of a snow which would remain long, the present coldness of the weather notwithstanding. Vera's parents had arrived the previous evening, and were most carefully housed from cold and storm; more than glad, they, to be with their dear daughter, while in the heart of each there was a thought unspoken, and the missing one could not be forgotten.

Very happy the family party looked, for congeniality is a wonderful bond by which to unite even strangers in "peace and good will." And these elder people gathered in the daughter's home did not mean to be strangers to each other, even though they had but once before met—on their children's wedding day.

The turkey was roasted to the perfection of nicety, and the plum pudding could have been no better if made by a New England's farmer's daughter; so said the father of Philip, as he looked graciously upon the pretty young housekeeper, whose hands had prepared the whole of her feast, to the intense pride of her husband. Philip understood the ways in which his wife was even more comforting to himself than in any culinary arts, however, and of these he thought while he listened to the praises bestowed upon her modest self. Her face was not handsome, but its prettiness was much enhanced by the sweet spirit which lighted its features by peculiar brightness.

Vera had blazing wood fires upon two hearths that day. Around the one in the cozy library the family party drew after the dinner was over, the firelight sending its beauteous glow around the room, and towards evening lending still greater animation to the happy faces. Vera, indeed, had brought enough of the city with her into her quieter home, to give it an air of culture and refinement, while she by no means despised the pleasures which pure country life afforded, but made best uses of these. Neither her own nor her husband's parents could find the least fault with her household arrangements, all were so admirably combined. And here by the wood fire the talk was long maintained, sometimes in general way, again by twos or threes, until the lamp had to be lighted, and forthwith Vera was requested to sing. She opened the piano, and sang whatever was called for from one and another of her listeners, of either songs or hymns, her husband joining her in some of the latter, the whole circle occasionally uniting with them, and very heartily enjoying. At last, Vera, as though weariness were unknown to her, played some appropriate tunes without singing, and, suddenly and strangely ending one long piece, broke out into plaintive singing, tenderly lingering over the words of a pathetic ballad, whose refrain ran, "Come, oh, dear wanderer! come, hasten home; sad will my heart be so long as ye roam." Tears filled the eyes of her listeners, while she seemed oblivious to

any presence save her own. The sobs of her mother aroused her, however, and made her quickly spring from her seat with sympathetic feeling, and throw her arms about her neck in a warm embrace.

It seems that Vera and her mother had clung together in the belief that the missing Mac was still alive, albeit his father, who had spent fruitless search for him, concluded that death must have overtaken him, though why they had had no word of him, in either event, he could not, of course, imagine. But Vera, whom Mac had faithfully promised letters, believed that he must some time return, and had kept up constant hope, although often "the hope deferred" had made her heart sick.

The sound as of some one shaking the snow from his heels at an outer door arrested the attention of Vera and her stricken mother while a heavy rap followed. Philip went to see who had come so late in the evening, but the voice turned Vera's face so pale that her mother was alarmed. At the instant Vera gave a long, indrawn breath, in the intensity of her feeling, and then, gathering strength, rushed to meet her husband, whose step with another's she heard over the hall floor. Her mother gazed wildly after her, not understanding her apparent fright, but, lo! a swift cry escaped her own lips, smiting the utter silence of the room, and she was soon enfolded in the stranger's arms,—her own long-lost, at last returned son! Here, indeed, was the direct answer to Vera's strangely pathetic ballad call, and such a scene as ensued may best be left to the imagination of the reader.

The wood fires were made to burn more brightly. Mac was most liberally provided with some edibles from his sister's bountiful store, and there was a special, as well as a general, thanksgiving in the cheery home that night. One thing was evident, Mac was exceedingly tired, and no one, Vera declared, should be allowed to ply him with questions until he had had a thorough rest. It was, however, so good to look upon him, that Vera found her task of sending him to bed a severe one, yet she bravely fulfilled it, telling the others that she should keep them all under one roof for the next day, and they should enjoy a Thanksgiving breakfast in the morning. Not one of them all had heart to thwart her proposition.

So, after cheery good nights were said, they separated, the morning light again uniting them, with happiest faces, at Vera's handsomely set table. She had risen betimes to do honor to her brother's presence, and, when he beheld the spread which had been made for his especial delectation, he said it looked as though prepared for the rejoicing over the return of the "prodigal son," which he was not. But the considerate sister would not yet allow him to begin his adventurous story.

When breakfast was well over, she bade all to the cozy library fire, saw all comfortably seated, her precious Mac himself where she could look full into his clear, brown eyes, whereupon she gave the signal, and he proceeded, relating his first journey from home, his long and serious illness upon arrival at his Western destination, adding that, as he had no friends at that early period, of course he could not send letters even by proxy. He acquired some friendships during his convalescence, one fellow becoming devoted to him. He wrote a letter as dictated, and it had been a mystery why it had produced no reply from home. Finally he was able to write himself, but alas, before he had attempted his first letter, a difficulty with his eyes ensued, obliging him to have them bandaged for many months. To add to his afflictions, his devoted comrade had to leave him, when he felt like "stranger in the land of the living." One day he had slipped the bandage from his eyes and written a few words to Vera.

The effort was very painful, yet he sent the letter by a messenger; such a one as could be found in that region, whose isolated situation made a seizure upon any chance necessary when one wanted either to catch the mails going or coming. Having such misfortune, he concluded to give up hope of letters from home, and to start thither himself as soon as practicable. So soon as his strength returned, he set about redeeming the time he had lost from labor, finding himself in sad need of funds for personal expenses.

He determined to be patient about the home coming until he could present himself respectably, although he should not, indeed, bring with him the prospective fortune for which he had gone in pursuit. What success might have been his but for his illness, so inopportune as it had seemed, he could not tell. But others had been known to do more than well in the self-same attempts. At last he worked into a more prosperous condition, going to a better populated region, where social influences, combined with industrial facilities, elevated his position, and it seemed not so very long before prosperity dawned upon him. Still he cared comparatively little for all these, since he had not his dearest ones to share them.

His first year had been spent in invalidism. Convalescence consumed a long time. Seeking his livelihood had been wearisome, but the rest of his term had been brighter, though he had felt even lonelier, able only to dwell upon the one thought of home. Alas! the homeward journey was fraught with peril. A railroad accident had occurred, and he, with other wounded ones, had been conveyed to a hospital, there to remain some time, whereas no serious injuries had been sustained, only those requiring special care. Once more on his way, and his heart rose as he neared his native state. He sought his own city with speed, reaching it the same evening in which his parents had arrived at his sister's country home. Learning their whereabouts, he decided to give a genuine surprise for Thanksgiving, when the dusk of evening should facilitate his project.

There was not the slightest reason to mistrust the accounts of the hero of the tale. The parents well knew the honorable nature of their son. The sister trusted his loving heart too well to doubt his words.

Had she only known where to address him during his long sickness, she thought she might have reached him safely by letter, even could she not go to him. He had been carrying on what Vera called "a single-handed correspondence." In fact, Vera's head was almost turned, so great was her joy at her dear brother's return. Her household labors were a little neglected for some days, in her endeavors to entertain her guest fondly. Her husband rejoiced in seeing her so light-hearted and merry. He asked her one evening to sing something suited to offset the pathetic song of Thanksgiving night. In the spirit of gayety she seated herself, amidst the laughter of all, singing a comic air which disposed of the wanderer as a "truant boy glad to return to the life he had spurned—the life of a good little boy!"

But Vera was all too deeply moved yet, by her joy, to long retain a trivial mood. As expressive of real feeling, she sang the bright ballad of "The Wanderer's Welcome Home," a complement to the song which had so touched her listeners previously, and which elicited tears of rejoicing in the stead of tears of sorrow.

A Thanksgiving remained ever, in the hearts of the joyful company, long afterwards, and the memory of the blessed time was a portion of every subsequent family gathering at the goodly season. Mac settled in his own city, establishing a pleasant home, but never roamed again.

SUMMER REST.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

As I sit down this afternoon on a comfortable cane seat rocking chair on the shaded piazza of a farm house in the heart of the Catskills, where I am resting and drinking in new life and strength for the future, my thoughts wander to my many friends at a distance.

How I should like to give them a few pictures of the many beautiful scenes and objects of interest around me.

I take pencil and paper and try to sketch an amphitheatre of distant hills, with woods, then fields of grain, and barn in the foreground, but it falls so far short of the reality that I throw it aside.

Over head the sky is flecked with clouds, ever beautiful and absolutely perfect, yet never twice the same. Then a circle of blue hills, one above another, bounding the horizon; we, ourselves, on a hill not less than two thousand feet high, although in comparison to those around us it almost seems as if we were in a valley shut in by hills.

In the arena are the gladiators, the hard-working farmers, and farmers' wives and daughters, who toil and fight, not for glory, but for bread and butter; or is it for "filthy lucre?" or to benefit mankind by furnishing staple products of industry, food for muscle, nerve and brain? The latter idea is the more pleasant. They are at all events a great blessing to city people who go to them during the heats of summer, for rest and recuperation.

Here is no end of beauty! Everything speaks of the love of the great Creator. The sunlight on hill and valley, on meadow and many colored grass and grain, on bush, and tree, and flower, and turf, and the soft, cool shade beneath, delighting us by its very contrast.

I should like to carry away some of these scenes to the city. Let us take a survey of our immediate surroundings. On the north the orchard, a field of brown and white grain, a stone wall; on the other side a field of grain of a different color, trees and old stumps; beyond a Normandy poplar lifts its head against the blue hills and sky, reminding us of the old English song,

"He was tall and straight as a poplar tree,
And his cheeks were as red as the rose;
And he looked like a gentleman of high degree
When dressed in his Sunday clo'es."

Nearer, fruit trees and grape vines shut out our view of the horizon, except that between the branches we catch glimpses of fields and hills beyond. Close by is a white birch tree, and here are cherry trees, lilacs, rose bushes, foliage in abundance.

Across the road in front of the house the fine view of the hills is obstructed by several barns, and here comes the farmer, our host, walking up the lane from the barn, "two hundred pounds of solid good nature" some one calls him. Here comes a load of hay, and my youngest boy asks and obtains leave to ride upon it to the barn. The boy next older is invited, but declines, preferring to sit by my side and read. He is a real "mother boy," though fond of boyish or manly sports.

The musical ripple of falling water not far away comes to the ears day and night, like a lullaby. The haymakers stop for a drink. How clear and cool the water looks in the glass that they take from the flat stone. My boy at my side runs down quickly, leaps over the bank, and brings a glass of it to me, first offering it with respect to age to "grandma," the aged mother of the farmer, mine host.

And here comes the farmer's wife with a pail. Let us count her steps from the house. The air is so clear and all else so still that I can hear her every footfall, for the hay is now in the barn. One hundred and twenty-five to the spring and back to the kitchen! I wonder how often the

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brave, patient little woman goes in the course of the day. Many times, I dare say; and how many times in the course of a week or a year?

"Does not the water go into the house?" I asked "grandma." "No," she answers, "not yet. They have not had time. They are going to have it in sometime."

"How long have you lived here?" I ask.

"Well, we moved here when my son was a year old. It is over fifty years now. My husband has been dead nigh to fifty years, I guess."

Here comes her son's wife again with a pail. She goes down the lane to the barn and distributes the contents to the chickens and the pigs, visiting two of the out-buildings in succession, and next I see her going to the spring for another pail of water. About two hundred more steps. She stops on the way back and stoops to gather a flower, and to cast a loving eye at some of her pet plants, growing in a long box by the stone wall near the spring. They seem to appreciate her loving care, if one may judge by their generous foliage and blossoms.

Mine host, the farmer, is a large land-owner. His acres of hay and grain extend almost as far as the eye can reach, except the blue mountains, yet they must go to the spring for every drop of water used in the family. He seems a very jolly, good natured sort of man, too, fond of his family. Perhaps it never occurs to him that it is not the best arrangement in the world.

Here she comes again, sweeping the walk and flagstones all the way down. She stops to talk with me in a cheerful way. Her husband is resting in the kitchen now. It is after six o'clock, and his day's work is done.

Here come the men with another load of hay to the barn, my little one on the top, and the other now goes down to see the fun of pitching off; the cows will soon be coming home and then the milking, the feeding the calves, and all other sights and operations so new and attractive to city boys. But no, they are all going for one more load of hay to-night. They must "make hay while the sun shines." Again they all stop at the spring for a drink.

Our farmer is the picture of health and strength, a large, powerful man. "It is drinking so much," he says, "that makes me fat. My neighbor Jones always takes cider all through haying, and he don't drink much else besides any time unless it is beer or coffee, and he isn't half so strong and healthy as I am. They are always alling." (This was not intended for a pun.) "I drink nothing but water," he continued, "and I drink a great deal of it."

He is quite right. I fully agree with him as to its health-giving properties. We are largely made up of water, and it is a greater necessity even than food. It would be much better for mankind if there were less going to the dram shop and more going to the spring.

A man comes along the road with a wagon and accosts our farmer laconically.

"Got done haying?"

"No; have you?"

"No, I haint."

He drives on. No words wasted in this part of the country. Deeds, not words, are wanted. It would be well for us all to learn more of the dignity and wisdom of silence.

But here comes Mrs. B. to the spring again; and now supper is ready; after which the boys and I go upon the hill behind the house to get the view which, with the setting sun, is truly magnificent. Looking north we see the Overlook mountain, about eight miles away, and about half way up is distinctly seen the large hotel, which commands a view of all the surrounding country, up and down the

Hudson river, and into Vermont and Massachusetts.

On the east and much nearer is Mt. Go-bias, a mass of green woods reminding us of Mt. Wantastiquet opposite to Brattleboro, of which so much has been sung by poets. Stretching away to the south are various peaks, among which are Mt. Pleasant, Mount Carl and the Slide mountain, which last is the highest peak of the Catskills, and so named because of the frequent slides of masses of rock and earth down its side; and to the west is Mt. Old-erback. Sitting on a broad, flat stone, we enjoy this grand scene together till the gathering shadows warn us it is time to return to the house.

In the morning I am awakened by the familiar sound of going to the spring. I look at my watch. It is twenty minutes past five. Feeling rested and refreshed, I rise and dress, and hasten to the piazza. Sunlight is on the distant hills and woods. How pretty is the white mist creeping slowly up their sides! How beautiful the lights and shadows everywhere! How sweet the song of the birds! How soothing the ripple of the brook! All God's works are simply perfect. So far beyond those of man.

What time like the morning hours for prayer. What wonder that Christian and Mussulman alike feel impelled to begin the day with prayer and thanksgiving.

"To prayer! to prayer! for the morning breaks!
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes;
His light is on all, below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer."

How very quiet it is! I hear only the birds, the bees, and the water. Hark! there is a sound of whistling and singing. It is a hymn. It is refreshing to be where no on whistles the Mikado.

The gate is open that goes down to the barnyard. A white calf comes out slowly, and after looking about in the unexplored region of the road, begins to nibble at some tender grass by the roadside. The red and white calf follows, and both seem to enjoy their new feeding place. They put their heads together as they eat, and make a very pretty picture. Out runs the dog Frank, and plants himself on the road as if to prevent their going away. He looks with sagacity at the calves, and then at his master, who is just coming out, as much as to ask, shall I drive them back? But Mr. B. walks on to the barn, looking approvingly at the calves as he passes them, so Frank takes the idea and trots after him, and the poultry, too, all follow Mr. B., for he has a pail on his arm, and they seem to think it contains food for them.

In the forenoon we all go driving, and get a good view of the mountains. At mid afternoon I take my seat again upon the piazza. A gentle breeze is blowing in my face, and stirring the leaves of the trees overhead. I look up through the bright, glossy leaves of the cherry trees that are brilliant in the sunshine and shadow, with the bright red cherries under the leaves, the soft, blue sky overhead flecked with fleecy clouds. Here comes Fred, the youngest haymaker, running to the spring, rake in hand, and eagerly he quaffs off a glass of the bright, sparkling fluid.

Halloo! Here comes a merry party riding on a load of grain; my two boys, two older ones and two young damsels in big shade hats. Down they go to the barn. What fun! The dog Frank, who has been sitting by my side on the piazza, runs to join them. The tallest haymaker stops at the spring and quaffs off two glasses of water as easily as if it were two sips. How pure the air is! Not a speck of dust to be seen in doors with all this breeze.

Here comes our farmer with his calm, easy-going walk, from the barn. He stops at the spring and slowly drinks a full glass

of water, stopping once or twice to admire its clearness and beauty, as a wine drinker sometimes looks at a glass of wine. And he walks to the kitchen with a contented air, and stops to chat with his wife and daughter, one of whom I hear now beating up eggs, probably to form some delicious compound for supper.

And here come the two prettiest calves, the white and the brindle, for a drink.

The sun has crept around the piazza and shines only on the southwestern corner. "Grandma" comes out to get the breeze. She looks as if she would enjoy a little reading. I will stop writing and read aloud to her a little while.

GLOVES AND GLOVE-MAKING

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

Gloves have been in use from a very early period of the world's history. As far back in Jewish history as the time of the Judges, it was a custom to give a pledge for redeeming or exchanging any thing, as we are told in the seventh verse of the fourth chapter of the book of Ruth: "Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming, and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor, and this was a testimony in Israel." This word "shoe" should have been translated "glove," according to the best exegetical authority, as also the same word in the ninth verse of the one hundred and eighth Psalm, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe;" the definition of that word "shoe" in those two passages being in the Chaldean language "the clothing of the hand."

Xenophon mentions gloves many times in his writings. Speaking in one place of the effeminity of the Persians, he says, "They are not satisfied with covering their head and their feet, but they also guard their hands against the cold by thick gloves," and at another time he records that "Cyrus went without his gloves." Varro, an ancient author, speaks of gloves among the Romans, and in writing about gathering olives, remarks that those gathered by the naked hand are much better than those picked with gloves.

In the beginning of the ninth century the use of gloves was so general, that even the church thought a regulation in that part of the dress necessary. They were considered so essential a part of the episcopal habit that the council of Poitiers forbade abbots, or any dignitaries lower than a bishop, to wear them.

Gloves, beside their original design for a covering of the hand, have been employed on several grand and solemn occasions; as in the ceremony of investitures, in bestowing lands or in conferring dignities. In the year 1002, the Bishops of Paderborn and Monzers were put in possession of their sees, by receiving a glove. The barony of Elmesale, in Yorkshire, England, was held of the king by the service of paying at the Castle of Pontefract one pair of gloves furred with foxskin, or eighteen pence annually.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth silk gloves were imported for the first time from the Low Countries, being classed among "superfluous" articles; embroidered gloves also made their first appearance in England at the same time, and it became the fashion to swear by one's gloves. In the time of James I. a pair of calfskin gloves could be bought for a sixpence, while the presentation gloves of the University of Cambridge were often worth as much as forty-four shillings a pair. Under George II. the queen's gloves were half a crown a pair, the Prince of Wales' eighteen pence, the same price being paid for those of the royal princesses, who were allowed sixteen dozen pairs per annum.

Gloves have been made of well nigh every possible material—of sheep, lamb, kid, deer, elk, buck, calf, doe, monkey, kangaroo, dog and rat skin; of leather, silk, cotton, thread, worsted, velvet, satin, taffety, and even spider's web. That happy optimist, Izaak Walton, recommends otter skin gloves as the best protection of the hands against wet weather.

The monks were the earliest European glove-makers. As early as the time of Charlemagne that monarch granted the holy fathers of Sithin the unlimited right of hunting, in consideration of their manufacturing girdles, gloves and book covers from the skins of the deer they killed. There is an old saying to the intent that it takes three nations for the making of a glove; Spain to furnish the kid, France to cut it out, and England to put it together.

The best gloves are undoubtedly French. Even the English, who make excellent gloves of heavier varieties of leather, admit their inferiority to the French in this manufacture. The difference exists even in the cutting of the skins to the best advantage—a process that is performed with a pair of scissors after stretching and rubbing the skin upon a marble slab with a blunt knife.

A skin is first cut longitudinally through the middle, by which it is divided into two equal parts, and the single strip for the palm and back is next cut off from one end of the calf-skin; the pieces for the thumb, the gussets for the fingers, and other small pieces to be inserted, must all be worked out either from the same skin or from others precisely similar.

To make the hole for the thumb requires the greatest care, for a very slight deviation from the exact shape would cause an ill shape when the parts are sewed together, and would result in unequal strain and speedy fracture when the glove is worn.

Gloves are an important article in the importing line, the duties alone on them amounting to quite a large sum during the year. The fashion changes in gloves as in every thing else. A few years ago gloves were worn with one button. After awhile another button was added, and then another, till now we have gloves with four, five, and even six buttons. Of course, as each button adds to the length of the glove, so does it increase the price, till now the gloves of a belle or beau in modern society cost a small fortune each year.

A YOUNG MAN'S LEISURE HOURS.

Not long ago it was my good fortune and pleasure to visit the rooms of a young man, in whose welfare I am interested, at his earnest invitation, at the same time hinting something about wanting me "to see some of his fancy work." I accompanied him filled with thoughts of the novelty of the situation, wondering what it really could be like and what sort of fancy work a man could do any way. My curiosity was soon to be satisfied, in this instance at least, for we soon reached a pleasant, airy apartment, and begging me to be seated, he brought out a large "Mikado," or crazy fan, to be used in wall or ceiling decoration. This was made by pasting scraps of fancy wall paper in all shapes, colors and designs on a strip of manilla paper sixteen feet long and two feet wide. This was then laid in folds two inches wide. The fan appears when it is tacked on the wall, the folds being held together on one side and the other side being drawn out nearly straight. A bow of ribbon conceals the bunch of folds. These fans are very ornamental, and may be made large or small, to suit the taste. I was also shown a hammered brass frame that was a marvel of skill, a butcher's linen tidy with beau-

tifully knotted fringe, several rows of drawn work, and a unique little design worked in outline, some fine specimens of painting on white velvet, and a handsome plush cabinet holder, lined with satin, and embroidered in arrasene. These articles showed taste and patience that was wonderful to me.

This young man is a clerk in a large dry goods store, and his only time for himself is a short time at noon and evenings. How much better, thought I, that he should employ his spare time in this way than in running about the streets as many young men do, subject to all the snares and temptations of city life. Of course this is only one way, others might find different methods of using spare time, more congenial to their natures, yet elevating and refining in their tendency.

And-mothers, do you know that in the home during childhood, is the time to foster, encourage and strengthen these tendencies in the child? Find what your child likes best, and encourage him, guide him and help him in that direction. If he shows a taste for reading, aid him in laying out a course of reading. Get him interested in a scrap book, in which to preserve choice and interesting bits of literature. Every body should have a scrap book of this kind. Some may show a taste for collecting and preserving flowers, or minerals, or bugs, or coins, or stamps, encourage them. If they want to work with tools, get them, and a bracket saw, and in all cases watch over their work, praise them and help them and when the time comes for them to leave home or go out in the world, with a taste for some healthy, refining, leisure employment, they will be doubly armed against the besetments of an evil world.

WINNIFRED EARNEST.

RESPONSIVE.

BY A. P. REED.

I was much interested in Elizabeth E's letter in a recent number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*. Her sentiment found a ready response in my heart. The more I see of this western country, the more am I convinced that for a good home and one that shall be surrounded with all that is necessary to a useful and happy life, New England is the place above all others. And, certainly, for picturesqueness, no place can beat New England, real estate agents and railroad officials to the contrary, notwithstanding.

I am a Maine man, what they call here a "Maineite," and I have great faith in the "Pine Tree State," not only in her integrity, but in her possibilities, and the boundless resources she offers for the happiness of her citizens. I have thus far seen nothing to cause me to belittle or malign the state from which I emanated, and although I am, perhaps, somewhat partial to my own state, yet I know the states surrounding it are far superior in all that goes to make staunch citizens from strong, healthy men, to this portion of the country where the condition of society is very fast, and devoid of the fine advantages of cultured New England.

Verily, I am in sympathy with the poetess who sang,

"There is no spot on all the earth
More beautiful, more grand,
Than this fair home we love so well,
New England's sunny land."

We love thy craggy, sea-beat shore,
Thy charming streams and rills,
Thy valleys, and above them all,
Thy dear old granite hills."

Oh, home of beauty, home of love,
Beneath thy genial sky,
Our hearts shall rest in sweet content
And every ill defy."

Oh, beautiful, beautiful land,
Home of the brave and the free,
With glad and thankful hearts
Our songs we raise to thee."

Just now I am looking across the wheat fields, and as I see the huge loads going to market and hear the puffing of the steam threshers around me, I am convinced that if there is any one thing this part is pre-eminent for, it is wheat.

Champlin, Minn.

INCIDENTS IN PIONEER LIFE.

BY AUNT MARY.

I left my paternal home in Central New York early in the summer of 183— to seek a home in what was called at that early period the "far west." There was a novelty and enchantment connected with pioneer life that seemed to impel myself and husband to leave behind all the associations of our early years, and to go forth somewhat as the early voyagers on the ocean must have gone, feeling not quite sure what port we should put into, or just where our journey might end. A free and unencumbered home was the height of our ambition, even though it cost years of toil and hardship to obtain it.

At that early period the most speedy means of transportation was by the Erie canal, there being but a few lines of railroad in the whole country. We accordingly took passage on a canal boat bound for Buffalo, and from there crossed Lake Erie on a small steamboat that ran between these two places.

Although Detroit had been settled for many years, yet at that time it was an unpretentious looking place, standing upon low, marshy ground, with but few good buildings, many of them being of French construction, mud walled and steep roofed, while a large per cent. of its inhabitants were a mixture of French and Indian.

After purchasing an ox team and lumber wagon, in which we loaded our household effects, we again set forth on our westward journey. Much of our journey lay through the wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and Indians, although occasionally we would pass through a clearing made by some adventurous settler, and then again there were miles where there would be no signs of civilized life, only one unbroken forest, its monotony unchanged save by the shrill notes of some woodland bird.

One day I became so tired jolting over rough roads that I got down and thought I would walk awhile, and so I walked briskly forward until I got nearly a mile in advance of the wagon. Although we were passing through a dense forest, miles in extent, yet strange to say I felt no fear, when on a sudden my eye caught sight of something moving in the underbrush not far ahead of me. It proved to be a bear who came out and crossed the road and disappeared on the other side. Just at this critical moment I saw two travelers coming toward me, and I halted until they came up. They, too, saw the bear, but thought it not best to commence an attack. I of course explained to them how I happened to be alone in so dangerous a place. Our wagon soon came up, and I once more took my seat in it, and did not again get down until we reached our destination.

The country was new all around us, and hostile Indians were not far away, and every few days we would hear of their depredations upon the whites, although they were mostly confined to the borders of new settlements. The Black Hawks and Pottawatomies were at war with the whites, on the account of their occupying their hunting grounds, which the Indians claimed extended nearly over the whole state. Many of the settlers were so much alarmed that they kept their goods packed, so as to be ready to start for the settlements upon the first hostile demonstration. But our fears proved groundless, as no harm ever came to us

from the Indians, as our government some time afterwards, paid them for their hunting grounds and sent them west of the Mississippi. A few remained, but they proved friendly, and it was no uncommon thing for half a dozen of them to enter our cabin unannounced. The door would slowly open and a head covered with straight black hair be thrust in, with the salutation of "How do you do?"

They always pretended to have come to "swap" their baskets and maple sugar for bread, blankets or clothing, but in reality it was for the ostensible purpose of begging for any article they happened to need. They frequently had their papooses with them, who generally looked plump and healthy, but unlike white children, seldom laughed or cried. They sometimes made us presents of venison and honey. Had we declined their gifts they would have considered it unfriendly, and though often shocked by their rude familiarity, we thought it but good policy to keep on friendly footing with them.

After living in this manner for five years, we had an advantageous offer for our home, and we concluded to sell and go about forty miles further west. It was not without some misgivings in the matter, that we packed our goods in mid-winter, with a heavy body of snow on the ground, and once more started westward. It took us two days to reach our new home in the woods, and we passed through several little hamlets, which to-day are large, flourishing cities.

At eight o'clock at night of the second day we reached our cabin 18x20, built of unhewn logs, and though rude in construction, it was at least new and clean. After building a fire and partaking of a supper brought along for the occasion, we made up a bed on the floor, and slept as sweetly as if in a marble palace. I arose in the morning greatly refreshed and looked around me. I was in a dense forest, so dense that I could scarcely see the sun, with only a little opening where our cabin stood. I can scarcely describe what were my sensations. I possessed a social nature, and to be isolated for months, and perhaps years, seemed, indeed, dark and foreboding. But my hopeful nature helped me to accept the situation without murmuring or faltering in the least, for in perspective I could see a happy home after it was once made. My nearest neighbor was some two miles away, and the only road a footpath through the woods. On several occasions on my return from a visit to this neighbor I would find I had been tracked by the wolves. I lived for the space of eight months without seeing but this one white woman's face.

In the spring a brother and cousin came to visit us, and when within a mile of us, night overtaking them, they got lost. After wandering around in all directions and hallooing for assistance, they were finally rescued, but not until they had decided to climb a tree for safety during the remainder of the night. This brother remained with us during the summer, and was a great comfort to me.

At night, after every thing was made secure, we would gather around a cheerful fire, and listen to the howling of the wolves; but these sounds excited no alarm for they had been a lullaby in my early childhood, for I was a pioneer's daughter, and the same Mary of which a sketch was given in the June number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*. But on one or two occasions, as I now recall the circumstances, I was very much alarmed for my personal safety. Once, when alone in the evening, I fancied I heard something about the door, which was shut and fastened, and I stepped to the window and saw a wolf picking up crumbs from the table which had been cast out doors. I was greatly alarmed lest he should attempt to come through the window, as the animal, after

scratching at the door, stood upon his hind legs and attempted to peer in. Notwithstanding I was scared, yet I had the presence of mind and, I think, the nerve, to have in some way defended myself if he had persisted in trying to come in; but after a little while he trotted away to join his companions, and my husband soon after came in, which in a measure served to allay my fears.

Another time, when the men of the family were all away from home in pursuit of the cows, who had strayed away, and I and my little girl were left alone, I had an encounter with the wolves which I shall never forget. Soon after dark they began to howl, and their voices came nearer and nearer, and grew louder and louder, as if a large number had congregated together and were bent on mischief. I kindled up a bright fire, and with my little nine years old girl took refuge on some boards laid across the beams for a temporary chamber floor. As there were two broken panes of glass in one window I was fearful that they would attempt an entrance in that way; but although they came so near that their discordant notes fairly jarred the window glass, they did not enter, but they kept up their unearthly din until nearly daylight. Tired and exhausted, I got down from my perch and set about my household duties. The men soon after came in from an unsuccessful search for the cows. They had been belated and lost in the woods, and for safety had spent the night in a tree. This was the most fearful and appalling night of my whole life.

I might fill a volume with pioneer incidents, but I will now leave my forest scenes lest my readers tire of them. More than half of my long life has been spent in an isolated way, but if I have in any way served the purpose of my Maker I am content. At the age of fourscore years, and still in the full possession of my faculties, I am patiently awaiting the summons that shall call me home, cherishing a hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave.

Meridian, N. Y.

CHOPIN AS A BOY.

Chopin, alone of all the musicians, has been immortalized through his piano forte music. If all the works that have ever been written for the piano were to be swept away, his compositions would of themselves inspire one through all the drudgery that is necessary to master the instrument.

Frederic Chopin was born on March 1, 1809, at a little village near Warsaw. The child's genius was apparent in his earliest years; when scarcely more than a baby, he was so sensitive that he wept on hearing music; and he began to compose before he was old enough to write out the notes. He was placed under the tuition of Albert Zwiryn, who was delighted with his little pupil's progress, and in his ninth year he gave his first concert. Frederic was generally full of high spirits, and often amused himself by playing little practical jokes, sometimes being joined by his sister Emily. This sister gave as rare promise of being great in literature as Frederic in music, but, unfortunately, she died when only a young girl.

Chopin had a talent for seizing the ludicrous and placing it on paper; and his power of caricaturing on the piano was much like Schumann's. It is said that once, when his father's pupils were becoming very boisterous, Chopin entered the room and seated himself at the piano. He imitated a band of robbers breaking into a house, their escape, and retreat to the woods; as the music grew fainter the pupils became drowsier and drowsier until they were all fast asleep.—*St. Nicholas*.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their *honest opinion* of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I can say a word of praise for Dobbins' Electric Soap. I have given it a fair trial and find it excellent for fine clothes, and nothing better for flannels. Will do all I can to recommend it to others. Very respectfully,

MRS. WARD MORGAN.

705 E. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.

DEAR EDITOR:—I would like to add a few lines along with those already written from a great many others, regarding the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I don't think that enough can be said in its praise. I have used it two years or more and would not use any other whatever. The clothes are whiter and the hands don't have that stiff, hard feeling as when using the common rosin soap.

MRS. SAM'L B. CHICK.

Hotel Zurich, Roxbury, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I sent seven wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap to Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for the set of Shakespeare cards as advertised. I have used the Dobbins' Electric Soap with pleasing results ever since I received the sample several months ago. If it continues at its present standard of excellence I shall continue to use it. Have never as yet come across any soap that does the work which it claims to do better than Dobbins' Electric. Very respectfully yours, MRS. W. PARK KITCHEL.

Whippany, N. J.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I feel that I owe an apology to Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for my tardy reply in way of compliment for the sample of the celebrated Dobbins' Electric Soap. I used it according to directions, and it done all it claimed for itself and more than met my expectations. I can truly say it is a woman's friend and helper. Truly,

MRS. M. J. FARNSWORTH.
Sheldon, Iowa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For the last 18 years I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap. I used it first to wash the flannels for my first baby, and have never washed a piece with any other soap. It cannot be excelled for washing flannels, and it is also most excellent for oil clothes and paint. Indeed, I cannot praise it too much. I would send any distance to procure it rather than go without it. I have recommended it to several of my friends, and like me they would not be without it. Truly,

MRS. S. WILLETS.
811 Division St., Camden, N. J.

ED. HOUSEHOLD, Sir:—We have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap and are very highly pleased with it. It saves labor and saves much hard labor and gives the clothes a clear and white appearance. We think it a sure cure for blue Monday. Very respectfully,

MRS. M. J. WRIGHT.
Hillsdale, Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap and find it to be all that you claim for it. I find it to be the best soap I ever used and will not be without it. MRS. THOMAS HINDMAN.

Chesterville P. O., Chester Co., Penn.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from *actual subscribers* giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

Can any of the western sisters tell me anything about Clara Adda Clark or her father, R. Wilson Clark, whether living or not? Any information concerning them will be thankfully received, and I will also return postage.

MRS. PARNEY S. FOSTER.

Box 624, Athol, Mass.

Mrs. T. Crahan, Wickes, Montana, wishes THE HOUSEHOLD for May, Sept., and Nov., 1881, June, Oct., Nov., Dec., 1882, and Nov., 1885, also Godey's for Jan., 1882. Will send stamps or do painting for each number.

I would like to correspond with some one who would sell or exchange the "Centuries" for May and June, 1885. MRS. I. HAUGHWONT.

Wyalusing, Wis.

THE HEROISM OF THE WOMAN WORKER.

The number is legion who are chronic invalids and are extremely puzzled to tell what ails them. They are miserable, extremely miserable. Especially may this be said of a very large class of females. They have a heavy, weighty feeling as if being dragged to the earth. "A misery in their back!" "An all gone feeling." Scarcely able to put one foot before another, and yet seeing the work must be done, they go on, a tread-mill life from early morn till late at night. Keeping about from the mere force of will. Arising in the morning but little refreshed by the few hours of pretended sleep; no one but themselves knowing that incessant aches and pains had robbed them of that much needed rest.

The masculine world knows little and appreciates less the heroism of the woman worker as she toils on, doing all she can and much more than she ought. Suffering in silence with scarcely a sigh or inaudible groan as the sharp pangs of pain each movement brings, but praying inwardly that the hour may come when she may lay down this weary, toilsome life; having no hope for relief, as the good doctors have all tried their skill in vain.

The following is a brief statement taken from one of many letters received of similar import:

CULPEPPER, VA., May 31, 1886.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—I wrote you my symptoms one year ago last February, when I was taking the Compound Oxygen, then given me by a friend, but I was so very weak and nervous at that time I doubt if it was sufficiently legible.

In the first place, I had pneumonia when six years old, and have suffered from catarrhal colds ever since. From the time of entering womanhood I have been a martyr to abdominal pains, and at recurring periods my sufferings surpassed description—increased by suppression, nervousness, and dreadful cough. My doctor treated me for catarrhal consumption, and gave me all kinds of medicines for suppression, but they only seemed to increase my pain. At last he concluded there was some organic derangement, and gave me surgical treatment which instead of relieving me, increased my agony, producing inflammation that reached the brain, making me utterly sleepless and delirious for months. Every thing was tried within our reach for my relief, but nothing brought me sleep or relieved my brain.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap and find it to be all that you claim for it. I find it to be the best soap I ever used and will not be without it. MRS. THOMAS HINDMAN.

Chesterville P. O., Chester Co., Penn.

One day a friend came to see me who had a part of a Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen at her house, and persuaded me to try it. After using it about a week my nose bled very profusely, and I felt great relief from the brain pressure that had kept me crazed for months. I began to sleep. My mind came back to me. This was about a year ago, and I was an invalid up to a month or so, commencing to drag around a little, getting so tired could not rest. But since using Compound Oxygen I can rest and walk about, and the cold I had when the Compound Oxygen arrived soon disappeared. I am stronger and better than for years. Have resumed my old Sunday school class, and played on the organ last Sunday. My friends all seem surprised and pleased at my improvement. I never fail to speak a good word for the Compound Oxygen. I now can sleep day or night, and never wake all night. I believe the Compound Oxygen is the greatest discovery of the age."

There are many people interested in the treatment which has done so much for this lady in Virginia. If you wish fuller information send to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, for their treatise, which is sent free to every applicant.

—There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in business, in society and the church. But the first and chiefest need of it is at home, where it is the salt which makes every thing sweet, the aroma which makes every hour charming, and the divine light which shines starlike through all gloom and depression.

You'll find her smiling night and day, Although at times she is not gay. And should you wonder why you meet This constant smile, regard her teeth. She only laughs those gems to show, Which SOZODONT makes white as snow.

Laughter Lends a New Charm

To beauty when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant SOZODONT.

—The subscriber who asks what are the best books for young men is informed that pocket-books—well filled—are generally considered the most desirable.

To relieve headache, correct disorders of the stomach and increase the appetite, and for the cure of liver complaint, use Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are perfectly safe to take, and invariably promote a healthy action of the digestive and assimilative organs.

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

—Sunshine is like love—it makes every thing shine with its own beauty.

FIRST-CLASS TOILET SOAPS.

From a long acquaintance with the Indexical soaps made by Robinson Brothers, of Boston, I take great pleasure in saying that I regard them as excellent, *always* giving me full satisfaction.

MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

—The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

Beware of frauds. Be sure you get the genuine Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Its fame is world-wide.

—Keep little annoyances out of the way.

OF INTEREST TO LADIES.—The scalp may be kept white and clean, and the hair, soft, pliant, and glossy, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation never fails to restore to faded and gray hair its original color. Sold by druggists and perfumers.

—A little of every thing is nothing in the main.

Halford Sauce makes your food more nutritious.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.00. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

"THE MIKADO."

In addition to our premiums, a list of which will be sent on application, we wish to call *especial* notice to our Cabinet Portraits of D'Oyley Carte's English Mikado Company, Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. No light opera has ever been produced in the United States that has equalled in popularity "The Mikado." The original company to produce it in this country was D'Oyley Carte's English Company, selected there by Gilbert and Sullivan and sent to this country. We have issued, for distribution to our patrons who will send us wrappers as below a series of seven cabinet portraits of these artists, in character and costume, the finest photographic gelatine work ever produced. They comprise:

Geraldine Ulmar, as - - - "Yum-Yum."
Misses Ulmar, Foster and St. Maur, as
"Three Little Maids from School."
Kate Foster, as - - - - "Pitti-Sing."
George Thorne, as - - - - "Ko-Ko."
Courtice Pounds, as - - - - "Nanki-Poo."
Frederici, as - - - - "The Mikado."
Fred Billington, as - - - - "Pooh-Bah."

Our price for these portraits is twenty-five cents each but to any one who uses our soap, and sending us 15 wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and full post-office address, we will send the whole series, postage paid, and *free of charge*.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
No. 119 South Fourth St.,
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Dr. Hanaford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the treatment of both. Price \$1.00.

HOME GIRLS, treating of the physical and mental training, 20 cents.

ANTI-FAT and ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPEPTIC'S FRIEND, 25 cents.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Indicated for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, 15 cents.

All sent by mail, free, on the receipt of the price. (Stamps for change.) (The "Health Rules" will be sent in *Good Bread, Anti-Fat, and Anti-Lean*, and with the medicine.)

My original and only offer to "brides" who have had THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present, and who will subscribe for it, was 75 cents for the "Mother and Child." This offer still remains, applying to *all* who subscribed in 1884, who will renew for 1885. Address DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

— "You hired me," said the laboring man, "and now I want you to higher my wages."

Ladies, why suffer in silence when you can obtain sure and permanent relief by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

—A wise man changes his mind, but a fool never.

THICK FOOD cannot be digested by infants. Mellin's Food is designed to take the place of the thick pap which sours the stomach of so many infants. It is healthful, nourishing, and highly commended by the faculty as the most perfect substitute for mothers' milk ever made.

Nobody is so wise but has a little folly to spare.

SCROFULA is one of the most fatal among the scourges which afflict mankind. Chronic sores, cancerous humors, emaciation, and consumption, are the result of scrofula. Ayer's Sarsaparilla eradicates this poison, and restores to the blood, the elements of life and health.

REPORT is a quick traveler, but not a safe guide.

LADIES, be very cautious how you tamper with samples of the many *vile counterfeits* offered you, which may prove very damaging to the fabric and hands; and instead of these *similar appearing* packages, be sure to get the only *harmless* article for laundry and kitchen use, the original JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. Sold by all Grocers.

—The greatest wealth is contentment with a little.

—For sick headache, caused by a disordered stomach, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most reliable remedy. "My mother first recommended these Pills to me, thirty years ago. They are the mildest and best purgative in use."—S. C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

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See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical facts, etc.

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Instructions can be had only with this outfit, as they are copyrighted.

Description of a few of the patterns:—1 set of initials for towels, hat ribbons, &c., worth 50c; 2 large outlines for tildies, 25c. each; 1 design for tinsel embroidery, 5 inches wide, for end of table scarf, 25c; 1 tidy design for ribbon work, 2 c.; 1 large clover design, 7x11, 25c.; 1 large thistle, 6x7, for Kensington painting, 25c.; 1 stork and 1 large butterfly, for lustre painting, 25c.; 1 pansy design for ladies bag, 10c.; 1 design for thermometer case, 2 c.; 1 elegant spray of golden-rod, 6x11, 25c.; 1 Martha Washington geranium, for plush petals, 6x10, 25c.; 1 half wreath for hat crown, 15c.; 1 design for top of umbrella case, 15c.; 1 spider's web, and 1 new disk pattern, 25c.; 1 tidy design, owls on a tree, 25c.; 1 vine of daisies and ferns, for end of table scarf, 25c.; 1 wide braiding pattern, 25c.; 1 large bunch of daisies, 20c.; and 75 or more other designs of roses, clematis, autumn leaves, outline designs, &c., &c. **Besides** the patterns the outfit contains: 1 box black and 1 box white powder; 2 distributors; Illustrated Instruction book, TEACHING STAMPING, INCLUDING NEW METHOD, all the stations, &c.; 1 tidy, all stamped and ready to be worked, with silk to work it, and our Catalogue and Illustrated Price List, with over 3000 pictures, and description of patterns, new fancy work, table covers, key holders, &c., and pieces of silks, felts, satins, chenilles, tinsel, &c.

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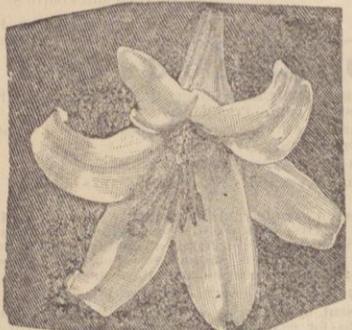
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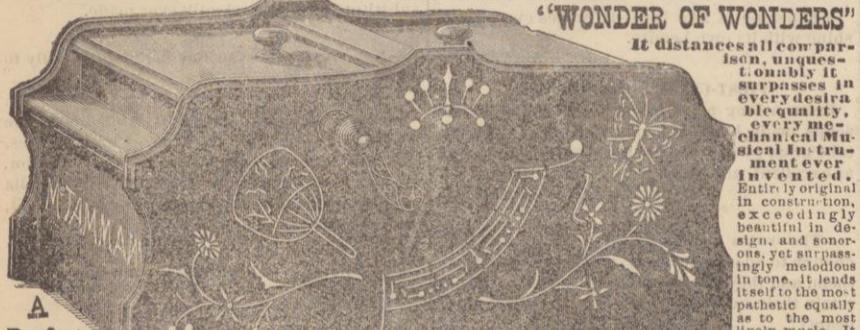
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Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Lilies, Crocus,
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Hyacinths, Early Roman White,	108	\$0 85	
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ROSES , specially prepared for winter blooming, strong plants, 6 for \$1; 13 for \$2.			
" NEW THINGS.—New Geraniums, Fuchsias, Carnations, Chrysanthemums, Strawberry, Grape, Raspberry, Currant plants, Superior strain of Pansies, every thing in the line of flower and vegetable seed. Fall Catalogue, illustrated, free.			
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THIS SPLENDID \$12.00 INSTRUMENT FOR ONLY \$7.00 DULCIMER ORGANETTE!

This extraordinary instrument has been designated the "WONDER OF WONDERS"



A Perfect GEM.

quire that you should have an ear for music. A LITTLE CHILD EVEN CAN OPERATE IT every respects. It plays such an anthem as "America" with all its grand, solemn melody and effect, and the next instant will play "Yankee Doodle" in lively, mirthful measures. It will bring cheerfulness to the most dismal home, and add redoubled pleasure to many already cheerful ones. A piano or organ requires a finished performer to bring music out of them, but the Dulcimer Organette is COMPLETE in ITSELF and Needs no Knowledge of NOTES or common accomplishments in fingerling. A nocturne, a set of Quadrilles, a stirring march, and a gentle lullaby can all be given in rapid succession by one who has never seen the instrument before. As the Dulcimer Organette is one of the latest of fine Mechanical Instruments invented, it retains all the great improvements by which an immense full volume of sound is produced, while at the same time the clear, soft, melodious tones of the Zellars are retained in all their tender gentleness of tone. Nor does the Dulcimer Organette alone please the ear by the rising harmony and infinite variety of its matchless music, it likewise gratifies the eye by its beautiful form and the exceeding elegance of its general appearance. It is fabricated by the most skillful artisans from carefully selected material. The most loudly sounding Cabinet Organs scarcely equal the Dulcimer Organette in its resounding tones. It is at once a thing of joy and beauty—fit to adorn the elegant salon of an aristocratic mansion, or to bring an instant delight into the humble parlor of a. Its exceedingly low price fortunately brings it down to the reach of every family. This splendid instrument has never been sold for less than \$12, but in order to get agents started at once we sell at the lowest wholesale price, a sample instrument with a fine selection of music for ONLY SEVEN DOLLARS, provided you cut out this advertisement and return it. Cut out this Advertisement and send your order at once for it is worth Five Dollars to you, but after we good agents the price will be \$12 each. We send the Dulcimer Organette promptly on receipt of price with a fine selection of music for ONLY SEVEN DOLLARS. We will send this splendid instrument C. O. D. if you send \$2.00 \$5.00 at the express office. Send money by registered letter or Post Office order.

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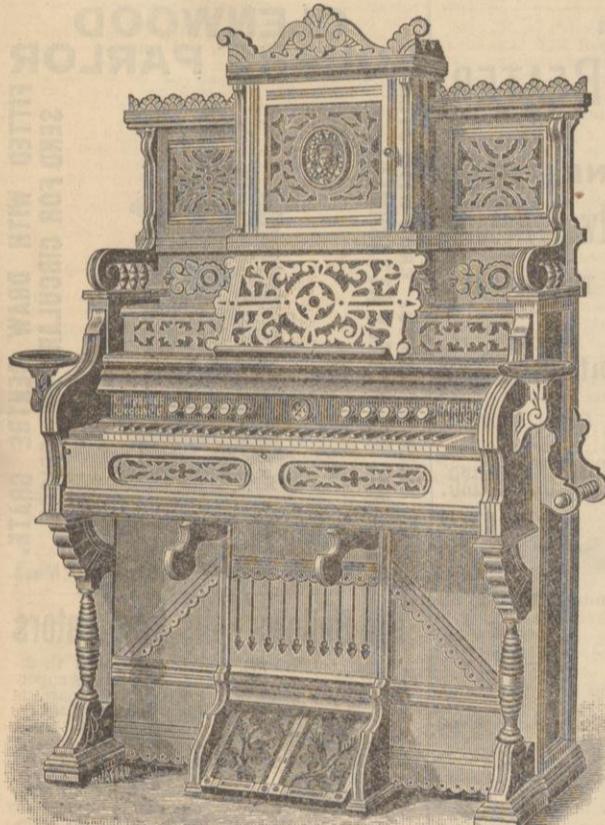
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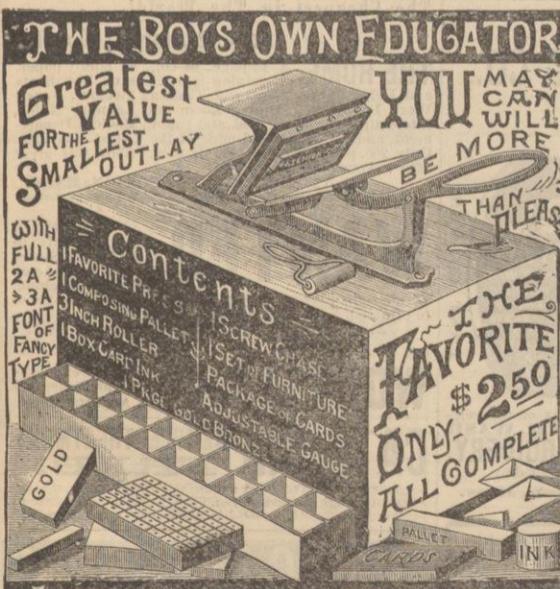
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LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

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OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. B. Taylor, 184 Union St., Springfield, Mass., will send ten samples of crocheted lace for something useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. Geo. E. Knox, Ballston, N. Y., will exchange a few *eucharis amazonica* bulbs for any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. C. S. Wilcox, Sibley, Iowa, will exchange slips of plants, crazy pieces, silk, satin and velvet, or print pieces, for Jan. and Feb. HOUSEHOLDS, 1885.

Mrs. N. E. Leach, West Point, Neb., will exchange HOUSEHOLDS, '84 and '85, for Arthur's Home Magazine, any year.

Mrs. E. A. Fogg, Madison, Me., will exchange "Cricket on the Hearth" for 1885, for stamping patterns or pieces of velvet.

Mrs. E. A. Peirce, 129 Main St., Worcester, Mass., will exchange twelve skeins, different colors embroidery silk, for two ounces odds and ends of different colored Germantown yarn.

Mrs. J. E. Tanner, Cortland, N. Y., will exchange moleskin paintings, for sea shells, curiosities, or old silks. Write first.

Mrs. F. A. Prince, Danielsonville, Conn., will exchange "The Boss Stocking Darn," for silk crazy-patchwork eight inches square.

Neata Wilson, Russellville, Putnam Co., Ind., will exchange silk worm eggs for silk, satin and velvet scraps, suitable for crazy patchwork.

Mrs. C. F. Cobb, East Stoughton, Mass., will exchange pieces of prints, ginghams and woollens, for scraps of silk, satin or velvet for crazy work. Write first.

Mrs. R. A. Miller, 115 Court St., Ottumwa, Iowa, will do stamping in exchange for arras, chenille or silk floss. Write first.

Mrs. J. E. Burleson, West Thompson, Conn., will exchange "Lena Rivers" and "Edith Lyle," by Mrs. Holmes, for books by Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Dorr, Miss Douglass or Pansy. Write first.

Mrs. J. James, Medford, Mass., will exchange scraps of silk and velvet suitable for crazy work, for flower seeds or books.

Mrs. E. Rodolphe, Montfort, Grant Co., Wis., will exchange plants, bulbs, seeds, petrified moss, birch bark, etc., for any thing nice for girls two to seven years. Please attach value.

Sallie B. Reese, Warrensburg, Johnson Co., Mo., wishes to exchange a pair of gold engraved bracelets for a nice set ring. Write first.

Mrs. H. E. Rhodes, 32 Clinton Place, Rochester, N. Y., will exchange novelty rug machine and patterns, for infants' short clothes, and other articles for infant's wardrobe. Write first.

Mrs. O. J. Blodgett, Central City, Iowa, will exchange seeds for other seeds, or gladiolus or dahlia bulbs, also Youth's Companion or S. S. papers for magazines.

Mrs. C. W. Staples, 44 Franklin St., Haverhill, Mass., will exchange cabinet photographs of the Greeley survivors, Louis Riel, and Whittier's birth place for minerals and curiosities.

Mrs. M. L. Chapin, Smyrna, N. Y., will exchange "His Sombre Rivals," by E. P. Roe, (nearly new,) or fancy work, for a good stamping outfit.

Mrs. C. H. Wight, 5 Montgomery St., Portland, Me., will exchange two chromos, 22 x 26, for a year's numbers of the Art Amateur or any art magazine.

Mrs. L. Richardson, Santa Paula, Ventura Co., Calif., will exchange shells and moss from the Pacific, for silk, satin and velvet for crazy quilt, or cabinet specimens.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

A Hard Fate

It is indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity; be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of at least \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.

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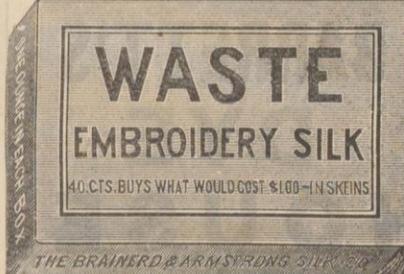
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11	Butter Knife,	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	3
13	One vol. Household,	4
14	Fruit Knife,	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	5
16	Call Bell,	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	5
19	Six Check Plaid Napkin Rings,	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	6
24	Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon,	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	7
28	Gilt Cup,	7
29	Photograph Album,	7
30	Spoon Holder,	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,)	8
32	Pie Knife,	9
33	Soup Ladle,	9
34	Cake Knife,	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	10
40	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler,)	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	10
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44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	12
46	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat,	12
47	Syrup Cup,	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	12
50	Caster,	14
51	Cake Basket,	14
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61	Gold Pen and Holder,	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	18
63	Spoon Holder,	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	18
65	1 doz Table Forks, medium,	18
66	Photograph Album,	18
67	Caster,	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	20
69	Cake Basket,	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 Views,	20
72	Folding chair,	24
73	Cash,	25
74	Child's Carriage,	25
75	Webster's Unabrig'd Dictionary, 12 doz.	30
76	Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory, inlaid handles	30
77	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	30
78	Sewing Machine, (Higby,)	40
79	Silver Watch,	45
80	Folding Chair,	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Higby,)	50
82	Silver Watch,	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat,	100
84	Cash,	100
85	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	150
86	Cottage Organ, (Estey,)	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	175
88	Gold's Gold Watch,	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail, express or freight.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states, and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of the list and name the premium selected.

Premium clubs will be kept open ONE YEAR if desired.

All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express or freight are at the expense of the receiver.

New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike for premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever.

Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

Birds!

German Canaries, Singers, warranted, \$2.00; Extra fine, \$3.00; St. Andrewsberg Canaries, bell, water notes, \$5.00; Campanini Canaries, the finest, \$8 & \$10; Talking Parrots, 6 varieties; Goldfinches, Bullfinches, Linnets, Cardinals, Cages, new styles at lowest prices. All bird medicines by mail, 25cts. Book on Birds by mail, 25 cts. "Canaries and Cage Birds," 375 pages, elegant colored plates, all facts on all birds, by mail, \$2.00. G. H. HOLDEN, Bowdoin Square, Boston, Mass.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	60.00
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00
Six "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00
Nine "	47.00	90.00	135.00	170.00	250.00	470.00
One column, 60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00	

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1886, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

Delicious Food, Healthfulness and Economy.

CLEVELAND'S
SUPERIOR
Baking
Powder.

Manufactured by Cleveland Brothers, Albany, N. Y., is the PUREST, STRONGEST, MOST HEALTHFUL, and will always be found THE MOST RELIABLE AND MOST ECONOMICAL preparation ever produced for making most delicious, light, white, sweet and healthful biscuits, cakes, pastry, puddings, &c., and has met with unprecedented success wherever introduced during the past fifteen years.

The public have a right to know what they are using as food. Anything that so vitally affects the health of the family as the daily bread we eat should be free from any suspicion of taint, and housekeepers should demand that manufacturers plainly state *all* the ingredients of compounds that are used in the preparation of our daily diet. Do not use baking powders whose manufacturers wholly or partly withhold from the public a knowledge of the ingredients from which they are made. CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER is made only of purest Grape Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda and a little wheat flour, the latter to preserve the strength of the powder. Nothing else whatever is used in its manufacture.

NEW YORK, July 11, 1884.

In analyzing samples of baking powder purchased by myself of a number of grocers in New York City, I find that CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER contains only pure Grape Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda, and a small portion of flour.

R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M. D., LL. D., Prof. Chemistry and Toxicology in "Bellevue Hospital Medical College;" Prof. Chemistry and Physics in the "College of the City of New York."

YIELDS TO EVERY MOVEMENT OF THE WEARER.

YATISI CORSET. TRADE MARK. FITS EASY. MARK. Owing to the diagonal elastic of the cloth will fit perfectly first time worn. Requires no breaking in. Money returned by seller after being worn 10 days if not found the most PERFECT FITTING. Healthful & comfortable Corsets ever worn. See that the Yatisi stamp is on inside of Corset. Sold by all dealers. Price by mail, prepaid, \$1.35 and upwards. Mention this paper. CROTTY BROS., Chicago, Ill.

CLEAN PLATES? PERFECTLY! Cleanliness and comfort never known if you wear Artificial Teeth and do not use the Florence Dental Plate Brush. Absolutely indispensable. For sale by all dealers. Circulars on application to Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass. Prevent Disease—For natural teeth use the Prophylactic Tooth Brush. Adults' & Children's Sizes.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Howell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

ROYAL



BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S
PEARLINE
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.
SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Down With High Prices!
30 TO 70 PER CENT. OFF
ONE THOUSAND DIFFERENT ARTICLES
Sold Direct to Consumers.

The "Little Detective," \$3.00
L. D. Postal gives Postage in CENTS.
Weighs from 1/4 oz. to 25 lbs.

FAMILY SCALES, 240 lbs., \$5.
Platform Scales, \$11 to \$20.

Forges and Blacksmiths' Tools.
Farmers' Forge, \$10.
Forge and Kit of Tools, \$25.
Farmers can do odd jobs, saving time and money. Anvils, Vises, &c., &c.

WAGON SCALES.
Only manufacturers in America using nothing but the best of English Steel for bearings of all Scales:

2-Ton (6x12) \$40.

3-Ton (7x13) \$50.

Beam Box and Brass Beam with each Scale, \$30 other varieties. Also Trucks, Wheelbarrows, Corn Shellers, Feed Mills, Copy Presses, Money Drawers, Clothes Wringers and all Hardware Specialties.

SAFES OF ALL SIZES.
No. 4, weight 1,100 lbs., \$50.

SEWING MACHINES,
PRICES REDUCED
FROM \$65 TO \$15.

A beautiful Machine, perfectly finished, improvement on the Singer pattern, Black Walnut Furniture, containing a full set of latest improved Attachments. Guaranteed perfect. Save money.

Send for Circulars.
Chicago Scale Co.,
151 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

Send stamp for illustrated circulars and second-hand list. WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., Boston, Mass.



AFTER THE BATH.

CLARA: "I have had a most refreshing bath. The IVORY SOAP is, without exception, the most luxurious soap for bathing. It lathers freely and is so easily rinsed off, leaving a sense of comfort and cleanliness such as no other soap will."

LOUISE: "Yes, and isn't it nice to use soap that floats like the IVORY; for if you drop it, you don't have to feel for it, but pick it off the top of the water."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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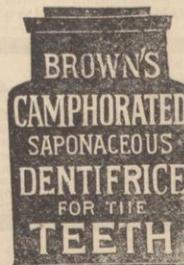
BARRETT'S
DYE
HOUSE.

Established in 1804.

Dyeing and French Cleansing in all their branches.

52 Temple Place,
BOSTON, MASS.

Send for Price List. Mention this Paper.



A MOST AGREEABLE ARTICLE

FOR

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth
and PURIFYING THE BREATH.

It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Drugists, etc., 25c. a bottle.

I WILL send \$100 in Green Back (fac simile) for \$10 invested. W. A. HAMILTON, KIRBY'S CREEK, ALA.

CAREY'S MOUNTED PASTILLES.

Patented April 19, 1881.

These Pastilles will Perfume, Deodorize and Disinfect Sick-Rooms, Bathing Rooms, Nurseries and Kitchens, Removing all Bad Odors from Clothing etc., etc.

They give out a delightful perfume, and are coming rapidly into favor with all classes.

STOCK, to do their work, comfortable as well, two do not always go together, they ought to be stock sheltered, and will be when they are, they will not good farmer knows, make up for lack of shelter animals worn, the only good farmer furnishes them of corn meal to do what he can of lattices would have amount of extra feed ready for lots of comfort in time, get used to shelter I know; but wouldn't be more probable to make it from the first: The money in the wintering best. And can we afford give less milk, or others than they ought to, should are not comfortable.

Some years ago I wintering steers coming three years, always never been here, born, and with a great deal of feed in abundance, uncomfortable the steers.

By being very



ONE BOX, 25 CENTS. ONE HOLDER for 10 CENTS will last a lifetime. Address DWIGHT HILLIARD, Agent, NORTH HADLEY, MASS.

FINE GUNS—Scott's, Parker's, Colt's, Greener's, Richards', Smith, Forehand & Wadsworth, Davis, and all makes.

Now in stock a lot of Second-hand Breech-loading Guns, some of highest grade. Bargains that will soon be taken up.

Send stamp for illustrated circulars and second-hand list. WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

TYPE PRINTING PRESSES. NATIONAL TYPE CO. PHILA. PA. 100 page Book 10c.