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# THE HOUSEHOLD

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., OCTOBER, 1872.

No. 10.

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## The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.  
**GEO. E. CROWELL,**  
Editor and Proprietor,  
Crosby Block, - - - Main Street,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.  
TERMS: - \$1 00 per year.



### THE LINE FENCE.

Old farmer Smith came home in a miff  
From his field the other day,  
While his sweet little wife, the pride of his life,  
At her wheel was spinning away.  
And ever anon, a gay little song  
With the buzz of her wheel kept time;  
And the wrathful brow is clearing now,  
Under the cheerful rhyme.  
"Come, come, little Turk! put away your work  
And listen to what I say;  
What can I do, but a quarrel brew  
With the man across the way?  
I have built my fence; but he won't commence  
To lay a single rail;  
His cattle get in, and the feed gets thin,  
I am tempted to make a sale."  
"Why John, dear John, how you do go on!  
I'm afraid it will be as they say!"  
"No, no, little wife, I have learned that strife  
In a lawyer's hand don't pay.  
He is picking a flaw, to drive me to law,  
I have heard that he said he would;  
And you know long ago the law wronged me so,  
I vowed I never should.  
So what can I do, that I will not rue,  
To the man across the way?"  
"If that's what you want, I can help you haunt  
The man with a spectre gray,  
Thirty dollars will do to carry you through,  
And then you have gained a neighbor;  
It would cost you more to peep in the door  
Of a court, and much more labor.  
Just use your good sense—let's build him a fence  
And shame such thoughts out the fellow."  
They built up his part, and it sent to his heart  
Love's dart, where the good lay mellow.  
That very same night, by the candle light,  
They opened, with interest, a letter;  
Not a word was there, but three greenbacks fair  
Said the man was growing better.

### PAINT FOR DWELLINGS.

IN answer to an inquiry from a farmer who desires to know the best color for painting a two-story house of moderate pretensions with but few trees around it, the Country Gentleman recommends any neutral tint, not too dark, which may suit him best; if a cool drab color, it should not pass too much towards coldness, which is only adapted to stately mansions; and if a warm brown, too

much clear yellow or red should be carefully avoided. Nothing can be worse than the impression of a surface colored with paint merely for the sake of the color. On the contrary, the shade should resemble that of the materials of which houses are built. The natural color of wood or of light stone should not be greatly disguised. Some writer has said that the dust which lies in the roadway may be selected as an approximate guide to the shade given to the neighboring houses. A diversity of opinion prevails as to the color of window blinds, but we have always preferred some modification of green. When Downing and others attacked the fashion of painting white, they committed the error of excluding green for the windows.

There is no incongruity in light brown and warm green; some of the most agreeable combinations in nature are made of these two colors—as we see in landscape painting, in the soft blending of the two in late summer forests—and the rich brown bark and cones, and the deep green branches of evergreens. A large, rather dark house, should have dark green blinds; a smaller house of lighter color may have a more lively green. Small houses, under the shadows of large trees, may be clear white.

Scott, in his recently published treatise on Landscape Gardening, justly remarks: "The most beautiful, and necessarily most pleasing of all colors for window blinds, which harmonize with nearly every neutral tint, and with all natural objects—ever-beautiful green—the tenderest and most welcome of all colors to the delicate eye, was thrust aside even by the cultivated taste of Downing; and in its place dull brown blinds were the fashion and in taste. Common sense and common eye-sight have been too strong for such a fashion to endure long, and green again greets our grateful eyes on cottage, villa and mansion windows."

### HOW TO MAKE A CHEAP CELLAR BOTTOM.

In sections of the country where there is an abundance of cobble-stones, collect a few loads of them about four or five inches in diameter, grade the bottom of the cellar, lay the cobbles in rows, and ram them down one-third their thickness into the ground, so that they will not rock nor be sunk below the line of the rows by any heavy superincumbent pressure, such as the weight of a hoghead of molasses or tierce of vinegar. The bottom of the cellar should be graded so that the outside will be at least two inches lower than the middle. A mistake sometimes occurs by grading the cellar bottom in such a manner that the center will be two or three inches lower than the outside. When this is the case, should water enter from the outside, it will flow directly towards the middle.

A straight-edged board should be

placed frequently on each row of stones as they are being rammed, so that the upper sides may be in a line with each other. After the stones are laid and well rammed down, place a few boards on the pavement to walk on; then make a grouting of clean sand and water lime, or Rosendale cement, and pour it on the stones until all the interstices are filled. As soon as the grouting has set, spread a layer of good cement mortar one inch thick over the top of the pavement, and trowel the surface off smoothly. In order to spread the mortar true and even on the surface, lay an inch board one foot from the wall, on the surface of the pavement, stand on the board, and fill the space with mortar even with the top of the board; after which, move the board one foot, fill the space with mortar, and trowel it off smoothly. Such a floor will cost less than a board floor, and will endure as long as the superstructure is kept in repair.

A floor made in the foregoing manner on the ground in the basement of a barn, a piggery, or a stable, would be rat-proof, and would be found cheaper and more serviceable than a plank floor. The work should be done in the fore part of the growing season, so that the cement may have sufficient time to become dry and hard before cold weather.—*Industrial Monthly.*

### SUITABLE FLOORS FOR BASEMENTS.

One of the greatest faults of house-building is to be found in the want of foresight and care in the preparation for and laying of the floor. Invariably the ground under such floor is dug out so as to leave what is termed an "air-space" between it and the joists; and, for the circulation of the air, it is likewise necessary to leave holes in the foundation walls for the purpose.

Now all this airing of the underside of the floor is procured at the expense of the comfort of the upper surface, and consequently of that of the house itself; for the inch flooring is but slight defence against the cold which must necessarily find its way beneath. A far better mode of flooring basements, cottages, dairies, etc., is to spread on the ground a bed of air-slacked lime, on which the joists should rest and be sunk, say an inch or two deep, so as to leave no chance for air to enter, and at the same time effectually keep out all vermin; as they will not attempt to burrow in lime.

At first sight, this seems to be an expensive mode of securing comfort, but it is quite the contrary. Ten bushels of lime is ample for a square of ten feet (one hundred square feet), and there are very few localities in which lime is not cheap and plenty. Such an underlaying of lime will prove a most desirable preservative of basement floors, and render a dwelling sanitary, warm and sound.—*Technologist.*



### HOW TO FURNISH A SUMMER BEDROOM.

FOR a country bedroom to be used principally in the summer, papering should be selected with a prevailing tint of very delicate pink, as it contrasts well with the white draperies for the windows, with the rich green of neighboring trees and fields, and with the clear blues of sky and water. The wood-work, if painted, should be white, with pannels of a soft shade of what we familiarly call "Quaker drab."

If one possesses such a relic of departed days as an old carved mahogany field bedstead, this summer bedroom will prove a fitting home for it if in place of the damasks and satins of former times, which have vanished thread by thread long before our day, we add grace to its otherwise somewhat bare-looking posts, by draping them with Swiss muslin curtains, or with cheaper but almost as pretty ones of mosquito-lace, which can be looped aside with crocheted bands of pink cord. For the window cornices, take plain pine moldings—of the kind known among carpenters as an "ogee"—stain them blackwalnut, and fasten to the top of the window-frames. These will project enough of themselves for a low-ceiled room, but where the ceiling is over ten feet in height they should be brought farther from the wall by means of flat strips of board, of the width you desire, nailed fast to the top of the window, and to which the molding can be screwed. From these cornices should depend curtains of the same material as those which drape the bedstead.

It is supposed that these directions are being given to some young housekeeper who has more taste than furniture or money. She can make a toilet table which shall be at once pretty and inexpensive, by fitting into an angle of the room—if possible, between two windows, that there may be plenty of light—at a height of about thirty-two inches from the floor, a broad board rounding on the outer edge in this manner, A. On the top of this fasten a thin cushion covered with pink calico, and this again with thin white muslin. From this table-shelf let full frills of calico and muslin depend to the floor. Over it should be suspended diagonally a small mirror, and one need not be much distressed if the frame should be a little broken or tarnished, for it can be draped with artistically-arranged folds of transparent muslin or lace, and look all the prettier.

In another corner, place a wash-stand by fitting in two boards of smaller size,

but of the same shape as for the toilet-table. The upper one, which has a round hole for the reception of a basin, should be about thirty inches from the floor, and the other midway. These should be stained black-walnut.

A comfortable and pretty lounge can be made from a packing-box about five feet in length, two in width, and fifteen inches in height, placed on castors, and fitted with a lid. It will serve as a box to hold bedding, and with a thick, soft cushion and two large pillows, the whole covered with the plain pink calico veiled with transparent white, will form a most inviting-looking lounge.

An old-fashioned round stand, draped like the toilet-table, will be a pretty movable table.

The mantel-piece, which should be low and broad, can be covered with the pink and white, a full frill of the same, from six to eight inches in depth, shading the front.

To make a clothes-closet, put two plain shelves, about one foot apart, across an angle or in a recess, the upper one at a height of from six to seven feet from the floor, and from this hang full pink and white curtains. Under the second shelf put a row of hooks for hanging clothes.

Plain and inexpensive as all this undeniably is, there is no appearance of meagerness—the full hangings prevent that. Drapery has the same effect upon a room that it has upon the human figure, and we all know that an amply-flowing muslin robe imparts more than ten times the grace to the wearer than is given by scanty folds of even the most expensive silks, satins, or moires.

With white matting on the floor, this room will be invitingly cool-looking. Or, if a carpet is preferred, let it be delicately tinted ingrain.—*Hearth and Home.*

#### WALLS AND THEIR COVERINGS.

In the old days of wainscots, when every room of any pretensions to elegance was banded with light or dark wood to a height of three or four feet from the base, it was far easier to effectively ornament the portion of wall left uncovered, than it is when an unbroken surface sweeps, as now, from floor to ceiling.

If the pattern which covers this surface be large and positive, the effect is to lessen the apparent size of the room, and confuse with vulgar repetition. If, on the contrary, it is small and inconspicuous, there is a wearisome effect of monotony, displeasing to a trained eye. Even if the paper be of plain tint, and intended merely as a background for pictures, etc., the effect is enhanced by contrast and breaks in surface. There are various methods to produce this result, as for instance:

A space corresponding to the ancient wainscot is left to the height of three or four feet above the floor, and filled in with paint or paper of solid color, harmonizing or contrasting with that which is used on the upper part of the wall. This is usually topped with a wooden moulding to serve as "chairing," above which the lower tint of plain gray, pearl, green, is repeated in subdued pattern, the surface being broken at top and bottom by a narrow band of contrasting color.

Or again: the paper, which is of any quiet shade, is relieved above and below by a broad band of velvet paper in rich, deep color, which, running also up the corners of the room, frames the paler

tint, as it were, into a number of large panels. This plan is carried out very effectively.

Another way is to paper in three horizontal bands, the lower being of dark brown, simulating wainscot, the next of plain green or fawn, as background for a line of pictures, and the upper of delicate, fanciful pattern, finished at the cornice by soft fresco tints.

Of these plans we should recommend the first to people of moderate means and tastes. It costs no more to paper the lower part of a wall with plain paper than with figured, the strip of moulding at the top adds little to the expense, and the prettiness and effect of the whole is infinitely enhanced by the use of a cheap and simple method.

Paint versus paper is a point on which rival housekeepers disagree. Very beautiful results can entirely be attained by paint, but the really beautiful ones are laborious and usually expensive. Kalsomine, which is a process of water-coloring, gives extremely pretty effects, and for ceilings, cornices, or any place not exposed to much rubbing and scraping, is sufficiently permanent. The process of sanding paint and painting over the sand produces a depth and richness of color only equaled by velvet paper, and far superior to that in durability.

Stenciling on wood, on rough plaster, and on paint is so cheap and excellent a method of decoration that we wonder it is not more often resorted to. A row of encaustic tiles are often set, in England, as a finish at top of wainscoting. These tiles, which are but little used among us, are susceptible of many graceful applications to the ornamentation of houses, and we hope the time will come for their fuller introduction on this side of the ocean.

The tone of the ceiling should be lighter than that of the floor. Attention to this simple law would obviate the distressing effect occasionally produced in modern houses, when, by reason of the lightness of the carpet and the heaviness of the fresco, the room seems in danger of falling in upon itself and its inhabitants.—*Scribner.*

#### FAMILY COURTESIES.

In the family, the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children, and your children are bound to please each other, and you are bound to please your servants if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household and nowhere else. We all know such men. They are good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own homes you would have thought they were almost angels; but if you had seen them in the street, in their stores, in the counting-houses, or anywhere else outside of their own homes, you would have thought them almost savage.

But the opposite is apt to be the case with others. When among strangers or neighbors they endeavor to act with propriety; but when they get home they say to themselves, "I have played a part long enough, and now I am going to be natural." So they sit down, and are ugly and snappish, and blunt and disagreeable. They lay aside those little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, and make the hardest things like velvet, and that make life pleasant. They expend all their politeness in places where it will bring silver and gold.

—To remove ink stains from furniture, pour some lemon juice on the ink spot, and rub it well with the finger. Then wipe it off with a cloth, and if the stain has not entirely disappeared apply more lemon juice. Continue to do this until the stains are removed.

—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness.



#### THE WINTER ROSE.

There is one little flower that I love right well,  
Our hearts are drawn together,—  
'Tis my little red rose, O my winter rose!  
That braves the stormy weather!  
We have lived through the dark, through the gloomy days,  
We'll live till sunny weather!  
I have flowers so gay, in my fair parterre,  
That bloom through the summer only,—  
At the first chilling blast they will fly away,  
And leave me sad and lonely!  
But who cares for the friend, who in sorrow's hour,  
Heeds not that we are lonely!  
But of thee, who hath seemed like a friend to me,  
I'll sing and cheer the dreary;  
And the hopes we will raise, O my winter rose,  
Of those who are worn and weary!  
There is hope still for you, there are bright days yet,  
For you who toil, so weary!  
O, I care not for all of the summer friends,  
Who troop so gay together;  
Only give me the friend, O the heart's warm friend,  
Who'll dare the wintry weather!  
O, the friend that we love, O the faithful friend,  
Will stay through stormy weather!  
—*Chronicle.*

#### ROSES AND THEIR CULTURE.

THE rose has always held a high place in the floral kingdom, having long ago by common consent been styled the "Queen of Flowers." It is said of the ancients that they provided their guests with the scent of roses at their meals by shaking down an abundance of leaves on the table so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses during meals descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times they reclined on cushions stuffed with rose leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed.

Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet room, and caused nets to be spread over the flowers in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet rooms, but also the colonnades, that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, hyacinths, and narcissi, and walked about upon the flowery platform.

The culture of the rose is of the simplest nature requiring no large amount

of skill, the important point being first, strong, healthy cuttings to begin with, and second, a free, yet discriminate use of the pruning knife.

Regarding the first point, Max Klose, a gardener, in *The Garden*, says:—Instead of throwing my prunings away, this spring, I used them as cuttings, putting a whole lot of them—about a dozen or more in (I am afraid to mention it) a marmalade jar, filled with coarse sand and water, with sufficient of the latter to be about a quarter of an inch or so above the sand. I then plunged the jars into a slight hot-bed, and let the cuttings have all the light and sun possible—never shading once. This was about eight weeks ago. Last week I thought I would have a look how the cuttings were going on at the bottom, as they appeared healthy at the top. Fancy my delight to find that the new roots had covered the sides of the jar, and were matted together in such a way that I had to wash the sand away under a tap to separate the cuttings without breaking the roots. I call this "striking like willows;" some bits with only one eye at the top, struck almost better than any: others, where I put perhaps two eyes beneath the surface of the sand, have struck from every eye. I can assure you I never saw cuttings so well furnished with roots as these were.

Out of about one hundred and twenty cuttings of some three dozen different kinds of roses, I only missed striking fifteen, which I think is a very encouraging result; anyhow, I shall consider it the road royal, and experiment again in a similar manner in summer, when I shall pay more attention to the preparing of the cuttings and the way they will strike the readiest. The beauty of my system is its extreme simplicity; the trouble or labor is nil; beyond the mere procuring of the cuttings, all one has to do is to leave the jars alone, only giving a little water from time to time to replace what has been lost by evaporation.

As to the size of cuttings, I have put in anything—thick or thin, pithy or weedy, straight shoots or jointed ones, shoots with from one to six eyes—only taking care that the cut in every case was a clean one such as a good sharp knife will make.

A writer in *Scribner's Monthly* says: The rose requires a deep, rich, loamy soil, unshaded or smothered by trees or shrubs; good drainage, careful waterings if the season is dry, and close judicious pruning.

The soil should be well intermixed with thoroughly decayed manure; and during the heat of summer it should be mulched with straw manure, to keep the roots moist and cool, and encourage a strong growth.

All the wood which produced flowers last season should be cut clean out, or back to the strong, fresh growth of the past year; and these free shoots can also be pruned one third or more of their length.

This may seem to the amateur gardener a terrible waste of material but it will make the rose throw out stronger flowering shoots, and produce flowers of extra size and beauty. So spare not the knife! As early in the spring as is practicable, cut back the branches with a will.

Hybrid Perpetual Roses have been the fashion of late years; but they are not so free bloomers as the Bourbon and Hybrid China. Their name is also a misnomer, though they may bloom

again in the autumn, they will not flower so profusely as in June, nor will their blossoms be as handsome, unless the shoots are trimmed back in July to within two or three eyes of the main stem.

The old fashioned Moss, Damask, and Province Roses of our childhood far excel these so-called Perpetuals in fragrance, and they are rapidly coming into favor again.

*Cristata*, or the Crested Moss Rose, is one of the loveliest of its class. The plant from which all this species of roses is descended was discovered years ago, growing in the crevice of a wall at Friburg, Switzerland. There is a difference of opinion among florists as to what particular species the *Cristata* belongs, and it is thought by many to be more like the Province Roses than the true Mosses, for when fully developed, it resembles the old Cabbage or Province species. Its buds are perfection! The calyx is divided into a fringe of mossy crest, clasping and half surmounting the rich pink petals, as they strive to unfold their many leaves. The moss is more abundant and longer than that on other Moss Roses, and the buds are very large. This variety requires a deep, rich, moist soil for its perfect development; and when thus grown, it will command greater admiration than any other rose.

Roses are easily propagated by cuttings but the shoots should be old enough to be free from softness, yet not too woody or hard. It is best to cut off the shoots just below a joint, trimming off the leaf attached to it, and leaving two or three buds above it, with leaves on them; but when they are too luxuriant cut off a part, for if they wither, the cutting will not strike root.

Sand is far better than loam for rooting cuttings; so fill up your tiny pots with it, and insert the cuttings close to the edge of the pot, keeping it thoroughly wet—for if the sand dries the tiny roots will die. Then sink the pots in a hot-bed made of manure, or in a pan of hot water, changing it as it cools.

Bottom heat is a necessity—without its aid there is little use in attempting to strike tender roses; and a glass shade to retain the heat and moisture, is also needful. Another way to strike cuttings is to fill a large flower-pot half-full with a little rich loam and two or three inches of sand; then plant the cuttings close to the edge, about half an inch apart, and cover them with a pane of window-glass. Place the pot in a pan of hot water, in a window, and, if you change the water three or four times a day, you will have a good hot-bed for striking tender cuttings of all kinds. It will take from three to five weeks for delicate roses to become rooted, and they must be kept well watered all the time. In planting cuttings, the sand must be firmly pressed around the base, so that it is in the closest contact with it.

Our roses are often ruined by the slug and green fly. A few days of neglect, and every bush will be shorn of its glory. But if air-slacked lime is scattered over the leaves while wet with morning dew it will usually prove an effectual remedy.

A pint of common soft soap, with a pint of fine salt added to ten gallons of warm water, syringed over the bushes, is also a good insect destroyer. No one can expect to cultivate flowers without trouble. As soon as the green leaves appear we must begin to fight against their insect enemies.

Rose-bugs are routed by shaking the

stems containing them over a dish of hot water, or by hand-picking and burning.

Soot is an excellent remedy for mildew; it must be dusted thickly over the plants while wet with dew, and in twenty-four hours syringed off. It is also an excellent fertilizer to the soil. Wood-ashes can be applied in the same manner for both mildew and insects.

The Florists' Catalogues offer us many roses with high-sounding names; a few of which we select for notice. *Devonensis* is an unsurpassed tea-rose, creamy white, with a tinged centre, and of most delicious odor. It is a delicate rose in northern latitudes, and must be carefully housed during cold weather, though at the south it will endure an ordinary winter without protection.

*Marechal Niel* is of an intense golden yellow, the finest known; its fragrance is unsurpassed, but, like the *Devonensis*, it can not endure the cold.

*Madame Falcot* is of deep nankeen yellow, with a perfect bud. *Celine Forestier* is paler and smaller, blossoming in clusters.

*Fils Niphetos* is pure white, with lemon center, and is not very hardy.

*Pius the Ninth* is the deepest, darkest rose that we possess. How perfectly its rich tints set off its more delicate sisters!

This exquisite pink, and model of symmetry, is *Comtesse Chabrand*; and next to it is the *Comte de Nanteuil* a summer rose sweet and bright, monthly in habit, and hardy in some latitudes.

Those rich, brilliant flowers are *Alfred Colomb*, exquisitely petaled; *Charles Lefebvre*, beautifully blended with crimson, purple and scarlet—its leaves as regular as those of a Camellia; *Eugene Appert*, deepest crimson, and *Madame Charles Wood*, claret crimson, among the largest roses grown.

Moss Roses add to the charms of a bouquet—such as *Princess Adelaide*; *Countess Murinais*, a pure white; *Laneir*, rosy crimson; *William Lobb*, purplish crimson; and *Cristata*, the peerless.

The white "Perpetuals," *Madame Verdier*, *Sophie Coquerelle*, and *Mrs. Rivers*, are lovely models of their species, and are more or less flesh-tinged at the center.

#### TO PRESERVE FLOWERS FOR WINTER USE.

Get a lot of fine sand, wash it till all the soluble particles are gone, which you may test by pouring the water off till it looks quite clear; when you are quite sure of the fact, pour the sand on stones or boards placed aslant, so that the water can run off, and let it get dry either by sun or fire—for it must be perfectly dry. Then pass the sand through a sieve, so that all dusty particles disappear from it, as there will be such, which washing and drying will not have removed. Then pass it through a coarse sieve so as to get rid of too large grains. When this is done, your sand should be a mass of fine particles of nearly equal size, as is, for instance, the so-called silver sand.

Keep the sand in a dry and warm place, that no vitalizing quality may remain in it. Cut the flowers in a fully developed state, taking care that they are neither wet nor moist by dew, rain, etc. If you cannot obtain them in that condition, then the following troublesome proceeding will render them dry. Take one or two flowers at a time, and put them into a glass, into which pour just enough water that the ends can

stand in it; the flower will then dry, and still suck up water enough not to fade. Next, get a box or a pot, or anything large enough to receive your flower or flowers; pour sand enough into it that they will stand by themselves, their stems embedded in the sand. You must then fill up the box above the level of the flowers with sand, so that the flowers are completely embedded in it. By means of a tube, or a funnel, or sieve, you must do this in such a way that every particle of the flower rests in sand, and that your filling up shall not have crumpled or displaced the smallest petal. Of course this can be done only in a very slow way.

And now take care not to shake your box, else the flower inside may get hurt. Carry it to a place both dry and warm, that all the moisture in the flower may pass into the sand, which being porous, is in turn acted upon, and will let the moisture pass entirely out and evaporate. Avoid, however positive heat, or the colors of the flower will fade, whilst at too low a temperature the moisture in the flower will not dry quickly enough, and so rot it. The warmth should, as a general thing, never exceed 80° Fahrenheit. When you are sure that your flowers have fully dried, open the box, and by holding it in a slanting direction, let so much sand run out that you can lift the flower by the stem; by turning it upside down, shaking it gently, and, if necessary, blowing on it, all the sand will be removed, and you have the flower in its most perfect form, but a little brittle, and therefore requiring careful handling. A few days' exposure to the atmosphere will impart moisture enough to the flower to make it considerably less brittle.

#### DEVICES OF AUTUMN LEAVES.

An exquisite transparency may be made by arranging pressed ferns, grasses, and autumn leaves on a pane of window-glass, laying another pane of the same size over it and binding the edge with ribbon, leaving the group imprisoned between. Use gum tragacanth in putting on the binding. It is well to secure a narrow strip of paper under the ribbon. The binding should be gummed all around the edge of the first pane, and dried before the leaves, ferns, etc., are arranged; then it can be neatly folded over the second pane without difficulty.

To form the loop for hanging the transparency paste a binding of galloon along the edge, leaving a two-inch loop free in the center, afterward to be pulled through a little slit in the final binding. These transparencies may either be hung before a window, or, if preferred, secured against a pane in the sash.

In halls a beautiful effect is produced in placing them against the side-lights of the hall door. Where the side-lights are each of only a single pane, it is well worth while to place a single transparency against each, filling up the entire space, thus affording ample scope for a free arrangement of ferns, grasses, and leaves, while the effect of the light passing through the rich autumnal colors is very fine. Leaves so arranged will preserve their beauty the entire winter.

An exceeding pretty standing for a lamp can be formed of eight oblong transparencies (made of glass and autumn leaves, as described) tacked together with strong sewing-silk so as to form an eight-sided, hollow column.

To hide the lamp or candlestick, the screen should be lined throughout with oiled tissue paper, either white or of a delicate rose color.

A better plan still is to get the effect of ground glass by rubbing each strip of glass on a flat paving stone, plentifully covered with white sand. This grinding process, of course, must be performed before the leaves are inserted, and then only upon the inner sides of the glasses.

#### CRYSTALLIZED FLOWERS.

Construct some baskets of fancy form with pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers except full-blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum, of one pound to a gallon of water, after the solution has cooled. The colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystalized alum will hold faster than when from a hot solution. When you have a light covering of crystals that completely covers the articles, remove the basket carefully, allow to drip for twelve hours. These baskets make a beautiful parlor ornament, and for a long time preserve the freshness of the flowers.

#### PORTULACA.

"O, that portulaca is so common!" sneeringly remarked a lady to the writer, who recommended it as a flower suitable for making a showy bed in the front yard; but no one will make the above remark who has once seen the brilliancy of a bed of double portulacas in full bloom. The plant is of low, thick growth, and spreading, literally a mass of bloom throughout the season, looking like a bed of miniature roses, and of such gay colors too.

It is impossible to say too much in praise of these flowers. A bed once planted will sow seed itself year after year, the plants coming up by hundreds, and covering the ground. A large proportion of the seeds of the double flowering sorts will produce double flowers.

To give variety to the bed or border, a few seeds of pansy scattered over it will give a pleasing effect, and add a striking contrast, when the plants come into bloom. Make the flower bed down flat on the ground, cutting out the sods, spade deep, and fill in with rich earth. Those round mounds, on which so many plant flowers, are a nuisance; they dry out so quick in hot weather that unless constantly watered, plants will die out on them.—*Exchange*.

#### MARKET VALUE OF ROSE LEAVES.

A lady having asked the Farmer's Club of New York city if rose leaves, used so extensively in the manufacture of perfumes, might not be gathered and dried with profit, Andrew S. Fuller responded: "Rose leaves are imported by our druggists, and cost about \$1.50 a pound. It is not, however, our common garden varieties that furnish the rose leaves of commerce, but the red damask rose, from which the oil of roses is made. If the writer of the above communication wishes to go into the rose-leaf business, she would first have to establish a reputation for producing a good article before it would be in any great demand. I think the price of labor in this country would greatly interfere with the profits."



## THE SEWING MACHINE.

A strange vibration from the cottage window  
My vagrant steps delayed,  
And half abstracted, like an ancient Hindoo,  
I paused beneath the shade.

What is, I said, this unremitting humming,  
Louder than bees in spring?  
As unto prayer the murmurous answer coming,  
Shed from Sandalphon's wing.

Is it the sound of unimpeded labor,  
That now usurpeth play?  
Our harsher substitute for pipe and tabor,  
Chittern and vielay?

Or, is it yearning for a higher vision,  
By spiritual hearing heard?  
Nearer I draw, to listen with precision,  
Detecting not a word.

Then peeping through the pane, as men of sin do,  
Myself the while unseen,  
I marked a maiden seated by the window,  
Sewing with a machine.

Her gentle foot propelled the tireless treadle,  
Her gentle hand the seam:  
My fancy said, it were a bliss to peddle  
Those shirts, as in a dream!

Her lovely fingers lent to yoke and collar  
Some imperceptible taste;  
The rural swain, who buys it for a dollar,  
By beauty is embraced.

O fairer aspect of the common mission!  
Only the poet sees  
The true significance, the high position  
Of such small things as these.

Not now doth Toil, a brutal Boanerges,  
Deform the maiden's hand;  
Her implement its soft sonata merges,  
In songs of sea and land.

And thus the hum of unspooling cotton,  
Blent with her rhythmic thread,  
And shall be heard when vielay is forgotten,  
And troubadours are dead.

—Atlantic Monthly.

## THE CLOTHING OF CHILDREN.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

IT has been generally supposed that children, in the tender years of early life, are frail and physically unable to endure the changes of our fitful climate, unless clad with special reference to such a climate. In theory, at least, it is conceded that adults, those in the prime of life, certainly, are far better prepared to meet and endure such exposures and that they need far less protection than the fragile forms of the young. Such, indeed, is a reasonable inference, and practically this theory is daily ignored, practically denied in the clothing of our children. It is not too much to say that the dictates of dame Fashion in this respect, are more tyrannical than those of the most relentless and soulless autocrat of the East, demanding more positive suffering and inflicting more positive cruelty.

Compare the clothing of the young of both sexes—especially that of the girls, and we may include that of the adult females—with that of hardy and coarse men, and it will be easily demonstrated that these men are far more warmly clad, far better protected from the vicissitudes of our fickle climate than these tender buds and flowers of humanity, the dear little children. If this is doubted, take but a cursory glance at a father and his tender daughter as they pass you on their way to any public resort. The thick boots of the father with good arctic or rubbers, the heavy pants, vest,

coat, with a generous supply of under clothing and an ample beaver overcoat, furs, etc., thoroughly incasing the whole body, may well bid defiance to wind, storm and icy chillness during a northern winter.

But look at little Carrie, as she trips along at the father's side; what has she as an equivalent of the thick and warm clothing for the feet? Are those thin cloth boots, fitting so tightly as to prevent, utterly, the circulation of the blood, with low and fanciful sandals to be compared with the boots, etc., of the father? Is it strange that Carrie, with feet to which the warm blood from the heart seldom gains access, often complains of cold extremities? It would be strange if it were otherwise. And then look farther. What do you see as a protection to the limbs, as an equivalent of the thick and warm pants? If exquisitely fashionable you will be able to see three or four inches of the limbs perfectly naked, at least when the cold winds blow the dress aside. Between this nudity and the top of the thin boots a thin cotton hose may be seen, and simply that. It is quite possible that a flimsy flannel may be worn, partially covering the rest of the limbs, extending, it may be, to most of the rest of the body. What may be found as the substitute of the thick vest and coat of the father? anything more substantial than a silk, muslin, alpaca, or a dress of similar fabric? What protects the chest, inclosing the ever laboring lungs and heart? Relatively but little. How does that "sacque" compare with the father's thick and padded overcoat? Is it one-half as warm? How are those arms protected? The father has not less than six thicknesses, some very thick and warm, reaching to his wrists, and then wristlets or the furs of his warm gloves meeting the warm coverings of his arms—more than the equivalent of Carrie's dazzling bracelets! A part of those fragile arms may be only incased in a single thickness of a thin fabric sufficiently warm for a summer's day, while near the shoulder an extra thickness may be found, in addition to the comparatively thin outer garment. Her gloves may be kid, lisle thread, or some mere apology for a warm fabric.

And then notice the upper portion of her chest and throat. Does her dress sufficiently cover this important part of the body, or is this entirely unprotected? The dress, though thin and flimsy, might afford some protection, but even this slight covering is denied. Is it strange that she has the croup, lung and throat diseases? What has she to compare with her father's soft hat or warm cap—too warm for the head ordinarily, if supplied with brain? A mere apology for a head dress.

It is either true that these children, these frail little girls, can better endure the biting frosts and chilling winds than men, or that they are not sufficiently clad. While they wear less than one-half of the clothing worn by adult males, the one must be over-clad, or the other under-clad. The inference is inevitable that these frail girls and boys are neglected, cruelly neglected, in this matter, or that adults are burdening themselves with an excess of clothing, which may not be readily admitted. The one class seems comfortable, at least not uncomfortably warm, while the purple lips or the bloodless lips of the children, their shriveled surfaces their shrunken appearance, their chattering teeth and their

general look of discomfort must convince us that they are insufficiently protected in a climate like ours, so fitful, so extreme.

We have laws to protect our "dumb animals," and it is well, but are not our children of more importance? Can we in this manner torture them simply as a matter of fashion, yielding to a foolish taste, a mere whim, and remain innocent in this respect? Shall we call parents humane, nay, Christian, who thus cruelly treat their children? Let the conscience answer.

## OUR WARDROBES AND CLOTHES-ROOMS.

Fashions are nearly at a stand-still now, and by these sultry August days, what we were going to have new and repaired, in the way of outside garments, such as dresses, with all their numerous paraphernalia, is of course done, or under way, and our minds freed from "how shall we make it," till the cooler breeze of autumn rouses us to the vexation again.

But in the meantime, where shall we put our clothing, which it has been such a care to have completed? If we go to the sea-side or other resort, of course a trunk as large as a small house must be on hand, but if we don't go what shall we do with them, unless we happen to be among those who live in spacious mansions, with closets large enough to have been used as kitchen, parlor, bedroom, *et al* by our grandfathers?

For, to tell the truth, our wardrobes, using the word in the dictionary sense of "wearing apparel in general," has entirely outgrown our wardrobes, used in the other sense, as Webster has it, "a room or apartment where clothes or wearing apparel is kept." For these same clothes-rooms used to be large enough, in houses in general, for all ordinary purposes, but how is it now?

Why, the idea of getting half a lady's summer outfit into one of these common-sized closets is ridiculous! It cannot be done! She may not have so very many suits, or she may—and in summer one needs more changes than at other seasons—but it is the breadth, or rather the complexity of the garment, and the way that it is made which puzzles one to know what to do with it. For you need at least three hooks on which to hang the various parts of a single suit, and they need to be at proper distance, not to crowd each other's ruffles, and bows, and puffs and other fol-de-rols, which fashion demands to be necessary now. Then there are the starched, and bowed and puffed white garments, the inevitable polonaise, which must be hung up nicely, and without being crowded with other parts, which about require one closet, of usual size, to say nothing of other suits.

You cannot fold and pack your winter dresses away, or hang them closely together, as you used to, when they were made more plainly, and so what can you do?

The truth is Mr. HOUSEHOLD, that houses must be made differently, and house builders must think of these things. Why, for a lady to make a martyr of herself nine-tenths of the year to keep fashionably costumed, and then not have place enough to put her finery when it is done! (I wonder if this belongs to the "Dressing Room," or some where else in THE HOUSEHOLD?)

But however that may be, the hint is

a needful one, and henceforth every new house ought to have as many clothes-rooms as there are members of the family, and these rooms twenty by thirty feet in size. Till then we must be, in more ways than one,

A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

## PERSONAL ADORNMENT.

It has been said that half the evils of this life, half the quarrels between friends, and half the divorces are the result of indigestion and improper food; why not trace the other half to improprieties in dress? Our attention has been frequently called to this subject, and by no circumstances more often, than by the multitude of complaints made by women, and even girls, of weak spines, cramping limbs, and lame feet. We have investigated this matter, and have had our first impressions corroborated by satisfactory evidence. So long as women continue to distort their feet, bringing undue weight and pressure upon those muscles that were never intended to be so weighted, so long must they reap the consequences of their folly. Nature never intended the weight of the body to rest almost entirely upon the toes, as the present style of long pointed heels causes it to do. Any reflecting person will at once note the difference in the position of the feet, and the unnatural tension of the muscles of both feet and limbs when confined in a fashionable shoe, and when divested of it. Whatever so affects the feet and limbs, also affects the spinal column, and we have often been pained by visions of young girls with the gait and bent forms of seventy years.

A graceful step is one of the charms of woman; and to impress this more forcibly we will relate an incident connected with a famous actress. For several consecutive nights she had been having a magnificent success. A gentleman requested a friend to accompany him to the theatre for—what? To listen to the thrilling words—to watch the development of plots and tragedies? Nay, verily, but merely to note her splendid walk! Four or five times did she pace the stage in silence, while all eyes drank in the full poetry of motion as illustrated by her majestic bearing and glorious step. Could this have been accomplished with the weak backs, and under the torture our girls and women endure? We fear not.

Again, our splendid fall days are coming, accompanied by cool nights, and occasional spells of cold, rainy weather. We hope the preparing, and wearing of warmer fabrics by women and children, than have been worn during the heated term, will not be neglected now. A few days since we were taking a jaunt, when we met a number of vehicles containing young people returning from a social gathering in the country. The middle of the day had been extremely pleasant but now the dews of evening were falling fast, and the air was rapidly growing chilly; but among all that merry throng we saw but one protecting shawl. The gentlemen of the party were attired in suits of woolen, while the ladies were beautifully arrayed in muslins and lawns, but too light and thin for the damp evening air. The care of a wrap through the day, on such excursions, may be somewhat troublesome; but if health is to be preserved, some protection must be worn when exposure in the evening is necessary.

As winter approaches, women and children should have a supply of warm woolen underclothing, hose, drawers, and skirts. We have seen more than one young girl fade and die (however strange as it may appear to sensible people) from disease contracted by insufficient clothing for the winter. Thin shoes, cotton hose, muslin drawers, and an absence of flannel skirts in winter! Here, too, we have an incident to relate of a young girl of our acquaintance, whose style of dress was as above, and who sickened and died. That circumstance with her great folly was being discussed by some ladies in the presence of a gentleman friend: "For mercy's sake," he exclaimed, "why wasn't that mentioned sooner; I never for a moment supposed her family were so poor!" Thus not only did she sacrifice her life upon the altar of her vanity, but the very matter she wished to impress, viz.: the elegance of her style, failed to have its effect, and she had but the credit of extreme poverty for neglecting to wear more suitable clothing. We regret that this is not the only instance of the want of judgment, and the power of foolish pride, but we know many such.

Many of our girls obtain their false ideas of dress from improper reading, and attempt to imitate the splendor and nonsense they find portrayed, and sacrifice their health, and sometimes their lives, before they discover their error. Want of proper exercise and proper clothing is fast reducing the standard of health among American women; and a health reform embracing these particulars would be hailed with delight by the sensible women, as well as the fathers, sons and brothers.—*Ex.*

#### HINTS ON SHOPPING.

Persons in limited circumstances are always tempted to buy cheap fabrics. If a calico at ten cents a yard looks about as well as one at twelve or fifteen cents, the prudent purchaser will often think it economy to choose the low-priced goods. As it is low-priced, she may indulge in a yard or two more for ruffles or bias folds, flattering herself that cheap ornamentation is an equivalent for fine quality. This mistake may be seen permeating the entire wardrobe of many quite sensible people. The result is simply this—they never have anything of really good quality, are always shabby, and always buying. We say again, what has been reiterated in this column—none but rich people can afford to buy poor goods.

A day or two since, a clergyman remarked in our hearing, "My last suit of clothes cost me sixty dollars, and I wore it five years, and it looked well to the last; this one cost me sixty-five dollars, and it will last me for five years to come." Suppose he had bought, instead, broadcloth of inferior quality, with linings and trimmings to match, and the making up corresponding with the price; in one year his back would be brown, his facings worn, and the whole "seedy," with no other way to do than to buy another outfit or go shabby.

The same process of reasoning applies to muslins, to dress goods of all sorts, to carpets and table linen. We grudge the time we see women spend in making up muslins of low grade for underclothing. There are so many stitches in a shirt! And when it lasts one year instead of two, as it should, there is just twice as much work done as need to be. Better make three shirts of New York Mills, or

Wamsutta, or Williamsville, or Tuscarora, than six of a lower grade of muslin. Just so in flannels. A fifty-cent all wool Shaker flannel will wear two or three times as long as your flimsy cotton and wool stuff a few pennies cheaper. Especially in a family of children, fabrics should be chosen for service, that when made up they may descend from one child to another, thus saving the mother time to stitch into her brain a little embroidery of thought and culture.

In selecting fabrics it is well to think what secondary purpose they may serve when they have accomplished the immediate object for which they were procured. Some garments may have as many lives as a cat, and transmigrate from one form to another till they reach that *summum bonum* of Hindoo felicity—the blankness of white paper, or that final apotheosis of woolen fabric—a rag carpet. But whatever we buy of dress goods, do let us be content to wear it in simplicity, and not cut and slash and twist and torture it into every conceivable shape that ever haunted the crazy brain of an insane fashion inventor. We stand agape on Broadway at the toilettes displayed there, and grow ineffably weary at thought of the endless ruffles and bias folds and bows and fringes, and deformed paniers, the scallops and flounces and overskirts, the infinite toggery that goes to make the toilette of a Broadway belle. What will these women do with the ready-made clothing that the saints above wear.

One or two rules with regard to shopping may not be out of place. First: Have a list of articles to be purchased made out in black and white. By this means you will be saved from sudden temptation to buy what is not really necessary, and forget nothing that you require. Second: Deal only with merchants in whose business integrity you can confide. Third: In the long run one always does better to buy at one and the same place than to run about for the purpose of hunting up bargains. A regular customer can often get favors denied to an occasional purchaser. Fourth: Never buy what you don't want, simply because it is cheap.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

#### COLORS OF EVENING DRESS.

A lady of taste, says a fashion journal, will not forget that colors change according as they are looked at by day or by lamp-light, and we see her in the middle of the day stepping into a closed saloon lit up with gas to choose her evening dresses.

A rule soon learned by experience in such things is that a color gains or loses in beauty by daylight according to the greater or lesser quantity of yellow it contains. Violet, which is the opposite of yellow, is that which changes most; it becomes a dull reddish-brown. Blue, if pure becomes greenish; if dark, it looks hard and blackish; if light, it loses color, and turns gray. There is a shade of blue which has no brilliancy by day, but acquires a good deal by the yellow light of gas, while *turquoise* silks, charming by daylight, are quite *effacee* under the lamp of a ball-room.

Those greens which incline most to yellow look the prettiest of an evening. Thus apple green acquires the brilliant tints of emerald; peacock green loses its blue reflects, and becomes too yellowish. Yellow materials are certainly those which appear best by lamp-light, especially silks and satins. Buttercup yellow

so bright at any time, is brighter than ever of an evening; straw-color becomes rosier, sulphur-color does not change, and maize becomes exquisitely soft and clear. All brunettes know how extremely becoming it is to them in the ball-room.

Pink changes to salmon-color. The yellow light of gas or candles, so hostile to all blue tints, enhances the splendor of red. Ruby becomes more brilliant, nazarat appears lighter, cerise deepens to crimson, and crimson inclines to caprine, which itself assumes a more orange-like tone, and orange vies with fire-color.

Even black and white are subject to the alteration caused by artificial light; bluish-blacks, by far the most handsome by day, lose all their beautiful blue shade, and become hard and dull. White on the contrary, gains much by lamplight; if faded, it lights up again, and actresses often choose yellowish-white dresses, knowing they will look best on the stage. Perhaps the loveliest of all shades for the evening is silver gray, which acquires a somewhat rosy tint; but grays which contain any amount of blue, such as pearl gray, lose all their beauty and look dull as soon as lamps are lit.

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN COMBS.

Combs are an emblem of civilization almost as much as knives and forks, or soap and towels. The old Greeks and Romans, and even the Egyptians, made use of these articles, though the fashion of them was different from that of the present day. Some of our readers may have seen in their grandmother's garrets specimens of the old-time combs as much larger than ours as the old-time bonnets were larger than the modern ones.

The first horn combs manufactured in this country were made in West Newbury, just after the revolutionary war. A Hessian settled there who was accustomed to the working of horns into buttons and combs, and from him the art—if the rude workmanship of that day was worthy to be called an art—was taught to the native population. West Newbury has continued to lead in the business ever since, and to-day it is one of the largest comb-making towns in Massachusetts. Besides West Newbury, Leominster, Clinton and Northboro used to be noted as comb towns, though all suffered more or less from the competition of the rubber manufactories.

Forty years ago ladies' combs, which were larger than ladies' bonnets are now, used to be made in Newburyport for the South American market. They were often two or three feet wide, encircling two-thirds of the head, and six inches to a foot high on the back; the top being wrought in open work; and to these the Spanish American ladies attached their veils. One comb consumed three horns, or an equal quantity of shell; and as much of the work was done by hand and with the saw, and the polishing was entirely manual labor, the prices were high—from twenty to fifty dollars.

#### HOW SUMMER SUITS SHOULD BE WASHED.

Summer suits are nearly all made of white or buff linen, pique, cambric or muslin, and the art of preserving the new appearance after washing is a matter of the greatest importance. Common washerwomen spoil everything with soda, and nothing is more frequent

than to see the delicate tints of lawns and percales turned into dark blotches and muddy streaks by the ignorance and vandalism of a laundress. It is worth while for ladies to pay attention to this, and insist upon having their summer dresses washed according to the directions which they should be prepared to give their laundresses themselves.

In the first place, the water should be tepid, the soap should not be allowed to touch the fabric; it should be washed and rinsed quick, turned upon the wrong side, and hung in the shade to dry, and when starched (in thin boiled but not boiling starch) should be folded in sheets or towels, and ironed upon the wrong side as soon as possible. But linen should be washed in water in which hay or a quart bag of bran has been boiled. This last will be found to answer for starch as well, and is excellent for print dresses of all kinds, but a handful of salt is very useful also to set the colors of light cambrics and dotted lawns; and a little ox gall will not only set but brighten yellow and purple tints, and has a good effect upon green.—*Exchange.*

#### THE DECLINE IN PRINTED MUSLINS.

The following statement in regard to the recent decline in printed muslins is going the rounds, and is important if true:

"A secret touching the fall in printed muslins has just leaked out. Sprague, of Providence, has in his employ a young German by the name of Paraff, who not long ago invented a method by which the printing of cotton cloth in the Providence mills is done at a saving of from one to two cents per yard. While engaged at his experiments he made a discovery of still greater importance, whereby the bleaching, which now requires forty-eight hours, may be completed in less than one hour. These discoveries enable Sprague to undersell all other manufacturers of calicoes, and give him virtually control of the market. Paraff's industry and practical scientific knowledge have already been liberally rewarded, but it is said that his share in the discoveries will be little short of four million dollars."

#### GREEN VEILS.

We frequently see little children in their carriages upon the street with green veils tied over their heads and faces. A child will always take the folds of the veil in its mouth, when it can, and will often extract the green coloring matter with its lips. Children, and even grown people, have sore mouths and faces from this cause, which are frequently difficult to heal. The coloring matter in the green veil contains arsenic, which, when placed in contact with a delicate surface like the lips, or a pimple upon the face, will cause an ulcer that is troublesome to heal. Ladies sometimes have sore hands from wearing green gloves, when they innocently attributed the difficulty to another cause, thinking that their hands are chapped. Green colored wearing apparel of any character should never be worn next the skin.—*The Bistoury.*

—The Tyrian purple, so long and justly celebrated, and which was first made known about 1500 years B. C. was obtained from a species of shell fish found on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.



## DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little Cowslip  
Should hang its golden cup,  
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,  
I'd better not grow up;"  
How many a weary traveler  
Would miss its fragrant smell,  
How many a little child would grieve  
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening Dewdrop  
Upon the grass should say,  
"What can a little dewdrop do?  
I'd better roll away;"  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it,  
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little Breezes,  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small to cool  
The traveler on his way;  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they made a great mistake  
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom too.  
It wants a loving spirit,  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others by his love.

## TO THE WORKING BOYS.

I AM getting attached to the HOUSEHOLD band, and a few days ago as I was thinking about them I wondered what I could write to them. All subjects seem to have been discussed—no stone is left unturned. If I write a letter, before it is printed THE HOUSEHOLD comes with an article on the same subject so much better, that I feel ashamed of mine and wish I had not sent it. What shall I write? The husbands, and wives, and mothers, have all been lectured with "line upon line, and precept upon precept." The girls have been counselled, comforted and consoled, by good Mrs. Dorr; and the housekeeping department in all its branches, seems to be well attended to. What can I write to interest anybody?

While thinking the matter over, the idea struck me that the boys, especially the hard-working boys, had been a little neglected. So I resolved to write a letter, when convenient, to the boys. But before I could get time, lo! THE HOUSEHOLD came out and in it "A Word for the Boys." Well then! thought Olive Oldstyle I am out now—the last resource has failed.

But I don't feel satisfied to give up so, for I am really interested for the boys. There are two reasons why I am interested. First, I once had a boy of my own—a noble little fellow who never told a lie, and he could be trusted when out of sight—fond of play, yet willing to work, and faithful in what he was required to do. He sleeps now; those bright eyes are closed in death. For his sake I love boys, and really wish I could write something to interest them and do them good.

The second reason is this. The boys of to-day are to make, in a few years, the Presidents, Senators, members of Congress, Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants, Editors, Teachers and Preachers, of this

great nation. And men who fill those positions ought to be noble, honest, wise, good and true; and faithful boys who have kept themselves pure, are likely to make honest, upright, useful men.

"But" says brown-faced Charley "I cannot make any of those, for I am a poor farmer boy and have to work. If I had a rich father, and lived in a city and could be dressed nice and go to school most all the time, like Frank Norton who was here last summer, I might make something; but there's no chance for me."

Ah Charley! I've caught you! So the boys do think something about nice clothes, as well as the girls, do they? Well, fine feathers may make fine birds, but nice clothes don't always make nice boys by any means. There are good boys who wear good clothes, but it is not the clothes that make them so, they would be just as good in a suit of "home-spun."

Now, you must not be discouraged, Charley, because you have to work on the farm and can go to school only three months in a year. It is just as honorable to work on a farm, (if it does make your face a little brown,) as it is to work in a store. Bless you! the greatest men in our country, and some of our best Presidents were farm boys. They drove oxen, planted potatoes, hoed corn, "split rails" and made fence in their young days and were all the better for it. They became great men, not because they had great privileges, but because they improved their time, and made the most of what opportunities they had. They learned what they could, they remembered what they learned and made a practical use of their knowledge.

I respect you, Charley, and all other boys who are patiently working their way up to a noble manhood. You are worth half a dozen of the pale-faced sons of rich men, who had been indulged and pampered in idleness, and who are too weak and too proud to carry a peck of potatoes to a poor hungry widow. There is really more man about you than in six of them. You pay for what you eat, and can feel that you are not a useless burden to any one.

Said Mrs. Dale to her husband: "Willie needs some new clothes."

"Well," said Mr. D., "he shall have them; for he has earned them; I should have to hire help if it was not for Willie. He is a good boy and deserves all he needs."

That is what your fathers think, my good hard-working boys. They may not say as much to you, I think that most fathers are too afraid of praising their boys, or too careless about telling them how useful they are. I have heard men tell their neighbors how smart their boys were, and how faithful to take care of the barn when father was gone, while the boys themselves, perhaps, never got a word of praise, and were all in the dark as to what father thought of them. That is wrong, and I feel perfectly justified in telling you that they do praise you behind your back. I tell you, good boys are appreciated at home and abroad.

What I am saying to boy farmers will apply to apprentices and all boys who work for a living in city or country. Wherever you are, my lads, or what you may be doing, be faithful and honest, and you will be respected and prized. True, you do not have much time to go to school, but you can study hard when

you do go, and be sure to learn thoroughly what you undertake. After school is done you must think over what you have learned, so that you may not lose a particle of what you have gained. Then there will be spare hours when you can pick up a great deal of knowledge and by storing it carefully away, you will be surprised at the year's end, to find how much you have accomplished.

Boys, especially those who work on a farm, have a great deal of time when they can think. While they are hoeing, or "picking rocks," or digging potatoes, or after the cows, they can be thinking about their future life. Think what you want to do or be in this great world—what kind of a man you must be, to be respected and useful. Don't forget that you want to be useful. Never seek for honor unless you can do something to deserve it. And you can think, too, of that life for which this life is only a preparation ground; and you must study how to use this life in order to obtain that better life in the world to come.

O boys! you don't know what a blessing it is to you that you have to work. You ought not to work too hard; but useful employment of some kind is beneficial, and honorable. It strengthens your bodies and disciplines and matures your minds; and makes you know the value of knowledge, time, and money; and you escape a great many temptations. Even if your fathers are rich and do not really need your services, it is better for you to be usefully employed. It is well to know how to work; the time may come when you will be obliged to labor for your bread. Idle boys are the ones who are always getting into mischief, and they are those who are likely, in time, to become inmates of work houses, Prisons and Penitentiaries.

Dear boys: do you work cheerfully and bravely, and gather all the useful knowledge you can find. Don't go into bad company, and never use profane or vulgar language. When we see a man with red eyes and bloated face staggering along, we expect if he speaks at all, to hear some low language and terrible oaths. But we hope for better things from our bright American boys. An oath sounds shockingly from young lips. Keep your lips pure.

If you work on a farm, and city boys should come to visit you or your neighbors, don't skulk away and hide, because they are dressed better than you are. You are just as good in your coarse jacket as you would be in their broadcloth. They came out into the country to get a little pure air, and fruit, and country amusement. It is as great a treat for them as it would be for you to go to the city and see the fine things there. Give them a hearty welcome. Show them your chickens and your doves. Take them into the orchard to get some fruit; and into the grove for nuts. You know a great many things that are riddles to them, give them all the information you can, and they may learn you something, and so all be the wiser.

But I must close. That you grow up good, honorable, useful citizens and prove a blessing to society is the hearty wish of your friend,

OLIVE OLDSTYLE.

—"Good is slow; it climbs. Evil is swift; it descends; why should we marvel that it makes great progress in a short time."

## MARGERY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

A chubby, sweet faced-child came into our Millbrook school-house one morning, as a visitor, conducted with trembling eagerness to my desk by Earnest and Bessie Clapp, who introduced her as their sister, and promised that she would not disturb the school. She did, however, as much as any other bluebird would have done, and just as innocently; so that I could only smile with the children, and long for the time to come when I could count her among my little flock.

She wore a bright blue dress and cloak, which perhaps, as well as her song, won her the name bluebird, that day. A dozen times she forgot where she was, and broke out into little melodies, sometimes without words, so truly musical, that I raised my finger to check Bessie as she was about to interrupt her. After a few moments she would look up and forget her song, in her surprise at seeing so many children around her.

After the first class, I called her to me and asked her name.

"Named after dwanmamma," she answered quickly, and so comically that the children laughed in spite of my uplifted finger.

"And what is grandmamma's name?"

"Margerwy Smiff."

"Then you are little Margery Smith."

"Yes, I is."

"Did you want to come to school to see what Bessie does here every day?"

"Yes, and to drow bid lite Bessie." She was in foolish haste, poor child.

"What will your mamma do to-day, without you?" I asked.

"Wort, I dess; twy, may-be. I tised her dood-by, for fear I shouldn't know her to-night."

Her straightforward answer amused the children so much, that I shortened the interview, asking if she had a little lesson to say, like Bessie.

"Oh, yes; here's the newest one aunt Tate did teach to me, 'cause I tut off my turl." Folding her dimpled hands, she said:—

"Dere was a little dirl,  
Who had a little turl  
That hung down on her forrid.  
When she was dood,  
She was very dood indeed,  
And when she was bad she was horrid."

Her emphasis was funny to hear, her attitude and expression funny to see. I dismissed her with a picture that made her blue eyes twinkle.

At recess no one wanted to play away from Margery, and I was almost jealous, wanting to have the little pet to myself awhile. I asked her to tell me another story which she did in her own crooked little speech, and which I translated to the following:—

"Two little eyes, loving, bright eyes,  
Shining as bright and blue as the skies;  
Two little ears to hear all the news;  
Two little feet to wear the new shoes;  
Two little hands, busy all day;  
One little body to get in the way;  
One little mouth to give kisses so sweet;  
Mamma's little lady, dainty and neat,  
With five little fingers and five little toes,  
And what she'll be good for—nobody knows."

"How did those yellow locks get bobbed off so unevenly on her forehead?" some one asked.

"Oh, she did that her own self," answered Bessie. "Last Saturday Earnest was going to mill in the big wagon with father, and Margery cried to go. To tease her, father said it was too cold for girls. Could she go if she was a boy?"

she asked mother, and mother said she supposed so. She was awful busy baking, and never thought another thought about it, for a while. When she called Margery to come and get her little cake out of the oven, only Margery's voice came, so smothered that we ran to find her, and there she was, under mother's bed, with the shears haggling her pretty hair. 'To make me a boy so I can do anywhere with papa,' she said."

In the afternoon spelling-class a tedious little fellow was dragging a line of words of three letters. Margery standing by my side followed his lesson by the pictures accompanying each word. When he came to u-r-n, urn, she said quickly, "I ain't Erne, I'm Margery; Erne's my buzzer." Then I could hardly keep order, and bethought me of the teacher who "turned out" Mary's lamb. Only I feared the effect of such a proceeding would be different from the ancient story, and both teacher and scholars would be sure to follow the lamb.

When school was out, I sincerely begged the little guest to come again, and I guess she will, she had been so well entertained with the routine of the school-room.

We asked Bessie, the next day, what her sister did when she went home.

"Why, she really thought she had been gone a long time, and grown big too. She went up the front stoop and rang the bell. Erne and I were waiting at the gate to see what she would do. She could just reach the knob on tip-toe, but she managed to pull it. Mamma did not happen to come soon enough to suit her, so she opened the door and walked into the parlor, where mamma found her."

"Then what?" I asked.

"O, mamma hugged and squeezed her, and Earnest and I ran in, and Towzer too, and we danced about and laughed, and Towzer barked, and mamma laughed till she 'most cried when we told her how Margery told the mistress she was 'named after grandmamma.' Mother said we had all better come back to school to learn to be orderly—we had such a riot. She and Towzer were the noisiest ones in it though, till Margery looked tired, and mother ran with her in her arms into the kitchen, for her bowl of bread and milk."—*Christian Weekly.*

#### POLITENESS.

It is a graceful habit for children to say to each other, "Will you have the goodness?" and "I thank you." I do not like to see prim artificial children; there are few things I dislike so much as a miniature beau, or belle. But the habit of good manners by no means implies affectation or restraint. It is quite as easy to say, "Please give me a piece of pie," as to say, "I want a piece of pie." The idea that constant politeness would render social life too stiff and restrained, springs from a false estimate of politeness. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you would like to be treated yourself. A person who acts from this principal will always be said to have "sweet, pretty ways with her." It is of some consequence that your daughters should know how to enter and leave a room gracefully; but it is of prodigiously more consequence that she should be in the habit of avoiding whatever is disgusting or offensive to others,

and of always preferring their pleasure to her own. If she has the last, a very little intercourse with the world will teach her the first.

I believe nothing tends to make people so awkward as too much anxiety to please others. Nature is graceful; and affectation with all art, can never produce anything half so pleasing. The very perfection of elegance is to imitate as closely as possible; and how much better it is to have the reality than the imitation. I shall probably be reminded that the best and unaffected people are constrained and awkward in company to which they are unaccustomed. I answer the reason is, they do not act themselves, they are afraid they shall not act right, and that very fear makes them do wrong. Anxiety about the opinion of others, fetters the freedom of nature. At home where they act from within themselves, they would appear a thousand times better. All would appear well, if they did not try to assume what they did not possess. Everybody is respectable and pleasing so long as he is perfectly natural. I will make no exception—nature is always graceful. The most secluded and the most ignorant have some charm about them, so long as they affect nothing; so long as they speak and act from the impulses of their own honest hearts without any anxiety about what others think of it.

Coarseness and vulgarity are the effect of education and habit; they cannot be charged upon nature. True politeness may be cherished in the hovel as well as in the palace, and the most tattered drapery cannot conceal its winning charms. As far as consistent with your situation and duties, early accustom your children to an intercourse with strangers. I have seen young persons who were respectful and polite at home seized with a most painful and unbecoming bashfulness as soon as a guest entered. To avoid this evil, allow your children to accompany you as often as possible when you make calls and social visits. Occasional interviews with intelligent and cultivated individuals have a great influence on early characters and manners, particularly if parents evidently place a high value upon acquaintances of that description. I have known the destiny of a whole family greatly changed for the better, by the friendship of one of its members with a person of superior advantages and correct principles.—*Mrs. L. H. Child.*

#### THE HORN-BOOK.

In reading about school-books, a century or two ago, one often finds allusions to 'horn-books' which were in common use at school. It is well to know just what these horn-books were.

In this age, when books, magazines and newspapers are so cheap and abundant, we hardly know how to appreciate them. In the first century, books were made of sheets of parchment, all written by hand, so that only those of princely wealth could afford to own such a treasure. Many articles were used for the pages of books, and for writing material, before paper was invented. For letters and messages, thin boards were used, covered with a coating of wax, on which a person could write with any sharp-pointed instrument. The margin of these letters was made thicker than the part written upon, forming a protection to the writing, like the frame of a common slate.

Books were often made of wood, thin strips of bark, palm leaves, skins of beasts, and even thin sheets of lead. These were all written by hand, and often very finely ornamented.

Even after paper and printing were invented, it was many years before books were used in the schools. The first books used in teaching were made of wood, on which were placed sheets of paper, containing the alphabet, short words, and other exercises, often the Lord's Prayer, and scripture texts; over these printed sheets was placed a thin sheet of transparent horn.

#### THE PUZZLER.

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

ANSWERS:—1. "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud." 2. He that pitieth another, remembereth himself. 3. Stout, sot. 4. Troop, top. 5. Blast, bat. 6. Brogan, boa. 7. Annats, ant. 8. Drive, die. 9. Washington. 10. Madison. 11. Pierce. 12. Grant. 13. Fillmore. 14. Sheridan. 15. Washburne. 16.

D  
e R r  
t r O o p  
s t a M m e r  
D R O M E D A R Y  
t r i D e n t  
c l A m p  
i R e  
Y

17. Broil, boil. 18. Glean, glen. 19. Either, ether. 20. Spice, spice. 21. Rouse, rose. 22. Sloop, pools. 23. Deer, reed. 24. Tenet, tenet. 25. Door, rood. 26. Mood, doom.

N u n c i O  
R a W  
O r i n o c O  
D a B  
E y r i E  
C a t a r r H  
E r r o R

Answer to problem: 40 feet.

#### ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of twenty-four letters.

My 2, 8, 7, 9, 11, 12, 18 was a president of the United States.

My 6, 16, 4, 22 is a man's name.

My 1, 21, 4, 17 is a destructive element.

My 19, 4, 8, 7, 11, 14, 3 is a river in South America.

My 2, 21, 12, 24 is the name of a flower.

My 10, 6, 23, 4, 24 is a boy's name.

My 20, 17, 13, 13, 6, 12 is a water craft.

My 13, 9, 15, 4, 1 is an article of wearing apparel.

My 5, 2, 21, 14, 17 is a girl's name.

My whole is the name and address of a subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD.

LIZZIE.

2. I am composed of twenty-eight letters.

My 1, 2, 15, 19, 13 is the name of a certain kind of bark.

My 18, 15, 2, 6, 17, 10 is the name of a bird.

My 4, 24, 5, 20, 5 form the principal part of school furniture.

My 17, 8, 19, 27 is worn by ladies.

My 3, 10, 1, 14, 19, 11 is a girl's name.

My 26, 22, 23 is an animal.

My 21, 8, 7, 16, 24, 12, 11 is a certain kind of silk.

My 25, 13, 28, 10, 8, 4 is useful in sewing.

My 9, 6, 18, 21 is part of the human body.

My whole is a proverb.

CHERRY.

#### CHARADE.

3. My first—of all my childhood's woe,  
Its memory is the worst;  
That mortal yard I had to sew  
Upon my dreaded first.  
But now with my dear, good machine  
My first can bring no dread,  
And scores of yards are sometimes seen  
Upon my table spread.

My second's found in church and barn,  
In schoolroom, bank and hall,  
In shops and stores and at the farm  
On buildings one and all;  
'Tis what we use on leaving home,  
And when we come again;  
'Mong savages it is not known,  
You'd seek it there in vain.

My whole a tall and graceful tree  
With foliage ever green;  
A shrub that often you may see  
By some cool, forest stream.  
Again, it is that deadly draught,  
Which we're in history told,  
With an unfaltering hand, was quaffed  
By Socrates of old. MARY.

#### CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

4. My first is in father, but never in mother;  
My second is in parent, but never in brother;  
My third is in rainbow, but not in its color;  
My fourth is in knight, but not in his valor;  
My fifth is in hope, but not in despair;  
My sixth is in earth, but not in its care;  
My seventh is in orient, but not in the East;  
My eighth is in prophet, as well as in priest;  
My ninth is in justice, but never in truth;  
My tenth is in childhood, but never in youth;  
My eleventh is in humble but never in proud;  
My twelfth is in peace, but not in a crowd;  
My thirteenth is in prince, but never in king;  
My fourteenth is in princess, but never in queen;  
My fifteenth is in poet, and prophet as well;  
My last is in poetry, but not in a "sell."  
My whole is a very beautiful scriptural trio.

GERTRUDE L. P.

#### SQUARE WORDS.

5. A boy's name; one of the United States; part of our bodies; one of the features.  
G. L. P.  
6. Age; thought; a dish; repose.  
J. S. B.

#### ANAGRAM.

7. Thaw vegis a satef hobt cirh nad earr,  
Awht sellt su who ot odfo eppraer,  
Dna suth evileers rou dimns rmfo race?  
Het dolukesoh.

#### PUZZLES.

8. My number, definite and known,  
Is ten times ten told ten times o'er;  
Though half of me is one alone,  
And half exceeds all count and score.  
9. What's that in the fire and not in the flame?  
What's that in the master and not in the dame?  
What's that in the courtier and not in the clown?  
What's that in the country and not in the town?

#### JUMBLES.

Names of Towns.—10. Dyhe Rpk. 11. Tobarolebrt. 12. Ecleahs. 13. Hosceterr. 14. Garcehat. 15. Piltoysanvasta.



"FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE."

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

THE statement of the wise man that "out of the heart are the issues of life," had reference primarily to the moral nature, unquestionably, yet it has a physical application of a wonderful interest. Like the tongue it is a "little member," not "boasting great things," but performing an amount of labor absolutely miraculous. The human heart is about six inches in length and four in diameter, contracting, or "beating," about seventy times, in male adults, each minute, seventy-five in females, and in children more frequently. In sickness, of course, its "beats" are ordinarily much more frequent. The design of these contractions is to send the blood to every nook and recess of the body, bearing food for bone, muscle, nerve, hair, nails, blood vessels, etc., without which the body could not receive its nourishment even for a single day. So true is this that the puncture of the finest needle, in any part of skin, produces a flow of blood, indicating that one or more of the millions of blood vessels of the body—some of which are too small to be seen by the unaided eye—have been wounded.

Omitting all reference to the mysterious transformation of all kinds of food into red blood—though the same food if taken by some of the lower orders of animals would produce white or yellow blood, instead of red, conforming to the constitution of these animals—there is enough directly connected with the heart to commend our admiration. From birth, and even before, this faithful servant toils till the latest period of mortal life, pumping day and night untiringly, contracting and sending about two and a half ounces of blood where it is needed oftener than once each second of existence, since a moment's pause would endanger health, if not life. This faithful sentinel in the citadel of life is true to his charge, never yielding to fatigue or indulgence for a single minute, so important is its mission, sending the pure blood, just purified in the lungs or fresh from the laboratory of the organs of digestion, to repair the waste of our constantly dying bodies, substituting new particles as fast as the processes of decay remove old and worn out ones. Without this regenerating process, this daily creation, our bodies, or portions of them, would be masses of effete, dead matter, as substantially so as if life were extinct. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death."

To form some vague idea of the labor performed by this small organ, let it be remembered that the human body contains about thirty pounds of blood, all of which passes from the heart to the lungs for purification and to all parts of the body once in about three minutes. And what a labor! At this rate, at the close of a life of "three score years and ten," this small and retired organ, having no reference to its acceleration in illness and childhood, will have beat no less than 2,565,440,000 times, lifting and sending up and through the minute ramifi-

cations of the blood vessels a weight of more than 4,000,000 pounds, or about 200,475 tons! The hearts of the Patriarchs must have performed a labor equal to raising more than 2,500,000 tons! And yet this little organ never stops for repairs. If it is out of order, as it often is, it labors and must labor till its power utterly ceases, and then stop from mere exhaustion. All of this is done by pumping less than three ounces at each contraction, each stroke. The passage of such a vast amount of liquid through the hardest metals would wear away such a heart many times during a life-time, and yet this soft and yielding heart endures all this labor and never stops for repairs. Its walls are not very thick, though the fibers are arranged to give it the greatest amount of strength, its peculiar structure, of itself, proving a great first cause. It constitutes an exception to the general principle that health results from labor and succeeding rest, since it toils on from its creation till the close of life, though constantly in danger from disease and from accidents. Though its labors are often made even much more burdensome by excesses and dissipation, especially by the use of tobacco and ardent spirits—its repairs are only secured while constantly at work, being secured by that wonderful agency sometimes called recuperation, an agency constantly endeavoring to avert and remove the injuries resulting from our almost continual physical sins. The same blood that it sends to all parts of the body, also visits its own structure for its own nourishment and protection.

Again, the care manifested in the protection of this organ is worthy of remark. A slight puncture of its walls would inevitably destroy life. To guard against such a contingency it is placed where such an accident is not likely to occur, between the lobes of the lungs, in the chest which is surrounded in its walls by the ribs and still stronger bones, where it is again enclosed in a tough covering, sometimes called the "heart-case." The arteries, the blood-vessels carrying the blood from the heart—the cutting of the larger of which would be as destructive, if not soon tied, as that of the heart itself—are deep seated, out of the way of ordinary accidents, while the veins are on the surface to some extent as seen on the backs of the hands, the cutting of which is attended, ordinarily, by no special harm. These arteries are known by their beating, as at the wrist, though the larger ones are too far from the surface to be felt, constantly protected, passing under broad muscles and bones, or through grooves manifestly made for their protection. A good illustration of the latter is found at the elbow, at what is called the "crazy-bone," a depression or groove in the bone of the arm through which the blood-vessels safely pass the joint—instead of on the surface where they would be constantly exposed—with the nerve, a slight injury of which produces a singular sensation felt even to the ends of the fingers.

It is also true, in the event of ordinary accidents, that the blood-vessels, torn as they usually are, do not bleed as freely as they do when cut, which is still another means of saving life, and another evidence of the mercy and goodness of the heavenly Father.

It may be well to remark that some of the diseases attributed to the heart, as "heart-burn," "palpitation of the heart," are generally a derangement of the stomach re-acting on the heart, that organ

often being charged with the sins of another. Of course it is sometimes diseased and over excited. The excitants floating in the blood are carried to the heart and of course irritate and excite it to over-action, resulting in debility, producing an effect not unlike that of putting similar substances, as mustard or pepper, in the eye. All of the stimulants and excitants tend to produce an increased action of the heart, resulting, as a necessary consequence, in disease or a diseasing tendency. Whatever irritates and disturbs the stomach, produces, indirectly, more or less disturbance at the heart, and indeed upon the whole body. The stomach is generally overtaken, more cruelly worked than our horses, for which we are now justly feeling considerable sympathy and regard, though that, unlike the heart, was made for some rest. If, therefore, we would avoid these "palpitations," "flutterings," "burnings," etc., a little more care of the stomach, less exciting, rich, concentrated and unwholesome food would be promotive of our health and comfort. It is enough that it should labor constantly without being abused.

#### NOVEL TREATMENT OF DYSPEPSIA.

Some years ago a physician in New York city published a small book in which he gave well written certificates of marvelous cures of dyspepsia. Patients began to flock to him. Their introduction to his mode of treatment was very queer. He took the patient into his consultation office, examined his case, and if it was one that he could cure, he announced his fee to be five hundred dollars, to be paid in advance. If the patient's confidence was strong enough the money was paid, and then the doctor led him through a hall, up a flight of stairs, through another hall, then through a room, down a flight of stairs, up a flight, down a flight, then to the right, then to the left, and at last they arrived at a small room without windows, artificially lighted, and in that room the patient was required to put his name to a solemn vow that he would never reveal the mode of treatment. This being all finished, the patient was introduced to the treatment. It consisted in slapping the stomach and bowels. Besides this the patient was required to live temperately and much in the open air.

On rising in the morning he was required to spend from five to ten minutes in striking his own abdomen with the flats of his hands. Then he went out for a morning walk after having drunk a tumbler or two of cold water. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon he spent a quarter of an hour in slapping the bowels with his hands. Then he laid down to rest. He dined temperately at two o'clock, and spent the rest of the afternoon in sauntering about. At seven o'clock in the evening he repeated the percussion, and went to bed at nine o'clock.

A majority of the cases of dyspepsia that sought relief at this establishment had used all the other means except the slapping; that is to say they had lived on plain food and much in open air. It was the slapping, the pounding with the fists, the kneading with the fists, sometimes with the fists of an attendant, that cured these people, for cured they certainly were. Marvelous cures were effected at this establishment.

After the death of the doctor, some of the patients felt themselves absolved from the obligation, and one of them described the treatment to me. In every case of indigestion, no matter what may be its character, slapping the bowels with the flats of the hands on rising in the morning, four hours after breakfast and in the evening on going to bed is excellent treatment. I cannot conceive of a case of chronic indigestion which such manipulation would not relieve. If the patient be so weak that he cannot perform these slappings and kneadings upon his own person the hand of a discreet person should be employed.

It is marvelous how the body, the stomach for example, which, when these manipulations are first practiced, may be so very tender that the slightest touch can hardly be borne—it is marvelous how in two or three weeks a blow almost as hard as the hand can give is borne without suffering. If you have a pain in the side or across the chest, percussion will relieve it almost immediately. But constipation, dyspepsia, torpidity of the liver and other affections of the abdominal viscera are relieved more surely and completely than any other class of affections by percussion, kneading, etc. Such treatment comes under the head of counter irritation. A new circulation is established in the parts near the point of suffering and congestion. Besides this, especially in abdominal troubles the manipulations appeal to the contractility of the weak relaxed vessels of the affected part.—Dio Lewis.

#### FOOD AND HEALTH.

Bulk, as well as elements of nourishment, is essential in food. Neither cattle nor horses could be kept alive long on fine flour, meal, or grains of any kind. Mixed, however, with grass, dry hay, or straw, they thrive. The walls of the stomach and bowels must be kept apart in order to have perfect digestion. A dog lived twenty-one days, the only survivor of a wrecked vessel at sea, closely shut up in the cabin, by eating the thick, strong wood and leather binding of a Bible. Had he had plenty of hard bread, he would probably have died in about fifteen days, as the mucus surface of the digestive apparatus, by coming in contact, would have inflamed fearfully.

Those persons whose diet is rather coarse, as bread of unbolted flour, large fruit eaters, bread and milk people in the country, etc., are exempt from pains of dyspepsia. Those sustained mainly on very fine concentrated, delicate food, washed down with tea, are gaunt in form, weak in muscle and always taking medicine. Their food should have more bulk.

A poor man's family never lack for an appetite with a crust of brown bread. His neighbor's darlings, surfeited on rich cake, highly seasoned dishes and nurtured in luxury, are the life of doctors and druggists. So says science.

#### WARM BATHS FOR CHILDREN.

A physician, in a very sensible article upon bathing, says: "For the wind in the stomach children are thought to have, for their tiresome crying and for the restlessness and worrying at night with which they are afflicted, if the warm bath were resorted to oftener and the dosing of soothing syrups and worse nostrums less, it would be better for the children."



## TABLE MANNERS OF OUR SAXON ANCESTORS.

OUR Saxon ancestors had some rude customs about their meals, which are in striking contrast with modern refinement. To begin with, they had no table, but instead of one a board (*bord*) which was brought out for the occasion from some place of storage, laid on trestles, and when the meal was ended, carefully put away again. This is called "laying the board," to which our similar expression owes its origin; and from the same source comes our word "boarder"—one who sits at the board to eat.

The guests and family were summoned by a horn, and after they were seated, the cloth was spread; and about this they were extremely particular; but of what kind of fabric it was made does not appear, it was not linen, for that was not introduced into England for such use until the reign of Elizabeth. For a long time carpets and pieces of tapestry did service as coverings for tables.

The use of a carpet for the floor does not seem to have occurred to those easily satisfied individuals who were willing to sleep on a straw mat, with a log under their heads, or at best a sack filled with chaff or straw, for a bolster. Floors were strewn with rushes, occasionally renewed as the accumulation of rubbish made it necessary. Among the items at the time of crowning Isabella, Queen of John, there is a charge of thirty-three shillings for strewing Westminster Hall with herbs and rushes. It is this custom which Shakespeare refers to in the "Taming of the Shrew"—"Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept?"—and in other plays.

Those were the days when they had oiled paper or thinly shaved pieces of horn in what they called windows; or the openings were filled with strips of wicker, interlaced in checker-work; when scarcely a church even could boast of a pane of crystal, and when a nobleman, who had thin layers of beryl in his castle windows, was looked upon as luxurious in his tastes.

After the cloth was arranged, the salt-cellar was set on, then the knives (if they were so fortunate as to have any) were placed, the spoons, the drinking horns, and the trenchers.

The salt-cellar was the most important article of all; very large, and made with a cover. It is this latter peculiarity which Shakespeare alludes to, where he makes Launce say: "The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt."

Where the host could afford it, it was of solid silver, elaborately chased; often a very substantial piece of plate, as costly as his means would allow. And this accounts for the greed with which Queen Elizabeth once seized upon one, on the occasion of visiting a certain great official; she had already received valuable gifts from him, but before her departure she "took a salt, a spoon, and a fork of fair agate."

## ADULTERATIONS.

While it is very difficult, and perhaps almost impossible, to detect the finer kinds of adulteration in the case of liquors, we are fortunately able to follow the adulterator of the ordinary articles of food, and to detect his practices with certainty. Add perfectly odorless spirit to brandy, and although the adulteration is notable and profitable, it is beyond the reach of the chemist. Add chiccory to coffee, and although the chemist fails to point it out with certainty, the microscopist is not so easily balked. Before the searching power of this wonderful tube, the secret operations of the adulterator become as obvious as if performed in full view; for the microscope reveals to us the ultimate structure of the different vegetable and animal substances, and as each has its own well-marked characteristics, it is as easily recognized by the expert as are the faces of his friend by an ordinary observer.

No one who has ever seen potato starch could readily mistake it for anything else; chiccory and coffee are so unlike that the difference is instantly perceived, and the smallest addition of either one to a sample of the other is readily detected. So, too, in regard to many sophistications of a purely chemical character. Red lead, added to vermilion, is easily separated; sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, when used for the purpose of increasing the strength of vinegar, is readily recognized; sugar, when adulterated with sand, may easily be made to give positive evidence of the presence of the latter; the coloring matter employed for the purpose of converting worthless tea leaves into the "best" green tea, may without difficulty be identified; and the mineral matter such as *terra alba*, or farinaceous substances such as wheat, corn or potato starch, used for the purpose of increasing the bulk and weight of confectionary, may be determined.

There is a wide range of cases in which adulterations may be detected with ease and proved with certainty. Some of the tricks of the wily adulterator show a marvelous ingenuity. Thus some persons, knowing that most ground coffee is adulterated, never buy the ground article, but always procure the whole beans, which they either grind themselves or get ground. To meet this case, the adulterator makes up a paste of ground chiccory, pea flour, and other cheap materials, and molds it, by machinery, into the form of the beans. These artificial beans are rolled in a barrel until smooth, roasted to the proper color, and mixed with a small proportion of genuine beans, to give them the true coffee flavor. The fraud is of course easily detected, as such beans quickly fall to powder when soaked in water; but this example shows the ingenuity and painstaking of the fraudulent classes, who often spend, in efforts to cheat, an amount of labor and ingenuity that, if devoted to some honest undertaking, would be to insure success.

Any attempts to suppress the practice of adulteration must be based upon certainty of exposure and punishment. How many children are robbed of their due amount of nutriment by the vile practice of watering milk? How often is the physician disappointed in the effect of the medicines that he prescribes, simply from the fact that these medicines are not pure, some dishonest and avaricious druggist having adulterated

them with cheaper and less potent materials, in order that he might make a little gain?

We feel satisfied that the practice of adulteration will never be completely and permanently checked until the government takes the matter fairly in hand, and enacts efficient laws looking to the detection and punishment of this crime.—*Good Health*.

## RULES FOR DINING OUT.

When you intend to dine out, it is better to eat a light breakfast early in the day, and avoid a lunch. You can't go too hungry.

Some people do not go to a dinner party unless invited, excepting Sorosis, or the re-unions of the Army of the Gulf. In this, however, you will be guided by your own discretion.

If the dinner is served at a private residence, privately fee your servant before seating yourself. This gives you a great advantage over the other guests.

Do not attempt to carry olives to your mouth at the end of your knife blade. It often results in discomfort and the laughter of the company.

Do not hold your knife and fork in one hand at the same time, if you can avoid it, for to do so without considerable practice makes even a graceful man appear awkward.

Circumstances seldom occur at a well-ordered table to justify the borrowing of your neighbor's fork.

Endeavor to recollect that a napkin and a handkerchief are two distinct articles—each serving a distinct purpose. I have known a matrimonial engagement broken off through the neglect of this rule on the part of the lady.

In eating stewed prunes, or other fruits of like character, all authorities agree as to the rudeness of spitting the pit or stone out on your plate. To spit it in your teaspoon and convey it to your plate is also unpolished. Two courses are open to a man of refinement and nerve, viz.: to permit the stone to accumulate in your mouth, and then, under pretence of wiping it, to secrete them in the napkin, and drop them surreptitiously on the floor, or swallow them in detail as the occasion requires.

## SALLY LUNN AND HER CAKES.

During the emigration from France, a noble French lady came to Chelsea; and, determined not to live on the bounty of foreigners, opened a small shop for the sale of preserves and pastry. Her fame spread throughout the west end of the town, and orders were given to have some of her celebrated cakes sent to many large houses in St. James'. The lady employed a Scotch maid servant to execute her orders; the name of this woman was Sally Lunn, and ever since a particular kind of tea cake has gone by the name of Sally Lunn.

Potatoes are good with all meats. With fowls they should be mashed. Carrots, parsnips, turnips, greens and cabbages are eaten with boiled meats. Beets, peas and beans are appropriate with either boiled or roasted meats. Mashed turnip is good with roast pork. Tomatoes are good with every kind of meat, but especially with roast. Apple sauce with roast pork. Cranberry or currant jelly is used by many persons with roast mutton. Pickles are

good with all roast meats, and capers or nasturtians with boiled lamb or mutton. Horse radish and lemons are excellent with veal.

## THE DESSERT.

—Teach your children to help themselves, but not to what doesn't belong to them.

—A newspaper advertisement calls for a plain cook, able to dress a little boy five years old.

—Mr. Juniper says he doesn't like to commit himself to a "picked-up dinner," unless he knows where it was "picked-up" from.

—A clergyman said the other day that modern young ladies were not the daughters of Shem and Ham, but the daughters of Hem and Sham.

—"A basket of champagne!" exclaimed a country dame. "Why, I declare, now! I always thought champagne was watery stuff, like; I never knowed you could carry it in a basket."

—Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the letter H discussed, whether it were a letter or not. If it were not, he said, it would be a very serious affair for him, for it would make him "ill" all the days of his life.

—A judge, in remanding a criminal called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, "Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor"—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—"takes me to be." "Put your words closer together," said the judge.

—"See here!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride a hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will you? You see that if it had been a low crowned hat, I should have been killed outright!"

—A western editor relates that he once stopped at a restaurant in Washington, and noticing that the waiter was uncommonly sober, asked him if he was sick. "Yes," very curtly, "I is." "What's the matter?" "Why, sir, Washin'ton's the wus place ever I see. When it's dry you can't see where you're gwine, and when it's wet you can't go!"

—A few days since a needy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed over the pittance, "Take it, you are welcome, our ears are always open to the calls of the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."

—A fisherman recently took his child to the minister to be baptised, who asked him, "Are you prepared for so solemn and important an occasion?" "Prepared!" he echoed with some indignation; "I hae a firlof of bannocks bakin', two hams, an' a gallon o' the best Highland whiskey, an, I wad like to ken what better preparation ye expect fra a man in my condition o' life!"

—Speaking of rewarding virtue, the Norwich Bulletin says: A well known justice of the peace subscribed five dollars to the relief fund recently, and upon returning to his office immediately, received the amount for marrying a couple. This is virtue rewarded. Another man was requested to contribute, but declined, and within two hours heard that his mother-in-law had come to stay a month with him.



## HOW TO IMPROVE OUR TALK.

BY SHIRLEY DARE.

ONE of those persons without more bright sense than the law allows has flown to the relief made and provided for those who are unfortunately out of reach of sensible advisers, and written to a newspaper. It isn't an opinion about the hand-writing she wants, or a recipe for removing superfluous hair, though such are the questions for which people can find no solution without sending three or four hundred miles to the overtaken editor of some indulgent weekly. The young woman in this case really has a sensible desire, and asks, "How can I become a good conversationalist? I have had no special advantages and feel myself at a loss in company how to express myself. How shall I overcome this difficulty so that I need no longer to sit mute without adding to the pleasure of society?"

To this the editor gives the sapient advice which most papers keep standing in type, one would think, they publish it so often, "Read Addison, Steele, and Shakespeare. Study the wonders of nature as shown in astronomy, philosophy, etc., so that you may have something instructive for your thoughts to rest on. Fill your soul with the masterpieces of eloquence," and so on.

Did one ever hear more dignified nonsense? The poor girl wants somebody to give her the clue to topics which will help her out with something to say at sewing-circles and sociables, or when a neighbor drops in of an evening. She is tired of staying in the corner, with nothing but a smile and "yes" or "no" to offer as her share of the entertainment. She feels the law which presides over social as well as business exchange, that nothing is given for nothing, and she would like to be social and pleasing if she only knew how. Reading Addison won't do it. With all possible respect for the Spectator, which was as amusing to the child of seven as it now is charming to the student of far more than thrice that age, it must be said that the age is ahead of Addison in many points, and different from him in others. The writers of the Rambler and Tatler, and the Spectator, were slightly too fine and leisurely in their style, eminent and gracious as we feel it to be.

Custom now demands a simple, prompt way of speaking, as different from the Addison style as Racine is from the bible. Imagine a person at a tea-table using language tinged with the grandeur of the old school? The polite hostess could not help using her eyes to find out in what way her guest's brain was frost-bitten, before she finished passing the cups of tea. Widely as reporters often stray in the opposite extreme of slang and blundering English, a young man who always wrote with such extra polish could hardly find employment on a daily paper. Addison was natural in his day. Bunyan was better as a model, for he seems not to think of his words, but of what he meant to say in them, and his style is limpid as well-water. Just such words and manner would do to-day to

describe a fire, or tell how a neighbor's child was taken sick.

If the young correspondent ever heard a pompous student fire from academy or the lower class in college "converse" with the minister or some one whom he wanted to propitiate, she would have a specimen of such talkers as the advice given makes. They show their minds dressed up in "store clothes," which hide a pitiable amount of conceit and want beneath. Beside, sending anyone to study for graces of style is of no use. The trouble with poor speakers is to know what to talk about. Good things are found in books, but they are best when there is nothing of interest about one's life. They are pemmican and dry beef put away for scarcity of supplies.

Where there is nobody to talk, or at least to talk amusingly or absorbingly with, and nothing to watch that interests or teaches, books are the grateful heaven-sent relief. They are soothing company, tireless teachers. But people who have once found out that they can see in life the origin of all that pleases in books, turn rather to its larger variety. Great readers are apt to be silent. Your boy or girl who is always reading seldom has a word to say. Reading dries up the springs of thought, unless there is time left for them to flow in talk and observation. Watch for the droll or remarkable things that happen, and make a point to tell somebody of them. If one wants to talk in society, first be sociable at home. Instead of keeping dull days if no neighbor comes in, make the most of your listeners in the house.

The table is the school for conversation. Make talk there. Speak of the mellow sunrise, if there is one, tell the chase the kitten led with your ball of yarn, and how roguish she looked; how sweetly the baby gave up its toy and went to sleep the image of innocence; learn one of the stories from Harper's Editor's Drawer, but choose a short one and make it shorter in telling, leaving out all the long words, or recollect a joke from the town paper if you can. Don't tell them as if you thought much of them, and never mind if they are not well received. Try something else another time. Don't fancy there is anything affected in thinking beforehand what you shall say when you go into company. It is as impolite to go with nothing pleasant in your mind as it would be to wear an unrepresentable dress. The motive prevents all vanity if the conversation is held not to show off one's self however secretly, but to make time agreeable to others. Think of something fresh or funny enough to call a smile to the face of the hostess, or her visitors. Surely that is little enough return for her care to entertain her guests.

Try very short jokes, and short, good-humored remarks, if they are not so bright. Use plain, common words in every case. Don't say "it is stated," when you begin anything, but give the fact outright; not, "it is stated that the winter has been the severest for a number of years," but "it's the hardest winter for years." Say, "I'm not used" to such or such a thing, instead of the pretentious New England word, "I'm not accustomed" to it. How self-satisfied spinsters will bring that phrase out as if it were any reason why they should not submit to the crossing of their tastes as well as other folks!

If you want to know what expressions and what pronunciations to drop, read the essays of Mr. Richard Grant White,

though you need not pin your faith to his rules, for he is thought fanciful in some extreme cases. But if you are in doubt which those are, follow him without reserve. Better be too nice than fall below the standard. Especially learn to speak of people in a simple, respectful way. Use the word lady, seldom. It means a refined woman, and you don't want to apply it to every one, or it loses flavor. The finest ladies of your circle will not be offended if you speak of them as women. That word means all that is good in the sex, as well as the rest of its qualities. Lady friend is a vulgar phrase. "A friend," or "a woman I know," is better. Gentleman friend is just as bad. Don't speak of "messes" of peas, or anything else; say "a dish of" so and so. Say "common" for "ordinary," "bright" or "clever" for "talented." Speaking of adjectives, learn to say just what you mean, instead of "splendid" and "awful," and be moderate in praise. It helps one to remember the right word when wanted, to make lists of epithets in the order of their strength.

For woman's dress a variety is needed, not the stale words of the fashion writers who wring the changes on "jaunty" and "dainty" till one fancies half the creatures pert as vixens, and the other half minute as humming-birds. But learn when a dress is trim, neat, tasteful, pretty, good, or stylish. You will wish to drop countrified words, as wash-dish, when one should say wash-basin, "dip" for "gravy" or "sauce." In this country we say gravy in speaking of meats. Sauces may be either sweet for puddings or spiced to eat with meats, but don't ask for "some more gravy on your pudding," as I have heard people do. If you are uncertain about the meaning or pronunciation of a word, don't send to a newspaper to know, nor ask anybody, if you have a dictionary.

There are two authors it would do everybody good to read who wishes to catch an easy, good style of language. These are Miss Mitford and Dr. Holmes. The Village Sketches by the former are full of neat, varied epithet, and give the best idea of what a lady may say, for the tone is precisely that of refined conversation. A companion who could bring up reminiscences of people and places, talk of flowers and pets, and touch on books in the same way, would everywhere be deemed charming. Dr. Holmes' sarcasm on all vulgarity of speech shows as clearly what one may not say. He has had more influence on American manners than often falls to the lot of one man.

Living models are best. Notice the pleasantest woman you know, and see what subjects she talks about, and what she says. If you can't command your ideas at first, say hers over after her when a chance offers, to somebody who hasn't heard them from the original. Very few new ideas circulate in society; it is on a great accommodation plan, and people borrow everywhere. Repeat nice phrases that catch your ear. They will please others as they pleased you. Why should we expect to talk new ideas all the time, any more than we require a musician to improvise constantly? Take conversation easy. If you can't think of nice phrases, use simple ones, and find your style a gainer by it. Shun discourse on the weather, health, and yourself. Waste no time confessing dullness. Tell people pleasant things you know about their friends, talk of their houses, pets, work and children. In praise or in

thanks to anyone be brief, not curt, yet warm. Speak lightly; don't use strong expressions of admiration or blame. These spoil the interest of people who do not feel as intensely as yourself.

Read the news and magazines if you want topics. These are always safe, and you can begin chat with the newest acquaintance by touching on the latest rumor of Mrs. Stowe's accident, the coming jubilee, concert, or whatever holds the corresponding place of general interest. For felicitous twins of speech for common use commend us to the novels of Mrs. Edwards, Archie Lovell, and Ought We to Visit Her, as examples of capital conversation, in many chapters.

## THE REVIEWER.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—Two very seasonable articles in Scribner's for August are—the entertaining paper by Mr. Shanks on "Yachting and Yachting," with pictures of celebrated yachts, ocean races, etc., and a pleasant and practical illustrated essay on "The Canoe: How to Build and how to Manage it." There are also—Prof. Comfort's "Should the Study of the Modern precede that of the Ancient Languages?" Amasa Walker's "Labor and Capital in Manufactures," and Charles Dudley Warner's "What is your Culture to me?" Among the illustrated articles are an interesting account of the "Graphic Art," by Benson J. Lossing, and "The Island of Corfu," by Charles K. Tuckerman, late United States Minister to Greece. Hans Christian Anderson tells the suggestive story of "The Gardener and the Manor," and Miss Annan relates in a very fresh and striking way that of "Hebe's Jumbles." Dr. Holland writes about the recent strikes, and discusses "The Wine Question in Society," etc. and the number closes with a quaint page of Etchings by the Misses Ledyard.

AMERICAN NATURALIST.—The August number of this excellent illustrated magazine of natural history is received. The principal article in this number is an interesting account of "Some of the Familiar Birds of India," by Rev. H. J. Bruce. The variety of birds found in India is very great. Dr. Jerdon, in his "Birds of India," published in 1863, describes ten hundred and sixteen species; since that time Mr. Allen Hume, in the second part of his "Rough Notes," announces thirteen hundred and sixty species acknowledged and identified. This number does not include all; new species are constantly being discovered and added to the list as the number of observers is increased and new localities are visited. The great variety of climate and diversity of surface of India enable almost every kind to find those conditions which are best adapted to its nature and wants. An article by Rev. Samuel Lockwood, on a New Entozoon from the Eel, is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the various parasitic animals. The reviews and book notices enumerate several valuable additions to the literature of natural history. The Naturalist's Miscellany contains many valuable short articles, not only for the scientist but for the general reader. The department of microscopy is well sustained. Dr. J. J. Woodward, U. S. A., contributes a paper "On the Use of Monochromatic Sunlight, as an Aid to High-Power Definition," and among the miscellany are many short notices of value to the student in microscopy. We congratulate the editors in thus being enabled to sustain so ably this magazine, and to give to its readers and to the public a monthly bulletin of so much information on the subjects which come within its province. Published monthly at \$4 per annum, at the Naturalist's agency, East India Marine Hall, Salem.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August is a brilliant number. Charles Reade has the first chapter of a new novel entitled "A Simpleton. A Story of the day." "The Golden Lion of Granpere" is nearly concluded. It is to be followed by a serial by Wilkie Collins. "Old Kensington" by Miss Thackeray is continued. Emilio Castelar has another paper on "The Republican Movement in Europe." The illustrated papers are of much interest and value. One of the most generally interesting articles is the story of the "Marathon Massacre" by Charles Tuckerman. The Editorial department, as usual, leaves nothing to be desired. The Publishers offer the magazine to new subscribers from the August to November 1873—sixteen numbers—for four dollars.

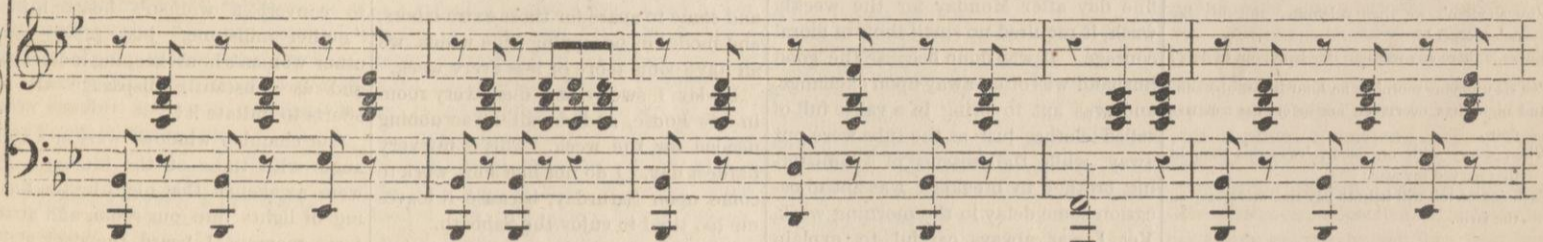
"KITTY BROWN," the new song and chorus by the author of "Belle Mahone," "Faded Coat of Blue," etc., is issued by Pond & Co., New York.

## WE ARE SOWING, DAILY SOWING.

Music by E. CLARK.

*Moderato.*

1. We are sow - ing, dai - ly sow - ing, Count - less seeds for good and ill, Scat - tered on the lev - el  
 2. Seeds that fall a - mid the still - ness Of the low - ly moun - tain glen; Seeds cast out in crowd - ed  
 3. Seeds that lie un - changed, un - quick - ened, Life - less on the teem - ing mould, Seeds that live and grow and



low - land, Cast up - on the wind - y hill; Seeds that sink in rich brown fur - rows,  
 pla - ces, Trod - den un - der foot of men; Seeds by i - dle hands for - got - ten,  
 flour - ish When the sow - er's hand is cold. By a whis - per sow we bless - ings,



Soft with heav - en's gra - cious rain, Seeds that rest up - on the sur - face Of the dry, un - yield - ing plain.  
 Flung at ran - dom on the air, Seeds by faith - ful souls re - mem - bered, Sown in fears and love and prayer.  
 By a breath we scat - ter strife; In our words and looks and ac - tions, Lie the seeds of death and life.



## CHORUS.

TENOR.

Thou who knowest all our weakness, Leave us not to sow a - lone! Bid thine an - gels guard the fur - rows Where the precious grain is sown.

ALTO.

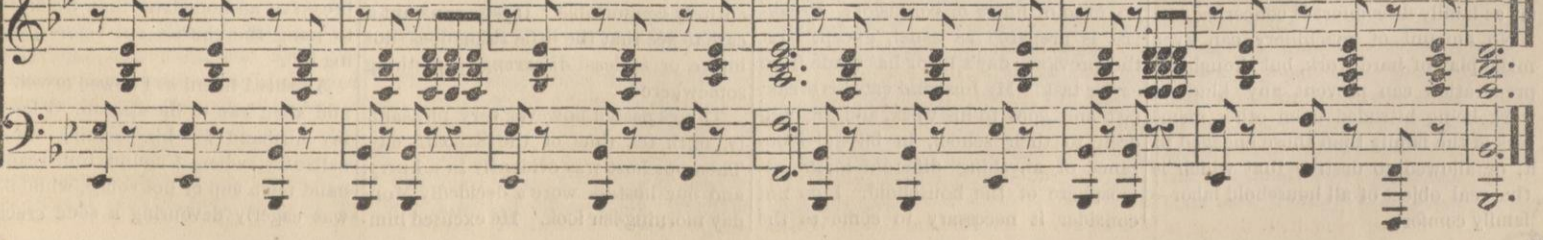
Thou who knowest all our weakness, Leave us not to sow a - lone! Bid thine an - gels guard the fur - rows Where the precious grain is sown.

AIR.

Thou who knowest all our weakness, Leave us not to sow a - lone! Bid thine an - gels guard the fur - rows Where the precious grain is sown.

BASS.

Thou who knowest all our weakness, Leave us not to sow a - lone! Bid thine an - gels guard the fur - rows Where the precious grain is sown.





### NO MORTGAGE ON THE FARM.

Mary, let's kill the fatted calf and celebrate the day,  
For the last dreadful mortgage on the farm is  
wiped away;  
I have got the papers with me, they are right as  
right can be—  
Let us laugh and sing together, for the dear old  
farm is free!

Don't all the Yankees celebrate the Fourth day of  
July,  
Because 'twas then that Freedom's sun lit up our  
nation's sky?  
Why shouldn't we then celebrate, and this day  
ne'er forget?  
Where is there any freedom like being out of debt?

I've riz up many mornin's an hour before the sun,  
And night has overtaken me before the task was  
done.

When weary with my labor, 'twas this thought  
that nerved my arm:  
Each day of toil will help to pay the mortgage on  
the farm.

And, Mary, you have done your part in rowin, to  
the shore,  
By takin' eggs and butter to the little village store.  
You did not spend the money in dressing up for  
show,  
But sang from morn till evening in your faded  
calico.

And Bessie, our sweet daughter—God bless her  
loving heart!  
The lad that gets her for a wife must be by natur  
smart—  
She's gone without piano, her lonely hours to  
charm,  
To have a hand in payin' off the mortgage on the  
farm.

I'll build a little cottage soon, to make your heart  
rejoice;  
I'll buy a good piano, to go with Bessie's voice;  
You shall not make your butter with that up-and-  
down concern,  
For I'll go this very day and buy the finest patent  
churn!

Lay by your faded calico, and go with me to town,  
And get yourself and Bessie a new and shining  
gown;  
Low prices for our produce need not give us now  
alarm,  
Spruce up a little, Mary! there's no mortgage on  
the farm.

While our hearts are now so joyful, let us, Mary,  
not forget  
To thank the God of Heaven for being out of debt,  
For He gave the rain and sunshine, and put  
strength into my arm,  
And lengthened out the days to see no mortgage  
on the farm.

—John H. Yates.

### THE WASHING DAY OF THE PERIOD.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

"There is na' luck about the house,  
There is na' luck at a';  
There's naught o' comfort to be ta'en  
Upon a washing day!"

O sang the disconsolate husband of  
the past, but now, thanks to the ar-  
ray of improved soaps, washing fluids  
and crystals; the army of machines,  
wringers, etc., the evil is very much  
mitigated. A little attention to the sub-  
ject, by thinking house-keepers, and that  
is fortunately, the largest class now-a-  
days, will we think remove it entirely, as  
far as family discomfort is concerned.

No amount of machinery can ever  
make play of hard work, but thoughtful  
preparation can prevent any kind of  
work being intruded upon other mem-  
bers of the family than those engaged in  
it, or allowed to destroy that which is  
the real object of all household labor—  
family comfort.

Chief among the ideas we are glad to  
have pass away with the spinning-wheels  
of the olden time, is that of invariably  
washing on Monday, with its cousin  
opinions that she who hung her clothes  
upon the line first, was the smartest wo-  
man, while she who postponed the task  
to any other day was more or less care-  
less or indolent, as the postponement  
was for a longer or shorter period.

The doggerel rhymes:

She who washeth Monday  
Has all the week to dry,  
She who washeth Tuesday  
Is just so much awry, etc.,

express what was good housekeeping  
gospel to our grandmothers.

Even, when, twenty years ago, as a  
young housekeeper, I adopted the first  
fine day after Monday for the weekly  
wash, it required no small show of moral  
courage. It was done because the good  
husband was often away upon exchange,  
and was apt to bring in a valise full of  
soiled clothes just as the tubs were put  
away, while the presence of a minister-  
ing brother to breakfast was apt to oc-  
casion some delay in the morning work.  
Yet I was always careful to explain  
these reasons, and felt conscious that to  
most New England housekeepers they  
appeared wholly inadequate to excuse  
so terrible an innovation upon time-hon-  
ored custom.

How gladly I heard from the lips of a  
good Quaker lady, one of the neatest of  
her race, the words "I never wash on  
Monday." How delightedly I listened  
to her remarks upon the sin and folly of  
disturbing the quietude of the Sabbath  
evening by the rattling of tubs and  
drawing of water to put the clothes  
soaking; and the inconvenience of be-  
ginning the week's work in a house  
somewhat disordered, and with a scanty  
supply of food left over from the week  
before. She gave me her programme,  
and I have never found a better.

"I try," she said, "to have the Sabbath  
one of perfect rest and freedom from all  
week day cares. It is as wrong for me  
to be engrossed by household cares and  
the preparations of an extra dinner upon  
the Sabbath, as it would be for my hus-  
band to go on with his daily labor, and  
even add to it some extra job. Of  
course to leave the work undone, as far  
as possible, upon one day, makes more  
for the next. So, however carefully the  
Saturday's work has been done, Monday  
morning always finds me with a some-  
what disarranged house, and the larder  
well supplied with fragments only. Those  
fragments I gather up, and use as  
economically as if it was wash day, but  
I prepare them in a healthful and ap-  
petizing manner into hashes, soups,  
stews, fricassees, meat or fish balls, pud-  
dings, etc., which I could not take the  
time for, if I were in the midst of a large  
wash.

This, with putting the house in order,  
cooking fresh food enough for several  
days—I mean, of course such kinds of  
food as do not need to be cooked fresh  
at the time of using—and sorting the  
clothes, putting to soak such articles as  
require it, makes a busy day of Monday.

Tuesday is my wash day, but there is  
no need of hurry or confusion. Break-  
fast is prepared as usual, except that  
the previous day's labor has made it an  
easier task. My husband eats his break-  
fast and goes to his work, and the chil-  
dren to their school, in blissful igno-  
rance of anything different in the at-  
mosphere of the household. I do not  
consider it necessary to come to the

table with unkempt locks or corrugated  
brows to show that I am a 'smart'  
housekeeper. During their absence the  
clothes, so well prepared the night pre-  
vious, are washed, and hung to dry, if  
the weather is favorable, or left in the  
rinse if it is not. In either case my dinner  
appears upon the table at the usual hour,  
and thanks to Monday's cooking, is  
usually of better variety than any other  
day.

Wednesday is devoted to sewing. If  
the clothes are well dried, every article  
is examined and carefully repaired. I  
do not like mending dirty clothes, yet  
they look neater to be done before the  
starching and ironing. So they are all  
put in order for the next day's ironing.

Thursday has plenty of time for this,  
and some to spare for those extra labors,  
and modes of occupying time which we  
all have come more or less every week.

Friday I sweep and dust every room  
in my house, and do all the scrubbing  
needed for the week. This is my very  
hardest day. I do not like such work to  
come upon Saturday, because it leaves  
me too tired to enjoy the Sabbath.

Saturday is a day of preparation.  
Cooking enough to last till Monday in  
any contingency—little jobs that need  
finishing, all those things that with  
some are left to Sabbath morning, have  
their place on Saturday. Besides as I  
usually work hard on Friday, I do not  
object to a little labor to finish the week.  
Before dark all the work is put away,  
unless some unexpected delay has left  
something which seems inconvenient to  
leave."

"Why! you commence your Sabbath  
with the sunset of Saturday eve."

"Not exactly! To me the Saturday  
eve has a charm of its own, a freedom  
to work, rest, play, or visit, which is in  
itself delightful. Little tasks for which  
the days of heavier labor have no time,  
innocent amusements, reading of a less  
decidedly religious tendency than that  
we select for the Sabbath. I like to feel  
that the week's work is done, and this  
unbending of the spirit from all house-  
wifely care, is in itself the fittest prepara-  
tion for the Sabbath worship."

"But suppose stormy weather, unex-  
pected visitors, or some other cause  
prevents you from carrying out your  
weekly plan?"

"My young friend, let me give you  
one simple rule for those obstacles  
which will constantly overthrow the  
best plans. Live as near to your pat-  
tern as you can."

A few days afterwards, my husband  
being called to preach in a neighboring  
town, I decided to accompany him. As  
we were not yet housekeeping, and had  
one child only, this was easily done. I  
had heard of the good sister at whose  
house we were to spend the Sabbath, as  
a model housekeeper, and a desire to  
notice her ways and means, perhaps to  
receive some hint from her superior  
experience, was nearly the only reason  
for my visit.

Everything was neat and in order, a  
little too much so, perhaps, to make a  
visitor who had brought an active, wide-  
awake child of a little over a year old,  
entirely comfortable. It is so constant a  
care to see that the little thing does not  
injure or at least disarrange something  
somewhere!

Things passed however very pleasant-  
ly, until tea time of the Sabbath day.  
Then our host was evidently in a hurry,  
and our hostess wore a decidedly Mon-  
day morning-ish look. He excused him-

self as soon as possible, as he must build  
a fire in the basement, and have water  
warming for the wash. She also, soon  
left us to the care of a young sister, as she  
must put the clothes in soak. The rat-  
tling of tubs, creaking of the pump,  
splashing of the water, all soon indicated  
that the business of the week was being  
actively commenced.

My husband's look of annoyance,  
which increased visibly as our host ex-  
cused his wife's non-attendance at the  
evening service, because she always re-  
tired early on Sabbath evening, would  
have excited my pity, if my heart had  
not been hardened by his previous  
praise of her excellent housekeeping.

Here let me whisper to you a secret,  
oh, ye Lords of creation! If you wish  
to convert a woman's heart into a  
"nether millstone," just praise some  
other woman's housekeeping incessantly  
and as constantly disparage all her  
efforts to imitate it!

Our chamber windows were at a right  
angle with those of the kitchen. We  
were awakened that night by the flash-  
ing of lights into our room, and at the  
same moment I heard the clock strike  
twelve. A loud knocking on the door  
adjoining ours, and the call, "Come,  
Sarah, there's a real large wash to-day,"  
showed that the young girl of fifteen,  
her sister, was also to be deprived of her  
needed rest. My babe, so suddenly  
awakened, concluded it was morning,  
and therefore not best to sleep any  
longer; and the result was, that we none  
of us had any refreshing sleep. After a  
few hours of ineffectual and nerve-  
wearying attempts to sleep, disturbed by  
the glaring of lights and the general  
"hurrying to and fro" below stairs, we  
at length dressed and descended. Ar-  
rived in the breakfast room we found it  
cold and comfortless, without the least  
preparation for the morning meal.

Wrapping up the baby as warmly as if  
out of doors, we sat down in the dis-  
ordered and dreary room, and tried to  
amuse ourselves with the books and  
papers. Baby, however, wanted some  
breakfast, and could not eat books and  
papers. I have learned, since then, nev-  
er to take a young child from home  
without a supply of plain food, suitable  
for a child, in my traveling basket, but I  
was an unexperienced mother. "What  
shall we do?" said I, glancing at the  
clock, which indicated half an hour  
only to train time, "shall we explore the  
regions below?"

My husband did not swear, for he was  
a clergyman. He only intimated that  
he would as soon explore the other  
"regions below." He commenced put-  
ting on his overcoat, and taking baby in  
his arms, started for the station. Of  
course, I followed as soon as I could don  
my wrappings, receiving from our host,  
who stumbled in half asleep, in his slip-  
pers and dressing gown, a profusion of  
confused apologies.

"They thought a minister always  
slept late Monday morning! Hadn't  
the least idea we should take the morn-  
ing train! He was always up late Sun-  
day night, as he kept the fires, until  
Caroline got up to wash; and they had  
breakfast an hour later than usual, so as  
to hang the clothes out before prepar-  
ing it."

All this I heard as I bowed myself out,  
and then ran to the station. I forgave  
my husband for his seeming want of  
gallantry, when I found him ready to  
hand me a cup of hot coffee, while baby  
was eagerly devouring a soda cracker.

We had just time for a slight lunch, when the train was heard in the distance. As it whizzed up, our friend made his appearance, having made out to get his boots on. "Couldn't bear to have us leave town without breakfast." Bowing our thanks, we were whirled away, I amply repaid for all I had endured by the certainty that I should hear no more of Mrs. S. as a model housekeeper.

This sketch is not a fiction. It was, twenty years ago, a disagreeable fact. Few carry the Monday morning mania to such a degree as this; but even this last winter, I have seen women with bare, red arms putting out their clothes to dry while the thermometer indicated ten below, apparently forgetting that they had "all the week to dry," and that a portion of that week might be of a much more comfortable temperature.

It is well to remember that washing, like other work, is intended to add to family comfort, and not to manage it in a way to effect discomfort.

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

##### LITTLE HINDERANCES.

By this, I do not mean the children, though after I had written my heading, I thought some of you might think I did, so explain that away in the beginning. I know some of you do think the darlings are "little hinderances," and I am not sure but they often are; indeed, am quite confident that they do hinder, about work, quite as much as they usually help, but as I did not mean to implicate them in this homely chat, I will go on with what I did take my pen to say.

It is an old and trite saying that "every little helps," and it is no less true that littles also hinder, and these littles sadly interfere with the housewife's arrangements and add to her kitchen toil.

Oftimes these hinderances come from circumstances unavoidable on the part of the housewife, frequently they are the fault of others; but not unfrequently they are the result of ill-arranged plans, or perhaps no plans at all. Again we have to blame ourselves for thoughtlessness, carelessness, or sheer forgetfulness in some little thing, and then when we come to add up how these things hinder and upset our plans for the day, we are quite sure that littles do hinder amazingly. And in this warm summer weather, when we strive to arrange our work as much as possible to be done in the cool of the day, we note it more than at other times.

For example, to confess my own sins, as well as implicate others, I had my baking of bread nicely kneaded and in the pans to rise, one of these warmest mornings bright and early, and was planning to have my cooking done before the dew was dried from the grass. But alas! I left the kitchen for the cool breakfast room and utterly forgot to replenish the fire. The weather was certainly warm enough so that the need of fire was not felt very much, which might be a reasonable excuse for my neglect, but bread will not bake without a fire even with the mercury at 96, so fire there must be. Mine, however, had nearly gone out, when just as I was taking my last sip of coffee I happened to think of it. Hastening into the kitchen, there was the bread just ready to go into the oven, and no fire. Of course while the oven was heating the bread would be too high in the pans, so

it must be kneaded over, the tins washed before it could be replaced, and so much of my time consumed for nothing. Then it was, that I thought of how much every little hinders, as given in my text.

And that little bit of carelessness in the early morning seemed to make my work crowd, or go wrong all the forenoon, as we all know such things will; and as I pride myself on arranging my work systematically so as to make ends meet, such carelessness becomes rather humiliating, and shows that some of the censure I bestow on heedless, ill-planning house-keepers, belongs to myself as well. And so I think we all find it sometimes.

But there is Mrs. Hapless who never has any well arranged system, and oh, it is wearisome to spend even a day in her house and see how little hinderances cause everything to go wrong, and her work never seems done. The fire goes out, it seems, always at the wrong time; she never has things ready when the oven is heated, or the pot boiling to use the fire, and it may be seven times heated and cold again before baking, (which could all be done in an hour or two,) will be finished.

Then it is as likely as anyway that she will be obliged to sit down in the midst of her hurried morning work to do mending, or leave the kitchen work till late in the day because she has forgotten to make ready the evening before for her morning's work. Only the other morning she must stop ironing to mend Harry's jacket before he could go to school. He had torn it, and his clean ones were not mended, ready for the emergency, so it must be done now, anyway, and how such a little, and a dozen more added to it, hinders!

"I ought, I suppose," said she, "to have mended the clean ones, but really I wished to put that third ruffle on Jennie's dress skirt yesterday afternoon, so let my mending go. But these boys do not wait for one suit to be mended before another is torn."

Of course they do not, and though it is not always possible to have a whole jacket or apron ready for the little "rag-makers," as most children are, yet is it not wise to try to have them ready in preference to putting on extra ruffles, and then being obliged to have the morning's work linger till so late in the day that you have little or no afternoon for rest or sewing? For we all know how a quarter of an hour being interrupted about our work in the cool, fresh morning may add an hour to our after toil.

It is these littles that oftentimes make the hardest of work, even where the work to be accomplished is comparatively light; while where there is just as much as one can do, to be done before dinner, the hinderances become mountains as the day rolls on. And so it is wise, for our younger housewives especially, to note these things, and not only to arrange work with order and system, but to take thought in little things and see that the fire does not go out, the water grow cold, or a thousand other things, the result of carelessness, hinder and spoil the day's plans.

##### NEATNESS IN HOUSEKEEPING.

The following article, from the pen of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, appearing in the Christian Union, we recommend to the attention of all housekeepers:

"Will you please tell me how large to make sheet and pillow tidies, and how

to arrange them? Also, how a woman, in poor health, two or three in the family, six cows, and no help, can keep everything neat and tidy?"

We never could understand how any woman under such circumstances could succeed at all in carrying her burdens if she did not "keep everything neat and tidy." Neatness should save work, not increase it. With "a place for everything, and everything in its place," and well cleaned before it is put there, one can turn off much more work, with far less fatigue, than if each article, as fast as used, were thrown aside anywhere, to be searched for when next wanted, and then cleaned before it could be again used, consuming in the search more time than it would take to do the work for which it was wanted.

Every housewife knows that if any article is set aside uncleaned it will take more than double the time to get it in a proper condition when next wanted, than if it had been immediately cleaned when used. Knives, forks, spoons, plates and dishes are hard to clean if left unwashed till what remains on them gets hard and is thoroughly dried. After making bread or pastry the bread-board and rolling-pin can be washed and made spotlessly clean in less than five minutes, if done immediately; but set them aside for an hour or two, or until next needed, and you will find it will take time and strength which you can ill afford to waste, to get them in working order again; or if used unwashed—and we have known such cases—your bread or pastry will reveal such carelessness. Just so with paint, floors, windows, and each and every kind of work. If you let them pass day after day till dust and dirt accumulate in every direction—for these are industrious workers—by and by, from regard to your own comfort and convenience, you must take a day, perhaps two or three, to repair the damages, and it will be hard work; whereas, a few minutes' dusting or sweeping, or use of a clean cloth and water, each day, will easily conquer dust and dirt, moth and rust, and you will find far less fatigue in the operation.

We mention these things simply to serve as examples; the same method carried into every part of your work, will save your time and strength, and yet "keep everything neat and tidy."

Sheet tidies should be as long as the sheet is wide, and about half a yard deep, and spread over that part of the sheet that is turned over the spread at the head of the bed. They hide the wrinkles and tumbled look of the upper sheet after it has been once slept on, and gives the bed a neat look, that is very desirable.

Pillow tidies may be made two and a half yards long, and from three-quarters to a yard wide, according to the width of the pillows, and spread over both when the bed is made, or cut in two pieces, covering each pillow separately. They may be made with a simple deep hem or a hem and tucks, braided, embroidered, or ruffled, according to your fancy, time or means. They may be made of new linen or cotton, or when old sheets are too far worn out to be used as sheets for smaller beds, the proper length and width may be cut from such parts as are whole, and hemmed, tucked, or ruffled, nicely starched and ironed, and used for tidies. They should, of course, be removed and neatly folded each night, and with care will not require washing oftener than once a month.

They are a great convenience, as a bed may be kept always looking attractive, and neat enough to relieve you of all fear of unexpected callers, or company; and when the house is small, and one is compelled, perhaps, to have a bed in the sitting-room, add much to your comfort and peace of mind.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—I see by the "blue cross" in THE HOUSEHOLD for May, that it is the last number. Now we cannot do without it so I enclose one dollar to pay for another year.

My father subscribed for THE HOUSEHOLD last May, and said nothing about it at home intending to surprise mother and me, and a very agreeable surprise it was. Although we have only had it one year, yet we have received many useful hints as well as a great deal of enjoyment, and I shall not miss of taking THE HOUSEHOLD as long as I can raise a dollar when the year comes around.

I wish that we might hear oftener from Olive Oldstyle, a good long letter from her every month would just suit me, but I suppose I ought not to look for too many goodies at once. I like the "Letters from an old Maid" very much, indeed I think THE HOUSEHOLD and all it contains nearly perfect.

Wishing your paper and yourself a long life and prosperity I will close.

Stoughton, Mass.

M. A. H.

The following letter enclosing one dollar will be read with interest by at least one of our subscribers, and we hope the good example of the writer may be imitated by many others.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—I have been very much interested this month in one of the "Letters to THE HOUSEHOLD." Mrs. M. E. M. writes that she is the wife of a clergyman and not in the most affluent circumstances. Having taken THE HOUSEHOLD since 1869, I know what a deprivation it would be to give it up, therefore I wish you would renew Mrs. M. E. M.'s subscription when it runs out and oblige

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you admit to your quiet well-ordered family, a scold? one who has some scolding to do and wants an audience? If you will, here I am; and the cause of my grief and indignation shall be at once made known. I want to scold the husbands; not all of them, my dear sir, just wait until the coat seems to fit your shoulders before you cry out against the tailor, it may not be according to your measure, at all, and not intended for you; if it does not fit close and well, you are not the man for whom it was intended, and you need not try to squeeze your huge shoulders into it if it seems too small, or wear it like a cloak if too large; but I know of some men, whom it will fit. Let them each wear it for a time.

It is not your cross husbands, nor your dissipated husbands, nor your stingy husbands, that I want to scold. Did any of your members, dear HOUSEHOLD, ever know of a dear, kind, thoughtless, selfish, loving, provoking fellow, who thinks that home is the "nicest place in the world," and who, when he returns from business, thrusts his feet into his slippers, his arms into his dressing gown and his head into his evening paper, and settles himself for a quiet comfortable time of it? Well, I am going to scold

him. Don't lift your hands in dismay at my presumption, in thinking of abusing such a model of a domestic husband, for I am going to free my mind, and the vials of my wrath shall be poured on his devoted head. For just listen—

Wife.—“My dear,” no answer, (*louder*) “My dear!”

“Did you speak, wife?”

“Yes, I would like to make a few calls this evening, will you go with me?”

Husband pettishly.—“I don't see why you women folks are always crazy to make calls. For my part, when night comes I am glad to sit quietly down at home; besides my wife and paper are all the company I want.” A rather broad insinuation that “your husband's” company together with that of your never empty stocking and mending basket, ought to be sufficient for you.

Now what vexes me, is this: The husband will not sacrifice his own convenience for the benefit of his wife—mark my words; *his convenience, to her benefit*. He is a strong able bodied man and the slight additional tax on his physical energies, will be as nothing, in comparison with the benefit it will be to the wife, who has been shut up in the house for the entire day, going through the never ceasing round of household cares. Her nerves are tired, having been stretched to their utmost tension, all day, trying to be nursery maid, cook, mistress, seamstress all in one, and a few minutes walk in the fresh, clear air, and an hour's chat with a neighbor on other subjects and away from those scenes which have harassed and perplexed her, will do her more real good than can be imagined by any one who has not tried it.

Now I know of instances where the husband, although really loving his wife, has, and does, persistently refuse to exert himself even to the extent of going out one evening in a month with her. He enjoys his home, and his wife's society, and is satisfied; she enjoys her husband's society and her home, but is not satisfied.

The cause is just here. Would you, sir, enjoy passing your days and nights at your store, or in your counting room where everything on which your eye rested would remind you of something to be done on the morrow, or that should have been done to-day? would it not seem a sweet relief to heart and brain to leave everything associated with care, and breathe God's pure air, and speak and think of something totally different?

There is no wonder that wives sometimes get cross after a fatiguing, wearing, day in the nursery and kitchen; nor that even a quiet evening with their husbands, fails to restore their equanimity. Give them fresh air; go to call on a neighbor, or attend a concert, or a social gathering occasionally and see if the lines in the forehead, and the tired look about the eyes and mouth, do not disappear. God knows I love my home, my husband and children, deeply and truly, and I am willing and glad to work for them, but often when tired and disheartened by a day's experience with a “green girl,” a teething child, and the petty cares and annoyances of house-keeping, I long to leave them all, and go out under the quiet stars, and into the healthful and invigorating influences of the pure out door air, and into the quieting, subduing presence of the night, and lose the sense of myself and my failures in a contemplation of other themes.

And my husband stops my mouth when I ask him to go thus with me, by saying, “I am rather tired and I like to stay at home with my little wifetie.” And then he wonders how I can ever want any other society but his.

I have fashioned this coat for his dear shoulders. Sisters, if any of you have husbands whom it will fit, let them try it on, but I hope my husband may not defeat my object in writing this article, by neglecting to put it on in his turn.

WIFETIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—This quiet summer afternoon we come to chat with the HOUSEHOLD band. We feel that these letters are very precious and interesting, and that our HOUSEHOLD is growing in interest as each one appears in its columns. They talk right out and tell how life goes with others, as they find their way from so many homes. Variety is said to be the spice of life and we feel its truth in regard to these letters coming from homes nestled away off among the hills of New England or our own beautiful Keystone, from snug cottages embowered in morning-glories and honeysuckles, shut in from the world, happy in their own seclusion, from busy farm-houses where work seems never done; from city homes whose opportunities have secured to its inmates the culture that many others fain would have; and thus our HOUSEHOLD is the common center to which all are drawn. And as it goes forth on its way it comes into homes where the sweet lesson of love is being learned, where happiness rests upon young brows, into homes where all the most precious joys are being realized by the blending of congenial lives and harmonious tastes, the purest, most perfect happiness on earth and to sorrow-stricken ones, who are saying in the depth of their sorrow,

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time in your flight, Make me a child again, just for to-night.

We feel that it is indeed pleasant for us to communicate with each other through our medium. Mrs. Dorr's talk in the June No. on Light Reading to some of the many which it concerns is not definite enough. She says she would not advise a course of Charles Reade, neither would she throw Wilkie Collins works in her way, yet left many a one in doubt as to whom she should read; among so many authors which and what shall we select, or if choice is not ours and we fall in the way of these works known as fiction what ones will do us most good to read in the time we may have to devote to them. Mrs. Southworth sends out works which to many are quite fascinating, Augusta Evans tells us stories with a polished pen, Muloch, in her John Halifax, Gentleman, has given us a noble character, Arthur strives to instruct in novel form, and succeeds too. Marion Harland's, Alone, charms all school-girls; but amid the multitude of writers oh, ye of experience, where shall we go? Which authors shall we place upon our shelves, for many of us would like to boast a small library of our own be it nothing more than three varnished shelves hanging against the wall and one of the three will sometimes hold more than we possess, but still the desire is to gather and increase our store of books. Then dear Mrs. Dorr as we want those books which will make thinkers of us, whose shall we get? We wish you would give us a good long talk on books and authors, it is a subject we would love to hear you talk upon, and

ever remember that many of your readers are young girls just beyond their school days and of limited experience in these matters, shut in, in great part from the great moving world. You will be dispensing words of wisdom to many of your young readers in so doing.

Yours, etc. INQUIRESTA.

#### WASHING CALICOES AND MUSLINS.

The first requisite is plenty of water; this is even more essential for colored than for white clothes. It should not be hot enough to scald, and should have a moderate suds of hard soap before the garments are put in. Very white and nice soft soap is preferable to hard for flannels—does not shrink them as much; but the latter is best for cotton goods. Wash calicoes in two waters, using but little soap in the second. When clean, rinse them two or even three times in tepid water. Good laundresses always assert that the great secret of clear muslins is thorough rinsing.

The quality of starch used also affects light colors, and for muslin dresses especially only starch of the purest quality should be used. When no great stiffness is required, it is a good plan to stir the starch into the rinsing water; it assists in setting the colors where they show a tendency to run. For setting the colors of fading goods I have used ox-gall, alum, borax and salt—all with good results, though they will not “clinch” greens and blues that are determined on taking French leave.

One benefit in using a strong solution of alum water is that it will positively make cotton fire-proof. Mothers who “sit on thorns” at school concerts and exhibitions, watching the dangerous proximity of gossamer dresses to the foot-lights, will appreciate this advantage. And so far from injuring the looks of the muslin, there is no other treatment that will so brighten and improve the colors.

Colored clothes should be wrung very thoroughly, dried in the shade, and turned about two or three times while drying.—Ohio Farmer.

#### SOMETHING NEW FOR HOUSE-WIVES.

A new mode of washing linen has been introduced and adopted in Germany. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and adding to this one tablespoonful of turpentine and three of liquid ammonia; the mixture must then be well stirred, and the linen steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel which contains them as nearly hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterwards washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be reheated and used a second time, but, in that case, half a tablespoonful of turpentine and a tablespoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy of time, labor, and fuel.

#### A GOOD RECIPE FOR YEAST.

For a small family, take one ounce of dried hops and two quarts of water. Boil them fifteen minutes; add one quart of cold water, and let it boil for a few minutes; strain, and add half a pound of flour—putting the latter into a basin, and pouring on the water slowly to pre-

vent its getting lumpy—one-fourth pound of brown sugar, and a handful of fine salt. Let it stand three days, stirring it occasionally. Little bubbles will soon rise in it. When it ferments well, add six potatoes, which have been boiled, mashed, and run through a colander, making them as smooth as possible. This yeast will keep a long while, and has the advantage of not taking any yeast to start it with. It rises so quickly that a less quantity of it must be put in than of ordinary yeast.

—Can't some Yankee invent some means for deodorizing kerosene? It is used in the kitchens of the poor and the parlors of the rich, and smelleth abominably wherever it is.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CREAM PIE.—Dear Household:—I find among your recipes some which I know to be very good, I will add a few of my own which may be of use to some one. Of course you can do as you wish about inserting them in the columns of your paper. First, I will send a recipe for cream pie which I have used myself, and all seem to like it who have tried it. It is made as follows: Two tablespoonfuls of butter beaten with half a cup of sugar, add one cup of milk and one well beaten egg, two cups of flour, one spoonful of soda, two spoonfuls of cream of tartar, and flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon. Baked on round, shallow tins, they will make enough for four cakes, or two pies.

For the Cream.—One cup of sugar, one egg, two large spoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of lemon, one half pint of milk; beat until it is thick. Have the milk scalding hot when you turn in the rest.

COLD WATER SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, beat ten minutes; one and one-half cups of sugar, beat five minutes; one cup of flour, one spoonful of cream of tartar, beat one minute; one-half cup of cold water, one-half spoonful of saleratus, one cup of flour, a little salt, beat one minute. Mrs. F. A. D.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Pick the cucumbers, wash them carefully, put them in a stone jar, pour boiling water on them three mornings in succession, the last morning put a little alum in the water, and the fourth morning put them in the vessel to be kept in and pour boiling vinegar on them. When as many as desired are obtained, I pour off the old vinegar and add new, boiling hot. Add spice if you like. I then cover the pickles with horseradish leaves, and if the vinegar is good they keep splendid a year without further trouble. Mrs. G. P. S.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart of milk, one teacupful of Indian meal, one teacupful of sugar, two eggs, a small piece of butter, spices and salt. Scald the meal in the milk.

TAYLOR CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and with or without fruit.

WATER CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of water, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and nutmeg.

SPICE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, one cup of raisins, one egg, nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda, and three cups of flour.

MINUTE LOAF CAKE.—Three cups of flour, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and nutmeg. Com.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—One cup of sweet cream, two eggs, graham flour to make a batter so stiff that it may be spread with a spoon, three pints of nice cooking apples quartered and cut in two transversely and laid in the pudding dish, sugar to sweeten agreeably, lay the batter over and bake moderately until the apple is done.

**PLAIN APPLE PIE.**—For the crust boil white, mealy, potatoes, mash smooth with milk as for the table, and let it cool. Knead in graham or unbolted flour to mix well, and roll out. Put in a good quantity of apples prepared as for sauce. Put, in place of an upper crust, bars of crust across.

**PIE CRUST.**—Lard or butter has been invariably in use for pie crust, but is highly objectionable on the score of health, especially with those whose digestion is imperfect, and there are many ways of making a palatable crust which may be eaten by the most fastidious dyspeptic. I give one above. Another way is to stir boiling water into as much graham flour as will make a stiff dough. Make as other kinds, but roll without kneading. The quicker it is baked the better.

Another method is to take half corn starch and half graham flour, wet with new milk, and it will make a nice and tender crust. Any fruit nicely cooked makes a good pie, without spices. Part sour apples and part pie plant makes a good pie.

**CREAM CAKE.**—One pint of sweet cream, one cup of white sugar, one cup of raisins or currants, one egg, graham flour to form a rather thin batter. Bake in gem pans, or add more flour and form into rolls. Bake quickly.

The preceding recipes are wholly reliable and may be eaten by the sick or well. They are employed in Dansville Hygienic Institute, and I insert them for the benefit of the lady who wished rules for cooking for a dyspeptic, and having been an invalid myself think that dietetical rules and bathing have done more for me than medicine. I might give many more but time forbids. I will write soon again, and hope others may write on the subject that I may be benefited.

I wish some one would give us a chapter on the government of servants and children. Also recipes for cooking meats.

MRS. L. M. B.

**COOKIES.**—*Mr. Editor:*—I will send S. B. L. my recipe for making nice cookies: Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and flour to roll. Caraway seeds or spice to taste. It put in a stone jar they will keep for a long time.

MRS. N. G. R.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—What if you haven't gladdened our hearts with but four "comings," we are very good friends, aren't we? and it won't be a bit presuming, considering the warmth of our friendship, for me to send one or two of my recipes, which will answer some of the queries of your other friends, and in my turn ask just a little information. If Mrs. J. R. D. will try the subjoined recipe for fruit cake, I think she cannot fail of being pleased with the result.

**EXCELLENT FRUIT CAKE.**—One cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, four eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of raisins chopped fine, one teaspoonful each of cassia, cloves and nutmeg, and a little brandy if you choose. This makes two good-sized loaves which will keep moist without liquor from six to eight weeks, and is superior to any I have ever eaten.

**LEMON PIE.**—Take three good lemons, roll them until soft, take the juice out into a dish, pick out the seeds, and chop the peel very fine; chop one teaspoonful of raisins; add the whole together with one and one-half cups of molasses, stir it well, add a little water and flour, and stir again. Do not hurry the baking or it will run out. This will make two delicious pies. Bake with a top crust. NELLIE G.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**MR. CROWELL:**—In looking over the last number of THE HOUSEHOLD I noticed one lady wished for some plain directions about making a husk mat. Our way is to get good, nice husks, one or two inches wide, commence with three strands and braid plain an inch or two, then every time you put a strand over put in a new husk, leaving the largest end up about two inches. We sometimes sew them into a round form, oval, or square, just to suit the fancy or the place where it is to be kept.

I find in reading your paper that there are many young housekeepers who would like to

have some of the recipes given more explicitly. I have noticed in some of the recipes for coloring there was no advice given as to what kind of a kettle or vessel to be used. I suppose those who are familiar with such work will say use your own judgment about things. I am afraid some of us are like the girl who asked her aunt to tell her how to make cake, "but," she says, "don't tell me to put in any judgment." M. S. P.

I notice in a late number of your paper an inquiry from one of your correspondents as to the best means of removing all color from their cotton materials already faded, and I can with confidence recommend boiling them in concentrated ley. The garment need not be ripped up, for if boiled long enough, and the ley is sufficiently strong, all color will disappear. After the fading is accomplished the material must be boiled in clear water, and then put in soak, changing frequently, until whitened.

A. S. N.

**MR. CROWELL:**—In the June number of THE HOUSEHOLD "A Novice" asks for a preparation to remove figures from partially faded cotton fabrics. Orione, used according to the directions accompanying it, with boiling in strong soap suds and bleaching in the sun will remove all colors. I have tested this process in muslins and faded brown linens in bleaching them perfectly white. If one process does not accomplish it, repeat it. The orione can be obtained at the druggists.

ADA L.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—This is the third year I have been a reader of your excellent paper, and my appreciation of it increases with each year. When I shall have attained to the dignity of chief cook, I shall look to THE HOUSEHOLD for those hints and suggestions which will aid in giving to my household those charms and attractions which make home "the dearest spot on earth."

A reader wishes to know how to curl mohair. I think this a good way: Pour hot water upon pulverized flax seed, and strain the solution. With this wet the hair before curling, and oil the iron to prevent it from adhering. H. H.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—In your July number "An old Subscriber" asks how to destroy slugs that infest rose bushes. Obtain of any chemist or apothecary some white hellebore and dissolve in water, (in proportion of half a pound of white hellebore to half a barrel of water,) and apply with a syringe, then scatter a little of it dry over the leaves while they are wet.

In your August number the question is asked if there is a remedy for cockroaches. Pulverized borax sprinkled about will drive off cockroaches, water bugs, and the like. J. H. B.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Will some of your subscribers give me a recipe for flakey, baking powder biscuit; also a recipe for some sauce for puddings, and how to make light piecrust? NELLIE.

**MR. EDITOR:**—Will some one tell me how to get rid of currant worms? My bushes have been full of them and I wish for something that will kill the eggs for another year.

I send a nice recipe for ladies' cake, and think your readers will like it: Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, three and one-half cups of flour, three spoonfuls of yeast powder or two of cream of tartar, and one spoonful of soda.

**MUFFINS.**—One quart of sweet milk, one large quart of flour, two eggs, a little salt, beat well, bake in little earthen cups one hour. This will seem very thin when put in, but when baked they are delicious.

Tomatoes and string beans can very easily be canned. Put nothing but a little water in the beans, cook, and put up in glass bottles. Anything will keep if well cooked, put up boiling hot and covered immediately. LIZZIE.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some one please inform me, through the columns of your excellent paper, where Dr. James' Oriental Balm can be obtained, or his whereabouts? and oblige. I think it is good for corns, by wetting a cloth with it and putting it on the corn over night.

The following may be of some benefit to those that have some fruit to can yet, and want to prevent glass cans from breaking without much trouble, as it saves boiling the cans before filling and sometimes scalding the hands. When the

cans and fruit are ready for canning, take a cloth, wet it in cold water, wringing but slightly, wrap it around the can, bottom and sides, up to the top, several layers, pour in the fruit, shut the can, take off the cloth, and you are through. So each successive can. S. E. C.

**MR. CROWELL:**—I have one inquiry to make through THE HOUSEHOLD. Can any of your readers tell me what will take out the stain of pickle vinegar which has spices in it, from a muslin dress? If they can they save me a dress. MRS. J. R. C.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I have never written for any paper, but I find so many useful recipes in yours, I think I will add my mite. I am only a young housekeeper, yet have learned some things by experience that may benefit others.

I think the trouble with Egia's bread is in raising too much, either from the use of too much yeast or standing too long after being kneaded. If it is not mixed hard enough it is more apt to split in rising.

I think A Reader will find the following a good recipe for ginger snaps and they will keep any length of time: Two cups of West India molasses and one cup of butter, boiled together; when cool add two teaspoonfuls soda, and ginger to taste, (I use about a tablespoonful,) knead hard, roll thin, and bake quick.

I notice a number of recipes say, so much buttermilk or sour milk, as though it made no difference which was used. Now the buttermilk which we have is much better than the sour milk, and I don't understand how the two can be used in the same way.

I shall look for an answer to Emma's inquiry for a remedy for black ants, for they are a great trial to me. I like all the recipes I have tried from THE HOUSEHOLD, and do not feel as if I could do without it. MARY E.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Will you ask Dr. Hanaford to tell us "what he knows" about tomatoes? Do they cause cancer? Do they remove the coating from the stomach? Does the argument that "everybody must learn to like them" prove that a natural, healthy appetite does not require them? One of my neighbors, who sees my vines developing fine, juicy tomatoes, says she is "some consarned" about it. So am I, not that I believe these things are so, but because I want some one who knows how, to tell us it is all a whim of somebody who knew of somebody who was fond of tomatoes and died of cancer. I have known people who ate freely of peaches, and in the course of time died of consumption, but I never supposed peaches to be productive of that disease; and to me this other idea is fully as ridiculous. Dear me, if this sort of talk is to be continued we shall be tempted to do just what we are cautioned against doing, to ask "what shall we eat and what shall we drink," etc. There, Mr. Editor, I have "freed my mind" and will not try your patience more this time. TOM ATO.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—I have tried many of the recipes from your paper, and have never found any of them to fail except cream cakes, and I wish to know the reason I fail with them? Mine fall, or rather do not rise, and I was particular to make them just like the recipe. I have tried twice with the same failure.

I wish to know if any one will tell me how to put up cucumber pickles for winter use like those we buy in bottles at the stores. I wish your paper may be in every family in the Union. MRS. S. W. G.

**MR. EDITOR:**—I have been taking THE HOUSEHOLD for the past few months, and like it very much. I have found some very valuable suggestions in it. In the June number I noticed that "Sixteen Year Old" asked for a recipe for raised doughnuts, and also a request for a recipe for graham bread, and as I suppose anyone may answer, I send mine, thinking they are very good; at least I have always found them so.

**LOAF CAKE DOUGHNUTS.**—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one cup of yeast, spices and salt to taste. Stir as stiff as possible with a spoon and let it rise as for bread, then mold them up and cut, and let rise an hour, or till they seem light, by the fire.

**BROWN BREAD.**—One pint of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, and graham flour to make a little stiffer than cup cake.

Will Marion please tell me if, in the recipe

for "fried curls," the cakes are to be wound on pine sticks and fried so? and if it will not make the cakes taste of pine? I should think there might be danger.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

In answer to query of Alice A. W. how to color cotton rags for a carpet yellow and green, I send the following:

**GREEN.**—One pound of fustic, one ounce of blue vitriol, half a pint of soft soap, two ounces of chips of logwood. Soak the logwood over night in a brass vessel, in the morning add the other ingredients; when hot it is ready for dyeing. This will color two pounds of rags.

**YELLOW.**—For every three pounds of cotton take six ounces of sugar of lead, dissolve in hot water in an earthen vessel; in another vessel of cold water dissolve three ounces of bichromate of potassa, which can be obtained at a drug store. Dip the goods first in one then in the other.

Will some one of the numerous readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to color kid gloves? and oblige, MOLLY M. E.

**MR. CROWELL:**—A. M. N. wishes for a recipe for soft molasses cookies. I looked for a long time for a recipe of this kind, and found the following which I have been much pleased with: Two cups of molasses, one cup of butter or lard, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda in the milk, ginger, cinnamon, salt, and flour till hard enough to roll.

I would like to inquire how to use borax in washing clothes. C. B. R.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—*Dear Sir:*—Although but a recent subscriber to your paper, we find ourselves liking it better and better, and prize it highly. In looking over some of the back numbers at the Questions and Answers, thought perhaps I could give a little information.

To make graham bread, to each quart of flour, take a heaped teaspoonful of saleratus, adding salt, and a little molasses or sugar, with a sufficient quantity of sour milk to make the dough. We consider it very much better to steam an hour or two, and then put it in the oven to brown over.

A good way for Mrs. B. to get rid of cockroaches is to spread sprigs of tansy where they are troublesome, and they will leave. It is also good to exterminate large black ants.

A remedy for weak eyes such as my grandmother uses, is white rose leaves dried and steeped in water, and bathing the eyes with this. If they are very bad a poultice made of the leaves and applied will bring relief.

For the benefit of M. J. R. I would say corns are removed by binding a cranberry on them. I think a steady trial will effect a cure.

In the May number Alice A. W. asks for a recipe to color cotton rags yellow and green. To color yellow, take peach tree leaves and steep; after straining add a bit of powdered alum.

I think the reader who inquired for the best kind of jar for keeping fruit would like the "Mason" jar; the cover is porcelain lined, and keeps the fruit very nicely. In preparing fruit the requisite, of course, is to expel the air. Some kinds of fruit requires more cooking than the small varieties. Berries need to boil but a few minutes. Put the jar filled with the fruit in cold water, setting it on something at the vessel, and let it come to a boil. Seal immediately on removing from the water.

Jane can purify her rancid lard by trying it over with a little water added, and a few sliced raw potatoes. The potato seems to take the bad taste from the lard.

To tint the walls of a room buff, which I think is very pretty, add yellow ochre to the whitewash until it is of a color to suit you.

I fear, Mr. Editor, you will think I have occupied altogether too much valuable space. Perhaps I may have some questions to ask sometime. ETTA M.

I have a canary who is shedding his feathers, and though a splendid singer formerly, he has not sung a note for nearly six weeks, and his little voice in his plaintive little chirp is hoarse and scarcely audible. Is this the proper time of year for molting, and will he recover his voice in time; is there any mode of treatment I can pursue that will benefit him? Will some kind reader of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me? and if it is not in season to benefit me in this case, it may be in another. NELLIE G.

Springfield, Mass.



## COMING HOME.

O brothers and sisters growing old,  
Do you all remember yet  
That home in the shade of the rustling trees,  
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school  
Through the summer's pleasant heat,  
With the yellow fennels golden dust  
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood  
We loitered by the way;  
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,  
And in the fields to play:

'Till warned by the deepening shadows fall,  
That told of the coming night,  
We climbed to the top of the last long hill,  
And saw our home in sight?

And brothers and sisters, older now  
Than she whose life is o'er,  
Do you think of the mother's loving face  
That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time;  
That home in the dust is low;  
And that loving smile was hid from us,  
In the darkness long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill;  
From which our weary eyes  
Can almost look on that home that shines  
Eternal in the skies.

So brothers and sisters as we go,  
Still let us move as one,  
Always together keeping step  
'Till the march of life is done.

For that mother who waited for us here,  
Wearing a smile so sweet,  
Now waits on the hills of Paradise,  
For her children's coming feet.

—Phebe Cary.

## ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

BY E. A. WILLIAMS.

**I** WANT something to do!" The tone was earnest, half despairing, and the old gentleman to whom it was addressed looked up with a pitying smile as he answered:

"Yes, I see how it is, and I wish I could find a place for you here, but you know nothing about book-keeping, and it's a hard life anyway, this writing all day long, besides I don't suppose they would pay you more than half what the clerks get, being a woman, and you cannot live on three or four hundred a year, both of you."

"I will do anything there is to do," she replied, "to earn comforts for mother while she is so sick."

"You might try canvassing, Ethel; I know it would not be to your taste, but since you set that aside, this might be worth trying, if you do it bravely. Kirke & White have just published a popular work, and would doubtless be glad to secure you as agent."

"Yes, that would be better than nothing," she said, and thanking her kind friend for the suggestion, hurried away.

Ethel Lyme was the only daughter of a poor widow who, feeble in both health and spirits, was dependent upon her for support, and they lived in an old frame building in a poorer section of the city. The street was a hill, and the house was built against it; the plank sidewalk was not far below the level of their window, and all day long men walked over it and teams rattled down the hill. There were two families below them; children squalled, dogs barked, and people walked heavily round and transacted their busi-

ness with the usual every-day noises, which to an invalid are very torture.

It was hardly an endurable home, and for her mother's sake it seemed to Ethel doubly hard. There were so few avenues opened to her for honest and respectable work, that sometimes she feared there was no place for her in all the world. She had been promised a position in one of the public schools, but there were thirty applicants to one vacancy, so little prospect of her getting one at present. Knowing that idleness but led the way to starvation, she went to her kind and considerate old friend Mr. Cole, who, though poor in purse was rich in heart, and told her story.

"One mustn't scorn their last chance," thought she as she left her friend's office. "Necessity promotes resolution, must is better than I'll try," and trying to feel the force of the words she uttered, she entered Kirke & White's, with whom arrangements were readily made, and she promised to enter upon the work to-morrow.

"It will be hard for you, Ethie," said her mother, when they were talking it over; "meeting all sorts of people, and making yourself liable to insult and rebuff. I cannot bear to think of your doing such an improper thing; surely we can struggle along till your appointment comes."

"There is no knowing when it will," was the reply, spoken half bitterly, "and I cannot sit down and fold my hands when we are living in this wretched tenement, and you needing so many comforts. Let me try it at least, mother."

"Your uncle John would help us, Ethie, if he knew how bad off we were. I will send him word."

"No, no, mother, we are not beggars yet, I hope, let us be independent as long as we can."

"Well, at least you will call and ask him to head your subscription list, and see what he thinks of this project, wont you, dear?"

Ethel promised, and made the first call at the office of her father's brother, the next morning.

"I am surprised, Ethel," said he, when she had made known her errand, "that you should indulge in such a freak as this; is there no more modest or suitable employment for you to be engaged in?"

"I have yet to learn, uncle, that this is immodest or unsuitable," she replied with some spirit. "What would you have me to do? I am not an expert with the needle, and what could I earn with that if I were? My appointment hasn't come, and were it not for this I should be helpless to—"

"But the helplessness of women is their best armor. Ethel, you should have called upon me if you needed assistance, and not unsexed yourself by attempting only what is a man's work."

"Helplessness is no armor for me, uncle, for I do not wish to starve nor be dependent upon you, and so long as I can earn enough honestly to support my mother and myself, I do not care whether it is man's or woman's work. It is God who made me a struggling woman. I should rather be somebody's petted daughter, but since I am not, I shall not sit down and cry, nor hang on you, even when I can do nothing but sell books for support." Ethel stopped, half frightened at her own vehemence, and heard her uncle's cold reply.

"Well, do what you please, only if you persist in being so willful do not expect any assistance from me. A young wo-

man's place is by the domestic hearth, where she, adorned by a meek and quiet spirit, finds her true sphere. I never can consent to recognize you elsewhere, Ethel Lyme."

"If you had ever found time to have seen me there, uncle, you would have realized the necessity that drives me from the domestic hearth."

"A meek and quiet spirit!" thought she, as she went out, "what has a meek and quiet spirit to do with bread, butter, fire, roof and clothes. He thinks women ought to drift helplessly down the stream of life, trusting to the gallantry of man when we strike upon a rock, or stick fast on a sandbar. It seems to me that men, like God, would be most willing to help those who help themselves." Her uncle's objections did a good thing for Ethel; where she was timid before she was brave now; where she hesitated at the beginning, now she was determined, and with her persistency and modesty combined she did a good business.

"Five dollars a day right along is splendid, isn't it, mother?" said she, after a week of good success. "We can soon be able to move out of this noisy shell of a house into a quiet home where you can get well ever so fast."

"I am glad to see you so hopeful, Ethel, and it does look encouraging, but we will see how it is at the end of a month."

Ethel was brave, not one word of discouragement did her mother hear, though often and often she came home tired and sick with refusal and rebuff, willing to give everything and anything not to go out again, but it was for her mother's sake and she went.

The world hasn't chronicled all her heroes. There are many little sacrifices and self denials that often go unnoticed and unrewarded, but the good Father counts them all.

In spite of many drawbacks, Ethel worked with zeal and ardor to the end of the month, and cleared just one hundred dollars. It was remarkable success, though hardly earned, and enabled her at least to move into a more comfortable lodging in a quiet neighborhood. Though assured that she would meet with far less success after the holidays, Ethel recommenced and pursued her business with energy and some profit until spring, when a school was offered her.

"It is a hard place," said the superintendent, "the last teacher failed entirely in government; you will probably find nothing but disorder; will you try it?"

Thinking that the world had nothing but hard places for her, Ethel consented to take it, but the first morning her spirits sunk within her. Sixty-five of the roughest, raggedest, most degraded-looking children sat defiantly before her; faces in which innocence, peace and purity, seemed never to have been reflected, how were they to be conquered? She tried kindness, but soon saw the force of that had been spent. They imposed upon her amiability by drawing her caricature on the slate, making faces behind her back, and pulling their neighbor's hair. She tried to create a spirit of rivalry as to who should be first in deportment and lessons. Having no ambition they failed to see any advantage in that. Self-respect and honor, were almost unknown with them. Nothing but the most rigid discipline would keep these children of evil in the way they should go.

"Oh, what a missionary field!" thought Ethel, despairing to think that in our own enlightened land there

should be so many heathens growing up. Knowing that home influences had everything to do with the forming of character of children, Ethel singled out four of her most unconquerable ones and visited their homes. They were far worse than she expected; often a hovel with but one room, foul with filth and the fumes of rum and tobacco; nothing to listen to but oaths and words of rage and misery.

"My poor children," thought she, "no wonder you are wicked and depraved; no wonder you lie and swear and steal, you never were taught any other way!"

One boy seemed to Ethel an entirely hopeless case; no words of kindness or severity, praise or blame, ever seemed to have the least effect upon the dogged sullenness and sneaking mischievousness of his disposition. She labored much with him to impress him with a sense of honor, shame, or self-respect. In vain, he was totally devoid of all, and when she seemed just ready to give him up, God took him into His own hands. One day she missed him from the schoolroom, and the next came the news that he had played truant, gone off on the freight cars, when he had fallen off, been run over and killed. Ethel visited the parents to lend her sympathies. The little hut was crowded with weeping Irishwomen, and it was with difficulty that she could effect an entrance. There lay her refractory pupil, looking cleaner and far more amiable than ever he had done in life. Death had sobered and subdued him. God had him in hand now, and in considering a life of wickedness, perhaps of crime, that he had escaped, Ethel could not help exclaiming, "It is well with the child."

"Yis, mum," said the father who overheard her, while the tears ran down his rough cheeks, "the praste told me that John had made a good confession only last Soonday."

This was the most comforting thought to the father's heart, and it was well that he could console himself with the belief that confession is absolution, for nothing in the poor boy's life had seemed to promise a hopeful future. God was merciful to take him so early from scenes so blasphemous and wicked.

The summer wore away and the fall had commenced. Ethel had begun to enjoy her school in the realization that she was doing good. She was beginning to see the effect of the little leaven that she had so laboriously worked into the whole lump, when orders came for her to leave this field of labor and seek a new one. She was walking from school one afternoon, when overtaken by old Dr. Blain who had long been her mother's physician and faithful friend.

"I am glad to meet you, Miss Ethel," said he, "won't you get in, and I'll carry you home? I've been wanting to say a word to you about your mother."

"Why, doctor, do you think she is worse?" asked Ethel anxiously, as she seated herself beside him.

"I do not wish to alarm you about her, but if she spends the coming long winter in this cold, chilly climate, I'm afraid it'll be the last one she'll spend anywhere this side of heaven. Can't you possibly take her south?"

"There's no question of 'can't' about it, doctor, if it's necessary to mother's health, I must. Where would you advise us to go?"

"Well, that's plucky; you are beginning to get used to the changeable side of life, aren't you, little woman? and if you

thought 'twas best you'd be ready to start to-morrow for Kamschatka, or New Zealand, I suppose. Well, my advice is this: pack your valuables, sell everything else, start in about a fortnight. I have several patients in Ashley, South Carolina, who are doing finely; you had better go there. In the spring, if your mother is as much better as I anticipate, you will be able to return and resume your school. I fancy the change and rest is about as necessary for you as for her."

"How much do you suppose it will cost?" Ethel ventured to ask, presently, but with some forebodings, if she only had enough without going to uncle John!

"You can live very simply there if you try, and I think you can get along with two or three hundred dollars. Do you think you can raise as much? there is your uncle, he?"

"I have saved just three hundred in the past year, doctor."

"Bravo! that's the kind of girl I like; it is better to not have to borrow, so consider it settled. I'll call next week for a parting visit; if there's anything you want just let me know," and the blunt but kind hearted doctor landed Ethel at her door and drove away.

Ethel hurried in, wondering how she could have been blind to her mother's thin cheek and failing strength, and hoping it could not be as bad as the doctor had said. Mrs. Lyme, although she at first strongly opposed the new move, was finally overcome; Ethel gave up her school; the final preparations were made, and the first day of December saw them on board the steamer bound for Charleston.

"Good-bye, and God bless you," said the doctor, "keep up good hearts and take the best of care of yourselves. I know you will not suffer with that daughter of yours for nurse, Mrs. Lyme," and the doctor waved them a kindly farewell.

"I do appreciate your sacrifices and your loving care of a poor old mother, Ethel, dear; you will not suffer for it, for the Lord takes notice of all these things, and will send you a reward some bright day, I feel sure."

"I ask no reward but your health and comfort, mother, and in the sunny land we are bound for am sure we shall find both."

A few days on the blue water and they were in Charleston, and thence a few hours' ride to Ashley.

"Isn't the air delightful, mother?" Ethel exclaimed, as they sat by an open window of the modest hotel where they had taken lodgings, "it seems as if we had stepped back into September again."

Ethel was up early the following morning for a walk, and was well repaid for doing so. Nature seemed smiling all over. The veranda and pillars were draped and festooned by jasmine and cypress vines, as yet uninjured by frost. The orange groves, laden with green and ripe fruit, and buds and blossoms, sent forth a delicious fragrance. The trees were all in luxurious foliage, even so late in the season. The plants had grown joyously all summer, and now, though winter had come, they were assured by the genial warmth and still grew on. Enchanted with the music of the birds and the smiles of the flowers, Ethel continued her walk till she found herself on a deserted plantation a mile or two out of town. Rank weeds had full sway in what was once a luxurious garden; the house had been battered and torn by

cannon balls, windows were broken in, fences torn down, and everywhere were sad marks of destruction and desolation. Finding much of interest in a place that evidently had a history, Ethel lingered hoping to find some one who could tell her about it. Suddenly she was startled by a grunt and a snort in the underbrush near her, and a very melancholy pig made his appearance and hurried past her.

"Don' you git skeart, missis," sounded a voice, and a very wooly head and black face peered at her through the opening; "it's only jist dat 'ar ole hog, he don git lost dis long time."

"I am not frightened," replied Ethel, who was most interested in her discovery, "can you tell me who lives in that house yonder?"

"Laws, missus, don nobody libe dere dis six years. You see, my massa got killed in de war, and ole missis she died too, and de Yanks dey come and jes' 'bout spilte de place. Me 'n my ole woman, we libe in dat cabin in de grove dar, and sees to tings a little, dat's all."

"But it seems too bad to have such a splendid place go to ruin, do you know who owns it?"

"Wal, I spect it 'longs to Cap'n Davis, down in Charleston, but he wants to sell it right bad, I'm thinkin'."

"Would you be willing to show me over the house, I should like to see the inside."

"In course I will, missis, but dere ain't nothin' dere now; eberything is all spilte."

Nearly everything had been ruined indeed. The roof had leaked and stained the high, frescoed walls, doors hung on one hinge, furniture lay smashed, and nearly everything of use or value had been carried off by pillagers. "What a mock of a beautiful home!" thought Ethel, "if I only had the money how I should love to purchase and fit this up."

Upon inquiry she found the soil very productive for fruits of all kinds, and being favorable to New York market, it seemed to her that with a little capital a comfortable income might be realized from cultivating this neglected spot. Of course it was a wild idea for a poor girl like her to entertain, but nevertheless she revolved it in her mind with much interest, as she walked towards her hotel, and even went so far as to determine that if she could rent it for one year, and could secure help enough, she really would make the attempt. Having obtained the owner's address, she determined to write him before informing her mother of her ambitious plan. Upon doing so she found that Captain Davis considered the property a dead weight on his hands, and would sell or rent it very low, and after some hesitancy even consented to make a few repairs. Sambo, her colored friend, consented to remain in her service and to secure what other help she needed, being glad enough to see the place restored somewhat towards its former condition.

"So it seems, mother," said Ethel, when she made known her matured plans, "I shall find a very pleasant and possibly, if I succeed, a very lucrative employment, besides having quite an elegant country seat for our residence while thus 'we're an exile from home.'"

In a month repairs were completed, a little furniture scraped together, and our friends took possession of "Cypress Grove." Mrs. Lyme, to whom the first symptom of returning health was awakening ambition, was greatly pleased with

the move, and the place certainly gave much promise of comfort—even luxury. In a few weeks, with her servant's work and Ethel's continual supervision, the "desert began to blossom like the rose." Particular attention was paid to the strawberry bed, which was enlarged, the plants reset and highly cultivated. Ethel read to much extent and profit all the works on farming and fruit raising procurable, and thus educated herself for a business that delighted her, brought the roses to her cheeks and strength to her body. So fruitful did her strawberry bed promise to be, that she contracted to send a thousand boxes to New York by the first of May.

"You see I am getting quite deeply into business, mother," she said, as she told her of this last stroke of work. "I wonder what uncle John would say now, for surely I am working more like a man than I was when selling books in Boston. Success measures power, and I prefer to be measured by power rather than helplessness. If I succeed in managing this farm, and making enough to pay for it in a few years, I shall do more to help the woman cause than a whole book full of arguments, for there is force in example."

Ethel succeeded so well with her strawberries that she attempted other fruits, and sent them into such an early market, that they brought her quick and large returns. She kept bees and found in them a good source of profit. Her industry and energy were a marvel to her country neighbors, who found it hard to understand how a woman could come and build up a fortune on a spot nearly worthless, as it seemed to them. At first they supposed she had a fortune to begin with, and she was flattered and courted by all the squires and ladies in the whole country round.

In one year Ethel had ventured to buy the estate, agreeing to pay in yearly instalments of four hundred dollars. Her mother's health and spirits returned, and she wrote to Dr. Blain that his medicine had proved so very effectual that she was rapidly renewing her youth and buoyancy of spirits. In a few years, with careful management and incessant oversight, Ethel paid for her farm and had it under fine cultivation, "and I have proved," said she, "that a woman can work like a man and is as capable of succeeding."

Her aristocratic cousins, uncle John's daughters, who never found time to call on her when living in the same city, found it very pleasant to spend a winter in her southern home, where their delicate constitutions, helpless ways and languishing airs contrasted illy with her elastic step, robust health, and ability to plan, mature, and accomplish whatever she undertook.

#### PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

##### Number Ten.

#### WOMAN'S RIGHTS, HOUSEHOLDLY CONSIDERED.

We have the rights of womankind discussed politically and pecuniarily, we have them considered aesthetically and socially and also with a view to the business relations of life, till we begin to wonder if woman's rights in the household has been lost sight of in the more exciting arena of public affairs. And there, if anywhere, she ought to have her rights, and there persistently demand

them if they are not forthcoming. There her interests peculiarly center; in the household is her uniform sphere of labor, and there most emphatically her business, her recreation, and her joys or perplexities, are to a great extent limited.

"Ah!" says a hen-pecked husband, after reading thus far, "I wonder who but woman has any right in the house, or would out of it, could womankind have their own way?"

Not so fast, my friend, I am not going to uphold my sex in usurping all the rights in the house, but only their own share, and that is fair, is it not? For instance, it is not for the wife to dictate entirely what is to be eaten or drank, and to consult only her own taste in the style of the housekeeping arrangements; but on the other hand, she has equal, if not a little paramount right to use authority here, with the husband. Different tastes and likings must be consulted, and others' rights considered as well as her own. We all know how

"Jack Spratt could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean,"

but it would have been hardly fair in the wife to maintain her right to cook only fat meat, or gentlemanly in Mr. Spratt to declare that he would provide only lean, because he wanted no other.

Then, perhaps Jack wishes a cup of fragrant coffee for his breakfast, while his wife must have tea. Now what will be done? Shall she make tea only, because she does not drink coffee, and thus oblige him to take tea also? Or, to reverse the case, does Jack provide plenty of fine Java, and then insist that only coffee shall be made for breakfast, saying that if Mrs. Spratt cannot take such drink as he does, she may go without? Or suppose that he likes sugar in his tea and she does not; shall she, for this reason, refuse to put the sugar bowl on the table, or rate him for his extravagance in wishing for it?

There are not a few cases, we opine, where such little things are allowed to come in, and either one or the other, selfishly thinking of their own likes and dislikes, or of such food as best agrees with them, forgets to study likewise the needs and tastes of others. But it is very evident that Jack Spratt and his wife were not that kind of people. You can see, by the looks of the picture, that they are entirely too good natured for that, besides, the sequel of the story tells us that

"Twixt them both  
They licked the platter clean."

each having their own rights in the matter granted them. And this is as it should be. If there cannot be "fat and lean" always at the same meal, there can be sometimes one and sometimes the other, with a wish on the part of either to be reasonable and gratify the other as far as possible.

But what I took my pen to write on this theme was, woman's rights in her domestic affairs and labors, and her right to have her convenience studied, her tastes consulted, and her health considered in all household arrangements. And whatever may be her property rights *by law*, she ought so far to have her rights—by a higher law than the legal one, the law of love, mercy, and justice—as to have liberty to use the means, gotten together by husband and wife, for her household needs and convenience, as much as the husband has for the ease of his own labor, or the better advancement of his particular business.

For example, if the husband has a right to purchase a mowing machine, has not the wife the same right to have a washing machine, and to have it too without teasing, and coaxing, and threatening that her husband shall wear dirty shirts forever, unless she has the said machine to assist in washing? And if he gets a patent rake, ought she not to have the right to a clothes wringer, and that without a thousand words on the subject before her wishes are acceded to? And if her kitchen needs repairs, and she plans how, by new arrangements, in pantry and store-room, she can have her work made much easier, and things be more easily kept in order, has she not the same right to incur the expense of having it done, that the husband has to have his barn repaired, or his pig-sty made more habitable?

But whatever may be woman's rights in these matters, in how many cases are they perfectly powerless to act without the acquiescence of the husband. In how few are they free agents to plan for their own comfort and convenience, feeling that they can do so on their own desire, and have the expenses met from the same source that they are on the other side. And this is not, in many cases, because men are too penurious to allow their wives equal rights with themselves, but because they have grown up with the idea that man controls the whole, and that whatever he grants, out of the every-day line of expenses, is a favor on his part, instead of its being only justice.

There is Maggie Davis, not a bit of a woman's right advocate in the popular acceptance of the term, who loves her home too well to seek spheres for her mission outside. And her Reuben, she thinks the best husband in the world, only he does not understand woman's needs and rights, in her own proper sphere—the household. But Maggie, without being a bit of a shrew, is a determined little woman, and saw after a little time that she must maintain her proper rights, else be always wanting what her husband was too inconsiderate to see was procured, or needed to be done. She knew their resources, and was willing to practice all needed economy, with him, but was determined the inconveniences should not be all on her side. There was her kitchen, which was decidedly inconvenient, in some respects, for her work, and which she set her heart on having remodeled to her mind.

"You see," said she to Reuben, "how much a door is needed on the north side, how much cooler it will make it for my work in hot weather, how many steps it will save me in going to the garden and wood shed, besides making the room very much pleasanter indeed. And then I wish a large platform made out there, or call it a back piazza, if you please, where the wash tub can be set in hot weather and a thousand things done, as it is shaded there in the morning, and out of sight from the street. And while we are about it we will have a window cut from the dining room into the pantry, which will save Maria and I hundreds of needless steps in the course of the day, and cost but a trifle with the rest."

"But, but," said Reuben, "you know that I had to build a new barn last year, and have fence made and other repairs to the out-buildings, which cost all we can afford to lay out in the way of building, for a year or two at least."

But Maggie had wanted her work done the year before, though she only hinted at it, because she knew it would be useless to press the subject, seeing the new barn took so many dollars; and yet she felt every day that it would be money saved to have it done, and her own labor thus eased. Now, however, she had made up her mind that it must be done; her health, comfort, and patience, called for the much needed repairs, and so she told her husband, adding, that if he could afford to repair his out-buildings she could afford, in her right, to have her needs considered this year. Then she playfully asked him if she was not of as much importance as his cattle and horses, and if they needed their stalls made more comfortable did she not her kitchen?

At this he laughed, and said, "Well, we will see about it," and then let the matter go. Now she saw that talking and coaxing would effect little, and, to give her credit, she disliked nothing so much as parleying on the subject, so took the subject into her own hands.

"I'll tell you just how I managed," said she, telling us about it, as she afterwards showed us the wonderful improvements in her kitchen. "When Reuben and I were out for a ride, I asked him to call at Mr. Hill's carpenter shop a moment, and when there I innocently asked him if he could come the next week and repair my kitchen; talked it over how I wanted it, inquired the probable cost, and so forth, while Reuben sat looking a little perplexed, then laughing said:

"You see, Mr. Hill, that my wife believes in woman's rights, and is making these arrangements with you on her own responsibility."

"Why, Reuben!" replied I, "you said the other day that we would see about it, and as you have not thought of it, I have done so. And am I not as much we as you are, I would like to know?"

"Well, I am fairly caught, I see, so come on Mr. Hill, and you will be obliged to do your work just as Mrs. Davis says, for she is the man of the house you see," he added laughing.

"Just as every woman ought to be, in her own particular part of the house, at least," replied the carpenter. "For a woman, if any one, knows what will be most convenient for her, and can plan a house, in nine cases out of ten, more sensibly than her husband can."

And so, Maggie had her rights, and after all was finished her husband thought the improvement wonderful, and found it was a great convenience to him to have that new door in saving him going farther around. And Maggie, in other things, insists on having her reasonable rights accorded her, for she reasons wisely that what is for her benefit is for the benefit of all concerned. And her husband, being no miser, but only careless and too indifferent to note what is needed to be done, is learning that in household affairs she knows best, and that the more he cares for her comfort and best good, the better she is able to minister to the needs of her family.

But there are some men who never can see that woman has any right to plan in household arrangements, to procure of her own free will, as he does if he thinks best, labor saving articles; and, alas! there are those who consider that hired help in the house must not be indulged in, even though the wife and daughters may have his hired men to wash, iron, and mend for. And woman

often quietly submits to what is made a necessity, though it is not really one.

On the other hand, there are thoughtful, indulgent husbands, more willing to procure help than their families are to have it, men who would prefer to have their wives something besides kitchen drudges, and who know that home comforts might be increased were the wife and mother not overburdened with care and manual toil. But of women who are willing slaves we will wait till another time, if at all, to talk about, and go back to our subject for a brief moment more, barely touching on various little things concerning these domestic rights of womankind.

Now we say that if a man pretends that he is head of the house, and considers it his right to see that things are properly provided, he ought to do it as promptly as possible, or else turn the right over to the wife. Few women would burn green wood, go without kindlings, and get along without a good cistern, in case they were not supplied with soft water pipes, if they had the management and oversight of such things themselves, as it would be the privilege of many a capable woman to have. And yet to what straights are thousands of housewives put, just for lack of some of these simple household needs, which man, immersed in business, or thoughtless, or it may be "a little near," fails to see is provided. And these things oftenest fall, we think, on those who have their own household labors mainly to perform. And at farm houses less care is taken generally to make labor indoors as easy as possible, than there is in villages and cities, where more care is given to the modern conveniences of housekeeping.

#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Twenty-nine.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Two or three of you, dear sisters of our HOUSEHOLD, have suggested the management or government of children as a fitting theme for one of our evening talks. But ah! what a boundless subject it is! Vast as the universe and fathomless as the ocean depths. How much of it can we crowd into one or two half hours by the fireside, think you?

To tell the truth, I wish that some one else might do the talking; and that I might be merely an appreciative listener, asking a question now and then, it may be, just to keep the ball of conversation rolling. When one remembers what fearful mistakes have been and are still being made in the practical working out of the very best of theories, one need not be overburdened with modesty in order to shrink from any utterances upon so profound a theme. And when it comes to any attempt at laying down rules and by-laws for the guidance of others,—heaven save the mark!

For there are no rules that work equally well in all cases. You, my dear madam, may have brought up your children unexceptionably. You may feel that you have nothing to reproach yourself with; and as you look around upon your tall, manly sons and your blooming daughters, you may congratulate yourself upon your success, and rejoice in the fulfillment of all your plans and wishes for them. Yet if you were to take another family upon your hands, of other parents, with other ante-

cedents and different hereditary tendencies, you might find that the same rules, the same course of action, that had resulted so satisfactorily in the one case, would lead you straight upon the cruel rocks or into the quicksands in the other. So much depends upon temperament—the temperament not only of the child, but of the mother—that it is impossible for one woman to tell another just how to "manage" her children. Or if not impossible, it is at least unadvisable. It will do no good. If you are cool, slow, phlegmatic, yet resolute, you will inevitably govern your household after a different order from that of your neighbor over the way—a quick, impulsive little woman who speaks first and thinks afterward. It is better that you should. Her way would not suit you; and if she were to attempt to follow your deliberate mode of action, she would probable never move at all.

Se we will not try to lay down any rules for ourselves or for others to-night. We will just have a little quiet talk—we mothers together—about our relations to our children; and if any suggestive word shall be spoken, any word that shall help to make those relations clearer and more nearly what they should be, any word that shall be helpful and cheering to the younger members of our band, upon whom the burden and heat of the day is pressing heavily just now, we will thank God and take courage. Some of you have little soft-haired darlings in your arms as you steal quietly in for a seat at our fireside; some of you have tender babies upon your breasts; some of you are leading by the hand open-browed, frolicsome boys and merry, bright-eyed girls. But you all come on the same mission—and there are worn and anxious faces among you which seem to say that the rearing and training of children is weary work.

Is it so, friends? Then will it help you any to be told that many of the best and wisest men and women of our day believe that more children are hurt by being governed too much than too little? Not that unlimited license should be the rule, not that children should not be taught obedience. But we anxious mothers—and the more earnest and conscientious we are the more likely we are to do it—are too apt to be continually laying down the law and repeating the old formula, "Thou shalt" and "thou shalt not." These are words that in the very nature of things must be spoken so often, that it seems wise to economize their use and be as sparing of them as may be. No child is made better by being continually told that it must do this and it must not do that; and a little judicious *letting alone*—a little convenient blindness on the part of the mother is often more advantageous to the child than any amount of reproof. It is by no means necessary that you should always have your eyes wide open and notice every little peccadillo. If Mary pouts for half a minute, or Tom shrugs his shoulders saucily—if Charley slams the door in a fit of boyish passion, or mutters something half under his breath as he leaves the room, it is not always best that you should see the pout or the shrug—or insist on knowing just what Charley said. These things, and things like these, are often merely the result of some physical discomfort, or the effervescence arising from some temporary disturbance of the spiritual elements. Let the glass alone and, ten to one, in five minutes it will have worked itself clear.

What would become of us, I wonder, if we were called to account for all our own frowns and sulks and hasty, passionate words? Yet very often they are as causeless, as inexcusable, as those we punish in our boys and girls. We should at least be as pitiful to our children's follies as we are to our own; and should see to it that we do not demand of their unschooled natures a patience, an equanimity, that we do not demand of ourselves. Many a furious contest between parent and child is the fault of the grown up temper quite as much as of the childish one.

Is it heterodox to say that such contests should be avoided as far as possible? No matter how they terminate, they leave scars behind. They are bad for the child and equally bad for the mother.

"But," says some young mother with a trembling lip, and an anxious throbbing at her heart, "I have heard so much about the necessity of 'holding a tight rein'—and about a certain strong 'will' that must be broken if I would save my child from irremediable ruin."

My dear friend, do you believe in total depravity? We won't meddle with the theology of the schools; and I don't care a whit what church you belong to. But do you believe in total depravity—not as a mere dogma—but in the case of your own particular darling? Is it your experience that children are more inclined to do wrong than right? that they hate more strongly than they love? that if two motives are presented they are more likely to choose the unworthy than the worthy? that they are more likely to act selfishly than unselfishly? that they wilfully choose disobedience rather than obedience? that they are more easily wrought upon by fear than by love? If it is, then I am by no means a safe counselor for you; for in my own experience and observation, children of whom the above questions would have to be answered in the affirmative, have been the exceptions, not the rule. Must they not also have been exceptional in the experience of the Christ who said, "Except ye become as one of these ye cannot be my disciples?"

It was held once, by nearly all religious denominations, that a fierce struggle with Apollyon awaited even the purest human soul before it could be at peace with God, and enter upon its right and true relations with Him. It is believed by a host of Christians, now, that a child may be so trained, so guided, so led toward God from its very infancy that it shall always feel that it belongs to Him; and that it shall never consciously be at war with its Creator. It shall so recognize the Divine Authority, so feel the Divine love, that its soul shall be brought into communion with God without strife or outward commotion.

Even so, it seems to me, it may be with the merely human relation. The intimacy between the mother and child may be so deep, so inwrought in the very fibre of each, that while the authority of the mother shall be undisputed, there shall be no thought of struggle or discord, and contests shall be quite out of the question.

But about that "will," which is such a bugbear to most young mothers. It must be "broken," say the wise women, and who shall dispute them?

Yet—think a moment, I pray you. It is your child's spiritual back-bone. What do you want to break it for?

Who gave it to him? and why was it

given? Be sure of one thing—neither your son nor your daughter have a particle of will for which life will not bring them abundant need. Think what life is; think what it has been to you—what labors it has brought you—what burdens it has laid upon your shoulders—what enemies it has forced you to meet—what obstacles it has obliged you to overcome—what sins, what temptations you have struggled against—what sorrows have wrestled with you through the night watches! Have you had any more will—any more strength—any more force of character than you needed? Thank God if your child has a brave, strong will of its own; and do not try to break it any more than you would break its right arm or pluck out its right eye. Teach your child that it is a right manly and womanly thing to give loyal obedience to parents, to teachers, and to all others in authority. Teach it that it is the part of a mean and cowardly soul not to render homage where homage is due; but do not maim it, physically or spiritually.

Love of praise, of approving glances, and of words of appreciation and sympathy, is so ingrained in the heart of a child that it seems as if nature itself pointed to one of the strongest and most efficacious weapons within a mother's reach. I pray you, dear friends, do not be afraid to use it. Praise will not hurt your children—least of all your praise. It is but a poor, mean nature that can be harmed by words of approval from those it loves; and to praise for doing right is a nobler and a better thing than to blame for doing wrong. Is it not an easier thing, also, to every generous soul?

O, mothers! let us not be too anxious about our children, and so make a perpetual care and burden of what God meant should be a joy. We must wait and trust. The bud does not at once become a rose; nor the acorn an oak. We are so prone to expect miracles and we would fain see our dear ones crowned at once. But it cannot be. Life must discipline them as it has disciplined us. They must creep as we have crept, toil as we have toiled, learn as we have learned. There is no royal road to a noble manhood or womanhood. Yet if we do the best we can—if we give our children love and tender guidance and prayers—why need we doubt that God will lead them even as he has led us? If the years have brought us something of wisdom, something of prudence, something of patience, if they have brought us more of tenderness and love for all created things; if they have brought us a larger faith, a more abundant charity and a deeper insight, why need we doubt that they will bring these same good gifts to our children?

Are they any less receptive than ourselves? Are they any less ready? or have the years grown niggardly?

#### COMPLETE MARRIAGE.

The following wise words of Theodore Parker's on "Complete Marriage" deserve repetition:

"Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-sorted! But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love only belongs

to brown hair and plump, round, crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mt. Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love: age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple, and gold; with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also the evening of love, with its glad remembrances and its rainbow side turned towards heaven as well as earth.

Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with something of dullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other is just like himself. Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements are very proper. In their long journey these young opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both get away from the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by and become reconciled. The man will become nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with.

The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, and it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season in. But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment, between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

#### LIVING TOGETHER.

The art of "living together" pleasantly is greatly promoted by the habitual exchange of the little courtesies of life; they are never unimportant, never unacceptable, are always grateful to the feelings, and are a constant well-spring of agreeable feelings in every household. Shall brothers and sisters be less careful of the feelings of one another, than those of a stranger? And between husband and wife, should there be less effort at gentleness of deportment, of suavity of manner, and courtesy of expression than is extended to outsiders, who have no special claims and may never be seen again? Shame upon any member of any family who neglects those affectionate attentions, and those

suavities of deportment towards the members of the household and even to the lowest servant, which cannot fail to elevate the giver, and to draw from the receiver those willing and spontaneous reciprocities which make of family associations a little heaven below.

Fault-finding is an apple of discord in multitudes of families. There are some persons who, from ugliness of temper arising from bodily infirmity, or an inherent blight of nature, are forever finding fault, either for something said or done; if not in the family, then out of it. Somewhere or something is always going wrong with them; in every remark they make there is vinegar and bitterness; their whole nature seems to be in a condition of chronic snarl; their adjectives are of the most sweeping character; everybody is a "liar," or "swindler" or "scoundrel," even if their shortcomings are of the slightest character. Such persons are demoralizers of the community in which they live, and of those with whom they associate; and as to the family in which they reside, they are a perpetual storm, a tornado, and a curse. This complaining, fault-finding trait does not assume these gigantic proportions of enormity at once, but always comes by slow degrees and long practice. Let the reader fear falling into this great condemnation; let him be afraid of it from this good hour, as to resolve never to find fault with anybody or anything or characterize any one's conduct for omission or commission, until he has "slept on it," thus giving the clearer judgment of a renovated brain an opportunity of more dispassionate exercise.

Let every person of intelligence, refinement and culture, bear in mind that in "living together" with others pleasantly, happily, it is of essential importance to practice the virtues of uniform gentleness, deference and courtesy, remembering that one of the most cardinal points in the proportion of domestic enjoyment and of family happiness is to cultivate self-sacrifice; for it is this which cherishes love in the heart of the giver, and kindles it in those for whom the self sacrifice is made; or to frame the principal in a phrase which all can comprehend, remember and apply, that is the noblest heart in any household, which gives to the others the first choice, and leaves to others the best places and the best things. — *Hall's Journal of Health.*

#### FOR THE LAST TIME.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the lips of the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you look your last upon some scene which you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street, where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand again before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again." How they come to us on birthdays, as we grow older. Never again young—always nearer and nearer to the very last—the end which is universal, the "last thing" which shall follow all last things and turn them, let us hope, from pains to joys. We put away our

boyish toys with an odd heartache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts, too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry thought for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of a gate into the new land of promise?



## WAY NOTES.

Number Thirteen.

**BOLOGNA, Italy, Feb. 28, 1872.**  
**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—Before leaving Rome I paid a last visit to the grand old museum of the Capitol, the chief attractions of which are those masterpieces of the sculptor's art, the "Venus of the Capitol" and the "Dying Gladiator," the record of whose history is lost in the mists of time. The latter is supposed to have been sculptured nearly two thousand years ago, and was discovered in broken fragments, but with great care and skill restored to its original perfection; the missing portions being so replaced as not to be distinguished in form or color from the original parts; the right arm and hand were thus restored by Michel Angelo, whose fame as artist, poet and sculptor will ever live where civilization finds its way. The statue represents the reclining form of the dying athlete supported upon the extended right arm, and in the downcast features is depicted the heroic struggle of manly courage with the agony of approaching death. At his side lies the unsheathed sword, and from a wound in his broad chest slowly trickles the life.

While in Naples, as I was walking through the beautiful grounds of the Villa Nazionale, I saw a copy of this masterpiece which, although perfect in every detail of form and feature, lacked the peculiar shade which age alone produces, and which so enhances the charm of the original in the eyes of the true antiquarian.

The "Venus," although representing in its perfection the purest ideal of the Grecian type of beauty, is in the opinion of gifted connoisseurs inferior in beauty of feature and expression to the Venus de Medici in the Salle des Tribunes at Florence, or the Venus de Milo in the museum of the Louvre at Paris, where it almost miraculously escaped destruction at the hands of the Commune.

Leaving the Capitol, we descended to the Forum, passing the ruined arch of Septimius Severus in its northern section, and at the farther extremity the arch of Titus, commemorative of the taking of Jerusalem, and in whose sculptured reliefs is portrayed the triumphal march of the victors, the prince seated in the triumphal car attended by the senate and army, Victory extending the crown and holding in the other hand the palm of Judea, on the opposite side the seven-branched candlestick, the shew bread,

and other trophies and spoils from the Temple at Jerusalem. A few steps farther and we were in the open space facing the grandest ruin of the Eternal City, the ancient Colosseum, built in a single year under Vespasian by 12,000 captive Jews. The sun shone full upon its noble walls and ruined arches which had witnessed the death agony of so many early Christian martyrs, as they were torn by famished lions in the presence of pagan hordes in the vast circumference surrounding the arena. 87,000 spectators could be accommodated, and the structure covers an area of thirteen acres. In front and near the arch of Constantine is the Sudarium, a conical brick structure where the gladiators were wont to retire after the heat of contest to submit to the scraping of the skin, a process which was accomplished with an instrument of horn in the hands of an attendant. A fountain of fresh, cool water was supplied from a neighboring aqueduct, and the weary limbs of the athlete were refreshed in the cooling stream.

Within the past few centuries the original proportions of the Colosseum have been greatly diminished by the appropriation of the marble blocks covering the interior masonry of brick, and of the stone of its outer walls, for the construction of several palaces, including that of St. Mark, the palace of the Cardinal Farnese, afterward Pope Paul III, and other edifices. Enough, however, remains of the original to constitute a chief centre of interest to the admiring thousands of foreigners who, at this season, throng the capital, and on any of these moonlight evenings groups of tourists may be seen studying the effects of light and shadow in the dim vaults and arches of the stately pile.

The king has just returned from Naples, in the environs of which city he enjoyed a day of royal sport, of which boars, stag and lesser game were the trophies. This, to the royal huntsman, eclipses all the splendors of the throne. On the return they met a sailor of the commune of Bacoli who had been crippled for life at the engagement of Lessa; presenting himself before his august sovereign, the latter received him most kindly, conversing with him as familiarly as if he were a former messmate. It is this unwonted interest in the affairs of their lowliest subjects, which has won for the reigning house the love and confidence of the nation.

The obsequies of Lieut.-Gen. Cugia, aide-de-camp of the prince royal, were celebrated on Friday the 16th, and was an imposing spectacle. The prince, with bowed head, walked beside the bier holding one of the silver cords; detachments of various regiments, mounted and on foot, filed past in mournful procession, preceded by music appropriate to the occasion; monks of the Capucin and other orders, preceded by the crucifix, and holding long wax tapers, chanted the requiem, and in the rear followed civilian orders and invited mourners. Among the latter was our artist countryman, Mr. T. Buchanan Read, whose stirring poem, "Sheridan's Ride," has become familiar as household words to every patriotic schoolboy.

I called upon the distinguished poet before leaving Rome, and found him suffering from the effects of exposure on the day of the funeral, a drenching rain having set in while the procession was in progress. The previous day, however, he had given a private *de Jenner* to Gen-

eral Sherman and the younger Grant, together with a few invited guests. The general and suite, after enjoying the hospitalities of the capital, proceed to Naples. They are in excellent health and spirits, and enjoy with true American appreciation the relaxation of their European tour. G. W. T.

—Anger your friend, and you will be surprised to find what a villain you are, even in his estimation.

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If you desire rosy cheeks and a complexion fair and free from Pimples and Blotches, purify your blood by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has no equal for this purpose. 575

We copy the following extract from the Examining Committee's Report of Hudson River Institute: "So well known that the beauty of its location, the abundant provisions of apparatus, the number and competency of its faculty of instruction, its collegiate powers to graduate female students, and its thorough discipline and management, need no extended notice from us. We heartily concur in expressing the highest esteem for the Institution, and in recommending it to all who have sons and daughters to educate." The nineteenth annual opening will occur on Monday, Sept. 9th. See advertisement on next page.

**PURE DIAMONDS**—Is the name of a new Sunday School Music Book, by James R. Murray, to be published October 1st, by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio. It promises to be a most valuable and attractive book. Geo. F. Root, P. P. Bliss and a host of other popular writers have contributed to it. See advertisement in this number, and send for specimen pages which are now ready.

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We call attention in another place to the advertisement of Claverack College and Hudson River Institute, at Claverack, Columbia Co., N. Y., Rev. Alonzo Flack, A. M., President. This is one of the best managed institutions for both sexes in this country. It has a full collegiate course for women and confers degrees. Thorough instruction in each of the ten departments, Classical, English, Normal, French, German, Musical, Painting, Military, Commercial and Agricultural. Complete cabinet, library and apparatus. Special attention to social and moral culture.

Should you ask me, weary housewife,  
 What will prove your greatest pleasure;  
 What will help you when your burdens  
 Dark and heavy thickly cluster;  
 What will give you aid and comfort  
 On that day of all the seven,  
 When the handy Do'y washer,  
 Filled with water hot and steaming,  
 When the boiler and the washtub,  
 And the Silver Medal wringer,  
 And the piles of soiled clothing  
 Stand around in grim array;  
 Should you ask me then this question,  
 Can I ever do this washing?  
 Shall I live to see the end of  
 Such a dismal pile of clothing?  
 I should answer, I should tell you  
 With a confidence unshaken,  
 Certainly you can live through it;  
 'Twill be but the merest pastime  
 If you have from Curtis Davis  
 Had a box of soap called Peerless;  
 This will help you beyond measure,  
 And with Doty and the wringer  
 Do the work that looks so dreadful.  
 But if this you have neglected,  
 Have no Peerless soap to aid you,  
 Well may doubts your heart encumber  
 At the labor now before you,  
 And the color of your white goods  
 When at length you come to dry them;  
 For no other soap is able  
 To compare with this same Peerless,  
 And no other kind, I reckon,  
 Will you use when once you've tried it.

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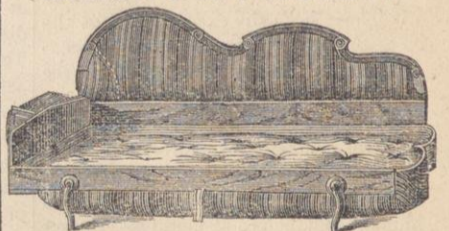
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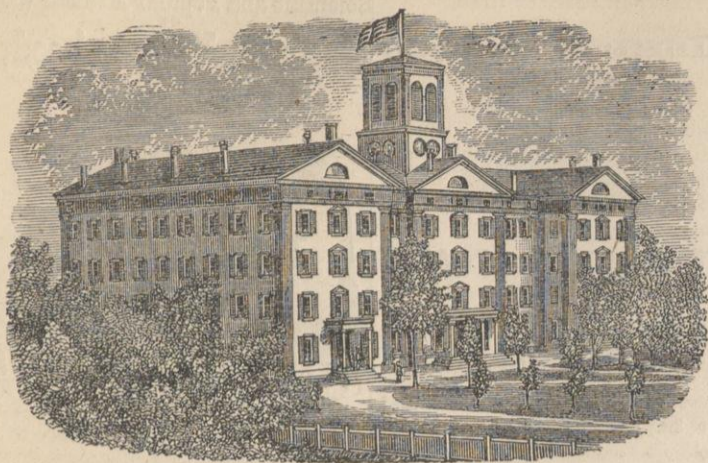
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West Lebanon, N. H., Nov. 1, 1871.

10-11



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Leave Hoosac Tunnel for Boston at 7 A. M., and 1:20 P. M. Leave Greenfield for at Boston 6:30, and 9:35 A. M., and 2:30 P. M. Leave Brattleboro for Boston 9:00 A. M., and 1:50 P. M.

Trains leave Greenfield for Turners Falls at 6:40, 9:50 and 11:55 A. M., and 4:30 P. M. Leave Turners Falls for Greenfield at 7:30 and 11:10 A. M., and 1:50 and 5:40 P. M.

Passengers taking the 6:30 train from Greenfield can go to Boston and return same day, having 5 hours in Boston.

The 6:30 A. M. train from Greenfield connects at Fitchburg with trains for Providence, Taunton and Newport. The 7 A. M. and 1:20 P. M. trains from Hoosac Tunnel connect at Fitchburg with trains for Worcester, Providence, Taunton and Newport.

**O. T. RUGGLES, Superintendent.**

### VERMONT CENTRAL, AND VERMONT AND CANADA RAILROADS.

**WINTER ARRANGEMENT.**

**Commencing Monday, Jan. 1, 1872.**

**TRAINS GOING SOUTH.**

Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St. Albans at 6:25 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m. Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., Grouse's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New London at 5:30 p. m., connecting with steamer for New York. This train will leave Brattleboro on Monday mornings at 4:42 a. m., arriving at Grouse's Corner at 5:35 a. m.

Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 m., Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. Johns at 4:50 p. m., St. Albans at 7:20 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 3:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m., Grouse's Corner at 5:15 a. m. and New London at 11:05 a. m.

Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation) at 4:45 a. m., Brattleboro at 5:41 a. m., South Vernon at 9:10 a. m., Grouse's Corner at 9:50 a. m., arriving in New London at 5:10 p. m.

Express leaves Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., South Vernon at 2:22 p. m., arriving at Grouse's Corner at 2:50 p. m.

**TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.**

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 5:00 a. m., Grouse's Corner at 9:25 a. m., South Vernon at 10:45 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:35 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:50 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R. Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal and Ogdensburg.

Express leaves Grouse's Corner at 11:20 a. m., arriving in Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m.

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m., Grouse's Corner at 9:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:00 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed) at 5:35 p. m., arriving in W. R. Junction at 8:30 p. m., and Rutland at 8:30 p. m.

Night express leaves New London at 2:45 p. m., Grouse's Corner at 9:00 p. m., South Vernon at 9:53 p. m., Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., Boston (via Fitchburg) at 5:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:20 p. m. Connecting at W. R. Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at 6:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, etc., arriving in St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Montreal at 9:45 a. m., Plattsburgh at 12:00 m., and Ogdensburg at 12:45 p. m.

Connections at Grouse's Corner with trains over Vt. & Mass., and New London Northern Railroad; South Vernon with trains over Conn. River R. R.; at Bellows Falls with Chesapeake R. R.; at W. R. Junction with trains to and from Boston, via Lowell, and Conn. and Pass. Rivers R. R.; at Rutland with Rensselaer & Saratoga, and Harlem extension Railroads; at St. Johns with Grand Trunk Railway; also at Ogdensburg with the Grand Trunk Railway, and the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg for the west; with St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway for Ottawa.

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OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

PERSONS who neglect to inform us of any change required in the direction of their papers until several copies have been lost must not expect that we will send others to replace them. We mail the papers in every case to the address as given us, and make all changes in the direction of them that may be required of us, but cannot make good any losses which may occur through any neglect on the part of the subscriber.

GENERAL AGENTS for THE HOUSEHOLD have been appointed in several states as follows: P. L. Miller, East Holliston, Mass., for the state of Massachusetts; H. M. Fletcher, Newport, N. H., for New Hampshire; G. W. Jenks, Quindick, R. I., for Connecticut and Rhode Island, and J. Ransom Hall, Waverly, Iowa, for that state. Persons desiring local or traveling agencies in those states will apply to the General Agents for the same.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want an agent in every town to solicit subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, 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. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained,

but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 61, 77, 86 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post-office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express or in registered letters.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desires to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or especial authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us stating which premium you have selected. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, 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. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

PERSONS who ARE ENTITLED TO PREMIUMS are particularly requested to mention the fact, and also state their selection when sending in their lists of subscriptions, as we do not send any premium until it is ordered. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received within two weeks from the time the order was given. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. Occasionally a person writes: "I have sent you six subscribers and would like the premium to which I am entitled." No names are signed, no date when they were sent, no article selected. The latter is not essential, but we must have the names and P. O. address of each club, or the date of sending the same, before forwarding a premium. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

Unexceptionable advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents per agate line of space each insertion.

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Bishop Soule's Liniment will almost invariably cure the most severe cases of Sciatica, Rheumatism, &c., after all other remedies have failed, and the best physicians have pronounced them incurable.

Try Bishop Soule's Liniment and you will not be without it in your house for ten times its cost. Time and experience have proved its worth. "Success is the test of merit." In severe cases always procure the large bottle. If your druggist has none on hand, ask him to procure it for you. Take no other. Send to the proprietors for circular.

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Liver complaint and dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of consumption. Many are now complaining with dull pain in the side, the bowels sometimes costive and sometimes too loose, tongue coated, pain in the shoulder blade, feeling sometimes very restless, and at other times drowsy; the food that is taken lies heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching of wind. These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly stopped, the lungs, liver and stomach clog, and remain torpid and inactive, and before the patient is aware of his situation, the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, and death is the inevitable result.

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